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HERE AND THERE.

With the one possible exception of the General Election, Dr. W. G. Grace has been the topic of the month, and I have much pleasure in presenting my readers with what I hope will turn out to be a good portrait of the veteran cricketer. It is from a photograph by an eminent Brighton firm, and in the non-arrival of the illustrations I am expecting from England, has been executed locally.

Sir Robert Ball again favours us with one of his remarkable articles. "The Depths of Space" is a valuable contribution to astronomical literature, and gives the reader a wonderful idea of what space——distance——really is. To those who have the time—and paper—to spare, it will be interesting to work out Sir Robert's illustrations in figures.

Messrs. Geo. Bell & Co. of London and Bombay have sent me two books for review this month. One is "Diana of the Crossways" one of that delightful writer, George Meredith's best works, and the other is the much talked of, much criticised, "Trilby" by George du Maurier.

I have seldom read a more delightful book than "Trilby" and I would advise all those who have not yet done so to hasten to Messrs. Cave & Co's. shop, and purchase a copy. To read of the Laird, Taffy and Little Billee and their adventures with the lovable "Trilby" is to, read a study of life, brilliantly conceived and beautifully worked-out.

Jerome's "Lease of the Crosskeys" does not make its appearance here for the first time, but I have taken it over because it has had little if any circulation, and because I consider it worthy of reproduction.

Those estimable ladies the Misses Mary and Margaret Leitch of Jaffna, have written to me asking if I can speak and read English, and if so whether I would like them to send me, week by week, English and American papers. In such a case they I ask me to state what papers I would like. I *do* happen to understand English, and in reply to a further question as to whether it is my mother tongue, I would also say "Yes." But I think the Misses Leitch have made a mistake, so I do not take advantage of their kindly meant offer.

It cannot be entitled news, but I do not think that the world at large knows that the German Emperor is a naval

constructor, and has, with his own hands, designed a war-ship differing from, if it does not surpass, all existing models.

PROBABLY no man leads a more lonely and unsociable life than Herr Peter Lechner who holds a post in connection with the Western Bureau Service, and is stationed at the top of the Schounblich Mountains in the Astrian Alps. Here he lives the whole year round occupying his time by noting the meteorological changes in the most lofty station of the kind in Europe. Three times a day he wires the result of his observations to headquarters in Vienna. But once a year he sees his fellow creatures. This is on Christmas day. On that festival it is the custom of the villagers to cut their way up to his frozen perch through snow-clad mountains and valleys to bring him presents, and to wish the hermit the compliments of the season.

A STORY is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golf-starring tour.

He had made an iron shot, in which he had sent the soil almost as far as the ball.

"What did I hit?" he asked his caddie, as he looked round to discover a hidden stone or a decapitated stump.

The only reply was about a scrushing as could have been compressed into a single word: "Scotland."

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THE DEPTHS OF SPACE

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE "CEYLON REVIEW" BY SIR ROBERT BALL.

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OF all the sciences there is none which makes such vast demands upon the powers of the human imagination as the science of Astronomy. We have to brace our minds to the conception of distances and magnitudes, so utterly transcending all ordinary human experience, that special means have to be invoked to render them intelligible. Each advance in our knowledge of the heavens, reveals to us the grandeur of the celestial spaces on an ever growing scale.

I propose to give in this paper some illustrations of what is known with regard to the distances of the stars, and I shall naturally take the opportunity to make special use of certain recent advances by which our knowledge of the subject has been greatly extended. First let me say the task of finding the distance of a star involves the most delicate piece of measurement that has ever been undertaken.

The great majority of the stars are situated at distances so enormous, that it is utterly hopeless to attempt to determine how far away they are. In fact, only comparatively few stars happen to lie sufficiently close to the Earth to permit of our making any accurate determination of their positions. Nor is it by any means an easy task to choose out those particular objects which do lie within range. It not unfrequently happens that after much labour has been expended on observations of some particular star, it has been found that the work is fruitless, and that the star is so remote that there is no possibility of learning what its distance actually amounts to. Much care must, therefore, be taken to make a judicious selection of the particular star to which it is proposed to devote so much time and labour. It might naturally be supposed that the brightest stars are those nearest to the earth; and no doubt if all the stars were intrinsically equally bright, then of course their apparent brightness would be a safe guide in placing these objects at their true relative distances. For in this case the only explanation of the endless varieties of lustre which stars exhibit, would be that some of them are much nearer to us than others. But there is no such simple connection between brightness and proximity as this implies. We know that the very brightest

star in the heavens is Sirius, but we also know that Sirius, is by no means the nearest neighbour of the solar system. Recent researches have also shown us that the famous star Arcturus, the brightest member of the constellation Bootes, and one of the three or four most beautiful stars visible in our Northern Skies, is by no means one of the stars comparatively near us. Arcturus has in fact been recently shown to be so excessively far off that it must be classed with those stars whose remoteness renders it impossible for us ever to learn what their distance actually amounts to.

There is however another indication of position which is very frequently accepted by Astronomers when discussing whether a star is likely to lie within such a degree of proximity to the earth as to make it worth their while to try to determine its distance. When we are looking at a steamer near the horizon, the vessel seems to change its place but slowly though we may know as a matter of fact that it is travelling at the rate of perhaps more than ten miles an hour. The nearer we are to the steamer, the more rapidly does it seem to move. In like manner, if a star were animated by what is called proper motion, that is to say, if the star shifted its position on the sky with reference to the other stars, and if the amount of this shift was unusually great, then there would be a presumption that the star was comparatively near. It will indeed be obvious that if all the stars were really travelling at the same speed, those which lie nearest the earth would move over an appreciable part of the sky in a shorter time than those which were more remote. Of course we are not entitled to assume that the stars are moving with equal rapidity in space. Indeed we know well that such is not the case. But speaking generally, we may fairly argue that if a star does appear to be moving rapidly it is a presumption that that body is one of the sun's nearer neighbours.

The star whose distance is to be sought, having been chosen, an elaborate series of observations has then to be undertaken. The astronomer measures in his telescope the sky interval by which that star is separated from a neighbouring star, which, though apparently close by, is in reality much further away. Indeed for this auxiliary star we like if possible to have an object which is about ten times as far as the comparatively near star. It is however essential that the two shall lie so nearly in the same direction as to be both visible together in the same telescopic field. By means of a delicate instrument applied to the telescope, we measure the width of the bit of sky between the two stars, and these measurements are repeated night after night for a twelvemonth. This year's series of observations is absolutely necessary, for the astronomer is gradually shifting *his* position, and in six months' time this shift will amount to nearly 200,000,000 miles, the Earth having moved during this period round to the opposite point of its orbit. The displacement of the observer alters the position of the near star in relation to its more distant companion. We thus find that the sky interval between the two objects changes periodically, and from observations such as these it is possible, by the magic of mathematics, to determine the distances of some of the stars from the earth.

So far as astronomers have yet learneds the star which lies closest to the earth in one which we do not know in the Northern Hemisphere, though it is very familiar to residents in Southern latitudes. This star is the brightest gem in the constellation of the Centaur, and according to the usual mode of designation, it is spoken of as Alpha Centauri. The telescope shows the object to consist of a pair of magnificent Suns slowly revolving each around the other, and animated by movements in the same direction through the sky. Many attempts have been made to determine the distance from us of this celebrated pair of objects. Its distance has been measured by Dr. Gill, Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and by Dr. Elkin of Yale Observatory, New Haven, with all the accuracy which modern science permits.

I do not here propose to state the distances of the stars in miles. No doubt strings of figures for this purpose might be written down, and they have of course a value in their proper place. Instead of repeating such figures, I shall endeavour to translate them into ideas more suitable for conveying a due appreciation of the magnitudes involved. The electric telegraph will supply

an illustration for the purpose.

Everyone knows the unparalleled swiftness with which an electric signal speeds its way along a conducting wire. The operator presses the key, and instantly an electric flash is transmitted from one end of the country to the other. The merchant on going to his office after breakfast, despatches a message to a place thousands of miles distant, and easily receives his answer before the morning is over, notwithstanding the inevitable delays incidental to the transmission and the reception of the message. The speed at which the current actually travels is indeed so great that very elaborate instruments are required if that speed is to be measured. Only an imperceptible fraction of a second would be occupied in an electric journey across a continent. The actual velocity attained in telegraphic practice varies according to circumstances. The electrician however knows that, even when all the circumstances are most favorable, the speed of a current along the wire could never exceed one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second. We shall employ this maximum speed as the velocity of electricity in our present illustration.

Just consider all that this implies. Suppose that a row of telegraph posts twenty-five thousand miles long were erected round the Earth at the Equator. Suppose that a wire were stretched upon these posts for this circuit of twenty-five thousand miles, and that then another complete circuit was taken with the same wire around the same posts, and then another and yet another. In fact, let the wire be wound no fewer than seven times completely about this great globe. We should then find that an electric signal sent into the wire at one end, would accomplish the seven circuits, in one second of time. Provided with this conception we can now give suitable illustrations of the results at which astronemers have arrived in their researches on the distances of the stars.

Let us suppose that the telegraph lines instead of being merely confined to the earth, were extended throughout the length and depth of space. Let one wire stretch from the Earth to the Moon another from the Earth to the Sun, another from the Earth to the nearest bright star, another from the Earth to a faint telescopic star, and finally let a wire be stretched all the way from the Earth to one of the more distant stars. Let us now see what the very shortest time would be in which a message might be transmitted to each of these several destinations. First with respect to the Moon our satellite is comparatively speaking so near to us, that but little more than a second would be required for a signal to travel thither from the earth. The sun is however many times further away than the moon, and the time required for sending a message to the sun would be correspondingly longer. The sun is indeed so far, that when the key had been pressed down, and the electric wave had shot forth along the solar wire to pursue its route at that stupendous speed which would permit it to place a girdle seven times round this earth in a second, yet eight minutes would have to elapse ere the electric wave, notwithstanding its unparalleled velocity, had passed from the earth to the sun. An answer sent back from the sun would require another eight minutes for the return journey, so, that if there were no undue delay in the solar Post Office, we might expect a reply within half an hour or so after the original message had been despatched.

Telegraphing to the stars would however be a much more tedious matter. Take first the case of the very nearest of those twinkling points of light, namely Alpha Centauri, to which I have already referred. The transmission of a telegraphic message to this distant sun would indeed tax the patience of all concerned. The key is pressed down, the circuit is complete, the message bounds off on its journey; it wings its way along the wire with that velocity sufficient to carry it one hundred and eighty thousand miles in a single second of time. Even the nearest of the stars is however sunk into space to a distance so overwhelming, that the time required for the journey is not a question of seconds, or of minutes, not of hours not of days, not of weeks, nor even of months, for no less than four years would have to pass by before the electricity trembling along the wire with its unapproachable speed, had accomplished this stupendous journey.

Alpha Centauri is however merely the nearest of these stars. We have yet to

indicate the distances of those which are more remote. Look up to-night towards the heavens, and among the thousands of twinkling points which delight our eyes, here is many a one up there so far off that if, after the Battle of Waterloo had been won in 1815, the Duke of Wellington had telegraphed the news to these stellar depths, the message would not yet have been received there notwithstanding the fact that for eighty years it has been flashing along with that lightning velocity which would carry it seven times round the earth in the interval between the two ticks of a clock

There are stars further still. Fortify your eyes with a telescope, and direct it towards the sky. Myriads of stars will then be revealed which would not be discerned without its aid. Nor need we feel surprised that the effulgence of glorious suns as these spheres undoubtedly are should shrink to such inconsiderable proportions when we think of the awful remoteness of these bodies. Over our heads there are thousands of stars so remote, that, if the news of the discovery of America by Columbus, had been circulated far and wide through the Universe by the instrumentality of the telegraph, those thousands of stars to which I now refer are elevated into boundless space to altitudes so stupendous that the announcement would not yet have reached them.

And we have still one more step to take. Let us think of the telegraph wire that is supposed to run from the earth to one of those stars which are only known to us by the impressions they make on a photographic plate. It seems certain that many of these stars are so remote that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem 1894 years ago, had been disseminated through the Universe by the swiftest electric current ever known; yet these stars are so inconceivably remote, that all the seconds which have elapsed in the 1894 years of our present era, would not have sufficed for the journey.

Some there are who may be inclined to doubt these facts, and of course to doubt wisely is a most wholesome attitude to take with respect to all scientific work. But if any reader of these lines should entertain any misgivings as to the reality of these stellar distances, then there is one consideration which I specially commend to his notice. Remember that space seems to us to be boundless, for our imagination can conceive no limits. There must it would seem, be depths of space thousands of times, or indeed millions of times greater than those of which I have spoken. We can conceive of no boundary; for even if that celestial vault of crystal existed which the ancients supposed, our imaginations could pierce through it to the other side, and then in thought we could start afresh, and on and on indefinitely. And seeing that space seems to us te be infinite, what wonder is it if the stars should lie at the distances I have named, or at distances millions of times greater still. Indeed I would rather say, that we have good reason to feel thankful that so many of the stars have come so near to us as to allow of their being glimpsed by our eyes, or caught on our photographic plates. There is ample room to permit of their retreat, so far into space that the heavens would have appeared an absolute void, instead of presenting that glorious spectacle which now makes our nightly skies an abounding delight.

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THE LEASE OF THE "CROSS KEYS."

By Jerome K. Jerome.

THIS story is about a Bishop: many stories are. One Sunday evening this Bishop had to preach a sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral. The occasion was a very special and important one, and every God-fearing newspaper in the kingdom sent its own special representative to report the proceedings.

Now of the three reporters thus commissioned, one was a man of appearance

so eminently respectable that no one would have thought of taking him for a journalist. People used to put him down for a County Councillor or an Archdeacon at the very least. As a matter of fact, however he was a sinful man, with a passion for gin. He lived at Bow, and, on the Sabbath in question, he left his home at five o'clock in the afternoon, and started to walk to the scene of his labours. The road from Bow to the City on a wet and chilly Sunday evening is a cheerless one; who can blame him if on his way he stopped once or twice to comfort himself with "two" of his favourite beverage? On reaching St. Paul's he found he had twenty minutes to spare—just time enough for one final "nip." Half way down a narrow court leading out of the Church-yard he found a quiet little hostelry, and entering the private bar, whispered insinuatingly across the counter:

"Two of gin hot, if you please, my dear."

His voice had the self-satisfied meekness of the successful ecclesiastic, his bearing suggested rectitude tempered by desire to avoid observation. The barmaid, impressed by his manner and appearance, drew the attention of the landlord to him. The landlord covertly took stock of so much of him as could be seen between his buttoned-up coat and his drawn-down hat, and wondered how so bland and innocent-looking a gentleman came to know of gin.

A landlord's duty, however, is not to wonder, but to serve. The gin was given to the man, and the man drank it. He liked it. It was good gin: he was a connoisseur, and he knew. Indeed, so good did it seem to him that he felt it would be a waste of opportunity not to have another twopen'orth. Therefore he had a second "go"; maybe a third. Then he returned to the Cathedral, and sat himself down with his notebook on his knee and waited.

As the service proceeded there stole over him that spirit of indifference to all earthly surroundings that religion and drink are alone able to bestow. He heard the good Bishop's text and wrote it down. Then he heard the Bishop's "sixthly and lastly," and took that down, and looked at his notebook and wondered in a peaceful way what had become of the "firstly' to "fifthly" inclusive. He sat there wondering until the people round him began to get up and move away, whereupon it struck him swiftly and suddenly that he had been asleep, and had thereby escaped the main body of the discourse.

What on earth was he to do? He was representing one of the leading religious papers. A full report of the sermon was wanted that very night. Seizing the robe of a passing wandsman, he tremulously inquired if the Bishop had yet left the Cathedral. The wandsman answered that he had not, but that he was just on the point of doing so.

"I must see him before he goes!" exclaimed the reporter, excitedly.

"You can't," replied the wandsman. The journalist grew frantic.

"Tell him," he cried, "a penitent sinner desires to speak with him about the sermon he has just delivered. To-morrow it will be too late."

The wandsman was touched: so was the Bishop. He said he would see the poor fellow.

As soon as the door was shut the man, with tears in his eyes, told the Bishop the truth—leaving out the gin. He said that he was a poor man, and not in good health, that he had been up half the night before, and had walked all the way from Bow that evening. He dwelt on the disastrous results to him and his family should he fail to obtain a report of the sermon. The Bishop felt sorry for the man. Also, he was anxious that his sermon should be reported.

"Well, I trust it will be a warning to you against going to sleep in church," he said, with an indulgent smile. "Luckily, I have brought my notes with me, and if you will promise to be very careful of them, and to bring them back to me the first thing in the morning, I will lend them to you."

With this, the Bishop opened and handed to the man a neat little black leather bag, inside which lay a neat little roll of manuscript.

"Better take the bag to keep it in," added the Bishop. "Be sure and let me

have them both back early to-morrow"

The reporter, when he examined the contents of the bag under a lamp in the Cathedral vestibule, could hardly believe his good fortune. The careful Bishop's notes were so full and clear that for all practical purposes they were equal to a report. His work was already done. He felt so pleased with himself that he determined to treat himself to another "two" of gin, and, with this intent, made his way across to the little "public" beforementioned.

"It's really excellent gin you sell here," he said to the barmaid when he had finished; "I think, my dear, I'll have just one more."

At eleven the landlord gently but firmly insisted on his leaving, and he went, assisted, as far as the end of the court, by the potboy. After he was gone, the landlord noticed a neat little black bag on the seat where he had been lying. Examining it closely, he discovered a brass plate between the handles, and upon the brass plate were engraved the owner's name and title. Opening the bag, the landlord saw a neat little roll of manuscript, and across a corner of the manuscript was written the Bishop's name and address.

The landlord blew a long, low whistle and stood with his round eyes wide open gazing down at the open bag. Then he put on his hat and coat, and taking the bag, went out down the court, chuckling hugely as he walked. He went straight to the house of the Resident Canon and rang the bell.

"Tell Mr.——," he said to the servant, "that I must see him to-night. I wouldn't disturb him at this late hour if it wasn't something very important."

The landlord was ushered up. Closing the door softly behind him, he coughed deferentially.

"Well, Mr. Peters" (I will call him "Peters"), said the Canon, what is it?"

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Peters, slowly and deliberately, "it's about that there lease o' mine. I do hope you gentlemen will see your way to makin' it twenty-one year instead o' fourteen."

"God bless the man!" cried the Cannon, jumping up indignantly, "you don't nean to say you've come to me at eleven o'clock on a Sunday night to talk about your lease?"

"Well, not entirely, sir," answered Peters, unabashed; "Thers another little thing I wished to speak to you about, and that's this"—saying which, he laid the Bishop's bag before the Canon and told his story.

The Canon looked at Mr. Peters and Mr. Peters looked at the Canon.

"There must be some mistake," said the Canon.

"Ther's no mistake," said the landlord. "I had my suspicions when I first clapped eyes on him. I see'd he wasn't our usual sort, and I see'd how he tried to hide his face. If he weren't the Bishop, then I don't know a Bishop when I sees one, that's all. Besides, there's his bag, and there's his sermon."

Mr. Peters folded his arms and waited. The Canon pondered. Such things had been known to happen before in Church history. Why not again?

"Does anyone know of this besides yourself?" asked the Canon.

"Not a livin' soul," replied Mr. Peters, "as yet."

"I think—I think, Mr. Peters," said the Canon, "that we may be able to extend your lease to twenty-one years."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the landlord, and departed. Next morning the Canon waited on the Bishop and laid the bag before him.

"Oh," said the Bishop cheerfully, "he's sent it back by you has he?"

"He has, sir," replied the Canon; "and thankful I am that it was to me he brought it. It is right," continued the Canon, "that I should inform your lordship that I am aware of the circumstances under which it left your hands."

The Canon's eye was severe, and the Bishop laughed uneasily.

"I suppose it wasn't quite the thing for me to do," he answered apologetically; "but there, all's well that ends well," and the Bishop laughed.

This stung the Canon.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, with burst of fervour, "in Heaven's name—for the sake of our Church, let me entreat—let me pray you never to let such a thing occur again."

The Bishop turned upon him angrily.

"Why, what a fuss you make about a little thing!" he cried; then, seeing the look of agony upon the other's face, he paused.

"How did you get that bag?" he asked.

"The landlord of the Cross Keys brought it me," answered the Canon; "you left it there last night."

The Bishop gave a gasp, and sat down heavily. When he recovered his breath, he told the Canon the real history of the case; and the Canon is still trying to believe it.

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THE RUINS OF PANDUWAS NUWERA. (*Continued.*)

By A. J. W. Marambe, President of Village Tribunals.

ABOUT two hundred or three hundred yards south of the Dagoba before described is another Dagoba called 'Kota-vehera' but which the writer was informed by a learned Buddhist priest should be called "Kona Vehera," and there is valid ground for accepting the priest's designation for the reason given by him, viz: that as the Dagoba or Vehera stands at the furthest corner of the bund it should be 'Kona', meaning corner, and not 'Kota' which means short, and 'Kota' Vehera would convey no sense or meaning whatever, whereas Kona Vehera would convey the meaning "corner vehera" which in fact it was or more strictly speaking is. About 10 or 12 years ago a side of this Dagoba was broken into by thieves in search of valuables, and it is possible that they did carry off some images &c. On this circumstance coming to the knowledge of the then Government Agent of Kurunegala he proceeded to the spot, and in examining the Dagoba Vehera came across a number of images in gold and a number of other articles which can now be seen at the Colombo Museum. A very remarkable circumstance was brought to the notice of the writer by the priest above mentioned; viz, that a lot of metal articles and even pearls and precious stones acutally crumbled to dust on being handled, and this fact the priest adduced as a proof of the great antiquity of the Dagoba, attributing the decay of the articles to age. About a few yards from this Vehera too, are to be seen the ruins of pillars which perhaps supported the roof of a temple or the residence of monks as in the description of the preceding Dagoba.

Within the walls of Panduwas Nuwera the city which the writer has attempted so imperfectly to describe, there is an enclosure of about eight acres of land surrounded by a low wall, the remains of which are still to be seen. The enclosure is a perfect square, and on all the four sides of this enclosure there were moats or ditches, one on either side of the wall, within, and four outside. In the absence of any notice or mention of this city in any of the ancient historical books, the present scribe had to depend largely on the information, often very meagre and conflicting, gathered from the oldest inhabitants of the place, hence the uncertain nature of his remarks with regard to the different ruins with which the site of the ancient city teems.

The writer, however, would wish to note some of the particular ruins to which his attention was drawn, first a group of of 32 granite pillars, eight in each row, placed about a fathom apart from each other and forming a square. The pillars are almost imbeded in the ground and stand at present, four or five feet above the level of the ground, and intended it is supposed, to support the roof of a building.

(2.) A flight of rock steps leading to a temple, the sides of the flight of steps being formed of balustrades of rock, sur-

rounded on each side by the figure of a crocodile carved in one single block of granite, and the entrance door of the temple a portion of the lintel and of the side only now remaining. These were all unearthed under the writer's directions. There are a large number of mounds, marking perhaps the sites of former buildings, a theory which is likely, considering the great number of pillars still standing, and the number that are fallen and lie partially imbedded in the ground. Any one who has the time and means to prosecute archæological studies, will no doubt be amply rewarded by bringing to light many valuable relics of ancient sculpture and arts.

There are several enclosures of land similar to the above, enclosed by walls in ruins, with only a difference in extent, and the writer will only mention such remains or ruins as he thinks would be interesting. In one of these enclosures there is to be seen the foundation of a large building; the ruins of two large houses with eleven granite pillars still standing, and about twelve of the other, also two dagobas in ruins with traces of their having been dug into by thieves; also the remains of carved stones, pillars &c. shewing that there used to be many large buildings within the enclosure. In one of the enclosures was found a slab of stone three feet square, and having twenty-eight square holes in it, like a monster draught-board. The lid of this slab of rock was discovered in the Dagoba near it, and the writer is informed that this slab or rock with holes in it was used to contain jewellery, small images of gold &c. The site of the western wall is still discernible. The pillars of the main gate are still standing, and in clearing off portions of the brushwood the trace of the road leading to the relic Maligawa or Palace revealed itself. This gate appears to have led into the principal street in the city, as on both sides of it a number of granite pillars are standing, and the mounds marking the sites of former buildings and the many Dagobas (two of which have escaped the attention of the searches after buried treasures) testify. Immediate to the entrance by the main gate, stand 15 square pillars about eight or ten feet high above the ground; and on one of these pillars there is an inscription with the sun and moon carved on it, on either side of these pillars indicating a large building. There are the sites of two other buildings, one containing six and the other twelve pillars; passing these we come to the site of another building of which ten pillars of nearly 10 feet each, are standing. There are many ponds about the place, one in particular opposite the present temple is called the 'Das Pokuna,' as tradition alleges that they were in all a thousand ponds in the city, and this one is the largest, being about two hundred feet square. The water of it being excellent is used by the priests for drinking purposes &c.

The ruins of the relic palace or Dalada Maligawa, is fifty two feet long, thirty feet broad and with thirty two pillars, twelve or fifteen feet high. The floor and the sides are of elaborately carved stones with flight of rock steps like those described above. On one side of the ruins of the relic-palace or the palace of the King, the site and a number of seven pillars are shewn as those of the 'Maha-Vishnu Devale,' and near the Vishun Devale a piece of ground of about five acres is enclosed by a circular wall, where it is said the Palace of the King stood marked by a large mound.

To the east of the relic palace stands the temple to which pilgrims resort at the present day to perform their devotions. At the entrance to it, are two pillars of about eight or nine feet in height each with inscriptions on them. On one of these pillars are engraved the sun, moon bowl, key, crow and dog; to these emblems are attached the following legend. "That the lands are given to be the property of the temple as long as the sun and moon endure, the bowl being emblematic of priests of the temple, the key means the forcible taking of the temple by others, and whoever commits the outrage, will in their second birth, be either a crow or dog.,,

At the entrance to the present temple two sacred Bo-trees stand. This temple was built by Kirti Sri Rajasinha who came to the throne in the year 1747 A. D.

It contains many images of Buddha. In the compond of this temple stands an ancient Dagoba, and in the centre of the compound a pillar is found containing some inscriptions almost illegible. In proximity to this temple and near the pond is a residence of the priests. The present incumbent of this place Kekunagaha kotuwe Sumana Unnanse, a priest of more enlightened ideas than the generality of his fraternity, has erected a bower, or rather belfrey, containing a bell; also a library containing Buddhistical books some of them very rare works. The library has two images of Buddha, one in pure white marble and the other of some metal, both brought from Burmah. On the roof of this building a brass cupola is placed.

Passing from the residence of the priests we come to, in the same garden, an antique Bo-tree believed to be more ancient than any of those above mentioned. At the foot of this tree there is a slab of rock bearing an inscription. The distance from the places above described to the Panduwas Nuwera is about a mile. The city Panduwas Nuwera, being so completely overgrown with jungle, is now called "Nuwera Kele" literally meaning "city jungle."

The writer trusts he has shewn that Upatissa and Panduwas Nuwera are identical. But he is led by the dates of the reigns of Upatissa. Panduwas, Abeyo and Pandu-kabeyo and the dates of the introduction of Buddhism into Ceylon, to infer that none of the Dagobas or temples in the city of Upatissa, were built by any of the above mentioned kings for their reigns extend from that of Upatissa in 504 B. C. to that of Pandukabeyo in 437 B. C. and Buddhism was introduced in the year 307 B. C., and it was the last mentioned King Pandukabeyo who removed the seat of Government from Upatissa Nuwera to Anuradhapura. There is nothing in history to contradict the supposition that the city was founded either by Upatissa or by Panduwas. The temples and dagobas were probably built by the kings who reigned at Anuradhapura since 307 B. C. viz from Devanan Piyatissa up to Prakkramabahu the Great in 1153 A. D. If the Mahapujawalia is to be credited, Prakkramabahu the Great constructed six tanks of which Pandawewa is one, if so this tank has been in existence for 738 years. But the Mahavanse is distinct in saying that the tank was repaired years after by Prakkramabahu, but as mention is made of the Pandawewa as existing in two previous reigns i e—those of Dappula and Wijeyobahu, it is very probable that the tank was constructed by Panduwas king. On the opposite end of the tank there is a village called Detiya Mulla containing two dagobas in ruins. The village derives its name from this fact—*Dwa*, *chetiya Mulla*-meaning—*Dwa*, two *chetiya* dagobas and *Mulla*, corner—the corner village of two dagobas. On the east of the tank stands a village called Galahitiyawa, meaning, *gala*, flowing, *nitiyawa* stopped, as the flow of water of the tank, however full it might be, stopped at this place. Tissawa, a village about 4 miles from the city, tradition says, was the property of Panduwasa's second son, Tisso, or it may have belonged to Upatissa hence the name Tissawa. Here is a very large rock containing two caves converted into temples, one of which contains a recumbent figure of Buddha 18 cubits in length, and the other temple, a recumbent figure of Buddha 12 cubits in length, and a foot print of Buddha has been cut out on the summit of the rock.

On one side about 2 miles from the city stands a village called Ulu-hilu-gama where all the criminals were executed. The literal meaning of the name is *ulu* a stake and *hilu* the position in which the victim or culprit is placed on the stake and thus impaled.

On the south-east of the city is the village Medagama containing (1.) the ruins of an ancient Dagoba built on the very summit of a mountain called Medagama Kanda (2.) A cistern or bath paved with rock the square walls also being of richly carved rock and containing the best water in the whole of the Seven Korales, probably the hill had a palace erected on its side and that the cistern was the bathing place of the queens, or that the supply of water for the royal

Palace in the city was drawn from it (3.) At the foot of the mountain Medagama Kanda, there is a cave, converted into a temple containing a number of stone and other images. The temple is in a state of preservation notwithstanding its great antiquity. (4) A large number of carved pillars and slabs of rocks containing inscriptions, and a number of images of stone, are shewn about this village. (5) A Dagoba which (according to an inscription on a slab of rock built into the Dagoba) was crected or built by the king Devananpia Tissa about the year 307 B.C. The inscription is in the Pali language and in Burmese characters, and is in the nature of a *Sannas* or Royal Grant, by which the king offered to the Dagoba the village called Vikadanagama, a purely Pali name which it still bears. A particular value attaches to his *Sannas* or Royal Grant as in it, it is stated that the village Vikadanagama is situated on the suburbs of Nikasala Nuwera (meaning pure city) and it is given as an offering to the Mahagiri Chetiya or Dagoba at Medagama, which village is also on the outskirts of Nikasala Nuwera—hence it would appear that this city changed its name from time to time according to the whims or caprices of its successive rulers.

As we have already shewn, this same city bore the names of Ela-Hatare Nuwera —Upatissa Nuwera, Panduwas Nuwera, and Nikasala Nuwera.

A. J. W. MARAMBE
PRESIDENT, V. T.

Kurunegala.
14th May 1895.

:o:

MATTHEW ARNOLD.—*Continued.*

PART II

PERHAPS the most distinctive note of Matthew Arnold's poetry is his frequent reference to Nature as a model for man. Throughout his poems we find the fretful passions, the restless desires, and the vehement activities of man, contrasted with the undisturbed calm and restful serenity of nature. Throughout his poems we are told how different are the aims and methods of nature from the aims and methods of Men. Nature is strong and tranquil; Men are weak and restless. Nature is eternal; Men come and go. Nature is self-centred, and feels no need of any external source of satisfaction; Men crave sympathy from every source possible. Nature points complacently to her self-control:

"There is no effort on my brow.
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.

But how different are men, how excited and unsatisfied!—

"We wear out life, alas!
Distracted as a homeless wind,
In beating where we must not pass,
In seeking what we shall not find.

It seems to me that the poet's intention in this strong and persistent contrast is to protest against the tendency of the age to mistake sound for sense, and ethusiasm for useful effort. He does not decry effort, but he emphatically condemns the noise and bluster which appear to be the usual accompaniments of effort. Nature is not idle. Nature has her purpose to fulfil and her tasks to accomplish. So has man But to all honest toilers in the world's vast field of labour he holds up an ideal of

"Toil unsever'd from tranquillity!
Of labour that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noiser schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!"

Who will say that in this age of noise and advertisement such a warning is either inappropriate or unnecessary? And what true workman, who prefers "lasting fruit" to a mere temporary success, what workman that needeth not to be ashamed, but must feel that all great and enduring purposes must be "accomplished in repose," and that they are "too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

This is nature's lesson. Nature does not think of rivalry. She takes her own time, and disdains competition. She does not fret and bluster. There is no effort on her brow. Men dig the soil, and water the furrows, and sow the seed. But all the haste and impatience of men cannot make nature change her accustomed course. "For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

Let us be thankful for such a lesson in these over-driven days of ours. Matthew Arnold does not stand alone as a teacher of this important truth. Nearly all the great teachers of our time—Carlyle, Ruskin, Wordsworth, Tennyson,—have dwelt upon it, in each his own way. They have shown us the folly of the mad unrest and unnatural excitement in which we spend our days. But the world takes no heed. The new Journalism must be "up to date," and where it cannot find facts for itself, must borrow, or sometimes invent them. The New Athleticism pays more attention to "breaking the record" than to the general improvement of health and muscle. The New Education takes no account of good averages, but strains after "classes" and "distinctions." And so in politics, in Literature, and even in Religion. The blight of sensationalism checks all true growth. And we,

> "Brought forth and rear'd in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise—
> What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
> What leisure to grow wise?
> Like children bathing on the shore,
> Buried a wave beneath,
> The second wave succeeds before
> We have had time to breathe".

But Nature is not only calm in the fulfilment of her tasks; she is also *self-contained*. We find this explained in the poem entitled "Self-Dependence. Man, weary and restless, unsatisfied, and disappointed with the imperfect sympathy of his fellows, gazes on the calm moonlit waters, and on the clear fields of heaven sown with its myriad stars. The mighty charm works on his heart. How can I he exclaims, attain that splendid tranquillity, that stedfast self-control? And the answer comes—

> "Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they!"

What then is the secret of the ocean and of the star-sown sky? It is that they are satisfied in themselves and do not, like man, anxiously seek love, amusement, or sympathy from external objects. They are self-poised, self-centred, self-contained, and do not pine and fret because others differ from them in powers or occupations. They are "bounded in themselves," and pour all their powers in their own tasks, careless of the duties which other of God's creatures have to perform, and unregardful as to how those other duties are performed. If man would be free from misery, let him find himself, or in other words, attain this calm indifference, this absolute self-dependence.

If in this I have understood and interpreted the poet aright, I venture with great hesitation to suggest that the ideal is, in its fullest extent, both impossible and undesirable. It is an ideal that has its charms for a certain class of minds, and that class not the least distinguished for great ability and high moral worth. There are hundreds of men on whom this ideal of life exercises a strange fascination. As a temporary mood, all or most men of refined sensitiveness and highly intellectual tendencies have given way to it. As a temporary mood it may even have a certain apparent value. Yet it ends in disappointment, or is overcome by increased experience and deeper study of the needs and possibilities of mankind. To live apart from the world's tumults, free from the world's cares, independent of the world's amusements; to take no interest in social duties and social pleasures; to avoid the convulsions of political life; to stifle and ignore the obstinate questionings of the spirit; to bear resignedly, even stoically, the day's trials, "drugging pain by patience," to rest satisfied with the due performance, of the day's duties, stubbornly refusing to look forward to the morrow;—have not we ourselves been sometimes charmed with this ideal? It is an ideal that has had its attractions for men of all ages and of all lands, for the hermits of old, the stoics of Greece and Rome, the Brahmins

of India, the Indians of America the Hebrew prophets, and the founders of the more prominent religions. But it is, notwithstanding, an impossible ideal. It has everywhere failed. The very constitution of man fights against it. Some elevated, pure, and highly-gifted souls have striven to live up to it, and have to a certain extent succeeded. But men in general, while yielding their admiration both to the ideal and to its martyrs, have for themselves been unable to adopt it as a principle of life.

"You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;
Your chilly stars I can forgo,
This warm kind world is all I know."

One obvious objection suggests itself in reply to the poet's demand that men should copy inanimate Nature; and it is simply this—that Man is *not* inanimate Nature. The passionless calm of Nature is impossible for man, because Nature is incapable of passion, while Man is an aggregate of conflicting passions. The ocean and the stars, the clouds, the moon, the sun—these are self-dependent (if really so) because they are inanimate, and it is by this fact indeed that they are distinguished from Man. We cannot live independently of our fellows. We need amusement, sympathy, the "help in strife,"

"The thousand sweet still joys of such
As hand in hand face earthly life."

Nor will we hasten to sacrifice these blessings, or the hope of them, for the compensation to be found in gaining.

"The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea."

There is a higher ideal to which we may aspire. "Calm," says Arnold himself, though he allows it only as a concession to the young and high-spirited, "Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well." But to the storm-tossed, perplexed, and distracted heart of man a more adequate consolation has been granted than that which Nature teaches.

"Come to me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest."

But this invitation was one to which Matthew Arnold unfortunately could not or would not fully respond. In his poetical philosophy there is little room for a personal God or for a Divine Redeemer of lost human souls. We cannot help seeing in him that pride of intellect to which the Kingdom of Heaven is closed. To say that Arnold was a hardened sceptic in religion is a presumptuous exaggeration. But the agnostic tendency may be traced throughout his poems, and is too clearly obvious in that magnificent poem, "Empedocles on Etna." It is not for us to judge, (except from what we may find in his works, and even then with the utmost caution and reserve) what Matthew Arnold's religious views may have been. But it may be assumed that he did not hold the same views of the relation between man and his Maker that professed Christians are understood to maintain.

Can this fact account—even partially—for that deep note of sadness which pervades his poetry? May not this explain, even in part, the burden of repression and regret that underlies his poems? The late Lord Coleridge compared Matthew Arnold to the Latin Horace in this respect. In both cases the sadness may be due to the same gloom that obscured their ideas of death and the future. To a man like Matthew Arnold, who of his own will denied himself the hope and confidence that spring from a personal sense of the Fatherhood of God, who could see nothing in this world but the iron supremacy of law, the strife of heaven with earth, the fretting will, the inherited bias, the baffled prayer, the restraining limits that condition life—to such a man earth must of necessity appear dark, and Heaven a "feigned bliss of doubtful future date." In one of his poems he says:—

"The sea of faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore,
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy long, withdrawing, roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down to the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

And "Let us," he says—

"Be true

To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,
And we are here as in a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Exquisite poetry! Yet how mournful an attitude for a human soul! To think that after long ages of struggle, endeavour, and study, man's future should be as unreal as a dream, and man himself a benighted traveller on a dark plain where there are confused cries of battle; as when two armies meet unexpectedly at night and engage in deadly combat, ignorant whether they are friends or foes.

But though Matthew Arnold thus deprived himself of the highest consolations of the Christian faith, though in his poems he gives utterance to the intellectual discontent and spiritual unrest of the age, let us not picture him to ourselves as a soured pessimist, or a dismal prophet of ruin and despair. Let our last glimpse of him be more cheerful and pleasant. We have seen how in his daily life he was genial and sociable. Even in his poems he did not always

"look on life with eyes
Estranged and sad".

Like the true poet he was, he dwelt on the bright and hopeful aspects of life as well as on the discouraging. United with the strain of sadness and melancholy regret, there is a note of courage and of comfort which ought to leave us full of gratitude for the help it gives to us. The *manliness* of Arnold's poetry appears to me to deserve special notice. He has words of encouragement for all who exert themselves for the improvement of the race, for all who labour in the discovery of great truths, for all who strive honestly—even though ineffectually—to gain some high end or forward some great design. 'Not with lost toil," he says, "thou labourest through the night". And again,

"Tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be thro' hours of gloom fulfill'd".

We may live

"Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade".

What stimulating comfort there is here for discouraged workers?

"They out-talked thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.
Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

Arnold's message to the race is that such happiness as we can enjoy in this world is to be derived not from extravagant dreams, but from quiet, patient work. However pleasant dreams may be, they weaken man and are profitless; labour, when directed to some useful end, is always satisfying, and never fails of its reward. I have refrained from the impertinence of examining Arnold's religious views too closely, and hinted only that they were not exactly the same as those of orthodox Christians. But let it be noted that with the shallow sceptics of the day, who emptily repeat the utterances of great intellects without attempting to understand their meaning, Matthew Arnold has no sympathy. He treats them with scarcely disguised scorn. Religion with him is not creed but conduct. Doubt he allows, but doubts must not interfere with conduct.

Long fed on boundless hopes, O, race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan—
We live no more, when we have done our span."—
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "Who can care?
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say
"Hath man no second life?—*Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah! let us try*
If we, then, too, can be such men as he!"

This sonnet shows us how effectively Arnold would deal with those who comfort themselves with mere negations. To build up the character is in his view much more necessary than even to construct elaborate theories and doctrines. Let us believe honestly whatever we believe, but let our belief be justified by a better life. Even for an unbeliever he shows that it is better to subdue passions and overcome temptations, than to yield

to undisciplined desires. He demands of us manliness in every department of life. It is not enough for those who mourn over the triumph of evil in the world to console themselves with the reflection that in another world things will be different. The "immortal armies" will scorn the "world's poor routed leavings." Those who failed under the heat of life's day will not be able to support the "radiance of the heavenly morn"—No. The energy of life must be *begun* here—and *continued* after death.

But is life, then, only for the strong and the defiant? Is it a battle where only strong wills and hard natures can hope to win? Is it a mere struggle for existence, as in the world of nature, where the weak, the gentle, the timid, and the doubting must give place to the scoffer and to the keen, unscumpulous man who "knows no doubt and feels no fear"? Must we flee from life because we cannot understand its mysteries, or are disappointed in our expectations? No, answers Matthew Arnold. There is room for all, and work for all; happiness for all, and hope for all.

> "But thou, because thou hear'st
> Men scoff at Heaven and Fate,
> Because the Gods thou fear'st
> Fail to make blest thy state,
> Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are!
> I say: Fear not! Life still
> Leaves human effort scope.
> But, since life teems with ill,
> Nurse no extravagant hope:
> Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair!

:o:

THE LUCK OF THE ONE-EYE'D MARE.

A "COMPLETE" STORY BY "SAXON."

WHEN a man sits down to write a story, he generally runs off the story first, and thinks out the title afterwards. With me it is different, I like to get a good title first, and then write the story up to it. I make this personal explanation now, in case you should afterwards accuse me of evading the truth. I always like to be thought of as truthful and honest.

I used to know a man who once told the truth. He wasn't a lawyer, or a journalist, or a parson, or anything of that kind, he was only an ordinary sort of man, with, like other ordinary men, one great failing. That failing was a love of fishing. He used to go out of town regularly every Saturday, and spend the day fishing. That is about all he did do: he fished and fished, and fished—but he never landed anything. But regularly every Saturday evening, about half an hour after his return home, there used to be a knock at the door, and the small boy from the fishmonger's down the street used to hand in a large basket, with the explanation that it contained the fish the master had caught that day, and which he had left at the shop to be cleaned. And then the man's wife would fall on his neck, and give him the sweetest of wifely kisses and thank him for the fish, and express her belief that he was the best fishermen in the world.

But this man had a conscience, and one day that conscience smote him, and he determined that that night he would tell his wife the truth. And he did. He told her how he had sat for hours beside the stream, and never caught a single fish. Then she sympathised with him, and prophesied that he would do better next week, and as she did so, the fishmonger's boy called with the usual basketful "which the master had caught that day and left to be cleaned." The man had forgotten to cancel his standing order, and now his wife never knows whether to believe him or not.

Every man you meet now-a-days can tell a story about the fish liar, so I don't bring this forward as a good one. I only

use it as an instance of how circumstances are always against one when one speaks the truth, and how difficult it is to be believed unless you exaggerate your story. The world is getting so romantic now-a-days that the ordinary everyday stories are too slow and prosaic for the reading public. The public must have a highly polished and garnished version of what has occurred or it won't believe it. That is the reason newspapers exist.

In some places—America for instance—exaggeration has reached the level of a fine art. Lying is made a special science which is included in the curriculum of every first-class school. That is how it is that when an American boy leaves school he knows all about the world and everything in it. It is, possibly, a reason why there are so many millionaires in America. I know for a fact that it is sole secret of the enormous success of the American newspaper. There was once an American who went over to England with his daughter. He was a comparatively poor man, he hadn't graduated in a first class school, and he didn't pose as a millionaire. Consequently nobody knew him. Nobody now-a-days cares about knowing an American unless he is a millionaire, and one of his friends gave this man the tip. He straightway went to a swell tailor's shop and got a rig out. His daughter did ditto at a big dress-maker's. They got paragraphs—at so much a line—put in Society papers, and in less than a month these two were the lions of London, and before the man's credit was exhausted and the fraud found out, his daughter had been married to an Earl. That American never spoke the truth again, and he is a millionaire in reality now.

What is it that I have been trying to prove? Let me see. Oh yes, I wanted to show you how necessary it was that I should explain myself at the beginning of this story, in case some evil-disposed or ill-tempered reader should accuse me of imposing upon him. It took me about three days to hit upon a good and attractive title for a story, and I think, that, at last, I succeeded. "The Luck of the One Eye'd Mare" is a capital title. It is imposing, it is euphemistic, and it looks sensational. Some day I may write a story to fit it. Perhaps you may have an opportunity of reading it. Perhaps you won't!

:o:

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

No. 3 The Most Popular Ladies.

SUCCESSFUL as was our second competition, we have found the third to be even more largely supported. But then we ought to have expected the Ladies' Competition to be more popular than that of the Gentlemen, because Young Ceylon is, above all things, gallant. The total number of votes recorded was 1430. and of these Mrs. Clive Justice, as will be seen below secured 247. From the beginning of the contest the result was apparent, although it was impossible to guess in what order the ladies would be placed. For a long time Mrs. Dodwell Browne held the lead, then Lady Grenier passed her with a rush, with Lady de Soysa in close pursuit. It was not until close towards the finish that Mrs. Clive Justice and Mrs. Copleston (It will be remembered that, by a curious coincidence the names of General Justice and Archdeacon Boyd were coupled last month) came to the front, and made their position so strong as to thoroughly prove themselves worthy of their places. Mrs. Corse Scott, everybody will agree with us, thoroughly deserves a place amongst "Our Most Popular Ladies," and as regards Mrs. Justice we may express a wish, on behalf of our readers, that she may soon be restored to such good health as will enable her once more to

take the prominent place in society her position and natural graces entitle her to. The following is the result of the voting:—

1	Mrs. Clive Justice	247	votes.
2	Mrs R. S. Copleston	245	,,
3	Lady Grenier	224	,,
4	Lady de Soysa	220	,,
5	Mrs. Dodwell F. Browne	196	,,
6	Mrs. E. Corse-Scott	150	,,

Votes were also recorded for the Misses Leitch, Mrs. W. R. Kynsey, Mrs. Murray Menzies, Mrs. Ælian King, Mrs. Drummond Deane, Mrs. F. R. Ellis, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Pole Carew Miss Grace VanDort, Mrs. A. R. Dawson, Mrs. Grigson, Miss Kendal Watson, Miss (Dr.) Leslie, Mrs. G. A. Talbot, Mrs. W. W. Mitchell, Mrs. F. Bayley, Mrs. Norman Rowsell, Mrs. Dick-Lauder, Mrs. Rockwood, Mrs. Sandys-Thomas, Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. C. P. Layard, and Miss Barbara Layard.

In this competition two of our readers were successful in naming the complete list, and we have pleasure in awarding *Review* watches to.

Miss. MALLIKA DE SILVA
Horton Place
Cinnamon Gardens.

And

To Mr. J. CAREY TISSERA
Charley Valley, Maturatta.

It is a curious fact that one of the successful competitors is a son of the gentleman who was awarded the prize for naming the twelve most popular men."

—:o:—

No. 4

A Weeks Holiday

FOR NOTHING.

We want our readers this month to tell us at which hotel in the Island they would like to spend a week's holiday, and to state their reasons for making the choice. Such reasons may be given either in prose or in verse, and should not exceed a column of *Review* type. For the reader whose paper we consider the best, we shall make arrangements whereby he may stay at his favourite hotel for a week (seven days) *absolutely free of cost.* All applications should reach this office marked "Hotel," before the 20th August, on which day the competition will close. The successful competitor may choose any week in September for his holiday.

OUR ALMANAC.

July 1.—Mr. C. E. Ewbank died.

,, 2.—Cricket M. C. C. drew with Oxford.
Mr. John Wright died.
Annual Assam Dinner in Londou,

,, 3.—Wedding, Atkinson—Wright,
Cambridge won the odd event in the inter-university sports.
Le Var won the Princess ot Wales' Stakes

,, 4.—Polwatte Pop (No. 8) was held.
Sir Henry & Lady Fowler decorated at Windsor.

,, 5.—Volunteer inspection at Badulla.
Rugby Football-Dickoya defeated Kandy
Cricket—Royal College. defeated Trinity College.
Meeting of the Rakwana P. A.

,, 8.—Rugby Football—C, F. C. defeated the Garrison,
Lady Havelock "At Home" at Kandy.
Mr. S. D. Ephraums died.
Parliament dissolved.
Railway between Pretoria and Delegoa Bay opened.

,, 9.—Mobilization of troops in Colombo.
Marriage—Wright—Wilson,

,, 10.—A start made with the Colombo Tramway Scheme
Executive and Legislative Councils met.
Colombo criminal Sessions opened.

,, 11.—Sky Races commenced.

,, 12.—City Council met.
The Elcho Shield won by England.
Meeting of Planters' Benevolent Fund.

,, 13.—Cricket—C. C. C. defeated Galle C. C,
Sky Races continued.

July 13.—C. C. C. Smoking Concert.
Royal Asiatic Society (C. B.) met.
Rugby Football-Dickoya defeated Gampola.

,, 14.—Marquis of Exeter died.
Maha Mudaliyar died.

,, 16.—Rugby Football—C. C. C. defeated Garrison.
Garden Club Tennis Tournament Commenced.
Kelani Valley P. A. met.

,, 17.—Wedding—Ffinch—O' Dowd,
Miss Ida Vanlangenberg died at Kandy,

,, 18.—M. Stambuloff assasinated.
Mr. Cowasjee Johungor Knighted.
Prize distribution at Wesley College.

,, 20.—Prize distribution at Trinity College, Kandy.
Mr. C. D. Vanderwert died,
Rugby Football—Kandy defeated Dickoya
Passera P. A. met.

,, 22.—Wedding—Philps—Norman,

,, 23.—Rugby Football-C. F. C. defeated the Garrison.

,, 24.—The Bishop of Winchester died.
Bushey Park won the Liverpool Cup.

,, 25.—Miss Nora Vanlangenberg died at Kandy.
Special general meeting of the Teatraders' Association held.

,, 27.—Rugby Football—Kandy defeated C.F.C.
Meeting of shareholders of Galle Face Hotel Co., Ltd.
Meeting of members of Pettah Library.
Cricket—Colts defeated Royal College.
Nondescripts defeated C. C. C.

OUR LADIES' CORNER.

The Pay of Women Musicians.

Probably there is no field where more varying wage is paid to women than in the realm of music, writes Mrs. Garrett Webster in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. The greatest and the lowest sums are alike received by them in this profession, while the average is probably as good as that received by women workers in any other field. Madame Patti is remarkable not only as the greatest of living vocalists but as the best paid woman worker in the world. She has frequently received five thousand dollars a night for a performance, and has not sung for many years past for less than three thousand dolllars. Madame Melba's fee, whether for concert or opera, is never less than one thousand dollars, Madame Eames and Madame Nordica received each seven hundred dollars for their operatic performances during the season just past. The latter's invariable fee for singing in concert or oratorio is five hundred dollars. Madame Calvé received six hundred dollars a performance during the season of 1894, These prices are paid, it will be noticed, only to those who are the greatest in their art. Each of these women is not only an artist, but also a beautiful woman and a clever actress.

Some Palatable Sweet Pickles.

Use for these the rind of a good-size water-melon, writes Florence Barrett in an arcticle on "Pickles, Sweet and Sour," in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. Pare and cut into thick slices. Boil one ounce of alum in a gallon of water, and pour over the sliced melon, letting it stand on the back of the stove for half a day. Remove from the alum water and let it lie in cold water until cold; drain. Have ready a quart of vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar, an ounce of stick cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Boil sugar and vinegar; strain; add the spices and rind, and boil until the rind is soft. For peaches and pears use the same proportions of vinegar and sugar, but not quite so much spice.

Delicious Tuscan Pudding.

Make a boiled custard with one pint of milk, sweetened with half a cup of sugar, boiled, pour on three beaten eggs. Return the mixture to the saucepan and stir until it thickens, but do not let it curdle as it will if it boils for more than a second. When cool add one pint of cream, half a cup of sugar, a quarter of a box of gelatine, dissolved and strained, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, a quarter of a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, twenty drops of extract of bitter almond. Put in a mould with smooth sides and pack in ice and salt. The proportion is two quarts of broken ice to one of coarse salt, well mixed. In an hour remove the mould, and after wiping it carefully uncover it, and with a knife scrape the frozen cream from the sides. Beat it thoroughly, as this makes the texture fine and smooth If it is nearly frozen add half a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped fine, half a pound of candied ginger, cut in small pieces, and half a pound of citron prepared in the same way.

Duets for the Soprano.

The soprano voice, in addition to being a beautiful solo instrument, is exquisite in combinations. With the contralto it is at its greatest beauty, and in such duets as

Quis est Homo - - -	Rossini
La Luna Immobile - - -	Boito
Come Mallika . - -	Delibes

and those of Rubinstein and others it is most effective.

With the tenor it is also beautifully combined. The following duets for these two voices are most effective.

Night Hymn at Sea - -	Goring Thomas
A Night in Venice - - -	Lucantoni
Duet From "Il Guarany -	Gomez
"My Thoughts are All of Thee"	Garrett Coyle

A Heart Party.

The old-time donkey party recently suggested a new form of evening entertainment, namely, a "Heart Party." A large heart made of red flannel cloth was pinned upon a sheet hung from a door. In the

centre of the heart was sewed a small circle of white. Arrows of white cloth with pins placed therein were given to the guests, each arrow bearing a number, the number corresponding to a list whereon the names and number of the guests were placed. The point of the game, of course, was to see which person, when blindfolded, would pin the arrow nearest to the central spot of white. Four prizes were offered—one each for the lady and gentlemen coming the nearest to the centre, and one each to those coming the farthest from the bull's eye. The prizes consisted of a heart-shaped pincushion, a heart-shaped photograph frame, silver heart-shaped pin and a heart-shaped box of bonbons. The booby prizes were a Brownie holding a tiny heart, with an arrow inscribed "Try, try again," and a pincushion made of red satin, shaped like a beet.

What Man Expects of a Wife.

A man expects his wife to be better than he, writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. No matter how little religion a man may have himself his ideal wife is always a woman with the purity of soul that only a Christian can have; and to a good man it is usually part of his religion to believe that his wife is morally higher and nobler than himself.

Dr. Parkhurst on Early Marriages.

It is closely in keeping with the whole train of argument to say a word in regard to early marriages, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst. D. D. That is the natural order of events. Divine intention seems quite distinct upon the matter. Such marriages when properly consummated are a means of personal establishment and security to the parties implicated. For a young man or a young woman to be wholesomely married is the next set to being regenerated. To be out of that condition is counter to nature, and to disregard nature subjects us to all kinds of exposure. It is sometimes forgotten that nature's arrangements and intentions are in the nature of a divine ordinance, which may be of the same authoritativeness as though drafted literally and included in the decalogue.

Woman's Greatest Charm.

I am quite sure that men regard "sweet simplicity" as the greatest charm in women, and especially in girls, writes Ethel Ingalls in a delightful little dissertation on "The girl in Society." This does not mean simplicity in the simpering sense, but an absence of that affected air of boldness and mannishness which has lately been assumed by too many really lovable girls. Then, too, sincerity in expression is one of the characteristics that charm men. To be sincere and candid the girl in society need never be abrupt nor self-assertive.

DOMESTIC GYMNASTICS

UNQUESTIONABLY the best exercise is that taken in the open air; and rowing, running, walking, skating, horseback-riding, have for ever the advantage over indoor training, in that they oxidize the blood as well as develop muscle. Gymnastics, on the other hand, has two special claims—economy of time and defiance of weather. But it is not only to the gymnasiums, equipped with apparatus and superintended by doctor or professor, that we need betake ourselves if muscular development is our object. These are attractive, and have advocates enough. Within our doors there is a despised sort of gymnastics which has few scholars, fewer teachers, and stands in great need of intelligent attention. The message of cookery has been preached to us from all quarters. but what missionary has been bold enough to proclaim the use and dignity of house-work?

"Nothing menial for me!" cries the ignorant woman; while her more intellectual sister exclaims, "Oh, I feel above such drudgery!" Alas! to what giddy heights must those minds be elevated which do not see the necessity nor compensation of muscular work! Mr. Gladstone could find refreshment for his brain in chopping trees, and an eminent jurist of the United States in vigorously plying the saw; but there are women so highly refined that they can no longer employ their muscles for any useful purpose.

In the pretty allegory of Homely and Comely, Moncure D. Conway contrasts for us two common mistakes, neglect of house-work and exclusive devotion to it, and shows also a health and beauty balance on the side of Homely.

That there is not much sanitary or strengthening influence in the operation of dusting is evident; and yet many women, disdaining heavier work, reserve this domestic duty for themselves and waste much time upon it. Muscular motion is of little value unless vigorous and swift. The slow walk and loitering movement does not rouse the blood from its torpidity. The lowliest labour when zealously performed may be followed be an unexpected hygienic effect. There is the instance of a penniless young man, threatened with fever in a strange country, shipping as a deck-hand to return and die among his people. During the voyage he scrubbed away the dirt from the ship-boards and with it the disease that had invaded his life-craft. A story is also told of a family whose women were of the delicate, ailing sort. Misfortune obliged them to perform their own domestic work. What seemed for them a sad necessity proved itself a double blessing. They gained what they had never known before, robust health; and their enforced economy restored them to a prosperous condition.

Not all physicians are clear-sighted or independent enough to prescribe as did one of their number. A young lady supposed to be suffering with anæmia, nervous prostration, and other fashionable ills, sent for the family doctor. "Is there anything I can do to get well?" she asked, after the usual questioning. "There is," answered he: "follow this prescription faithfully." The folded scrap of paper read as follows:

"One broom; use in two hours of housework daily."

That domestic work is not without its æsthetic side many authors bear witness. George Eliot introduces us to Hetty Sorrel at the butter-making, and writes, "They are the prettiest attitudes and movements into which a pretty girl is thrown." But if dairy-work is rapidly taking a place beside spinning and weaving, as one of the picturesque employments of the past, what there is to do about the house may be also gracefully done. And here it may be said of this, as of all other work, the spirit and care we put into it endow it with beauty as well as health.

Aside from the physical view of homely gymnastics, there is a social and an economic aspect. Courtship need not wait upon a problematic income if the fair Dorothea has not only a clear head but arms willing to take up the burden of life equally. Does her man need to toil? She deems it incumbent upon her, unless busy with young children, to earn her own living within the home or outside of it. When women shall have been educated to a keener sense of justice, they will no longer imagine they have discharged their debt to the community by adding a few beautifying touches to the household furniture! Nor, although they fulfil the higher and more exacting duties of a mother, will they thenceforth fold their hands and do nothing. To be a good father does not absolve a man from work, neither does being a good mother exempt a woman from her share in the maintenance of the home. The maiden of to-day is yet enslaved by caste culture; but the maiden of to-morrow may scorn to be merely ornamental or useless. She may be too proud to allow her husband to support her in idleness, and may refuse to be re-inforced by a Biddy or Gretchen, unless there is more to do than one pair of hands can accomplish.

The practice of these domestic exercises has also an important influence upon household service. The mistress who understand all the work required by her, and performs part of it herself, rarely has any trouble with servants. But, in order to atttain this result she must know more than the manner in which any piece of work is to be done; she must know how long it takes to do it, and in order to estimate this justly she will need to make practical trial of it herself without assistance. The knowledge and skill she gains in this way will also enable her often to suggest an easier method or better arrangement of work. The ridiculous requirements made in some households where there is a lack of service, and which result in frequent changes, would not be possible if the mistress had learned this lesson in its entirely.

Can it be repeated too often that it is the

sign of ignorance to scorn any work well done, or the doer of it? Only when the dignity and importance of labour are rightly estimated can we hope for any well-founded social prosperity. While it is not suggested that healthy women should discharge their servants and undertake their own domestic work, it may be urged that only good can come from their personal performance of some share of it—physical benefit to themselves and a more wholesome feeling for the labour of their necessitous sisters. Between the small minority who suffer from too easy living and those whose days are overburdened with care, there exists, especially in cities, a large class of women in moderate circumstances whose health would be greatly benefited by more physical exercise. These need not rashly bestride the bicycle, nor rush through the non-productive drill of the gymnasium as an only means of grace. They may garner their resources, develop their muscles in walking, and in reconquering a world of flexibility and strength which lie within their own thresholds.