

A monthly magazine of general interest with special articles for Students.

EDITED BY J. VIJAYATUNGA.

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THE EDITOR

Has Ceylon anything to Give ?

The following are extracts from a letter we received from Mr. Ramachandran, whose name must now be familiar to readers of *The Librarian*. With the letter Mr. Ramachandran sent us an article on *Visva-Bharati*, which we have gladly published. Our readers would do well to read the account on *Visva-Bharati* more than once. Coming to the letter itself, Mr. Ramachandran makes a very touching appeal. He asks, "could you not try and write something about Ceylon? We know nothing about your beautiful country except that it is quickly becoming westernised in every detail of life." If we were to say we could not, it is shaming a country rich in story and great in tradition. But so that we could say, 'yes' we have to find "the thing" worth speaking of. We cannot always be harping on the glory of the past. Much of it, materially, is in ruins, a great deal of it which belongs to the spirit is languishing and will quickly die unless we discover it soon and nurture it. But even out of the material ruins something is arising somewhere. For things so noble and great cannot crumble into nothingness. But where is this "thing"? It is for the young men and women of Ceylon today, the youth that is at school and college, the youth that is just, taking the helm of affairs into its hands, it is for them to discover it, to renew the traditions of the country, to revive the spirit of the past, and hold it out to the world fresher and anew.

We hope that the heart of our country will very soon respond to Mr. Ramachandran's affectionate appeal. *The Librarian* is out for giving a voice to the culture of the country, such culture as ought to be growing up among us.

The extracts referred to:

".....And let me make a plea rather repeat an old one. Could you not try and write something about Ceylon? We know nothing about your beautiful country except that it is quickly becoming westernised in every detail of life. Could you not in your lucid manner interpret for us the culture, art and life of Ceylon? From certain letters I have had from young friends in Ceylon I find that there is quickly rising a generation in Ceylon who will not be satisfied with mere imitation but would go forward to create something new. Cant you find out some of these and get their contributions? (Will these please come forward? Ed.)What an inspiration that would be!

If I were you dear Editor I would be impatient to interpret Ceylon to the world. Ceylon must have something great and beautiful at the core of her heart. Dont your hands ache to pluck that "something" out and offer it at the altar of Humanity. Could there be a nobler privilege than that?....."

Give us a better example Bengal !

Mr. Ramachandran's letter coming as it does from Bengal, reminds us of the *Puja* festival that is being held there just about this time. An abominable feature of this festival is the savage slaughter of hundreds of goats (and buffaloes also) in the name of religion. Devout Brahmins whose homes are considered to be polluted if men of lower castes come near them,

nought of a few gallons of blood polluting their sacred floors; young graduates who on other days of the year go about spectacled and stylishly dressed, discussing Mill and Gladstone will on these days be seen thronging the temples eager to dip their fingers in the streams of blood and mark the sacred spot on their

foreheads; all this to please a demoness called Kali. It is said that the Sinhalese came from Bengal. It is a great relief to think that they have left that piece of barbarism to the folk at home, who ought to have had the common sense to bequeath it by, now to some savage tribe, say the hill tribes of Burma.

IDEALS OF EASTERN ART

BY

MANINDRABHUSAN GUPTA

(Continued from last issue.)

European merchants came to India bringing merchandise, and the glamour of the West. India her power lost, her glory lost accepted Europe. All indigenous industries came to a stop. The few remaining artists who were struggling hard to keep up somehow, could not compete with the cheap European articles, and so had to take up some other occupation for their livelihood.

Cheap European colour prints occupied the market. The people lost their culture, lost their tradition and became imitative. They thought that what was Indian was bad and what was European good.

At last a turning point came. Raja Ram Mohun Roy, the greatest synthetical mind of the world, gave us nearly a century ago, the idea of cultured regeneration.

Bengal opened her heart first in music and literature. Later on about thirty years ago, Abanindranath Tagore, the nephew of the poet who in his early days had been learning painting under European teachers began to draw in traditional style, with a touch of lyrical element and impressionism, which is the characteristic of the work of the master. By his artistic genius he attracted a number of artists namely Nandalal Bose, Surendra Ganguli, Asit

Kumar Haldar, Isvari Prasad, Venkatappa, Sami Uggama, Samarendra Gupta, Hakim Mohammed, Kshitindra Mazumdar and Surendranath Kar. It is with pleasure that I record that a Ceylonese Mr. C. Nagahawatta was also one of that early batch of pupils.

Before Tagore, a south Indian artist Mr. Ravi Varma who is known all over India began to paint Indian subjects. But he painted in European style. His pictures may be seen from one corner of India to the other. Though his oleographs are popular, they have no influence on the aesthetic mind of India.

Mr. Bose is the chief disciple of Tagore. He is now the director Kalbhavan, the art department of Visvabharati, the poet's university. A dozen artists are being trained under him, and it is with no little pride that I claim to be one of his students. Among Mr. Bose's students, Mr. A. P. Bannerjee and R. N. Chakravarty, are very promising. They have acquired appreciation in many Indian exhibitions.

I hope sooner or later some Sinhalese students would join Visvabharati to learn art under Mr. Bose himself.

Ceylon has lost her identity having accepted the West in all the details of her life. Educational institutions of modern Ceylon are the

gramophone record of the west. People repeat what they learn from the text books of London syllabus, they cannot recognize and do not like to recognize what is outside their syllabus. An educated Sinhalese once said, a day will come when all the people will talk English and wear trousers. Oriental ideals only can save her. Western education should be taken, but not according to the method at present prevalent in Ceylon. We must accept Europe according to our own ideals. To accept is an Eastern virtue. A western poet says East and West can never meet. But the message of Bengal, which is the message of the East is-East and west come to thy throne and the garland of love is woven. The message of the East is the message of love, the message of universalism. Lord Buddha preached it first two thousand and five hundred years ago. Even today the Eastern

poet is preaching the same thing. In order to justify idealism, I am not crying down materialism. One must improve the material aspect of life, but one should remember that a man does not live by bread alone.

The culture of India is awake after a slumber. She could not produce any great man, as long as she was under the magical charm of the West. Now we have so many original thinkers in every branch of knowledge.

Where is Ceylon? Let her sing her own theme. When Humanity knocks at her door and asks "give thy best gift." What answer Ceylon would give? should she remain silent?

Let men of culture, men of ideas, come forth and instil into the young minds hopes of the future.

(concluded)

THE AMERICAN RELIGIOUS QUANDARY

BY

M. U. MOORE M. A. (CANTAB)

The contest in Tennessee between the Fundamentalists (as they style themselves) and the Evolutionists, however puerile its accompaniments of trumpets and drums, is a good deal more justifiable than most religious squabbles. The people of Tennessee (five sixths of them at least, according to the statement of the man who was most instrumental in securing the passing of the anti-evolution law last March) accept without reserve cosmogony of the Bible and naively believe that six thousand years ago the world, and all that is therein was created with an accompanying animal and vegetable kingdom, in full bearing, so to speak and consisting approximately of the same species as it does today. "And it breaks their hearts," so the same authority tells us, of this devout, but hopelessly-unscientific community, to think that their children should be given in schools any teaching which is not in exact accordance with these somewhat outworn conceptions. It is impossible not to sympathize with them

to some extent, as we sympathize with Mrs. Partington in her unequal contest with the Atlantic with her mop, believing as they do they are right from their own standpoint in their crusade against modern science, as represented more especially by the doctrine of Evolution versus Special Creation. They would be right, for instance in removing their children from the state schools and possibly right in refusing to pay taxes for the support of such schools but they have no right to impose their not wholly inadequate views upon more liberal thinkers, to emasculate science, and try and pin it down to a limited field of thought; this would be religious persecution. To attempt this, would be to attempt to revert to the position with which science was confronted in the early seventeenth century, when the theologians declared "that cosmical problems were not the legitimate problems of science" and when, constituting themselves the final arbiters of the new astronomi-

cal ideas, in solemn congregation assembled the Prelates and Cardinals on June 22, 1633 declared that:—

“The doctrine that the earth is, neither the centre of the Universe, nor immovable, is *absurd* and both philosophically and theologically *false*.”

To attempt any such tactics as this, would be not merely futile as experience shows, but altogether intolerable to the educated section of the American people. History repeats itself we say; but it never does so really, or human progress would be paralyzed; and it is inconceivable that this local attempt to throttle scientific thought should meet with anything but local acceptance, or result in anything but in establishing a monument to local ignorance and local intolerance.

There is one point however, on which the fundamentalists are, I think, entirely right. They maintain that the doctrine of Evolution is directly opposed to the teaching of the Bible.

It is. The writer of Genesis, whatever else he was, was certainly not an Evolutionist. The more or less dishonest subterfuges, by which a reconciliation between Genesis and modern science is sought, which find favour with many minds and even with the majority of the Protestant Clergy, they reject contemptuously. They will have no temporizing of this nature; with them it is *aut Caesar aut nihil*. This is straight forward anyhow and so commands our respect.

One cannot help wondering however how far these simple folk would go in other instances than in this particular issue. Would they for instance prosecute a teacher who gave a physical explanation of the rainbow on the ground that a scientific solution of its nature is opposed to the statement of its origin as given in the Bible? A statement which presupposes, of course that it appeared as a supernatural phenomenon for the first time on a particular date immediately after Noah's flood? Would they insist on an inculcation of such a belief, which is, as far as truth is concerned, quite on a level with Kipling's, Just-So-Stories?

Many text-books of science will clearly have to be bowdlerized for school use; some branches of science (Geology for instance) entirely interdicted. Where is one to stop?

No, the more one thinks of it the more clear, it becomes that the pretest anti-evolution law in Tennessee will have to be rescinded. Uncle Sam cannot surely consent to make himself the laughing-stock of the nations by imparting an unscientific education at the instance of a few well-meaning but benighted persons.

One notices in the present contention that evolution is invariably spoken of as a *theory*, as though it were still an open question whether we should accept it or the Biblical doctrine of special Creation; and further, that evolution and Darwinism are regarded as synonymous terms. Evolution is not a theory, in the ordinary use of that word, but an incontestable fact supported by incontrovertible arguments of many kinds and universally accepted by all the leaders of scientific thought throughout the world. Evolution, moreover, as a belief, existed before Darwin's days; and Darwin was only concerned with an explanation of it through the agency of natural selection. Some of Darwin's conclusions may be turned out to be incorrect, though there is little doubt that he is right in the main; but evolution as fact in nature, is independent of any explanation, and is not bound down to any theory of the means whereby it is accomplished. As to the descent of man from ape-like ancestors, this teaching is not necessarily degrading or anti-spiritual since it applies only to the “form” and not to the “life” (or ego), which may, indeed, have come from a spiritual source, at a later stage, and taken up its residence in the forms which evolution had prepared for it through the ages of the past—the best form then existing though far from its present perfection. Man may quite well, therefore, have a spiritual as well as an animal ancestry. Indeed, personally, I think this most probable: and that for this reason, that the evolution of form, which science has studied with such minute care, and which

science believes to be ultimately traceable back to the humblest beginnings in the *Amœba*, seems to be *purposeless* if there be not a correlative evolution of the re-incarnating life which it subserves, carried on *pari passu*, with it. Purposeless, I say advisedly, because it is only a question of time before the whole of the form-side, as far as our world is concerned, will be destroyed when this planet falls

back into the sun, as some day it must. To what end then is all this evolutionary process directed, if there be not a corresponding evolution of the re-incarnating life? Since as *its* evolution proceeds it must require ever finer and finer forms, more delicate, more sensitive, more adaptable, as the vehicles in which it functions, "for otherwise we only imprison spirit and not embody."

THE POETRY OF TAGORE

BY

J. VIJAYATUNGA

(*Being the Substance of a Lecture Delivered before The Y.M.B.A. at Dehiwela.*)

"They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast, but I evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands."

Those are some lines from *Gitanjali* the book that made Tagore famous in the West. After such a warning to try to bind him, to analyse him, to stay his flight, is more than most of us can claim to. As James H. Cousins, the Irish poet says, "It is quite certain that Tagore would resist any attempt to systematise him and rightly so, for he is not a system but a life." Yet there are certain forces of whose tremendous power and strength though we are conscious, there are certain forces, which we like to breast. The mere buffeting though it leaves us exhausted, yet tickles certain sensitive feelings within us. It is in that attitude then that I am going to kidnap this dancer of Asia and bring him to this remote Dehiwela. We are sure that he will run away in ever so short a time, but we shall find that the excitement of the capture and the struggle of this elusive heart to be free would leave us all in a glow of healthy sensations. And we shall long and late look upon the scene on which he has left the traces of his impatience and chafing.

We all know that when one loves an object one finds no flaw in it. Such a love is also communicable to these temperamentally similiar. So that almost every author, artist or poet has found his circle of admirers in whose eyes he is a superman. Now, let us examine whether Tagore is simply the obsession of an age, the fetish of an eccentric set of humanity or whether he has real claims to greatness, to reverence and to immortality. At the same time let me not make my introduction too long. You have come to hear "The Poetry of Tagore." So let me not turn critic where I have got to be the mutual friend.

Tagore has a voluminous output of literary work to his credit. Born into a princely home where meditation, religious discourse, poetry, music and acting were the contributing factors of life his indeed has been a more fortunate life than falls to the lot of most geniuses. So that from an age as early as his fifteenth year he began to create in the musical Bengali language songs, lyrics, and stories, which those who have read them, in the original say, are hard to beat for their simple charm. He was nineteen when he wrote his first novel and his plays written about that time, it is said, are still played in Calcutta. Much of what has

come down to us as poetry in their English garb are songs. For he is as much a musician as a poet. The two almost invariably go together. Such songs they are, that another Bengali, (whom Yeats, the Irish Nobel prize winner this year, quotes) calls them, "the most beautiful love poetry in our language."

Let that suffice for a narration of the personal circumstances under which his poetry has come to be written. Next there is the greater influence, the more profound effect of the particular civilisation to which he and, let us be proud to feel, we also belong.

He opens his book "Sadhana" with the following ~~opening~~ words:

"The civilisation of ancient Greece was nurtured within city walls. In fact, all the modern civilisations have their cradles of brick and mortar.

These walls leave their mark deep in the minds of men. They set up a principle of "divide and rule" in our mental outlook, which begets in us a habit of securing all our conquests by fortifying them and separating them from one another. We divide nation and nation, knowledge and knowledge, man and nature. It breeds in us a strong suspicion of whatever is beyond the barriers we have built, and everything has to fight hard for its entrance into our recognition.

When the first Aryan invaders appeared in India it was a vast land of forests, and the new-comers rapidly took advantage of them. These forests afforded them shelter from the fierce heat of the sun and the ravages of tropical storms, pastures for cattle, fuel for sacrificial fire, and materials for building cottages. And the different Aryan clans with their patriarchal heads settled in the different forest tracts which had some special advantage of natural protection, and food and water in plenty.

Thus in India it was in the forests that our civilisation had its birth, and it took a distinct character from this origin and environment.

It was surrounded by the vast life of nature, was fed and clothed by her, and had the closest and most constant intercourse with her varying aspects.

Such a life, it may be thought, tends to have the effect of dulling human intelligence and dwarfing the incentives to progress by lowering the standards of existence. But in ancient India we find that the circumstances of forest life did not overcome man's mind, and did not enfeeble the current of his energies, but only gave to it a particular direction. Having been in constant contact with the living growth of nature, his mind was free from the desire to extend his dominion by erecting boundary walls around his acquisitions. His aim was not to acquire but to realise, to enlarge his consciousness by growing with and growing into his surroundings. He felt that truth is all comprehensive, that there is no such thing as absolute isolation in existence, and the only way of attaining truth is through the interpenetration of our being into all objects. To realise this great harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of the world was the endeavour of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India.....

"The man of science knows, in one aspect, that the world is not merely what it appears to be to our senses; he knows that earth and water are really the play of forces that manifest themselves to us as earth and water—how, we can but partially apprehend. Likewise the man who has his spiritual eyes open knows that the ultimate truth about earth and water lies in our apprehension of the eternal will which works in time and takes shape in the forces we realise under those aspects. This is not mere knowledge as science is, but it is a preception of the soul by the soul. This does not lead us to power, as knowledge does, but it gives us joy, which is the product of the union of kindred things....."

It is hard to suppress the temptation to quote more of these lucid words from Sadhana. Indeed yours would be the profit if I were to read all the wisdom out of this wonderful volume. But my vanity prompts me to appear as the learned lecturer on Tagore and let me give in to it by projecting my paltry self once more between Tagore and yourselves. Well then before we can hope to get an insight into Tagore's poetry let us remember that to the Easterner the Universe is simply the loving, sacrificing mother who nurtures him with the same love with which she nurtures other lives; it is a cosmos where there is scarcely any friction, where there are no hard and fast defined boundaries; but to the Westerner it is a vast field out which is springing up every moment a life, each bearing a different face. And instead of saying "Say, where have I met you before?" they keep on staring at each other only to end either by each turning away gruffly or as more often happens by each going at the other's throat. And the extinction of one by the other is termed by us "The survival of the fittest." All the scientific knowledge, militarism, economic problems and other theories and deductions that Western civilisation has given rise to are the outcome of that "well-what-do-you want" (this in the gruffest tone possible) attitude.

Without going any further let me state, then that the thoughts that come borne along in the current of Tagore's song are the outcome of a great joy-*ananda*-a joy that follows the realisation that "we are in harmony with nature." Please do not take an extreme view of some of these statements lest you would argue whether in that case a Tagore has realised the same truths as a Buddha and that if we in the East found the world a cosmos, what need there was for a Buddha to proclaim the Doctrine of *Dukkha*. I will only say this, that Tagore, in my opinion, has seen the main warp and weft in this, to us, most complicated web of life and that he has grown; or shall I say diminished himself, into that unquestioning state of a child to whom heaven

opens its gates; and I will say this also, that India and I believe other parts of the world have seen a time (not so mediaeval either as we are prone to believe) a time when mankind found life more joyful, more satisfying than it is now.

It seems to me that the song of the universe begins and ends in the same key. Ever after our first parent (please do not take these idiomatic expressions in too critical a mood) ate of that forbidden fruit, Knowledge has simply come down on us in an avalanche. And like an avalanche that brings under its volume of pure crystal snow heaps of other rubbish this knowledge has been mixed of equal parts of good and evil. If there is wisdom today, there is as much craftiness; if the searchlight of science focusses itself on every trade, business, manufactured article, or on the dark corners of the earth, that very same science invents something one better to camouflage some ugly spots. So that in an age like ours it is no surprise that Tagore should link himself with the children and sing thus ...On the sea-shore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances,

They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds. They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.....

On the sea-shore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water death is abroad and children play. On the sea-shore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

In the height of our evolution, at the climax of our civilisation we shall return like an arc descending to the plane of its axis, into a plane of simplicity. A simplicity arising not out of ignorance, but a simplicity obtained through the sieve of knowledge.

To me these simple thoughts have such a charm that I find the desire to chant them on without a stop simply irresistible but as that would not absolve me from the undertaking of a lecture let me break away from the "Crescent Moon" from which I have been quoting and take you across to the Post Office—the one somewhere in Calcutta near the home of the sick child Amal.

Amal was a delicate child and lived with his uncle, who like other elderly people of his type was over-anxious about his charge. He was not allowed out-of-doors and the poor boy often used to sit by the window and talk with the passers-by. Here we see him talking with the Dairyman.

"No, I never want to be learned—I'll be like you and take my curds from the village by the red road near the old banyan tree, and I will hawk it from cottage to cottage. Oh, how do you cry—"Curds curds, fine curds!" Teach me the tune, will you?"

Dairyman: Dear, dear, teach you the tune; what a notion!

Please do. I love to hear it. I can't tell you how queer I feel when I hear you cry out from the bend of that road, through the line of those trees! Do you know I feel like that when I hear the shrill cry of kites from almost the end of the sky?"

Now let us catch a glimpse of the Doctor who attends on Amal. He is like all other doctors and typifies Man's wisdom which tries as long as it can to oppose Nature. In the end it is Nature that wins.

"There's a peculiar quality in the air today. As I came in I found a fearful draught through your front door. That's most hurtful. Better lock it up at once. Would it matter if this kept off your visitors for two or three days. If someone happens to call unexpectedly there's the back door. You had better shut this window as well. It is letting in the sunset rays only to keep the patient awake..."

Then there is also a Headman in the story. Like all Headmen, the world over, and such-like petty officials, he is a coarse, vain, stupid fellow. Now ever since the Post Office was started in Amal's village, the little boy who prevented from going out of doors knew little about Post Offices used to think that through the Post Office the King will send him a letter.

And this bully of a Headman used to delight in teasing the poor child:

Headman: Why there's a letter for you from the King, urchin!

Amal: Indeed. Really.

H: How can it be false. You are the King's chum. Here's your letter. Ha, ha, ha,

Amal mistakes the mocking of the Headman and feels that no service is too great for one who has brought him such news. He says:

"Let me wipe the dust off your feet."

Strangely enough a herald comes from the King to say that his Royal Person will come there that night. It was a great kindness on the part of the Gods to have made Amal's belief come true. Amal exclaims:

I feel very well, Doctor, very well. All pain is gone. How fresh and open! I can see all the stars now twinkling from the other side of the dark."

The worldly minded uncle now jumps on the opportunity and reminds Amal of "our humble circumstances" and to ask for a gift from the King.

Amal: Don't you worry, Uncle. I've made up my mind about it.
What is it, my child?

I shall ask him to make me one of his post-men that I may wonder far and wide, delivering his message from door to door.

With that childish wish upon his lips, fully expectant of the King's visit, his heart still pure and friendly towards bullying Headmen, pestering Physicians and anxious uncles, Amal falls asleep.

And so on throughout all Tagore's works you will find the weary sighs of the man who looks upon this fussy world killing its lovely children by pills and medicines and advice: this world that has gorged an indigestible mass in the shape of its machinery, money and all its artificialities. This mass must be disgorged if the patient is to live and Tagore who yet eats of the frugal fare of olden Ind watches the grim struggle with a sad but sympathetic heart, and weary but resigned eyes.

But mind you he does not call you to the land of inactivity or the the forest hermitage where you sit with folded hands:—

"Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keep one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life." (*Gitanjali*)

He only reminds you that you can combine simplicity with advancement.

He calls on the world to *live*. Do you think that the feverish haste and fuss of the modern world is life? It is simply the hectic glow on the skin of an abused body. Tagore is no moody man who throws up his hands saying "I don't know what the world's coming to nowadays!"

He only calls on you to remould this world:

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depths of truth

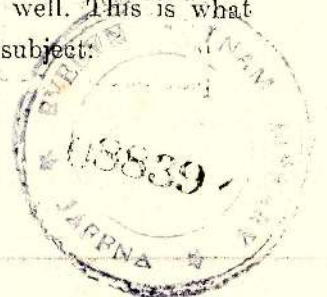
Where tireless striving stretches its hands toward perfection

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever widening thought and action

Into that heaven of freedom my Father led my country, awake."

Before concluding let me add a few words on the structure and form of his poetry. Remember that he never claimed to be a poet in English. He wrote for his countrymen and translated what he wrote for the benefit of others. And whatever has since been claimed for him has been by others and not by himself. There are some who are chary of their praise; who say with a typical shring "Well his poetry is not so bad and is better than that of many a poet." But those who have read the works of certain modern poets (and poetesses) in England and America will note how unfounded is the charge that is laid against Tagore, that he writes good prose and claims it to be poetry. In some of the modern poetry of the West you will come across forms of poetry dressed in the boldest language, some of them of real merit but a great many ranging from mere gush to rank nonsense. It is very natural that strong individualities should revolt against the conventionalism of pedantic *pundits* who have written poetry more as an intellectual exercise rather than from an impulse of the heart. Well if those rebels are now acclaimed poets (most of them are, and *deservedly*) Tagore deserves the title well. This is what Mr. Cousins says on the subject:



"He comes to it (English Literature) not simply as a translation, but as a powerful, original post-Whitman in technique, that is, uniting the freedom of *vers libre* to literary craftsmanship. He has bettered the mechanics of the younger English poets, but he has done more; he has let loose a spirit of eclecticism in thought and phrase that will put an end to the fallacy of equating vulgarity with literary democracy, and that will materially help towards the accomplishment of the much-needed poetical Restoration"

I wonder who will be so foolish as to decree that the graceful manoeuvres of a bird's flight should be within a strictly chalk-marked area. If I have understood poetry rightly to mean that it is the art of crushing scents out of flowers where we did not suspect any scent to be, that it is the power to command the lightning flash to stay on for the delectation of an ardent sky gazer, that it is clothing the longings of the soul in the language of the earth, if poetry is to mean all that then I do not ask of Tagore utterances in a strain different from these following examples:—

"The morning sea of silence broke into ripples of bird's songs and the flowers were all merry by the road-side."

Here is a fine description of the marvellously quick stroke of death. "It quivers like the one last response of life in ecstasy of pain at the final stroke of death."

Now I challenge any poet to equal the following delicate and extremely imaginative picture of the fond qualities of a child.

"The sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from where it comes? Yes there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow worms, there hang two timid buds of enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps does anybody know where it was born? Yes there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the

edge of a vanishing autumn cloud and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

The sweet soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs—does anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes when the mother was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love—the sweet soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs."

"Thy sunbeam comes upon this earth of mine with arms outstretched and stands at my door the livelong day to carry back to thy feet clouds made of my tears and sighs and songs.

With fond delight thou wrappest about thy starry breast that mantle of misty cloud turning into numberless shapes and folds and colouring it with hues everchanging.

Hidden in the heart of things thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

Thy centuries follow perfecting a small wild flower. We have no time to lose and having no time we must scramble for our chances. We are too poor to be late.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the the clothes of the humble among the poorest and lowliest and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest the lowliest and the lost."

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads. Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut. Open thy eyes and see is thy God not before thee.

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking the stones. He is with them in sun and in shower and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil."

' Deliverance? Where is the deliverance to be found. Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense. What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

"And thus it is that time goes by while I give it to every querulous man who claims it and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut; but I find that yet there is time."

"It is the pang of separation that spreads through-out the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in the infinite sky.

It is this sorrow of separation that gazes in silence all night from star to star and becomes lyric among rustling leaves in rainy darkness of July.

"It is this overspreading pain that deepens into loves and desires into sufferings and joys in human homes; and this it is that ever melts and flows in songs through my poet's heart."

"It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever learnt; they showed me secret paths, they brought before my sight many a star on the horizon of my heart.

They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain and at last to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?"

Some of you must have wondered who this "Thou" is that Tagore is always addressing. Here is his own answer.

"I boasted among men that I had known you. They see your pictures in all works of mine. They come and ask me "Who is he?" I know not how to answer them. I say indeed

I cannot tell. They blame me and they go away in scorn. And you sit there smiling. I put my tales of you into lasting song. The secret gushes out from my heart, They come and ask me. "Tell me all your meanings." "I know not how to answer them. I say, "Ah, who knows what they mean They smile and go away in utter scorn And you sit there smiling."

I must stop, but before I do so, let me exclaim in his own words, "Ah thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music my master."

No Aladdin's palace could be so gorgeous, so glorious as this one that Tagore has opened up for you and me. And I cannot imagine that anyone has so strong a curse laid on him that he should never have the opportunity to delve into these pages by himself some day.

Emphasising again that Tagore's is a message to a world broken up by little family quarrels, a world choked up with broken iron wheels and steam cranes; a world where the romance of love and creation is chased away by the sextant of cold science, a world where life is a vexation, a surprise jumped on you, emphasising that Tagore has written for such a world, I will conclude with these noble thoughts of his :—

"Life of my life I shall ever try to keep my body pure knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

THE EMPIRE POETRY LEAGUE.

SIR. A. QUILLER COUCH M.A., D. Litt.
President.

MISS. I. FOWLER WRIGHT
Hony: Secretary.

Aims and Purposes.

The League is a fellowship of those who are interested in poetry and are banded together with a view to extending the love and knowledge of all imaginative literature.

It was founded with the following objects:--

- 1.—To bring various Literary centres throughout the Empire into closer touch, and to develop mutual knowledge of the contemporary poetry which is published not only in Great Britain but in the Dominions and Colonies also.
- 2.—To promote social and intellectual intercourse among its members.
- 3.—To hold lectures and meetings for the discussion of poetic literary and allied subjects.

- 4.—To give guidance and encouragement to young and inexperienced writers and to provide opportunities for them to test their capacities.
- 5.—To encourage and foster teaching of poetry in schools and to take an active interest in the Empire Schools' Competitions, which were first inaugurated by "Poetry" in 1917.
- 6.—To encourage the reading and speaking of Verse and in particular the amateur representation of Poetic Drama, which is now almost entirely excluded from the professional stage.

Note:—*It is proposed to form a branch of the League in Colombo. Will those interested write to the Editor, The Librarian, from whom membership application forms may be obtained.—Ed.*

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VISWA - BHARATI

BY

G. RAMACHANDRAN

(Santiniketan)

—o—

The ideal of 'Viswa-Bharati' is more or less well-known. The poet Rabindranath himself has placed before the world in the clearest possible manner the aims and hopes with which he has started the 'Viswa-Bharati.' But there is a misunderstanding even in some well-meaning quarters in India that the Viswa-Bharati is antagonistic to our national aspirations. Now in this article I want to try and show, how baseless is this misconception. I can speak from my own direct personal experience since I have been in Viswa-Bharati now for nearly three years. Coming as I do from Travancore in the far south and being still, in some ways a stranger I can speak with that little amount of detachment which is so helpful and even necessary in arriving at a correct and dispassionate survey.

The Viswa-Bharati is not very strong in numbers. But it is widely representative. All told there are not more than thirty-five students in the College departments. These include students from every part of India. Most of these Indian students are those who left Govt. institutions in cheerful response to the call of Mahatma Gandhi during the days of intense Non-Co-operation. It can more or less therefore be asserted that most of us here are looking forward to a life of service of the Nation. But it would be better, to confine myself in this article to my own experiences here, since I can speak of them with certainty.

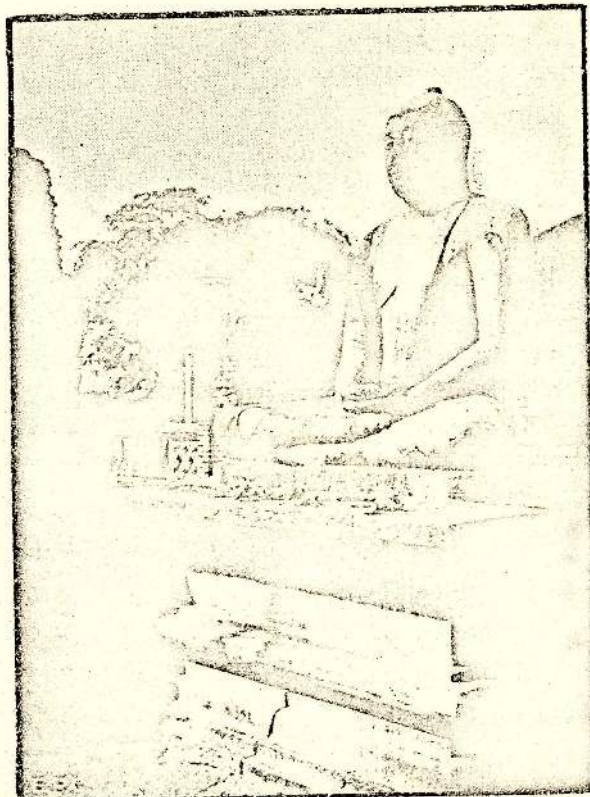
Three years ago when I came to Santiniketan to join Viswa-Bharati I had finally determined to try and become a humble servant of my country. I came in the hope that my life and study at Viswa-Bharati would make me a fit servant of my people. Now after these three years I have absolutely no regrets. As I understand it what a young man like me needs is courage—courage to think and courage to act. Whatever else there might or might not be in Viswa-Bharati there is at least this, perfect freedom to think courageously and act courageously. Every student is free to evolve according to the law of his own nature. The result is that there is among these thirty and five students such a bewildering variety of convictions and ideals.

There are those who believe profoundly in Non-violence not merely as a policy but as a fundamental principle of life living side by side with those who proclaim openly that Non-violence is sentimental rubbish and that the salvation of India rests with young men with strong arms and stout hearts. There are those who believe with all the force of conviction that the spinning wheel alone can solve the problem of the colossal poverty of the masses and others who hold that the charkha is the fad of a madman who being a dynamic personality is simply dangerous to the progress of the nation. Then in the field of art, literature, social organisation, philosophy, and politics all kinds of ideals are cherished. But this does not mean at all that everything is in a confused medley for many are anxious to compare notes and arrive at some sort of synthesis. The dormitories are only too often turned into debating clubs where heated discussions are carried on. The most remarkable thing in these discussions is the frankness and courage displayed on all sides. "Internationalism! Humanity! to talk of these is perfect stupidity when nation is murdering nation;" even such vigorous denunciation of the very ideal of the place can be heard.

This atmosphere of perfect freedom we owe entirely to the revered poet himself. He believes in freedom as he perhaps believes in nothing else. He is never tired of repeating that the one thing that he demands of his students is that they should never lose the power of free and bold thought. Again and again with flashing eyes and vibrant voice he has spoken in the same key. I remember one occasion particularly, when the poet took part in one of our debates. The discussion centred in the ideal of simplicity. Many students advocated the ascetic ideal. Some roundly denounced even the simple life of the Asram as not being sufficiently simple. They demanded that the electric lights should be replaced by oil lamps of the old Indian type and also that the motor-bus kept in the Asram mainly for the convenience of the guests should be replaced by a bullock cart. The poet listened to all this with delightful patience and when the storm subsided he spoke for more than an hour. He placed before us his own ideal of simplicity. He

refused to consider simplicity as a mere bundle of negations but defined simplicity as harmony. But he prefaced his talk with a plea almost pathetic in its earnestness not to accept his views if they did not appeal to their reason. He concluded also with the same plea. I almost remember his very words. "Reject fearlessly anything that does not appeal to your reason. I do not for a moment expect you to blindly accept anything. It will pain me beyond words if this happens. But it would be a matter of joy to me even, if you reject my views only after bold reasoning." This is the burden of his message over and over again. It was but the other day that he called together all the students. He was starting for Italy. But he could not go before he had once again unburdened himself of the same message. Referring to his own ideals and hopes he said. "I know there are those among you who do not agree with me, even those who are opposed to my ideals. But I want you to remember always that this never pains me because I believe in freedom more than in anything else. Only don't deny to others the freedom which you yourself need and which I gladly give to you." Such wonderful exhortations are slowly bearing fruit and in the fulness of time Viswa-Bharati will, it is certain produce thinkers who will not shrink from the most complex and difficult of problems.

As I have already said I yearn to be a servant of my country. I have not had any experience here which has disturbed in the least my hopes. On the other hand Viswa-Bharati has helped me to understand clearly what exactly is the manner in which I can best serve my country. The poet is the "Great Sentinel." He never once asks any to ignore the claims of the nation. But he does ask and that with all the emphasis of his conviction not to forget the claims of Humanity. While therefore my nationalism is still there, after these three years at Viswa-Bharati, it has undergone a vital transformation. It has been infinitely chastened and purified because I have learnt and learnt deeply that nationalism should never be a mere exaggeration of our own egoism but must be a great striving to set what is best and most permanent in our life and culture in tune with what is best in the life of Humanity. This lesson is already helping me to approach the various problems of the nation with a wider and therefore clearer and purer conception of life's realities. One thing is certain. The ideal "my country right or wrong" can never more have any meaning for me. But this has not shaken in the least my determination to serve my country to the utmost of my humble abilities whenever and wherever the strivings of the country are right.



Block kindly lent by the Editor, "Outdoor Life."

Buddha Statue found in Ceylon.

THE DEATH OF AGNIVARMA.*

BY

GEORGE KEYT.

Ah would that I with childhood were
 Secure from all these vanities
 With sweeter things to thrill and stir
 My heart, like bo-leaves in a breeze,
 Serenely in a quiet place
 Away from this unwholesome world!
 See here there is no friendly face,
 Pure-hearted fellowship, no trace
 Of peaceful hills with clean air curled
 Around a wholesome life; see here
 How all one's days with fetid breath—
 Hot stagnant marsh-air loved of death—
 And heavy luxuries, are mere
 False stage-play that does dismally
 Make cruel torture ever on
 The quivering nerves, so that men flee—
 For Soma like the restless sea—
 Between long scenes, tossed wild and wan,
 For thirsting lusts sweet-lipped that draw—
 Softening all winters to a thaw—
 The life-blood for love's sustenance!
 O Siren-mouths that kiss and gnaw
 The lost lives swooning in love's glance!

Ah desolate mine avenues
 With love-quests rife and whisperings
 Where famished passions, prowling loose,
 Clasp terror-stricken girls; they choose
 Snared maidens left for revellings,
 The amorous folly that one sings
 With golden words. When have they drained
 Love's wine-cup to the dregs as I?
 Their being is not with love's draught veined
 To know how venomous love is,
 How full of shame, beneath the sky
 A naked folly fain to hide
 And crouch away from any eye,
 Self-spurned in day—Ah such is this!—
 In secret only with vile bliss
 Glad in blind madness to abide.

Pray cease those murmurings, that strange sound
 Of mingled voices, laughters, songs,
 Fleet foot-falls anklet-tinkling round
 About the courtyards! Slay those throngs
 Of lutanists and dancing girls,
 Relent not for their lips and curls!
 And slay those languid women. Sweet
 Could they have been in gardens where
 The secrecy of groves was fleet
 To lure me? Were they swift as air
 To yield, appearing with desire,
 At any time of night when I
 Awoke in turmoil, hot with fire

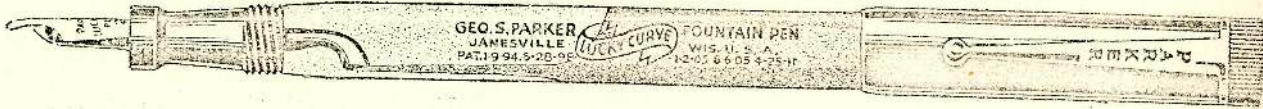
* See Kalidasa's Raghuvansa.

Of passion? So now let them die!
 What do they lingering, clinging to
 This wasted, hollow, helpless, weak
 Dulled victim whom their loves gnawed through
 Like famished beasts? I cannot speak
 Or feel or look about me, so
 Does sickliest loathing fill my heart
 With such a bitterness of woe
 As may come in when sweets depart,
 Sweets satiable, overflowing the brim
 Of some mad love without respite,
 Bringing such gloom as comes to him,
 Who, having spent his whole youth's light
 On moonlit nights, starts up to see
 The coming of a hushed storm-night
 Without the moon and stars.

Ah me,
 My wasted life, fear-stricken, swears
 Before death's face, condemning me
 With silent eyes, as when from tunes
 Of loveliness ineffably
 Dream-wrought, love, waking to the rough
 Discordant, cruel, hollow truth
 Unveiled behind illusion, eyes
 Its lure, and yearning still, "Enough!"
 Moans dying. Ah my wasted youth!
 See how cold death is full of sighs!

Alas, alas that time and I
 Were hidden, like the dancing god,
 Within what did absorb the sky
 Above me and concealed the sod
 Beneath my feet: the reckless things
 That could not pause but ever whirled
 My thoughtless life upon their wings,
 Swift wings of bliss where round sleep curled
 Its incense-wreaths of smoke in vain,
 Dim rising wreaths that steal into
 The sense to numb down joy and pain,
 Mists filled with magic to subdue
 When cast, with net-like scents from flowers
 That sway and loom in hazy strange
 Long labyrinths where all the hours
 Are one, not eager-eyed for change,
 Not filled with wind or rain or sun,
 But silence, ease, and tranquil night;
 Hours from the groves of oblivion
 Without vexed anguish and delight
 And loves that from a mad blind noon
 Deluding lead urwary eyes
 From sunlight to a cold pale moon,
 Relentless-eyed in cold dim skies,
 With no kind mutual warmth or forms
 Distinct, without a green of grass,
 A red of Asok, only swarms
 Of ghostly mockeries, alas!

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BOOKS

BOOKS

THE BOOKMAN, AUGUST.

M. Taine is a French historian of the literature of England. His criticism of Milton is a document piteously original. To him, the celestial visions of our blind Puritan have in their composition over fifty per cent of Earth. Heaven is fashioned on the architecture of White Hall. Paradise is peopled with Adam come via England with an Oxford Eve. Satan is a glorified drill-sergeant bawling coarsely at the door of Heaven.

Professor Saurat is M. Taine's compatriot. He concludes a large volume on Milton attributing his blindness to syphilis, inherited.

This French sneer at England's best epic and its poet provokes Mr Alfred Noyes, and in the August Bookman with evident anger and in aggressive vein, he takes to task the irresponsible Frenchmen.

The subsequent short notes on George Russel, Arthur Benson and the German Hofmansthal make instructive reading. The "New Books" is a constant helpful feature of the Bookman.

Ceylon Theosophical News

The September issue of the "Theosophical" goes out smartly dressed in a blue cover with birthday greetings to Mrs Beasant the president of the central Theosophical body. The booklet is again a budget of interesting explanation and criticism.

'Poetry and the Play,' July August'

[The Merton Press Ltd., Abbey House Westminster, (S. W. 1. Also obtainable from the Librarian Office.)]

The 'Torch-Bearers' of Mr Alfred Noyes is a singular production in content and size. To speak in poetry exclusively of the weal and woe of the pioneers of science is a happy outrage on its accepted canons. Further, the blank-verse of 375 pages of gripping interest in two volumes coming with the promise of a concluding third, cripples the well-set notion that the age of the long poem is dead like the era of the gallant Knight. The initial article in this volume of the 'Poetry' is a terse and frank lists, estimate of Mr Noyes genius.

Horace Shupp in his 'Renaissance' calls for a change in the subject of our drama. One dealing with living issues as distinct from the stale world-old topics of which most modern dramatists are yet enamoured, is an imperative need.

The lyrics of this number are pleasing. There is a fine simplicity in the 'Violet' and 'My Cherry Tree.' 'S. F. W.' calls the aid of poetry to condemn the control of birth.

The imitations of Olaf Stapledon after the Japanese Kai Kai verse retain the manner of their originals. The Kai Kai verse is the condensed expression of a live sentiment or poetic image suggestive of serious thought. Mr Stapledon's verse lacks in this regard.

The huddling of thought upon thought in "Western Culture" rendering the ideas obscure and the verse valueless is obviously deliberate. Why?

We commend the "Poetry and the Play" once again to our readers.

The Outdoor Life

The second volume of the organ of the Ceylon Boys' Scouts Association is come out of press. If this journal gets read by more boys attending our public Schools the Scout Movement must stand to benefit in vigour, size and acceptance as it rightly deserves.

'The Magazine of the Kalutara Holy Cross College'

The first literary register of this College is just out. The contents of this trim volume-unmistakably point to an efficient and painstaking management.

A School-magazine is mainly students' ground where the teacher may occasionally lead and the staff never intrude and sway.

K. V. P. GOONETILLEKE.

Last Month's Competitions

WINNER Miss. Theresa Goonewardana.

OTHERS CORRECT Hilda Zoysa, G. D. Perera, Evelyn Wijemana, Durand Silva, Sybil Fonseka, K. M. Peiris, S. T. W. Peiris and Irene de Silva.

Six Competitors were disqualified

This Month's Competition.

Paint a cat and post it to us. A handsome prize will go to the best painter. Entries close on the 30th.

Students' Page conducted by Uncle Tom

"ARE WE NOT ALL STUDENTS."

ASKS

Principal, R. MARRS

A Prize for a Definition of Education.

DEAR YOUNG-TERS,

You have all disappointed me somewhat. In the first place I expected many more answers. Surely the many thousands of students in our Schools are all not preparing for examinations all the year round that they cannot take an interest in this kind of pleasant work. Secondly those who sent answers gave very ordinary definitions. And to those who wrote to me this time let me say this. "Do not fear to make your answers longer. If necessary write a whole essay over it. But of course the *best and the shortest* will get the first place." Had the answers been more interesting I would have published most of them. The only answer that came at least somewhat near to our expectations was from

W. SIRIPALA.

Yak Bedde Road,

KOTTE.

to whom books to the value of five rupees have been sent for the following answer.

A student is one who attends school for studying. Some of us study even after we leave school. These also can be called students. Student is therefore one young or old who is devoted to study.

This is not a bad answer. In fact compared with the other answers it is really good. But our competitors could send us more brilliant stuff with a little more effort.

Before starting the Students' Page we wrote to the Prof. R. Marrs, Principal of the University informing him of the idea and asking for a message. In the course of a very sympathetic and encouraging reply he asked.

Are we not all students in the infinite laboratory of this Universe?

He went on to point out that there was a certain anomaly in the term *Student*. He feared that a special Students' Page will create an impression that the "wealth of matter" that it was possible for The Librarian to collect will be ignored by the Students' who will be content with their own Page. If it did not mean that, he was very much for a students Page and assured us of his good wishes.

The above remarks ought to make our Student readers to think and send us better answers to our next question.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

The best definition will be published here along with the opinion of an eminent Educationist and the sender of the attempt published will be given books to the value of

FIVE RUPEES

Answers other than that winning the prize may also be published. All entries must be accompanied by the coupon found on page 17.

There appear the names of such of you who sent me correct answers to the easy puzzle I offered for competition among you last time. My congratulations and those of our staff were packed away with a handsome leather Knitting-Case to Miss S. Theresa Goonewardene to whom fell the right to these items of fortune.

The rest of you must, of course, keep on knocking at my door for the prize on my table waiting to reach you when your star so orders. Most of you have proved clever and brainy though you could not outdo Miss Theresa in luck.

This prize was to be shaped to suit the winner; and as I had lost all prophetic vision since marriage day, I could not anticipate rightly whether luck stood with the boys or girls in the last competition. That was why I had to leave you guessing as to what the award would be.

It will be natural if seated at this month's task you should fail to see how your chances can improve this time, very likely competing with one whose luck once out-beat yours.

Luck, you should know, is no lover devotedly pledged to pin her favours on a single lappet. She toils for no particular Satiyabavan as chaste Savitri does in the Indian Story. Luck on the contrary, is a butterfly impatient of settled life flitting from flower to flower proffering its gifts in turn to each. That leather knitting-case was waiting at Cargills long to run to Miss Theresa at our bidding. This was the will of destiny and She may have send determined that this time we should instead something as dear to you. What is more to excel in the task we set this month you should possess faculties other than were tested then. You must excel with brush and paint.

Prof. Rackbrain is taken ill. When I saw him last night from what I hope is not his death-bed he mumbled an apology for being unable to speak to you this month while his bag of tricks lay hanging to a peg in the wall.

I publish a few of the contributions received for this corner.

Master Welikela should do well to write to us often. He can if he cares to develop a fair style in prose-writing. Miss Evelyn Wijemane's "Cross" is a very praise-worthy effort. Miss Wijemane we are glad to read promises to write us monthly and if the verses to come possess the same charm as "Cross" she shall always find room in this corner.

Your bald-pated UNCLE TOM.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

From Boys and Girls

CROSS.

Midst rude saints and Jews
 Of Gethis' mane,
 Thro' street and lane and woods
 I strayed to see
 A forest glade; a cross
 On Calvary Hill;
 Death on the cross; a lamb,
 A God-child still.

EVELYN WIJEMANE.

KEYS' BY NIGHT.

Once on a night a couple of hours past dinner time, we retired to bed - a gossip of a friend and I. We slept on mats in a small room and near me was a loaded revolver. At about three o'clock I woke up, and when I found it was raining in the garden, I covered myself well and slept again. Hardly an hour passed from then, when I was awakened by the steps of some one stealthily approaching me. Noiselessly, I picked up the revolver in defence and awaited to see what would happen next. To my utter astonishment, the awful noise of footsteps at mid-night died down, and as I almost thought that the strange figure had vanished, it was moving on again.

It came to me. It asked me a question I now forget. I remember the word 'Keys'. I trembled and could make no answer. It was about to crush me on the mat. when I fired and saw the hideous thing fall dead. By this time the rain had ceased outside and I clearly heard the clock strike five.

Generally I wake, at five; and waking at five that morning I found myself in bed. Friend, foe and dream had vanished with night but always hear 'Keys' at bed-time.

D. C. V. WELIKELA.

Age 13

HOPE.

Suddenly on the way,
 Dark grew the day
 My lantern had no wick;
 The curtain night fell thick.
 I was in the forest all alone,
 Went groping, and my garments got torn.

Its' a tinkling clear little ray,
 From a star, Dhinning far away.

DEAD?

She fell an early summer rose
 On earth meads early tempest-tossed,
 She's dead as dawn-dimmed stars are dead
 That beam their love on other shores.
 Some where afar in a purer bourn
 In a house of God her spirit beats!
 A pedlar-voice will seige its gates
 Some day with words you loved, 'My Own.'

ON

A CUNNING RABBIT.

Once upon a time, there lived two friends. One was a rabbit and the other a jackal. The rabbit was rich, and had a fine bungalow, around which were many flower gardens. The rabbit invited his friend to his house to live with him. The rabbit had an apple tree in his garden and a ripe apple on it. The two friends plucked it. They sat at table with it, the Jackal said to his friend, "Jamie, go, and fetch a knife, to cut the fruit." Meanwhile the greedy jackal ate it. When he returned after his fruitless search for a knife, he saw that the fruit was eaten.

So he walked slowly towards the river with soap and towel for a bath. After a fine bath he returned home then the jackal saw him and said, "Oh, Jamie you have had a fine bath?" "Yes, my friend, and the dhoby supplied me with plenty of soap and scented water too," was his answer. The jackal believed his word. He went to the dhoby and asked him to give him a bath. The dhoby get angry at the unexpected demand, and dashed the animal on his washing stone-lead.

I. M. JAYETILAKKE

Age 12.

J. C. JAYASINGHE (Age 16)

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" Bungalow.
" Garage 421
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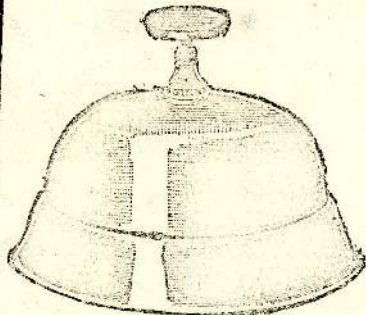
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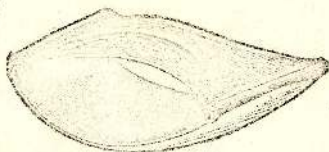
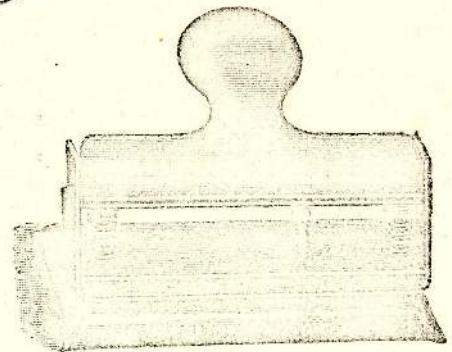
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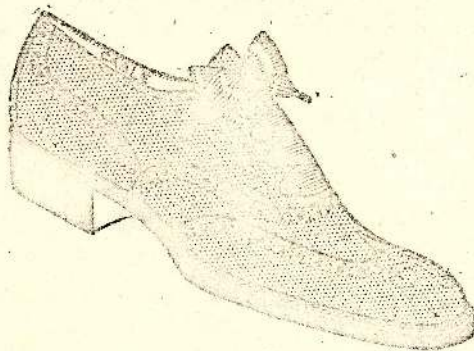
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