The Tamil

A CEYLON JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

Vol. I No. 4

April, 1955

One Rupee

The Tamil

OUR AIMS

OUR Aims—cannot be put better than in these memorable words of Matthew Arnold :—

> " An endeavour to learn and propagate *the best* that is known and thought in the world."

Again :—

> " The great aim of Culture is the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail . . . The pursuit of perfection is the pursuit of sweetness and light . . . He who works for sweetness and light works to make Reason prevail."

Again :—

> " The men of culture are the true apostles of Equality."

The *Tamil* stands for Culture, Learning, Justice and Equality.

Young Ceylon is to-day at the cross roads. For four centuries we have received the ideas and ideals of Western Empire-builders. But, while they brought with them to our shores their own particular objects and purposes, they brought with them also, praise to be to God, the precious heritage of Western Civilization. Till yesterday we sat at Plato's feet. The cadences of Shakespeare pulsed in our veins. The unequalled delights of the world's greatest literature—that of England—from Spenser to Spender—from Browne to Beerbohm—were ours for the mere taking.

The advances of invention, the experiments in Government by man, the aspirations of all the peoples of this throbbing world—poetry, music, art, philosophy, religion, history, law—

(*Continued on Cover Page* 3)

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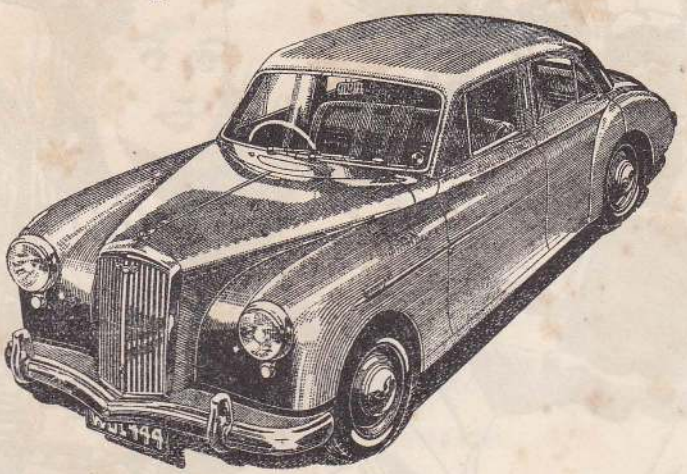

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SEQUENCE

WHAT IS OUR INHERITANCE?

[THE great Prime Minister of India, a world figure of all time, has written with moving passion of the panorama of India. He traces his quest of India's past; and, although himself a high Aryan, speaks fairly and liberally of the Dravidian contribution to India's inheritance which, if the truth were to be told, is, indeed, in Indian phrase, twelve annas to the rupee!]

I. THE PANORAMA OF INDIA'S PAST

DURING these years of thought and activity my mind has been full of India, trying to understand her and to analyse my own reactions towards her.

As I grew up and became engaged in activities which promised to lead to India's freedom, I became obsessed with the thought of India. What was this India that possessed me and beckoned to me continually, urging me to action so that we might realize some vague but deeply-felt desire of our hearts? The initial urge came to me, I suppose, through pride, both individual and national, and the desire, common to all men, to resist another's domination and have freedom to live the life of our choice. It seemed monstrous to me that a great country like India, with a rich and immemorial past, should be bound hand and foot to a far-away Island which imposed its will upon her. It was still more monstrous that this forcible union had resulted in poverty and degradation beyond measure. That was reason enough for me and for others to act.

But it was not enough to satisfy the questioning that arose within me. What is this India, apart from her physical and geographical aspects? What did she represent in the past? What gave strength to her then? How did she lose that old strength? And has she lost it completely? Does she represent anything vital now, apart from being the home of a vast number of human beings? How does she fit into the modern world?

I stood on a mound of Mohenjo-daro in the Indus Valley in the north-west of India, and all around me lay the houses and streets of this ancient city that is said to have existed over five thousand years ago; and even then it was an old and well-developed civilization. "The Indus civilization," writes Professor Childe, "represents a very perfect adjustment of human life to a specific environment that can only have resulted from years of patient effort. And it has endured; it is already specifically Indian and forms the basis of modern Indian culture." Astonishing thought: that any culture or civilization should have this continuity for five or six thousand years or more; and not in a static, unchanging sense, for India was changing and progressing all the time. She was coming into intimate contact with the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Chinese, the Arabs, the Central Asians, and the peoples of the Mediterranean. But though she influenced them and was influenced by them, her cultural basis was strong enough to endure. What was the secret of this strength? Where did it come from?

I read her history and read also a part of her abundant ancient literature, and was powerfully impressed by the vigour of the thought, the clarity of the language, and the richness of the mind that lay behind it. I journeyed through India in the company of mighty travellers from China and Western and Central Asia who came here in the remote past and left records of their travels. I thought of what India had accomplished in Eastern Asia, in Angkor, Borobudur, and many other places. I wondered over the Himalayas, which are closely connected with old myth and legend, and which have influenced so much our thought and literature. My love of the mountains and my kinship with Kashmir especially drew me to them, and I saw there not only the life and vigour and beauty of the present, but also the memoried loveliness of ages past. The mighty rivers of India that flow from this great mountain barrier into the plains of India attracted me and reminded me of innumerable phases of our history. The Indus or *Sindhu*, from which our country came to be called India and Hindustan, and across which races and tribes and caravans and armies have come for thousands of years; the Brahmaputra, rather cut off from the main current

of history but living in old story, forcing its way into India through deep chasms cut in the heart of the north-eastern mountains, and then flowing calmly in a gracious sweep between mountain and wooded plain; the Jumna, round which cluster so many legends of dance and fun and play; and the Ganges, above all the river of India, which has held India's heart captive and drawn uncounted millions to her banks since the dawn of history. The story of the Ganges, from her source to the sea, from old times to new, is the story of India's civilization and culture, of the rise and fall of empires, of great and proud cities, of the adventure of man and the quest of the mind which has so occupied India's thinkers, of the richness and fulfilment of life as well as its denial and renunciation, of ups and downs, of growth and decay, of life and death.

I visited old monuments and ruins and ancient sculptures and frescoes—Ajanta, Ellora, the Elephanta Caves, and other places—and I also saw the lovely buildings of a later age in Agra and Delhi, where every stone told its story of India's past.

These journeys and visits of mine, with the background of my reading, gave me an insight into the past. To a somewhat bare intellectual understanding was added an emotional appreciation, and gradually a sense of reality began to creep into my mental picture of India, and the land of my forefathers became peopled with living beings, who laughed and wept, loved and suffered; and among them were men who seemed to know life and understand it, and out of their wisdom they had built a structure which gave India a cultural stability which lasted for thousands of years. Hundreds of vivid pictures of this past filled my mind, and they would stand out as soon as I visited a particular place associated with them. At Sarnath, near Benares, I would almost see the Buddha preaching his first sermon, and some of his recorded words would come like a distant echo to me through two thousand five hundred years. Ashoka's pillars of stone with their inscriptions would speak to me in their magnificent language and tell me of a man who, though an emperor, was greater than any king or emperor. At Fatehpur-Sikri, Akbar, forgetful of his empire, was seated holding converse and debate

with the learned of all faiths, curious to learn something new and seeking an answer to the eternal problem of man.

Thus slowly the long panorama of India's history unfolded itself before me, with its ups and downs, its triumphs and defeats. There seemed to me something unique about the continuity of a cultural tradition through five thousand years of history, of invasion and upheaval, a tradition which was widespread among the masses and powerfully influenced them. Only China has had such a continuity of tradition and cultural life.

II. THE INDUS VALLEY CIVILIZATION

The Indus Valley civilization, of which impressive remains have been discovered at Mohenjo-daro in Sind and at Harappa in the Western Punjab, is the earliest picture that we have of India's past. These excavations have revolutionised the conception of ancient history. During my second visit I found that the rain and the dry sandy air had already injured many of the buildings that had been dug out. After being preserved for over five thousand years under a covering of sand and soil, they were rapidly disintegrating owing to exposure, and very little was being done to preserve these priceless relics of ancient times. The officer of the archaeological department in charge of the place complained that he was allowed practically no funds or other help or material to enable him to keep the excavated buildings as they were. What has happened during these last eight years I do not know, but I imagine that the wearing away has continued, and within another few years many of the characteristic features of Mohenjo-daro will have disappeared.

But what we know, even thus far, is of the utmost significance. The Indus Valley civilization, as we find it, was highly developed and must have taken thousands of years to reach that stage. It was, surprisingly enough, a predominantly secular civilization, and the religious element, though present, did not dominate the scene. It was clearly also the precursor of later cultural periods in India.

Sir John Marshall tells us: "One thing that stands out clear and unmistakable both at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa is that the civilization hitherto revealed at these

two places is not an incipient civilization but one already age-old and stereotyped on Indian soil, with many millenniums of human endeavour behind it. Thus India must henceforth be recognized, along with Persia, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, as one of the most important areas where the civilizing processes were initiated and developed." And again he says that "the Punjab and Sind, if not other parts of India as well, were enjoying an advanced and singularly uniform civilization of their own, closely akin, but in some respects even superior, to that of contemporary Mesopotamia and Egypt."

These people of the Indus Valley had many contacts with the Sumerian civilization of that period, and there is even some evidence of an Indian colony, probably of merchants, at Akkad. "Manufactures from the Indus cities reached even the markets on the Tigris and Euphrates. Conversely, a few Sumerian devices in art, Mesopotamian toilet sets, and a cylinder seal were copied on the Indus. Trade was not confined to raw materials and luxury articles; fish, regularly imported from the Arabian Sea coasts, augmented the food supplies of Mohenjo-daro."

Cotton was used for textiles even at that remote period in India. Marshall compares and contrasts the Indus Valley civilization with those of contemporary Egypt and Mesopotamia: "Thus, to mention only a few salient points, the use of cotton for textiles was exclusively restricted at this period to India and was not extended to the western world until 2,000 or 3,000 years later. Again, there is nothing that we know of in prehistoric Egypt or Mesopotamia or anywhere else in western Asia to compare with the well-built baths and commodious houses of the citizens of Mohenjo-daro. In these countries much money and thought were lavished on the building of magnificent temples for the gods and on the palaces and tombs of kings, but the rest of the people seemingly had to content themselves with insignificant dwellings of mud. In the Indus Valley the picture is reversed and the finest structures are those erected for the convenience of the citizens." These public and private baths, as well as the excellent drainage system we find at Mohenjo-daro, are the first of their kind

yet discovered anywhere. There are also two-storied private houses, made of baked bricks, with bathrooms and a porter's lodge, as well as tenements.

Yet another quotation from Marshall, the acknowledged authority on the Indus Valley civilization, who was himself responsible for the excavation. He says that " equally peculiar to the Indus Valley and stamped with an individual character of their own are its art and its religion. Nothing that we know of in other countries at this period bears any resemblance, in point of style, to the faience models of rams, dogs, and other animals, or to the intaglio engravings on the seals, the best of which—notably the humped and shorthorn bulls—are distinguished by a breadth of treatment and a feeling for line and plastic form that have rarely been surpassed in glyptic art ; nor would it be possible, until the classic age of Greece, to match the exquisitely supple modelling of the two human statuettes from Harappa. . . . In the religion of the Indus people there is much, of course, that might be paralleled in other countries. This is true of every prehistoric and most historic religions as well. But, taken as a whole, their religion is so characteristically Indian as hardly to be distinguished from still living Hinduism."

We find thus this Indus Valley civilization connected and trading with its sister civilizations of Persia, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, and superior to them in some ways. It was an urban civilization where the merchant class was wealthy and evidently played an important role. The streets, lined with stalls and what were probably small shops, give the impression of an Indian bazaar of to-day. Professor Childe says : " It would seem to follow that the craftsmen of the Indus cities were, to a large extent, producing ' for the market.' What, if any, form of currency and standard of value had been accepted by society to facilitate the exchange of commodities is, however, uncertain. Magazines attached to many spacious and commodious private houses mark their owners as merchants. Their number and size indicate a strong and prosperous merchant community." " A surprising wealth of ornaments of gold, silver, precious stones and faience, of vessels of beaten copper and of metal implements and weapons,

has been collected from the ruins." Childe adds that "well-planned streets and a magnificent system of drains, regularly cleared out, reflect the vigilance of some regular municipal government. Its authority was strong enough to secure the observance of town-planning by-laws and the maintenance of approved lines for streets and lanes over several reconstructions rendered necessary by floods."

It is interesting to note that at this dawn of India's story, she does not appear as a puling infant, but already grown up in many ways. She is not oblivious of life's ways, lost in dreams of a vague and unrealizable supernatural world, but has made considerable technical progress in the arts and amenities of life, creating not only things of beauty, but also the utilitarian and more typical emblems of modern civilization—good baths and drainage systems.

III. THE COMING OF THE ARYANS

Who were these people of the Indus Valley civilization and whence had they come ? It is quite possible, and even probable, that their culture was an indigenous culture and its roots and offshoots may be found in Southern India. Some scholars find an essential similarity between these people and the Dravidian races and culture of South India. Even if there was some ancient migration to India, this could only have taken place some thousands of years before the date assigned to Mohenjo-daro. For all practical purposes we can treat them as the indigenous inhabitants of India.

We might say that the first great cultural synthesis and fusion took place between the incoming Aryans and the Dravidians, who were probably the representatives of the Indus Valley civilization. Out of this synthesis and fusion grew the Indian races and the basic Indian culture, which had distinctive elements of both. In the ages that followed there came many other races : Iranians, Greeks, Parthians, Bactrians, Seythians, Huns, Turks (before Islam), early Christians, Jews, Zoroastrians ; they came, made a difference, and were absorbed. India, was, according to Dodwell, "infinitely absorbent like the ocean." It is odd to think of India, with her caste system and exclusiveness, having this astonishing inclusive capacity

to absorb foreign races and cultures. Perhaps it was due to this that she retained her vitality and rejuvenated herself from time to time. The Moslems, when they came, were also powerfully affected by her. "The foreigners (Muslim Turks)," says Vincent Smith, "like their forerunners the Sakas and the Yueh-chi, universally yielded to the wonderful assimilative power of Hinduism, and rapidly became Hinduised."

"After a few generations the Āryas totally disappeared from the scene, bequeathing their inheritance to that matchless nation which they sincerely admired as a builder of cities and sumptuous palaces, a nation of enterprising merchants and courageous warriors."—

HERAS : Studies in Proto-Indo-Mediterranean Culture, p. 15.

HOW MUCH OF INDIA IS DRAVIDIAN?

By S. J. GUNASEGARAM, M.A., London

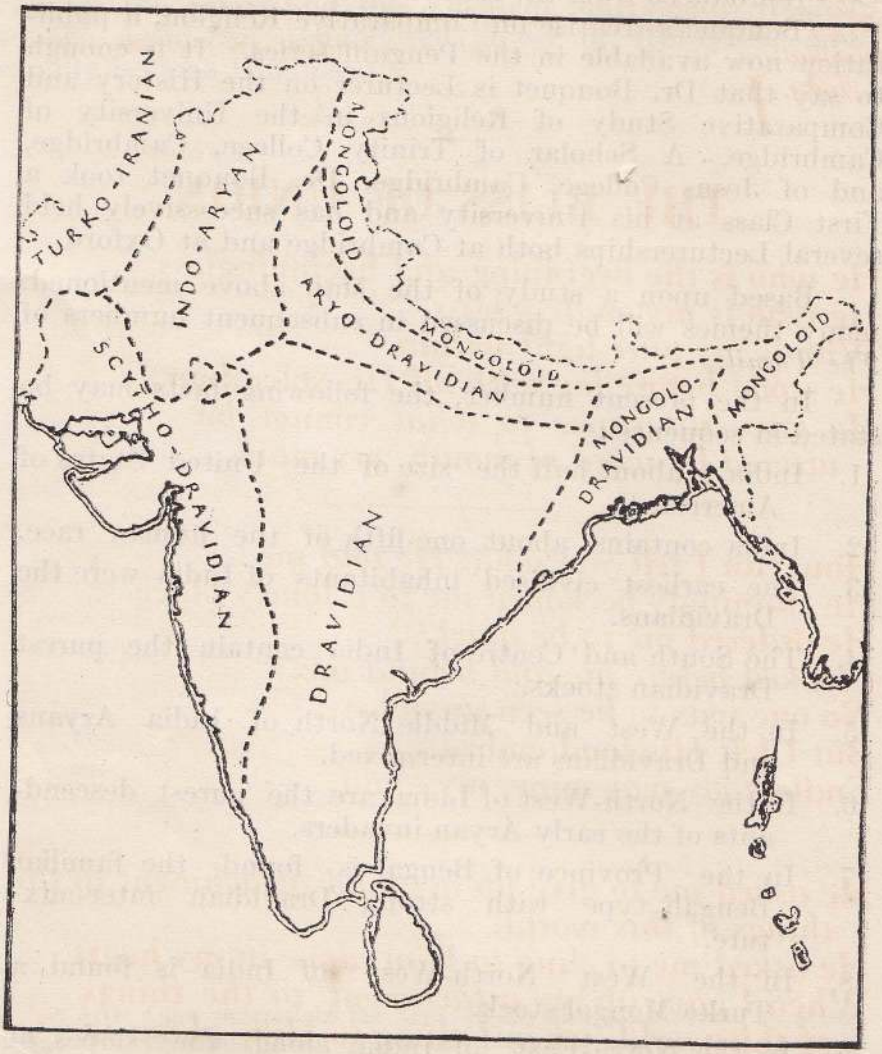
ON the following page will be found a Map which is reproduced from the fourth edition (1953) of Dr. A. C. Bouquet's treatise on Comparative Religion, a publication now available in the Penguin series. It is enough to say that Dr. Bouquet is Lecturer on the History and Comparative Study of Religions in the University of Cambridge. A Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of Jesus College, Cambridge, Dr. Bouquet took a First Class at his University and has successively held several Lecturerships both at Cambridge and at Oxford.

Based upon a study of the Map above mentioned, many themes will be discussed in subsequent numbers of *The Tamil*.

In the present number, the following facts may be stated in sequence :—

1. India is about half the size of the United States of America.
2. India contains about one-fifth of the human race.
3. The earliest civilised inhabitants of India were the Dravidians.
4. The South and Centre of India contain the purest Dravidian stocks.
5. In the West and Middle North of India Aryans and Dravidians are intermixed.
6. In the North-West of India are the purest descendants of the early Aryan invaders.
7. In the Province of Bengal is found the familiar Bengali type with strong Dravidian inter-mixture.
8. In the West North-West of India is found a Turko-Mongol stock.
9. In the North-East of India, along the slopes of the Himalayas, there is a strong Mongolian element.

10. The Dravidians established a great civilisation in the Indus Valley at a date anterior to 3000 B.C. and spread southward as far as Ceylon.



I. MAP OF INDIA—RACE DIVISIONS

A POEM BY THAYUMANAVAR

[THE name of Thayumanavar is a household word in Tamil Nad. As a religious poet, he has few equals in any language. As a philosopher, mystic and prophet, he is worthy of a seat beside Kabir, Guru Nanak, Tukaram, Avvai and Meikanda Devan. We give below a specimen of St. Thayumanavar's poetry which, beautiful as it is in translation, is, in the original, resplendent in sweetness and melody.]

THE BLISS OF UNION

He who is the beginning and beginningless,
He who is my endless bliss,
Who is my pure light within,
He stood before me with all His splendour.
He gave utterance to what connot be
uttered by word of mouth, my maid.

How can I tell you what He told me!
He cunningly beckoned me to a lonely place.
He ordered me to be quiet.
I looked before me and behind me.
No one was to be seen anywhere.
But I felt His fond embrace.
Endless joy was mine, my maid.

He asked me to give up my fond attachment to the
things of this world.
He asked me to cling to Him alone in my heart.
When I gave up my attachment to the things
of this world, when I clung to Him alone in
my heart, how can I describe to you what
I found, my maid!

He said things which cannot be whispered even to you, my maid.
He asked me to separate myself from my life-long friends of self and senses.

Out of disgust I scolded Him. And yet He is not my false husband.
He is one who has come to save me from the ravages of my little self, my maid.

I wandered away from my Lord like a person possessed with an unclean spirit.
He took pity on me and drove away the demons of desire and waywardness out of me.
He permitted me to take shelter under the shadow of His feet, my maid.

He asked me to look at everything from the standpoint of His infinite wisdom.
Ah, fool am I! I heeded not His advice.
I looked at everything from the standpoint of my little self.
What did I find then but darkness?
Even me I could not find in the darkness, my maid.

He asked me not to consider Him and me as two separate persons.

From that fertile soil of pure and devoted mind where the knowledge of Shiva grows so luxuriantly with the help of the radiant light within,
I pulled out all the bad weeds of conceited egoism and dark desires which also attempted to grow there, my maid.

I dedicated my disciplined and tutored mind to my only Lord.

I opened my eyes and saw.

O, I saw the manifold beauty of my Nataraja in the shrine of my heart, my maid!

Translation by

Voegeli—Arya and William Hayes.

" I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my Sword
sleep in my hand,

Till we have built Jerusalem
In Lanka's
green and pleasant land."

BLAKE, adapted.

The Tamil

REVERENCE

[The Tamil truly believes that Reverence—reverence for God, for Parents, for Elders, for all that is noble, lovely and true is the only sure basis of all Knowledge. The fine flower of Tolerance grows on the stem of Reverence. And the Fruit thereof is true Culture.]

"For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Jesus.

* * * *

"Full of Zeus are the cities, full of Zeus are the harbours,
Full of Zeus are the ways of man."

Song of a Greek Poet.

* * * *

"I have sought shelter in Him who is our only shield and armour. Death I can laugh to scorn."

Appar (Translation from Tamil).

* * * *

"Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there."

Wordsworth.

* * * *

"It avails not, time nor place—distance avails not,
I am with you, men and women of a generation,
Or ever so many generations hence."

Walt Whitman.

"How dare I with unruly hands, pluck flowers for Thine worship, when I see Thee decked in their laughter and smiles ?"

Thayumanavar (*Translation from Tamil*).

* * * *

"The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine ;
Oh, how did all their lovely faces shine !
The sons of men were holy ones."

Traherne.

* * * *

"I am owner of the sphere
Of the seven stars and solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

Emerson.

* * * *

"You keep your youth : how is it you do ?"
Take Joy in Greatness and so can you.
Greatness brings life and warmth and health,
In littleness little folk freeze to death."

Goethe.

* * * *

"The miseries of Life are born of error
that deems the worthless as things of value."

Thiruvalluvar (*Kural*) (*Translation from Tamil*).

* * * *

"Like the crowd that gathers to see a Play
comes dazzling wealth. It disappears
like the gathering which melts away when the Play is over."

Thiruvalluvar (*Kural*) (*Translation from Tamil*).

* * * *

"To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion, for eternal things—This is emancipation, and this is the free man's worship."

Bertrand Russell.

THE PROSE OF OSBERT SITWELL

[THE Sitwells—Osbert, Sacheverell, Edith—are a remarkable literary family. Their joint contribution to the literature of England has earned for them a sure seat among the immortals. Of the three, perhaps the greatest is Sir Osbert; for he has a gift most difficult of attainment, that of the perfect English sentence—a gift which he shares with Masters of the calibre of Donne and Browne and, in our own day, Max Beerbohm and Thomas Hardy.

We give below—as a specimen of magnificent English writing—a part of Sir Osbert's depiction of his childhood days.]

THE darkness begins now to clear with more coherence. Birth and death entered my life about this time and together, and with them came the sense of mortality. . . . Mortality, a spectre, peered at me first through a conversation that I heard murmured between my nurse Davis and a female assistant in a toy-shop who was dressed, after the manner of her calling in late-Victorian days, in very voluminous, tightly-waisted black clothes that smothered her body from foot to chin, while a fringe draped her naked forehead. For a long time they discussed something in undertones, as if it were a matter to which no reference could be made in public, and then, out of the words, I pieced together the fact of a dreadful operation on some unmentionable part of the unmentionable human body.

An atmosphere of intolerable and muffling sadness envelopes this incident for me in the memory; for it was only then that I realised that we were all condemned to death in a world of swathed dejection and faint voices. Not here were the dying tones of youth and beauty. Though brightness fell from the air, sure enough, it was not because

Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye,

but because Helen had lived on from her flaming and legendary world into this humdrum life of prison routine, with execution for each of us at the end of it; Helen of Troy, faded or grown insignificant or swollen and over-emphatic, muffled in sadness and suffocating black clothes. . . . And soon after this initiation, my Aunt Lilian died. I did not know her very well, but I had been a page at her wedding the year before and could remember that ceremony and the excitement of it. And now the bitter weeping of my mother made me comprehend the existence of a world of sorrow beyond the world I knew . . . All this Davis emphasised—for she possessed a naively morbid mind—by taking Edith and me every Sunday afternoon when in Scarborough for a walk in the municipal cemetery, to admire the white marble angels, with a touch of green mildew on their wings, and the damp-clotted, mouldering chrysanthemums that adorned the graves of which they smelt. . . . My father would have been furiously angry with her for leading us on these mournful expeditions under dark, grey-blue northern skies, with the wind howling round the sharp-edged headstones: but he never found out. And perhaps it was for the best, perhaps her instinct led her to anticipate the advice of a great foreign doctor and psychologist, whom I heard maintain in after years that the best possible cure for anyone with an undue fear of death was to think every day, for ten minutes or so, of his coffin and how he would lie in it.

Then birth came, a miraculous baby from the void—but for some reason this seemed to me no more strange than the truths of revealed religion as I was learning them. If one had to believe one, why not believe the other? . . . At the age of nearly five I became an elder son: for a great event in the family occurred with the birth of my brother Sacheverell, from his earliest years my chief friend and companion. I suppose that when he was a very small child I understood him better than did anyone else, I instinctively comprehended what he wanted to say, before others could: and on this foundation our friendship was soundly based. He was a particularly fascinating and genial child, as well as exceptionally good-looking, and—to anticipate—when he was three or four years of age, his love of life and of people was so intense that if Davis and

I were not looking, he would often run up to strangers and say to them, " My Mummy and Daddy would be delighted if you would lunch with them tomorrow." The stranger would easily find out, if he was not already aware of our identity, and the most amazing raggle-taggle gypsy crew would thus occasionally assemble to be entertained in response to his invitations. It made things difficult for my poor father, who was either candidate or member at the time, and on whose part it would therefore have been most impolitic to turn constituents away. This love of life, shown in his earliest days, this curiosity, was undoubtedly the root of my brother's subsequent search for knowledge, and perpetual eagerness to know the ways of humanity in every part of the world.

As the light grows stronger, it reveals this strange population against the background of a world, stippled and very pale in tone, with the glitter of the sea about it on the fronts and the roofs of the houses and in the sky itself. Even the ordinary people—the men in their bowlers, boaters, close-fitting caps and with their carefully trained or trailing moustaches, the women with their narrow-waisted bodies, like continents, their huge hats feathered and contaminated with milliners' flowers, decaying in purple and deep pink—walking, riding horses, riding bicycles, driving in varnished shells of wood, were strange enough, looked back upon ; but how do justice to these other capering figures at the world's edge, on the faces of whom the light plays with the same trembling power of emphasis as a mirror flashed in the sun upon the features of an unsuspecting person by some small child ? . .

The same light that shows me these faces, wry and contorted, also illuminates for me the countenances of those I loved dearly, such as Miss Lloyd who, until her death in 1925, remained a great friend of mine. Her background was a little mysterious and we knew little of it except that she was related to Sir Charles Wyndham, the actor, who used to come and see her, and that she was partly of French extraction,—but her gifts were plain to us all. She was, for an old lady, exquisitely pretty, with small beautifully chiselled features and a round mass of long white curls spread all over her head, on which, when

she went out shopping,—after the manner of a French-woman, with a basket on her arm—she put a sort of black poke-bonnet. Her fingers were the nimblest in the world; she painted flowers, did feather-work and embroidery, designed and baked china, embroidered and painted in a thousand different ways and as well as delicately as she cooked. I have never eaten chicken or cutlets that were so delicate and fragrant, or bread that was as delicious as the many different kinds she made. She lived in a tall red house full of the things she had created, and the window-boxes were always a-flutter with the feathers of birds, so that they seemed an extension of the room itself and of herself too, as they darted with their quick, neat movements and bright, woven wings. But though fond of all three of us, she constituted herself from the first especially my champion. And since—for she was intensely practical—my father valued her advice on many subjects, she was able, as I grew older, to exert, from my point of view, a very valuable influence on him—that is to say, to the extent to which he could be influenced, which was not very considerable. But she had, as well as this practical ability, a romantic side to her life. She did not see things in the tones in which others saw them and she was capable of exaggerating to their limit incidents which occurred, so that they possessed a grotesque and interesting distortion. All through my early life—and, indeed, until I was thirty or more—she was an important figure, frequently staying with us at Renishaw, while when in Scarborough we would always go to tea with her and often to luncheon.

She used on many occasions when I was a small boy, to give me presents, things she made, and I remember my grandmother Sitwell warned me against selfishness in this respect, and that, in consequence, an ethical difficulty assailed me thus early, for I, too, used to give Miss Lloyd small presents, bought with my pocket-money in return, as often as I could, and soon discovered that I preferred the pleasure of giving to that of receiving. Was it not, therefore, still more selfish on my part to give? And I remember my father, unintentionally, did not help me in the matter, for I heard him remarking, apropos of some member of the family, that it was "easy to be generous with other people's money"; an aphorism which caused me much

reflection. . . . Nevertheless, I liked receiving as well as giving, and that brings me to my great-aunt, Lady Hanmer —Aunt Puss, my grandmother's sister ; the most worldly member of an unworldly sect. I frequently used to go to see her with Miss Lloyd as my herald—for Miss Lloyd helped her in a thousand useful ways. Richly apparelled in layers of lace, satin and velvet, Aunt Puss lived near the railway station, in an incongruous house, very ugly outside but full of lovely French furniture, and china and silks from Weston. She sat in an armchair, with a lace cap poised on the top of her head and with one eyebrow lacquered—for her hair was rather colourless—in its normal position and the other flicked artistically into the middle of her forehead, with the consequence that it looked as if it had been put there—so exquisitely had it been placed, as it were, upon the paper—by the hand of some great Chinese artist : and again, to paraphrase Pater, it seemed as if she had become what men in the course of a thousand years had grown to desire, for she was the prototype of the models whom Matisse and other French artists were, unknown both to herself and to me, at the time painting in Paris. Originally she had come to live near my grandmother, Lady Sitwell, and now that my grandmother had moved from Scarborough, and only came to her new house outside the town for a month or two in the year, she, too, was stranded on this desolate shore ; but she did not dislike it, for webs of amusing scandal glistened in the perpetual sunshine of her room, being woven especially for her by the amateurs of the town. And among these enticing threads she spent much time. To myself and to my brother she was invariably kind and I was very fond of her, though she kept us at the full distance of the seventy years that separated our ages.

I went to see her every week when I was in Scarborough, and later took my brother with me, and four times a year she would give us a tip. The suspense for some weeks before each of these occasions was considerable, the atmosphere carefully worked up. Miss Lloyd would say to us, " I think your aunt has a present for you." Our visits to her would consequently become more frequent and anxious in tone, but the gift that had been prophesied would not materialise. When eventually it did, the

procedure was always the same. The old lady would ring the bell. Alfred, her harlequin butler, would alight on the drawing-room rug—an Aubusson—for her commands, and then conduct us away into another room. After a few minutes she would ring once more. This time, it would be to summon us. Alfred would leave the room, and she would bestow upon each of us a golden sovereign wrapped in a neat piece of tissue paper. We would then, as it were, kiss hands on relinquishing office, and be ushered out by Alfred, who would be waiting discreetly behind the door with a slight smile of congratulation, but not enough to give offence. He would make no allusion in words to our good fortune. . . . At her death in 1908 or '9, she left her property to my father, with appointment to Sacheverell and myself, and in her drawing-room, inside a cabinet, with ormolu mounts, and with a Dutch flower-piece for front (it faces me now as I write)—a cabinet made for her father in Paris, when he was with the English troops in their occupation of that city in 1814—were found fifteen hundred golden sovereigns, done up in tissue paper in ones and twos and threes, ready to be presented to us in the course, as it were, of the next three hundred and fifty years: for we received them as I have said only four times a year, and my sister because of her sex was never given a sou. This rather differentiated her view of Lady Hanmer from that held by my brother and myself: since, for us, she had been at an early period, and continued to be, the great-aunt upon whom our liveliest interest was focussed.

The light of hills and sea shows in these faces: and my first Dionysian or rhapsodic experience was, too, connected with light; light which has always meant so much to me, its quality even affecting my writing. I was about five years old, and had been involved in what seemed at the time irretrievable misfortune. It was a Saturday afternoon in June, the first real exquisite day of summer that year, and I was doing some of my first lessons; but so much did I long to be in the golden air outside that it became an obsession. From my high child's chair I could obtain a view of sea and sky and, lured by their temporary but seemingly ineffaceable gaiety, I resolved to make a dash for freedom. Accordingly, I

hurled my copy of *Reading Without Tears* down upon the floor and ran out of the room, a screaming Swiss governess in pursuit after me. But I had obtained a good start and hid under the billiard table in a room in the furtherst part of the house. Extricated with some difficulty, I was carried upstairs by my father, who had been summoned by the governess, and in the course of the journey kicked him very hard in the belly. Naturally he could not let that pass, and fearful scenes ensued. I felt disgraced and humiliated for ever. . . My mother had been out at the time but, when she returned, may have divined the original source of the trouble, because she took the same exaggerated delight in fine days as I did, and felt the same depression over those that were black and foggy :—at any rate she rescued me, restored my self-respect, told Davis to give me tea and, though it was by now rather late for my usual promenade, for it was about six, sent me out alone with Davis.

We went a little further than usual, to the gardens on the north side ; flat, level lawns, broken off above the sea (the gardens there had slid into the water about ten years before), which were usually lacking in charm. On the edge of sea and sky great, white, furry clouds, golden-tinged, wrestled and tumbled like Polar bears clumsily in the summer wind. But tonight, skilfully eluding Davis, I ran to the edge of the precipitous cliff and stood there looking straight in the face of the evening sun. The light bathed the whole world in its amber and golden rays, seeming to link up every object and every living thing, catching them in its warm diaphanous net, so that I felt myself at one with my surroundings, part of this same boundless immensity of sea and sky and, even, of the detailed precision of the landscape, part of the general creation, divided from it by no barriers made by man or devil. Below me and above me stretched the enormous merging of blue air and blue water with golden air and golden water, fathomless, and yet more and more fervently glowing every moment, the light revealing new vistas and avenues up into space or out towards the horizon, as though the illimitable future itself opened for me, and, as I watched, I lost myself. . . . All this must have endured only an instant, for presently—but time had ceased to

exist—I heard Davis calling. The eye of the sun was lower now. The clouds began to take on a deeper and more rosy hue, and it was time for me to return home: but this strange peace, of which poetry is born, had for the first time descended on me and henceforth a new light quivered above the world and over the people in it.

Like Cellini before me, I had seen the salamander;* I had seen it, not in a fire within a house, but in the flames that lit the eye of the sun.

*The reader will remember a passage at the beginning of Benvenuto Cellini's Memoirs, where he describes a strange event in his father's house in the Via Chiara in Florence (see Cust's *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini*): "When I was about five years old, my father being in our small cellar, in the which they had been washing the clothes, and where there was still a good fire of oak boughs, Giovanni, with his viol in his arms, played and sang to himself beside that fire. It was very cold; and as he gazed into the fire, by chance he saw in the midst of the hottest flames a little animal like a lizard, which was sporting about amidst that most scorching blaze. Having immediately perceived what it was he caused my sister and me to be summoned, and pointing it out to us children, he gave me a violent box on the ear, at which I began to cry most excessively. He comforting me kindly, spake to me thus, 'My dear little son, I did not give you that blow on account of anything wrong that you have done, but only that you may remember that this lizard which you saw in the fire is a salamander, a creature that has never been seen by anyone else of whom we have reliable information. So he kissed me and gave me some coppers." . . . The salamander, an elemental being that inhabits the fire, is the symbol of all art.

"The proper manner of conveying the affections of the mind from one to another, is by words: there is a great insufficiency in all other methods of communication."—BURKE.

A PAGE OF SCIENCE

[WE are about to begin a great journey. We are to travel not 'abroad' but above. We are to take a God's-eye-view of this universe.]

IT is most right and proper that readers of this issue of *The Tamil* should give silent and prayerful homage to one of the world's greatest souls, Albert Einstein, who left his mortal body a few weeks ago. It is significant of the times in which we live that the death of this Mighty Man scarcely caused a stir amidst the wordy storm-blasts all about and around us. There are daily "press conferences" to bombast every empty-headed man in temporary possession of a half-pence worth of power. But we have bidden farewell to the only human who saw in his mind's eye the whole concept of creation as nearly as its Maker sees it, without even the toot of a child's toy whistle : there were no banners, nor bugles, nor gun carriage, nor long processions to take Einstein to his grave. Perhaps it is best that it should have been so.

And now for a look at our own little Solar System before we leave the Earth for the skylands above. The ruler of the Solar System is the Sun. In relation to the Universe he is but a minor star in a corner of the Milky Way. But in relation to our own puny selves he is a mighty globe 864,000 miles across. He is all fire. In the tropics, where he is nearest to us, we dare not look him in the face. Astronomers who wish to study him do so by special equipment. They project his image on a screen. They never look at the blazing disk directly.

If the heat of the Sun suddenly ceased, in a few seconds the mighty oceans of the earth would become frozen ice, the air would become icy liquid. All life upon earth would be wiped out in a flash. It is no wonder that many people worshipped, and still worship, the Sun.

The Solar System is made up of the Sun and nine major planets which can be separated into two groups—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, nearest to the Sun, and then,

away in the dark distance—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune—and Pluto, which was discovered only in 1930. A mnemonic by which children may remember the order of the planets is: 'my very early morning jerks should upset no person'! Thus indeed are the mighty works of the Almighty made manifest upon the lips of the little ones.

The speed of a modern jet-fighter of 1954 is 600 miles per hour. To gain an idea of the distances of our fellow-planets, let us suppose that we are able to travel to each of them in a jet-fighter. It will take us 4½ years to reach Venus; 6¾ years to Mars; 10 years to Mercury; 76 years to Jupiter; 152 years to Saturn; 425 years to Uranus; 675 years to Neptune! Pluto, the baby of man's discovery, travels round the Sun in a queer orbit of its own. At one point of its travel it comes close to Neptune. Then it travels right out to 4½ thousand million miles from the Sun. It takes 248 years to make one revolution round the Father. If a man could live upon Pluto he will see the Sun as a tiny point of light.

It is not to be supposed that the interstices of space between the Sun and his planets are empty. Indeed, all of space which lies within the ambit of the Solar System quivers with myriads of asteroids, satellites, comets and meteors—those darts of light in the night sky beneath which lovers cross hands and hearts. It is almost as though the Divine Watchmaker left these unregarded odds and bits about his workshop to float about in space, forlorn but obedient to His Will.

CHINESE LOVE POETRY

[JOAD once said that a great part of European Literature is "so frankly animal that it would seem to blow from the stomach or the loins." Joad overlooked Blake and Manley Hopkins, to name only two that leap to the mind. But Joad's generalisation, inaccurate though it be, is useful as a point of contrast when one considers the general aspects of the love poetry of the East, especially that of China, the ancient land of moonlight and glamour. These two poems illustrate aspects of Love in the East of which the West knows but little,—that Love is component of many and varied joys and sorrows of which the least relevant is concupiscence.]

1.

The morning glory climbs above my head,
Pale flowers of white and purple, blue and red.
I am disquieted.

Down in the withered grasses something stirred;
I thought it was his footfall that I heard,
Then a grasshopper chirred.

I climbed the hill just as the new moon showed,
I saw him coming on the southern road,
My heart lays down its load.

2.

I pray you, dear,
My little hamlet leave.
Nor break my willow boughs;

'Tis not that I should grieve,
But I fear my sire to rouse.
Love pleads with passion disarrayed—
"A Sire's command must be obeyed."

I pray you, dear,
Leap not across my wall,
Nor break my mulberry-boughs;

Not that I fear their fall,
But lest my brother's wrath should rouse.
Love pleads with passion disarrayed—
"A brother's words must be obeyed."

I pray you, dear,
Steal not the garden down,
Nor break my sandal trees;

Not that I care for these,
But oh! I dread the talk of town.
Should lovers have their wilful way,
Whatever would the neighbours say.

— Chinese —
(Book of Odes.)

THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF JAFFNA

[THE late Mudaliyar C. Rasanayagam was an ornament both of the Public Service of Ceylon and of his people. He was a typical Tamil in every way. In the course of a long and distinguished life in all parts of Ceylon, he lived in complete harmony and friendship with all the members of all the communities in Ceylon ; and yet he never forgot the distinctive contribution which the Tamils have made in the past, and will make in the future, to the well-being of Lanka. While his erudition was vast, his outlook upon life was both universal and benevolent. We publish with pride an extract from Mudaliyar Rasanayagam's monumental work on Jaffna.]

THE Nàgas living in North Ceylon, being the race nearest to India, would naturally have been akin to the South Indians—with whom they were in constant communication in their religion, manners, customs, language, as also in their modes of thinking. There is an ample literature in South India from which we can gain an insight into the habits and manners and into the state of civilization of the people of South India between 200 B.C. and 300 A.D. It is a reasonable presumption that the people in North Ceylon would in all likelihood have evolved for themselves a civilization similar to that prevailing in South India.

In addition to the indigenous civilization of the Nàgas of North Ceylon, which appears to have been admitted by the Greek writers* the large volume of commercial intercourse which they had with foreign nations would have given them facilities to improve in the arts and sciences, in industries and in their modes of life. If, as has been already shown in a previous chapter, there

*Vincent, in his translation of the Periplus, says that there is a reading of the original Greek, which can be rendered into " Formerly Taprobane, lies out in the open sea to the West. The northern part is civilized and frequented by vessels equipped with masts and sails."

were so many thriving ports sought for by foreign merchants, and if there was a great deal of enterprise in seafaring among the people themselves, the conclusion is irresistible that there was a prosperous industry in the land; a flourishing trade invariably presupposes a volume of industry. Among the ancient Hindus, agriculture and commerce were considered to be of the highest importance; handicrafts and the fine arts received the greatest patronage.

Long before some of those remarkable, and even stupendous engineering works, in the shape of tanks and irrigation channels, were conceived and constructed, agriculture was the most prominent industry of the people, even before the advent of Vijaya, and it certainly had reached such a state of importance as to constitute the chief source of the wealth of the people. Rice was the staple food of prince and peasant alike. It is incorrect to suppose that the people of Ceylon—the Nàgas as well as the Yakkhas,—led such a precarious existence as to procure their sustenance from the produce of the jungle or the chase, for we can trace several passages in the Mahàvansa, in which rice is mentioned as the chief food of the people within a few years of Vijaya's arrival. The pastoral scene in which Girkanda Siva, one of the Governors of Pànduk Abaya. the successor of Vijaya, superintends the reaping of his paddy fields, and his daughter Suvanna Pàli takes to him and to his reapers, their repast of rice, as graphically recorded in the Mahàvansa, is an interesting episode which confirms the theory that agriculture was the important industry of the people. The mention of this ancient practice by which it became the duty of the daughter to carry the mid-day meal to her father, although he was rich enough to command a hundred servants, and although one of her palanquin bearers could easily have performed that service, makes one long for a return of those ancient and happy times.

It was this cultivation of rice which brought in a large revenue to the State and which gave to the country that material affluence which was reflected in the immense tanks and dagobas, the ruins of some of which yet remain to attest the truth. If agriculture was the chief pursuit of the people after Vijaya's advent, according to the ample testimony of the Mahàvansa, it must be presumed

to have been so even before that event, for there is not the slightest evidence of his having wrought any change in that direction. When we consider the fact that the last 2000 years have produced no change either in the system of cultivation adopted by the people or in their implements of husbandry, although the country has passed through the sway of some of the most civilised nations of the world, it requires no very prolonged flight of imagination to conjecture how many thousand years should have passed before the people reached that standard of cultivation. All the circumstances therefore show that agriculture was an honourable pursuit; and that it was carried on in an extensive scale by prince and peasant alike. It is, therefore, no wonder that the dignity of agriculture was the subject of praise by the poets of the ancient Tamil-land.*

The uncertainty of rainfall led to the storing and husbanding of local showers; and certain years of famine, caused by the failure of rain, must have suggested the idea of conceiving and carrying out the building of those stupendous tanks which are still the wonder and admiration of the world. The larger tanks, which were connected with the smaller ones by a net-work of canals, supplied the requisite amount of water that was needed for cultivation all the year round.

Weaving was another important industry carried on in the northern part of Ceylon. Cotton seems to have been the material that was wrought into cloths. *Cotton must have been cultivated to such a large extent in the Jaffna Peninsula and in the Vannis* that it exceeded the requirements of the country, for the name of Parutti Turai (cotton port), given to a port in the north, still remains to testify to the export of that material to other countries. Even after the British occupation of the maritime provinces of Ceylon, cotton was so extensively cultivated in the Mannar District, that a European Superintendent was appointed by Government to superintend the cultivation of Government plantations. The Nàgas were

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Who ploughing eat their food, they truly live;
The rest to others subservient, eating what they give.

* "உழுதுண் வாழ்வாரே வாழ்வார் மற்றெல்லாம்
தொழுதுண்டு பின் செல்பவர்"

Kural, 1033

so skilled in the art of weaving that the cotton stuffs manufactured by them have been compared to the 'sloughs of serpents,' to 'woven wind,' and to 'vapour of milk;'* and they are generally described as of such fine texture that the eye could not make out its warp and woof.* It is said that a Chieftain named Aay offered to the image of a god under the banyan tree (Siva) one of these priceless muslins which had been given to him by one Nìla Nàga. According to the Periplus, a kind of muslin sprinkled with pearls, called *ebargareitides*—evidently a mistake for *margaritides*—was exported from the Island of Epiodorous (Mannar). These muslins, which by reason of their fineness and transparency, were specially sought after by fashionable Roman ladies, who apparently preferred effect to modesty, fetched fabulous prices in foreign markets. Pliny, therefore, exclaimed "so has toil to be multiplied, so have the ends of the earth to be traversed, and all that a Roman dame may exhibit her charms in transparent gauze." In a later passage Pliny goes on to say that "India drained the Roman Empire annually to the extent of 55,000,000 sesterces," (equal to about £ 487,000) and "this is the price we pay for our luxuries and our women."

These transparent fabrics and gauzy stuffs were as coveted by the fair Persian maidens in the harems of Susa and Ecbatana and also by the royal maidens in the Courts of India and Ceylon as they were by the wealthy ladies of Rome. This strange desire on the part of high born dames of India and Ceylon to clothe themselves in ultra diaphanous garments is amply supported by the fresco paintings found at Ajanta and Sigiriya.

[*To be continued.*]

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* "நோக்குநுழைகல்லா நுண்மையபூக்கனிந்
தாவுரியன்னவறுவை"

Porunar. II : 82-83.

Flowered cloth, like unto the slough of the serpent, and of such fine texture that the eye cannot make out its warp and woof.

* "காம்பு சொலித்தன்ன அறுவை."

Cirupan : I, 236.

Cloth resembling the fine sheath torn off the bamboo shoot.

* "ஆவியன்ன அர்விநூகலிங்கம்."

Perumpan : I, 469.

Cloth made of shining thread, like unto the vapour of milk).

* "புகைவிரிந்தன்ன பொங்குதுகிலுடீஇ."

Puram., v. 398, I ; 19.

Clad in cloth resembling expanded smoke.

* "கண்ணுழைகல்லா நுண்ணூற்கைவிலை
வண்ண அறுவையர்."

Mani : *Canto*, xxviii, II : 52-53.

Maidens clad in cloth of excellent quality, woven by hand and too fine to be distinguished by the eye.

* "பாம்புபயந்தன்ன வடிவின்காம்பின்
கழைபடுசொலியின் இழைமணிவாரா
ஒண்பூங்கலிங்கம்."

Puram. v. 383, 11 : 10-12.

Bright flowered cloth resembling the slough of the serpent and the sheath torn off the bamboo shoot, with gems along the warp.

* " நிழறிகழ்
நீலநாகனல்கிய கலிங்க
மாமலர் செல்வர்க்கமர்ந்தனன் கொடுத்த
.....ஆய்."

Cirupan : 11 : 95-97.

(The chieftain) Aay devotedly offered to the deity under the banyan the brilliant cloth presented to him by Nila Nága.

See supra, chap. iii, p. 110, note.

" The world is so regulated by the laws of Providence, that a man's labour, well applied, is always amply sufficient to provide him during his life with all things needful to him."—RUSKIN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POET AND SAINT

[WE continue in this number, extracts from the Autobiography of the late Rev. Walter Stanley Senior of Balliol College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Kandy.]

AT Christmas I visited Anuradhapura for the first time, staying with Major Matheson in the little Mission House which the C.M.S. then possessed. I had heard rumours, but when I saw the reality of those marvellous ruins as with Sheba's Queen there was no more breath left in me. I cannot describe them now. The glamour is too great.

There was the sacred Bo Tree, the oldest, most venerated tree in the world, an accredited scion of that under which the Seeker became the Buddha : brought to Lanka by Sanghamitta, daughter of Indian Asoka.

There was the Festival of Lights when, in the soothing dusk, thousands of Buddhists with thousands of candles knelt before that Tree's high-built platform, and led by their priests in worship raised the great cry of " Sadhu, Sadhu, Sadhu," which I then first heard, a cry of growing volume like rising, rolling thunder in the night, which appraised me of the accumulated power of Buddhist belief.

There were the vast Dagobas rising here and there above the beautiful, parklike forest. At this turn and at that there were remains of monasteries, palaces, baths : blue-grey pillars wonderfully carved, some standing, some leaning, some fallen : there were guard-stones, and moon-stones, carved with fantastic, conventional figures : there was the great sedent Buddha of stone alone in the silent, sunlit forest with a few candles lit by late-passed worshippers before it : there was the solitary kingfisher, a gleam of blue in the forest-shadow, motionless on the round granite lotus-bud ornamenting the wall that looked down on the Kuttam Pokuna, twin bathing-pools of the past.

I who had felt the dead flash beneath my feet at Barbury, Wiltshire, England, felt them again, and much more, at Anuradhapura, Ceylon. My heart went out to its builders, our Aryan, human brothers, and it has stayed with them there ever since.

Major Matheson also took me out to Mihintale, eight miles east of Anuradhapura, the monastic mountain where Mahinda, traditionally Asoka's son, first Buddhist missionary to Lanka, issuing from the thicket, converted King Tissa and his court at their hunting.

I stretched myself on the rectangular slab of rock, known as Mahinda's bed, the scene of his daily meditations, high above the vast plains of palms, level with Lanka's seas, and felt to the full the hypnotic power of the prospect.

So in some high Vihara of the hills
Whose emerald ear the primal silence fills,
The withered lover of the Buddha's lore
In saffron shroud, hand-pillowed, on the floor
Of some cool roof of rock, whereunder gleams
Far green, the unheeded setting of his dreams,
Hears, without hearing, all an Asian day
The bird that broods the forest-hours away :
Quit, beyond waft of e'en translunar wings,
Of Ancient Being, and the Tears of Things.

I also sat on the panoramic ridge near the Mahaseya Dagoba, shrine of Mahinda's ashes, and watched a peasant-woman, instructed by her husband, repeat the formula of Buddhist faith at the four cardinal points of the platform, and felt, as I had not felt before, the pull of that picturesque creed, of the very soil and air of the East.

Just before my marriage I made my first journey to Kodai Kanal, the glorious holiday-station in the Palnai Hills, South India, having long before promised to make one of a Mission party.

Very marvellous are the views from the cliffs of this seven-thousand foot plateau over the literally red-hot plains below, but, matrimony impending, Coaker's Walk

and the Pillar Rocks could claim only half my heart. But the romance of the bullock-cart journey at evening and in the night under monkey-full trees from Madura to the foot of the Ghats, has never left me, and colours the mind and gives the picture when I re-read parts of Kipling.

At last the great day arrived, Ascension Day, May 9, 1907. The bride's mother and sister had come from England and were already in Nuwara Eliya. I came from Kandy a day or so before. The wedding was very quiet—I have an ingrained distaste for " tamasha "—and there were perhaps twenty persons in Church : but we always think it the best of all weddings, and have not forgotten the hand-grip with which the ritual closes. After the ceremony we attended the Ascension Day Communion.

I recall with pleasure an incident at Kandy on our return. We were invited to the King's Pavilion : and the Governor, Sir Henry Blake, courteously honouring the bride, himself took her in to dinner.

After the wedding-lunch we set off on a very brief honeymoon, as I had already travelled a good deal, and the new school term was at hand. Anyone possessing Cave's " Book of Ceylon " with its abundance of very fine photographs, will get from Plate 635 some idea of the miles of forest-scenery through which our coachman drove us from Nuwara Eliya down the gorge to Nanuoya, where we were to take train to Talawakelle.

At Nanuoya Station more unexpected kindness was shown us. There happened to be on the platform William Gibbon, of splendid memory, the G.O.M. of Ceylon planters, afterwards knighted. Woodlands Bungalow, Fraser's residence, where we were now to live, had once belonged to him : and he was interested in the College, the Kandy Y.M.C.A. and in all good causes. In the quietest manner, without our suspecting anything, he had a special reserved first-class carriage put on the train for us. And at Talawakelle Rest House where we stayed a few days the engineer of Walker's Works in that up-country village, a perfect stranger, brought for the bride one evening a bouquet of lovely roses. Truly humanity is kind to its newly married. Ceylon may wonder why we chose the Talawakelle Rest House for our honeymoon, since it is

not one of the best, but it was on the way to Kandy, and is close to two of Ceylon's finest waterfalls, the S. Clair Falls and the Devon. These and the lovely stretches of mountain-road thereabout we explored on our daily walks: and on many up-country journeys thereafter I never rounded that great curve of the railway whence the Talawakelle Rest House is visible without reviving the memories of those happy honeymoon hours.

Both being musicians we had intended a good deal of music, and for some months after our marriage we carried out our intentions: but the birth of a son, the growth of household cares, the increasing claims of the school, and later the long separations involved in tropical sojourn, have brought it all to an end. My wife's violin, nearly two hundred years old, and the beautiful tones she drew from it, have long been silent: our fingers have stiffened: our skill, whatsoever it was, is lost. But a son, not knowing the past, once bought for a household possession a charming gramophone record, "Simple Aveu" (F. Thomé) one of the very pieces we often played together; and by its means we may recall as often as we will the drawing-room at Woodlands, Kandy, Ceylon, the bungalow buried in palms that looks over a luxuriant valley to the precipitous peak of Hantane: may recall the lit lamps after dinner, the music, the haze of a golden time.

Up-country holidays mean more in the real than in the reading, and I will only make summary mention: but they were all adding to my knowledge and love of the country, and so have their place in this story.

In August, 1907, after the "summer" term, the term of the S.W. rains, we occupied for a month the Parsonage at Pussellawa, a tea-district not far from Kandy, and twice as high. Here we climbed Moneragala, Peacock Hill, a great landmark in the Kandyan scene: here by a stream at its base we first saw those dragon-flies with blue-black upper wings, lower wings of greening gold, flashing out when the creature flies, which, though little, are among God's loveliest works. Here on the gnarled trunks of the Grevillea trees that shade the paths among the tea we found a certain moth hid by its wing-mimicry of the bark, till its under-skirts of exquisite blue reveal it.

The scenes of these holidays were to some extent regulated by the availability of unoccupied planters' bungalows, to be let at a modest rental, since the holiday allowance of a missionary did not permit a great expenditure.

In 1909 we had Macduff in the Dimbula district, on its fine spur of cliff that can be seen over seven miles of tea-slope from Nanuoya station above it, and to Macduff we went again in 1910, the year of Halley's comet, of which amazing spectacle we had views, day by day at deep dawn, such as England cannot imagine.

This time there were two small boys. Our second son was born in the old College Bungalow which we resumed on Fraser's restoration and return in 1909, where, when just a year old, we nearly lost him through bronchitis. The happy smile in the morning that told of a crisis past, after a night of close watching by Dr. Hay and an anxious mother, was to her as to me a heavenly relief, the loveliest sight we have seen.

Besides these regular holidays there were week-ends in different districts, to take Sunday service for planters. Trinity College was a source of supply for vacant chapelries, and in this way we came to know not a few friendly planters, their hospitable homes, and the regions in which they lay. The mere journeyings were delightful. The Ceylon Government Railway presents a series of the finest pictures ; and the roads and tracks from stations to bungalows ten or twenty miles distant, traversed by motor or rickshaw or on foot, afforded an endlessly changing panorama. The Island was as it were sinking into my soul.

Some of these memories I have embodied in " Prose of Paradise," but two of them I wish to include here. Some time in 1907 I first made acquaintance with Haputale, staying at the Tamil Cooly Mission House with Padre Butterfield who had married us. Haputale, the village at the head of the world-viewing Pass, and all that it afterwards meant to us, I must leave to a later chapter.

But on this occasion I took a solitary walk to the high ridge which bears the Mission House on its vast western slope facing the mountains of Uva, and which on its still vaster eastern side looks swiftly down over Pita-ratmalie and Dambatenne to the lowland plains and the ocean. As I sat on some rock on the ridge, absorbing the mighty scene, there came to my lips the words, involuntarily fashioned.

I climbed o'er the crags of Lanka
And gazed on her golden sea.

just those two lines, which I jotted in pencil on the red blotting paper of an interleaved Letts' diary, and left, a seed of song.

More exploration of the Island ensued. A member of the Ceylon Civil Service whom I had known in the Christian Union at Oxford, invited my wife and myself to spend a night with him at Matale, and start early next day for Dambulla and Sigiriya,—the experience of a lifetime.

At Dambulla Rest House we had a jungle " breakfast ", (the eleven o'clock tropical meal), soup, snipe, jungle-fowl, fine as pleasant, curds of buffalo-milk served with jaggery, the sweet brown sugar of the Kitul palm. Late that afternoon we climbed the great sloping side of rock which leads to the deep cavern, filled with images, roofed with frescoes, which concealed King Walagambahu from the Tamil usurpers of his capital, Anuradhapura, some time before Christ was born.

Evening falling, my wife and my friend having started down the rock to the Rest House, I, seated alone at the top of a long stone stairway sinking down into the night, had a strange, almost trancelike, experience under the hypnotic influence of the dusk, the strange scene, the silence, intensified by a barbet's monotonous note at far distance : wherein, while never losing my hold on the creed of Him Whom I sought to serve, I none the less felt with most peculiar insistence the subtle, refined, daemonic power of the Buddhist scheme of thought exhaling from the whole.

Next morning we made Sigiriya, the amazing rock-fortress of the parricide King Kasyapa, some five hundred years after Christ : and after breakfast, and immense mirth at the antics of the Rest House monkey with a mirror, we climbed the rock's forest-girt shoulder, entered and passed marvelling along the famous gallery, soldered into its precipitous side (See Cave, Plates 591-4), and emerged on the Lion platform with the bee-hung cliffs beyond it. Here my head failed me, and I stayed below while my wife and her guide ascended the steep ladders that lead to the ruins on the summit, and the vast views of the forest-plain. We returned that evening to Kandy.

Having been invited to preach at Badulla I used the occasion to visit on the next day, Monday, the famous fall of Dunhinda, with two boys of Trinity, Fred and Eric B. as guides. Dunhinda, which means " Smoking Water," one of the glories of Ceylon, is a magnificent trumpet of foam, a solid sixty foot spout of water, shot into a circular basin below, on one of the several sources of Ceylon's chief river, the Mahaweliganga.

So my material grew.

I come now to the second up-country memory that I wish to record. Robert Kerr, brother of David, and uncle of the lad Herbert Phillips, asleep in the English Lakes, invited me to be his guest at Glasgow Bungalow, in the Agrapatnas, a district of the finest air and tea, on the way to Kirigalpota, Ceylon's second highest mountain, and the lonely Horton Plains. I was to preach in the Agras Church on the Sunday, May 23, 1909, and stay over Monday, Empire Day, for its ceremonies and festivities.

I hope my sermon for Sunday was ready, but that Saturday when I retired to the bedroom and sat at the open window looking out to the hills, dark yet clear in the blue gloom of a moonlit tropical night, with the steady sound of a rushing stream not far, the whole mystery, the whole soul and hope of the Island, seemed to come, as a cloud, upon me.

The two involuntary lines from the Haputale ridge, for two years forgotten, came back to mind as a cue, and I began to write, or have written for me, "The Call of Lanka." More was composed on Sunday night, more on Monday morning: my host coming into my room to call me down to the Agras Club for the Sports and Padre's address. With him indeed I went, and watched the sham-fight, and listened outwardly to Keith (now Canon Keith of Wimborne) as he discoursed of the day and its duty. But "The Call of Lanka" was too strong, and in the midst of unheeded doings I finished my poem, the words being almost given.

"But most shall he sing of Lanka
In the brave new days that come,
When the races all have blended
And the voice of strife is dumb."

W. S. SENIOR: "The Call of Lanka."

ISLAMIC UNIVERSITIES AND THE RENAISSANCE OF SCIENCE IN EUROPE

By S. J. GUNASEGARAM, M.A., London

IT has been said that 'had the Moslems cultivated the arts of dominion and government as assiduously as they cultivated the arts of peace, civilisation today might be Moslem and not Christian.' The term Moor was originally ascribed to Spanish Moslems. The Moors (or Moriscoes) were a mixture of Arabs and Moroccan Berbers, and descendants of Phoenecian, Greek and Roman Colonists. In the early years of the eighth century, the Moorish general, Tarik, landed at Gibel in Spain and brought the whole of Spain, except the small Christian Kingdom of Asturias, under Moslem rule. Gibraltar, which was known to the Greeks as one of the Pillars of Hercules, came to be called Tarik, or the rock of Gibraltar, after the Moslem general, Tarik.

European historians have dealt at length on the Renaissance of Art in Italy but have been silent about the Renaissance of Science inaugurated by the Moslems in Spain. The Universities founded in Spain by the Moslems were the only seats of learning in Europe in the Middle Ages. It was to the Moslem Universities of Seville, Toledo and to Cordova that students from remote parts of Europe went, to sit at the feet of the only masters of Science then in Europe.

The great University of Cordova has been called the Cradle of Science. It was a famous centre of learning four centuries before the Universities of Paris or of Oxford. Moorish Spain at one time is known to have had seventy public libraries. The library of Cordova alone is said to have had 600,000 volumes. Cordova was a civilised city with a refined life and culture, six centuries before Paris and London.

When in the latter part of the fifteenth century Ferdinand the Catholic went to Cordova, where the members of his Church had built a cathedral in the very centre of

the world's greatest Mosque, he is said to have beheld, sighed and exclaimed—" You have built here that which could have been built anywhere, but you have destroyed that which can never be built again."

The first astronomical observatory ever erected in European soil was built by the Moors in Seville. Seville is today an imposing city with its magnificent cathedral; but its wonderful cathedral is overshadowed by the more glorious Giralda—which was once the minaret of a Mosque and an astronomical observatory.

The University of Salerno established by the Moors was for centuries a famous school of Medicine. Bologna which became renowned for its Law School was an offshoot of Moorish inspiration. It was during the eleventh and the twelfth centuries, with the spread across Europe of a passion for learning inspired by Cordova, Toledo and Seville, that the beginnings of the Universities of Paris, Oxford and Cambridge were made. The intellectual revival that inspired the founding of the Universities of Paris, Oxford and Cambridge had its source in the great Moslem Universities which 'extended from Samarkand and Bokkara to Fez and Cordova.'

The great University of Baghdad was the successor of Alexandria. It was the precursor of the Universities of Cordova and Seville. It has been remarked that " while Christian Oxford was trying to digest the first five propositions of Euclid, Moslem Cordova and Toledo were working out spherical trigonometry and the theory of numbers. Nor would Oxford have had any Euclid had not the noble Ben Ezra carried Greek Algebra and Hindu decimal notation from Spain to London in 1158."

Moorish science found its way into Christian Europe, and after studying, translating and assimilating it for five centuries, Europe began to build its own structure on those Arab foundations. " Al-Batani was the teacher of Regiomontanus; Ibn Yunis of Kepler; al-Razi of Vesalins. Then there was Al-Hazen, the greatest of them all. How many Sciences are not indebted to his work on optics and his discovery that the retina is the seat of vision—that we see because rays of light from external objects strike the retina. Felix Valyi says that even the author

of Christianity's greatest poem, The Divine Comedy, according to recent discoveries of a Catholic Priest in Madrid, got his inspiration from the thirteenth century Mohammedan Spain. Weidemann compares "the extraordinarily great service of the early Arab Scientists to those of such pioneers as Newton, Faraday and Rontgen." (*Vide* George A. Dorsey—"Civilisation.").

Columbus went to Portugal for assistance to reach the East by way of the Western highroad across the Atlantic. Why ? Because there was a nautical academy in Southern Portugal founded by Prince Henry the Navigator. The Science of Navigation in Europe owed its beginning and growth to Moorish influence. The teachers in the nautical academy at Portugal were Arabs and Jews from Moorish Spain. Regiomontanus had translated the astronomical tables of Al-Batani, the Arab. From them he computed the Ephemerides. Navigation had become a science.

The beginning of a love of learning and science in South Italy and Sicily (which, for a long period, were under Moslem rule) was due to Moslem inspiration. Frederick II who ruled over Norman-Sicily was a great lover of Moslem culture. His enthusiasm for Moorish Science and the refinements of civilisation brought him the odium of his Church. He was called 'The Infidel Emperor.' Pope Gregory IX denounced him as 'a forerunner of Anti-Christ.' Frederick founded Universities at Messina and Naples and enabled Christian rulers in Europe to employ Arab tutors for their sons and send to Cordova for the best doctors available in Europe. It was when Frederick went to Palestine as a Crusader to escape the threat of excommunication by Pope Gregory that he is said to have exclaimed, while he was walking arm in arm with Malik-al-Kamil discussing Science, "Happy Sultan who knows no Pope." The Sultan is said to have presented him with "a big domed clock which showed the hours and the rising and setting of the Sun and Moon."

The influence the Moors exerted in Europe laid the foundation for the modern secular civilisation of this remarkable continent. It was not merely in learning and science that Europe gained from contact with Islamic civilisation.

The Moors helped to recreate commerce and manufacture. Commerce and the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of merchants led to the development and growth of cities such as Marseilles, Arles and Nice. These became rich in culture, and free, like the ancient Greek city states.

The Moors introduced things to eat, to wear, to fight with, to ride on, to make music with. In place of the coarse clothing barbarous Europe was accustomed to, muslins from Mosul, gauzes from Gaza, damasks from Damascus, and moires, crêpes, chiffons, taffetas, and fine silks, linens and cottons were brought to European markets by the Moors. Saddles made in Cordova, blades made in Toledo—or Damascus, Arab sweetmeats and confections were all Moslem gifts to Europe. It is said that at one time there were 16,000 looms in Seville ; 130,000 silk workers in Cordova. The lute, the violin or rubeb, zither, tabour, guitar were all musical instruments introduced to Europe from the East by the Moslems.

Adelard, the famous Englishman, ' the man of Bath,' in the twelfth century, travelled in Spain, Syria and Sicily, and his studies in the great Moslem centres of learning made his name the greatest in English Science before Roger Bacon. ' It is hard to discuss with you,' he wrote to his nephew, ' for I have learnt one thing from the Arabs under the guidance of reason ; you follow another halter, caught by the appearance of authority, for what is authority but a halter.' By the end of the thirteenth century, Europe knew as much science as Moorish Spain and Saracenic Italy.

PAGES FOR THE YOUNG

[WE continue the story of David Copperfield. Little Reader, ask Mother to read this to you at bed time.]

§ 11

After tea, the door was shut and all was made snug. It seemed to David the most delicious retreat the imagination of man could conceive. David heard the wind getting up out at sea. David knew that the fog was creeping over the flat and desolate land outside. David looked at the bright and glowing fire making all within its rays warm and cosy. David was enchanted.

§ 12

Little Emily had by now overcome her shyness of David. She sat by David's side upon a low locker which was just large enough for the two of them. It just fitted into the chimney corner. When everyone was seated around the fire, David felt in the mood for conversation and confidence.

" Mr. Peggotty !" said David.

" Sir," said he.

" Did you give your son the name of Ham because you live in a sort of ark ?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea. But he answered :

" No, Sir. I never give him no name."

" Who gave him that name, then ?" said David.

" Why, Sir, his father gave it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

" I thought *you* were his father !"

" My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

" Dead, Mr. Peggotty ?" David hinted, after a respectful pause.

" Drownded," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Emily," David said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, Sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" David again hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drownded," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" David next said, pointing to a person in an apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?"

But at this point David's own Peggotty made such impressive motions to him not to ask any more questions that David could only sit and look at all the silent company till it was time to go to bed.

§ 13

Almost as the morning shone upon the oyster-shell frame of David's mirror he was out of bed.

He and little Emily picked up stones upon the beach and strolled a long way and loaded themselves with everything which they thought curious. Then they made their way home. They stopped under the lee of an outhouse to exchange an innocent kiss, and went into breakfast glowing with health and pleasure.

"Like two young thrushes," Mr. Peggotty said. David received it as a compliment. For David was already in love with little Emily. His fancy raised up something round that blue-eyed mite of a child which made a very angel of her. If, any sunny forenoon, little Emily had spread a little pair of wings and flown away before David's eyes, David would not have regarded it with any surprise. They used to walk about together in a loving manner, hours and hours. The days sported by them, as if Time had not grown up himself yet, but were a child too, and always at play.

II A POEM FROM A SMALL READER

We have received from a small and precious Reader, for whose special benefit, indeed, the story of David Copperfield is being rewritten in language he may understand, a transcript of his own favourite Poem written in his own, wee hand. It is an appropriate and lovely piece of writing, for our Little Reader, although only eight, has already been to all the cold places : the foothills of the Himalayas, the Swiss mountains—and winterladen England. Here is the Poem :—

Look out ! Look out !
Jack Frost is about !
He's after our fingers and toes ;
And all through the night,
The gay little sprite
Is working when nobody knows.

He'll climb each tree,
So nimble is he,
His silvery powder he'll shake ;
To windows he'll creep,
And while we're asleep,
Such wonderful pictures he'll make.

Across the grass
He'll merrily pass,
And change all its greenness to white ;
Then home he will go
And laugh Ho ! Ho ! Ho !
" What fun I have had in the night !"

From SURENDRA

BOOK REVIEWS

SOCIAL STUDIES IN THE SCHOOL (*Oxford University Press*) by K. Nesiah, M.A., T.D., Lecturer in Education, University of Ceylon.

THIS is an attractively bound volume consisting of 112 pages and an appendix which gives the text of 'The Universal Declaration of Human Rights.' The book is intended "as a guide to teachers in schools and training Colleges who wish to know something of the theory and practical implication of social theories."

In Chapter II the author sets out the case for 'Social Studies' in our Schools. It is a new subject which some of our Secondary Schools in Ceylon have already included in their curriculum. Some of the Schools, however, seem to have given up the attempt after a short trial, not because it was found to be unfruitful but mainly because no suitable text book clearly defining the scope of the study has as yet been produced. It suffers from a vagueness that puzzles the novice who is called upon to teach the subject.

Mr. Nesiah suggests a 'unified series of projects within the classroom and without, which would serve as an introduction to life as well as to the specialised subjects themselves.' In the Chapter on 'The Content of Social Studies,' he gives a list of topics which may be included in the syllabus. In the next chapter he suggests certain methods of approach to the study. He devotes a chapter each to audio-visual education and to the study of current affairs. The book contains a number of diagrams which are meant to assist the teacher and the pupil in the course of their work.

Mr. Nesiah develops the idea that the democratic ideal requires that each citizen should take his part and have his say in decisions of national and, when needed, of international importance. The study of social science helps the student to acquire an effective and integrated personality and to become a useful citizen in the modern world. It breaks away from the old habit of putting knowledge into water-tight compartments and to train the student to think clearly, to understand facts and their

relationships and ' to identify himself with the labours, achievements and adventures of mankind,' and to realise the essential unity of civilisation.

The study is primarily concerned with man as a social being. Mr. Nesiah has endeavoured to show that, correctly approached, it will enable the student to cultivate broad awareness of his environment and his relationship to it, to provide a common background of socially significant knowledge and to promote the growth of a common culture and understanding among the students.

Mr. Nesiah has had considerable experience as a teacher in St. John's College, Jaffna, of which he is a distinguished product, and later at St. Thomas' College, Mt. Lavinia. He has visited educational institutions and attended Educational Conferences in Europe as well as in the Far East. His life has been devoted to teaching and to the study of teaching methods. His present position as a Lecturer in Education in the University of Ceylon and his contact with some of the cream of the teaching profession in the Island are additional factors which claim our respect for his views on the subject. We have no doubt that the book will serve as a valuable introduction to Social Studies and as a guide to teachers who may be called upon to teach the subject in our Schools.

S. J. G.

II.

THE RAINFALL RHYTHM IN CEYLON (Climatolical Research Series—1) by George Thambyahpillay, B.A. Hons. (Ceylon), M.A. (California) of the Department of Geography, University of Ceylon.—Price Rs. 1·50.

THIS is a handy little volume consisting of 52 pages, with a number of maps ' well planned and executed.'

In his Foreword to the book Mr. Clifford H. Macfadden, Professor of Geography, University of Ceylon, points out the need for the study of ' the varying qualities of different lands and the distribution of natural resources,' and adds that the author has demonstrated unusual ability in selecting and presenting those facts most pertinent to the understanding of the Rainfall Rhythm in Ceylon.

Research is vital to the life of a University. A University is not a mere lecturing institution meant to send out into the country a number of young men labelled 'Graduates,' in search of well paid 'posts' in business or in Government Departments. If a University is to fulfil its true function, it should train its students to select, study, examine, analyse and record facts arrived at through research relating to the life, agriculture, industry and culture of the people it serves. Climatology is a subject of great import to the people of Ceylon. It is not merely of value in enabling man to inherit intelligently the earth but also to understand it and use it for vital purposes such as agriculture, irrigation and fishing.

Therefore it is that the effort of the author is to be welcomed. It is a very readable and interesting little publication. The economy of Ceylon throughout the ages has been based on its agriculture. Her ancient Capitals were built in the Dry Zone, where rain water that swept down from the hills was conserved and distributed for the cultivation of food and the fertility of the villages. Even today farmers in the North and elsewhere, particularly in the Dry Zones, make their preparation for ploughing their fields, manuring and tempering them in time to receive the water so graciously and rhythmically sent to them by heaven. They rely mainly on unaided observation and experience.

This is perhaps the first attempt by a student of Geography to offer the agriculturist and others interested in the subject, a scientific account of the incidence and distribution of Rainfall in Ceylon. If such researches are to be of value to the peasant it is necessary that books of this nature should be translated into the spoken languages of the people. It is hoped that a translation of researches made by the University will be made available in Sinhalese and Tamil as well.

Now as to the Winds. Those who have lived in the Northern and Eastern Provinces will recall with pleasure the delight with which the peasant as well as the urban population looks forward to the Monsoon. The 'Chologam' in Jaffna is a most welcome wind that brings in its wake health, activity and fruitfulness. It used to be a joy in

our boyhood days to see the windswept courtyards (Mutrams) of our houses at dawn, where the wind that "will be howling at all hours" had made patterns on the white sands. The 'Kachan' in Batticaloa is hailed, in spite of its fiery heat, as a life generating breeze dear to women in particular. In the Rhythm of Rainfall and in the Rhythm of the Monsoons men derive not only water and fruits but poetry and music as well.

Mr. George Thambyahpillai is an old boy of Central and Jaffna Colleges, and is attached to the Department of Geography in the University of Ceylon. He has "a wide experience in climatological research, having studied and written both in Ceylon and in the United States under the tutelage of numerous recognised teachers and leaders in the field." 'The Rainfall Rhythm in Ceylon' is available from E. V. Christian, Department of Geography, University of Ceylon, Peradeniya.

"The Rain is the Nectar of Life, for the Earth receives its sustenance from the Skies."

—*Thiruvalluvar* (*Kural*).

S. J. G.

தமிழ் இலக்கிய வரலாறு—(சுருக்கம்) "A SHORT HISTORY OF TAMIL LITERATURE" by V. Selvanayagam, M.A. Price Rs. 3·75.

THIS small volume on the history of Tamil Literature contains six chapters. The first chapter deals with the Sañgam period; the second with the period immediately following the Sañgam age; and the subsequent chapters deal with the Pallava, Chola, Nayakka and 'European' periods respectively.

In dividing the history of Tamil Literature covering a space of nearly 2,400 years, into six chapters the author has initiated a 'classification' not found in other similar histories of Tamil Literature. The division, however, is a convenient one and helps the reader to get a quick and easy general view of the entire field.

Another innovation introduced by the author is the separation of individual words in his prose composition. This helps the student accustomed to the reading of non-agglutinative-Western literary composition, to read his Tamil prose with greater facility.

Mr. Selvanayagam has given a brief sketch of the nature of the Government, the religious background and the literary trends of each period. It prepares the mind of the reader for a correct appreciation of the literary output of the period described.

This book is likely to prove an admirable introduction to the study of the history of Tamil literature. It can be used with profit in the Senior forms of our Schools. Mr. Selvanayagam is an old boy of St. John's College, Jaffna. He had his training in Tamil studies and research in the Annamalai University, and is at present a lecturer in Tamil in the University of Ceylon.

S. J. G.

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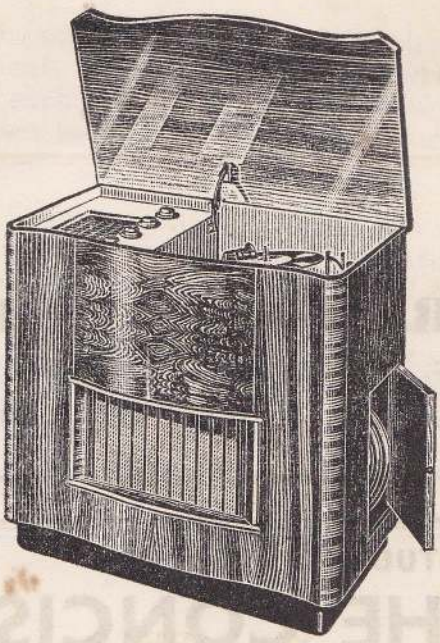

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Contd. from Cover Page 2

indeed, all that is holiest and highest in human achievement we shall endeavour, in all humility, to bring *in simple words* to the door of the young man and young woman of Sri Lanka. Philomath . . . polymath.

Simplicity will be the keynote of our format. The language of our writing will be, in Milton's words, simple and sensuous, that is to say, to be understood of the young in our midst ; and then to evoke in them high thoughts and high purposes of living.

We propose to be a link between Ceylon past and Ceylon present, and to join hands with every Ceylonese of every colour and creed. We shall portray with sympathy and admiration the several cultures of the Sinhalese, the Moors, the Malays, the Burghers and the South Indians dwelling in Ceylon.

Now has come the time for the remaking of Ceylon's culture. The ship of Ceylonese learning has cut away its moorings from the Western shore. The East calls—through mists and the fog of time.

We shall endeavour to find a way through the uncleared air, and the clouds that beset, to show how much there is of the worthwhile in the inspirations to be drawn from Egypt and the Indus Valley, China, the regions around the Euphrates, what is known as Aryan and Dravidian, Mongol and Hebrew and Arabian, the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, the majesty that is Britain, the ageless wisdom which is India.

We shall speak, for the present, in English, for we aim to propagate the name of Ceylon throughout the world. Later, if good fortune attends our pious purposes, we shall appear in Sinhalese, and in Tamil, and make a special effort to reach the eager young peoples of South India and Malaya.

Printed at The Times of Ceylon, Ltd.