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(New Year Edition.)

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The Hindu Organ.

JAFFNA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1932.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THIS DAY, ASTROLOGERS AND CALENDAR-makers say—let us not dispute with them lest they confound us with their learning—the sun enters the sign of Mesha and ushers in the Ankiresa Year. In keeping with the goodwill that is abroad we wish our readers a *Happy New Year*. We seem to hear the echo of good cheer from the hearts of our readers

Let us not institute an inquiry into the source of the impulse which makes people regard work as, at best, a necessary evil imposed upon the birth-right to the freedom of man to be himself, by the inexorable demands of a materialistic civilisation, but note the universal longing for respite from the dull and sordid round of daily work. There is a repose which stretches far, far beyond, the highest peaks of worldly ambition which beckons man from afar-near. Indeed, the voice is nearer than the nearest that it seems the echo of a distant message wafted by the wind—that chartered libertine who knows no distinction. In the midst of the din and turmoil of the work-a-day life, the call is heard and recognised by all mankind speaking diverse tongues, for the call is delivered in the universal language of the heart. Man pays homage to the call to be himself by a momentary pause in the midst of his exacting labour. Yes, breathes not a man who has not felt that sudden cessation, abrupt ending, momentary loss of the feeling of continuity, the inscrutable relaxation in the even flow of the stream of consciousness, harkening as if to the far off music of unseen angels. It was not the time to listen intently and fix the quarter whence the whisper came. The inner voice had spoken, but the man was too pre-occupied to receive the message. This, perhaps, is the reason why we are all exultant at the prospect of a holiday. Days and nights are holy indeed to the man who abstains from the clash of the senses and lets them run down to a dead calm. It is then that man manifests his true nature which is reflected in his goodwill towards man and beast and his feeling of kinship with the world and nearness to God.

If life is not dated merely by years, and events the best calendars, the year under review will stand for all time as one of unique achievement for the Tamils in Ceylon. The genius of the soul of a people whose civilisation goes far back into the dim past of unrecorded history, can never die. It might express itself feebly, imperfectly, even inaudibly, but it can never be crushed out. If it be denied some of its natural vents of expression it compensates itself by increasing the volume of the flow along other and unimpeded channels of expression. Now in music, again in poetry and architecture, the natural genius of the race pours forth its best in abundant flow, making plenty more plentiful. It sleepeth, perhaps, for a long time, but is never dead; it effulges by

eras; the same spirit but in different manifestations. It clothes itself in diverse climes and ages in various raiments yet ever and everywhere but one glorious apparition.

The divine discontent which has seized almost every country in the East and the travail in India, so near to us and dear and sacred as the mother to whom we owe every fibre in our being, have whetted our yearning for self-expression in terms of politics and economics. The helpless pawn on the chess-board of bureaucratic pastime has suddenly come to life and asserts its individuality in a manner hitherto unsuspected. The thrill of a new vision shook the country from end to end and all classes joined in the movement. The decision to stand out of the State Council astonished our best friends. They were not prepared for the news. They were sceptic as to the wisdom or expediency of the step but could not withhold admiration for the unity amongst the people and the high purpose that swayed them. It was as a brave revenge for the petty selfishness of the leaders in the past who invented excuses to gamble away the interests of the country that leaders and people came together and took decision. As the last taste of sweets is sweetest and lasts writ in remembrance, how refreshing, invigorating and elevating to our senses and our souls to fly from politics to the heart of the people, from the honourable house to the unerring sense of the masses, from the vapid feuds of place-men and reformers to the sense of self-respect and self-reliance born anew.

The decision to boycott the Council may have been wise or otherwise and the future alone can pass true verdict thereon. But the spirit of service, the general awakening, the sense of unity, of loyalty to leaders, these are and will ever be the greatest assets of the movement to the country.

With wise leadership the goal is easy to reach. Efforts are being made to thwart the plans of the leaders by vile misrepresentation addressed to the weak and the gullible, but let it be remembered that a man, however exalted or resourceful he be, may bring a horse to the water but he cannot make it drink without its will. They have misread the signs of the times who fail to grasp the significance of the new urge which feels that a halter made of silk is a halter still and longs for the day of freedom when the people will be masters in their own country and claim the right to grow to strength enriched by error and weakness.

The path has been indicated, nay taken. The economic weapon has been decided upon and the people are being taught the importance of self-reliance

It remains for us in this and coming years to carry the message of self-reliance to every man, woman and child and enable them to find their feet. Let us seek Divine guidance and with upraised hands pray:—

‘Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home

Lead Thou me on.’

A Prince Among Reformers.

THE LATE SREE LA SREE ARUMUGA NAVALAR.

His Devotion to Duty.

The season's good cheer will be incomplete without a culling from an appeal issued by the late Sree La Sree Arumuga Navalar of revered memory in his telling and inimitable prose. We therefore make no apology to append hereto an excerpt from "an appeal" issued by him in the year 1868.

The great Navalar was an eminent scholar, ardent patriot and indomitable reformer. He was by far the greatest of the sons of Jaffna. His services to his countrymen, especially to the Tamils in Ceylon and India, are too well known to need recapitulation here. He lived at a time when alien influences threatened to engulf the soul of the Tamil community, and it will be no exaggeration to say, that Tamil Nadu will not be what it is today, had not the dynamic personality of the Navalar stemmed the mad rush of alien devastation in the field of religion and literature. His efforts to redeem his language and religion from alien influences and the sacrifices he willingly made will stand for all time treasured in the memory of his countrymen

to inspire the youth of the country to high endeavour and noble purpose.

The Appeal.

“அடியவர் குறைவு தீர்த்தான் டருள் வதே ஶிரதம் பூண்ட” பெருங்கருணைக் கடலாடிய சிவபெருமான, நான் நல்லறவும் நல்லொழுக்கமும் தம்மாட்டுமெய்யன்பும் சற்று முற்றறியாப் பரமசண்டாளனேயாயினும், தமது சமயங்குன்றுதலைக் காண்டலின் கண்ணே பெருங்கலைபும் அச்சமயத்தைவளர்த்தலின் கண்ணே போசையும் உடையயி னுற்றனே என்னிம்மைப் பயன்கொல்லவா வற்றையும் இழுத்தும் பலாலே பவவகை யிடையூறுகளை அதுபவித்தும் வருத்தமுறம் உண்மையைத் திருவுளக்கொண்டாக்கி, என் கருத்தை யான் எடுத்த தேகம் விழுமுன் சிறைவேற்றியருளும் பெருட்டு, அவருடைய திருவடினைப் பணிந்து பிரார்த்திக்கின்றேன்.

The Hour for A Supreme Effort.

Mr. Balasingham's Message to the Youth.

“The hour for a supreme effort has struck. Success is ours if we do sustained work during this year. For all propaganda whether economic or political money is wanted. But as I said before we can attain success with less funds if educated men do not forget their own duty to their country. There is no limit to the greatness of a country if her best intellects are devoted to her service. The use of wealth is after all to obtain service. But if the best men offer their services free to their country of what little use would money be. It is unfair to condemn the rich miser or spendthrift, who knows no better, when the man of talents does not place his gifts freely at the disposal of his country.

Young man, the country needs your services. Do not wait to amass wealth and think of attending to your country's needs when you are wealthy. Do not waste the energy of youth in a vain endeavour to satisfy fancied wants,—houses, furniture, clothes, jewellery,—and hope to dedicate your wasted body to your Motherland; your country needs you in your vigour. If you are truly patriotic, the sacrifice is not too much. If you really want to do public service do not have an eye constantly on your neighbour to see how rich he is growing.

The need of the hour is patriotic young men in each Village to form local Committees for a “Buy Ceylon” and economy campaign.”



National Week Events.

April 13: Hoisting the National Flag at the Jaffna Esplanade.

Treat to the prisoners in the Jaffna jail, organised by Mudaliyar S. T. Chittambalam.

National Day celebrations at Chavakacheri, Karainagar, Point Pedro, Ariatal and Tinnevely.

April 16: Founder's Day celebrations at the Parameshwara College. Speakers: The Hon. Mr. C. W. W. Kannan-gara, Minister of Education, and Mr. M. S. Eliantamby, Advocate.

April 18: Eighth Annual Sessions of the Youth Congress, Jaffna, at the Jaffna Esplanade. President: Mr. C. E. Corea, Proctor.

Industrial, Handicrafts and Fine Arts Exhibition at the Central College Hall.

Frame a Constitution Conferring Self-Government.

A New Year Message

BY MR. H. A. P. SANDRASEGARA, K. C.,
(President, Ceylon Tamil League)

According to some of our friends the Tamils of Jaffna have chosen to stand in political isolation from the rest of Ceylon. It is proper therefore to take stock of the situation and determine our attitude for the future. Men with a narrow outlook even among the Tamils have not failed to complain that our gains especially in the public services have not been as conspicuous as in the past. The presence of Tamil representatives in Council had no doubt helped those in the public services to go forward with confidence and the gains registered have by no means been inconsiderable. Suffice it to say, that the chief avenue of employment for the educated Jaffna man was the public service. Has it ceased to be so, and if it is so, is it an unmitigated evil? The net gain of the Jaffna man in this short campaign of Boycott is that he has immeasurably increased his self respect, and that more than compensated in spiritual gain for any material loss he may have sustained. There are among the Sinhalese many noble men who can appreciate our loyalty to correct ideas and who now applaud our unflinching courage. With rare generosity, they have watched over our interests in Council, and he is said to their credit that we have lost nothing. It is the habit of the pessimist to exaggerate his woes and ignore his weals. I have heard the voice of the pessimist in Jaffna.

Back to The Land

Our economic condition is not so seriously affected by the depression as that of others. At no time did our soil, our trade and our industry give us more than a living wage. The chief article of our external trade, the Jaffna cigar, is still smoked by every body in Ceylon. The crash has not touched us. But that is greater reason for us to devise means to improve our material position. Both political and economic reasons urge us to test our foundations and reinforce them in weak places and generally be prepared for the coming storm. "Back to the land" is no meaningless cry to us. We never abandoned the land. Within our limited sphere by intensive cultivation and unremitting labour we have eeked out an honourable existence. It is now necessary for our educated young men to fight adverse conditions, to go into the wilds and fight down malaria. By united effort we can fight down the demon of malaria which stands like a spectre between the Peninsula and the mainland. Let us take up more land for paddy, tobacco and fruit cultivation.

Be Prepared For the Advance

The banishment of Malaria is within sight. Preventive and prophylactic means are being brought more and more up to date. Let us be prepared for the advance. Let no tears be shed that the public services in Ceylon do not afford the wide and extended scope for careers which they did in the past. Malaya is now closed. The pruning knife is to be radically applied to all public expenditure. It will affect all the services, both recruited from abroad and locally. Gradually we will cease to employ people from abroad. They will be useful only where technical and expert assistance is needed. The fight for retrenchment will be a bitter but short one. Though non-cooperating in the work of the State Council our assistance will be invaluable in planning and laying before the Commission schemes of retrenchment. Mysore and Ireland furnish us conspicuous examples of how Self-help can save a nation.

How the English left Ireland

When the Englishmen left Ireland, he left it distracted, divided, and in debt. With almost distasteful malice the

country was handed over to its own popular Government loaded with debt, crippled in trade and devoid of all industry. English politicians jeered and did not hesitate to declare that the poor Irish of the Southern States would come back "whining" to Englishmen to retake the Government. A few determined men set their backs to the task. Retrenchment was effected. In these years the incubus of debt was paid. Today Ireland has a national debt of only about her revenue for one year. The magnificent Shannon Electrical works has thoroughly industrialized the country. Ireland did not give away this magnificent asset for farming by foreign exploiters. Poor as Ireland was, she girded herself to the task and where the Englishman contemptuously expected failure, Ireland today is not only supporting herself with an ample revenue, but her exports are everyday expanding. Let Ceylon take warning and not farm out her electrical undertakings to English, German, or any foreign exploiters. It is an open secret that money will flow when the concessions will be debated on.

Take an Island wide Interest.

We possess today one of the most expensive officials in our Director of Electrical Undertakings who is paid about £ 3000 per annum. We can employ the best expert—a member of the last cabinet in Ireland, one who has directed and controlled the Shannon Scheme—for about half what we pay our Director.

I do not want our people to take a purely parochial interest in our affairs. It is our duty to take an island-wide survey of existing conditions. We cannot continue to be led. In enhancing their own salaries the bureaucracy had given a bad lead to our own officers. Why should a Ceylonese officer be paid on a sterling scale, on a false and artificial exchange standard. It is an unpalatable task to cut down salaries. The salaries of future entrants must be laid out on a conservative Ceylon scale—those at the top ought to be ruthlessly retired unless they cannot be spared. The 55 year rule must be worked drastically. In ten years we will attain a standard of wages commensurate to our needs.

Thorough Reform of the Constitution.

But a thorough reform of the constitution must precede all this. The narrow outlook and the ungenerous exercise of reserved powers have goaded the country into demanding nothing less than full self-government. In this cry all communities and all parties are united except of course the Europeans. Their protestations have proved hollow and insincere. To save them from Income Tax they did not hesitate to "whine" before us. Once the evil they feared has come to pass and their own people had fixed the yoke on their necks, the Europeans—I mean the unofficial Europeans—have gone back with a bound to the arms of their blood brother the bureaucrat. It is good that it is so. We must look to ourselves only for our salvation.

Let the public men and public associations of Jaffna busy themselves with framing a constitution which will confer full self-government or put us well on the road to self-government. Let us cooperate with other communities. When the day dawns—I feel sure within this generation—for Ceylon to achieve self government, the beacon light of the Jaffna Boycott will stand out as the greatest contributing factor to the achievement of so glorious a result.

Back to the Land.

Agriculture will serve the Purpose

Example of America.

Mr. S Kathiresu, Proctor, Colombo writes:—

The formality of a New Year Message—a borrowed idea—is not what we want. Our sages of old have given us all the necessary messages in good seasons and not necessarily at the New Year time. They have enunciated and proved that reducing one's wants is his wealth and strength. It makes one independent and snap his fingers at anything like proud imperialism, bureaucracy and all other ideas crazy. "யமனாக்கும் அஞ்சொம் அடிப்படை....." was sung long years ago.

With such strength and wealth for our foundation it is easy for us to build an independent state, at least of the mind.

Our sages, including those of the Christian faith, have taught us to sweat for our food. Agricultural pursuits have answered the purpose very well in the past and why should they not do so again. It was well observed that it is only amongst them that you can find a real gentleman—a rare thing in these days of competition for power and amassing of wealth.

AGRICULTURISTS BY RACE.

We are by race agriculturists and that has been our pride. The practical methods adopted by our farmers on their limited areas have been recommended to our Sinhalese friends in the government agricultural primers and books. Our gardens have been said to have compared very favourably with the best in England. Thus there is perhaps not much for us to learn elsewhere except for purposes of mass production. Though mass production may not be necessary a larger production is badly needed, as we are importing yearly millions worth of food stuffs. In this dry land which however yields to cultivation, all what we require is cheap water. Any amount of it is found in the District, but all under the soil. How are we to raise it up on a cheap basis is a question. This has been solved by co-operation in North America. On the American side of the Ontario lake windmills of the simplest construction have been installed to utilize the seasonal winds. Our South West monsoon is similar to that and luckily we have it during the rainless months. In the wind-mill they have got rid of the costly steel-towers, the turntable with all its cog-wheels and the toil, and replaced them by tripods of timber costing only a few rupees—and the tripod is enough when the blowing is all from one direction, the South West.

WATER-SUPPLY.

The introduction of these simple windmills and pumps—all costing about Rs. 150/- to the wells and tanks in open gardens and fields should enable us to have the necessary supply of water, almost for no cost, to grow our paddy, vegetables, dry grains, tobacco and last but not least, fodder for the half-starved cattle, another important item necessary for agriculture and milk supply. "நீர் உயர் செல்லுயரும்" is a saying which is literally too true to be explained here.

When the question of the supply of food within easy reach is solved other industries and manufactures can be undertaken with an easy mind. The manufacture of cloth is another item of importance.

The clothes required by us is rather very limited. A "virty" and a shawl is complete enough for all social functions. No doubt a small percentage of us are suffering from the influence of the West. The national dress movement is doing great service in that line. In our midst

we have a class who do weaving in yet a small scale. They can increase the output and train other capable men to work the looms. When the agriculturists are striving to give us all the food we require, the others can improve the looms and supply us all the clothes we require. Spinning at spare hours will keep us usefully occupied.

HOUSING PROBLEM.

Housing is another problem engaging other countries including some small towns—but there is nothing for us to trouble. "இடம்பக்கெடுதல்" has been one of our early lessons, notwithstanding that some have built bigger houses. But the use of the imported flat tiles is the worst and is doing great harm to the valuable health of those that live under them in this hot district. The money paid for these tiles all go out of the country. That is another question. Dr. Ananda Kumaraswamy has in the most unmistakable terms condemned the covering of the Jaffna houses with flat tiles. Thatched houses, at least in the country side are the best, and why not have the best? For the towns where safety from fire is concerned, Ceylon half-round tiles should be the safest and best. The old rejected olas serve as good manure to our paddy fields. *Back to the land and to the thatched houses* is what we want and the other blessings including a happy and prosperous New Year will follow.

The Ploughman's Poem of Sinnatamby Pulavar

Continued from page 7

"What shall I do:

Jupiter and Mars are on the descendant,
And Venus has gone South....."

Coming to speak about the style of the poem we can only say that his style here is very lucid and simple which is enough to convey the simple yet beautiful thoughts of rural life. When compared with that of the other works of the poet, such as "Maraisai Anthathi", and "Kalvalai Anthathi", the style of this poem leaves one room to doubt whether this is from the pen of Sinnatamby Pulavar himself. But the testimony for its authenticity borne by such an erudite scholar and savant of Tamil culture like Sabbapathi Nayar is enough to prove that this too is from the writer himself. The difference in style may be due to the fact that this work might have been one of the earliest productions of the poet. There is a youthful spirit, less philosophical in its outlook, but full of hope and gaiety running throughout the whole poem. This too may testify to the fact that it was written in the poet's younger days.

All this is enough to show that we too, the people of Jaffna had once upon a time our own poets and writers, who could soar high to the majestic realms of poetry and portray to us all the beauties of nature and life. Sinnatamby Pulavar seems to have lived in those ruffled times of the Portuguese when education itself was not much encouraged, yet the poet was not bound by the fetters of slavery, and he was able to soar high and sing to us.

It is our earnest desire that our countrymen will not forget to bring out works of this kind of their old poets and perpetuate their memories. The names of poets like Sinnatamby Pulavar deserve to be engraved in letters of gold and handed over to posterity.

Dental Notice.

DR. J. S. R. GOONEWARDENE
(Dental Surgeon,
Park Street, Colombo)
will be at the Jaffna Rest House
on April 22nd, 23rd, 24th & 25th.
(Mis 483 13)

Ceylon University College.

NEW ADMISSIONS

The next academic year commences on July 12, 1932. Admission forms should be applied for and returned duly completed not later than 28 May, 1932, to the Registrar, University College. On receipt of notification of admission, candidates should pay fees for the first term as instructed therein.

Colombo,
5 April, 1932.
G. 139 7 & 13,

R. MARRS,
Principal,
Ceylon University College

"Dispersion of the Tamils"

LEMURIA

One of the Cradles
Of
THE HUMAN RACE.

New
Theories and
Old.

By C. RASANAYAKA MUDALIYAR, C. C. S. (Retired.)

The first article on 'The Dispersion of the Tamils' was contributed to this paper by Mr. S. R. Muttukumaru. Rev. Fr. S. Gnana-pragasar O. M. I. and Swami Vipulananda were good enough to comment on this article and give their views on the subject for the benefit of our readers who will now have the pleasure of knowing what the author of 'Ancient Jaffna', C. Rasanayaka Mudaliyar, has to say on this interesting subject of research.

An article by Mr. S. R. Muttukumaru giving a resume of all the theories put forward from time to time by European savants on the above subject, appeared in the Hindu Organ of 25th February, and another in the way of comment on the former by Swami Vipulananda in that of the 10th ultimo. Mr. Muttukumaru appears to favour one of the earliest theories, that the migration of the Tamils from Mesopotamia to South India took place at an unknown period both by land and sea, a theory which though preposterous, yet found enthusiastic advocates a quarter of a century ago, among the Tamils, in the persons of Mr. SavariRayan and Mr. J. Thambipillai. The Swami, however, while declaring that the Tamils are indigenous, is not bold enough to give his blessing to the latest theory that the dispersion took place from the lost Lemurian Continent, and hopes that further research will lead the way to a more definite theory. It is unnecessary now to recount all the evidence, racial, ethnical, linguistic, religious and social, which have been discovered as proofs of the great affinity which exists between the Dravidians on the one hand and the Egyptians, Assyrians, Sumerians and the Persians known as the Mediterranean races on the other, but it only remains to verify whether the flow of emigration, supposed to be the natural result of the existence of such evidence, was from the West or from the East or otherwise.

The Idea of Early Western Scholars.

The earlier Western scholars, who were obsessed with the idea that everything in the way of civilization should have reached India from somewhere outside and especially from the West, arrived at the conclusion that the Mediterranean races who were, according to them, the earliest to be civilized carried the torch of civilization to India both by land and sea. They asserted that the Aryans, who had their original home somewhere near the sea of Aral, in their downward march, picked up from these races—some of whom were living close to the Caspian Sea—a few items of civilization and took them by land to India, and the emigrants from Mesopotamia carried the rest by sea. When it was found that traces of similar culture were also apparent in Persia, Baluchistan and Sindh, they thought that emigration took place by land too. The facts which came to their hands, in the absence of the knowledge regarding the lost Lemurian Continent added to the belief that Tamils too like the Aryans entered India from somewhere else, did not certainly militate against such a conclusion. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, they were also under the wrong belief that the Mediterranean races were autochthonous to their several countries.

Is migration or emigration from one common centre the necessary conclusion

for the dispersion of people with a certain substratum of culture common to all? Do the ascertained facts preclude any other theory but emigration? The idea of emigration is the result of omission to place before the mind's eye the geographical condition of Southern Asia in relation to the lost Lemurian continent.

Cradle of the Human Race.

Scientists and geologists admit that there was a vast continent now submerged in the Indian Ocean lying to the West of Australia and to the East of Africa, extending on both sides of the Equator, including central and South India, Ceylon and the Malayan Archipelago on the North and Madagascar on the East. It was named Lemuria because it was the land of the lemur (செவ்வாடு), an animal now found only in Ceylon and Madagascar. The primitive rocks in Ceylon and South India prove that they are portions of an original land formed by the congealment of the earth's crust. Between the Vindya Mountains and the Himalayas was an inland sea. The Himalayas too rose from the ocean after one of the submersions of the land down South-Baluchistan, Persia and Mesopotamia too, perhaps, formed part of that continent. In the map of the Lemurian Continent given by Scott Elliott Egypt was a sea, being a portion of that sea which afterwards became the Sahara desert.

This Lemurian Continent is also surmised to be one of the cradles of the human race, and the finding of the skeleton of the pre-historic man in Java, of a time anterior to that of the Cromorgan man of Heidelberg goes a long way to prove that theory.

The earliest inhabitants of this lost continent, who can be safely admitted to belong to the Dravidian stock, evolved a common culture and spread throughout the length and breadth of the vast continent. On account of the great cataclysms, geological transformations and inundations, the echoes of which are heard in the records of the Assyrian Hebrews and in the ancient literature of the Tamils, there were great changes, and those who escaped the devastations of such cataclysms either moved to places which they considered safe or were left behind in localities which were not visited by such catastrophes and became estranged from the common original stock. These migrations or settlements having taken place at different stages of culture according to the time synchronising with the geological transformations of the lost continent, each particular division evolved or improved on their own partly-evolved culture, and such evolution progressed in different lines whether it was linguistic, social or religious. It is therefore no wonder that glimpses of what was once a common culture are now seen in certain similarities among all these nations.

Proof of Early Dispersion.

If the different times when, and the different localities where, these cataclysms occurred are known, we may be able to judge at what stage of culture the different Mediterranean races separated from their common stock. It is curious that these races are all confined almost to the southern shores of the present Continent of Asia and are also, curiously enough, living adjacent to each other commencing from Egypt and passing through Mesopotamia, Baluchistan and Sindh to India.

The dolmens and cromlechs which show the early system of burial practised by the early Tamils as well as some of the allied tribes, and found in South India, Central India, Egypt, Assyria and Baluchistan prove the very early dispersion of these tribes in the original continent. The cultured Tamils who came to South India much later had given up this system of ancient burial and adopted cremation instead. The existence of such undeveloped dialects like Tulu, Badaga, Santali, Kurku, Kui, Kuvi, Oraon, Pashtu, Gondi, Kodaga, Kelan, Parji, Kolami, Brahui and Baluci allied to their mother-tongue Tamil, and spoken by as many tribes in South India and Baluchistan, confirms the early settlement of these tribes. The Telugu, Canarese and Malayalam languages in India, and Sinhalese in Ceylon, though Tamil dialects originally, have, in the progress of culture, developed into perfect and independent languages by profuse mixture with Sanskrit and Pali.

The latest excavations at Harappa and Mohenjo-Dard in the district of Sindh have disclosed a high state of Dravidian culture to have been existent in those cities about 3000 B. C. In the Rig Veda, it is mentioned that the Aryans who were occupying Panjab, during the Rig Vedic period and prior to their entry into India, led by their King Indra defeated Vrita, the Asura King of Hariyappiya. The Hariyappiya of the Rig Veda having been identified with the above-mentioned Harappa, it is clear that a Dravidian tribe in a very high state of culture was occupying Sindh before the advent of the Aryans into India. The Aryans called the Dravidians Asuras, as they (the Dravidians) resembled in language and religious belief as well as in manners and customs, the Persians and the Assyrians who worshipped Ahur or Yasur. The Aryans in their early appellation of races they came across with called the Dravidians Asuras, and the Mongolian Yakkhas or Yakshas, Rakshasas, although the terms Asuras and Rakshasas became synonymous later.

Ceylon and Lemuria.

From the Kanda Puranam we come to know that Ceylon was at one time occupied by the Yakkhas, a Mongolian tribe, of whom Surapanman was the King. He was conquered by Kumarakkadaval who was then a Prince of the Tamils and the President of the first Tamil Sangam. We thus find that the time of Surapanman who had his capital at the foot of Mahendra, a portion of the mountain range which ran through the Lemurian continent as a continuation of the Western Ghats, then known as Koli and Kumari, synchronised with the first Sangam of the Tamils.

Then one of the great submersions took place and a large part of Ceylon and India with moust Mahendra, river Pahruli and Madura, the capital of the Tamils and seat of the first Sangam, disappeared. The upheaval of Egypt and the separation of the Ethiopians and the Egyptians must have taken place earlier than the first Sangam, for we do not find traces of the culture acquired by the Tamils of the first Sangam among the Egyptians.

The evidence of an earlier culture is the discovery of dolmens and sarcophagus pottery in Egypt bearing a remarkable resemblance to very ancient Babylonian and Indian pottery used for similar purposes. Quite a common feature of these dolmen burials is the discovery of widemouthed earthenware urns which contained the remains of the dead. These megalithic tombs have been identified, some as those of the stone age and some of the iron age. This similarity of interments in earthenware coffins identical in shape, size and material has given rise to interesting speculations connecting archaic Indian civilization with that of Babylonia, Assyria and Egypt. From these dolmens of Egypt, the earliest known Egyptian tombs, Mr. Gilbert Slater suggests the claims of Egypt as the probable centre from which spread of the cult of the dead, but he was not, perhaps, aware, that this cult was far too ancient and widely distributed in the Lemurian continent for us to suggest the general acceptance by propagation from quite a different centre.

The picture writing of the Egyptians now known as hieroglyphics, if not developed by the Egyptians themselves after the separation, which is not likely, must have been the earliest writing of the Tamils too, but no traces of it are available as their country had gone down into the sea.

"Man does not Live by Bread Alone."

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING.

A New Year Message.

"AGRICOLA" WRITES:—

You ask me to send a New Year Message to your readers.

I think I cannot do better than to remind them the message suggested by the simple truth "Man does not live by bread alone". It will do us good in the circumstances of world wide depression and shrinkage of credit to reflect on this simple truth which people of Ceylon and India had realised and embodied in their social and economic life even before it was proclaimed in Palestine nearly 2000 years ago.

Production and Commerce were regarded as means of satisfying the primary organic needs of man. Only such things and in such quantities as to supply these needs were produced. Society was a federation of economic units. As the units normally functioned the needs of society were satisfied. The duties (aharma) of each unit were founded on privileges of membership of society and proud traditions. Society was a well-balanced organic whole, capable of automatic expansion or contraction according to needs, circumstances of time and conditions, withal self-adjusting with potentialities inherent in the structure to maintain its economic balance both in times of war and stress or peace and plenty. The watchfulness of these constituent life-units, exercised on the principle of self-preservation, diffused on the body politic a spirit, the effect of which was to maintain life on the plane of noblesse oblige and plain living and high thinking.

We clung to our ideals in the face of vandalism of the Portuguese.

Revaluation of all Values.

The Dutch sowed the seeds of foreign civilisation and foreign standards of living, yet we tenaciously held to our laws and our traditions.

But during the last 100 years, the English institutions, laws and traditions have been penetrating into our country through a hundred different ways. The education imparted to us has transformed our outlook. Its purpose has been deflected from that of culture to one of acquiring means to win bread and butter. Our educated people are like "the Hessian soldiers peddling their prowess for hire". The Western civilisation whose economic programme is ruthless competition, unorganised production, unabashed greed, high-tensioned individualism, restless ambition to dominate with the slogan of "the survival of the fittest" etc. found its culmination in the last Armageddon.

Europe is now weary and disappointed. She is awakening to the need for a change and seeks for a revaluation of all values. She is casting her eyes wistfully on the ideals which our ancestors cherished with fondness. Even the Mammon whom she adored is leaving her.

The tragedy of our own situation is that we seem to prepare to walk the road that led Europe to destruction.

I say, Halt! "என்னைத் தனிக் கருமம் தனிக் கீர் என்னும் மெகப் பிழக்கு" and reflect before you proceed further. Remember "Man does not live by bread alone."

After the Submersion.

It was perhaps, after the submersion which took place after the first Sangam, that the Sumerians separated and we are therefore able to find more Tamil traces among them. By this time the Tamils had divided the country they live into five thinais (நிலை) or tracts, of which "marutham" (மருதம்) was one. The Chief's town in a marutham tract was known as Ur. (உர்), and the Sumerians who lived in a marutham tract watered by the rivers, the Eubrates and the Tigris, called their capital Ur, following the culture they had already acquired. They called their country, Akkadia, evidently by the name of Akattiyar, their greatest sage and poet and the President of the first Tamil Sangam, as successor of Kumarakkadaval. As Kumarakkadaval was deified after his victory over Surapanman, traces of his worship among the Sumerians should be searched for.

It was also then, perhaps, that the country of which Harappa and Mohenjo daro were important towns became separated, and we find from Sumerian tablets that there was a great deal of intercourse by the Sumerians with the towns in Sindh. The discovery of earthenware tablets, written in cuneiform characters, in the excavations of Mohenjo

Continued on page 6.

I MEET GANDHI.

BY THE REV. J. H. HOLMES.

A great admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, the REV. J. H. HOLMES of America has used the pulpit very often to preach to his countrymen about the life and teachings of Gandhiji. The Reverend gentleman was longing for the day when he would meet the object of his reverence and the subject of his many sermons. On hearing of Gandhiji's visit to London for the Round Table Conference, he made a pilgrimage to Europe and met "this Word become flesh which dwells among us 'full of grace and truth'." His impressions and experiences are given in this beautiful and soul-stirring sermon delivered at the Community Church, New York, soon after his return to America.

TEXTS: (1) "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit.....the half was not told me."—I Kings 10: 6-7.

(2) "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace..... for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people."—Luke 2: 29-31.

These are the texts which I have chosen to introduce a sermon which is not really a sermon at all. What I have to say to you this morning is only a personal narrative—a little story out of my own life. I have met Gandhi—have clasped his hand, have looked into his eyes, have listened to his voice. I have sat in a great public audience, and heard him speak; I have sat alone at his feet and talked with him about many things. All this is of no importance, except to myself. But I have talked to you so often about the Mahatma, and you have responded so generously to my admiration and love for this great man whom we have learned together to describe as "the greatest man in the world," that I feel I should be remiss in my duty if I did not share with you so far as I am able, an experience which I shall ever regard as the most precious of my life. Furthermore, there are wider implications in my experience! I saw Gandhi at the cl-

matic hour of his career and against the background of events momentous in the history not only of our own but of all time. I can tell you, therefore, not only of my impressions of the man, but also of my estimate of his significance today for India, the Empire and the world. I have met, in other words, not merely an individual, but a cause, a movement, a revolution. How do I feel about this phenomenon—this Word become flesh which dwells among us "full of grace and truth"—this incarnation of the Spirit in which is life, and this life "the light of men?"

A Mightier than Soldier.

I was in Berlin when I heard that Gandhi was coming to London. Earlier in the summer I had received from him a letter in which he had spoken of his journey, and of his expectation of seeing me on his arrival. But his plans had been thrown into confusion, and he had announced that he would not attend the Round Table Conference. Then came the agreement with the Viceroy, and the sudden determination to make the trip. The moment I heard that Gandhi was coming, that he had actually taken ship and was on the sea, I abandoned all my other arrangements and rushed to London, resolved to camp upon the Mahatma's threshold until the door might open and let me through. I had not dared to hope that I could greet him when he first landed upon English soil. But by a dramatic and amusing combination of circumstances, which is a story in itself, I found myself on the morning of Saturday, September 12th, standing on the pier at Folkestone, awaiting the arrival of the Channel steamer.

It was typical English weather—cold and foggy, with occasional heavy showers. The wind was sweeping the waves with whitecaps, and chilling the bones of the watchers on the pier. I was talking with an officer, one of the members of the police force appointed to be the bodyguard of the Mahatma.

"Do you see that point of land over there," he said to me, pointing to the white cliffs of Dover to the north. "That's where Caesar landed when he brought his legions to conquer England!"

To conquer England! I thought of that great soldier of ancient Rome and of his

victories upon these shores. His twentieth Legion had remained here three hundred years! Then I thought of another conqueror—William of Normandy—who had crossed this Channel a thousand years after the immortal Julius and beaten the Saxons and annexed their realm. This invader had landed at Pevensey, not so many miles here to the south. And now another thousand years had passed, and still another conqueror was crossing these stormy seas. Not a soldier, but a mightier than any soldier. Not an invader, with a sword of steel, but an apostle with the sword of the spirit. Not an enemy to lay waste the land, but a friend to surprise and devastate the hearts of Englishmen. If ever Britain was in peril, it was in peril now, when for the third time in two thousand years, there was coming an alien to dictate terms of peace.

First Glimpse of the Mahatma.

I wiped the rain from my glasses, and gazed out through the mist to the open sea. There was the steamer, a little craft in white, emerging from the horizon like a sheeted ghost. As she made fast at the pier, only one man, the official representative of the British Government, was allowed on board. All the rest of us—friends of Gandhi, delegates from India, the Dean of Canterbury, newspaper reporters and photographers—were left standing in the rain, with a great crowd of sightseers behind the barriers. But the delay was brief. In a few moments we were aboard the ship, and I was standing at the door of Gandhi's cabin awaiting my turn to be received. It was here I had my first glimpse of the Mahatma. He was sitting cross-legged upon his berth, in earnest conversation with Reginald Reynolds, a young English Quaker, who had been a resident at the Ashram in India, and had become famous as the bearer of Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy on the eve of the march to Dandi. Gandhi's legs were bare, his body wrapped to the neck in the ample folds of a *Khaddar* shawl. His head and shoulders were bent forward in a listening attitude. A naked arm, long and lean and wiry, reached out of the shawl and took a paper from Reynolds' hand. There was a quick interchange of words, a lifting smile and the conference was over.

It was now my turn. I stepped into the

little cabin. Instantly Gandhi jumped to his feet, and, with the little, quick step of a school-boy, came forward to greet me. I saw his eyes shining with a light so bright that not even the thick glass of his crude spectacles could obscure their radiance. I heard his voice addressing me in tones as rich and full as they were gentle. We had a few precious moments together. I was confused and excited, and today have little memory of what was said. But at this first meeting it was not words but feelings that were important. I was in the presence of the man whose spirit had reached me, years before, across the continents and seas of half the world, and now this presence was stamping its indelible impression upon my mind.

What was this first impression of Gandhi, as distinguished from the others which came later? I do not find it difficult to answer this question. It was an impression of the beauty of the man. Where do people get the idea that Gandhi is ugly? Why have they described him as a "dwarf", and a "little monkey of a man"? It is true that his limbs and body are emaciated—his ascetic life produces no surplus flesh! But his frame is large, and his stature erect and of medium height; I have seen many Indians who are much more insignificant in appearance than Mahatma Gandhi.

It is true also that his individual features are not lovely. He has a shaven head, protruding ears, thick lips, and a mouth that is minus many of its teeth. But his dark complexion is richly beautiful against the white background of his shawl, his eyes shine like candles in the night, and over all is the radiance of a smile like sunshine on a morning landscape. What impresses you is not the physical appearance but the spiritual presence of this man. You think at once of his simplicity, his sincerity, his innocence. He approaches you with all the naturalness and spontaneity of a little child. There is not an atom of self-consciousness in Gandhi—in spite of all his greatness in the world, and all the adulation which has been heaped upon him, he has no pose, no pretentiousness, no pride. You realize at once that his peculiar aspects of appearance and his peculiar ways of life have nothing fraudulent about them, but are the honest and fearless expression of a transcendent personality. Therefore, you do not think of how he looks, but only of what he is. You see truth, in other words, shining through the imperfect garment of the flesh. It is this which makes Gandhi beautiful. For truth is beauty! You remember how John Keats told us this in the closing lines of his great "Ode to a Grecian Urn", when he wrote

*Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know, and all ye need to know.*

In a few moments we were off the boat, and started for London. Gandhi was in the official automobile of the Government, guarded by police. I rode in a compartment of the train with Devidas Gandhi, the Mahatma's son, Mr. Pyarelal, one of his secretaries, and Miss Madeleine Slade, the English girl, now known as Mirabai, his servant and disciple.

Mahatma's Sister Clare.

The story of Miss Slade is one of the noblest chapters in the saga of the Mahatma. Years ago, before the War, she was an English society girl, daughter of a British admiral, young, beautiful, rich, much sought after. During the War she did relief work with the Red Cross in the usual conventional way. After the War, she found, as so many found, that something had gone out of her life. She seemed to have lost her grip upon

reality. A sense of frustration and futility settled down upon her like an atmosphere. It was while she was groping about, like a person lost in a dark room, that she hit by chance upon a book by Romain Rolland, the one man in our western world whose soul is most akin to Gandhi's. She went to Switzerland to see Rolland, and through this contact made her first acquaintanceship with the author's biography of the Mahatma, published in 1924. She had no sooner read the pages of this book than she realized that she had found the mission of her life. She wrote to Gandhi, and asked if she might come to the Ashram and be her servant. The Mahatma did not encourage her. Did she know what she was asking? Did she realize what it meant to leave England and come to India? How could he be sure that she was sincere, had thought through her problem, and had steadfastness of purpose to work it out? She had better wait a year, and then write him again.

At once Miss Slade set herself to the task of preparation. She abandoned her family and friends. She got rid of her dresses, her jewels, and all the paraphernalia of her social life. She arrayed herself in rough garments, did menial work, slept on the floor. She made herself a vegetarian. She saturated herself in the *Bhagavatgita*, which was the Hindu scriptures, and Gandhi's Bible. The year up, she wrote Gandhi again, and told her tale of discipline. He now said she might come—and from that day to this she has been his servant, his nurse, his friend, his fond disciple. She prepares his food, washes his clothes, makes his bed, cleans his room. She guards his hours of prayer, and stands sentinel at his day of silence. She follows his footsteps during the hours of the day and sleeps upon his threshold during the hours of the night. I thought as I looked at her, how beautiful she must have been, with her noble figure, her lustrous eyes, her liquid voice. I looked again, and thought how beautiful she is now, in spite of her shaven head, her rough clothing and her rougher hands, for her beauty, like Gandhi's, is the inward beauty of the spirit. I looked still again, and found myself thinking of the women who followed Jesus—Martha, Mary, the other Mary—and who served him with their love. I thought of St. Francis and the Lady Clara, and all the lovely relations between these two through the years of life and in the hour of death. And I said to myself, this Mirabai is the Mahatma's Sister Clare. She is a combination of Martha, "careful about many things" for Jesus, and Mary who sat quietly and gladly at the Master's feet.

Beauty of his Personality.

We were soon in London, and went immediately through the mud and rain to the Friends Meeting House, where a great audience had gathered to meet and welcome Gandhi. As I saw him enter this auditorium, I was impressed again by the beauty of his personality, and now, also by its power. With what dignity he walked upon this platform; with what serenity he surveyed this English scene; with what command he took possession of these men and women! To an intruder who knew nothing of Gandhi, nor of the momentous character of the occasion, there might have been something ridiculous in the picture. Here was this Indian striding into the room with his feet bare, his legs naked to the thighs, his middle bound by the loin-cloth, his body wrapped and rewrapped in the ample folds of his *Khaddar* shawl. But as he took his seat, and sat there calm and motionless as Buddha, the ridiculous, if it ever was present, was straightway diffused and dissolved into the sublime. I shall never forget the sense of awe that settled like an atmosphere upon that room. For the first time, I understood the secret of Gandhi's influence over the millions of his fellow-countrymen. Had a king been present, we could not have felt more reverence in his presence. Suddenly I found myself remembering the testimony of Mr. Bernays, a sensitive English journalist, who said, "The moment you see Gandhi, you catch the atmosphere of royalty". And I remembered also that, a few weeks before, I had been in the presence of royalty. I had seen and talked with the man who, for more than thirty years, had been the most brilliant monarch of his day. This man was nobly dressed, attended by his court, himself a fascinating, gracious, and splendid figure. But not all the majesty of this king could match the royal air of Gandhi.

But Gandhi not only looked like a king, he spoke like a king. His words that afternoon were gently uttered, in a voice quiet, almost monotonous. But as they reached our ears, they were the words of a royal proclamation. He made three points clear, first, his credentials! He came to England, he said, not as an individual, but as the representative of his people. "I represent, without any fear of contradiction, the dumb, semi-starved millions of India". Secondly, his mandate! He came not to dicker or to bargain with Britain, but to present the terms of the All-India Congress. "As an agent holding a power-of-attorney from the Congress", he said, "I shall have my limit-

ations. I have to conduct myself within the four corners of the mandate I have received from the Congress If I am to be loyal to the trust which has been put in me, I must not go outside that mandate. Lastly, "Freedom", said Gandhi, "The Congress wants freedom unadulterated for these dumb and semi-starved millions". No compromise here, no equivocation! "He spoke as one having authority" and with the voice of prophecy.

The Loveliness of his Smile.

This was on a Saturday afternoon. On the succeeding five days that I was privileged to remain in London, I saw the Mahatma four separate times. The first time was on the following morning, Sunday, when I went bright and early to Kingsley Hall, the settlement house in the East End of London where Gandhi had characteristically taken up his abode. He was on an open terrace just outside his room, which was a kind of cell some five feet wide, seven or eight feet long with stone floor and bare walls, and furnished only with a table, a chair, and a thin pallet on the floor where Gandhi slept. Mirabai was washing the one window of the little room. The Mahatma was sitting on a chair, bathed in the warm sunshine of a perfect day. He was talking with one of the great leaders of Indian affairs. Within a few moments this conference was finished, and I came and sat down in a chair beside the Mahatma. We talked of the Round Table Conference—was it going to succeed? No, Gandhi saw no reason for believing that it would succeed. His mind told him it must fail. "But God has told me to come to England", he said, very simply, "and He must have His own reasons. So I have put my mind aside, and shall trust and hope until the end". I referred to the slanderous attacks upon him in certain of the London newspapers, and expressed the hope that they did not trouble him. "No", he said, "they do not trouble me, but they pain me terribly. Think of how fully and freely I have talked to the reporters. I have told them everything. And yet they print these slanders and vicious lies. It hurts me to think that such things can be done. But", he continued, with a smile, "I do not let them worry me. They do no harm. Nothing can injure truth". I then referred to the next day, Monday, which was his day of silence, and asked if he would attend the Conference. "O, yes," he said, with his delightful smile now become almost a laugh, "I shan't say a word, but think what a chance I shall have to listen." We talked of a few other matters, and then I arose with an apology that I had taken his time, for others were waiting to see him, as indeed they always are. I shall never forget the loveliness of his smile, as he took my hand, and said, "Come whenever you can. You may have to wait, but I want to see you as long as you are in London."

Gandhiji at Religious Service.

I next saw Gandhi on Sunday night at a religious service in which his friends and some men and women from the neighbourhood participated. The Mahatma sat on the platform, not in a chair but on the floor, wrapped in a shawl, with a rug thrown about his bare legs. He spoke to us, from his sitting posture, on prayer, his experience of prayer. He stated that he believed in God, and therefore of course prayed. He told us what prayer had done for him. "Without prayer," he said, "I could do nothing." As he went on in his quiet way, telling us of his experience with this most intimate discipline of the spiritual life, his voice became very soft and low. I doubt if many persons in the room, back of the front rows where I was sitting, could hear what he was saying. The Mahatma seemed more and more to sink into himself. His address became a process of self-communion, or communion, right there before our eyes, with One greater than ourselves. But words were not necessary at such an hour! Gandhi's presence was diffusing an atmosphere in the little room which gripped us in its spell. It was a moment of mystic uplift never to be forgotten.

I did not see Gandhi again until Wednesday night, when I sat with him in his room during his supper-hour. He was sitting on his bed, on the floor. I squatted down beside him, that I might be as near to him as possible. He held in his left hand a cup of goat's milk. On his lap was a tin plate, such as I have seen convicts use in a prison, and in this was the handful of dates which made the substance of his meal. Gandhi's secretary, Mr. Pyarelal, was with us but did not join in the conversation. We talked of many things—of the Round Table Conference, of Mayor Walker's request for an interview of Palestine and Zionism and their relation to the situation in India, and of the Mahatma's projected visit to America. At the close, I bade him good-bye, for I was leaving on Friday, and did not expect to see him again. Immediately he laid aside his

India's Preparation For SWARAJ.

By *Historicus Indicus.*

I. Public Spirit in India in pre-British and early British Days.

Through the whole course of her pre-British history, there was never a time when India was lacking in public spirit. Acts of public utility were performed in abundance both by the state and private individuals. The administration of the country was not the exclusive burden or privilege of the state. While the king and his ministers held the reins of the central government the prominent citizens of each particular locality looked after the affairs of that locality themselves. The whole country was dotted with innumerable village communities, and each village community had its own machinery for settling local disputes, administering justice and attending to sanitation, medical relief and education. These communities were so constituted that no foreign domination could suppress them. In his "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official", Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman refers in the following terms to this capacity for endurance on the part of the village communities:—"As ships are from necessity formed to weather the storms to which they are constantly liable at sea, so were the Indian village communities formed to weather those of invasion and civil war to which they were so much accustomed by land; and in the course of a year or two, no traces were found of ravages that one might have supposed it would have taken ages to recover from". Their rights and privileges were held inviolate even by the worst despots that preyed upon the land. Says Sir John Malcolm in his book on "Central India": "As far as we can trace the history of Central India their rights and privileges have never been contested, even by the tyrants and oppressors who slighted them; while, on the other hand, all just princes have founded their chief reputation and claim to popularity on attention to them."

If in the secular sphere the village community drew out the public spirit of Indian citizens, in the religious sphere temples, choultries, tanks and gardens

cup and plate, and took my hand in both of his. "We shall meet again," he said, "in America, or perhaps in India. But if we never meet, we shall still be together."

Friend of Children.

The next night, Thursday, Devidas Gandhi sought me out and told me, to my surprise, that his father wanted to see me. The Mahatma was at St. James's Palace, where the Round Table Conference held its sessions. I hastened with Devidas to the Palace, and found Gandhi in one of the committee rooms, eating his supper. He was sitting on a large lounge, or divan, and he invited me to sit down beside him. A message had come from America, and he wanted to discuss it with me. We talked for a half-hour or so, as members of Gandhi's party passed in and out of the room. Then, on word that the attendants were waiting to close the Palace, we all arose and started for the automobiles. Gandhi asked me if I would ride with him to Kingsley Hall. Of course I accepted his invitation, and sat by his side as we sped far eastward to the slum districts of the city. As we drew up to the house, we found the doorway blocked with a great crowd of children. The boys and girls of the neighbourhood had become much excited over this strange man from India. In the morning they gathered in the street to see him drive away, and in the evening to see him come again. This night it was late, but they were still there. And what a shout they raised as he emerged from the automobile! The Mahatma paused and turned toward the children with smiling face. They shouted children and crowded about him to touch his hands and feel his shawl. I bade him a hasty good-bye, as he sought his room. And as I went down the narrow street, with the children's voices ringing in my ears, I thought of the story of One of Galilee, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (*Unity of Chicago.*)

became the embodiment of public spirit. Pious pilgrims wending their way to Rameswaram or Benares on foot, could make halts and take rest at suitable places all along the route and get immense facilities for food and shelter during the whole course of their journey. The public roads were not, perhaps, metalled as they are now, but neither were they arid desert walks as they generally are at the present day. They were lined on either side by huge shady trees with foliage thick and expansive enough to house whole armies under them. At stated intervals there were fresh-water-wells adjoining small rest-houses, which, surrounded by neat, little, flower gardens, sweetened the repose of the foot-sore traveller. These concrete instances of public spirit were the work of a race of benefactors whose humility was so deep that they would not even permit their names to be associated with their benefactions.

All this, however, changed with the advent of the British. Their yoke has never been a hundredth part so heavy as that of some of the Muhammadan Kings of India; nevertheless, it killed the traditional ways of public life more effectively than the rule of those kings. This result, however, was not brought about all of a sudden. The attention of early Englishmen in India was so much absorbed in conquest and consolidation that they did not have sufficient time to overturn the ancient order of things. This, for instance, was the case with Warren Hastings—who, in attempting to reconstruct a government in the midst of immense confusion and in the face of extraordinary difficulties, had to conserve, as far as possible, the indigenous institutions of old. But it was different with his more ambitious and less talented successors—Cornwallis, Wellesley, Minto, Bentrick and others—who pulled up by the roots every remnant of ancient Indian civilization and worked to mould India into the frame of a hybrid England. The village communities were crushed and the *Sanatana Dharma* was insidiously attacked. The cottage-industries of the poor were destroyed, and the life of the people was rendered vacant and unhappy.

II.

Rajah Ram Mohun Roy and the beginnings of Synthetic Nationalism (1813—1833.)

Fortunately, even as the iconoclastic fury of our early nineteenth century rulers was venting itself in all directions, there arose a new luminary upon the Indian horizon. When the whole land was plunged in darkness and disorder, when Pax Britannica was committing more havoc than the rapacity of Tamerlane and the bigotry of Alangir, when we lay stunned and stupefied by the onslaught of forces as strange as they were insidious, Mother India gave birth to an extraordinary man who "stood alone in single majesty of almost perfect humanity." This was Rajah Ram Mohun Roy. He was a servant of the East India Company for some time, but resigned his appointment in 1813, and dedicated himself entirely to the service of his country. From this period onward, up to the time of his death twenty years later, he played a conspicuous part in every sphere of public activity and was largely instrumental in bringing about a better understanding between East and West. If the Charter Act of 1833 still remains the best of the few documents of which British statesmanship in India may be justly proud, the result is due in no small measure to the foresight and genius of Rajah Ram Mohan Roy. It is necessary that we should dwell a little longer upon an account of this great man's activities, for they stand as beacon-lights to the subsequent course of Indian nationalism.

The thing that struck Ram Mohun most forcibly in relation to the British conquest of India was its uniqueness.

Invasions and conquests of India there had been in any number in the past, but none of them had been so sweeping in its consequences as the conquest of India by England was. He had insight enough to observe that the two vital institutions of India—her village community and her religion—were being ground down by the avalanche of English civilization. He seems to have felt that the resuscitation of the village community was impossible under the changed conditions of life imposed by the fierce impact of the West. He, therefore, bent his energies upon an attempt to save the other thing at all costs. Purging his religion of what he considered to be the baser elements that had insinuated themselves into it, he presented it in a form which scarcely deserved the unjustifiable attacks made upon it by Christian missionaries. He put up an able defence of it through the press and the platform. He started the *Sambada Kramudi* and the *Erahmanical Magazine*, issued innumerable pamphlets in English and Bengalee, and challenged his adversaries to oral discussions in public. The work that he had to do was no child's play. He had to face the opposition of his own countrymen steeped in orthodoxy and superstition, and carry on a single-handed fight against the arrogant, corrupt, and violent methods of some of the early Christian missionaries, who were, not infrequently, backed up by the secret influence of the government. But, as he was a daring child of heaven, no difficulty, threat, or violence could dislodge him from his purpose. With perfectly peaceful and legitimate weapons, he combated the forces against him and won many a signal triumph over them.

The fervour with which Ram Mohun threw himself into religious reform and controversy did not prevent him from espousing the cause of his countrymen in other directions. He fought hard for their civil rights and privileges both in his own country and in England, to which, despite caste scruples, he undertook a journey on patriotic grounds. His was not a narrow, lop-sided, nationalism, but a nationalism which touched every sphere of the public life of his country. He was an educational reformer of an advanced type. He stood up manfully for the vindication of free speech and a free press, for the right of trial by jury, for the dealing of impartial justice to Europeans and Indians alike, for the appointment of Indians to the higher grades of government service, and for popular representation on the legislatures of the country. The grievances under which the Indian people are still groaning—excessive taxation, the burden of military expenditure, chronic distress and poverty, curtailment of the primary rights of citizenship, which have all resulted in national emasculation and humiliation—every one of these grievances was taken up by him for able and energetic ventilation and redress through proper channels. Above all, in that atmosphere of general demoralization which then hung over the country like a huge dark cloud, he alone had the vision and the faculty divine for envisaging a self-governing India coming into existence at a not distant future—an India which, combining the best elements of East and West, was to be the Enlightener of Asia if not of the whole world. His ardent faith in the infinite possibilities of a New India, and his incessant endeavour to remove every obstacle—whether communal or religious—that seemed to him likely to bar the way to their realization, bring him very near to our own generation, although he lies separated from us by a gap of one hundred years. If we could, in imagination, take back Tagore and Gandhiji a century or so, we could find them both merging in Ram Mohun Roy. This view is amply borne out by the following extract from Ram Mohun's biographer, Miss Sophia Dobson Collett:—

Continued on page 6,

A Short Story.

THE ROBIN HOOD
OF JAFFNA.

"Aruny Sanmugam".

(By S. R. Muttukumaru).

Who in Jaffna has not heard of Aruny Sanmugam? Few only had however seen him, but not a single man knew where he came from. He was a notorious highwayman plying his nefarious trade in Vallaiyevu, a shrubby plain extending for more than a mile midway between Point Pedro and Ruttur in the Jaffna Peninsula. He was said to be the strongest man in the district, and his powerful grip was well known to all. He was a terror to all passers by, especially the wealthy merchants and vessel owners of Point Pedro, who transacted business with the Chetties in the Jaffna Town. His name was a household word. It was however said in his credit that he never molested the women or the poor. His prey was always the rich.

During the time I had been passing through Vallaiyevu on my way to and from the Grammar School at Point Pedro, where I was employed as a teacher, and my home at Mayiliddu, I never came across the famous bandit. One Friday evening, however, when on returning home I was crossing the plain, a man suddenly sprang in front of me from an adjoining bush, and almost shrieked into my ears, "Stop! out with your money, young man".

Simultaneously he unsheathed a glittering knife from his waist, and was brandishing it in my face. I was quite taken aback, and in a husky voice I asked, "Are you Aruny Sanmugam?"

"Yes," he said, and continued to brandish his knife.

He was a dark man, not very tall, but powerfully built, and wore a close fitting drawers, reaching down to his knees. His grizzled moustache was awe inspiring.

I was then about twenty-one years old, a well developed and a fairly strong youth. I was reputed to be the best gymnast in the Jaffna College then known as the Batticotta Seminary. I thought I would try a hand with him.

I let my "vetty" cloth and shawl slip from me and stood with only my drawers, which made the man smile and then look down my toes. Instantly I hit out with my right leg, which sent his knife flying through the air. Before he could realize what had happened, I closed on him. He was taken by surprise, yet he tried to get a grip at me, which I knew would settle me at once. I was already aware that he could squeeze out milk from the kernel of a coconut within the palm of his right hand. My whole attention was therefore directed in avoiding his grasp. The highway man began to press me harder and harder, and little by little I was losing breath, till at last his weight and strength told on me. He finally gripped me by the ribs; and before I knew where I was, he had lifted me right above his head. He was panting, yet to my astonishment, was dancing on the road dangling me in the air as a cat does a mouse. He soon placed me on the ground, and thoroughly exhausted I sank on the road. He then tenderly enquired of me if I was in any way hurt; and on my saying, "Not much", his piercing eyes developed a merry twinkle.

"Well, young man," he said, "who are you, and where are you coming from?"

I told him who I was, and that I was then on my way home from the Grammar School at Point Pedro.

"I know your father well," he continued. "I never thought that he had such a grown up son. I have often seen you passing this way, though you may not be aware of it. I do not think you are in a fit state now to walk out the distance. Would you mind coming over to my place and having some dinner with me to night. You can go home to-morrow morning".

I was agreeably surprised and accepted his invitation with much alacrity. I was very anxious to see the bandit in his den; and, besides, my ribs hurt me a little. He directed me to follow him, and we started. He cut across the plain, and walked very cautiously under cover of the bushes. We had walked about one-eighth of a mile when we came near the palmyrah grove which I had often seen from the road. He looked round to see if any one was about, and then dashed into the grove by a foot-path which it was rather difficult to spot at first sight. I did likewise. We had crossed nearly quarter of the

grove, when he turned round to me and said, "Thamby please wait here for a while. I shall be back in a few minutes."

So saying, he disappeared behind a "Kuringa" creeper growing round a tall palmyrah tree. I was astonished to hear someone addressing me from behind. I turned round, and faced a resplendant person who looked like a wealthy Maniagar. He was clean shaven. He had a spotless white "vetty" cloth worn in Indian fashion, an English drill coat, and over it a rose coloured Cashmere silk shawl with broad gold lace. His capacious turban was of a dark violet colour. The gentleman wore a pair of diamond ear-rings set in silver, which contrasted well with his dark skin, and which scintillated all the colours of the rainbow. One of his right hand fingers had on it a gold ring set with different coloured precious stones. I gasped, and he laughed.

"Don't you know me?", he enquired.

"No," I replied.

"Try to remember me," he said.

"It is hopeless," I assured him. "I do not know who you are".

His eyes were now sparkling, and before I could collect my wandering thoughts, he thundered out, "Stop! Out with your money, young man".

My eyes opened wide, and I was getting quite excited. The resplendant gentleman was Aruny Sanmugam, the erstwhile highwayman. He was highly amused at my discomfort, and asked me not to stare at him but to follow him. I did so in silence.

He now boldly walked out of the grove by the other side, and taking a circular cut came back to the road about quarter of a mile away from the scene of our late adventure. We walked for another half a mile, and stopped in front of the Puttur Udaiyar's house.

"Come," he said, "let us first pay a visit to the Udaiyar."

He then opened the gate, and walked in. It was now almost dark, but the house looked pretty and bright. Light shone everywhere. In the front portico there were three big brass lamps, each with three wicks burning. The furniture was of carved ebony. There were also smaller lamps of a similar pattern illuminating every room in the house.

As soon as we entered the portico, my would-be host saw someone seated there, and greeted him thus: "Salaam, Maniagar."

The occupant of the room returned the salute, and exclaimed, "I was waiting for you, Udaiyar, for the last one hour. Where have you been to so long?"

"I have been out on my official rounds," replied my companion with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and enquired of the Maniagar the reason of his unexpected visit.

"I have to meet to-night an urgent demand," the Maniagar said, "I want a thousand dollars at once."

My friend went inside the house, and soon returned with a bag which he handed to the Maniagar, who thanked him and went away.

II. The Udaiyar of Puttur.

The Udaiyar of Puttur, whom all knew by the name of Ponnampalam Kanakarayer, now divested himself of his turban and other parts of his official dress, seated himself and remarked, "Young man, now you know the secret".

"I think I can guess a good deal," I replied, "but there are yet so many things I am curious to know".

"I can well understand your curiosity," he said. "My division was the most criminal one in Jaffna. One Aruny Sanmugam from Teemaradachi side with three comrades, Ammayan, Karuppan and Kuttikondan, was playing havoc in the villages here. By torch light they were plundering every wealthy man, I was searching high and low for them, until one day I heard that their hiding place was that palmyrah grove we crossed this evening. One night I hid myself there, and to my intense joy espied a man coming my way creeping through the cactus plants. He was Aruny Sanmugam. I closed on him, and we had a fierce struggle. That night I brought into play all that I learnt in the Madura gymnasium. The man proved himself a worthy foe, and died in my arms as a result of a ruptured blood vessel. The next day I gave him a private but decent burial."

"I should have reported the event to the Maniagar of my division, but decided not to do so for reasons of my own. My life as an Udaiyar was a dreary one with no excitement, and I therefore conceived the idea of personating the dead thief. I am a very rich man, and there is no necessity for me to steal; but one matter was wrangling in my mind for some time past. The wealthy merchants and ship-builders of Point Pedro were sucking the blood of their employees. They were fattening, while their underlings were starving. I thought I would wrench out of them their ill-gotten money, and distribute it among the poor of that place."

"For this purpose, I bought from Government the whole of this plain in front of you, improved the palmyrah grove to suit my requirements, and built this house, so that I may live near the field of my operations. You may remember the "kuringa" creeper behind which I disappeared. It cunningly hides the entrance to a specially constructed subterranean cell, which is connected to one of the rooms in my house by an underground passage."

"The job I undertook turned out to be easy enough. Every merchant who went to transact business at the Jaffna Town, applied to me as Udaiyar for help while crossing Vallaiyevu, where Aruny Sanmugam was seen loitering about. Very often the merchant had breakfast at my house. I as Udaiyar sent him away, but took care to receive him back as Aruny Sanmugam, the highwayman".

"Last Wednesday, Mudaliyar Sockalingam and his brother-in-law, Mudaliyar Arayanayagam of Point Pedro, who are now building a three masted schooner at a cost of nearly two lacs of dollars, came this way. As usual they breakfasted with me, and told me that they were going to the Town to bring half a lac of dollars for their ship-building expenses. They said that they would come back to day, and begged of me to escort them through the plain. I was anxiously waiting for their return not as Udaiyar, but as Aruny. Somehow or other they did not turn up, and I was fretting and fuming. My fighting fever was on me. I lost all patience, and was nearly going to do something rash, when to my great relief I saw you coming towards me. I had very often seen you, and noted your proportions and your muscles. I was certain there would be something in you, and I jumped on you. You know the rest".

He then smiled and continued, "My dear boy, you gave me a pleasant five minutes, and I thank you for it. For the first time after many years, I was feeling a little bit excited. Your wrestling was very fine indeed; and if not for my superior weight and strength, you would have won the day".

The next morning the Udaiyar escorted me to the gate, and dismissed me by saying, "You know your way home. I am glad to have made your acquaintance. Salaam."

He turned homewards, and I heard him muttering to himself, "Are those Mudaliyars coming this evening?"

When I went to the Grammar School on Monday morning, my pupils met me with excited faces, and cried out, "Sir, have you heard the latest news?"

"No," I replied,

"You know those rich ship-builders of Point Pedro, Sockalingam and Arayanayagam Mudaliyars," they said "Saturday evening they were relieved of half a lac of dollars while crossing the Vallaiyevu by that notorious highwayman and robber, Aruny Sanmugam."

I only smiled.

India's Preparation
For Swaraj.

Continued from page 5.

"He was a genuine outcome of the old Hindu stock, in a soil watered by new influences, and in an atmosphere charged with unwonted forcing power, but still a true scion of the old stock. The Rajah was no merely occidentalized oriental, no Hindu polished into the doubtful semblance of a European. Just as little was he, if we may use the term without offence, a spiritual Eurasian. If we follow the right line of his development we shall find that he leads the way from the orientalism of the past, not to, but through Western culture, towards a civilization which is neither Western nor Eastern, but something vastly larger and nobler than both. He preserves continuity throughout, by virtue of his religion, which again supplied the motive force of his progressive movement. The power that connected and restrained, as well as widened and impelled, was religion.

"Ram Mohun thus presented a most instructive and inspiring study for the New India of which he is the type and

"Dispersion of the
Tamils".

(Continued from page 3).

daro, confirm their Akkadian connection, but we are unable to say whether the Tamils of the first Sangam too used similar characters as the records of that period have been lost. However, the probability of the existence of such characters among the Tamils cannot now be denied. The earliest characters used by the Tamils as known to us at present were the Vatteluttu (வட்டெழுத்து) which they gave up altogether about the 8th or 9th century A.D., and accepted the present characters introduced by the Cholas and the Pallavas. We also find that to these ancient towns in Sindh came the merchants called Paee's from the land of Punt which was none other than the country of the Pandiyans. The earliest Pandya ought to have been a chief of the "neytal" tracts as his fish emblem and pearl umbrella testify. Later his "neytal" origin was suppressed and forgotten when the caste complex arose and he identified himself with the *maruda nila makkal* who were considered higher than the rest of the Tamils. The legend that Manu headed a set of colonists in a vessel which was towed by a fish is only a symbolical reference to the flag of the Pandiyans.

The Rajavaliya, a Sinhalese chronicle, states that the gods being enraged at the cruelty practised by and the tyrannical rule of Ravana, caused a large portion of his kingdom to be submerged in 2367 B.C. As Ravana's time synchronised with the second Tamil Sangam of Kapadapuram, as evidenced by the Ramayana, we are led to suppose that the second Tamil Sangam came to an end when Kapadapuram, with the 49 Tamil lands, Kumari hill and Kumari river, was destroyed, about that time.

The Third Tamil Sangam.

After the destruction of Kapadapuram the Pandya established his capital at the present Madura. All available evidence in Tamil literature point to the fact that the third Tamil Sangam did come into existence before 300 B.C., and as there was a submersion of a good part of Lanka during the time of Kelani Tissa, and as Ravana was killed before the destruction of Kapadapuram, we may conclude that Kapadapuram was destroyed about the time of Kelani Tissa, and that the traditional year mentioned in the Rajavali was actually the time in which Southern Madura was destroyed, which was after the conquest of Kumarakkadavul over Surapanman and long before the time of Rama-Ravana war.

We may, therefore infer that the first Tamil Sangam came to an abrupt end about 2367 B.C. and that the settlement of the Sumerians in Mesopotamia took place at the same time. That portion of the Lemurian continent lying adjacent to Sindh, Baluchistan and Persia too were submerged, thus affording facilities by sea for the Pandyan and Sumerian merchants to trade with the wealthy merchants of Harappa and Mohenjo-daro. The inland sea between the Vindhya range and the Himalayas disappeared and hence perhaps the legend that Agastya drained it up in three gulps. The Ganges which previously emptied itself into the old sea took a new and longer course and fell into the Bay of Bengal which appeared about the same time. The Aryan push which commenced with the war

Continued on page 8.

pioneer. He offers to the new democracy of the West a scarcely less valuable index of what our greatest Eastern dependency may yet become under the imperial sway of the British commonalty. There can be little doubt that, whatever future the destinies may have in store for India, that future will be largely shaped by the life and work of Ram Mohun Roy. And not the future of India alone. We stand on the eve of an unprecedented intermingling of East and West. The European and Asiatic streams of human development, which have often tinged each other before, are now approaching a confluence which bids fair to form the one ocean-river of the collective progress of mankind. In the presence of that greater Eastern question—with its infinite ramifications, industrial, political, moral and religious—the international problems of the passing hour, even the greatest of them, seem dwarfed into parochial pettiness. The nearing dawn of these unmeasured possibilities only throws into clearer prominence the figure of the man whose life-story we have told. He was, if not the prophetic type, at least the precursive hint, of the change that is to come."

(To be continued.)

A BORN LEADER OF MEN.



THE LATE SIR P. RAMANATHAN.

In 1926 addressing an audience of Hindus in Jaffna he said:

"We are proud to belong to a race whose civilisation mounts up to a dim antiquity —to a race which has heroically withstood the onslaughts of other races, which have successively and in ever-increasing numbers over-run India and this Island down to very recent times. And it is this pride which tingles in the vein of every true Tamilian that should serve as the fruitful soil from which all our revivalistic activities should sprout up and bear fruit. May I then confidently expect each one of you present here to-day to readily come forward and strain every nerve to assist the Board in the educational work to which it has set its hand as the very first step in the renaissance of our race, our language, our literature and our religion."

"Dispersion of the Tamils."

(Continued from page 6.)

with the Dravidian kings of Mohenjo-daro and Harappa took a different turn and they spread over the Gangetic valley where they did not meet with any resistance. The three other Vedas except the Rig were composed after the Aryans had settled down in the upper basin of the Ganges, 2367 B. C. is, therefore, the lowest limit we can place for the advent of the Aryans into India and 300 B. C. as the lowest limit for the settlement of the civilized Tamils in South India. This fact was referred to by the author of Kalitogai, a poet of the third Sangam, when he said

மேலிந்தை யூர்து தம்மன் கடல் யெளவநிச் செய்தித் தோழிசென்று மேலார் நாட்டம்படப் புதிபெயர் கிண்கிண்பி யுகள் போரித்த லினர்கெண்டை வயிற்றுன் வளக்கிய வாடாச்சிந்த தென்னவன்"

Mr. Scot Elliot speaks of several submersions of land in the Lemurian Continent, one about 1,000,000 years ago, a second about 800,000 years ago, a third about 200,000 years ago, a fourth about 80,000 years ago and a fifth about 9,500 years ago. None of these except the last two can be placed within the period of the creation of man, and the last synchronises with the beginning of the first Tamil Sangam according to the Tamil reckoning.

Similarity among the Aborigines.

It is also asserted that the Lemurian Continent was the cradle of the Mongoloid and the Negritic races too. While the Dravidian and the Mediterranean races were dolichocephalic like the Aryan or the Indo-European stock, the Mongoloid had high cheek-bones and the Negritic had thick lips and crinkled hair. The Negritic races spread over Central Africa while the Dravidian spread over India and Western Asia and the Mongoloid over Eastern Asia. China was connected with the Lemurian Continent by land when the Bay of Bengal was terra firma. It is therefore not surprising that Ceylon was at one time populated by a Mongoloid race known as the Yakkhas, who were different in type and formation to the Tamils of the Dravidian stock, and hence the enmity between them and the Tamils.

Mr. Hocart, the late Archaeological Commissioner of Ceylon and a student of Ethnology has given several examples of similarity which exist among the aborigines of Australia, the Papuans and the tribes of the Malayan Archipelago on the one side and

those of South India on the other. For instance, the boomerang, a weapon of the aborigines of Australia, has its counterpart in the வளத்தடி of certain tribes of Southern India, which when thrown at any enemy injures him and comes back to the feet of the thrower. In a cave in Singanpur hill in the Raigar District in India, are very old drawings of the neolithic period in one of which there are clear outlines of a kangaroo, and just beneath it the faded outlines of a still bigger one. This is very important as these marsupials now restricted only to Australia must have been known to the artist who has given quite a life-like representation in palaeolithic times. According to the reasoning accepted by some of our scholars, these examples are sufficient to deduce that the Dravidians of whom the boomerang tribes and the kangaroo artist's tribe form part, emigrated from Australia. The Papuan and the Australian tribes being still in a savanna state, were perhaps separated at a time when the inhabitants of the Lemurian Continent had not developed any form of culture, or being unmixed with any progressive tribe all of a stationary nature like several similar tribes in India or like the Veddabs of Ceylon.

Evolution of Culture.

A historical investigation of the evolution of culture among the defunct races of Western Asia, which is being systematically carried on by Western Scholars, may hereafter punish us with sufficient information of the above theories and conclusions, some of which, it cannot be asserted, are beyond the bounds of controversy. It is, however, not to be contended that the Tamils were not the last to be left out of the lost inhabitants of ancient Lemuria and that they do not still occupy a land which at one time formed a part of that vast continent.

The remains of ancient powerful Hindu kingdoms and the ruins of a vigorous style of Hindu architecture, as witnessed at Borobadour and Angkor Vat, found in Java, Cambodia and Sumatra are certainly not the handiwork of Tamils alone, but that of certain new races who were formed by the mixture of those who remained in those countries with those who emigrated not only from the Tamil land but also from other parts of India such as Kalinga and Gujerat. But the preponderance of the Tamil element can be seen from the worship of Akattiya,

A Message to the Women of Ceylon

By Lady Ramanathan



The women of Jaffna cannot afford to cut themselves and their children adrift from their own religion, language, literature, customs, occupation and productions. They are not going to turn into British people by taking over everything British. Some children who have been sent to England to complete their education have become aliens in their own land and strangers to their own people. Tamil children in many places learn almost nothing of Tamil or Tamil ways and customs. The cobwebs of an alien education seem to be spreading fast over Ceylon. I therefore beg of the women to get ready some home-made brooms to sweep them away. These educational cobwebs are subtle. They clog the fresh young minds with a web of artificial thoughts. They put false values upon useless things, and the children have only these false values to work upon. I beg of the

mothers to make use of their home-made scale of values also in order to enable the children to understand how inadequate are the values brought about by hours and hours of grinding habits in the innumerable schools of this small Island.

Women are themselves misled, and they help to mislead their children. They are the people who are nearest to the children; they are always with them, and are therefore responsible to either help in spreading cobwebs for them, or in sweeping them away. The women should know the difference between the substance and the shadow, and should at least teach this to their children.

Women do not know how much power is in their hands. They can, if they choose *Rightly*, work in their homes in such a way as to bring about a soul-moving reformation throughout the country. Children are in their hands for at least 18 hours out of the 24, and also on Saturdays and Sundays. Children are the main factors in the problem. Without them there will be no future citizens and no reforms. Let women start the reform in their own homes and influence their children in the things that matter, let the eternal values be operative there, and the six hours spent in school will not be the waste of time and money and effort, that it is.

At present women delegate all their responsibilities to the school. The Teacher is supposed to teach them every thing. Women think their part of the work ends when they have fed and dressed their children. The result is, Teachers have to find out all kinds of methods in order to teach the children all this extra stuff, and the methods they evolve result in creating an artificial atmosphere in the school. It is artificial from the start, because the school is *not* the home, the school is *not* the workshop, neither is it the kitchen nor the nursery nor the hospital nor the theatre. Thus the children are left without a minute to think or reason. They have their noses to the educational grindstone from day break till often long after dark. The schools are being forced to take on too much. The mothers are losing ground. The teachers are becoming machines with no time to think or feel, or to give any real help to the children, who are becoming like puppets in a puppet show.

the Tamil sage and poet, in almost all those countries. These were due to later emigrations and should not be confused with the ancient dispersions with which we were dealing earlier.

The Tamils were no doubt the greatest sea farers and colonists and their ready response to the call of emigration for the relief of congestion in their midst is equalled by their love of commercial enterprise and adventure. They carried articles of merchandise to the Court of King Solomon to Spain and Hungary, were members of embassies that went to Rome, Cairo and Peking and were responsible for the discovery of an image of Siva at the gate of the great mosque at Mecca and of that of a Ganesha at Baka near the Caspian Sea.

All this is owing to the false value that is being placed upon things which do not matter. The unreal, daily decaying world, is made to appear as if it alone was the only thing to live and work for, and the eternal, inner life and soul is so hidden and covered up by these cobwebs, that young people growing up know only the false and nothing more. How long can they be satisfied with these cobwebs and shadows? How long can they do sums and read and write? How long can they cook and sew and paint and play? How long can they run after insects and plants and animals and chemicals? In other words how long will the arts and sciences satisfy their souls? Will not the time come when they will ask, Is this all? Will not a time come when they must start alone on a long journey, and can we honestly say that they have been fully equipped? Will the Education Department give us any grant for this equipment which is the only real thing in the whole scale which we really need? Will cobwebs and shadows suffice for that long journey which is the only event we can be really certain of, but which, with amazing short-sightedness is entirely left out of all the schemes of work. In fact it was pointed out to me that students have no business even to be ill and thus absent themselves even for three days. But contrary to these requirements, after a few days absence the student may cease to be a student and drop out of the school, and the home, and the world. What has she taken out of all this hotch-potch of education to help her on that journey, and why is every one silent on this point?

I therefore urge the women to place before their children the realities of life, and see that they do not get confused by the artificial life around them. Let the women and children at least lay hold of the eternal, and the men will not be far behind. Women are prepared to sacrifice their lives for their children. Let them teach that spirit of sacrifice to their children; let them teach the difference between the false and the real, the changing world and the everlasting spirit, let them daily see to the inner life and the virtue of their children, teach them to value truth and honour, wisdom and goodness before all —let them train the children to right thought and right action, and thus enable them to escape from shadows and find the truth.

OURSELVES.

The offices of the "Hindu Organ" and the Saiva Prakasa Press will be closed for the New Year for a week from the 12th to the 21st April and there will be no issues of the paper on the 14th, 18th and 21st April.

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