

The Tammil

சென்னை

S. U.
4440
①



A CEYLON JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

Vol. I

Nos. 10 and 11

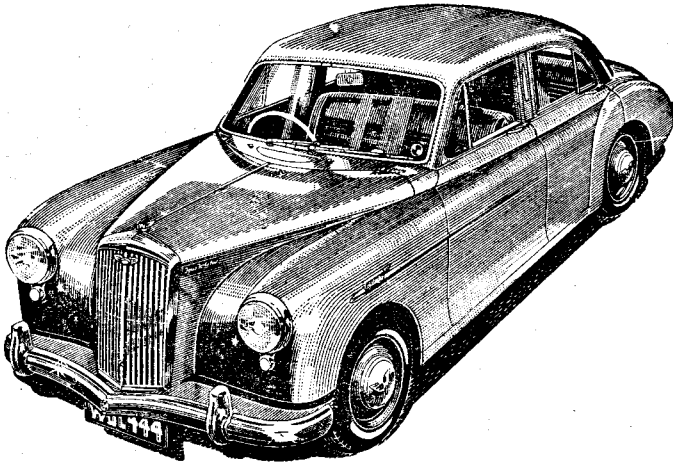
October and November, 1955

One Rupee

ESTD 1904



*Brilliant scion
of a very good
family...*



Here is a car of unmistakable distinction capable of lion-hearted performance. The forward positioning of its lively 4 cylinder engine and a well-balanced power-to-weight ratio give good performance and the utmost comfort for both driver and passengers. You must let us show you this unusually attractive car.

Buy wisely—buy

WOLSELEY
FOUR — FORTYFOUR

BRITISH CAR CO., LTD.

"OXFORD HOUSE"
ALSTON PLACE—COLOMBO 2



CATERING

Any Time—Anywhere—For Any Occasion



Entrust it to us

for All ROUND EXCELLENCE

**ELEPHANT HOUSE
CEYLON COLD STORES LTD.**

78221

8 LINES

Cargills

*for Value Unquestioned
for Service Unequaled
and Quality Unsurpassed.*

CARGILLS (CEYLON) LTD.,
Colombo & Branches.

ESTABLISHED 1916

**NISSEI TRADING CO.,
LIMITED.**

**Paper Merchants
Box Makers --- Stationers**

REPUTED HOUSE
FOR
QUALITY GOODS

REASONABLE RATES

Prompt and Courteous Service

Phone :
2324 & 2325

92-100, First Cross Street,
PETTAH.

SEQUENCE

	Page
1. Christ the Reconciler	1
2. The Sinhalese, and the Buddhist Way of Life ..	2
3. Mary of Nazareth	11
4. Who Were the Indo-Aryans ?	14
5. Mr. S. J. V. Chelvanayagam	20
6. The Constitutions of India, America, Ceylon : a Comparison	22
7. Reverence	26
8. Viswanathapillai of Jaffna	28
9. Autobiography of a Poet and Saint	31
10. Word Pictures by Bernard Shaw	38
11. A Page of Science	43
12. The Birthday of the Prophet Mohammed ..	48
13. Tamil in Thailand	50
14. Pages for the Young	52
15. Book Review.. .. .	54

CHRIST THE RECONCILER



O Captain of the wars,
Whence won Ye so great scars?
In what fight did Ye smite,
And what manner was the foe?

Was it on a day of rout they compassed
Thee about,
Or gat Ye these adornings
When Ye wrought their overthrow?

2.

'Twas on a day of rout
They girded Me about,
They wounded all My brow,
And they smote Me through the side :
My hand held no sword
When I met their armed horde,
And the conqueror fell down, and the
Conquered
Bruised his pride.'

Francis Thompson.

The Tamil greets its Readers and Well-wishers with
all good wishes for a glad New Year and a
Happy Christmastide.

THE SINHALESE, AND THE BUDDHIST WAY OF LIFE

By Dr. A. S. RAJASINGHAM

IT is perhaps appropriate to consider these two subjects together since the recorded history of the Sinhalese is closely linked with Buddhism in this country. There can be no doubt, as claimed by many Sinhalese nowadays, that the Sinhalese existed in this Island from pre-Vijayan times. The Reverend Saranankara Thero has reckoned twelve thousand years of Sinhalese occupation of Ceylon, in which case they must have been here long before Lanka was known by that name and long before it was cut off from the mainland of India. Reference to the map of India would show that the Malabar coast line is directly continuous with the South Western border of Ceylon, and the Jaffna Peninsula with the district of Madura and the Coramandel Coast. Between these limits the central parts of Ceylon would have been continuous with the Tanjore District. Geologists lend support to this view since they recognise an identity of soil, rocks and climate between Malabar and Ceylon. As regards population, the rational conclusion must be that the people who lived in Ceylon were the same as those in the adjoining and contiguous territories of Southern India, which was densely populated by the Dravidian race. It would be as difficult to conceive of an Aryan population here as to believe in the existence of a tea estate in Jaffna. It is, however, necessary to examine further whether or not there is other evidence in support of this inference. Are there similarities in physique and facial features, in social customs, festivals, food preparation, dress, language, script, arts and crafts, etc., between the Malayalese, Telugus and Tamils on the one hand and the Sinhalese on the other, or between the Aryans of North India and the Sinhalese? The Aryans we know are tall, stately and sharp featured and fair in complexion. Mudaliyar Gunewardene observes in a paper read in 1921 that "the Sinhalese exhibit the same diversity and stature, features and complexion as do the Dravidians." A journey through Malabar will convince the most sceptical of this identity. Nowhere else but in Malabar will you see

the cloth and jacket worn by Sinhalese women or the Arya-Sinhala costume worn by Sinhalese men. Their patterns in jewellery are the same. Food preparations in Malabar include hoppers, string hoppers, egg hoppers, coconut sambol, coconut milk in curries as in Ceylon among the Sinhalese. The Kathkali dances of Malabar and Kandyan dancing have a close family resemblance. Marriage customs among these two communities are again very much alike. The family wealth is largely inherited by the daughters and not by the sons. It is quite the reverse in North India where the sons inherit almost everything. Among social customs one must also consider certain social evils like the practice of black magic. The Malayalese are said to indulge in this evil as much as the Sinhalese of the South. The caste system of Sinhalese society is the same as that of the Dravidians, and quite unlike that of the Aryans. The National Day, a festival of great importance, falls on April 13th, which is a day celebrated by the people of Southern India as well as the Sinhalese. That day is of no significance in Northern India among Aryans. The Sinhalese script is like the Kanarese, Telugu and Malayalese scripts, and quite unlike the Devanagiri scripts of North Indian languages. Finally, the Sinhalese language itself, according to many great authorities, is a Dravidian language. The Rev. G. U. Pope says "the more deeply they (the Dravidian languages) are studied the more closely will their affinity to Sanskrit be seen to be and the more evident will it appear that they possess a primitive and very near relationship to the languages of the Indo-European group. They certainly contain many traces of a close connection with the Greek, the Gothic, and the Persian and other languages of the same family, in points even where Sanskrit presents no parallel." Mudaliyar Gunewardane referring to the origin of the Sinhalese states: "in respect of their blood the Sinhalese are a Dravidian race slightly modified by a Mongoloid strain and an Aryan wash. Vijaya came from the Kolanian Section of the great Dravidian family of . . . It is claimed that Vijaya came from Bengal. The Bengalese were Dravidians with a slight admixture of Mongoloid and Aryan elements," Sir P. C. Ray, the great Scientist

of Bengal held the same view. "The second component of the Sinhalese," says Gunewardene, "were 700 maidens from Madura with a train of servants, etc., from Pandya and therefore Tamil." "The third component is the Yakkshas and Nagas who were the inhabitants of Ceylon, both Dravidians." "While in customs relating to family life and social intercourse coming down by ancient tradition the Sinhalese are Dravidian, they in their culture, which is later, are Aryan." "In the basic principles of their grammar the Sinhalese are Dravidians—in grammatical flexion and vocabulary which formed the superstructure they are Aryans." "Since Max Muller's charming theories—they have held and continue to hold the reflected view that the Aryans are the superior race—and going one better they believe they themselves are not merely Aryans but represent the pick of the race!" "A dubious compliment made by an European—that the same Aryan face is seen among the Sinhalese as on the banks of the Ganges. The Sinhalese sincerely believe that this testimony to their physiognomy puts the hallmark and seal on them of pure Aryan descent." One has only to travel through Malabar and Tinnevely to see similar "Aryan" faces. Rev. Father T. C. Closset, S.J., in his book "The Dravidian Origin and Philosophy of Human Speech—1942," says: "the object of this study is to establish by facts that the origin of human speech and its construction can be traced in the Dravidian languages, among which I say at once is included Sinhalese. First, because the construction of sentences in Sinhalese is essentially Dravidian; secondly, because many of its words, even the most elementary, are of Dravidian origin." "Three or four thousand years before the Aryan invasion of India the Dravidian race not only occupied the whole of the Indian Peninsula but had apparently spread over Arya and Persia." "Two points have been established, first the identity of genius in Sinhalese and Tamil." "If one takes a page of fine Sinhalese literature, as a rule, he may, word for word, render it into Tamil, and have a page of literary Tamil. Moreover, it would be grammatically correct." "So far the genius of the language is concerned, Sinhalese has retained the priority over Tamil. On the other hand, the vocabulary of languages, including Sinha-

ese, is derived from Tamil." "The derivation of Sinhalese, like that of all the other languages, from Tamil, can be proved, not only by the Universal law of Tamil, whose stems are found in the Sinhalese vocabulary, but also, and more convincingly, by Sinhalese suffixes, which are Tamil verbal stems or nouns, as in the other languages." "The conclusion is that both Sinhalese and Tamil are born from the primitive Dravidian stock. Tamil kept the lion's share, Sinhalese retained its genius." This affinity between the two languages might explain why some of the best known commentaries and sub-commentaries on Buddhism were composed by Tamil Buddhist Priests, *e.g.*, Rupasidhi by Buddhapriya and Buddhadatta by Dhana-pala, and many others. Under these circumstances does it not seem a tragedy that the Sinhalese should adopt a fratricidal policy towards the Tamil language from which their own derived its substance as well as its sustenance ?

Many Sinhalese leaders and places have Tamil names. Illangakoon, Samarakoone, Alagakone, Tennekoon, Wijeykoon and all such names are pure Tamil names. So are Kannangara, Kuruppu and Cooray. Godamune: *cf.* Munai=sandy projection. Bulankulam. Kannangara=Kannaku Karan=Accountant. Kuruppu=Black. Cooray=Curien. Although Nayake is a word of a Sanskrit origin the titular suffix has been adopted by the Tamils, among whom there are thousands of Nayagams both in Ceylon and South India, but not in North India; Senanayake, Ratnayake, Wanninayake, Bandaranayake, Karunanayake are all names that have gone into Sinhalese from the Tamil. If the latter are Aryans, then all the Nayagams of Ceylon are Aryans, too. Dahanayake has by no stretch of imagination an Aryan complexion or Aryan features. The last King of Kandy, an undisputed Tamil, had the name of Kannasamy Nayakkar. The Sinhalese have changed the ending Kar into Ke.

Well-known Sinhalese towns bear Tamil names, *e.g.* :

Galle=Kal=Stone; Kalutara=Kal-thurai, Thurai=Port; Panadura=Panen thurai—*cf.*—Yalpanen-thurai; Nallura=Nallur, Ur=city, as Nagpur; Puttalam=Padu

Alam=Saltern; Negombo=Nir Columbu; Kelaniya=Kalani—field; Ratnapuram=Ratinam and Puram—City; Mathara=Mathurai, etc.

The Sinhalese language has yet to grow in beauty and richness. It must radiate a spirit of peace and goodwill before it can permeate peacefully throughout the country. The Ceylonese nation must evolve before its language. The Sinhalese by themselves are a community and not a nation. It is harmonious co-existence of all communities and unselfish co-operation that will create the Ceylonese nation. The Panchi Seela policy of South-East Asia which the Prime Minister endorsed at Bandung applies not only to nations but also to component parts of a nation. It is corporate life that makes a nation. It is high thought that makes for a corporate life. There is no short cut to nationhood.

If the Sinhalese should use their numerical strength to force their language on others they might engender forces that will be destructive, and the law of Karma will operate on them inexorably.

One wonders whether those thousands who made a vow before the statue of Dutugemunu that they would exalt the Sinhalese language and suppress the Tamil language were conscious of what they were doing. Did they imagine that the great King Dutugemunu who fought the enemies of Buddhism, that razed Buddhist Temples to the dust, set fire to Buddhist scriptures, and slaughtered Buddhist Priests, would countenance the movement to smother the peaceful Tamil people of today by denying to them the life they derive from their language? Dutugemunu must indeed have followed the course of history better than those who have made this pilgrimage to his tomb. He would remember that he paid homage to the great Tamil Warrior, Elara, 70 years of age, who met him in personal combat and was wounded only when he was unbalanced in his seat by the charge Dutugemunu's elephant made. Dutugemunu saluted the dauntless Elara, remembering not only his prowess in battle but the great record of human justice which his Sinhalese subjects received at his hands for forty years, that they honoured him with the title of Elara the Just. They that seek

*THE SINHALESE, AND THE BUDDHIST
WAY OF LIFE* 7

Dutugemunu's blessing now, do they honour his injunction that whosoever passeth the tomb of Elara shall descend from his vehicle and go barefooted? Dutugemunu would remember that the last five Tamil Kings of Kandy fought off European invaders from time to time until they lost the Kingdom by the treachery of Sinhalese Chieftains.

Getting rid of the new conquerors, the English, was no mean task. After Kepitipola the Sinhalese became docile and helpless. It was the Tamils that entered the arena once again led by Sir Cumaraswamy, Sir P. Ramanathan, and Sir P. Arunachalam. The English rulers wedded to constitutional methods of agitation bowed to these great leaders in acknowledgment of their courage, intelligence, culture and capacity. They fought not for the freedom of the Tamils but for the people of Ceylon, and the people showed their gratitude when they elected Sir P. Ramanathan as the first Ceylonese member of the Legislative Council. Then followed the communal riots of 1915, the Sinhalese in their numbers stoning and beating to death helpless Muslims shrieking and pleading for their lives. The English rulers ruthlessly quelled the riot by declaring Martial Law, shooting and imprisoning Sinhalese Leaders. While the Sinhalese groaned for 100 days under Martial Law it was the aged Ramanathan who dared the submarine-infested oceans of the first World War and used all the great weapons in his armoury as Lawyer, Scholar and Orator, and reduced the British Government to a sense of shame, and the restoration of justice to the Sinhalese with compensation to those who suffered innocently. What Sinhalese who was then alive, does not remember the night long battle Ramanathan waged with his silvery eloquence and rapier thrusts at the Governor and his Agents in the Legislative Council of August, 1915? The Sinhalese, however, have short memories, and, within a score of years thereafter, when Ramanathan stood opposed to the grant of adult franchise on the ground that it was a mistake to give every man or woman a vote because he or she had grown like a vegetable for 21 years, they gave him the cold shoulder. The monument they ordered for him in 1915 lay covered with dust in a London basement for 20 years. Just about this time there were Tamil

labourers giving their lives, fighting the first battle of non-violence in South Africa under the great leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. It was the battle they fought and their matchless courage and endurance that inspired the great leader to launch his civil disobedience campaign in India which by the suffering of millions of his countrymen, of whom no small portion were Dravidians, brought freedom to South-East Asia.

D. S. Senanayake was the man of the hour who was destined to receive this freedom for Lanka, on behalf of Lanka, and in doing so he acknowledged the Tamil contribution to the struggle, and solemnly pledged in the name of the Sinhalese people "what we seek is not Sinhalese domination but a Ceylonese Dominion." Do not the venerable Priests and others who now propose to go on deputation to the great Deity of Kataragama to ask Him to induce the Prime Minister to declare Sinhalese as the only national language, realise that they have first to persuade the Deity to give his blessing to the murder of the Tamil language in order to exalt their own? Are they not too optimistic if they imagine that their unrighteous petition will be received?

It would be equally unBuddhistic and unpatriotic to dislodge the English language. UnBuddhistic, because it has been the mother-tongue of many Ceylonese who have made no small contribution to the country in every walk of life: In politics, Lorensz, Dornhorst, and Drieberg; in Law, Schneider, Garvin, Gratiaen; in Medicine, Grenier, Garvin, De Zilwa, Spittel; in Art, Wendt, Keyt; in Education, Cyril Jansz, Francis Beven, C. V. Pereira, Van Hoff, Paulusz, Blaze, Arndt, to name only a few, have each held high the torch of learning and the example of duty. Generations of Ceylonese have benefited by their glorious though simple lives. Is a policy of suppression of their language, and indifference to the material and cultural prospects of their posterity, the only tribute the Sinhalese can pay to their memory? Does base ingratitude harmonize with the conduct of a people who worship the Buddha? Moreover, English is the language of commerce and communication between the different communities of the Island.

THE SINHALESE, AND THE BUDDHIST 9
WAY OF LIFE

Illiteracy in the land has been one of the evils of foreign rule, but it was the English language that helped our leaders to terminate it. Snobbery in the land was not introduced by the English language, but was intrinsic in our caste system. It is the English language that has helped in its gradual eradication by bringing the lives of great men before us. Mahatma Gandhi would have been dead to us but for the English language, of which he was a supreme master. The Buddha's teaching goes out to the four corners of the world today in the English language, and yet Sinhalese Buddhists would have this language suppressed in this country. Translations into Sinhalese would at best be adulterated milk to a hungry child.

It is unpatriotic to deny the people the free use of the English language because it serves as the window through which the sunlight of the world's achievements and the pure air of the world's thought, be it European, Indian, Russian or Chinese, enter in to purify and brighten the dark corners of their minds. The masses of the country must have their education in the mother tongue, but their higher education is possible only through the medium of a world language. Every nation has contributed to the richness of the English language, the Indo-Aryan Group as well as the Dravidian. Tamils and Sinhalese may be counted among the world's best speakers and writers of English. Ceylon has benefited greatly in the past by the use of English as an official language, because as such it has developed thought and expression, and we are what we are today because we have mastered the English language.

I am deeply concerned, as a humble devotee of the Buddha, with the great harm that the Sinhalese, who were especially chosen to be the guardians of Buddhism in this part of the world, are causing to the great religion of peace and non-violence towards anything that lives. It would be a tragedy of the first magnitude if the Buddha's message of Maitriya and Ahimsa should be despised by his followers just when the rest of the world was beginning to appreciate the same. The way of Nirvana is the way of self-sacrifice, and yet the Sinhalese Buddhists in Lanka demand that

the Tamils should sacrifice their language so that the Sinhalese may prosper. Such a spirit is the very negation of Buddhism.

One prays that the Sinhalese will act on the advice of the Enlightened One and take the Middle Way rather than be misled by ambitious leaders whose political activities have proved a damp squib, whose religion a convenience, and who still hope to ride into power on the back of the Buddha.

I have, no doubt, there are many great and silent men among the Sinhalese who have a broader horizon than mere communal glory, who place ideals above economics, and the country above community ; who have the courage of their convictions, who have within them the vision of the future :—

*For I dipt into the future far as
human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and
all the wonder that would be.*

*Till the war-drums throbbed no longer
and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the
Federation of the world.*

Tennyson.

MARY OF NAZARETH

MARY Borden* who writes of Mary of Nazareth tells of her—as well she may—was she not the mother of Jesus?—that she was a small-made gentle lady with eyes of tenderest compassion. “A silent lady, with haunting eyes, very gentle and strangely youthful for her age.” She had borne her husband five sons and several daughters. Those who loved Jesus noted the names of his brothers—James, Joseph, Simon, Judah—but not the names of his sisters.

At the time of which Mary Borden writes, Joseph the Father had died. When Joseph was alive, the family lived in a poor but decent home. They were always willing to welcome strangers and homeless wanderers. It was a small house but every bit and part of it, the veriest nooks and corners,—all was spotlessly clean. It had a flat roof where Mary would spread her flax to dry and her figs and raisins and apricots. There was a guest room where there were always fresh candles in the brass candlesticks, and clean towels, a well-trimmed lamp and fresh water in a jug for washing.

The family observed very reverently all the customs of their people. On the Sabbath evening, when the Father came home from the synagogue, Jesus, the eldest son, would pour out the water for the washing of hands and James, the second son, would follow him with a clean towel. Then the Father would bless each child with the Blessing of Israel; and then they would sit to their meal which, it being the Sabbath meal, would be in the nature of a feast: a shoulder of lamb or a fat pigeon cooked with olives and, for the children, cakes. And when the meal was over, and the last crumb had been swept up, the whole company would sing hymns together.

Then they would be ready to say their prayers and go to sleep. When they had said their prayers, and cuddled themselves to sleep, Mary would go away leaving the night lamp burning.

* Mary of Nazareth by Mary Borden.—*Heinemann Ltd., London.*

Often Mary and Joseph would talk together about their eldest son. She had told Joseph of that golden afternoon when she was alone in a room and there was a rush of wings about her and a heavenly voice like the murmuring of innumerable doves had said: "Fear not. He shall be great." Whenever she remembered those words she would tremble and seek comfort from her husband. He was a rough, provincial carpenter, a simple man. He knew in his heart that his eldest son would make his own name great. And so when the mother would tremble and tell him of that awesome afternoon he would comfort her and say it was not for them to doubt the destiny of the child.

Jesus was so different from his brothers and sisters. There was about him a radiance all of his own. The brothers and sisters would sit down dutifully to their books. But not Jesus. He would be always out and about, sometimes romping with other children and full of laughter, at other times a dreamer, all by himself in the hills around his home. After the day was over, and it was dusk, Jesus would always sit by his mother.

"Have you ever seen an angel, mother?"

"Yes, once."

"What was he like?"

"It was Gabriel. And he had a sword. And a crown on his head."

* * * *

Now Joseph was dead. All the brothers and sisters had married, and begotten children, save Jesus. Mary lived in her own home but as the guest of her sons and daughters. An honoured guest indeed.

As long as Jesus was with the family they had wanted for nothing. He had become a builder of repute, much sought after. Indeed, his presence filled the house with peace and goodwill. His mother depended on him for everything. But Jesus, like all Galileans, was courageous and valiant, with a will of his own. He spoke out his mind freely and boldly. So he had not been popular. For in Nazareth, as in every small town everywhere in

the world, they were the gossipmongers and the scandal-makers. One Sabbath day a child had fallen and broken her leg. No one would do anything because it was the Sabbath. The child kept screaming in agony. The mother wept and sobbed. But all everyone around did was to talk and argue. It was a hard thing, they said, but nothing could be done because it was the Sabbath. Jesus walked in. He was young and beautiful to behold. When he saw the child and the broken bone sticking out through the flesh his eyes glistened with anger at those who were merely sticklers for the letter of the law. Without a word he picked up the child in his arms and strode out of the house. He carried her straight to the other end of the town to a Greek doctor who lived in a little pink house on the hillside. And he and the heathen (that is to say, the Greek) bound up the child's leg with bandages and then Jesus carried her to his own home and put her into his own bed.

Was there not a great to-do throughout Nazareth! The "respectable ladies"—how they whispered and talked about this incident for many a day! Salome, the wife of Ezra, Anna, the midwife, Chloe, the frivolous wife of the hairdresser, Rachel, the town clerk's wife, all of them had the time of their lives tearing to tatters the handsome young man who had no eye for the likes of them, but was always where the children were, and in the sparkling air of the hills where the sheep would be grazing and the almond trees were in bloom and the bright snows of Mount Hermon could be seen in the far distance.

(To be continued)

WHO WERE THE INDO-ARYANS?

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

IT is now generally accepted by Indologists that the 'Aryan' entry into North-India took place somewhere in the second millennium B.C. (2000 B.C.). "There is good archaeological evidence," says Stuart Piggot, "for the arrival in North West India of invaders from the West in the centuries following 2000 B.C." "It is not generally known that 'Aryans' as a race, do not exist. 'Aryan' is a linguistic term applied to all Indo-European languages."

"The Aryan advent in India was, in fact, the arrival of barbarians into a region highly organised into an Empire based on a long-established tradition of literature and culture. The situation, in fact, is almost reversed, for the conquerors are seen to be less civilised than the conquered" writes Piggot. "The Marauding Aryans," says Betty Heinmann, "however, found in India an already highly developed culture, the main representatives of which were the Dravidians who are still predominant in South India."

As far back as in 1885, Hewitt had stated that North India had been peopled chiefly by Dravidians long before the Aryans came into India. They had innumerable walled cities: 'purah.' Only of Sambara alone 'a hundred castles' are often mentioned, some of which are called 'Purvih'—'ancient.' Some of these are said to 'be iron fortresses.' The castles are said to be 'full of treasure.' Their riches in cattle, gold and jewels seem to be proverbial. The Dravidian Chief named 'Kuvaya' (Kuveran) is particularly referred to, who caused his two wives to bathe in milk . . ."

"In the past, these forts of the *dasyas* and the *dasus* were considered to be either mythological or at least primitive earthwork and palisades of the supposed aborigines of Northern India at the Aryan Conquest." But now, as Wheeler has said, "the recent excavation of Harappa may be thought to have changed the picture. Here we have a highly evolved civilisation of essentially non-Aryan type, now known to have employed massive fortifications, and

known also to have dominated the river system of North-Western India at a time not distant from the likely period of the earlier Aryan invasions of that region."

In support of this, recent historians have admitted the existence of numerous Dravidian tribes in Northern India down to historical period. 'It is an admitted fact,' says Father Heras in his epoch-making work, 'that at times the Aryans, when naming Dravidian tribes, distorted the original tribal names, so as to give them an Aryan meaning.' (This is a process familiar to the Dravidians in Ceylon whose place names in several parts, particularly along the Coast, have in recent times been transformed or efforts made to give them a non-Dravidian derivation).

Sahayam in his book 'Dravidianism and Christianity,' points out that "the myth of Aryan invasion of a 'barbarian civilisation,' has been successfully exploded. Perhaps in every age history will show that usually the invader is the barbarian trying to improve his language, culture and religion on people he tries to overcome. He never succeeds completely, if he uses forces which are spiritually not superior."

This fact is strengthened and supported by that brilliant American historian Will Durant who states that the Dravidians 'were already a civilised people when the Aryans broke upon them; their adventurous merchants sailed the sea even to Sumeria and Babylon, and their cities knew many refinements and luxuries. It was from them, apparently, that the Aryans took their village community and their system of land tenure and taxation. To this day the Deccan is essentially Dravidian in stock and customs, in language, literature and arts."

Again to the question, 'who were these Marauding Aryans?' Durant says, "They themselves used the term as meaning Noblemen (Sanskrit—Arya—Noble) but perhaps this patriotic derivation is one of these after-thoughts which cast scandalous gleams of humor into philology. Very probably they came from the Caspian region which their Persian cousins called 'Aryana Vaigo'—'The Aryan Home.' About the time that the Aryan Kaisites overran Babylon, the vedic Aryans began to enter India."

“Like the Ammuru in Mesopotamia,” says Piggot, the Aryans were “a people who had never known a city.” Their way of life is far from being that of the complicated urban organisation traditional to the ancient centres of oriental civilisation since the beginning of the third millennium.”

Of their diet it is said that ‘beef was freely eaten as the main meat dish.’ “Slaying cows for guests” was an attribute of the highest praise to an Aryan Squire and Indra (their chief god) was a champion beef-eater: “the present-day Hindu doctrine of Ahimsa, and the ritual prohibition of flesh food, is connected with the later (Post-Brahmin) ideas of transmigration, which are entirely foreign to the earlier Aryan beliefs.”

The doctrine of non-violence, the humanitarian ethics found in Hindu religion and literature could be traced to the influences brought to bear on these savage invaders by the more cultured and refined indigenous Dravidian peoples who were inhabiting India.

The Rigveda knows nothing of rice nor the tropical animals such as the tiger. The tiger is depicted in the Harappa seals. Rice and Tiger, however, are mentioned in the Atharvaveda, a later composition. Recent excavations at Adichanllur have proved beyond doubt that rice and iron were both produced in Dravidian India long before the Aryan invaders came to know about them. The use of the turban (derived from the Harappa culture) a head-dress popular even today among the Dravidian peoples, is “mentioned only in texts from the ‘Brahmanas’ composed later than even the Atharvaveda.”

The low state of culture of the Aryans before their incursion into India, says Heras, might have contributed a great deal to the final acceptance of an easy amalgamation with the culture of the Dravidians. It has been suggested long ago that prior to their migration into India, the Aryans of that era were probably of a similar stage of culture to the Todas.

Thus in this book ‘The Ancient History of the Near East’ Hall sums up the situation in these words :

“ The culture of India is pre-Aryan in origin : as in Greece the conquered civilised the conquerors. The Aryan Indian owed his civilisation and his degeneration to the Dravidians, as the Aryan Greek did to the Myceneans.”

The halo with which Aryan culture and religion had been sanctified through long centuries in Hindu India was due to the subtle diplomacy of the Aryan Brahmin who with his numerous pagan deities and mantras brought with him a liturgical language which he treated as sacred ; and with the assistance of the adopted coloured Brahmins of Dravidian India and a caste system of ‘ divine origin ’ kept up the myth of Aryan supremacy.

The Aryans were a fair skinned people. They arrogated to themselves a sense of superiority from the very beginning of their contact with the *Dasyus*, and towards their dark skins they had only contempt. But they learnt soon to accept reluctantly the superior social organisation, language, enterprise and religion of their enemies, and within a few centuries were completely absorbed by the Dravidians. As Brown puts it: “ the feat of organising so vast a mass of Dravidians along wholly Aryan lines would have been immense ; it is difficult to believe how it could have been accomplished.”

The borrowing of Dravidian culture by the Aryans, which proves the mythical character of the Aryanisation of India, was undoubtedly fostered by the free mixture of both races in the course of a few centuries.

Vedic Aryans (of the RigVed time), says Pannikkar, were confined to the Punjab. “ The Jumna and the Ganges are mentioned but the geographical expansion of the Aryans did not extend further East. Since there was no continuous migration of the Aryans, the theory cannot be maintained that the rest of the country became gradually peopled by the Aryans. The expansion of the Punjab was that of a civilisation which had been evolved and which came to be known as Aryan but was predominantly that of the conquered people.”

The gradual disappearance of the Vedic gods in the post-Vedic civilisation is incontrovertible evidence of the absorbing power of Dravidian culture. Varuna and

Vayu the Vedic gods disappear altogether from the pantheon and are reduced to a minor position ; the great god Indra “ the Lord of thunderbolt, the mighty destroyer of cities and the chief eater of sacrifices, is merely a super-king of the lower heavens where he holds luxurious court and is pictured as a debonair debauchee.” He becomes a petitioner for protection to the new Dravidian deities Siva and Vishnu. “ The Vedic gods died soon after the Aryans conquered the Dasyus and were reborn as minor figures in a wonderfully elaborate mythology.”

The Aryans were believers in magic and sacrifice and in mantras. Sacrifices were continued to be performed to Indra for rain, but these gods had ceased to be potent. “ Neither Agni (fire) nor Mitra (Sun), nor even Indra is recognised as having divine powers.” In later Vedic literature allusions are made to the mother Goddess, known to the Dravidians as the consort of Siva, showing the decided influence of the indigenous religion.

It has been pointed out that when the Aryan settlements expanded to the Indo-Gangetic plain, a new monarchy—that of the Bharatas—came into existence. The new monarchy consisted largely of the indigenous population and was organised on quite a different basis from that of the Aryan settlements of the Punjab. ‘ The Battle of the Ten Kings ’ described in the Rig-Veda was the final clash between these two political systems. The Bharata King Sudas met in battle the ten allied kings of the earlier Aryan settlements and completely overthrew them. In this great battle Non-Aryans under their own kings were ranged on both sides. King Sudas whose supporters were mainly the indigenous inhabitants became supreme as the result of this resounding victory. The battle marked the end of the pure-Aryan supremacy in the North-West. It established the political assimilation of Aryans and non-Aryans in the new colonies of the Gangetic plain.

In this and in the articles that will follow it will be seen that the belief so carefully protected and preserved by Brahminic subtlety of the civilising mission of the Aryans has been exploded by the gradual discovery and revelation of a much superior earlier civilisation. It was

a civilisation whose representatives continued and still continue to have a dominant influence on the several languages, the religion and the culture of the Indian Continent. Though the Aryans claim to have been the harbingers of cultured life in India has been shown to be a myth, their contribution however is not to be totally ignored.

“The less the habit of proximity the more the magic of consanguinity.”—H. G. WELLS.

MR. S. J. V. CHELVANAYAGAM

MR. S. J. V. CHELVANAYAGAM today holds the high distinction of being *the only Ceylonese* who is universally respected and admired by every member of every single community in Ceylon. It is the rarest possible achievement in a nation of throatslitters, as the Ceylonese are. For one who has actively practised as a lawyer, and earned large fees in South Ceylon, this achievement is not merely unique : it is astounding.

What is the secret ? There are, of course, such qualities as an undoubted greatness of both character and intellect, and a countenance bathed in benevolence. Yet others, possessing these same virtues, have had their quiverful of detractors.

The secret, I think, is in Mr. Chelvanayagam's amazing capacity to see clear, see straight, and see far ahead. There has never been a period when Hulftsdorp was without its own species of communalists in occupancy of the seats of power. The only variation is that, during the British days, the communalists were (mostly) goigamachristians ; today, they are (mostly) goigamabuddhists. But the technique of the misuse of power has ever been the same at Hulftsdorp.

I should know, for I have watched the game from within for nearly thirty years.

There they sit behind doors carrying labels painted in white. They sit—and they survey the panorama of Hulftsdorp. They ponder, And they lay their dogeared plans. In the days of goigamachristian communalism they played their cards with such success that men of the calibre of Brito-Mutunayagam (B.C.L. of Oxford and undoubtedly one of Hulftsdorp's greatest intellects) Villavarayen (University Scholar and Hartley's favourite classicist) Schokman (first-class honourman of Trinity College, Kandy) Ferdinands and Selvadurai (Permanent Secretaries) failed to occupy seats occupied by—well, let them be nameless ! Shall we put it Malvoliowise ? “ M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.” Shall we say I, J, and S did slay these lives ? Nadarajah swallowed their skilfully thrown bait ; but,

mercifully, he escaped within a month. Nagalingam ran pellmell into the net. He little realised then that the communalists who pushed him skyhigh in 1945, for purposes of their own, would betray him in 1955, also for purposes of their own.

One man stayed clear,—serene and clear,—Chelvanayagam. I remember the time when the trap was being laid for him by enticing him with the post of D.J., Colombo. But the skill which he has shown in the management of his people's politics was native to his Tamil intellect even then. If you are free you may lay down your terms. But if you walk into their parlour,—they know how to deal with that foolish fly!

I have the conviction and the faith that Chelvanayagam's is a dedicated life. The same quality of far-sighted perception which he displayed in his legal career will serve to save his people. May his health continue. May he prove both Moses and Joshua.

Mr. Chelvanayagam, much remains to be done! Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom—if *all* Ceylonese are to live together in equality. May you be spared.

“A unity that grows out of diversities by the accommodation of diversities will be a richer unity than a unity which has eliminated diversities for the sake of being a unity.”

—BISHOP KULENDRAN.

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF INDIA, AMERICA, CEYLON: A COMPARISON

[**T**HE Tamil has, in its previous numbers, repeatedly demonstrated the utterly farcical nature of Ceylon's so-called freedom. The Tamil has, in a previous number, described the tupennyhalspenny "Constitution" of Ceylon as "a belch of broken wind" in comparison with the mighty and noble Documents in which are declared the Constitutions of India and America. We illustrated the processes of the Free Birth of a State by means of copious extracts from institutional writers who are acknowledged authorities on the subject of States and Constitutions. See **The Tamil**, Volume One, Numbers Six, Seven and Eight. It is gratifying to find that, at long last, some of the thinking statesmen of Ceylon, many of whom are Tamils, have taken up this theme, and that there is now, it would appear, a reasonable prospect of a due and proper Constitution for our people. We give below a table of comparison which drives home the inadequacy of Ceylon's present Constitution with force:]

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF INDIA, AMERICA, 23
 CEYLON : A COMPARISON

INDIA	AMERICA	CEYLON
<p>PREAMBLE</p> <p>We, The People of India, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a Sovereign Democratic Republic and to secure to all its citizens :</p> <p>Justice, social, economic and political ;</p> <p>Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;</p> <p>Equality of status and of opportunity, and to promote among them all;</p> <p>Fraternity assuring the dignity of the individual and the unity of the Nation;</p> <p>In Our Constituent Assembly this 26th day of November, 1949, do Hereby Adopt, Enact and Give To Ourselves This Constitution.</p>	<p>PREAMBLE</p> <p>We The People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do Ordain and Establish this Constitution for the United States of America.</p>	<p>PREAMBLE</p> <p><i>Whereas by the Ceylon (Constitution) Order in Council 1946 as amended by the Ceylon (Constitution) (Amendment) Order in Council, 1947, the Ceylon (Constitution) (Amendment No. 2), Order in Council and the Ceylon (Constitution) (Amendment No. 3) Order in Council . . .</i></p> <p><i>And whereas by the Ceylon Independence Act, 1947, provision is made for the attainment by Ceylon of fully responsible status within the British Commonwealth of Nations . . .</i></p> <p><i>Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered by His Majesty, by and with the advice of His Privy Council as follows :—</i></p>

INDIA

Fundamental Rights

All citizens shall have the right—

- (a) to freedom of speech and expression;
- (b) to assemble peaceably and without arms;
- (c) to form associations or unions;
- (d) to move freely throughout the territory of India;
- (e) to reside and settle in any part of the territory of India;
- (f) to acquire, hold and dispose of property;
- (g) to practise any profession, or to carry on any occupation, trade or business.

No person shall be convicted of any offence except for violation of a law in force at the time of the commission of the act charged as an offence . . .

No person accused of any offence shall be compelled to be a witness against himself . . .

No person shall be deprived of his life or personal liberty except according to procedure established by law.

AMERICA

Fundamental Rights

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath . . . No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself . . . In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury . . . Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed . . .

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

CEYLON

Fundamental Rights

Fundamental Rights

Subject to public order, morality and health . . . all persons are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and the right freely to profess, practise and propagate religion.

Any section of the citizens residing in the territory of India having a distinct language, script or culture of its own shall have the right to conserve the same.

No citizen shall be denied admission into any educational institution maintained by the State or grounds only of religion, race, caste, language or any of them.

All minorities whether based on religion or language, shall have the right to establish and administer educational institutions of their choice. The State shall not discriminate against any educational institution on the ground that it is under the management of a minority, whether based on religion or language.

The right to move the Supreme Court by appropriate proceedings for the enforcement of the rights conferred is guaranteed.

The State shall strive to promote the welfare of the people by securing and protecting a social order in which justice, social, economic and personal, shall inform all the institutions of the national life.

Fundamental Rights

All persons born or naturalized in the United States are citizens of the United States. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deny to any person the equal protection of the laws.

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States on account of race, colour, or previous condition of servitude.

Parliament shall have the power to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the Island. No such laws shall make persons of any community* or religion liable to disabilities or restrictions to which persons of other communities or religions are not made liable.

* NOTE—The word "community" is of no legal weight or value. —Editor of The Tamil

The Tainmill

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.]

How can a great culture grow in this air of patriotic prejudice and narrowing provincialism. The time for petty politics is past: the compulsion to great politics has come. When will the new race appear and the new leaders ?

Adapted from Nietzsche.

* * * *

A high civilisation is a pyramid: it can stand only on a broad base; its prerequisite is a strongly and soundly consolidated mediocrity.

Nietzsche.

* * * *

Even fame is folly; other peoples heads are a wretched place to be the home of man's true happiness—our happiness depends on what we have in our heads than on what we have in our pockets.

Schopenhauer.

* * * *

Struggle is the law of growth: character is built on the storm and stress of the world.

Will Durant.

He is the true actor, who whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity.

Charles Lamb.

* * * *

தீயவை தீய பயத்தலால் தீயவை
தீயினும் அஞ்சப் படும்

Because evil breeds evil, it is to be more dreaded than even fire.

* * * *

அறிவினான் எல்லாஞ் தலையென்ப தீய
செறுவார்க்கும் செய்யா விடல்

Not to return evil to those who do evil is, they say, the crown of wisdom.

Tiruvalluvar.

* * * *

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

Charles Wesley.

* * * *

This is my prayer to Thee. Let me be a *champak* tree that adorns Thy holy hills whose groves are resonant with the murmurous hum of innumerable bees.

Kulasekara Perumal (Translation from Tamil).

* * * *

The young should learn to be filial in the home and respectful in society ; they should be conscientious and honest, and love all people. If after acting on these precepts, they will have energy left, let them read books.

Confucius.



VISWANATHAPILLAI OF JAFFNA

By SARAVANAMUTTU KANDIAH

WHILE we remember with eternal gratitude and pride, the life and works of our revered Arumuga Navalar, it is also appropriate that we should remember with equal pride and joy a worthy contemporary of Arumuga Navalar who also played a noble part in the glorious story of the Tamil people and their language: Scholar Viswanathapillai.

Hazlitt has said that the greatness of a people may be gauged by a scrutiny of the lives of contemporaries. These two heroes of Tamil Nad—Arumuga Navalar and Viswanathapillai—were contemporaries in every sense of the word. They were born within two years of each other, and Viswanathapillai survived Arumuga Navalar only by a year. So their lives, like two mighty streams, ran side by side in the intellectual life of the Jaffna of a hundred years ago. They form a fascinating study in contrast; and, as Hazlitt says, they truly reveal the might of the Jaffna mind.

The facts of the life of Arumuga Navalar are well known. Every year "Navalar Day" is celebrated at Navalar School, Jaffna. The bold Defender of the Faith is worthily remembered on many a public platform.

The less known facts of the life of Viswanathapillai may be here stated. Viswanathapillai was born in the beautiful village of Suthumalai in 1820. He came of a respectable Jaffna family. His father was Vairavanathapillai, an eminent Ayurvedic physician. With true Tamil love of learning, the father saw to it that the son received the very best education available to his means. The child was placed under the care of a Brahmin guru of the name of Kanga Pattar. By the age of twelve, Viswanathapillai was well versed in Tamil and in Sanskrit.

At that time the Christian Missionaries had come to Jaffna. Viswanathapillai was put under their "golden chance"; and, as we shall see, this was the turning point which made the bent of Viswanathapillai's mind so different

from that of his *alter ego*, Arumuga Navalar. But, before we discuss this aspect of the lives of these two twin Titans, the story of the rest of Viswanathapillai's life may be completed. Such was the soundness of the education given by the Jaffna Missionaries at Vaddukodai that Viswanathapillai passed the Madras B.A. with distinction. On his return from graduation he married a respectable Christian lady of Changanai. At Madras he lived a life of great intellectual distinction. As an ardent lover of his mother tongue, he compiled many books, including "Achara Kanitham" (a treatise on Algebra), "Veesa Kanitham", "Sithantha Siromani," "Pramaspuda Sithantham." Viswanathapillai wrote treatises on Philosophy, Astronomy and Zoology. With his knowledge of astronomy he compiled an Almanac for Jaffna. Like Dr. Johnson of England, he was the sole author of a Dictionary. Such was the merit and erudition of Viswanathapillai's Tamil-English Dictionary that the Literature Society of Madras has issued a reprint of it as recently as in 1951. Such was his zest of mind, and the urge to spread his ideas among his people, that Viswanathapillai volunteered to become the Editor of the "Morning Star." The University of Madras honoured him by making him a Member of its Council. Full of years and honour and learning he died at Changanai on the 21st November, 1880.

And now a word as to the friendly contests and scholarly conflicts between these two glories of Tamil Land—Arumuga Navalar and Viswanathapillai. There is a pleasant anecdote of a debate between them when Viswanathapillai was only 20 years of age and Navalar only 18 years of age. The subject was "whether the Eye has its own vision": கண்ணுக்கு சுய ஒளி உண்டோ இல்லையோ? The debate went on for days but never came to a close—so unrelenting were the two lords of learning. As will be appreciated, it was a theme capable of exposition from every angle, physical and mental and spiritual. Navalar was the great exponent of Saivasithantham. Viswanathar, although born to Hindu parents and versed in the vedic religion, had his outlook widened and deepened by his contact with great professors of the Vaddukodai Seminary like Spaulding and Arnold. Like Swami Vivekananda, Viswanathapillai stood for samarasa gnanam, which may

be described as the magnanimous view of religion. The controversy between them was prolonged and intense; but never, like that between Newman and Kingsley, acrimonious. Newman and Kingsley went to their graves hating each other. But, see, how different is the Tamil way of life. After years of mental fighting, the two protagonists of the two schools of thought met at the feet of Nadarajah Moorthy at Chithamparam. Each called the other "worthy guru." Viswanathapillai branded his tongue with a heated golden needle for any unwitting unworthiness there may have been in the course of his controversies with his friend and fellow-savant. And thus they returned together to Jaffna, like two stars of the great Tamil principles of tolerance and reverence. And together they set to the task of translating the Bible, with the assistance and collaboration of the famed Dr. Peter Percival.

"For most people the daily paper is a daily disappointment."

—H. G. WELLS.

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.*]

IT was not long before parents asked me to take pupils. The first and best was the son of a former President of the Cambridge Union, the first Eastern to hold that office, afterwards first Speaker of the Legislative Council of Ceylon. The son, after winning the Winchester Reading Prize at Cambridge, now, under the name of Suriya Sena, gives recitals of music, mainly Eastern, which good critics pronounce delightful.

Meanwhile the war continued. The Ceylon 'Morning Leader' under Armand de Sousa, and his correspondent 'Optimist,' afterwards known for Anson, a retired planter near Kandy, a relation of Fraser's successor at Trinity College, and of Sir William Anson of Oxford, was as strong an influence for courage and hope as any throughout Ceylon. Life in Colombo seemed comparatively little affected.

Drafts of recruits were constantly leaving for the front, and the Lutyens War Memorial, the fine obelisk by the Galle Face Battery, bears the names of several hundreds, both British and Ceylonese, including too many of the boys we had known and loved, who laid down their lives for their friends.

A great surprise came one morning when I received a letter from Mr. E. B. Denham, today Governor and Captain-General of Jamaica, then the Director of Education, not long appointed, in Ceylon. He asked me to call upon him in his office, the large bungalow called the Monastery, among the glorious vermilion flamboyants of Flower Road. I went in my rickshaw, wondering. The business was this. The classical Master of the Royal College, the Government School in Colombo, was leaving

for the front. Would I come and take his place? I said that I should love to teach again, but must consult my authorities, and in any case could only give half-time service. The standing Committee of the Mission consented to my going, with the usual stipulation that the fees should not be at personal disposal. Thus began another school connexion, lasting from May, 1917 to December, 1918, and intensely enjoyed throughout, both for the work done and for the fresh friendships formed.

May I transcribe something of what C. H., then Principal of the Royal College, was pleased to write for me at leaving? “. . . is an enthusiast for Classical and English Literature, and has the gift of awaking interest in his pupils for those subjects to which he is himself devoted. The books studied included Homer, Sophocles, Thucydides, Virgil and Horace . . . our best boys here attain to the standard of an Upper Fifth or Lower Sixth of an English Public School, and many of them proceed to Oxford and Cambridge. . . . leaves us to our regret, and carries our best wishes with him . . . his society has been helpful out of school to those most anxious to improve themselves . . . has dealt with boys of many nationalities, Sinhalese, Tamil, Eurasian and Parsee, and his personal knowledge of individuals of different races and religions should be of value . . .”

Some of these boys attended Christ Church, and one of the happy institutions which we had at the Mission House was the Sunday afternoon tea for all and sundry, especially for students, after which we migrated to the adjacent Church for evensong, where their presence meant no small encouragement to me. I was also able to keep in touch with Old Boys of Trinity College, students of medicine or of law in Colombo: and the list of names of those for whom we cared, and for whom we sought to pray, grew steadily longer and longer. It was a rich and varied life, and I can only lament the lack of the Kipling touch to make all vivid for others: the home with its two pairs of growing boys and girls, and their Swiss nurse brought from Northwood, paddling each morning early, ere the sun grew too hot, in the foam of the Indian ocean, along with scores of other English children: and the rug that

H. made in five years, and the goodnight stories, and the dining out in Colombo, and the rickshaw-rides in the dusk or under the great full moon besilvering all the palms : and the train-ride along the palm-coast to Mount Lavinia : the colour and charm of all. But I should specially mention certain great Sinhalese houses, the homes of two different clans, united however in a generous kindness towards us, which continues to this day, eight years since we left the Island. No man could wish better friends than Sinhalese lads and their parents.

The hot-weather holidays meant even more to us in Colombo at sea-level than in Kandy, which is already on the way to two thousand feet above it. We were fortunate in the years 1916 and 1917 to find North Cove Bungalow, Bogowantalawa, available. Bogowantalawa is a beautiful district, 5,000 feet high, on the south-western side of Ceylon's highest plateau, the Horton Plains. The bungalow, large and comfortable, we shared with a friend from Colombo and her two children, a boy and a girl, who were our children's friends : and besides these we could and did squeeze in visitors. The days passed pleasantly : the season was settled, the air delicious, the scenery lovely. There were grassy gardens all about the house, sloping down towards the gorge of the Bogowan : and the children played endless games of their own devising, in which we others joined. The river Bogowan, a broad and picturesque torrent, came rushing down from the heights, round its countless boulders, one of the many feeders of the Mahaweli-gange in the far-away plains below. Everywhere there were shorter walks in the grevillea groves of the tea : and longer climbs, especially to a certain clearing with Sripada's distant mysterious cone seen through the gap. We ascended the broad wood-cutters way through the damp begonia-brightened forest, a twenty-mile walk, ten there and ten back, to the Horton Plains' Rest House (7,000 feet), the highest and loneliest in Ceylon : and on the way, at the break in the jungle known as the Aldie Patnas, we were called by a Malay game-watcher to come and see a dead leopard, a mighty, magnificent creature, lying stark by a gun-trap some paces away from the track. We diverged from the Rest House a little to gaze from the World's End, the precipitous flank of the Horton Plateau,

that looks down a thousand feet sheer on to the most inaccessible tea-estate in Ceylon, and away over that to Haldumulla and all the glories of the low-country, a prospect of vastness and grandeur beyond all praising. Another day we heard a commotion and going out of doors saw coolies carrying between them on their shoulders a pole from which hung yet another dead leopard, tied by its paws. And when the day and the dinner were over, the company migrated to the cheerful log-fire in the drawing-room, very welcome at that altitude, and talked of the war, and such news of the war as we had : or read some book aloud, in particular ' Mr. Britling ' whom however we failed to see through. He did not grip the company, not altogether unintelligent. At North Cove I read a good deal, thought a good deal, kept some touch with young Ceylon by letter, and took occasional Planters' Services at Norwood, and St. Mary's, Bogowantalawa.

It must have been on one of these occasions that, returning on foot from a week-end away, and arriving about sunset at Campion Estate, where the track, three miles amid tea beside the Bogowan, turns leftward, I saw a snowy cloud—the clouds of Ceylon are unequalled—hanging over the vast gulf hidden but known to be there, in which lies Balangoda,—a cloud so radiant that I felt that an angel was in it. I tried to fix it in verse.

a cloud

*Of all unutterable, all intolerable white
At all unutterable, all intolerable height
Leaned o'er the West, and lauded God, the King.*

and beg you to believe, for all its poor expression, that this was one of the greater moments of life.

My fortieth birthday befell at North Cove, and I prayed for restoration. I recalled my thirtieth, three days ere reaching Ceylon, its hopes and anticipations. The decade, for all its delights and for all its success of a kind, was marked, I knew, by declension. Such declension began in Kandy with an unresisted mood of depression, of chafing against a supposed want of appreciation. An enemy had got under one's guard: a poison had been

introduced. Deep within was a stain on the soul such as perhaps only the 'failed evangelist' can feel. 'Restoration' was a word common in my memoranda of desires and petitions.

About that time I had received from J.H. an old boy of Trinity, a keen cricketer and coach, above all Kandyan chief and patriot, a request to contribute to the Kandyan, a paper which he was about to publish in the interests of the Kandyans, inhabitants of the central highlands of Ceylon, men somewhat apart in history and habit from the people of the plains. At a little distance from North Cove bungalow was a tennis-court, of hard earth like all courts in Ceylon, levelled out of the hillside where the bungalow stood, a court disused and deserted.

Here, after exercise and that change into dry garments for the cool evening which is one of the joys of the East, I used to pace up and down in meditation until the lighting of mellow lamps above and the softened sound of a gong through the twilight summoned to the comfort and company of dinner. My contribution crystallized out of a nine years' experience into a song of resurrection for the Kandyan kingdom.

RESURGAM

*O fair with its foam is the Indian deep
Fair with its palms the strand :
But fairer to me are the hills that keep
Watch o'er the Kandyan Land.*

*Old Hunasgiriya's peak is fair,
And fair is Dumbara vale
In the golden noon, or when the moon
Is shining pure and pale.*

*Fair through the hills are the Kandyan halls,
Proud hearths of ancient name :
The strength and grace of the Lion race,
The Lion that none shall tame.*

*Fair is the stripling, lithe and strong
 With the strength of his father's arm,
 His brown eye bright with its mother-light :
 God shield the lad from harm !*

*Fair is the maiden, passing fair,
 Of foot, and form, and face,
 With her dresses rare, and her jewelled hair :
 God crown her with His grace !*

*O fair indeed is the Kandyan Land,
 Fair is the Kandyan Youth,
 The glens and glades, the lads and maids :
 But fair, more fair, is Truth.*

*Truth of the tongue, Truth of the hand,
 Truth of the Shrine and Mart,
 Let Truth be King of the Kandyan Land,
 Lord of the Lion heart.*

*Rise up, ye sons of noble sires,
 For the night is passed away :
 On rocky spires yon purple fires
 Are heralding the day.*

*Day, high day, in the Kandyan Land,
 A cloudless day of gold,
 Of gayer beams than gild your dreams
 Or your fathers' tales of old.*

*The day of truth in the glens and glades,
 Of Truth in the ancient Hall :
 Of Love, true Love, for the lads and maids,
 Of Love, true Love, for all.*

*Serve Love, serve Truth : so shall ye reign
 In a richer golden age :
 So after pain shall ye take again
 The Kandyan Heritage.*

I had not then known all the kindness of the Low country, and of the Maligawa, and ten years later it would have been harder to write that first verse with perfect truth : but the spell of the early years in Kandy was then upon me, and I wrote from the heart.

In the year 1935 I received from a friend in Colombo a copy, dated March 2, 1934, of a Magazine in Sinhalese

(the beautiful but baffling script that is, alas! beyond me) which I take to be a revived 'Kandyan,' issued by Kandyan patriots. In it I find, nearly twenty years after its original publication, 'Resurgam,' reprinted and translated into Sinhalese. I am gratified that verses which may not have poetry but seem to have passion should still be regarded as some expression of the thoughts of a people.

It is interesting, if indeed it be not significant, that almost at the hour of writing Prince George is carrying to Ceylon the old Throne of the Kandyan kings, the Lion throne that for a hundred years has stood in the Castle at Windsor, but will now grace once again its ancient setting of Kandy.

Among our friends in the mercantile community was the father of the two who were our children's companions for several years. I remember one day making the usual human enquiry how he did, and received the unusual answer that he was still 'chasing the nimble rupee,' a phrase which I never think of without laughing. Through his influence in the world of tea we were able, after two visits to North Cove, to rent for the hot weather of 1918 Glendevon, a fine bungalow in the district of Halgranoya, on one of the long skirts of Piduru Talagalla, Ceylon's central all-dominating mountain. Here we were once more a happy party, enjoying endless promenades and panoramas. We climbed MahaKudugala and saw the leopard-trap at the top. At Dixon's corner we looked down the long vista of purple flower, of heather-effect, on the slopes that swept greatly down to distant Welimada, and most distant Trincomalee, which Bishop Copleston thought one of the finest views in Ceylon. I sat on the edge of Goat Fell, Kandapola, and looked long over the 'rolling downs of Uva,' past Wilson's Bungalow to Haputala, not knowing that yon distant ridge to the south would one day be our happiest home. I sat on the lawn of the high-built Glendevon garden and watched the wondrous phenomenon of butterfly migration, endless flights of fluttering snow-flakes, with a few green swallow-tails giving occasional colour, all day long for several days together. Out of the north they came: into the south they went, borne on the cool latter end of the North East Monsoon. 'Life on her vague, mysterious onward way.'

WORD PICTURES BY BERNARD SHAW.

[**G**EOERGE BERNARD SHAW often claimed he was a greater dramatist than Shakespeare. In this we know he was only being quizzical. Those who have read "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," know that Shaw knew only too well the true measure of Shakespeare's greatness. "Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive the words with which I make the world glorious," Shaw makes Shakespeare tell the Queen. Whether Shaw, for all his wit and brilliance, will remain in the annals of English Literature even a hundred years hence only Time can tell. The people of England seem already to have forgotten him. But Shaw had one great capacity, the ability to transfix a scene, a moment, a person with a few apt and pungent words. We give below a few illustrations taken almost at random from Bernard Shaw's numerous plays and playlets: the Reader will note the magnificence of the Irishman's English.]

A PICTURE OF NAPOLEON

THE twelfth of May, 1796, in north Italy, at Tavazzano, on the road from Lodi to Milan. The afternoon sun is blazing serenely over the plains of Lombardy, treating the Alps with respect and the anthills with indulgence, neither disgusted by the basking of the swine in the villages nor hurt by its cool reception in the churches, but ruthlessly disdainful of two hordes of mischievous insects which are the French and Austrian armies. Two days before, at Lodi, the Austrians tried to prevent the French from crossing the river by the narrow bridge there; but the French, commanded by a general aged 27, Napoleon Bonaparte, who does not respect the rules of war, rushed the fireswept bridge, supported by a tremendous cannonade in which the young general assisted with his own hands. Cannonading is his technical speciality: he has been trained in the artillery

under the old regime, and made perfect in the military arts of shirking his duties, swindling the paymaster over travelling expenses, and dignifying war with the noise and smoke of cannon, as depicted in all military portraits. He is, however, an original observer, and has perceived, for the first time since the invention of gunpowder, that a cannon ball, if it strikes a man, will kill him. To a thorough grasp of this remarkable discovery he adds a highly evolved faculty for physical geography and for the calculation of times and distances. He has prodigious powers of work, and a clear realistic knowledge of human nature in public affairs, having seen it exhaustively tested in that department during the French Revolution. He is imaginative without illusions, and creative without religion, loyalty, patriotism or any of the common ideals. Not that he is incapable of these ideals: on the contrary, he has swallowed them all in his boyhood, and now, having a keen dramatic faculty, is extremely clever at playing upon them by the arts of the actor and stage manager. Withal, he is no spoiled child. Poverty, ill-luck, the shifts of impecunious shabby-gentility, repeated failure as a would-be author, humiliation as a rebuffed time server, reproof and punishment as an incompetent and dishonest officer, an escape from dismissal from the service so narrow that if the emigration of the nobles had not raised the value of even the most rascally lieutenant to the famine price of a general he would have been swept contemptuously from the army: these trials have ground his conceit out of him, and forced him to be self-sufficient and to understand that to such men as he is the world will give nothing that he cannot take from it by force. In this the world is not free from cowardice and folly; for Napoleon, as a merciless cannonader of political rubbish, is making himself useful: indeed, it is even now impossible to live in England without sometimes feeling how much that country lost in not being conquered by him as well as by Julius Caesar.

However, on this May afternoon in 1796, it is early days with him. He has but recently been promoted general, partly by using his wife to seduce the Directory (then governing France)*; partly by the scarcity of officers caused by the emigration as aforesaid; partly by his faculty

* A device not unknown in Ceylon.

of knowing a country, with all its roads, rivers, hills and valleys, as he knows the palm of his hand; and largely by that new faith of his in the efficacy of firing cannons at people.

* * * *

PICTURE OF A ROYAL SCENE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

ALEXANDRIA. A hall on the first floor of the Palace, ending in a loggia approached by two steps. Through the arches of the loggia the Mediterranean can be seen, bright in the morning sun. The clean lofty walls, painted with a procession of the Egyptian theocracy, presented in profile as flat ornament, and the absence of mirrors, sham perspectives, stuffy upholstery and textiles, make the place handsome, wholesome, simple and cool.

The young king Ptolemy Dionysus (aged ten) is at the top of the steps, on his way in through the loggia, led by his guardian Pothinus, who has him by the hand. The court is assembled to receive him. It is made up of men and women (some of the women being officials) of various complexions and races, mostly Egyptian; some of them, comparatively fair, from lower Egypt, some, much darker, from upper Egypt; with a few Greeks and Jews. Prominent in a group on Ptolemy's right hand is Theodotus, Ptolemy's tutor. Another group, on Ptolemy's left, is headed by Achilles, the general of Ptolemy's troops. Theodotus is a little old man, whose features are as cramped and wizened as his limbs, except his tall straight forehead, which occupies more space than all the rest of his face. He maintains an air of magpie keenness and profundity, listening to what the others say with the sarcastic vigilance of a philosopher listening to the exercises of his disciples. Achilles is a tall handsome man of thirty-five, with a fine black beard curled like the coat of a poodle. Apparently not a clever man, but distinguished and dignified. Pothinus is a vigorous man of fifty, a eunuch, passionate, energetic and quick witted, but of common mind and character; impatient and unable to control his temper. He has fine tawny hair, like fur. Ptolemy, the King, looks much older than an English boy of ten; but he has the childish air, the habit of being in leading strings, the

mixture of impotence and petulance, the appearance of being excessively washed, combed and dressed by other hands, which is exhibited by court-bred princes of all ages.

All receive the King with reverence. He comes down the steps to a chair of state which stands a little to his right, the only seat in the hall. Taking his place before it, he looks nervously for instructions to Pothinus, who places himself at his left hand.

* * * *

PICTURE OF THE ANCIENT COURT OF ROYAL RUSSIA

1776. PATIOMKIN in his bureau in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg. Huge palatial apartment: style, Russia in the XVIII century imitating the Versailles du Roi Soleil. Extravagant luxury. Also dirt and disorder.

Patiomkin, gigantic in stature and build, his face marred by the loss of one eye and a marked squint in the other, sits at the end of a table littered with papers and the remains of three or four successive breakfasts. He has supplies of coffee and brandy at hand sufficient for a party of ten. His coat, encrusted with diamonds, is on the floor. It has fallen off a chair placed near the other end of the table for the convenience of visitors. His court sword, with its attachments, is on the chair. His three-cornered hat, also be-jewelled, is on the table. He himself is half dressed in an unfastened shirt and an immense dressing-gown, once gorgeous, now food-splashed and dirty, as it serves him for towel, handkerchief, duster, and every other use to which a textile fabric can be put by a slovenly man. It does not conceal his huge hairy chest, nor his half-buttoned knee breeches, nor his legs. These are partly clad in silk stockings, which he occasionally hitches up to his knees, and presently shakes down to his shins, by his restless movements. His feet are thrust into enormous slippers, worth, with their crust of jewels, several thousand roubles apiece.

Superficially Patiomkin is a violent, brutal barbarian, an upstart despot of the most intolerable and dangerous type, ugly, lazy, and disgusting in his personal habits. Yet ambassadors report him the ablest man in Russia, and the one who can do most with the still abler Empress Catherine II, who is not a Russian but a German, by no means barbarous or intemperate in her personal habits. She not only disputes with Frederick the Great the reputation of being the cleverest monarch in Europe, but may even put in a very plausible claim to be the cleverest and most attractive individual alive. Now she not only tolerates Patiomkin long after she has got over her first romantic attachment to him, but esteems him highly as a counsellor and a good friend. His love letters are among the best on record. He has a wild sense of humour, which enables him to laugh at himself as well as at everybody else. In the eyes of the English visitor now about to be admitted to his presence he may be an outrageous ruffian. In fact he actually is an outrageous ruffian, in no matter whose eyes ; but the visitor will find out, as everyone else sooner or later finds out, that he is a man to be reckoned with even by those who are not intimidated by his temper, bodily strength, and exalted rank.

A pretty young lady, Varinka, his favourite niece, is lounging on an ottoman between his end of the table and the door, very sulky and dissatisfied, perhaps because he is preoccupied with his papers and his brandy bottle, and she can see nothing of him but his broad back.

[To be continued.]

A PAGE OF SCIENCE.

WE brought before the Reader, in our previous number, the juxtaposition between human life and the eternal stars as portrayed by the poet-novelist Thomas Hardy.

We continue the story of the two humans beneath the everlasting Dome of the night sky.

A week or ten days after that first meeting of the Lady—Lady Constantine was her name—and the Young Man—Swithin St. Cleeve his—it was again a bright starlight night. The Lady sat at a window, the blind of which had not been drawn down. Her elbow rested on a little table. Her cheek rested on her hand. Her eyes were attracted by the brightness of the planet Jupiter who beamed down upon her as if desirous of her notice.

Gazing at the planet and the dark edges of the landscape against the sky, Lady Constantine's mind was led to her late meeting with the young astronomer. She remembered her promise to visit him to learn some of the secrets of the scintillating bodies overhead.

She decided to go.

The stars were distinctly so bright as to show her the way to the column. It rose like a shadowy finger pointing to the upper constellations.

She ascended the tower noiselessly. She saw the young man bending over a scroll of paper which lay beside him. The telescope was standing behind him on its frame. She looked over his shoulder upon the paper, and saw figures and signs.

"What are you doing tonight?" she said in a low voice.

Swithin started and turned. The faint lamplight revealed her face to him. "I am doing my best," he said, "to watch phenomenal stars, as I may call them. But it is tedious work."

Swithin, as a preliminary, swept round the telescope to Jupiter, and exhibited to her the glory of that orb. Then he directed the instrument to the less bright shape of Saturn.

‘ Here,’ he said, warming up to the subject, ‘ we see a world which is to my mind by far the most wonderful in the solar system. Think of streams of satellites or meteors racing round and round the planet like a fly-wheel, so close together as to seem solid matter !’ He entered further and further into the subject, his ideas gathering momentum as he went on, like his pet heavenly bodies.

‘ Well, we will get outside the solar system altogether, —leave the whole group of sun, primary and secondary planets quite behind us in our flight, as a bird might leave its bush and sweep into the whole forest. Now what do you see, Lady Constantine ?’ He levelled the achromatic at Sirius.

She said that she saw a bright star, though it only seemed a point of light now as before.

‘ That’s because it is so distant that no magnifying will bring its size up to zero. Though called a fixed star, it is, like all fixed stars, moving with inconceivable velocity ; but no magnifying will show that velocity as anything but rest.’

And thus they talked on about Sirius, and then about other stars

. . . . in the scrawl
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations,

till he asked her how many stars she thought were visible to them at that moment.

She looked around over the magnificent stretch of sky that their high position unfolded. ‘ Oh, thousands, —hundreds of thousands,’ she said absently.

‘ No. There are only about three thousand. Now, how many do you think are brought within sight by the help of a powerful telescope ?’

‘ I won’t guess.’

‘ Twenty millions. So that, whatever the stars were made for, they were not made to please our eyes. It is just the same in everything ; nothing is made for man.’

‘Is it that notion which makes you so sad for your age?’ she asked, with almost maternal solicitude. ‘I think astronomy is a bad study for you. It makes you feel human insignificance too plainly.’

‘Perhaps it does. However,’ he added more cheerfully, ‘though I feel the study to be one almost tragic in its quality, I hope to be the new Copernicus. What he was to the solar system I aim to be the systems beyond.’

Then, by means of the instrument at hand, they travelled together from the earth to Uranus and the mysterious outskirts of the solar system; from the solar system to a star in the Swan, the nearest fixed star in the northern sky; from the star in the Swan to remoter stars; thence to the remotest visible; till the ghastly chasm which they had bridged by a fragile line of sight was realized by Lady Constantine.

‘We are now traversing distances beside which the immense line stretching from the earth to the sun is but an invisible point,’ said the youth. ‘When, just now, we had reached a planet whose remoteness is a hundred times the remoteness of the sun from the earth, we were only a two thousandth part of the journey to the spot at which we have optically arrived now.’

‘Oh, pray don’t; it overpowers me!’ she replied, not without seriousness. ‘It makes me feel that it is not worth while to live; it quite annihilates me.’

‘If it annihilates your ladyship to roam over these yawning spaces just once, think how it must annihilate me to be, as it were, in constant suspension amid them night after night.’

‘The imaginary picture of the sky as the concavity of a dome whose base extends from horizon to horizon of our earth is grand, simply grand, and I wish I had never got beyond looking at it in that way. But the actual sky is a horror.’

‘A new view of our old friends, the stars,’ she said, smiling up at them.

‘ But such an obviously true one !’ said the young man. ‘ You would hardly think, at first, that horrid monsters lie up there waiting to be discovered by any moderately penetrating mind—monsters to which those of the oceans bear no sort of comparison.’

‘ What monsters may they be ?’

‘ Impersonal monsters, namely, Immensities. Until a person has thought out the stars and their inter-spaces, he has hardly learnt that there are things much more terrible than monsters of shape, namely, monsters of magnitude without known shape. Such monsters are the voids and waste places of the sky. Look, for instance, at those pieces of darkness in the Milky Way,’ he went on, pointing with his finger to where the galaxy stretched across over their heads with the luminousness of a frosted web. ‘ You see that dark opening in it near the Swan ? There is a still more remarkable one south of the equator, called the Coal Sack, as a sort of nickname that has a farcical force from its very inadequacy. In these our sight plunges quite beyond any twinkler we have yet visited. Those are deep wells for the human mind to let itself down into, leave alone the human body ! and think of the side caverns and secondary abysses to right and left as you pass on !’

Lady Constantine was heedful and silent.

He tried to give her yet another idea of the size of the universe ; never was there a more ardent endeavour to bring down the immeasurable to human comprehension ! By figures of speech and apt comparisons he took her mind into leading-strings, compelling her to follow him into wildernesses of which she had never in her life even realized the existence.

‘ There is a size at which dignity begins,’ he exclaimed ; ‘ further on there is a size at which grandeur begins ; further on there is a size at which solemnity begins ; further on, a size at which awfulness begins ; further on, a size at which ghastliness begins. That size faintly approaches the size of the stellar universe. So am I not right in saying

that those minds who exert their imaginative powers to bury themselves in the depths of that universe merely strain their faculties to gain a new horror ?'

Standing, as she stood, in the presence of the stellar universe, under the very eyes of the constellations, Lady Constantine apprehended something of the earnest youth's argument.

'And to add a new weirdness to what the sky possesses in its size and formlessness, there is involved the quality of decay. For all the wonder of these everlasting stars, eternal spheres, and what not, they are not everlasting, they are not eternal; they burn out like candles. You see that dying one in the body of the Greater Bear? Two centuries ago it was as bright as the others. The senses may become terrified by plunging among them as they are, but there is a pitifulness even in their glory. Imagine them all extinguished, and your mind feeling its way through a heaven of total darkness, occasionally striking against the black, invisible cinders of those stars. . . . If you are cheerful, and wish to remain so, leave the study of astronomy alone. Of all the sciences, it alone deserves the character of the terrible.'

'I am not altogether cheerful.'

'Then if, on the other hand, you are restless and anxious about the future, study astronomy at once. Your troubles will be reduced amazingly. But your study will reduce them in a singular way, by reducing the importance of everything. So that the science is still terrible, even as a panacea.'

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PROPHET MOHAMMED: A. D. 570

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

ON the 29th of October, in every part of the world where Muslims live, the Birthday of the Prophet of Islam was celebrated. One of the great messages the Prophet gave to his people proclaims in vivid terms a call for equality and brotherhood never before so boldly and challengingly expressed :—

“ Ye people hearken to my speech and comprehend the same. Know that every Muslim is the brother of every other Muslim. All of you are of the same equality.”

It is said that Mohamed was “ a man of striking appearance with a fine intelligent face, with piercing eyes and a flowing beard. He was quick of speech and possessed unusual insight and a rugged eloquence that stirred the hearts of his hearers. He was a lover of children.”

He led a simple frugal life, despised grandeur and performed the most menial tasks with his own hands. He prohibited the use of intoxicating liquor and referred to himself as an ordinary man not to be worshipped by his followers. He was an idealist, and yet a practical man. He laid no claim to the working of miracles and abolished barbarous customs such as infanticide and cruelty to animals, and many other social evils of his day (*vide* “ The Tamil,” Vol. 1, No. 1. The Holy Prophet Mohammed).

He taught his hearers in pithy and scintillating sentences :—

“ The best and most beautiful of my creatures is a compassionate man who gives alms. If he does so with his right hand and hides it from his left, he is more powerful than all things.”

“ Anything that will bring a smile on the face of others is a good deed, and so is the love of one’s neighbours.”

These two Poems by Muhammad Iqbal are a worthy tribute by a worthy son of Islam to the Great Prophet.

BEFORE THE PROPHET'S THRONE

*Sick of this world and all this world's tumult
I who had lived fettered to dawn and sunset,
Yet never fathomed the planet's hoary laws,
Taking provision for my way set out
From earth, and angels led me where the Prophet
Holds audience, and before the mercy-seat.
"Nightingale of the garden of Hejaz! each bud
Is melting," said those Lips, "in your song's passion-
flood;
Your heart forever steeped in the wine of ecstasy,
Your reeling feet nobler than any suppliant knee.
But since, taught by these Seraphim to mount so high,
You have soared up from nether realms towards the sky
And like a scent come here from the orchards of the earth—
What do you bring for us, what is your offering worth?"
"Master! there is no quiet in that land of time and space,
Where the existence that we crave hides and still hides its
face;
Though all creation's flowerbeds teem with tulip and red
rose,
The flower whose perfume is true love—that flower no
garden knows.
But I have brought this chalice here to make my sacrifice;
The thing it holds you will not find in all your Paradise.
See here, oh Lord, the honour of your people brimming up!
The martyred blood of Tripoli, oh Lord, is in this cup."*

THE WAY OF ISLAM

*What, shall I tell you then, is a Muslim's life?
Ecstasy's summit joined with profoundest thought!
Even its setting flames like a rising sun;
Single its hue, yet manifold age by age;
Neither with these times sharing their scorn of virtue,
Nor with times past their bondage to myth and magic,
Firm on eternal verity's bedrock standing—
Here is true life, no airy conceit of Plato!
Love, that the Spirit harbours, of loveliness
Mingles amid its elements with Iran's
Beauty of mind, Arabia's inward fire.*

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan:
Wisdom of the East Series).

TAMIL IN THAILAND

By S. J. GUNASEGARAM, M.A. (Lond.)

IN his book *Siamese State Ceremonies*, Quaritch-Wales, describing the Coronation Ceremonies of the Thai Kings, states :—

“ The King seated himself on the *Badrapitha* Throne beneath an umbrella of seven tiers, which, after the king was crowned, was replaced by one of nine tiers, emblematic of full sovereignty. The High Priest of Siva then came before him and, after rendering homage, pronounced the Tamil Mantra, the Siamese name of which means, “ opening the portals of Kailasa ” : (Quaritch-Wales: “ Siamese State Ceremonies,” London, pp. 54-63).

Quaritch-Wales in the same book devotes a chapter to ‘the Swinging Festival’ and refers to a hymn sung in Tamil at the Coronation of the Thai Kings. Commenting on this reference, Rev. Dr. S. Thaninayagam, (in an article appearing in the July number of “Tamil Culture”) who had recently toured South-East Asian countries to study Tamil cultural influences in those parts, mentions his visit to the Brahmin temples in Bangkok, where he heard the Brahmin priests recite the Tamil Verses used in the Tiriyambavay Tripavay festival and at the Coronation Ceremonies of Thai Kings. The verses recited were the first two stanzas of Mannikavasagar’s *Thiruvempavai*.

We give below the two stanzas and a translation in English by Dr. G. U. Pope. (*Vide* Dr. Pope’s translation of Mannikavasagar’s “ Thiruvagam ”).

ஆதியும் அந்தமும் இல்லா அரும் பெருஞ்
சோதியை யாம் பாடக் கேட்டேயும், வாட்டங்கண்

மாடே ! வளருதியோ ? வன்செவியோ நின் செவிதான் ?
மாதேவன் வர்கழல்கன் வாழ்த்திய வாழ்த் தொளிப்போய்

விதி வாயக் கேட்டலுமே, விம்மி விம்மி மெய்ம்மறந்து
போதகர் அமலியின்மே னின்றும் புரண்டிங்ஙன்

வதேனும் ஆகான், சிடந்தான், என்னே என்னே
ஈதே எந்தோழி பரிச் ? — ஏல். ஓர். எம்பாவாய்!

*The splendour rare and great, that knows nor first nor end,
 we sing ; Thou hear'st the song, yet still sleep'st on ;
 O lady of the large bright eye ! is thine ear dull
 that it perceives not sound of praise that hails
 The great God's cinctured feet?—She hears the strain
 resound through all the street, yet in forgetful sleep
 On her flower-couch she muttering turns !—
 See, here she nothing noting lies ! Why thus, why thus?
 doth this our friend beseem?—Our Lady Fair, Arise!*

பாசம் பரஞ் சோதிக் கென்பாய், இராப்பகனும்
 பேசும் போதெப்போ திப்போ தார் அமலிக்கே

நேசமும் வைத்தனையோ, நேரிழையாய் ? நேரிழையா
 சீசு ! இவையுஞ் சிலவோ, வினையாடி.

எசும் இடம் ஈதோ, விண்ணோர்கள் எத்துதற்குக்
 கூசு மலர்ப்பாதந் தந்தருள வந்தருளுந்

தேசன், சிவலோகன், நிலிலைச் சிற்றம் பலத்துன்
 ஈசனாக்கன் பார் யாம் ஆர் ? — எல். ஓர். எம்பாவாய் !

*“ Hail to the heavenly Light,” thou ever say'st as we, by
 night and day. Now of this flowery couch
 Art thou enamour'd, maid with faultless gems adorned ?
 Shame ! jewell'd dames, are these things trifles too ?
 To sport and jest is this the place, when He in grace
 Hath come to give the foot-flower, shame-fast angels
 praise ?
 The Teacher, Lord of Civa-world, in Tillai's porch He
 rules.
 Who are His Lovers all?—Our Lady Fair, Arise !*

PAGES FOR THE YOUNG.

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

§ 26

MISS MURDSTONE was brought into the parlour with many tokens of welcome. She formally recognised David's mother as a new and near relation. Then she looked at David and said: "Is that your boy, sister-in-law?"

"Yes," said my mother.

"Generally speaking," said Miss Murdstone, "I don't like boys. How d'you do, boy?"

It was hardly encouraging to poor David, but he managed to reply: "I am very well. I hope you are the same."

But David did so with such an indifferent grace that Miss Murdstone disposed him of in two words: "Wants manner!"

§ 27

After this, Miss Murdstone begged the favour of being shown to her room. From that time forth Miss Murdstone's room became to David a place of awe and dread. David peeped into it once or twice when Miss Murdstone was out. He saw those two black boxes. They were never seen open or known to be left unlocked. David saw, hung upon the looking-glass in formidable array, numerous little steel fetters and rivets with which Miss Murdstone embellished herself when she was dressed.

David observed one very remarkable thing in Miss Murdstone. She was constantly haunted by the suspicion that the servants had secreted a man in the house. Miss Murdstone would dive into the coal cellar at the most untimely hours looking for that man. Although no lark in appearance, Miss Murdstone would be up at cock crow, before anybody in the house was stirring, and look for that man.

II

A POEM BY A POET OF EIGHT

The Sky

*When you look from your bedroom window,
You may see the Beautiful Sky—
And the clouds crash like little bombs
And stars twinkle like Silver Dollars ;
And the river so blue,
And moonshine on you.*

2.

*Oh ! How I wish I could be there,
Where I could see them so close—
And fly on space where mountains grow,
And see the whirlpool day and night ;
And arrive at Mars
In the twilight of Day.*

By SURENDRA PAUL.

BOOK REVIEW

“ TAMIL CULTURE ”

July, 1955

VOLUME IV, No. 3 of the “ Tamil Culture ” magazine contains, among other interesting contributions, a most valuable article from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Xavier Thaninayagam, M.A., M.Litt., S.T.D., the founder and Chief Editor of the Journal, who writes on “ Tamil Cultural Influences in South-East Asian Countries.”

Dr. Thaninayagam points out that Indian Scholars who had so far written on Indian cultural influences in South-Asia have not paid sufficient attention to the study and interpretation of the Tamil contribution to South-East Asian culture. He refers to the works of several French and Dutch Savants which provide ample material for such a study. Indian Scholars, particularly Prof. R. A. Nilakanta Sastri, have also made use of materials to be found in such works, but unfortunately Prof. Sastri's writings have “ not thrown any appreciable new light on South Indian influences in South-East Asia.” It has been due partly to the fact that Prof. Sastri has not made a first-hand study of these subjects by visiting these lands, and partly because he has been “ too preoccupied with illustrating the influence of Brahmanism and Sanskrit to be able to make a satisfactory appraisal ” of the sources of the influence of Kalinga, Andhra and Tamil countries.

H. G. Quaritch-Wales, in his book “ Siamese State Ceremonies,” has made reference to the “ Swing Festival ” in Siam and to a hymn sung in Tamil at the Coronation of Thai Kings. Dr. Thaninayagam, during his recent visit to Thailand, was able to hear the Brahmin priests recite the Tamil verses used at the “ Triyambavay Festival ” and at the Coronation of the Thai Kings. “ No one,” according to Dr. Thaninayagam, “ who visits these parts could fail to note the Tamil contribution to the Art and Architecture of South-East Asia.” There is “ need to stimulate greater interest among historians of the Tamil

Nad in the countries of South-East Asia, and to invite the attention of Scholars to the necessity of Tamil historians, archaeologists, linguists and writers visiting these countries for the purposes of study, research, and knowledge to be obtained first hand."

The learned writer quotes from "The Archaeology and Art of Sumatra" by R. Heine Goldens, to show the extent to which Tamils had influenced Sumatra. He refers to the Tamil inscriptions of Luta Tua (1088 A.D.), and to Dravidian tribal names still to be found among the Batak. Dravidian cultural influences had reached Sumatra chiefly from the Malabar and Tamil areas of South India. Pallava influences in the VII C. and the influence of the Chola Kings of the XI C. are evident in Sumatra as well as in Java.

Father Thaninayagam, in this article, indicates the main lines along which investigations regarding Tamil cultural influences in South-East Asia should continue to be made. Tamil influences in the domain of Sculpture, Architecture, evident in Burma, Thailand, Malaya, Sumatra and Java remain to be studied. The part played by the Tamils in spreading South Indian drama, music and dance to South-East Asian lands has been noted but remains to be investigated.

The part played by Tamil-speaking peoples (including South Indian Muslims) in the spread of Buddhism and later in the diffusion of Islam in Indonesia and in the Malay Archipelago needs research. The writer concludes by pointing out that this tour has convinced him of the strength and power of the historical foundations laid thousands of years ago, "long before the advent of the "Apostles of Aryanism"—by Tamils—"foundations which have been strengthened and reinforced during the centuries of the Christian era."

Another article of great interest in the same Journal is contributed by Mr. C. Nagalingam, formerly of the Education Department and presently Office Assistant of the Department of National Museums, Colombo, who writes with great erudition on "The Pallavas, their Origin and their Title Videlvidugu."

S. J. G.

Gaffoors

Remember the name - - -

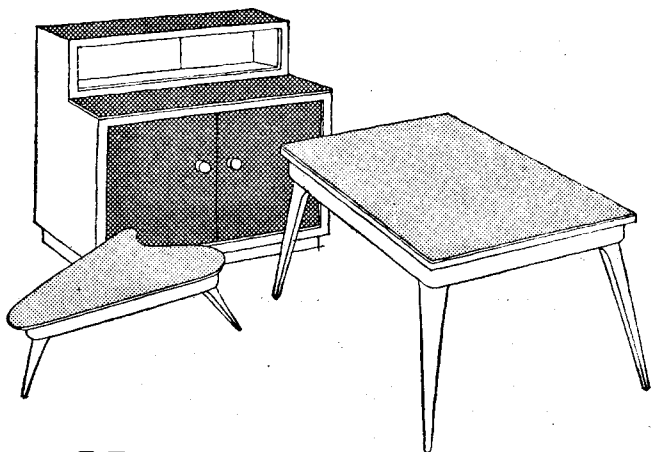
GAFFOORS

for fine shopping in Fort.

**Latest designs in textiles, including
sarees**

*Our experts undertake the working of
sarees to designs suggested by you,
at short notice.*

N. D. H. ABDUL CAFFOOR LTD. CHATHAM ST. FORT.



Modern homes need

FORMICA surfaces . . .
LAMINATED PLASTIC

Oh what a difference when furniture is surfaced with 'FORMICA' Laminated Plastic! This modern surface material is wonderfully *easy to clean* — and will save you work and time for a lifetime.

** For tables, dressers, shelves, cupboards, walls and all surfaces subject to hard wear throughout your house.*

** Easily cleaned with a damp cloth and cannot stain in normal use.*

** Heat-resistant up to 266°F. or 130°C.*

** Proof against rot, damp, termites.*

** Will not chip or crack when fixed.*

** Lowest cost per year of service of any known material.*

** Over 50 gay, attractive colours in glossy or matt finish.*

Please pay a visit to our Fort Showroom and see the comprehensive display of **FORMICA**.

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:
WALKER SONS AND CO. LTD.,
MAIN STREET, COLOMBO

PERSPECTIVES

The International Quarterly Review—No. 13

ART

Contemporary American Drawings

ECONOMICS

The Businessman as Philosopher

LITERARY CRITICISM

The Fiction of Ernest Hemingway

MUSIC

Charles Ives

NARRATIVE

The Unvexed Isles
Circe

PHILOSOPHY

The World of George Santayana

POETRY

Three Poems

Other numbers have featured leading American writers on architecture, history, philosophy, economics, social science, drama, literary criticism, etc.

Re. 1.75 per copy. . . . Annual Subscription Rs. 6.75 postage inclusive

Distributed in Ceylon by Lake House Bookshop, Parsons Road, Colombo 2.

SAMPLE COPY ON REQUEST

THE TAMIL

A Tribute by a Very Great
Man :—

“Received with
Interest and
Pleasure.”—

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL



The Tamil

EDITORIAL OFFICE:

2, Buller's Lane, Colombo,
Ceylon.

T'phone: 84560.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Ten Rupees
Twelve Shillings
for twelve numbers

ADVERTISEMENTS: Seventy-five rupees per Full Page.

For further particulars please
communicate with the Editorial
Office.