

THE BUDDHIST CHRONICLE

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

POSON NUMBER.

VOL. V.

JUNE, ²⁴⁶⁹
1925

No. 2.

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Foreign 12 shillings,
Single copy -/50 cts.

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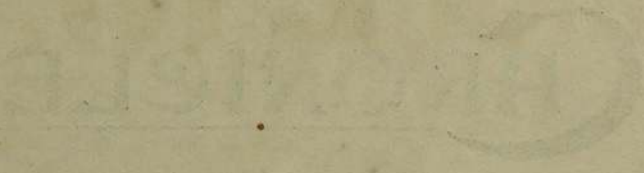
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Full Page £9 5s.
Half Page £5 10s.
Quarter Page £3 10s.

Printed and Published for the proprietor by T. A. Dharmabandu, at the Star Press,

21, Norris Road, Colombo.

THE



FOR THE

FAITH, BELIEF & KNOWLEDGE.

BY REV. LOUISE GRIEVE.

THE two words, 'faith' and 'belief' are often used synonymously. This is a mistake. The faith of the Buddhist is the confidence that he shall find truth through knowledge. "Belief" is taking for true the statements of some authority or supposed authority. The true Buddhist believes nothing unless it appeals to his own intelligence, no matter what the authority may be, but he has faith that the way of the Buddha will bring surcease from suffering, because there is nothing in that way which is in conflict with his intelligence. He is not taught that God will forgive his transgressions or that prayer is anything but futile. Supplication avails nothing; man must work out his own salvation through pain and suffering. It is only through pain and suffering that Nature's laws are made known to him who transgresses them.

To the believers of a religion, it seems that they have the only truth; the truth, as revealed to them by their sages, seems to be the one truth, and they look upon all other religions as mere superstitions. They do not consider it worth their time to study the religions of any other than their own country and people. The only way to really know a religion is to study it without any preconceived prejudice; with an open and sympathetic mind, always remembering that no one has a monopoly of truth and that it is just possible that other people may have found the truth by some different road. The belief in one religion should never blind one to the possibility of truth in another.

With the religions of the West life is not the main thing. The most important thing is utter, blind belief in the teachings of some sage who assures his followers of a life hereafter, free from work, responsibility and suffering. If one does not believe in a certain religion, if one views it from the standpoint of another faith, the whole perspective is different from that of the believer. What seems of most importance to the believer may seem insignificant to the unbeliever, and other points may stand out as of more value.

In our investigations into the meaning and object of life we cannot proceed from the unknown to the known, as is the case with primitive beliefs. We must take the known facts first and proceed from these to the unknown, being careful to prove and tabulate each new discovery, and, as we go, always guarding against the tendency to ignore facts which are distasteful to us. If we seek truth we must be prepared to face the unpleasant as well as the pleasant.

The savage fears the elements and the forces of nature and, as he does not understand them, he attributes their manifestations to gods and demons and attempts to propitiate them through sacrifice, by giving of his most valued possessions; so, originates sacrifice. Sacrifices are naturally performed with rites and ceremonies, so the men who seem best fitted for this work are delegated to the duty of performing such rites; so originates the priestly class. It is obvious that the men who perform such rites should be looked upon with some awe, so the priestly class becomes the privileged class, and, being jealous of their privileges, should make their position more secure by keeping the people in ignorance; so originates blind faith, which is the belief in a thing because one has been told to believe in it, with a threat of punishment for unbelief.

But, belief in a thing never did and never will make it true. For centuries the European world believed the

earth to be flat. The people had the authority of their own senses, as well as that of myths and sacred books. The belief in the mysterious power of rites to wash away sins or to bring about union with god is as absurd as many other customs that have come down to us from primitive times. There is no real reason why being dipped in water, having the head shaved or going through any other ceremony should have any effect on the life hereafter, whether it is a life on earth or in heaven. The belief in the efficacy of such rites is merely clinging to superstition and living by dead dogmas.

This does not mean that rites and ceremonies are harmful if performed and accepted in the right attitude of mind. There is no harm in following tradition to a reasonable extent and by the performance of certain ceremonies, not as propitiations, but in reverence for the Great Ones, the mind is concentrated and relieved from the everyday affairs of life so that meditation becomes more complete. Simple ceremonies often bring about harmony among the different individuals of an audience or congregation. Ceremonies do not in any way save one from the result of one's actions, they wipe away no sins, and when performed with such an end in view they are injurious, as they encourage superstition, but when performed with a knowledge of what they really mean, they are, undoubtedly, beneficial to the average man or woman. It is not the rites which are injurious, but the attitude of mind towards them. No soul was ever saved by the burning of candles or incense or by the shedding of blood, whether human or animal. Salvation comes through one's own good acts, not through faith, belief, rites, ceremonies or sacrifices. He whose heart is full of thoughts of good, who lives a life of love and charitableness here and now, who deals justly towards all that lives, does not need to perform acts of propitiation nor look for help from sacrifices made by others.

We are fortunate to live in an age when religion is no longer embarrassed by the discoveries of astronomy, geology and biology. Religion should not be embarrassed by discoveries in the so-called material world nor by philosophical abstract reasoning, if this reasoning is in agreement with known facts. The Rivalry between different religions, or among sects in the same religion, is due to misconceptions of material and spiritual laws. Could a time come when the great fundamental facts are understood by all, there would be no longer any necessity for different religious systems or sects.

In Buddhism the different sects are not at war with one another. It is a matter of temperament mostly and also of different training of thought and of customs. One aspect appeals to one mind most strongly and another aspect most strongly to another mind, but the fundamentals are the same in all sects and systems, whether Southern, Northern or Eastern. There will, of course, always be a difference in the externals of religious thought just as there is a difference in complexion, dress, manners and customs, but the fundamentals would be the same in all the religious systems if all would adapt themselves to the advancement of scientific knowledge.

"Science and philosophy are necessary for the intellectual urge, art and music gratify our emotional

desires, ethics and morality satisfy our devotional existence, but there is still a longing for something more." The soul reaches out, into space as it were, and yearns for something unknown, something which cannot be put into words. There is a dissatisfaction, an emptiness, a striving for something. This craving finds relief in religion, in universal love, in the forgetting of self and becoming merged in the whole. We are seeking our inheritance, that truth which is formless and shut off from us who are manifesting in the form world, whose eyes are blinded by dense matter.

"Faith is the entrance to the ocean of the laws of the Buddha, and knowledge is the ship on which one can sail in it." By the ordinary use of the word 'faith' is meant the belief in some external and personal deity who created the world and rules over it. Buddhists do not believe in God in the ordinary acceptance of the word. Our faith is in the trinity of the Buddha, the Doctrine and the Brotherhood.

The Dharma, or Doctrine of the Buddha, does not ask you to believe blindly, nevertheless, it does lay great stress upon the cultivation of faith; not the faith which is a belief in something which is absurd or irrational or the belief in creeds and dogmas or the determination to be satisfied with unproved statements, but faith in the ultimate goodness of things, faith in the truth and faith that we can find the truth. Faith that the search for truth will not be in vain, and faith in the final release from suffering any limitation.

In every form of Buddhism the goal to which one is striving is to be gained by the recognition of the Four Noble Truths and the following of the Eightfold Path. The simple and weak are taught by examples from the life of the Buddha while the great and wise are able to grasp the philosophy he taught. Therefore, the images and relics and the invocation of Amitaba are useful to the simple and, though not necessary to the intellectual, are not harmful.

We are generally accused of worshipping idols. This is an unfortunate misrepresentation for we do not worship idols, or pictures, or names, we reverence the things these statues, pictures or names represent or symbolise, but we do not worship them. The images of the Buddha or the sacred Name are used for the purpose of assisting concentration and we reverence them, not for any power or virtue inherent in them, but because they symbolise the Buddha and His teachings. The Chinese pilgrim, Itsing, said: "The meaning of the truths is so profound that it is a matter beyond the comprehension of vulgar minds, while the ablution of the holy image is practicable to all. Though the Great Teacher has entered Nirvana, yet his image exists, and we should revere it with zeal as though in his very presence. Those who constantly offer incense and flowers to it are enabled to purify their thoughts, and those who frequently bathe this image are enabled to overcome their sins that involve them in darkness."

When Buddhists look upon an image of the Buddha or upon the characters representing the sacred Name they put aside thoughts of strife and think only of peace. The image of the Buddha combines in its appearance the wisdom of the philosopher, the benevolence of the redeemer and the triumph of the hero. All perfections are combined in this image, power, virtue, compassion and knowledge. We do not worship the image or relic, but for the sake of human frailty, the Dharma or Doctrine is placed before us in this tangible form.

When reason enables a man to arrange and systematise knowledge so as to construct a basis for learning the truth, then faith gives him the strength and determination to carry on his investigations, and the feeling of assurance in his convictions and ideals. Faith gives character and strength to overcome evil and confidence to attempt greater attainments, to work strenuously for the realisation of the truth. It is faith alone which can transform cold abstract reasoning into a religion of hope and love. Faith in the ultimate good, faith in the teachings of the Buddha which tell us that we have the ability to overcome ignorance, which is the cause of

suffering, gives us the encouragement needed to carry on our fight against the evil within ourselves and in our surroundings.

The Buddha said: "It is in the nature of things that doubts will arise," but if we have faith in the ultimate good, doubt will never overcome us. Faith is the confidence that sooner or later the truth can be found. If a thing is so doubtful as to need strenuous effort on the part of the intellect to believe it, if one must stretch one's imagination and garble facts, then that thing is not worth having faith in. That faith is weak which fears investigation and the discoveries of science. Real faith invites investigation and proof.

The word 'faith' is often confused with 'worship,' 'devotion' or pure emotionalism. There are those who must worship something, must bow down and humiliate themselves, must be meek and lowly before an imaginary god or power. They are intellectually weak and every act is ruled by silly emotion which finds religious expression in faith in anything which is mysterious and devotion to all kinds of idols. An idol is not necessarily a thing of wood or stone. Idols are built up in the brain and worshipped with as much ardour as the savage worships his fetish. These souls are not yet ready for the heights and require molly-coddling and indulgence,

All our emotions must be completely under the control of the will and we must never allow them to sweep us off our feet or cause us to be blinded to the truth of cold facts. There is a system of Hindu philosophy, much favoured in the west by emotional people, which teaches release by devotion. It is called Bhakti Yoga, or the realisation of God through love and devotion—a sort of hysteria, it seems to me.

There is no system of religion which emphasises the spirit of love more than does Buddhism, but that love must be directed to all that lives, not to some imaginary god. Love must be a thing of the reason, like everything else in Buddhism. It is often said by unfriendly critics of Buddhism that it appeals only to cold intellectuality and kills all emotion. It does kill the emotion that runs riot and makes us irresponsible. I think we need not worry about having too much intellectuality and too little emotion. The trouble is that we live too much in the emotions and too little in the intellect. We can develop the intellectual faculties for many lives yet to come before we run any risk of becoming too cold. All the best and most lasting enjoyments we have are those which are intellectual—friends, companions and books—all these are of more lasting pleasure if they show more of intellect than of emotion.

I would ask this question of those who feel they must have something to worship. Who or what is it you would worship? The Great Ones, our Teachers, do not want our worship. Are the gods worthy of worship? As we begin to understand a god we have been taught to adore, we learn to hate him as being less than man. Then we learn to dispense with him. Then we build up a new god to suit our own ideas of what a god ought to be and worship him till we outgrow him too, and again make a new one, each successive god being an improvement over the proceeding one. One improvement over the Western God is the Logos. Just why is the Logos more worthy of worship than Jehova? According to the Logos theory, we are here to serve some purpose of the Logos, a purely selfish purpose on his part, or, as some say, he made us just for his amusement. Surely such a god is not deserving of worship on the part of his creatures whom he has created for the sole purpose of using them to suit his own ends. God immanent in all things is no more worthy of worship than other things immanent. Less, in fact, for we have every intellectual reason to believe in some things immanent, but god immanent is merely a theory. Truth immanent, or light immanent, or mercy immanent are more worthy of worship.

Poor humanity seems to demand idols of some kind, props on which to lean, so we make ourselves new gods to worship and fear whenever the old ones wear out.

Worship of an invisible deity, a word, an idea or a force is just as much idolatry and superstition as the worship of gods made of wood and stone.

Faith is too often mothered by ignorance. What is easy for faith is impossible for reflection. The thoughtful man knows he cannot be saved by grace or washed clean by sacrificial blood. The child's soul goes to god as to his mother's arms for comfort, but upon a more thoughtful mind these things have a very different effect. Apart from the injustice of vicarious atonement, the student of the history of religious development knows that this sanguinary metaphor is drawn from the pagan rites of Mithra, a dead religion, where the neophyte was actually placed under a grating, upon which a bull was sacrificed, drenching him with blood.

If anything can affirm or deny, teach or disclaim, surely it is life, and while no one is justified in taking his own existence or experiences as the criterion for all, he can justifiably ask himself if the theories by which he is besieged receive affirmation or denial in the true light of his own experience. As regards problems which have not yet come within his experience he can only say, "I do not yet know".

The base of Buddhism is not dogma or belief in the supernatural, but the fact of the existence of sorrow and suffering. Not only the sorrow and suffering of the poor but also of those who live in luxury. Its goal is not heaven, but release from suffering, and this is to be found in the safe haven of an intellectual and ethical life, through self-conquest and self-culture. Buddhism does not contest the prerogative of reason to be the ultimate criterion of truth.

Once the Kalama princes said to the Buddha: "Lord, Bramanas and sectarian teachers visit us and preach their respective doctrines, each one solemnly asserting that what he teaches is the only truth and all the others are false; and, on that account, Lord, doubt has overtaken us and we do not know which teaching to accept."

The Buddha replied: "Do not believe in traditions merely because they have been handed down for many generations and in many places; do not believe in anything because it is rumored and spoken of by many; do not believe because the written statement of some old sage is produced; do not believe in what you have fancied, thinking that because it is extraordinary it must have been implanted by a deva or a wonderful being. After observation and analysis, when it agrees with reason and is conducive to the good and benefit of one and all, then accept it and live up to it."

Buddhism requires nothing to be accepted on trust without inquiry. There are some who encourage and build up the "will to believe". They have been taught

that to disbelieve is sin and they consequently cultivate the "will to believe". But, if we grant the "will to believe" we must equally grant the "will to disbelieve". What is the "will to believe" but the will to hold something as true which one feels is untrue? The "will to believe" is the "will to deceive". It is another name for hypocrisy. It cannot enable us to fight ignorance nor to find enlightenment. Religion, to be worth while, must be knowledge, not dogma, a law of life, not hysteria or ecstasy. Its foundation must be knowledge, convincing, coherent, definite and logical; not emotion, superstition, tradition, utility nor the will to believe.

The study of Buddhism requires mental activity, and the proper understanding of it requires a knowledge of all the branches of learning. For instance, to understand that all life is sorrow, one must see the struggle of the micro-organism in its search for food, and the struggle of star dust to become universe.

Many believe that enlightenment can be attained by good works alone. I do not like to disagree with those who are wiser than I, but I cannot accept such a theory. It seems to me that enlightenment can only come through knowledge. With knowledge, one must necessarily do good works, and one will naturally have a heart of compassion. All other things must come with knowledge, but without knowledge there cannot be enlightenment. The greatest evil is ignorance. Enlightenment includes all knowledge and a complete understanding of the working of natural laws. All knowledge is an expression little understood by the ordinary man, for it is something so stupendous that the mind reels when even a little of the vastness of things for an instant touches the super-consciousness. It seems to me that the student must acquire all the knowledge possible from books and teachers, and when this has been accomplished, he will have reached such a degree of learning and his brain will have become gigantic in comparison with the average and so able to stand the strain of the opening of the intuitive faculty. Without tremendous training the mind must break if overtaxed, and the blinding glory of enlightenment would shiver to atoms the brain which has not been properly developed.

So, the Buddhist has no faith in anything which does not appeal to his reason. He has no belief except that which will stand the searchlight of scientific investigation. Knowledge is, above all, what he most prizes, for, with knowledge, all other good things will follow. Most of us must, for the present, be content with the very little knowledge which we possess, but our hope and aim is for more and more knowledge, and in the meantime we must regulate our lives by the moral precepts, each must be his own master and each must examine the inner state of his own life in order to direct his thoughts, desires and actions.



FROM A CHRISTIAN'S SCRAP-BOOK.

—)o(—

WHY AND HOW OUR ANCESTORS WERE CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY.

KING Bhuvaneka Bahu, having foolishly lived on terms of close intimacy with the Portuguese, entrusted to the King of Portugal the prince whom he had brought up. On account of this foolish act the Portuguese brought harm on the king. It should be noted that the King Bhuvaneka Bahu was the cause of the injustice which his posterity had to suffer; and that the harm done to the cause of Buddhism after this was due to the action of this king.....The padre Wilponse Aponsu Perera, came from Goa, landed at Colombo harbour, went to Kotte and had an interview with King Dharmapala. He was made a proselyte to the religion of Christ and admitted to baptism, and had the baptismal name of Don Juan Propahdara conferred upon him. At his baptism many leading men of Kotte also received baptism.....From that day forward, the leading men of the city of Kotte, coveting the wealth of the Portuguese, and many low-caste people unmindful of their low birth, intermarried with the Portuguese and became proselytes."

"The negotiations which went on in connection with the claims of the two Kotte princes reveal the work of alleged conversion in a faithful light. Everyone realised that the Portuguese King was fervently anxious for the spread of Christianity, and conversion was the chief reward each aspirant held out to the Portuguese as the price of their military assistance. A friar acted as intermediary with the Goa authorities on behalf of the Uda Rata monarch: "Do not," he said, "give my kingdom to the Kotte Princes. If you will guarantee the kingdom to me, I and all my subjects will turn Christians." To the Court of Lisbon itself no less an agent than Francis Xavier conveyed a similar message on behalf of the Jaffna monarch's brother and rival; and King Don Joao's chief pre-occupation was as to which offer he was to accept, this or that of the Kotte Princes and his mother, who were equally prepared to turn

Christian for the same consideration.

On 8th March, 1546, the King of Portugal despatched a remarkable letter to his Viceroy at Goa. After bewailing the idol worship which prevailed in parts of India subject to Portuguese authority, he continued "we charge you to discover all the idols by means of diligent ministers, to reduce them to fragments and utterly to consume them, in whatsoever place they may be found, proclaiming rigorous penalties against such persons as should dare, to engrave, cast, sculpture, outline, paint, or bring to light any figure in metal, bronze, wood, clay or any other substance, or should introduce them from foreign parts; and against those who celebrate in public or in private any sports which have any Gentile taint, or should abet them, or should conceal the Brahamins, the pestilential enemies of the name of Christ, "while emphasising the need of severe punishment he added, "and because the gentiles submit themselves to the yoke of the Gospel not only through their conviction of the purity of their faith and sustained by the hope of life eternal, but they should also be encouraged with some temporal favours, such as greatly mollify the hearts of those who are subjected thereto; you should earnestly set yourself to see that the new Christians from this time forward obtain and enjoy all exemptions and freedom from tribute; holding moreover the privileges and offices of honour which up till now the Gentiles are accustomed to possess."

Christians were to be exempted from the press-gang which raised men for the King's vessel, and three thousand parades a year were to be levied from the Mosques in Portuguese Territory for the support of the Dominicans. He also directed that if the King of Jaffna had not been suitably punished for the persecutions of the Christians, action should be taken against him without delay, so that all might see how displeased the King of Portugal was at the conversion of anyone being interfered with."

—)o(—

BENEATH THE REDWOODS.*

Tall tree immortal, was longevity
Bestowed on thee by yon benignant star
When thou didst scale the heights of space,
to see
The source of those soft flames brought from
afar
By that stern Titan who did rend the chains
That fettered Man? The glow of fire is still
Within thy heart. The fog, the wind, the
rains,
The biting storms that do Pacific's will,
Are drained with rapture by thy thirsty leaves,
Stern patient guardian of the Golden State,
Ringed by thine ancient bridegroom, Time,
who weaves
Chaplets of mist and pearls for thee, his mate.

And 'neath the branches of a fragrant Pine,
I have erected a sweet birch bark shrine,
That pours perpetual incense on the air,
In praise of One, who by his timely aid
Gave renewed hope to lives brought low by
care
A glow unearthly crowns him, as arrayed

In Perfect Purity, He sits in state,
Buddha, the Lord Supreme, by pity led,
Silent as the Universe, Calm as Fate,
With none to walk above His Honoured Head.
The pink azaleas waft their perfume rare,
And whisp'ring zephyrs leave the Golden
Gate
Where mountain lilacs greet the sunset fair.
O May I reach the silent Peace in store
And hear the voice supernal say to me,
"Come rest thee daughter, on Nirvana's shore,
Hath not the long, long journey wearied
thee?"

Tall Redwood, vain for thee is all my ruth,
Thine enemies shall one day lay thee low,
But not the Doctrine of Eternal Truth,
That sprang where golden streams of India
flow.

IRENE TAYLOR.

*The giant Redwoods of California are renowned throughout the world for their longevity and beauty.

THE ESOTERIC VIEWPOINT.

—)o(—

ජෝන් ජෝන් පීටි කොටපන්

ජෝන්ගේ කොන්ඩේ ගිනිනියපන්

NOW this is a most esoteric stanza. You Buddhists wallow in the merely exoteric. Your souls do not rise to those lofty planes of higher thought where two and two makes ten, or even the mystic seven, or the yet more marvellous nine, but never such a common thing as three! Oh dear! No. Has not Mr. Jinarajadasa said so; Has not his able lieutenant Mr. S. Iyer said so! Have they not *proved* the impregnable nature of their position! You may laugh, you simple meat-eating Buddhists, but these things are *occult* to you. Grand word this "Occult". Read, mark, and spell this word,—and finally, write it in letters of gold over a blue five-pointed star. From where shall you capture the star! Oh! from anywhere. You Buddhists *can* ask some childish questions. You see, you have not risen to the mystic planes of the initiated. To return to the star,—you can make it out of cardboard off a chocolate box, or even a Pear's soap box. Pear's soap will remind you also of the velvet-boy blowing "Bubbles", and the vanity of life; though there really is a soul even in a bubble, if you only knew it, as Bose has proved over and over again. Well, paint the star blue, after cutting it with sharp scissors. If the scissors are sharp, they remind you of the sharpness of a keen intellect, or the sharp effects of evil done, in thought, word or deed. If they are blunt, you get a symbol of *Moha*, which means ignorance of the immortal soul within you. These are little esoteric viewpoints that you must cultivate till they come readily to you. Blue is the aura of intellectuality. Of course you Buddhists know nothing about auras. Colour is tuned to the mystic seven. Each colour, as Bishop Leadbeater has concisely proved, has its definite meaning. But one cannot go into all this. It will take too much time. If you eat only vegetables, roots and grass, you will see these things clearly for yourselves. Fix your star on the wall over your writing desk. Look at the word "occult" painted thereon in letters of gold,—and begin to study the esoteric meaning of the stanza that heads this article.

To the ribald mind of the exoteric this stanza is a common-place jungle. Not so;—as I shall now prove.

"John, John." Why is this name chosen? Because it, being the commonest name on earth represents *MAN*. Human beings inflicted with out-of-the-way names are to be looked upon with suspicion. A Patrick can never be a patriot, and a Cassius may be a very devil. Even the Masters of the Obi will warn you against a Cassius.

So "John" signifies "man". Why is the name repeated? For emphasis; also to signify that man has a two-fold nature,—the being you see, and the soul behind; the first John represents man, the second John, his soul; and the two together, added to five, makes the mystic seven of the planes beyond. "Why add five"! Because it is needed to make seven. Surely you know that five and two make seven. So now having *proved* that, I shall proceed. "Piti" (පීටි) signifies the fine assimilable state into which we have reduced the Cosmic laws. It also means "joy". Buddhists may say that it is *Piti* (පීනි) that means "joy";—but what do Buddhists know about these terms! The true mean-

ing is ever revealed to us by occult means. Never mind how we do it, but we *do* have ways and means of approaching Truth that are not available to mere Buddhists. This being proved, one reverts to our stanza. *Piti* also means evil, and when taken in *this* sense, *Kotapan* (කොටපන්) means "destroy by pounding", and the first line means. "Oh! soulful man, destroy thy evil self by pounding it out". *Kotapan* also means "short bread",—which signifies an ancient prophesy that it is a people wearing kilts, from the cold upper third of Great Britain, who will make "short-bread" and thereby rule the world,—as the Druid conclusively proved to Boadicea. You see what a deep meaning lies hidden in this innocent-seeming stanza. It only wants an esoteric spade to dig it all out, and the jewels are all laid bare. Now this is a process that is not always wise. Pearls should not be cast before swine. These revelations are usually reserved for a selected circle of properly initiated aspirants for truth. Yet, shall I proceed to expound this stanza, for the welfare of modern decadent Buddhist pandits, who think they know so much. *Johnge* means John's, or the worlds',—for we have proved that "John" stands for "world" in this stanza. *Konde ginitiyapan* (කොන්ඩේ ගිනිනියපන්)—we must take these deeply significant words together. This stanza is millions and millions of years old. Mr Goldheater, then known as Banda, the dispenser of buns, taught it to a well-known great lady in that distant Pleistocene period,—and I had it from the lips of her pupil, even then an adept at this work of stanza-exposition, and known in that birth as Embryone, or the future Star of the South. *Konde* means "hair;" *ginitiyapan* means "set on fire". Now you get an inkling of the depth of this stanza. It clearly prophesies that, in the 4th Epoch yet to come, a Buddha, named Gotama, will at Gaya Head, preach the memorable *Fire-Sermon*, for the welfare of gods and men, under the aegis of the Himalayan Masters Toot-to-me and Gandhya. This line, even at that distant date, warned an unborn world through the adept Goldheater, (then known as Banda) that its head is on fire; burning, burning, with the fires of pride, learning and Exotericism;—that three-fold fire (to which 4 added, makes the mystic seven) which makes it hopeless for a man to gain, in this life, the felicity of *Initiation*. Some of the adepts also claim that *gini* prophesies the advent of a golden coin, called a "guinea," that lawyers of a future date will give their souls for; and the *ti* (of *tiyapan*) a delicately flavoured beverage, infused from leaves of shrubs planted by a man named Lipton, with the assistance of Dravidian labour. However this may be, (and I shall not press this interpretation) it proves to the hilt that the adepts know a thing or two, and it will be wise for so-called Buddhist pandits, (who really are so innocent of the most elementary knowledge of the esoteric meaning of the tongue of the Himalayan Masters) to think twice before they dare to tackle an F. T. S.

AFFELE AINMAR.



LAKSHMI.

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By Elsie C. Abey Goonewardena.

(Continued from page 27, Wesak Number.)

How true is this saying. This life is a dew-drop which disappears at the rising of the sun. According to his Kamma he lived his life and passed away. Your brother was young in years and thus he could not realize the sorrows and the troubles of this world.

Lakshmi, we must fight the battle of life alone, without the expectation of superhuman aid. We are each in our own plane, according to our Kamma. So knowing the truth of that fact, we should learn to be brave when storm-clouds gather around us and leave us in utter darkness. Remember the words of the Lord Buddha. Be a lamp unto yourselves. Be you your own Refuge. Seek not after any other Refuge. Let the Truth be your Light, and the Truth your Refuge. Seek not after any other Refuge. So, Lakshmi, do meritorious deeds in his name and hope that by the transference of merit your brother, wherever he may be, will always be on the path that leads to freedom from the fetters of Sorrow. Be brave and courageous for we reap only what we have sown.

I am sending you a copy of the 'Light of Asia' and some other Buddhist books. You will find in them food for thought, and they will solve for you the problem of Sorrow.

I shall be in Lanka soon.

With deepest sympathy,
Affectionately yours,
SALI.

Lakshmi read the letter, but could not take in anything at this trying moment. The sorrow caused by the death of her only brother weighed very heavily on her mind, and the future presented itself before her in drab colours. Without that beloved presence, only loneliness and grief remained to her lot. Poor Lakshmi, those were dark days for her. Where was that God of the Israelites?

A week passed since the death of her darling brother. Once again Lakshmi took Sali's letter and read it this time with some thought and understanding. The truths that he had emphasized sank deep into her and appealed to her intellect. The "blind faith" that she had in a God completely left her mind and awakened her from her ignorance to a new world of thought.

She who had been drowned in the world and its pleasures, began to contemplate on the impermanence of all living things. Little by little, she became reconciled to her loss. Now she was a Buddhist in real earnest, and became a frequent worshipper at the temple, for only in the Dhamma did she find that comfort for a bruised heart and wearied spirit.

Chitra was Lakshmi's best friend. She was in her study when Lakshmi called on her. Before her lay several richly bound books, and engrossed as she was by study she did not observe her friend's entrance. Lakshmi paused a little at the doorway and then softly said, "Chitra".

She started and glancing up saw Lakshmi on the threshold. She ran to meet her.

"What are you studying at this late hour?" asked Lakshmi.

"I am doing my Latin for the coming exam."

"Why take Latin when there is Singhalese on the syllabus?"

"O, Lakshmi I know very little of my language and, it's too late to start that difficult book 'Tupawansa'."

"I know it's late, but we Singhalese should have a thorough knowledge of our mother tongue. Since I heard Sarojini Naidu and the other great Indian leaders, I felt ashamed that I did not know my own language, so I started, late no doubt, to grasp the intricacies of the Singhalese language; and that study of my language has completely changed my views on life. It needs a great deal of time and perseverance to get a good knowledge of Singhalese, but it's worth while, you know.

"Just think of our great writers like Sri Rahula and Priest Wettawe. It's a shame, that we should have neglected our language and given all our attention to foreign languages instead. Can we boast of any Singhalese scholars of to-day? Just think of our great women like Ratnavalie, the mother of Parakrama Bahu the great; Vihara Maha Devi, the mother of the hero King of Lanka, and Princess Anula. All of them were good, pious and educated women, and they have contributed a lot to the making of our nation. I am sure there are girls among us who have not even heard of them."

Chitra listened on deeply interested.

"Women have played a great and important part in the making of our nation. Until the masses are really educated, and until the Darkness of Ignorance is replaced by the Light of Knowledge, Lanka will never rise from the low state into which she has unconsciously fallen. Who can boast of such a great past as we may? Just think of the wonderful ruins of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa, they alone will suffice to tell a tale, that no tongue could utter. The statue of our King Parakrama Bahu the great, still stands, untouched by Time, looking as if in reality, at the venerable ruins of his once great city of Polonnaruwa. What's the use of the past, if we do not live up to its greatness?"

"Since the death of my only brother, I have learnt to think differently. Chitra, all of us must die some day, so ere we leave this world we should do some little thing that would be of service to us in after life. That noble woman, Princess Sanghamitta leaving all her dear ones far away in India, came to Lanka for the sake of her religion," continued Lakshmi, going deeper into the subject.

"Have you heard Sarojini Naidu?"

"Oh, yes", said Chitra, quite interested. "I heard her thrice when she was in Ceylon. How I wish to hear her sweet notes again".

"Chitra, I too wish to hear those melodious notes again; for they tell me a sweet tale. You know, she is playing an important part in India today. The wonderful progress made by our Indian sisters is an incentive to us; so we must try and keep abreast with them. All cannot be great, but, it is in each of us to do some little thing for the betterment of our country. "Chitra, for many a long year, I have been thinking of something. Happy would I be, if I could realize my long-cherished dream".

"Tell me, dear Lakshmi, what's it?"

"Chitra, just think for a moment, of the number of children, I mean orphans, who are brought up at the Christian Convents. No doubt, they get a good education. But what's the use? They are quite ignorant of their National Religion, Being orphans, and in the

present circumstances, we cannot blame them. According to their Kamma, they are cast upon this earth. So Chitra, can't we start a Buddhist Orphanage, a haven for the desolate and miserable? If we could do that, we are sure to reap fruits worthy of our labour."

"Lakshmi, that's a noble idea altogether, my dear. But it needs years and years of hard and patient work, and a great deal of money. But be snre, I shall always come to help you in all your endeavours."

"As for money, we could appeal to the Buddhist Public for help. One of my very rich uncles has bequeathed all his wealth to me. His spacious bungalow in the country can be used to accommodate these orphans."

"Oh yes, Lakshmi, we will try our very best. There are bound to be obstacles in our path, and everything will not be smooth sailing, to us. But we should always with the help of the 'Ti-Sarana' proceed on dauntlessly, if we mean to achieve noble results. It's not failure but low aim that is crime," said Chitra.

Lakshmi was delighted and happy, that her friend had approved of her plans, and with a light heart, this noble maiden, who was destined to awaken her sisters to a high sense of duty and honour, turned her steps homewards, when the sun was lowering in the West.

It was a fine evening. Lakshmi and her friend were seated at a round table, deeply engrossed in some work. What were these two young maidens doing? They were checking the monthly accounts of the Orphanage,

The bungalow and grounds wore a peaceful and subdued look, which was in keeping with the purpose indicated by the inscription "The Orphanage." Eight little girls, varying in years from a sweet little child of four to wellnigh grown girls, were the first inmates of this Orphanage, which was to be a haven of rest for generations still unborn.

These eight heirs of this Orphanage, all clad in purple sarees of the cheapest make, were out in the garden enjoying the cool balmy breeze. Having come from the most wretched homes, the Orphanage seemed an earthly Paradise to these hapless creatures. The word "Orphanage" had filled Lakshmi's heart with thoughts too deep for tears, and she had come forward to brighten their lives a bit. Lakshmi was indeed a "woman nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command." To her came that true happiness and peace, that comes after a great struggle in a good cause, and out of the "abundance of the heart" she declared, "Chitra, my long-cherished dream has at last been realized."

It will take pages and pages to tell you of the work done at this Orphanage; but it has sent out into the world good and noble citizens, well versed in the Dhamma, who were able to cope with the intricate problems of the world.

The ship was nearing the land. Sali espied far away the verdant palms that fringed the coast of fair Lanka. The sea was calm and still as a dream, and was beautiful with the reflected tints of the Western sky. The sun was going down behind those rich palms, and the whole scene struck his imagination with a sense of peace and joy. He had been studying in England and India and was coming back to the land of his birth.

After a short time he was really in Lanka, with his parents and friends, those whom he had longed to see, when he was far away in a strange land among strange faces and new environments,

But where was Lakshmi his dear cousin, with whom he longed to be at the time of her brother's death? She was not there to welcome him back.

Lakshmi was in Nuwara Eliya, among the everlasting hills, enjoying a well-earned holiday and she had not heard of Sali's arrival. The invigorating, free mountain air was like a divine balm to her mind and body. While in India, Sali had heard of the good work that Lakshmi was doing, and he was very pleased.

"In Lanka, so soon Sali", said Lakshmi, quite surprised and overjoyed to see him. He had been present in all her fancies all these weary years, and had anti-

cipated his coming with great happiness.

He was now a handsome youth of four and twenty. He had donned the national garb. A cream serge cloth, a silk banian of the same hue, an Indian scarf of the most exquisite make, and a pair of sandals composed his apparel. He was of a tall and commanding stature and his features were of a grave and majestic cast. His sad eyes were shaded by long and lustrous eye-lashes. Despite the simplicity of his garb he looked most noble.

The sight of her cousin brought back into Lakshmi's mind the happy days that she had spent with her brother, and how Sali's message of sympathy had completely changed her outlook on life. She burst into a paroxysm of tears, and for some time she could not utter a word. Sali's heart was penetrated with overwhelming sympathy for her. To break the silence that had unconsciously stolen, over them she related to him the sad tale of her dear brother's death. As he gazed passionately on the pale face a sweet hope crept into his mind. She was radiantly fair; her dark, deep, speaking eyes, now brimming over with tears, looked most beautiful under a pencilling of long and curved eye-lashes. Her long profusion of jet black hair was parted in the middle and tied in a graceful knot. She was tall and slim and was clad in a Gandhi Saree. No jewellery save a string of ivory beads completed that rare picture.

Sali had seen many women, but never had he seen a more charming countenance in which was that ineffable and virgin beauty and that slender elasticity of form and bearing. As he gazed upon his sorrowing cousin, she seemed to be more beautiful in her sadness.

"The letter that you sent me in my hour of sorrow and despair, contained everything that my heart yearned for. I am now a Buddhist in the real sense of the word, and in the Dhamma alone have I found that consolation that I was yearning for. Now I know that there is no God, and that we must work out our own salvation in diligence."

"Lakshmi, Lakshmi, my letter that came to you in that dark hour has worked wonders. Your words sound like music in my ears?" said Sali, his sympathetic heart mingled with joy gladness, for he had instilled into her the ambrosia of the Dhamma and brought her back to tread the Noble Eight-fold path, which leads to Nibbana, the final goal, where all sorrows end.

There was not a soul to disturb them, so Sali took this opportunity of pouring forth his long pent-up hopes, to his cousin.

"In India I saw Mahatma Gandhi, who is the guiding star of Mother India in her noble fight for freedom. Many a time I stopped to listen to the sweet notes of India's Singing Bird. I visited Tagore's University and was struck by the serene tranquillity that pervaded the whole place. Oh! Lakshmi, I wish you had been there.

"Just before I left I worshipped at Buddha Gaya. My heart was filled with a joy that knew no bounds, when I beheld that noble structure, and I felt that I was on holy ground." Lakshmi listened on blissfully regardless of Time.

"When far away in Mother India, I yearned to come back to the sheltering arms of my native land. I would really have come for your brother's funeral, but dear Lakshmi, I hadn't a moment to spare, for my time was fully occupied with hard work. But in silence I thought of you. I thought the harder I worked the sooner I would be with you. So that hope guided me on my thorny path. My love for you has strengthened me to bear the troubles and temptations that beset my path with patience and perseverance, and now I have come to tell you that my secret hope has always been to win your love and work with you for the betterment of our mother land. Tell me Lakshmi, is it too much to expect that you too cherish such a hope?"

Lakshmi could not speak; but in her dark, deep, speaking eyes, he found his answer.

Galle.

ELSIE C. ABEY GOONEWARDENA

WOMEN IN BUDDHISM.

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BY G. P. MALALASEKERA.

(Continued from page 32 of Wesak Number.)

That there was good reason for such caution is seen from the fact that we find, soon after Buddha's death some monks already chiding his favourite disciple Ananda for having interceded on behalf of women. The Buddha was a man of great forethought and insight and He took account of all factors.

Such, then, undoubtedly were the questionings that arose in the Buddha's mind when the women, headed by his stepmother, sought admission into the Order. But they were soon set at rest. The earnestness and the sincerity of purpose of the women were evident in that they followed the Buddha from one place to another, walking great distances—these women some of whom had never walked before in all their lives—constantly making their prayer. Already He had thought of special safeguards that had to be adopted as a result of the changes which the admission of women into the Order would entail. And lastly the monks themselves—the more advanced among them at any rate—led by Ananda came forward spontaneously and interceded on behalf of their sisters. The gospel of freedom which the Buddha has been preaching was already showing its effects on the public opinion among His followers:

“What can it signify to them in whom
Insight doth truly comprehend the Norm?
Am I a woman in such matters or
Am I a man? How should the woman's Nature
hinder them.”

These Ariyas, Noble Ones, had seen things as they really were; their mind, freed from old-world prejudices, had seen the unity which lay in all human nature—man and woman alike. We may be sure that when the Buddha saw the change His teachings had wrought in the minds of these men, how it had broadened their outlook and deepened their sympathy. He greatly rejoiced thereat. It was a great achievement. And when He realised this change of heart among His followers He gladly granted the women their request. It was not as if permission had been reluctantly wrung from Him. “Well is it, Ananda, well is it,” He said with a smile as He saw His favourite disciple pleased when His intercession on their behalf had succeeded, “the Buddhas are not born for the benefit only of men. Have not Visakha and many others entered the path that leads to Nibbana; The entrance is open to women as well as men.” There is a passage in the last discourse of the Buddha which is often quoted, especially by missionaries, to show that He later repented of His folly in having started the order of Bhikkhunis. There He is reported to have said that His religion would have lasted a thousand years normally but now that women had been admitted into the order it would last only 500. I have read this passage over and over again and I fail to see any note of remorse or repentance in it. In the natural course of the impermanence of all things, His teaching too was bound to pass away and be forgotten or discarded. There was nothing new in that. All that He meant was that His admission of women into the order would hasten the day of such passing away. Every teacher would certainly wish to have his teachings perpetuated as long as he could, but every reformer has to pay his price as well. And this was the price that Buddha had to pay and there is nothing to show that He did not pay it most gladly. In the above mentioned passage He was merely stating a fact—a fact which as every student of the history of Buddhism in India knows only too well, turned out to be more than true. With the ascendancy of Brahman

power once more a few centuries after the Buddha's death, all the liberating influences of Buddhist teaching were destroyed in India. Among the objections put forward against Buddhism the chief were the levelling of all caste-distinctions and the position given to women. The Buddha's statement thus turned out to be literally true. He was only visualising in His mind's eye future events. It was not the utterance of a man who repented of what he had done. He was only too ready to recognise the abilities of women, even the superiority of some of them over most men. Thus when he wished to preach the metaphysical doctrines of the Abhidhamma which was so abstruse that very few would grasp their meaning, it was to (a woman) his mother, that he preached them.

The gates thus opened, the response to the call for women to lead the higher life of Homelessness was immediate and immense. They came from all strata of society, Ambapali the courtesan, Vimala, daughter of a prostitute, slave-woman Panna, Capa, the hunter's daughter; “the bereaved mother and the childless widow, seeking consolation from grief and contumely! the Magdalene from remorse, the wife of a raja or rich man from the satiety and emptiness of an idle life of luxury the poor man's wife from care and drudgery, the young girl from the humiliation of being handed over to the suitor who bids higher, the thoughtful woman from the ban imposed upon her intellectual development by convention and tradition.”

There has come down to us through centuries a collection, an Anthology of poems, attributed to certain eminent sisters of the Buddhist Order—known as the Theri-gatha—the verses of the sisters. Perhaps, some at least of you are familiar with them through the beautiful translations made of them by Mrs. Rhys Davids and published by the Pali Text Society, under the title “Psalms of the sisters”. These utterances contain the sentiments and the aspirations which the old Buddhist Bhikkhunis held and they have been preserved and cherished as part of the Sacred Cannon. I wish to draw your attention to the fact, most significant to me, that this collection of poems is unique in the history of the literature of the world; it does not find its parallel in any other country or in any other language, so much so that one of the European savants, Dr. Karl Neuman unwilling perhaps to believe that the Buddhists of long ago could have been sufficiently broad minded and chivalrous to thus honour their women folk as to incorporate their sayings in the Sacred Texts expressed great scepticism about their authorship and said “they must have been shaped by.....a man” (Introduction to his German Translation). But he never tried to explain why they should have been ascribed to the poor women of twenty-five centuries ago! I am sorry that the exigencies of time will not allow me to quote to you some of the delightful poems of this remarkable anthology but I would earnestly ask those of you who are interested in this subject to read Mrs. Rhys David's translation for we get in this “Dream-pagant of the Sisters” remarkable testimony to the high quest, to the devotedness at heart and the indomitable resolve of the women of the day

They reveal to us the various motives that drove them to embrace the homeless life, the force that made them break out of their old narrow grove; they have come down to us as profoundly interesting expressions of the religious mind, universal and unconquerable and what is most important a mind that is intensely *alive* to its needs and its aspirations. They hymn to us the joys, these very human women discovered in the peace

of Nibbana. "They sing the strange things women carry under their silence, that silence of the centuries which is so profound that when it is broken, their voice sounds like a cry". (Wilcox's Wings of Desire) It is significant, however, as Mrs. Rhys Davids points out that they seemed to rejoice not so much at having shaken off the trammels of the house-life as in the freedom of mind they had attained. Time and again occurs the constant refrain *Cittan vimucci me*; "Freed is my mind."

"So sit I here

Upon the rock, and o'er my spirit sweeps
The breath of liberty! I wish I was
The Triple Law", exclaims one of them.

But it wasn't freedom which was synonymous with quiescence and apathy and mortified vitality but

"Peace on earth

Not peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white langours to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also Rapture, Power,
Clear sight and Love; for these are parts of Peace."

The Sister, by prescribed lessons, worked on for herself, her own satisfaction, developing, regulating and concentrating with thought and deed.

And once she had attained the Goal, she shared the intellectual communion of the religious aristocracy of the Noble Ones, recognised as one of the Arahats on a footing of equality with them without reference to sex.

I ought to have mentioned that in admitting women into the order the Buddha made one or two very minor concessions to the prejudices of his age. He was a practical idealist and did not allow trivialities to stand in the way of bigger things. Thus according to the letter of the law the Bhikkhunis were appointed Juniors to the Bhikkhus. But whenever a sister stood out by reason of her intellectual and moral eminence and became as such a valued servant of the order her merits were duly recognised and she was placed along with the highest of the fraternity. Thus one of them Bhadda, ranks in spiritual attainment with the great Kasyapa who on the death of the Buddha became the Head of the Order. Professor Narasu points out that in lists of members of the Order, the names of Sisters are always mentioned first.

There is another interesting point to which Mrs Rhys Davids has drawn our attention :—that in the poems of the Bhikkhunis referred to there is to be noted a sharp contrast between these Indian Marys and their Christian sisters. Where they speak of the Buddha their utterances reveal no word of quasi-amorous self surrender to the person or the image of the beloved such as characterises not a little of their Christian literature to which the song of Solomon was a sacred archi-type and which is so largely evident in the works of St. Catherine of Siena and St. Theresa of Sepeda in Spain. There is nothing of the "rex virgineus" who prepares the bridal and receives them in his embrace. The utmost length a sister presumes to go in relating herself to her teacher is to claim spiritual fatherhood in him. Thus

"Thou art Buddha; thou art Master and Thine,
Thy daughter am I, issue of thy mouth!"

Such then was the position held by women in the religion established by the Buddha. This recognition of the equality of men and women in all that was highest in the world was an epoch making event.

Before I finish I want to say a word or two about the influence it has had on the lives of women in countries where Buddhism was accepted as the national religion. For more detailed information I must refer you to books on such countries written preferably by men who treat their subject with sympathetic understanding, and who are not unduly prejudiced by reason of the calling they follow or by the clothes they wear.

Those of you who have read Fielding Hall's charmingly interesting book "The Soul of a People" will re-

member the glorious description he gives there of the happy lives of the Burmese women. Ever since Buddhism was introduced into that land they have enjoyed the inestimable boon of freedom, freedom from Sacerdotal dogma and from special secular law. In no sphere of life has the Burmese woman been regarded as inferior to man, and in recent years when the question of giving the franchise to women was being talked about it was the Burmese women who first got a rule passed removing the disqualification of women being admitted as members of the legislative assembly much to the chagrin of their Indian sisters. She had been trained for centuries in the exercise of her freedom, she had had freedom to come to grief as well as to come to strength and she had used it well. Hence her reward.

In Ceylon itself, of which I can speak with more knowledge, women have never been debarred from exercising their rights in any sphere of life in which they wished to move. Our Chronicles tell us that when Buddhism was first introduced into the Island it was a woman Anula who first realised the fruits of the Path leading to sanctification. It was her five hundred companions who first manifested a desire to enter the order and her request was granted at once. It was this that induced Sangamittha, Asoka's daughter to come over to Ceylon with a branch of the Bodhi Tree. Nunneries were established all over the island and endowments made for their maintenance. It must not be supposed that the object of these Theris was merely to live in solitude, absorbed, when not coming round with an alms bowl, in idle musings and ineffective sentiments. They led most active lives as teachers and preachers following the Master's injunction "to go forth for the good of the many, the welfare of the many". The education of girls was in their hands and for many centuries the nunneries were the only girls schools in Ceylon. The history of our literature contains many names of women authors of books on various subjects, rivalling in their eminence the works of men. But practically all of them have been destroyed in the holocaust of foreign invasions and the book burnings of the Malabars and the Portuguese so that only their names now remain to us.

The education of girls was never neglected, not even in the most troublous times and today when education is just beginning to come back to its own after several centuries of repression, the percentage of literacy among women in Ceylon is ten times that of their Indian sisters.

Religion has no part whatever in marriage except that the event is celebrated by feeding the monks before the guests are entertained. It is a purely worldly business like entering into partnership. The girl does not change the name when she is married nor does she wear any sign of marriage such as a ring. She continues to keep her property as her own and transacts business on her own responsibility. The household is ruled by love and reverence not by fear. The wife does not merge her individuality in that of her husband. To her marriage does not mean the utter casting away of her old ties; she is still herself, mistress herself in a very large measure and remains an equal partner in the married life, not a husband's slave but a free woman, yielding to him in just those things in which he has most strength and taking her own way in those things which belong to the special province of women. As for politics our women have so far not evinced a desire to take any part in the affairs of government. The need has not been felt so far. Perhaps long experience and not anybody's command has taught them that there are some things in which they need not interfere, and which they may safely leave in their husbands' hands. They know their own strength and their own weaknesses and that I think is the highest form of knowledge. There are others more fitted to meddle in such matters, and having a keen idea as to what things they can do best they leave such affairs to their husbands. They have plenty of other things to occupy their time—looking after the household, bringing up the children, participating in all festivities at the village temples, and doing social service.

(Continued on page 44)

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

PRACTICAL ETHICS OF BUDDHISM.

PEACEHAVEN LITERARY SOCIETY'S LECTURE.

The Evil of Killing.

"Buddhism" was the title of an interesting and instructive lecture, which was given to a good attendance of members of the Peacehaven Literary, Scientific and Debating Society at Bankey's Hall, Peacehaven, on Friday evening last week. The lecturer was Mr Francis J Payne, of the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland, who is well qualified to speak on the subject. He has translated many precious gems from the Buddhist Scriptures into English.

Mr R L Fearby presided.

The lecturer described how the founder of Buddhism, Prince Siddartha, better known by his family name of Gautama—a youth nurtured in luxury—came in contact with the pain and sorrow of those around him, and was saddened by spiritual uneasiness. After a brief span of wedded life he renounced everything that men held dear—riches, home, wife and child. A few years striving for the truth, enlightenment came to him and finally, he spent a long life of poverty, of preaching, and of doing good. Those were the facts of a record of nature so pure as to win not merely the passionate devotion of his followers, but the love and esteem of all to whom knowledge of him had come.

He explained how practical ethics made up almost the whole of Gautama's veritable teaching. There were four stages or paths through which the pious man had to pass in the practice of the virtues of the religion of Buddhism. The first was the "entering upon the stream," or conversion, which followed upon companionship with the good, the hearing of the law, enlightened reflection and the practice of virtue. The second state was that in which man had become free from the dominion of evil passions. The third stage was that in which every vestige of sensuality and malevolence was destroyed. The fourth stage was that of the "Arahats," the saintly beings who had become free from all desire for personal existence, either material or immaterial, and free also from all pride, self-righteousness and ignorance.

A MAN FREE FROM ERROR.

When a man had reached that stage "he is free from all error; he sees and values all things in this life at their true value; evil desires of all kinds being rooted up from his mind, he only experiences right desires for himself and tender pity and regard, and exalted spiritual love of others."

Asked to define the meaning of the word "Nirvana," the lecturer read the Buddhist definition. He said that such an imperfect vehicle as the human language could not possibly convey the meaning of Nirvana. It was "a rest more secure than the bliss of Heaven; a rest profounder than Paradise; a silence diviner than music; a darkness more divine than light."

An interesting discussion followed, in which the chairman and a number of the audience took part.

THE BUDDHIST'S MORAL PRINCIPLE.

The Rev. A E Massey, hon. secretary of the society, congratulated the lecturer upon his excellent and informative presentation of the Buddhist faith. He said that a very strong moral principle of the Buddhist which no teaching in the world could induce him to abandon, was his insistence upon the enormity of taking life. In

making little of the guilt or peril of killing human beings, or animals—still more in defending it—the large majority of professing Christians stood self-condemned. To the Buddhist the evil of taking life was the A. B. C. of morality. "Thou shalt not kill" was also a Christian ethic, but it was not lived up to by the Christian world. If they desired to convince the Buddhist world of their sincerity as followers of the Christ, they had of necessity to make the great renunciation, the keynote to which St. Paul gave them in Rom. xiv.; 21. The ethics of Buddhism were identical with the teachings of Christ, "God is love," and "Love is fulfilment of the law." "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," said the Master, and so said the Buddha.

Mr A S Edwards maintained that in so far as religion was a life and not merely a system of belief, Christianity and Buddhism were clearly identical in their pure and lofty teaching.

A hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer concluded a most edifying and instructive evening.

Sussex County Herald. 7.2.25

WOMEN AS SOURCES OF EVIL.

PROFESSOR ON HINDU BELIEFS.

Hindu beliefs concerning women were discussed by Professor J N Farquhar, Professor of Comparative Religion in the University of Manchester, in the course of the first of two lectures on "Ancient Buddhism and Modern Life" at Liverpool University last evening.

WOMEN IN SUBJECTION.

It was with extreme reluctance, Professor Farquhar pointed out, that the Buddha created an order of nuns, and even then he made regulations which put the nuns in complete subordination to the monks. How was that attitude to be accounted for? Hindus for at least 2,000 years had believed that women were evil personalities, that they were born women because they sinned in a former life; that if they had not sinned they would have been born men. They also frequently spoke of women as bringing men into temptation, wrong-doing, and even utter destruction. Hence there was a Hindu law: "Let a woman be in subjection to her father in her childhood, to her husband in her youth, to her sons when her husband is dead. Let a woman never enjoy independence." It seemed clear that these beliefs held the Buddha in their grip. He therefore placed the order of nuns completely under the rule of the monks lest women, seizing authority, should destroy everything. Even so, he prophesied that on account of their presence the Buddhist Church would last only half as long as it would have lasted if it had remained a religion for men only. The Buddha's Church consisted of monks and nuns; he formed no organisation for the laity, and gave them no religion by which they were to live. The new Buddhism set up in the first century A. D. was mainly for the laity.

CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

"Has Christianity sprung from Buddhism, and is it an advance on Buddhism?" was a question put to the lecturer by a member of the audience.

Professor Farquhar replied that for a long time there were a certain number of scholars who were inclined to find a great deal of Buddhism in Christianity. To-day however every scholar of distinction would say that

Christianity owed practically nothing to Buddhism. The change in that respect during the last twenty years had been very notable. As to the value of Christianity in relation to Buddhism, he hardly thought it would be wise to say anything in the University.

Liverpool Post. 15.1.25.

[Read the article on women in *Buddhism Ed., B. C.*]

BURMESE BOY AMAZES LEARNED PRIESTS

A few weeks ago the Minze village, in Pantanan township, in Burma, was unknown except to village officers and a few government officials, but Maung Tun Kyaing, a Burmese child of four years and eight months, has made it famous.

Born of young Burmese cultivators hailing from this village, Master Maung has astonished the Buddhist priests of Bogale, the headquarters of the Pyapon district, by the very stirring sermons on metaphysical themes which he preaches to select audiences. A correspondent, a pleader, writing to "The Rangoon Gazette," gives interesting information about this boy's wonderful gift of reading at sight most difficult passages from Pali metaphysical works and repeating them from memory after a single perusal.

Another correspondent of the same paper tells how this remarkable child was discovered. The parents, it seems, were coming to Bogale, and on inquiry from the child told him that they were going to stay at a zayat, or rest house, near a monastery where lived a Buddhist priest of their acquaintance.

The child insisted on taking an offering to the monastery. The father said he had no money with which to buy an offering. However, a Burmese boat was anchored near the landing stage loaded with sugar cane. The boy suggested that they should take some sugar cane, but the father could not afford to pay even for this. The boy went to the owner of the boat and requested him to give them some cane for an offering. The owner very charitably gave him two bundles. The child thereupon gave him a blessing in Burmese, as well as in Pali, in an extremely orthodox formula, which it seemed impossible for a child of four to learn.

On leaving the boat the boy pointed out an incorrect spelling on the signboard of the landing. The whole incident was related to the presiding poongyi, or priest, of the monastery, who examined the boy very closely. He found that the child was able to read and write both Pali and Burmese quite correctly and with ease, and also able to answer questions on intricate and abstruse points of the abhidamma (Buddhistic psychology). The boy has had long discussions on old Buddhist doctrines, and the priests are convinced that his is a case of knowledge carried on from a former life when he was a Buddhist himself.

Bogale has become a centre of pilgrimage to devout Buddhists, who believe that Master Maung has come back to the world to proclaim anew the teachings of the Buddha,

Family Herald & Wkly. Star, Montreal. 21. 6. 25.

A CHILD'S SERMONS.

BURMESE BOY OF 4 ASTONISHES BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

By his sermons and discussions on metaphysics, a Burmese child of four years is said to have amazed Buddhist priests at Bogale, in the Pya-pon district, says a Rangoon message.

He reads at sight difficult passages from Pali metaphysical works and repeats them from memory after one perusal.

A priest of the monastery who examined the boy very closely found that the child was able to read and write both Pali and Burmese correctly and with ease and could answer questions on abstruse points of Buddhistic psychology.

The priest believe that his is a case of knowledge carried on from a former life, when he was a Buddhist himself.

Evening News 17. 3. 25.

BUDDHA HONOURED BY 400 JAPANESE CHILDREN AT FETE

BY WILLIAM B. KNOX

In the midst of a united Christendom, bowing before the cross as the symbol of sacrifice and resurrection, 400 Japanese children and their parents yesterday gathered at the Buddhist Temple, 209 South Savannah street, to celebrate their own festival of Wesak Day, the birthday of Gotama Buddha and the Feast of Brotherly Love.

Ten thousand miles from home, in the midst of an alien race, their festival had all the vivid coloring of old Japan. As in the Christian churches, the altar was piled high with flowers. Except that the cherry blossoms had replaced the lily it would have been like that of any large American church.

The children, in brightly colored kimono, held by broad sashes, each brought to the altar a floral offering in memory of Buddha and as part of the ritual by which they are taught to pledge themselves to keep his teachings of the universal brotherhood of man. As the Buddhist priest entered the rostrum their voices united in the song of Wesak. In place of the Christian sermon, the pastor spoke on the Youth of Buddha and his teachings of the eightfold way.

As they filed slowly home the Christian churches were dismissing. The Children of Buddha and the children of Christ walked side by side and mingled on the sidewalk—Easter and Wesak day became one.

PRIESTESS TELLS INSIDE STORY OF BUDDHIST FAITH

Rev. Louise Grieve, priestess of Hongwanji Buddhist temple, 119 North Central avenue, yesterday compared the ways of the Orient with American ideas on religion, in a sermon before members of her church.

"In the Orient the method of reasoning is different from that of the West," said Rev. Grieve, "The Orientals think abstractly, while the West thinks concretely; that is why Buddhism is so universally accepted by the Orientals."

"Now the life of no religious teacher is more full of myths, miracles and wonders than that of the Buddha. These myths have gathered about his person and his life like ivy over an ancient castle, adding perhaps, to the artistic value of the structure, but hiding its true nature and obscuring the wonders of its architecture."

STORY MIRACULOUS

"There are stories of the protents that foretold his coming, of the miracles which attended his birth, and the marvels that followed him through life. These myths have been heightened and enlarged upon by each successive chronicler until the original Buddha and his teaching have in some instances almost been lost sight of."

"All his thoughts and struggles have been materialized into forms, as has always been the custom, that they may more readily be understood by uneducated people—people who, like children, must be told, in, as it were, picture form, in order to make it clear to them."

NOTHING SUPERNATURAL

"But Buddhism owes nothing at all to the supernatural. It is, in its very essence, opposed to all that goes beyond man's reason and the laws of nature. The Buddha was no prophet, no avatar, no divinely appointed being sent down to earth to deliver heavenly messages."

"He was a man amongst men. The only difference was that he was one of the elder brothers of humanity; one of those who had come into manifested existence long before the vast majority of beings then or now manifesting on earth."

Women in Buddhism

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(Continued from page 41)

during whatever spare time is at their disposal. There are women's organisations in many parts of the country doing such work as maintaining schools for the poorer classes. Of late due perhaps to the infiltration of news regarding the doings of their sisters in the west and in India there seems to be forming gradually a desire to have some share in matters of government as well but this consciousness has not so far assumed any concrete shape.

The latest news shows that a congress of women's associations is to be held and it would be interesting to see what form the activities will take.

Purdah or the seclusion of women has never existed in any Buddhist country; *Suttee* or the immolation of the widow is totally foreign to all Buddhist ideals I have sometimes been asked why it is that in some Buddhist texts passages are found where the Buddha admonishes His monks to be careful in their dealings with women and avoid intercourse with them. All I can say is that it is merely the counter part of the Order that nuns should be guarded in their dealings with men. The statement that man's greatest attraction is women only implies the reverse as well and does not attribute any special wickedness to women. Wickedness is a thing of one's heart and not of the sex. Once the workings of passion have ceased in your self no such reservations are necessary. Thus the Arahats the sinless one could mix quite freely with men and women. It is the desire that should be considered the enemy, not the woman or the man. I have endeavoured to show you the actual life the women led under Buddhism from the time of the Master. It was not His injunction that all women should become rebels of the hearth and go forth into the

homeless life. He was insistent that so long as women remained in the householders life she should assiduously perform the duties attached to her sacred position as wife and mother. But should she feel at any time the divine urge to wonder forth into homelessness, to breath the religious atmosphere in its loftiest peaks He certainly encouraged her desire, for Pabbajja or renunciation of wordly pleasures was the highest ideal. It entailed not that one should flee from his fellow men and women but that being in the world he should yet not be of it. Full of fetters is the household life, the Buddha declared often in his career, for it engenders craving, thirst, greed. And to him emancipation consisted in the extinction of this craving and thirst, because

'Tis the greed

To grasp, the hunger to assimilate
 All that earth holds of fair and delicate,
 The lust to blend with beauteous lives, to feed
 And take our fill of loveliness, which breed
 This anguish of the soul intemperate.
 'Tis self that turns to harm and poisonous hate
 The calm clear life of love that Arahats lead.
 Oh! That it were possible this self to burn
 In the pure planes of joy contemplative!
 Then might we love all loveliness, nor yearn
 With tyrannous longings; undisturbed we might live,
 Greeting the summer's and the spring's return
 Nor wailing that their bloom is fugitive.

(Addington Symond's

Animi Figura.)



ACID DROPS

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(FROM THE "FREE THINKER.")

THE Bishop of Willesden says there is no place in Britain to compare with Piccadilly and Leicester Square for vice. We do not think we can boast of a sufficiently detailed knowledge of the different centres of vice in Britain to be able to challenge the truth of the bishop's statement, although one is never quite sure how much vice these clerics on the prowl actually see and how much they bring with them and project on the scene of their labours. But we venture to point out to the bishop that Piccadilly and Leicester Square are part of London, London is part of Britain, Britain has been Christian for many, many centuries, and the presence of so much vice does not reflect much credit upon his creed. And, further, we venture to say that these places could not be the centres of vice they are accused of being if Christians did nothing to encourage it. Nor will the bishop by his denunciation do much to diminish the vice that exists. He is more likely to send a lot of Christians round these places to see how much that is wicked they can see. And the more they see—or fancy they see—the greater will be their sense of obligation to the pure-minded bishop.

And we do really think it time that intelligent men and women gave up the pose of pretending that the clergy are fit to be moral guides to the nation. We call this a pose, and we believe it to be nothing else. For, on the whole, there is not a class in the country that is less fitted to play the part of moral guides than are the clergy. They are not more truthful than other men, they are not more honest than other men, and the meanness and trickery of many clergymen when they are striving to get their way against those to whom they are opposed, would make even the average politician on an election campaign blush. It is pure habit which makes men and women defer, against their better knowledge and judgment, to the clergy in matters of conduct. It is time the pretence was ended.

What Christianity is it would puzzle anyone to say definitely. It means anything, everything, and nothing at all. It means in politics Socialism to one, Communism to another, Conservatism to another, and Liberalism to yet another. It means placing the next world first to this man, and last to that. It means exactly what anyone cares to make it. To, Mr. Campbell it meant once the revolutionary gospel of the City Temple. Now it means the staid and highly respectable gospel of the Church of England. And he is as certain of the one thing as he was of the other. All Christians agree in believing in Jesus so long as they do not discuss what the deuce it is belief in Jesus means. Once they commence to discuss that, there is as pretty an exhibition of a religious Donnybrook fair as one could wish to see.

It seems rather curious at first sight that so many military and naval men should profess themselves fol-

lowers of the pacifist carpenter of Nazareth. The Jesus of the Gospels—and it is he whom these professional fighters claim to adore—had plenty of faults, but at least he does not appear to have been tainted with militarism. Indeed, he seems to have been altogether too insipid for any such positive code. And yet we remember that many of the primers of history and biography which we encountered in childhood days were full of beautiful moral stories, of exceedingly devout soldiers who regularly prayed God to help them in slaughtering their enemies, and who—whether in virtue of this piety or because of superior armament and tactics, was never quite clear—*did* usually overwhelm their opponents, and smite them in a manner that would have delighted the bloodthirsty heart of David King of Israel. In particular we remember a rather blotchy woodcut, depicting Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North on his knees praying in full view of his army, before leading it into battle against the Catholic Christians. This woodcut bore the caption, "A good beginning,"

The Council of Le Mans (1248) and the Council of Rheims (1119) interdicted the study of medicine by monks. The Council of Beziars, at the time when the only physicians of note in Christian Europe were Jews, prohibited them attending Christians. The Dominicans in 1243 banished all books of medicine from their monasteries. Innocent the Third forbade physicians practising save under the supervision of an ecclesiastic. Boniface VIII interdicted surgery as being Atheistical. The treatment of disease became a very profitable monopoly for the Church. There was a saint for every disease: St. Gall for tumours, St. Valentine for epilepsy, St. Gervase for rheumatism, St. Appolonia for toothache, and so forth. And there were, of course, cartloads of relics with their miraculous properties for banishing disease. It meant profit to the Church; the priests were applying the principles enunciated by the New Testament Jesus. The influence of the "Divine Healer" was making itself manifest.

According to Dr. Aked. "Hundreds of Churches in America have frankly abandoned Sunday evening service, and hundreds of others make use of sensational moving pictures to attract people to the services." He also says that "the present religious disinclination is a tragedy, and I see no signs of a religious revival." The word "tragedy" must be taken with reservations. It is probably a tragedy from the point of view of the parson who sees his audiences steadily dwindling and his hold on the people crumbling, but from the point of view of the community it may well be taken as a sign of health. When one thinks of what the average parson is, and then reflects on what a public would be like that depended upon the parson for intellectual and moral guidance, there seems little to mourn over the fact that men and women are learning to do without the priest.

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THE SPREAD OF RELIGIONS.

EXCEPTING Buddhism, which has some peculiar characteristics, the careers of the extant religions have been some what like this—:

An individual of uncommon mental capacity or learning or personal magnetism comes into the field and preaches certain doctrines. Numerous such people have appeared, a few only have succeeded in founding religions; they, as it were, sowed seeds on barren and fertile soils. Those who became followers of such persons preached in turn the doctrines of their masters. Out of necessity toleration of other religions was naturally adopted as an expedient. In early stages there were no endowments and no funds. Peripatetic preachers spread the faith. In course of time when the numbers of converts increased enormously, doctrinal differences arose and they divided themselves into sects, at first peacefully working in their respective spheres but later on quarrelling with one another down to actual persecution. With the acquisition of numerical strength a desire of conquest, under colour of religion, arose. Countries were invaded and some of them conquered, in which legitimate as well as objectionable methods were adopted for the spread of the new religion. Although there were no organizations, no secretaries, no mercenary agencies, as we have in modern times, yet the new religion spread slowly or at times phenomenally rapidly. Wholly or partially the conquered countries were converted to the new faith. Toleration, preached in the early stages of its career, gave place to Vandalism, persecution or devastation. Rival religions, in consequence, arrayed themselves in direct antagonism and open animosity. The result of this struggle has been very unhappy. It brought in its train indescribable misery to humanity. Free-thinkers, and men of science had a very hard time and had either to take refuge in countries of a different faith or suffer inhuman hardships in their own.

In the course of their spread all religions have departed from their pristine simplicity and like a river being polluted by its dirty tributaries, promiscuous introduction of all sorts of converts corrupted them. Not only did the converts often adhere to their old practices but at times the very essentials of the new religion underwent modifications at their hands. Reformers then arose to purge their respective religions of corruptions but they failed in their purpose; their followers only gave rise to new sects. The world has not yet adopted any one religion and it is not likely that it will. All religions have come to stay and no religion is strong enough to absorb the others. Toleration preached in early stages of every religion, but afterwards forsaken in the course of their spread, is again advocated, the reason being that real faith is waning and no one religion is strong enough to extinguish the others,

All religions still entertain hopes of further expansion and engulfing the whole world. Modern methods of spreading religion are different from the older ones. Now there are regular organizations supported by endowments, sectarian schools and colleges are opened, preachers are engaged as paid ministers, literature is distributed broadcast. Besides instruction in religion, worldly advantages are also placed before the public. In civilized countries there is no marked success despite extensive organizations. In uncivilized and semi-civilized countries, like first come first served, rich harvests of conversions are being reaped. In modern days the exponents of one religion not only praise their own but a good deal of time is wasted in ridiculing rival religions resulting in bitterness of feeling. In this struggle for supremacy all religions are bound to suffer. Ingress or egress is very limited. In religions which had abandoned proselytization for centuries and are arousing themselves from long stagnation and lethargic slumber, there are signs of activity. From this survey we have excluded Buddhism. Its pristine simplicity is no doubt lost by the same common process, but while suffering persecutions and hardships, it never had any sinister idea of conquest, it was never intolerant of others. No

worldly advantages were ever presented by it, it civilized, it converted and it suffered, but never was a drop of blood shed in its career not even perhaps in self-defence. It lost ground in its home of origin, its followers in India were converted to other faiths by methods too painful to record, its shrines were destroyed, its images subjected to the hammer. Despite all adverse circumstances, it is still a living force in countries outside India and probably its followers still outnumber those of any single rival religion. It is now traversing countries it has not traversed before in its history, it is recently reasserting itself in its home of origin, it is capturing men of science all over the world, it is bent upon reforming itself wherever it has deteriorated or is corrupted. Nobody can predict its future. It can only flourish in peace. The last War interrupted its study in civilized Christian countries which were very anxious to study it in its original scriptures,

Its founder received respect and admiration unprecedented in the annals of history. His last words on his death-bed were that although his body was dissolving according to the eternal law of impermanency, yet he was leaving behind a lamp of the law for the guidance of the world. This law presented stern realities, no fascinations, no hopes, no fears, and no mediation. His code of morals is yet unsurpassed. According to his teachings every human being can attain the highest bliss by his individual effort.

Whether the world will nominally follow Buddha or whether the followers of other religions will renounce or abjure their beliefs or not, there are certain principles which are now receiving acceptance in the civilized world. Does the world know that they were given to the world more than two thousand years ago by an Indian master? Let us select a few examples by way of illustration.

I. All civilized nations have enacted laws for prevention of cruelty to animals because the sense of compassion for sub-human creation has developed. Slaughter of animals is not yet stopped because that sense of compassion has not yet reached the stage to which Buddha carried it. Hunts are still pleasant amusements with certain civilized peoples in whom the brute of the primitive man still survives. There is still that morbid pleasure of triumph in taking the life of the helpless not for the stomach but for the mere pleasure of it.

II. *Vegetarianism.* There was a time when life without meat as an article of diet was unintelligible outside India. The modern trend is to substitute other foods for meat. Humanitarian ideas generally, and medical experience particularly are contributing towards the encouragement of Vegetarianism in Christian countries. Hospitals, for the treatment of diseased animals are due to sympathy for sub-human creation.

III. *Toleration* for other religions, as the right principle, is now, universally accepted. Why was it not recognised in the palmy days of other religions? Why were free thinkers, pagans, and scientific, men persecuted in a manner of which the religions guilty of it ought to be ashamed? Why has persecution now stopped? Has not the world recognized that the precursors of modern men were in error. The world has learnt the lesson after bitter experience, which, let us hope, it will not forget in future.

IV. *Moral laws* There was a time when rules of morality were deduced from the so called revealed books only. Don't we now find that modern works on morals have worked out their codes of morality quite independently? The world requires to be told that it was only the Buddha who formulated, classified and generalized codes of morals absolutely outside the so called revealed books.

(Continued on page 49)

Correspondence.

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OUR CLASSICS.

Dear Sir,

The attention paid by the youth of this country to the study of the ancient classics of the Western World (Latin and Greek) and the almost entire neglect of Oriental Languages such as Pali and Sanskrit has been the subject of adverse comment by the Educationists of note in this country during a period of over a quarter of a century. The reproach has been relentlessly levelled against the two classes of the permanent population numerically superior to the rest—the Singhalese and the Tamils—that the young men of these communities who received their education in the Secondary Schools grow up with little or no knowledge of the vernaculars and utterly ignorant of the classical literature of the East. Not only the young men but also those who are in charge of their education have been rightly made the subject of this adverse criticism.

In these circumstances one would expect that any scheme for the encouragement of the education of the youth of this country would contain adequate provision by way of a remedy of what has been rightly considered a defect in the system of education, so far as it applies to the permanent population. I write this to draw the attention of the authorities of the University College and of the Education Department in this connection to the "Regulations for open entrance Scholarships at the University College" published in the *Government Gazette* No. 7428 of the 7th November last and to point out that from the point of view of the study of native languages and Oriental literature these regulations are disappointing. It is all the more surprising that this should be so when one considers the keen interest shown by Professor Marrs, the Principal of the University College, in the encouragement of the study of the native languages and Oriental literature, for these regulations are apparently drawn up by him. In almost every public utterance of the learned Professor he has deplored the apathy of the natives of this country in the matter of their own languages and literature as evidenced by the lack of candidates for Oriental studies in the University College.

He must be aware by now that this apparent want of interest on the part of Ceylonese youth in the study of Oriental literature is due to the fact that they can expect very little material benefit by pursuing a course of study in this direction compared with the many opportunities available in other directions.

The number of students who may be inclined to pursue an advanced course of studies in native languages and Oriental literature in the face of these counter-attractions must be necessarily small, and if any system of education aims at the encouragement of these studies special facilities should be afforded to the few who pursue such a course irrespective of the undoubted material advantages in other directions. It seems to me that in drawing up the Regulations above referred to, this has been overlooked, and I venture to suggest that the syllabus for the Arts Scholarship may be so arranged as to consist of two divisions the second of which is intended for the Students of the class above referred to. In this division the candidates may be examined in (1) English (2) Singhalese or Tamil and one of the two subjects—Sanskrit and Pali—thus making it compulsory for this class of students competing for the Arts Scholarship to take one of the vernaculars together with Sanskrit or Pali. The syllabus for this division may have further provision to enable a student, if he desires, to take up both Sanskrit and Pali.

I hope I shall not be taken as presumptuous in making the above suggestions. With much reluctance I have done so in the interest of the youth of this

country who are not too ready to pursue advanced courses of study in the Eastern languages. I must confess I am not competent to make all the details in the re-arrangement of the syllabus for the Arts Scholarship clear, nor does it appear necessary for me to do so.

Yours etc.

AMADORIS MENDIS

Colombo, 20th. May, 1925.

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THE TOOTH-RELIC.

Dear Sir,

I should like to ask you and your educated countrymen to give us an account as to the genuineness or other wise of the Tooth-Relic at Kandy through the medium of your paper. The subject is important from the modern Buddhistic point of view and educated Ceylonese should not hesitate to express their candid opinion on it.

Yours faithfully,

MAUNG THA TUN

Pleader.

[We shall be glad to have the views of Buddhists who are learned enough to speak on the subject. Ed. B. C.]

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Y. M. B. A. BUILDING FUND.

(Continued from page 17, Wesak Number)

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(To be continued)

THE BOOK OF THE NUMERICAL SAYINGS

(ANGUTTARA-NIKAYA)

SECTION OF PENTADS.

(PANCAKA-NIPATA)

CHAPTER II: *On the Powers.*

(Continued from page 26 of *Wesak Number.*)

(1) *The Powers of the Accomplished One.*

Brethren, having attained to the consummation of the higher knowledge as regards conditions unheard of before, I proclaim:—

There are, brethren, these five powers of the Accomplished One, endowed wherewith the Accomplished One proclaims His leadership, and roars the Lion's roar in the midst of the assembly and establishes the Glorious Wheel. What are the five?

The Power of Faith, the Power of Modesty, the Power of Conscientiousness, the Power of Energy and the Power of Wisdom.

Verily, brethren, endowed with these five Powers of the Accomplished One, the Accomplished One proclaims His leadership, roars the Lion's roar in the midst of the assembly and establishes the Glorious Wheel.

(2) *The Powers of the Training.*

There are, brethren, these five Powers of the training. What are the five?

The Power of faith, the Power of modesty, the Power of conscientiousness, the Power of energy and the Power of wisdom.

Verily, brethren, there are these five Powers of the training. Indeed brethren, among these five Powers of the training, this is a chief, this should be stored up and developed, namely, this power of wisdom.

Just as, brethren, the pinnacle of a house is its summit, its junction and its top; likewise indeed, brethren, among these five Powers of the training this is topmost, this should be stored up and developed, namely, this Power of wisdom.

Therefore, brethren, thus should you train yourselves:— Let us be endowed with the Power of the training (called) the Power of faith.....the Power of modesty.....the Power of conscientiousness.....the Power of energy and.....the Power of wisdom.

Verily, brethren, thus should you train yourselves.

(3) *Five Powers (a)*

Brethren, there are these five Powers. What are the five?

The Power of faith, the Power of energy, the Power of mindfulness, the Power of concentration and the Power of wisdom.

Verily, brethren, there are these five Powers.

(4) *Five Powers (b)*

Brethren, there are these five Powers. What are the five?

The Power of faith, the Power of energy, the Power of mindfulness, the Power of concentration and the Power of wisdom.

Herein, brethren, the Aryan disciple is full of faith in the supreme enlightenment of the Accomplished One thus: This is He, the Holy One, the Exalted One, the Supremely Enlightened One, Perfect in Knowledge and Conduct, the Auspicious One, the Knower of all the Worlds, the Incomparable Trainer of men, the Teacher of Gods and men, the Awakened, the Holy One. This,

brethren, is said to be the Power of faith. What then brethren, is the Power of energy?

Herein, brethren, the Aryan disciple dwells energetic towards the elimination of sinful conditions, and in the development of meritorious conditions, persevering, resolute and unfreed of the yoke of meritorious conditions. Brethren, this is said to be the Power of energy. What then, brethren, is the Power of mindfulness?

Herein, brethren, the Aryan disciple is mindful and endowed with the highest discrimination in mindfulness, and remembers and well recollects what is done and said for a long time. This, brethren, is said to be the Power of mindfulness. What then, brethren, is the power of concentration?

Herein, brethren, the Aryan disciple, separating himself from passions and sinful conditions, with reflection and investigation, enters and abides in the First Jhana, wherein there is joy and ease born of seclusion. Freeing his mind from reflection and investigation, and having it concentrated and retaining the joy and ease consequent on the tranquillity of mind, born of concentration he enters and remains in the Second Jhana. Indifferent as to both joy and passionlessness he dwells mindful and self-possessed and enjoys bodily felicity; the saints pronounce this indifference, mindfulness and abiding in felicity as the Third Jhana. Then divesting himself of happiness and sorrow and primarily freeing himself of pleasure and pain, he arrives at and abides in the Fourth Jhana, which is aloof from pain and pleasure, a state of mind indifferent to all emotions alike. This, brethren, is said to be the Power of concentration. What then, brethren, is the Power of Wisdom?

Herein, brethren, the Aryan disciple is full of wisdom, is endowed with insight into the rise and fall (of living beings), which is noble, penetrating and leading to the complete extinction of suffering. This, brethren, is said to be the Power of wisdom.

Verily, brethren, there are these five Powers.

(5) *Five Powers (c)*

Brethren, there are these five Powers. What are the five?

The Power of faith, the Power of energy, the Power of mindfulness, the Power of concentration and the Power of wisdom. In what then, brethren, should the Power of faith be known?

In the four factors of the Stream-winner. Herein should be known the Power of faith. In what then, brethren, should be known the power of energy?

In the four right exertions. Herein should be known the Power of energy. In what then, brethren, should be known the Power of mindfulness?

In the four bases of mindfulness. Herein should be known the Power of mindfulness. In what, brethren, should be known the Power of concentration?

In the four Jhanas. Herein should be known the Power of concentration. In what should be known the Power of wisdom?

In the four Aryan Truths. Herein should be known the Power of wisdom.

Verily, brethren, there are these five Powers.

(6) *Five Powers (d)*

There are, brethren, these five Powers. What are the

five ?

The Power of faith, the Power of energy, the Power of mindfulness, the Power of concentration and the Power of wisdom.

Verily, brethren, there are these five. Indeed, brethren, among these five Powers, this is topmost, this should be stored up and developed, namely, this Power of wisdom.

Just as, brethren, the pinnacle of a house is its summit, its junction and its top likewise, indeed, brethren, among these five Powers this is top-most, this should be stored up and developed, namely, this Power of wisdom.

(7) *One's own good.*

Endowed with five things, brethren, a brother has striven for his own good but not that of others. With what five ?

Herein, brethren, a brother is himself possessed of virtuous conduct but urges not others to be of good conduct, is himself possessed of concentration but urges not others to win concentration, is himself endowed with wisdom but urges not others to gain wisdom, has himself achieved emancipation but urges not others to achieve emancipation and has himself achieved emancipation through perfect knowledge, but urges not others to achieve emancipation through perfect knowledge.

Verily, brethren, endowed with these five things a brother follows out his own good but not that of others.

(8) *Others' good*

Endowed with five things, brethren, a brother has striven for other's good but not his own. With what five ?

Herein, brethren, a brother is himself not possessed of virtuous conduct but urges others to be of virtuous conduct, has himself not won concentration but urges others to win concentration, has himself not gained wisdom but urges others to gain wisdom, has himself not achieved emancipation but urges others to achieve emancipation, and has himself not achieved emancipation

through perfect knowledge but urges others to achieve emancipation through perfect knowledge.

Verily, brethren, endowed with these five things a brother follows out others' good but not his own.

(9) *Neither One's own good nor Others'*

Endowed with five things, brethren, a brother has striven for neither his own good nor others' good. With what five ?

Herein, brethren, a brother is himself not endowed with virtuous conduct nor urges others to be of virtuous conduct, is himself not possessed of concentration nor urges others to win concentration, is himself not possessed of wisdom nor urges others to gain wisdom, is himself not possessed of emancipation nor urges others to achieve emancipation and is not possessed of emancipation through perfect knowledge and urges not others to achieve emancipation through perfect knowledge.

Verily, brethren, endowed with these five things, a brother follows out neither his own good nor that of others.

(10) *One's own good and others'*

Endowed with five things, brethren, a brother has striven for both his own good and that of others. With what five ?

Herein, brethren, a brother is himself endowed with virtuous conduct and urges others to be of virtuous conduct, is himself endowed with concentration and urges others to win concentration, is himself endowed with wisdom and urges others to gain wisdom, is himself endowed with emancipation and urges others to achieve emancipation and is himself endowed with emancipation through perfect knowledge and urges others to achieve emancipation through perfect knowledge.

Verily, brethren, endowed with these five things, a brother urges both his own good and that of others.

Chapter II : On the Powers Ends.

A. D. JAYASUNDARA.

—)o(—
The Spread of Religion.
 —)o(—

(Continued from page 46.)

V. Anthropomorphic notions of divinity are giving place to a mysterious universal energy operating throughout the universe.

VI. Self-mortification, austerities, fasts and vigils are steadily declining.

VII. Scientific methods are taking the place of appeals to superstitious and imaginary forces resorted to in olden days for averting calamities, and curing diseases.

VIII. Prayers are losing their supposed efficacy.

IX. Science is establishing all life to be one and that a constant change is the rule of nature so that every

thing is impermanent. Life must be, therefore, preserved as such. Respect for it is on the increase.


X. All scriptures are now tested by science and history and are steadily losing their hold.

XI. Temperance institutions are coming into existence to discourage the use of stimulents and narcotics which have been found to be pernicious.

There are many more principles which I have omitted which are receiving acceptance in practice while there are some others against which the moderns are running counter; experience alone will eradicate error.

Lahore.

SHEO NARAIN.



EDITORIAL

The Buddhist Theosophical Society's 45th Anniversary

This Society celebrated its 45th Anniversary on the 17th instant with an almsgiving and a public meeting at which several Buddhist Leaders were present, and as usual at such meetings a large number of speeches were made. It is needless for us to write at length of the useful work the premier Buddhist Educational Society in the island has done during the last 45 years. It has done more than any other body to check the tide of conversion to Christianity that was fast becoming a real danger at the end of the last century. It has heavy responsibilities and it is the duty of every Buddhist to join it and actively support its work. The Buddhist today can do no greater service to his country than to help in every way possible the work of this organisation, which will in time to come be a still greater power for good in the land. Mr. F. R. Senanayake, its president, is in many ways fitted for the high office he holds. His tact and broadmindedness will enable him to settle the various differences that arise from time to time. His wealth will enable him to give the example to others to make generous donations to the funds of the Society. His ability will guide the officers in their arduous responsibilities. The General Manager of its Schools, the Hon. Mr. W. A. de Silva, to whom we take this opportunity of offering our congratulations on his success at the bye-election for the Urban Seat of the Central Province, has held his office for a very long time and he is by his experience, knowledge and influence one of the best persons for this position. His presence in Council will, we hope, enable him to safeguard the interests of the Buddhists in educational matters even better than he has been able to do in the past. Mr. W. H. W. Perera, the Hon. General Secretary, is indefatigable in his efforts to put the society on a sound footing, both financially and architecturally. The building scheme is progressing most favourably and the year 1926 ought to see in the town of Colombo a building of which the Buddhists need not be ashamed. Two views of this building-to-be were printed in our last issue. We wish the society, its members and officials all success in their undertakings.

Buddhist English Schools

It is a pleasure to us to see that the English Schools of the above society as well as other Buddhist English Schools are daily showing signs of progress. Ananda College has added to its records in public examinations by the successes gained at the last Cambridge senior and the London Matriculation examinations. In the Senior 34 students passed, this being the largest number of successes from any school. Of this 34, 23 gained exemption from Matriculation. We do not think that there is a single school in the island which has at this examination obtained more than twelve to fifteen exemptions at the most. In the Matriculation, too, the largest number of passes was from this College. A record of 30 Matriculated students in one year is cause for pride in any school. While offering our congratulations to the staff, we feel that even this record can easily be beaten and beaten by the boys and teachers at Ananda itself. The other schools like Mahinda, Sri Sumangala, Dharmasoka and Dharmaraja are waking up. Mahinda deserves credit for its successes in the Junior 1924. Sri Sumangala did better in the Senior than the rival institution at Panadura for the first time in its history. Dharmasoka gained several passes in the Cambridge Senior, Junior and E.S. L.C. examinations. Dharmaraja is busy making arrangements to move to the best site that a Buddhist school has yet acquired. We wish them and all other Buddhist Schools

continued prosperity, and we hope from time to time to inform our readers of their achievements. We wish to offer a hearty welcome to Miss Lowe, the new Principal of the Buddhist Girl's College, and assure her of our hearty good wishes for success in her work. She comes to Ceylon with the best of credentials, and she has, from what we hear, already created a good impression. The Buddhist Girls, College is on the eve of acquiring a permanent home. Nothing will give us greater pleasure than to see the girls surpassing the achievements of the boys in their schools. The Ananda Balika Vidyalaya, opened in January 1925, has already nearly 70 pupils. The numbers are fast increasing and new admissions are made every month. It has its own Boarding House on the premises and we expect to see it develop in time into a worthy rival of its near and brotherly neighbour.

Prohibition

The Hon. Mr. E. W. Perera's motion in connection with the foreign liquor bar and tavern licences in the Panadura District and its successful passage through the Council will cheer the hearts of all Prohibitionists. This district was declared free of all toddy and arrack taverns through Local Option. When such a clear decision has been arrived at by public opinion, it is unwise on the part of the Government to thwart it by granting licences to hotels, taverns and bars for foreign liquor. The will of the people as expressed by local option does not and never did mean that people will not drink if drink is easily available. But it does say and say quite definitely, "Take this temptation from among us." We hope that the same method will enable the North Central Province to get rid of its foreign liquor bars and taverns. The Government must not act as if Temperance workers were making unwise and unwholesome requests. Things are made quite easy for the man who wants his drink. He need only stay at home. In Local option it should be the rule that if a certain percentage of the people who poll are in favour of closing certain taverns, those taverns should be closed. Then it would be necessary for those who want the taverns, also to come to the poll. Today those who stay at home owing to illness or death or who are away from home owing to business—all these people are counted as being in favour of retaining the tavern. This is the next question which temperance workers must take up. Our congratulations to the Hon. Mr. E. W. Perera and the Councillors who supported him. We hope that Mr. Perera will see that the executive does not go against the clearly expressed will of the people's representatives.

Buddhist Holiday's

This question seems to be on the way to some settlement. Wesak was at one time only a Government holiday. The Postal and Railway officials had to work as usual. After a little agitation, this was put right. We need only ask for a fair and reasonable consideration of our claims in this matter. Wesak and Poson are sacred anniversaries to the Buddhists of Ceylon. The Committee of Buddhists who have made a report on this question have not asked for too much. The Government will, we have no doubt, settle this matter to the satisfaction of all parties. The claims of the other religionists must not be ignored. The request that every Full Moon Day should be a Government Holiday falls under a different category. While there is good reason for making such a claim, we must show our readiness to give and take. We should be quite satisfied if Buddhist officials in Government service could obtain leave on these days by making arrangements to do their work as overtime on some other days, if it becomes necessary. We are not concerned with the sentimental aspect of these days being Government holidays. What we do want is that Buddhists in Government service who wish to take *sil* should be given the necessary leave.

Sir James Pieris. While we have not always seen eye to eye with Sir James Pieris, we have always held in high esteem his services to the country. He has fully deserved the honour conferred on him by His Majesty and we would take this opportunity of offering him and Lady Pieris our heartiest congratulations. May they live long to work for their country with even greater enthusiasm than before.

Mr. Malalasekera. It is with the greatest pleasure that we announce to our readers the remarkable performance of our friend and co-worker Mr. G. P. Malalasekera. He has obtained his M.A. in Oriental Studies with distinction. This is a rare achievement and the Buddhists may well be proud of him. He has also, we learn, sent in a thesis for the Ph. D. degree of London University and we understand that this too has been highly recommended by the examiners. When he returns to the island, it

Poson. This is the month in which we annually celebrate the introduction of Buddhism into Ceylon. Every year thousands go on pilgrimages. Every year great pinkamas are held in the temples. But the Buddhists today are no better than those of yesterday. Would not the Buddhists do well in such months as these to resolve that they will really do their best to follow more closely the teachings of the Master (not Masters, as Mr. Jinarajadasa would have it)? Should not we, Buddhists, by our daily progress show to the rest of our countrymen that there is in our religion a force for good? Why is it that Buddhists, being so fond of the teachings, make so little effort to follow them? We leave our readers to ponder over these questions.

Acknowledgments. We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of "The Numerical Sayings" Part II by Mr. A. D.



HON. MR. P. B. RAMBUKWELLA
Member of the Legislative Council for the Rural Electorate, Central Province.



F. R. SENANAYAKE, ESQ.,
President of the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society and The Maha Jana Sabha.



HON. MR. W. A. De SILVA, J.P.
Member for the Urban Electorate, Central Province. Honorary General Manager of Buddhist Schools, Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society.

will be our proud privilege to welcome a first rate authority on Oriental Languages and a most enthusiastic worker in the Buddhist cause. Dr. G. P. Malalasekera—for, if our information is correct, he is fully entitled now to be so addressed—will spend a few months at the French Oriental School and visit some of the important educational institutions on the continent before he returns to us at the beginning of next year. His success is, of course, no surprise to us for we knew him too well to expect anything less. It is hardly necessary to tell him that we send him our warmest congratulations for he knows fully well that all his friends are rejoicing with him at his success.

Our Next Issue. In our next issue, which we hope to bring out if possible a bit earlier in the month, we shall give some instructive information as to how public money has been given to the different educational bodies in the past. We are compelled also to hold over our comments on the Government policy with regard to University Hostels.

Jayasundera whose translations from the Buddhist scriptures are familiar to our readers. In fact the book contains what has already been published in the Chronicle, and has been brought out under the able editorship of Mr. Woodward. An advertisement and a review of this book will appear in our next issue. We wish also to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a Buddhist Art Gallery Calendar from the Bodh gaya Buddhistic Art Gallery whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

Our Classics. We regret that owing to lack of space in this issue we are unable to comment on the important letter of Mr. A. Mendis. We invite our readers' attention to his views, and shall be glad to publish any views of our readers on this and similar questions affecting the educational interests of the vernaculars, our classics, and of the Buddhists in general. Our comments will appear in the next issue.

Correspondence.

FULL-MOON DAYS AS GOVT. HOLIDAYS.

Dear Sir,

I shall thank you to extend the hospitality of your columns to bring to the notice of the Buddhist public the necessity to make a determined effort to convince the Government to observe every full-moon day as a public holiday, in order to enable the Buddhists to practise the eight precepts of their religion effectively and in a fitting manner at least once a month.

It is no secret that our Christian brethren have 52 days in the year, Sunday of every week to observe the religion to their hearts' content. In addition they have as Government holidays ten days for Christmas and five days for Easter. It can be argued that Sunday is a universal rest-day and Christmas and Easter holidays are made use of even by Buddhists, but they are solely regarded as pure religious holidays for the benefit of Christians only.

I have been endeavouring to induce some of my friends to join me in an "at-a-sil" campaign on full-moon days. As office hours interfere we used to observe the eight precepts on Sunday nearest the full-moon. But I find there is an all round reluctance to have substituted Sunday for the full-moon day, with the result the numbers decreased and the campaign fell through.

On the full-moon day of December last, I organised an "at-a-sil" party at Kurunegala. The party consisted of 105, twenty-six of them being Government Servants. All of them had to take leave on that day to keep off from their respective offices. There was a good deal of heart-burning among a number of those, who failed to join us, as leave was not granted to them with the curt remark. "What 'At-a-sil' for you young fellows!"

I quote this instance to prove how difficult it has become for Buddhists to observe the religious precepts on the day that is meant for the same, and that has been graced for the past 2500 years by the observance of "at-a-sil" I have been informed by a number of Government Servants whom I have sounded that they are prepared to sign a mammoth petition to be forwarded to the Government, making the request to extend this privilege which has hitherto been denied to the Buddhists.

Further I wish to inform those interested that I have already interviewed the Hon. Mr. D. B. Jayathilake about the subject. He explained to me that such a movement as the one I suggest, will have his hearty support and he is prepared to make the request in the Council if it is the general wish of the Buddhist public. He is inclined to believe that it is a perfectly legitimate and a reasonable claim and the government is morally bound to grant it.

I appeal to all the Buddhist Associations in the Island to agitate with one voice in demanding this public right. Nothing can be gained without agitation. Let us agitate and organise a strong public opinion in favour of the request, thereby supplying our members in Council sufficient powder and shot to fight our cause. I believe our Christian brethren would only too readily be prepared to extend their genuine sympathy and support in this worthy cause of their Buddhist brethren.

I have already interviewed several of those Government Servants who are at the top of the service and I have been given to understand that the Government will not raise any objection for appending their signatures to such a memorial, as it is purely a religious movement. Therefore I appeal to those Buddhists who are in the Government service to secure this opportunity

to do a great service to themselves and the generations to come.

Your's etc.

M. D. A. WIJESINGHE.

MUSLIMS BEWARE OF MISSIONARIES.

Dear Sir,

I have noticed that some young Muslims have joined the Y. M. C. A's as associate members. The Muslims in Ceylon, just like their Buddhist brethren, send their children to Christian Missionary Schools unaware of the danger ahead of them. If you Muslims, know what Missionaries and Christian say of your Holy Prophet, I am sure you will realise the great harm and injustice they are doing to you, your children and your great religion. Here is an example of the Christian writings about the Holy Prophet Mohamed from the pen of Revd: Marcus Dods D. D. :—

"The difficulty is to reconcile with this sincerity acts which certainly at first sight one is tempted to condemn as immoral and dishonest. Instead of feeling it to be incumbent on Him as a Prophet of God to set His followers an example of temperance and high-toned living, He rather used His office as a title to license from which ordinary men were restrained. Restricting His disciples to four wives, He retained to Himself the liberty of taking as many as He pleased. He actually married eleven women, nine of whom survived Him. And this He sanctions by publishing a new paragraph of the Koran, as allowing Him this "privilege above the rest of the faithful." One is tempted to exclaim, with honest old Hoornbeek, "Dignum certe Propheta privilegium." Yet let us make what allowance is possible..... "But all this might have been overlooked. The knot of the matter lies not in His polygamy, nor even in His occasional licentiousness, but in the fact that He defended His conduct, when it created scandal, by professed revelations which are now embodied as parts of the Koran. When His wives murmured, and with justice, at His irregularities, He silenced them by a revelation giving Him conjugal allowances which He had Himself proscribed as unlawful. When He designed to contract an alliance with a woman forbidden to Him by His own law, an inspired permission was forthcoming, encouraging Him to the transgression. I fear that, notwithstanding all that has been urged in explanation, the common sense of every Christian community will pronounce that underneath this kind of conduct a low 'morale' must have existed."

What actions do my Muslim friends propose to take to safeguard their interests? That the Muslims are at last awakening to a sense of their present condition was shown by their last and first Congress. Let me assure the Muslims that all true Buddhists sincerely wish that the Muslim children be brought up according to their own culture breathing their own religious atmosphere in their education.

Yours etc.,

A STUDENT

Kondeniya,

SOME IMPRESSIONS.

By HILDA KULARATNE.

It has ever been a favourite device of imaginative writers, when they wished to criticise or laugh at faults or absurdities in the people of their nation to imagine a Utopia and send an ordinary man there to marvel and compare. Plato began it: More and Bacon continued it: William Morris in his "News from Nowhere" brought it a little more up to date and, of course, H. G. Wells in our own day has made ever so many attempts at it. In fact, nearly every book he has ever written has some hint or suggestion of dissatisfaction with things as they are, followed by a hint or suggestion of what they might be. That is, to my mind, what makes H. G. Wells by far the greatest of modern novelists.

This desire to see ourselves as others see us appears I think most strongly in three of his novels. In "Men Like Gods" you read of a strange planetary collision which resulted in a transference of several people—a statesman, an actress, a clergyman and some others including the "hero"—who all happened to be motoring in their several cars along a certain stretch of English road, to another planet peopled by Men Like Gods—an ideal land where the freedom and happiness and naturalness scandalised the more conventional of the Earthlings, especially the clergyman. Even there the intruders could not keep from quarrelling among themselves. The actress missed the need for her powder-puff and the clergyman his pulpit. The politician couldn't find anyone gullible enough to believe in his speeches and in short, all the Earthlings were heartily glad when another cataclysm set them back again on the English road. I can only beg you to read this book if you haven't already, for it does indeed embody what is and what might be from the standpoint of a modern Englishman, and incidentally implies that some of us won't like the millenium when it does come.

Then again in "The Wonderful Visit" (which you can get, by the way, in that very cheap edition known as the Wayfarer's Library) the process is reversed. An angel hurts his wing and somehow finds himself in a field near a village. He is discovered by a clergyman who binds up the wound and tries to disguise his astonishment at the angel's very sketchy but exceedingly beautiful filmy garments. Then follows the tale of how gradually the angel was introduced to English rural society, how he was persuaded to wear some of the clergyman's clothes which were ever so much uglier than the angel's own clothes but more in accordance with what the people were used to and how hard it was for him to accommodate his wings within the limits of an ordinary coat and trousers. He is looked upon with suspicion because he is polite to the servant-maid, and his failure to please the rank and fashion of the district is complete when, asked to play the violin at a local tea-party, he plays—not a tune which everyone knows and is accustomed to, but a tune such as angels play, a weird and wonderful tune, too eccentric and unusual to do anything but shock the conventional audience. Read this book, too, if you get the opportunity, for the author makes you feel both with the bewildered angel and with the very much embarrassed parson.

But in "Joan and Peter" you have a man who has lived and worked in Africa for very many years returning to England to superintend the education of his two wards, returning filled with enthusiasm for England as she appears ruling Nigeria, filled with admiration for her colonising power, feeling that England has done some good by founding that Empire upon which the sun is supposed never to set. He comes back loaded with memories and preconceived notions to find—what? To find a country where the average man doesn't care a brass button for imperial expansion or colonial justice—to find a country where education is in the most terrible state of confusion where, however eagerly one may search

for the ideal school, one finds no headmaster who is untrammelled by lack of funds or lack of ideals or a desire to please the parents or the Board of Governors. Of course the book is mainly taken up with Oswald's search for the best education for his wards, but incidentally all his ideas about England get corrected or revised, and he concludes that, even so, there is a great deal to be said for the country.

I believe that Dr. Lucian de Zylva did something of the same sort for Ceylon in his book "The Dice of the Gods," where an England-returned Ceylonese of the Burgher community sees his country with new eyes. As far as I remember, his critical faculties were soon clouded by a love affair and his zeal for reform correspondingly faded. It struck me that perhaps it would be salutary if we tried to put ourselves in the place of Dr. Lucian de Zylva's Martin or Well's Oswald or the wonderful Visitor or the hero of Men Like Gods (whose name I forget) and survey this country from the view point of an outsider—an outsider, we will say, with certain preconceived notions culled from the cinema and "The Sheik of Araby" and Ethel M. Dell and Rudyard Kipling, with a dash of Omar Khayyam thrown in. Imagine yourself, if you can, to be a man who has spent most of his life in a grey land, where it rains nearly all the time and is cold nearly all the time, where life is a perpetual rush and hurry so that nobody ever has time to think of anything for more than two consecutive minutes. Imagine, if you can, that you have managed to escape from all that and that you have chosen Ceylon as your haven.

In all the books that I have ever read about the tropics—with the exception perhaps of that terrible story by Leonard Wolff about Ceylon called "A Village in the Jungle"—there has been a prevailing impression of colour—some such phrase as "that riot of colour so characteristic of the East" or "the gay clothes of the laughing men and women forming a dazzling medley worthy of 'the brush of the most talented painter,' or 'the splendour of the East.'" Imagine, then, our traveller, on the look out for colour, landing at Colombo one day and walking—for it is yet early in the morning—eager to capture his first impressions of the mystic East. He looks at the passersby, and thinks to himself how he will describe the dress of the Ceylonese when he writes home. He sees a large crowd of young men hurrying to their offices—trousered and coated, collared and hatted, all in the very best European style and undoubtedly in European material. "Why I've seen all this before," says he to himself. "These are only brown Englishmen to the outward eye—and as for that riot of colour, their suits are most disappointingly white or cream or even darker and more drab. I don't even see anything very startling in socks!" Our friend sees, too, a number of men who, he presumes, are workers too, but lower in the social scale—at any rate, they are inferior in the opinion of most of the trousered gentry—They are barefooted or in sandals, and in a cloth. Now this cloth, even though it be topped by a most unpoetic banyan or the most conventional of coats, offers scope for individual fancy. But his eye roves in vain in search of that "riot of colour," those richly hued garments his magazine stories had taught him to expect. The brightest he can see is a Manchester red and blue and the prevailing fashion is white—and not such a very clean white at that! There are not even gaudy turbans such as Indians sometimes wear in English streets. Where are the caps of more-than-oriental-splendour like the one which adorned the head of Rudyard Kipling's Parsee in the story about the rhinoceros? Perhaps he has a flying vision of just such a golden cap on the head of a bearded man in a motor car, but that is all. And then there strikes his eye surely the strangest of spectacles

wears a cloth *and* trousers, He wears shoes and socks and a coat complete with watch chain and a shirt and perhaps a tie. In his hand is a gladstone bag and on his head is a hard felt hat such as is worn by the traditional English farmer. A breeze carries his hat from off his head and reveals a comb and a conde. I much regret to state that our sightseer laughs. Then there appears the first real patch of colour and it is the robe of a Buddhist priest, who surely never gave a thought to the gaiety of his garments.

So for this eager traveller of ours one illusion at least is shattered, but he thinks perhaps as the sky is so blue and the sun so bright, people are unwilling to compete with nature. And yet, if, later on, he found his way up-country where skies are often gray, would he see men and women cheering themselves up by wearing brightly coloured clothes? I fear that he would conclude that gunny bags are the fashionable wear. However, he turns to inanimate things for a sign of that oriental love of colour of which he has heard so much. With vague memories of pictures of Agra and the Taj Mahal he searches for dazzling marble and rich inlay. He is in Colombo, the capital and centre of the life of the island, the spot where of all others the most splendid buildings would have been erected. He looks for a magnificent palace housing the island's ruler but finds only Queen's House, a very drab affair. He scans the neighbouring buildings in a vain endeavour to find anyone essentially Eastern or even with a hint of the East and sees none that might not be transplanted into London without comment. Perhaps he may go to Cinnamon Gardens in his search for the real thing, but if he does, he will be sadly disappointed to see the stucco houses of the great. He may discover later that Indian workmen have been employed to build a Hindu temple on an ancient plan and that the Buddhists, too, purpose building a Thuparamaya in Colombo, but even those are tucked away out of sight and will have to be sought out with diligence.

Then perhaps our hero will look for masses of flowers, for gardens laid out with exquisite care to contain all that is most beautiful. He will see, it is true, some flowering trees by the way-side: he may find some flowering bushes in Victoria Park, but he will sadly conclude that the Ceylonese do not really care enough for flowers to cultivate them in their gardens to any appreciable extent. They pick scented blossoms to pieces to fashion garlands and tear areca flowers from their scaly coverings to offer at temples but they do not admire the growing tree, and can we honestly say that his conclusion is wrong?

Now I must ask you to stretch your imagination a little and suppose that, somehow or the other, our friend has become acquainted with some of the people of the country. He gets to know, let us say, the owner of one of those vast plaster palaces that he saw in his search after a beautiful piece of Eastern architecture. Let us suppose that he is invited to a dinner party and of course he accepts with alacrity, "for," thinks he to himself, "even if the outside of the house is disappointing, the inside may be splendid. There I may see the gorgeous tapestries and silken divans and rich carvings

and magnificent ornaments. There, too, I may taste some of the marvellous confections—in fact share in a real banquet." But when eventually the hour arrives and he enters the house, he finds indeed stately rooms with high roofs and fine and frequent windows. He finds indeed some brass bowls, fern—or flower-filled, but alas for the marble and jade and the silken divans! The furniture is of the most uncomfortable English pattern—made perhaps in Ceylon but almost certainly copied from an English illustrated catalogue. And the banquet, too, turns into a series of thoroughly familiar foods prepared in a thoroughly familiar English fashion, the only deviation from the English menu being a course of rice and curry upon which little trouble has been expended because few of the company eat it at night. When he protests that the meal may have been anglicised to suit his palate, he is assured with evident sincerity, that such is the habitual meal in that family and in many others. It is true that he is full-fed, for of Ceylonese hospitality there has never been any question but with English viands cooked in the English way. After dinner the talk is of politics and our friend learns

to his amazement that although a measure of representative government has but lately been granted, there has nevertheless been time for a serious split to occur between the two chief races in the island which has not yet completely been closed. His host argues in favour of the old benevolently despotic form of government, the ruler shorn however of his power to do evil, "but," he adds, "how are we to choose the ruler? of what race, what creed, what caste in this land of many races and creeds and castes?" "Caste in Ceylon?" exclaims our hero. "I thought that you were happier than India in that respect." And then in reply his host unfolds a sorry tale of social snubs inflicted in the name of caste, of favouritism in high places so that this or that caste might prevail, of marriages thwarted or marred on the same pretext. And yet the caste distinction does not mark the difference of trade or profession or

even social standing—a mere archaic survival. "This is a curious country," quoth our friend the traveller, "a curious country indeed, where so much of the old that is good, is lost and so much of the old that is bad, is preserved."

But yet he felt that it was not among the rich and westernized that he should move if he wanted to find the real spirit of the country. He had cultivated the acquaintance of a somewhat retiring youth who had spoken a few words to him at the dinner party, and in due course found himself installed in his friend's home almost as a member of the family, who accepted him with that delightfully easy hospitality which he had already discovered to be one point at least on which his novel and magazine reading had not led him astray. Thinking of his French friends of many years standing inside whose doors he had never yet set foot, he wrote in his diary: "The friendly hospitality of the Ceylonese restores one's faith in the brotherhood of man. They take you into their home without fuss or apology, as who should say, "We are glad you have come and we hope you will stay, but when you have had enough of it

NIRVANA.

Hymn.

Nirvana, realm of peace,
Land of eternal rest;
Where earthly pain and woe
Can never more molest.

Nirvana, realm of light,
Land of eternal day;
Where dark despair and fear
Shall never more dismay.

Nirvana, realm of bliss,
Land of eternal joy;
Where sorrow never more
Our rapture can alloy.

Grant, O Eternal One,
That we may know and see—
Nirvana's Paradise
Is one-ness, Lord, with Thee.

A. R. ZORN,

Los Angeles., Calif., U. S. A.

(Reprinted from The Buddhist Annual)

please don't hesitate to say so!" There is no laborious effort to entertain the guest, he suggests his own amusements and outings and a willing guide is always at hand.

The house in which our traveller found himself was like a thousand others. Family funds did not admit of much beyond the severely utilitarian—a few more or less uncomfortable chairs with draped backs, provided each with a velvet cushion decorated with the most lamentable embroidery. On the walls were numerous framed photographs of friends and relations—photographs taken, for the most part, at the most unfortunate moment of the wedding day. Later, when he saw some exquisite cross stitch work done by the mother of the household, and asked her why that did not adorn the drawing room cushions instead of the lamentable gaudy embroidery, she said: "Oh, that work is too simple, too plain. The other is brighter and better, don't you think?" And about the painful photographs, her answer was.—"Its better to have bad pictures of people and places you know than good pictures of people and places you neither know nor expect to know." And there's certainly something in that! It was borne in upon our friend, however, that the Ceylonese are on the whole peculiarly indifferent to their surroundings, a quality which has two aspects. What can't be cured must be endured, to be sure, and the less one thinks about it, the better. But it is nothing less than criminal to endure what can be cured even in the smallest things. And yet a fatal lethargy seems to enfold so many of us in this island. We go on putting up with drabness and dinginess and even dirt where we might have lightness and brightness and cleanliness. And in bigger matters, too, we go on being bombarded by verminous and diseased beggars and giving them money to get out of our sight instead of coping with the problem some way or another. Some blame the climate: others the Government, but in the end we grow not to notice what is around us, and so the world jogs on.

Such philosophy did our friend the traveller draw from the contemplation of some cushions and a set of photographs. The mother of the house, when put to it, could defend both, but the sons of the house said, "Yes, they're hideous, but they're cushions" and "Yes, they're libels on our friends and relations but they're framed now and hung up—and anyway you needn't look at them if you don't like them! And when pressed further, they said: "What shall we put in their place? Pictures of English scenery and English people which mean nothing to us? For there are no artists in Ceylon that we know of who paint Ceylon and reproductions of whose paintings we can buy." No art in Ceylon that can be reproduced! No pictures of Ceylon save those of a few foreign enthusiasts whose works exist only in the original! And where are the Ceylonese artists in the making? And so we find, rightly or wrongly, in our friend's diary the following entry. "This indifference to externals, this faculty for not noticing one's environment is perhaps carried even a little too far in the case of the Ceylonese. "Divine discontent," as it is called in the West, is rare indeed, and the Social revolution is centuries away. They miss, too, to a great extent, the beauties of nature and art. Broadly speaking, there is no art but photography, just as there is no music but the seraphina and no flower garden but the coconut plantation."

You must not think that the traveller, after having accepted the hospitality of his friend and his friend's family, straightway began most unkindly to criticise his hosts and their belongings. It was simply that, being by nature of an enquiring turn of mind, he wanted an explanation of whatever seemed to him strange. He kept his eyes open and his ears open to such purpose that he soon found out that something was in the air connected with the oldest girl in the family—(there were three)—for there were frequent family conclaves and much teasing of the young lady in between times. Finally he learnt that a marriage had been arranged for her with an impecunious but promising young lawyer and that there had been some delay because he de-

manded rather a larger dowry than the father was willing at first to give. The father had increased the amount eventually because the horoscopes of the two had agreed so perfectly that it had seemed like tempting Providence to put obstacles in the way. So the marriage had been arranged and everyone was satisfied, including the girl, who was curiously looking forward to her first conversations with her fiance.

Here was a whole new world opened before our traveller's eyes. Where was the romance of the East, the fiery passion which led men to perform all sorts of brave acts to win and carry off their loves? Evidently it was not of this East that such stories were told but of another land with different habits. Here it was a matter of arrangement between parents, a leisurely, cold-blooded sort of affair, a matter of money and the comparing of horoscopes. And yet, meditated our traveller, is it not possible that the judgment of parents is sounder in such matters? less prejudiced, less swayed by minor details? There would be, anyway, no sudden introduction by the girl to her parents of an unknown and ineligible young man, as not infrequently happened in England, of whose antecedents nothing could be discovered beyond what he chose to tell. At least, by the Ceylon method, there was less chance of a hidden past on either side. And this matter of the dowry—what a lucky thing for a young couple to begin with a little capital—though our friend found it difficult to stomach a man who haggled over the exact amount of it. And this fantastic faith in horoscopes—such an unheard of thing in the West, yet could it be that the West was wrong in scoffing at such a faith? Might there not really be science and truth behind it? "In any case," said our traveller to himself with a smile, "if a marriage is a failure here one can but blame mother and father and the horoscopes and then make the best of it." And it certainly does seem, when one compares conditions in England and Ceylon, that the Ceylon system on the whole is the more successful. Of course, divorces are becoming more and more fashionable even in Ceylon but they are still fortunately extremely rare, while in England the idea of marriage as a permanent arrangement seems rapidly to be dying out. In the Ceylon marriage, our friend concluded, presumably neither party expects so much of the other as in a marriage of preference and therefore there are not the same disillusionments. Married life is a safer, if a more humdrum, affair and anyway even if the path isn't very smooth, the Ceylonese faculty for ignoring the blots on the landscape, the power of cheerfully enduring what cannot be cured, can always be called in to aid. And so in due course, the wedding took place with the bride all decked out in a veil and artificial orange blossom and gloves and a bouquet and looking infinitely less attractive than in her homely jacket and cloth, which made our incorrigible traveller once more philosophise on the folly which led to such slavish imitation of a not-too-beautiful European custom. And all the relatives on both sides turned up even to the third and fourth generation with a zest that was truly gratifying, and a vast quantity of food was consumed and gallons of innocuous drink—altogether much finer a function than it would have been in England, where weddings are looked upon much more as private and personal affairs and where the two parties concerned, more often than not, go out as it were for a walk together, step into the Registrar's office and come back home announcing that they are married. But then of course in England it is a personal affair and the parents and other relations are comparatively little concerned, whereas in Ceylon it is a matter for great public rejoicing when a father manages to "settle" his daughter—one of the few occasions when people enjoy themselves. When he thought it over it struck our diligent observer that the average Ceylonese in a village got really very little amusement out of life. If he were a good Buddhist and didn't drink or gamble except very mildly at the Sinhalese New Year, if he had no car for his pleasure, there was but little recreation he could take beyond chatting in his neighbours' houses and his own. The village cricket club or football association such as you find in

every English village, which allows the fathers of families to disport themselves on Saturday afternoons and pretend that they are young again—such athletic clubs do not seem to exist in Ceylon among the Ceylonese. Neither have the father of the household and his brood the picnicking habit. A midday meal without rice is inconceivable and a picnic does not admit of so many pots and pans and there are no convenient respectable cheap little eating-places such as you find in all the best picnicking spots in France, for example. So the family just stays at home. There are not even political clubs where cronies may meet and criticise the Government at their ease, for though, as local politicians take pains to assure us, the villager is no fool in these matters, what can he learn of principles when each man in an election stands on his own legs and may in fact hold the same ideas as his opponent? It is a matter of personalities, not of principles, and we find in our traveller's diary the remark: "Bad though the English party system may be, it is easier to understand than this."

So the average Ceylonese spends his leisure at home—doing what? Does he pass a deal of time in his small garden growing his chillies and his brinjals and his few bright flowering plants? That he certainly does not, for he buys the former from the boutique and dispenses with the latter. He takes a great deal of pride in his children. Does he devote his leisure to playing with them and taking them for walks and answering their questions and showing them how to do things? Rarely—very rarely indeed. He keeps benevolent watch over them, soothes them when they cry, spoils them most atrociously in the matter of sweets and titbits at table, and sometimes hushes them to sleep—but all the time preserving his somewhat aloof attitude, not joining in and getting enjoyment out of it for himself as well as the youngsters.

You must remember, please, that all these are the conclusions of our friend the traveller, conclusions drawn from but hasty and limited observation but nevertheless at times hitting the truth or at least half-hitting the truth. Of the average Ceylonese mother, for instance, he says: "By far the largest part of her time is concerned with food, for if she does not cook it with her own hands, she has to supervise servants, and that, it would seem, is still more wearisome than if she did the whole thing herself. And, with all due respect, after all this labour, does her kitchen produce anything so very remarkably and strikingly good? Rice and curry is splendid food and very filling, but the rice is of course always the same and the curries day by day in the average Ceylon household seem very much of a muchness, cooked according to tradition with a chancy admixture of chillies and seasoning which may or may not prove successful and which make it impossible to write down a recipe. And is it not possible to shorten the hours required for its preparation? Or, if not, to make the kitchen—now the most unsightly and unpleasant place in the whole house—a cleaner and more cheerful spot for the housewife to spend her time?"

In this household of which our hero found himself such an acceptable member in spite of his continual questions and comments and comparisons, although the eldest son was married and the father of two children, the youngest son was very little older than his nephews—a circumstance sufficiently common to evoke from our friend an exclamation of astonished admiration at the child bearing capacity of the women of the country. This small boy—Albert by name, and what more inappropriate name for a Sinhalese child!—was in the traveller's opinion the most intolerable little nuisance when in the presence of his adoring relatives but strangely enough, quite tractable when the traveller took him for walks and treated him as a man and a brother. No one attempted to teach him obedience or good manners or cleanliness. He had only to set up a howl to bring the whole family to its knees. "You can't allow the child to cry," said his mother. "Can't you!" quoth the traveller, "I could, if that was the only alternative to letting him make himself sick through overeating." But neverthe-

less the chocolate tin was opened once more, and the child pacified. And then the problem of the daily bath! Howls and protestations countered by promises of all sorts of fantastic and wonderful things—promises patently not meant to be kept—all in vain and the bath project is given up. "It is a little cold today and rainy and he is so frightened of cold water," says the mother in extenuation. And then it strikes the traveller that this idea of fear comes in very often without any disguise. A mother is *afraid* to allow her children to bathe in the sea, though the sea may be at the very door and perfectly safe, and the children are encouraged to be afraid of it too. A coconut branch falls down at a little distance from where a child is playing and he rushes in to his mother to describe just how frightened he was, and his mother sympathises and soothes instead of discouraging cowardice. During our traveller's sojourn, one of the older boys at school in Colombo wrote asking for a bicycle to facilitate his daily travelling and the request was summarily turned down by his parents. "What! Have the child falling off and perhaps injuring himself for life! I should be terrified if he even got on to one of those things." (But needless to say the little boulder had long since taken the precaution of learning to ride on somebody else's machine before he even asked for one of his own.) And then again one of the grown up members of the family had occasion to go a journey in a car, part of which was through the jungle. The household was in suspense all the time he was away and when he returned, he regaled them all, as they certainly expected, with an account of how every shadow sent a tremor through him and how there certainly was a rustle as of an elephant or something which terrified him so that he besought the driver to exceed the speed limit for once. This frank admission—what you might almost call the encouragement of cowardice—strikes the outsider as an extraordinary thing and one not calculated to rear a hardy race, and this giving in to the small children makes like distinctly trying to the grown up! The baby must not be allowed to cry; he must be pressed to eat even if the most indigestible pickles are all he consents to take. His mother must be always at hand to respond to his call, to feed him, to lull him to sleep, and the rest of the family must bear a hand when needed. When our traveller surveyed the mother of the family and considered that she had in turn been the slave of three girls and four boys and was still at the job, his admiration for her patience knew no bounds. And though he regarded it as mistaken kindness to the children, who could say that those who had passed beyond the petting stage were any the worse for having gone through it? It is a popular belief in the West that spoilt children grow into over-bearing, selfish, ill-tempered men and women, but that rule does not seem to hold in Ceylon, for those who have been most spoilt in infancy seem to turn out the most gentle and affectionate in later life, and certainly the way in which they behave to their mother is a lesson to the independent younger generation in the West. The family tie is certainly very strong in Ceylon until at any rate the children marry and go—and very frequently even after that. There are few fathers or brothers in the West who could be relied upon so certainly to come to the financial assistance of a so-called self-supporting relative at his mere request, and not necessarily in a case of urgency. That is somewhat involved but our traveller's point was a little subtle, for he meant that even for a non-urgent matter the father would cast about for money at the request of his son, and the brother, of his brother. Then again how eagerly the older generation goes to usher in the birth of a grandchild, even though the arrival of grandchildren may have ceased long since to be a novelty! Perhaps our traveller was singularly fortunate in the families he encountered but, be that as it may, he placed on record his opinion that perhaps the finest thing in Ceylon was this family unity and he hoped the day would be far off when the younger generation grew indifferent to or impatient of the old.

(To be continued.)