The Tamil

A CEYLON JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

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One Rupee

The Tamil

SOME OPINIONS:

1. " It is packed with good things, in clear type and nicely bound with a strikingly beautiful and appropriate cover . . . The introduction to the first article " Clarion Call " is itself a trumpet blast . . . There are surely thousands who are hungry for the truth and delight to hear it quietly spoken, not bawled out as in propaganda . . . "

Letter dated January 16, 1955.

2. " It is good to know that there are still people valuing culture in this unhappy period of shoddy thinking and writing."

Letter dated January, 19, 1955.

3. " In form and content it is a delight, a true example of Tamil culture."

Letter dated January 19, 1955.

4. " Vol. I, No. I has set a very high standard. One waits with eagerness for No. II."

Letter dated January 18, 1955.

5. " This Journal is born at the exact moment —not one minute too early or too late ! Western culture must stay, judiciously mixed with Eastern culture, and your Journal can give the lead. In fact, the first issue shows it already. The choice of a Tamil who was an emblem of all that is good in the West and the East and who is remembered with affection and gratitude by generations of the youth of this country, for the back-page, gives an added charm and dignity to the Journal . . . The general get-up, the cover design, paper, printing are all excellent."

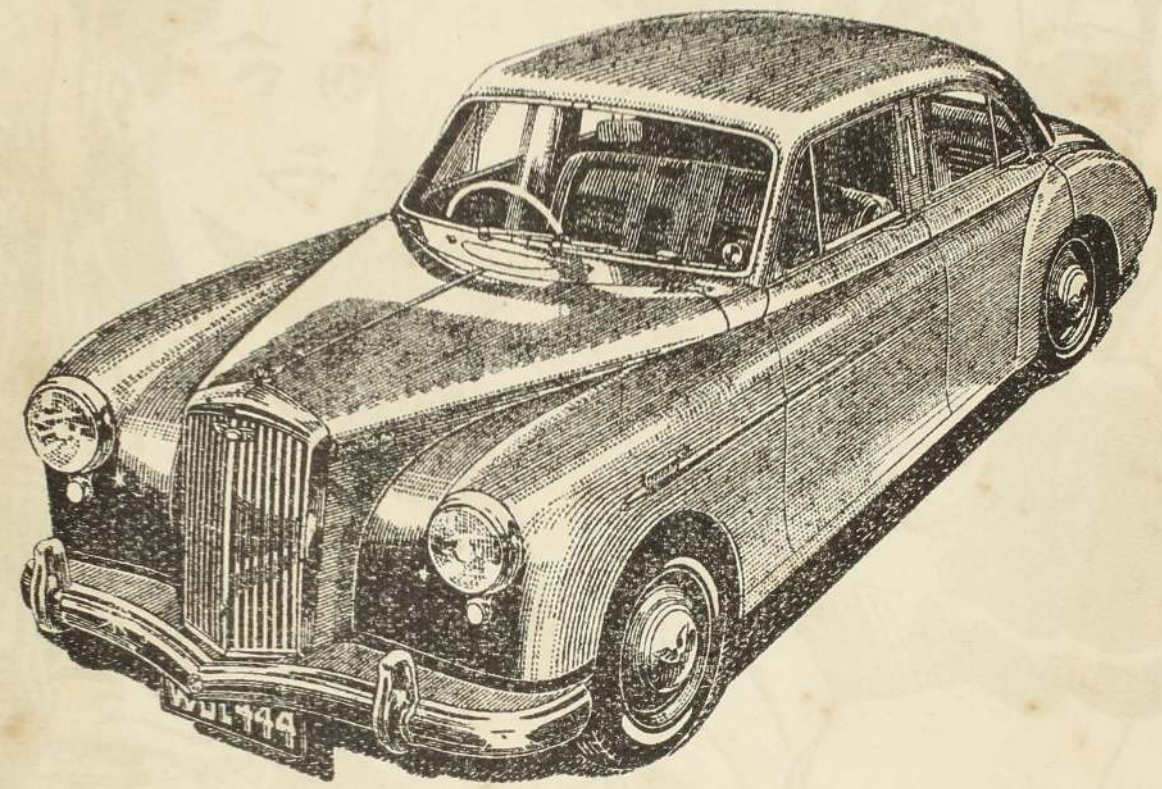
Letter dated January 21, 1955.

6. " Great success should crown such a worth-while enterprise and I wish " The Tamil " all the rewards it well deserves."

Letter dated January 21, 1955.

(Continued on Cover page 3)

Brilliant scion of a very good family...



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SEQUENCE

HOLY RIVER

[THE TAMIL publishes with pride a paean in praise of the Holy Ganga by the President of India.]

"*LEGEND has it that Bhagiratha by his devotion and penance was able to induce and attract the Ganga to descend from the dim, dizzy, perpetually snow-clad, heavenly heights to the plains to revive and give new life to his countless ancestors who, under a curse, had been parched and burnt to death.*

Ever since then, the Ganga has represented to the Hindu mind the three-fold quality of the Almighty. With her sweet murmuring music she is the Mother—the Creator, with her fertilising silt she is the giver of plenty—the great Protector, and in her angry irresistible mood during periods of flood, she is the great Destroyer.

With this background, no wonder she is the sacred river par excellence *of the Hindus—indeed of all, if only they appreciate her values and virtues. Millennium upon millennium has passed in our long history and she has maintained that position in our thoughts and lives. Man has attempted to derive not only spiritual virtue and solace, but also material benefit and prosperity from her beneficent waters.*

"*Not only have men and women assembled in their millions on her banks spreading over nearly* 2,000 *miles to have a mouthful of her sweet and healthy water, but also to have a dip in her refreshing flow. Towns and cities, centres of trade and commerce, and, above all, homes of sacred and secular knowledge and learning have been built on her banks all along her long course. Not only the main channel but also her numerous tributaries—big and small—have been used as the highway for travel and trade. In modern times, engineers born in this country as also those coming from strange and distant lands, have used their knowledge and skill to spread far and wide, to places not reached before, her beneficent waters through numerous canals, channels and distributaries, to fertilise and enable numberless acres to give material food.*

" The Ganga gives spiritual solace only to those who perform the purposeful journey to her banks and material prosperity only to those who have the knowledge and skill to utilise her waters, all that to each according to his thirst and capacity.

" Every individual can take out of the perpetually flowing stream only according to the size of his container, bucket, jar, tumbler or tiny glass.

" The world is in sore need of the Ganga. It is the duty of everyone, however humble, to help its spread according to his capacity."

" I say, not God himself
Can make man's best
Without best men to help Him.
'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands . . . "

GEORGE ELIOT.

WHO ARE THE TAMILS?

WE write this in response to non-Ceylonese friends who have asked us to tell them about the Tamils.

This article is not written in bravado. Bravado is never in the Tamil make-up. Rather, gentleness, courteousness, tolerance, reverence, piety and a love of *all* learning.

The history of the Tamils goes back to a long time. Research shows that they are among the oldest people in the world. It is a fact that they speak the world's oldest living language. Sanskrit, co-aeval with Tamil, is dead. Greek and Latin are dead. But words which young Tamil babies lisp today were spoken in Mohenjadaro ten thousand years ago.*

Many millennia ago, a highly civilised Mediterranean people called the Dravidians came over to India from Central Asia—that seed plot of civilization.

In their beginnings, these Dravidians were a fierce and warlike people. One of their earliest war songs was in this wise :—

Garlanded
With entrails of enemies,
we dance . . .

Think of the valour implicit in those throbbing words ! Garlands are associated generally with flowers and the sweet musk of eventide : not with upper and lower intestines, bloodclotted. Those early Dravidians, dark and hairy chested, cared little for death. But that was at the early beginning of their story. Then began the Dravidian's march Eastwards, step by step, with all the civilised peoples of Asia—Babylon, Niniveh, Persia—and so to India.

The artificial irrigation of the soil by constructing large reservoirs of water and canals is to be found in South India and—in Babylon. Speaking of this system of agriculture, peculiar to the Dravidians, Professor Meadows Taylor says : " this system existed probably in no other country except Babylon."

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* See Vol. I No. 1 at page 21.

The Dravidian ladies of those days practised many of the arts of fascination of the ladies of the Middle East. They too bathed in milk, and wore those flowersoft muslins —"wabs of woven wind"—which displayed both their voluptuous charms and the skill of the Dravidian weaver.

The Dravidians exchanged embassies and commerce with Greece and Rome. Tamilakam extended east and west from sea to sea. The famous Professor Sayce of Oxford believed he had proved the existence of commerce by sea between Dravid India and Babylon as far back as B.C. 3000 by the finding of Indian teak in the ruins of UR—a Tamil word in daily utterance today. A Roman settlement in Madura of South India continued till about A.D. 450. There was a Greek colony at Kaveripatam in the second century A.D. A Tamil King sent an embassy to Augustus Caesar in B.C. 20. He has been identified as His Majesty Mutu-Kudumi-Peruvaludi.

From India the Dravidians overspread and founded a grand Eastern Empire extending across the seas, over the Malay Archipelago, as far as Sumatra, Java, Bali, Borneo.

May we quote from Professor Doctor Suniti Kumar Chatterji, M.A., D.Litt., London, the well-known authority on Indian philology and linguistics, President of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, and Chairman of the Upper House of the Bengal Legislature, who writes :—

> "Anthropological, ethnological, cultural as well as religious considerations have all suggested that the proto-Dravidians of India were an Asianic and East Mediterranean people. We may regard the pre-Aryan builders of the Sindh and Punjab culture as being of Dravidian speech. The proximity of the Dravidian-speaking Brahuis to Sindh and Punjab lends support to the view that *Dravidian was the speech of the entire North-West when the Aryans first entered India* . . . There has been through some 3,000 years a gradual approximation of the Aryan speech towards the Dravidian, in its system of sounds, in its trend in morphology, in vocabulary, and, above all, in its syntax or order of words."*

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* Indo-Asian Culture, Vol. 3, No. 2.

May we also quote from Professor K. C. Chakravarti, M.A. :—

> " Philological evidence regarding commercial intercourse between India and the West is interesting . . . The peacock is from *togai* in Tamil, from which we have *tavus* in Persian, *tofos* in Hebrew and *taws* in Greek. Rice is *arus* in Greek ; it is derived from *arisi* in Tamil. So is ginger derived from *inji* in Tamil and pepper from *pippali* in Tamil. Cinnamon is from *kar uppu* in Tamil."*

But commercial and political prosperity have never marked the enduring greatness of any people. The nineteen civilisations which have " rolled round earth's diurnal course with rocks, trees and stones," and gone their way to oblivion, are proof, if proof be needed. If a people are to be immortal, the ultimate question, remarkable but true, is : *what Poetry have they left ?* The Turks may have shelled the Parthenon, but the Greeks will live for ever because of two poems. S. Paul's Cathedral may be atomised tomorrow, but England will live because of Shakespeare. What a prescient eye had this Shakespeare ! In 1595 he drew this word portrait of Ceylon's Governor-General in 1955 on Ceylon's Independence Day :—

> " *All plumed like ostritches that with the wind*
> *Baited like eagles having lately bathed :*
> *As full of spirit as the month of May,*
> *And gorgeous as the sun in Midsummer . . .*
> *I saw young Harry with his beaver on*
> *Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,*
> *As if an angel dropped from the clouds.*"

But, pallid humour apart, Poetry is indeed the ultimate test and touchstone of a people. Any crude and unlettered crowd, caring only for foolery and bawdry, can gape at pigment or stone. Only a great people can so train their minds as to have an educated interest in words and thus evolve the *being* and the *becoming* of a people's poem.

The Tamils also have their great epic poem and epic poet. The Tamil Poet Kamban has been acclaimed as " the emperor of poesy." He sang of Rama, the Perfect One, in 10559 quartrains—a thousand years ago.

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* Indo-Asian Culture, Vol. 3, No. 2.

BUDDHA JAYANTI

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

OF the five great epics of Tamil Literature, *Manimekhalai* and *Silapadikaram* constitute what may be called a twin epic. The subject matter of the two poems forms a continuous story. *Silapadikaram*, the earlier work, tells the story of a young wealthy couple, Kovalan and Kannakai, of Puhar (Kaveripattinam). The King of Madura is guilty of an unjust act which results in the execution by death of Kovalan. The chaste Kannakai pronounces a curse and thereupon the famed city of Madura in Tamil Nad is destroyed. Kannakai ascends to heaven. Madhavi, the entrancing dancer and mistress of Kovalan, renounces her life and becomes a Buddhist nun.

In those days—the third century A.D.—Buddhism had a high place in Tamil Nad. Buddhist philosophy and Buddhist logic were eagerly studied. Aravana Adigal was a Tamil Buddhist saint of the highest repute in the Tamil land of that time.

Ilango, the author of *Silapadikaram*, was a friend of Sattanar, the author of *Manimekhalai*. Ilango was a brother of the Chera King, Sengattuvan. Sattanar was a merchant prince of Madura. Sattanar takes up the tale where his brother Poet left off. His heroine is Manimekhalai, daughter of Madhavi and Kovalan. Manimekhalai also renounces the worldly life. She is accepted and initiated into the Buddhist sisterhood by none other than Aravana Adigal.

This poem, *Manimekhalai*, written one thousand and seven hundred years ago, is an exposition by a Tamil poet of Tamil Nad of the various Buddhist systems and philosophies. In Book V, the Tamil Poet pays this tribute to the Buddha through the lips of Sutamati, friend and companion of Manimekhalai :—

" My Master is one who possesses all Nature's virtue, and is the embodiment of purity. He is one who has experienced every form of penance and arrived at the realisation that He should not live for himself alone, or seek only his own salvation, but live for all others as well.

That every living being may attain heavenly bliss (Nirvana), He has put on the garment of virtue, and, having gathered unto Himself the bright rays of Righteousness from the very depths of the ocean of Existence, He has set gleaming on Earth the Wheel of the Law, with which He conquered desire, for the benefit of the living.

My tongue shall utter the praises of no other but only of the One who has conquered all passion and desire. His Blessed Feet alone I adore."

(Translation by S. J. G.)

Manimekhalai's chant in praise of the Lord Buddha is in Book XI :—

Hail! Holy Feet of the Hero that subdued lust,

Hail! Holy Feet of Him who destroyed the evil path,

Hail! Holy Feet of the Great One labouring to set others in the path of Dharma,

Hail! Holy Feet of the Perfectly Wise One who gives to others the eye of wisdom,

Hail! Holy Feet of Him whose ears are deaf to evil words,

Hail! Holy Feet of Him whose tongue never uttered other than the Truth,

Hail! Holy Feet of Him who visited Hell itself to destroy sufferings there,

Hail! Holy Feet of Him who destroyed the sorrows of the Naga World."

(Translation by Krishnaswamy Iyer.)

D. R. WIJEYEWARDENE: A GREAT CEYLONESE

ONE evening, while reading in the Jaffna Public Library, a letter was handed to me. It said: Come over to Colombo and join us. The writer was Mr. S. J. K. Crowther, then D. R. Wijeyewardene's right hand and right brain lobe, and—today as then—Ceylon's greatest and most gentlemanly journalist. This quality of Mr. Crowther's unique *gentlemanliness* has to be emphasised, and re-emphasised, at a time when only those behind the scenes know what part the local Press is playing in the "management" of local Democracy. There is talk of a local Press Commission. If the Commission can be impartial, and remain impervious to the subtle sorts of assay in which the Ceylonese man of means is so expert, much will stand revealed.

But to go back to nearly forty years ago, and that letter from Mr. Crowther. I took it to my Father. With Jaffnese terseness he only said: what pay? I gave him the amount. My Father smiled. "You will be the first Jaffnese," he said, "to give up 125 a month for 75 a month."

But he knew me, and left the decision to me. And I came to Colombo.

The Kings of Kandy were wise in that they never came to Colombo. They remained alert and keenloined in their mountain fastnesses. They left the seaboard to traders and such like. But the British came and built up Colombo—in the typical British mode of muddle—shopping centre cheek by jowl with harbour—and one has only to go into the Colombo Fort of a morning to see the British handiwork, the deadliest and deadmost city in the whole world.

Mr. Crowther said: you will have to meet Mr. Wijeyewardene, and I burnished myself for the interview. First impressions are important. The budding press magnate's fame had preceded him even to distant Jaffna.

I must confess that my first sight of, and talk with, the Great Man of the south was disappointing. Brief as then my life span was—I was hardly out of my teens—I had met, and

known well, the minds and ways of personages like A. G. Fraser, W. S. Senior, N. P. Campbell, K. J. Saunders, Nevins Selvaduraipillai, W. R. Watson, Jacob Thompson, J. N. Vethavanam, J. W. N. Hensman, W. A. Walton, S. Somasundaram, Warden Stone, T. N. Nathaniel, William Wadsworth, Sir Anton Bertram, Armand de Souza—and suddenly I saw in front of me a mild-mannered gentleman with a depressed countenance and a singularly limited capacity of utterance. It seemed hardly credible that here was one who had once walked the same courts and quads as Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson.

But the real calibre of D. R. Wijeyewardene shone out with acquaintance. One learnt to admire, and even to respect, the silent and, (as it seemed), lonely man. In the management of his affairs he displayed two qualities of the utmost value and importance to all Ceylonese. D. R. Wijeyewardene was a great doityourselfist. Rich, proud, aloof, with hundreds fawning on him for a mention of themselves in his papers, he could have stayed at home and bade others do his bidding. But—every day of the year—fair weather and foul—he was the *first* to come to the office and the *last* to go. And he kept a close and personal eye on every square inch and corner of his increasing establishment.

In illustration, this slight and even amusing episode may be mentioned as being characteristic of D. R. Wijeyewardene's *thoroughness*. A certain young person " on the editorial staff " was assigned to report Prize Day at Ananda College. A tram went from Bailey Street to Ananda College. The person concerned, being unworldly even then, had the " bright idea " of travelling in the front part of the tram. Twenty cents were duly paid for the journey to and back, and twenty cents duly taken from the cashier on a chit duly signed, dated and delivered. Three months or so later, a message came from the Boss.

" Yes, Sir ? "
" Oomph-umph-oomph-grunt "
" I beg your pardon ? "
" Twenty-omph-umph,ten."

Gradually, it became clear. Reporters must travel *second class*. Ten cents was the correct fare chargeable, not twenty. Ten cents were duly deducted and refunded. One came away admiring a man who had such a hold of every single string (and purse string) of his job.

The other quality of D. R. Wijeyewardene's greatness was his willingness to be *slow in the matter of business profit*. How many Ceylonese are today bitten with the madness to get rich quick! One thinks with sadness of the fate of vast landed territories of tea and rubber, patiently cleared, improved, manured by years of assiduous labour on the part of the old-time planter and his "cooly"—now passing rapidly from hand to hand, each subsequent sale at a higher price, or decimated and parcelled into minute blocks—all for the sake of *immediate gain*. That way lies national bankruptcy. Emerson wrote :—"Great estates are not sinecures, if they are to be kept great."

If D. R. Wijeyewardene left a vast "empire" to his inheritors, it was because he was content to be (1) constantly at his post of work, and (2) even to bear initial *losses*, so that the ultimate gain may be upon a sound foundation of business stability. Thus in time he became a power in the land.

One Sunday, the whole responsibility of bringing out the next day's paper fell on a single subeditorial shoulder. All his other colleagues—we were sincerely a band of brothers—were away. On the Monday morning the Boss sent for the sub-editor in question and congratulated him. Then his face suddenly darkened.

"Omph-umph-what's this ?"

It was a newspara headed "An Advocate's Rice." The ambitious young man from Jaffna had not known that the famous Advocate in question and the Boss were—connected! The paragraph in question mentioned a domestic incident in the Advocate's home which may have delighted Chesterton, but the Boss was indeed "not amused." And so, one thing and another, it was time to go. . . . .

The writer recalls another incident which showed that although D. R. Wijewardene was stern, and even "Napoleonic," in his business relations, he had his human side. On the morning of saying Good-bye, the young man in

question, face now turned in eager quest of the long marathon of the law, called on the Boss in his home. It was about ten in the forenoon. The house was in complete silence. The visitor was about to turn away, when he saw—the Boss himself, trundling his baby's pram up and down, and a wee daughter delightedly gurgling up at her father : if computations of time be correct, possibly the present Mrs. Gomes.

" I have studied at length the history and habits of lions, not to satisfy a vain curiosity, but to discover examples to follow in the present circumstances. For such, my son, is the use of history."—ANATOLE FRANCE.

SONNET TO JAFFNA

ROUND far-fam'd Lanka's sea girt shores I've been,
Seen sunny Trinco's crag-set sandy strand,
The wealth of An'rad hid in jungled land,
And Kandy's charméd scenes that made her Queen
Of all our towns ; and oft in star lit sheen
I've dreamed on B'caloa's golden sand,
While singing fishes played their elvish band ;
Climbed Adam's Peak and scanned her hallowed mien—

But Thou, dear Jaffna, loving nurse of mine,
Whose cloudless skies beget oft cloudless minds,
Whose cool-eyed Moons the scorching suns outshine,
Whose crystal springs are kissed by fragrant winds,
To me art lovelier far than all I've known—
The seat of silent beauty and its throne.

By S. J. GUNASEGARAM.

A CHINESE POEM

FAMILIES, when a child is born,
Pray that it be intelligent.

I, through Intelligence
Having wrecked my whole LIFE,
Only hope the Baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.

THEN he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a CABINET MINISTER.

By SU-TUNG-PO.

A PRAYER BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

O Serene, O Free,
In thy immeasurable mercy
and goodness,
Wipe away all dark stains
from the heart of this earth.

Give us the power of renunciation,
And claim from us our pride.
Let life come to the souls
that are dead.

Man's heart is anguished with the
fever of unrest.
Countries far and wide flaunt on
their foreheads
The bloodred mark of hatred.

Bring harmony into their life,
Bring rhythm of beauty.

O Serene, O Free,
In thy immeasurable mercy
and goodness,
Wipe away all dark stains
from the heart of this earth.

The Tamil

REVERENCE

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

" Thy Mother and Father are thine earliest Gods."

Avvayar (Translation from Tamil).

* * * *

" There is one thing of real value—to cultivate truth and justice, and to live without anger in tne midst of lying and unjust men. "

Marcus Aurelius.

* * * *

" 'Tis ignoble to fail in courtesy even to one who causes you injury."

Thiruvalluvar (Translation from Tamil).

* * * *

" Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds are above it."

W. Irving.

" Eyes drunk with His beauty—will they ever wander to the transient joys and vain delusions of the earth ? "

Thiruppan Alvar (*Translation from Tamil*).

* * * *

" We look up to the same stars, we are fellow-passengers on the same planet and dwell beneath the same sky . . .

What matters it along which road each individual endeavours to find ultimate truth ! The riddle of existence is too great that there should be only one path leading to an answer."

* * * *

" Whatsoever the eye seeth is Thou,
Whatsoever the hand doeth is Thy worship,
What the mouth uttereth is Thy praise ;
The earth and other elements and all living things are Thy gracious forms, O Lord."

Tayumannavar (*Translation from Tamil by Sir P. Arunachalam.*)

" The intellectual is either a prince or he is a greek slave in a Roman household."—H. G. WELLS.

A FRENCHMAN SPEAKS TO ASIA

[MONSIEUR Paul Richard was a young Frenchman imbued with true spiritual vision who came to the East in the years around the first world war. He sat at the feet of Shri Aurobindo Ghose and from him imbibed the inner secrets of Asian wisdom. From India Monsieur Richard went to Japan and there helped to found the League for the Equality of Races. When the Poet Rabindranath Tagore met Monsieur Richard in Japan, he said : "When gigantic forces of destruction were holding their orgies of fury, I saw this solitary young Frenchman, unknown to fame,. . . face beaming with the light of the new dawn and his voice vibrating with the message of a new life, and I felt sure that the great Tomorrow has already come, though not registered in the Calendar of the statesmen." These prophetic words were uttered in 1919.

We give below extracts from Addresses delivered by this great Frenchman at Tokyo. They illustrate the familiar saying that 'the men of culture are the true apostles of equality.']

MY presence, and the presence of foreign friends, in this assembly, is evidence that there is something greater here than a mere national interest, something greater even than an Asiatic interest, that there is here, over-passing nationality and race, a principle of human unity, an interest, a hope of a new and nobler Humanity. It is its dawn that is rising in the human heavens. It is rising, like all dawns, over the East. It is this dawn that I proclaim to Asia—for my soul has made alliance with the great Soul of Asia.

How, besides, can I forget, when you speak of equality and fraternity of the races, that these are French words, French ideas ? Among all the peoples of Europe, is it not my country first, and as yet alone, that has found unworthy of her the absurd prejudice of colour, and held it an honour to count in her Parliament deputies from the dark-skinned peoples. May our presence here bear witness that, in the present as in the past, France remains the country of the pioneers of the human Ideal !

What is it that you expect from the old Europe ? Precisely what she does not possess, what you must yourselves give her : a new Spirit. It is not for you to turn towards her with imploring hands. It is not for you to ask her to renounce her bloodstained vanity of race. It is, on the contrary, for you to deliver her from it now. Expect nothing from her but what you yourselves bring to her. Hope nothing from her but her conversion—and her rebirth !

Do you not see that Europe has need now to be saved—saved from her hatreds and from her chaos by a creation of love ; from her darkness, by a light of the soul ; from her death by a resurrection ? For the Europe that was is no more. She is buried under her own crime. And the Europe that should be is not yet. She waits : she waits for Asia. Is it not always from Asia that have come, and will yet come, the great renewals of the Spirit, the spring-tides of light and love and life ? Is it not from Asia that have always come, and will yet come once again, the Saviours of the peoples ? It is therefore that I, son of Europe, come and say to you : Awaken Asia !

But that you may be able to do this, do more : for bodies are one only when the soul is one. Make one the Soul of Asia by awakening in her, in yourselves, her consciousness of Unity, of the One Soul in every being, of the One Being in all things. That is the sacred treasure of Asia, the only one that Europe could not take from her. It is her discovery and her heritage—her very truth. It is that which has made her true power, her enduring greatness. For if the science of external things—the science of Europe—has the promise of the power that passes, leaving behind it only ruins, the science of internal things, the spiritual knowledge—which was always that of Asia—has a promise of the enduring life, the promise of a harmony that passes not away.

And therefore, while the empires of the West crumble—for which of them has ever been able to last ?—India, China, Japan, remain through the centuries. They remain on condition of renewing incessantly in themselves this profound and secret source, this only source of the true life ; of renewing themselves at that source, in that consciousness of unity. It is on this that is founded the world that is to come.

Teach all by finding it in yourselves, the sole possible foundation of fraternity and human harmony : the foundation of love, of the divine unity of beings, peoples, races, worlds.

On this basis, at this height, build ! Build the civilisation of to-morrow—that of Asia. Build the true equality—that which does not exclude nobility. Build the true justice—that which does not exclude beauty ; the true democracy—that which does not exclude divine symbols ; the true " Tennoism "*—that in which Earth and Heaven meet together. Build the empire of Unity ;—thus, thus alone will you destroy the reign of racial discrimination.

The true democracy is not the democracy of electoral parades. It does not consist in deceiving the modern slave by persuading him that he is free when he has voted for or against one of the five or six hundred masters who exploit him.

The tyranny of number cannot be liberty. An anonymous autocracy, an elective plutocracy—that is not democracy.

The true democracy, the real liberty, is that which frees man from his real bonds of servitude, that which makes him greater, nobler, more beautiful, more happy. " What we wish is to found a democracy of terrestrial Gods," said Emerson.

The true democracy will be that in which the small will feel great and the great small ; in which the great will give an example to the small ; in which the greatest will be the most disinterested, the poorest ; that in which the supreme majesty will have the power to shine out in a supreme destitution.

Therefore, I come to say to you : prepare yourselves, prepare yourselves for the magnificent to-morrow. Pre-

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* *Tennoism:* the rule of Heaven, from *Tenno* : the heavenly ruler.

pare in yourselves that magnificent day. For the hour is coming of the great things, the hour of the great events, and also of the great men, the divine men of Asia. For there are already these men, these divine men—in Asia. All my life I have sought for them across the world. For all my life I have felt that they must exist somewhere in this world, that this world would die if they did not live. For they are its light, its heat, its life. It is in Asia that I have found them.

It is always from Asia that have come the Saviours and the Teachers of this world.

" The passion for equality is a permanent feature of human nature."—

HAROLD J. LASKI.

THE LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES

[SOCRATES gladly went to his death because he refused to give up a way of life which, in his view, was the only life for a man of intellect. The end to be aimed, he would say, is not life but 'living well,' i.e., filling life with the right kind of contents : "daily to discourse of those things about which you hear me examining myself and others is the greatest good of man ; the unexamined life is not worth living." In his talk Socrates disdained rhetoric. He called himself the enemy of rhetoric. He knew of no rhetoric but truth. "No, by heaven ! I shall use the words and arguments which occur to me at the moment," he said to his judges and jurors when defending himself upon no less an issue than that of his very life. "Never mind the manner, which may or may not be good ; but think only of the truth of my words. Let the speaker speak truly and the judge decide justly."

The votes of the jurors went against Socrates. It was a narrow thing. Had only thirty votes (out of five hundred) gone over to the other side, Socrates would have been acquitted. Socrates had the opportunity to persuade that mob of jurymen who had dared to sit in judgment of a man like him, to spare his life. But throughout the proceedings in court he maintained the calm dignity and indifference to fate of the true intellectual. "Nothing will injure me . . . At sundry times and in diverse places an oracle or sign comes to me. It is a kind of voice . . . I suppose that these things (meaning the judgment of death which had been passed upon him) may be regarded as fated,—and I think that it is well . . . What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer ? Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death . . ."

The actual execution of Socrates had to be deferred because a holy season intervened. A sacred ship was making a sacred voyage to and from Delos. Socrates passed this period of thirty days, as always, in conversation with a select company of disciples. Then came the last day. That day the disciples met earlier than usual that they may converse with their Master for the last time. While they are talking, a servant comes in. He asks a disciple to tell Socrates not

to talk much. "Talking increases heat. Heat is apt to interfere with the action of the poison. Persons who excite themselves are sometimes obliged to take a second or even a third dose." "Then," says Socrates, "let him mind his *business. Let him be prepared to give the poison twice or even thrice, if necessary." The talk continues. They talk of the soul—of life—of death—always with calmness and even playfulness. And now it is time to get ready to die. Let Phaedo, "the beloved disciple," conclude the tale.*

"WHEREFORE, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who having cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him and working harm rather than good, has sought after the pleasures of knowledge ; and has arrayed the soul, not in some foreign attire, but in her own proper jewels, temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these adorned she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her hour comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as a tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison ; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead." So spake Socrates.

When he had done speaking, Crito said : And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you ?

Nothing particular, Crito, he replied : only, as I have always told you, take care of yourselves ; that is a service which you may be ever rendering to me and mine and to all of us, whether you promise to do so or not. But if you have no thought for yourselves, and care not to walk according to the rule which I have prescribed for you, not now for the first time, however much you may profess or promise at the moment, it will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito : And in what way shall we bury you ?

In any way that you like; but you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not run away from you! Then he turned to us, and added with a smile:—I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavour to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I was comforting you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me to him now, as at the trial he was surety to the judges for me: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was surety for me to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual, and what you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into a chamber to bathe; Crito followed him, and told us to wait. So we remained behind, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of the family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; then he dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant

of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying :—To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me ; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be—you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him, and said : I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is : since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito ; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared : if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement, has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved ; do not hurry—there is time enough.

Socrates said : Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in so acting, for they think that they will be gainers by the delay ; but I am right in not following their example, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later ; I should only be ridiculous in my own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already forfeit. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by ; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said : You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered : You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gen-

tlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—even so—and so be it according to my prayer. Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison.

And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all.

Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not misbehave in this way, I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end.

He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said—they were his last words—he said: Crito, I

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owe a cock to Asclepius ; will you remember to pay the debt ?. The debt shall be paid, said Crito ; is there anything else ? There was no answer to this question ; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him ; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend ; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

" O Lord !

Thou knowest how busy I
must be this day.
If I forget thee, do not thou
forget me."

PRAYER BEFORE A BATTLE.

A PAGE OF SCIENCE

IN these pages, we shall tell you from time to time the story of the heavens. How well the King spoke when he cried out: the heavens declare the glory of God! Man would have remained to the end "brutish and nasty" had he not—was it chance or was it the hand of his Maker?—looked up and beheld the stars. It is only in this, and in his capacity for speech and laughter, that Man differs from the rest of brute creation. Neither the tiger in his burning glory nor the lion in his serene majesty raise their heads to gaze upon the firmament above us. But, one day in his march from the tree top, Man looked up and tingled with joy, and wonder, and fear:—

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Anatole France, the great French writer and man of letters, has written aptly of the science of the heavens. "Astronomy," he says, "the noblest of the sciences, has given us in succession some astonishing revelations; it has shown us in the luminous sphere of the sun commotions of which we had no idea, we who live on a very small, and, upon the whole, fairly peaceful planet . . . There no longer remains a vestige of that incorruptible sky described in the ancient cosmogonies. We know today that the ethereal spaces are the theatres of energies that produce life and death . . . Everything in the universe is in movement, or rather everything is movement . . . We are too small to behold the flight of the stars. Yet they fly like sea-birds in harmonious circles. We last too short a time to see the constellations change their shape. The Great Bear seems to us for ever

motionless. Yet the Great Bear, in some thousands of centuries, will present a new face to the inhabitants of earth. But the lovers of that time, who shall behold it, as they clasp hands, will also salute it shudderingly as the immutable witness of their ephemeral joys. And humanity will have lived without knowing whence come or whither go these butterflies whose garden is the heavens."

Bertrand Russell, the famous English thinker and philosopher, has summarised the latest modern knowledge of the Universe in these words :—" Something is now known of the general structure of the universe. The sun is a star in a galaxy, which is an assembly of about three hundred thousand million stars, about one hundred and fifty thousand light-years across and between twenty-five thousand and forty thousand light-years thick. (Light travels 186,000 miles a second ; a light-year is the distance it travels in a year.) The total mass of the galaxy is about one hundred and sixty thousand million times the mass of the sun ; the mass of the sun is about 2×10^{27} tons. The whole of this system is slowly rotating about its centre of gravity ; the sun takes about two hundred and twenty-five million years to complete its orbit round the milky way. In the space beyond the milky way, other systems of stars, of approximately the same size as the milky way, are scattered at fairly regular intervals throughout the space that our telescopes can explore. It is thought that about thirty millions of them are visible, but the census is not yet complete. The average distance between two nebulae is about two million light-years." Everyone knows Pascal's overwhelming sentence : " Le silence éternal de ces espaces infinis m'effraie."

In our next number we shall take you on a journey to the heavens above. In a subsequent issue we shall tell you the story of a man and woman who explored the stars together from a tower. It is a magnificent story, told with a great sense of the tears of things, by that great man of great thinking, Thomas Hardy.

THE TRUE ART OF READING BOOKS

[JOHN RUSKIN is one of the great masters of English prose. He was also a very great thinker ; and a truly cultured gentleman of England. Young Reader, you will find it a matter of great intellectual and spiritual profit if you will read with care what Ruskin has to say on the selection of books, and how to read them.]

ALL books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humoured and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age : we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books : for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has

yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever ; engrave it on rock, if he could ; saying, " This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another ; my life was as the vapour, and is not ; but this I saw and knew : this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his " writing " ; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a " Book."

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men :—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice ; and life is short. You have heard as much before ;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities ? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain tomorrow ; Will you go and gossip with your house-maid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings ; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time ?

When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, " Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would ? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper ? " And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning ; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning

without those tools and that fire ; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively, (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle :—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person ; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy.

A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely ; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly ; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words ; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille ; remembers all their ancestry—their intermarriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports ; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person : so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar.

And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilised nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever. And this is right ; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose.

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek ; (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these ;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last : undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation ; but retaining a deep vital meaning which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day.

Never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work ; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully ; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all ; no English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity. I will take these few following lines of Lycidas.

"*Last came, and last did go,*
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;

Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said."

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately ? His " mitred " locks ! Milton was no Bishop-lover ; how comes St. Peter to be " mitred " ? " Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect ?Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death : only little men do that. Milton means what he says ; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones ; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, " I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven " quite honestly.

But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly, this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate ; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank ; they who, " for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three ;

specially those three, and no more than those—" creep," and " intrude," and " climb " ; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek power. First, those who " *creep* " into the fold ; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who " intrude " (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who " climb," who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become " lords over the heritage," though not " ensamples to the flock."

Now go on :—

" *Of other care they little reckoning make,*
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
Blind mouths——"

I pause again, for this is a strange expression ; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so : its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

A Bishop means a person who sees.

A Pastor means one who feeds.

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths."

I go on.

"*But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.*"

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth"; and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit"; born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body.* We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire."

Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual,—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition,—"Swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power; for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to deter-

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* Latin: *Spiro*, I breathe.

mine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven ; the other, of iron, the key of the prison, in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who " have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them ; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called " reading."

" Knowledge itself is power."—FRANCIS BACON.

A POEM BY STEPHEN SPENDER

IN our first number, we illustrated, by means of a poem by Dylan Thomas, an important facet of the poetic art, namely, the Poet's grand capacity to "make" words. The business of poetry is with words. And a poet is primarily and essentially a maker, a creator. Dylan Thomas was a first-rate word maker. He picked up words, which lay unnoticed and scattered amid the brambles and hedgerows of human speech, and made grand gems of them.

In this number, we shall illustrate, by means of a well-known poem by another great poet of our day, another facet of the poetic art. It is the capacity to imbue upon everyday events a bright poetic light. Wordsworth said of poetry that it is emotion recollected in tranquillity. Spender, in this poem, illustrates the reverse. Poetry can also be tranquillity—even triviality—infused with motion.

Take such an "unpoetic" theme as a journey by train. A little boy, to school by train, sends this letter home :—

Dear Mother,

After you said good-bye, the train left the station. We passed many houses, then the gasworks, and then a cemetery. Then we went faster. We ran into tunnels, and then into the country. When it became night, I looked through the window. The hills were bright.

Your loving son,
JO.

Now turn to the true poet, and see what *he* makes of this same, simple episode :—

After the first, powerful, plain manifesto
The black statement of pistons,
Without more fuss, but gliding like a queen,
She leaves the station.

Without bowing,
And with restrained unconcern,
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside, the gas works and, at last,
The heavy page of death printed by gravestones in the cemetery.

Beyond the town, there lies the open country,
Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery . . .

The song of her whistle screaming at curves,
Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.

And always light, aerial, underneath,
Goes the elate metre of her wheels.
And last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,
Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night,
Where only a low streamline brightness of phosphorus on the tossing hills is white.

Critics have noted Spender's capacity to turn out the unforgettable line : in this poem the phrase "the heavy page of death printed by gravestones" is quite unforgettable.

" There is an awful warmth about my heart like a load of immortality."—
JOHN KEATS.

A SHORT STORY BY MAXIM GORKI

[IN these days of insane hurry and man-made futilities, the short story is perhaps the only form of Art for which the modern reader has time, whenever he can take away his gaze from the sports page and the horror comic. Maxim Gorky is one of the great short story writers of the world. He wrote mainly of this earth's unfortunate ones, waifs and strays, tramps and thieves. The following is a translation of Gorky's story about a Jewish child.]

IT is hard to tell this little story—it is so simple. When I was a young lad I used to gather the children of our street on Sundays, in summer and spring—and take them to the fields, into the forest. I liked to live on friendly terms with these little people gay as birds.

The children were glad to leave behind the dusty, stuffy streets of the town. Their mothers supplied them with loaves of bread. I would buy some sweet lozenges, fill up a bottle of *Kvass* and, as a shepherd, follow the carefree lambs through the town, across the fields, towards the green forest, beautiful and tender in its spring attire.

We usually left the town in the morning, while the church bells were ringing for early mass, accompanied by the sound of bells and clouds of dust, raised by the nimble feet of the children. At midday, when the day was at its hottest, having tired of play, my friends gathered at the edge of the forest ; then, having eaten, the little ones went to sleep on the grass, in the shade of the bushes, while the older youngsters, assembling around me begged to be told a story, and I did so, chattering with them as readily as they did with me. And often, in spite of the conceited self-assurance of youth and the funny pride in the insignificant knowledge of life which is so characteristic of it, I felt as a twenty-year-old child among wise men.

Over us spreads the cover of the eternal sky, in front of us the rich variety of forest, buried in a wise silence, a breeze flutters past, a soft whisper rushes through, the aromatic shadows of the forest tremble and once again a blessed silence fills the soul.

White clouds swim slowly in the blue vastness of the sky ; watched from the earth warmed up by the sun, the sky seems so cold and it is puzzling to see the clouds melt in it.

And around me all these fine little people, called to learn all the sorrows and the joys of life.

Those were my good days, they were real feasts, and my soul, already sufficiently sullied with the dark sides of life, bathed and refreshed itself in the clear wisdom of childish thoughts and feelings.

One day, when I emerged from the town into the field with a crowd of children, we encountered a stranger —a little Jew, bare-footed, in a torn shirt, black-browed, slender and curly haired as a lamb. He was upset about someting and had obviously just been crying, the lids of his lustreless black eyes were swollen and red, showing sharply on the bluish pallor of the hungry face. Butting into the crowd of children, he stopped short in the middle of the street, set his feet deeply and firmly in the cool morning dust, the dark lips of his well-shaped mouth opened up in fear—and in the next second he found himself, in one swift leap, on the pavement.

" Get hold of him !" the children shouted in a gay chorus, " the little Jew, get hold of the little Jew !"

I expected him to run. His thin, large-eyed face expressed fear, the lips trembled. He stood amidst the noise of the jeering crowd and pulled himself up, as though growing taller, pressing his shoulders to the hedge, his hands folded behind his back.

Then, suddenly, he said, very calmly, distinctly and primly :

" Would you like me to show you a trick ?"

I first understood this offer as a method of self-defence—the children at once were interested and drew away from him. Only the older and more brutal ones continued to look at him with suspicion and mistrust—our street was on bad terms with the children of other streets. They were firmly convinced of their own superiority and were not fond of noticing, in fact *did* not notice, the prerogatives of others.

The small ones treated the matter more simply.

"Come on, show it."

The handsome, slender little boy drew away from the hedge, bent his thin little body backwards, touched the ground with his fingers and flinging up his legs, stood on his hands, saying :

"Up !"

And then whirled round, as though scorched by a flame, playing nimbly with his arms and legs. Through the holes of his shirt and trousers showed the greyish skin of his thin body, the shoulder-blades, knees and elbows protruding in sharp angles. And his collar-bones were like a harness. It seemed as though, if he bent once more, these thin little bones would crack and break. He sweated from his effort, the shirt on his back was all wet ; after each exercise he peered into the faces of the children with an artificial, lifeless smile, and it was unpleasant to see his lustreless black eyes dilated, as if in pain. They flickered strangely and there was an unchild-like tension in the glance. The children encouraged him, with loud cries. Many of them were already imitating him, making somersaults in the dust, falling, shrieking with the pain caused by clumsy movements, failures, envy and successes.

But these merry moments came to an abrupt end when the boy, stopping his exercises in agility, looked at the children with the benevolent glance of the experienced artist, and said, stretching out his thin hand :

"Now give me something."

They were all silent, and somebody asked : "Money ?"

" Yes," said the boy.

" That's a good one !"

" We might have done it just as well ourselves for money . . ."

This request provoked among the little audience a hostile and contemptuous attitude to the artist—the children walked on towards the field, laughing and cursing a little. They had none of them any money of course, and I had only seven kopecks. I put the two coins into the dusty palm, and the boy touched them with his finger and said with a good smile :

" Thank you."

He moved away and I saw that the shirt on his back was covered with dark stains and had stuck to the shoulder-blades.

" Wait, what is that ?"

He stopped, turned round, looked at me intently and with the same good smile said quietly :

" That, on the back ? We fell from a trapeze giving a performance at the fair during Easter—father is still in bed, but I am all right again."

I raised the shirt—on the skin of the back, from the left shoulder downwards to the thigh, stretched out a large dark scar, covered with a thick dry scab ; during the exercises the scab had broken in several places and scarlet blood had spurted from the cracks.

" It doesn't hurt any more now," he said with a smile, " it doesn't hurt, it only itches . . ."

And bravely, as befits a hero, looking into my eyes, he continued in the tone of a serious, grown-up man :

" You think I was working for myself just now ? Word of honour—no ! My father—we haven't a farthing. And my father is badly injured. So you see, one's got to work. Also we are Jews and everybody laughs at us . . . Good-bye !"

He spoke with a smile, quite gaily, and then, giving me a nod with his curly head, walked away quickly, past the gaping houses which stared at him with glassy eyes, with deadly indifference.

THE MARCH OF ISLAM

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

MOHAMMED fled from Mecca to Medina in the year 622 A.D. He died in 632 A.D., " with all Arabia at his feet." The Islamic calendar commences with the Prophet's flight—Hegira. The Koran was canonised under the first successor of the Prophet. Omar, who succeeded the first Caliph, was one of the greatest of the order—huge, brave, loyal. He has been referred to as one of the " world's greatest unifiers."

The sweeping victories of Islam now started. In twenty years Islamic armies led by Khalid, ' sword of God,' and Amroo conquered 36,000 strongholds. The king of the Persian Empire (founded by the great Darius) was ousted ; Babylon and Cetisphon fell, while Egypt and all North Africa submitted. " From the Nile to the Indus, from Antioch to Samarkand there was no God but Allah, and Mohammed was the Prophet."

The followers of Mohammed, Moors as they came to be called in Europe, reached Spain by 711 A.D. They over-ran the kingdom of the Visigoths. It was on the battle of Tours that their glorious career in Europe was checked by Charles Martel, when the Graeco-Norman civilisation had crumbled to pieces, and the Goths and the Vandals had succeeded in plunging Europe into abysmal darkness, the Moslems marched into Europe to set alight a torch that was to illumine Europe and the modern world—the torch of science and research. In the words of Breasted, the Pastoral Arabs were studying science while Germanic Christians were priding themselves in brutish ignorance."

It was the Moslems' passion for culture, their zeal for science and their predilection for free thought that laid the foundations of the secular civilisation of modern Europe. If the Europeans, wherever they carried their imperial sway over the countries of the East, belittled and sometimes even maligned Islamic contribution, it was due to their ancient religious animosities nurtured in the wars of the Crusades, and their pride which did not want to concede any kind of indebtedness to an Eastern people.

Were not the Arabs blood brothers of the Phoenicians and the Carthaginians, of Hamilcar Barca and Hannibal who had humiliated Rome and almost threatened the Roman Empire with extinction ?

When the Caliphate was transferred from Medina to Damascus in 661 A.D., the great city of Bagdad became the new Moslem Capital. Bagdad was transformed into the world's greatest and most civilised city west of the Indian Ocean. Its scholars reached for truth wherever it could be found. Science and rational thought were fostered while even atheism was tolerated. One of Bagdad's blind poets is said to have proclaimed with impunity : " All religions are equally absurd : the world holds two classes of men ; intelligent men without religion and religious men without intelligence."

Al Mamoun, the brother of Haroun al Rashid, the author of the famous Arabian Nights, was one of Bagdad's most distinguished Caliphs. He promoted culture and the pursuit of science and even the study of Greek literature. The works of Greek scholars such as Aristotle, Ptolemy and Euclid were translated into Arabic. Greek manuscripts were carefully collected, preserved and digested. The works of Indian mathematicians, particularly that of the renowned Hindu Mathematician Brahmagupta, were studied—and Christianity was allowed to develop with a degree of tolerance unknown to medieval Europe. Al Mamoun is said to have appointed a Christian as the head of the Moslem College at Damascus. What the college required was a first rate mathematician and his Christianity was not to be a disqualification.

The early Moslems in their zeal for culture had literally ransacked the entire civilised world in search of knowledge, and they spread far and wide the knowledge thus acquired. The remains of Graeco-Roman Art, knowledge of agriculture garnered in Carthage and Egypt, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, medicine, botany—all these they gleaned with devotion and made their own.

An American author, George A. Dorsey, says in this connection : " The Moslems not only came ; saw and conquered ; they remained to intermarry with the ' natives '

and be conquered. From that soil mosques sprang up. Every mosque had its school. Scholars were rated higher than priests or politicians. A caravan was as likely to be laden with manuscripts from India and Byzantium and with botanical and minerological specimens from everywhere, as with silks and cottons. One muslim travelled forty years collecting minerological specimens ; another botanized over the entire Moslem world, comparing the Flora of Greece and Spain with that of Persia and India."

They evinced a thirst for knowledge, a passion for the delights of intellectual culture. Their Caliphs and Emirs were more interested in establishing Libraries and Observatories in their courts than in organising cocktail parties and ball room dances, which appear to be the only " cultural " recreation of some of our modern politicians. Even the Greeks whose spirit of inquiry has become proverbial in European literature were far behind in the methods of observation and investigation practised by the Arabs. " From their hands," confesses Dorsey, " Europe got its start, its first lessons in astronomy chemistry, jurisprudence, mathematics, medicine and philosophy. Yes, Philosophy ; for the greatest of all Middle Age expounders of Aristotle was Ibn Rashd, known to us as Averroes, least mystical most rational of all Arab thinkers—Even to read Averroes was a sin in the inquisitorial eyes of the Church."

Before Christianity found its way to Northern Europe, Islam had established itself in Java, the Malay Peninsula and in the neighbouring Islands. The Moslems succeeded, in this civilising mission, the great South Indian Empires of Saliendra and of the Cholians which had been mainly responsible for the spread of Buddhism and Hindu culture in the early centuries of the Christian era. It was during this period that some of the adventurous Arab traders settled down in South India, intermarried with her inhabitants, built mosques and schools, learnt the Tamil language and remained to trade with peoples as far eastwards as the Sulu seas.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POET AND SAINT

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

I was greatly impressed by Dr. Graham, his promptness, his thoroughness, his kindness : and years afterwards when, with wife and son, I was again in Cockermouth, I went to look at the house where Wordsworth, my heart's poet, was born. A woman in a tobacconist's shop directed my search. I happened to ask her about Dr. Graham. He had lived in the Wordsworth house, and when he died, beloved of all, his funeral was such as Cockermouth had not seen till then. The night when he examined Herbert Phillips in my presence came vividly to mind.

And " how small the world is," and how we are " bound in the bundle of life " together. Four years later I went to Ceylon, and the first bungalow in the hills which I entered belonged to his uncle, David Kerr : while another uncle, of Glasgow, Agrapatnas, proved equally hospitable.

When the lad's parents returned from California, as they did at once on the news, they invited me to N., and in that delightful home, they, and his mother in particular, loaded me with kindness.

I said that Herbert Phillips had intended to take orders ; and his early death in this tragic fashion, coming but a few months after my father's, scarcely less tragic, seemed a special call to myself.

I did not stay to analyse. I knew that God had spoken to me at Marlborough, and that life had been deeply changed : I felt that He had spoken again at Loweswater ; and that I should be baptized, ordained, for the dead. I wrote to Bishop Chavasse at Liverpool, and told him all the tale. He welcomed the decision and offered to ordain me. Looking back—some say one should never look back—I have wondered in times of declension and depres-

sion whether the grounds of the decision were adequate: in particular whether one had thought sufficiently of the parochial aspect of the matter, or had only offered oneself for a sphere of one's own conceiving. I shall deal with this point again where the ordination occurs.

I gave notice with regret to the Head Master, and ask to quote this from the testimonial he gave me. " . . . he was helped by the deep interest which he took in his pupils which, as I know directly, won their affections." I value that passage greatly. Affection is surely fame. For me the most moving lines in the Elegy are, " To read their history in a nation's eyes," and " Still in our ashes live their wonted fires."

To ordination I did not proceed even yet. It came to my notice that an official Register of Teachers was being compiled, and that at its inception three years' experience at recognised schools would be taken as the equivalent of a technical teaching diploma. Such registration seemed desirable: but as my experience fell short by a term, it was necessary, my place at York being filled, to seek a temporary post elsewhere.

We were now living in Folkestone, which I mention because at Folkestone is buried perhaps the most brilliant craftsman in the English language, Charles Stuart Calverley; whom, partly Marlborough, wholly Balliol, and most supremely gifted, I half worshipped.

I sought out, in that God's Acre on the hill, the tomb with its striking adaptation of Horace, " Non omnis moriar." I recalled what (Bishop) Palmer had shown me in the quadrangle at Balliol, the very window where one of the most perilous of the peerless jumps was practised. Through a space measuring perhaps four feet across, three and a half feet up and down, across a table pushed up to the open window, out into the quadrangle four feet below, he jumped: running three risks, first of catching his toes on the table-edge within, second of knocking his head on the window-frame above, third of catching his toes again on the window-sill below and plunging headlong into the quadrangle. The explanation of his success must have been the gathering of his feet up and into himself with

utmost nicety of judgment and control, as a photograph of C. B. Fry, making the world's record, shows him also to have gathered.

C.S.C. makes an excellent lecture, as I found in Ceylon and elsewhere. His jumps and jests, practical and verbal, true or traditional, never fail to rouse wonder and laughter. ("Master, there do be those that say it be a squirrel," is part of the family jest-book). Only let no man seek to read aloud the immortal "Tale of Cock and Bull." It simply cannot be done. It is the one exception to the canon of written excellency, "Does it read out well ?" And why, oh why, did he not leave us some serious verse, some poetry adequate to the clear, brave soul within ?

From Folkestone, guided by Gabbitas and Thring, I sought for that extra term. I was rejected at King William's College, Isle of Man, to which I was attracted by Farrar : not foreseeing that I should one day be Vicar awhile of St. Olave's, Ramsey, in that Island : that I should find an old friend, Canon Owen, as Head Master of King William's, and that at his invitation I should preach in the Chapel, and tell a later generation about Trinity College, Kandy, and the splendid stuff that it sent to the world-wide war.

The second vacancy for which I applied, and to which I was appointed, was at Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk, where I spent the most entrancing of summer terms (1903) the term in which the school, developing under Howson, expanded into its magnificent new buildings. I well remember the whole holiday, *ad hoc*, at half-term, when the Sheringham road swarmed daylong with boys, their wheelbarrows and whatnots, transferring their effects.

I cannot polish as I should like, an account of Holt, and Howson, and the wonderful Gresham spirit. I can never be too thankful that I was once privileged to share it, and I am sure it meant much for Ceylon. The country round Holt I loved. It was my first knowledge of Norfolk and East Anglia. Kelling Heath at sunset, yellow and odorous with gorse, with the blue of the Wash beyond it, and Hugh Palmer (killed in the war) beside me, is an indelible memory. Indelible too, that of an evening when

temptation, for years successfully resisted, becoming insistent, I took my bicycle and rode along country lanes, and kneeling at some late hour in a lonely, grassy crossway, found peace and power again in the quiet Norfolk twilight.

Howson I first met at Darwen. I thought him grim at first, but soon knew better, catching all the enthusiasm of the older staff about him. They have done well to bury him by the fine flint Chapel, not built in my time, just as they have done well to bury Chavasse in the shadow of Liverpool Cathedral. Howson was Holt, as Chavasse was Liverpool.

Being the man he was, the testimonial he gave me seems of special value, " I wished to retain him on my staff, but his plan for preparation for ordination had been fixed. . . . Masters and boys alike regretted his going." Of the spirit of Gresham's one cannot speak without superlatives. There was hardihood with refinement, humour with discipline, overflowing kindness and friendship (philosophoumen anell. malakias Ktl.)—how runs the Periclean epigram ? It would certainly do for Holt. All the lads were exceptionally delightful, for Howson had picked his own. He did not take all who offered. He chose material to suit his ideal : and he moulded them, from the eight or nine with whom he had started, to the two or three hundred of my summer term, day in and day out, most steadily towards it. He did on the large scale, and of course with much more power, what I at York had sought to do on the small : he took large parties of boys away with him on holiday to Normandy and Brittany, to lay his life alongside theirs.

There was something about the boys of Gresham which I do not seem just quite to have met elsewhere. They were all delightful, and to two or three of them I took in a special way, and they, I think, to me. Friendship was natural and easy. I still see the quaint smile on P's face as he translated Ovid :

Ista decens facies longis marcebitur annis.

That comely countenance of yours will be marred by long (y) ears !

I still see Hugh Palmer, fine and serious, as on some walk together we thrashed out personal problems. I still

see Maurice Shuttleworth, Captain of cricket, in one of those wonderful pink blazers, Howson's choice, which the world first looked at askance, and then came wholly to admire : M.S. whom you will find just twice more in these pages, when we come to Grange in Borrowdale, and to Cautley by Sedbergh, Yorkshire. I can only again call it an entrancing summer term : and say, repeating Howson's words, that if " masters and boys alike regretted his going," none regretted it more than the man himself.

* * * *

I was ordained deacon in December, 1903, and read the Gospel.

Feeling that I had forgotten overmuch of what had been studied three years before at Oxford, I had asked the Bishop's permission to read for a few months at his Hostel, part of the Palace in Abercromby Square. H. J. Gibbins was Principal and in his room I first saw the old monkish motto :

Si Christum discis, nihil est si caetera nescis :
Si Christum nescis, nihil est si caetera discis.

which I transferred to many albums in Ceylon when asked to write therein.

The night before ordination was the climax of a week uneasy with the uneasiness of a mind that sees all sides too clearly, a mind more secular than ecclesiastical, more prophetic, dare I say, than priestly. To this day the very name " priest," to some so proud a name, makes me shrink, as from something not quite human. To this day the emphasis on Sacraments, to some so cardinal, seems more of man than of God. It cannot be seen in the New Testament : and the argument of keen " churchmen," another word misliked, put forward oft at Oxford in the argumentative days of 1895 to 1900, that the Sacraments were so little anywhere emphasized because they were so well everywhere understood, continues to strike me as—I have erased the robuster words originally written.

I know something of what the Baptism of those of riper years may mean in the Mission Field. I can see the wonderful truth and beauty of Infant Baptism in a wholly pious society. I can see the enormous stumbling-block,

the " scandal," of such Baptism, of the Holy Communion Itself, in a society unevangelical at heart. I am to this day partly puzzled.

Nevertheless I most clearly remember, as I knelt in prayer on that eve of vigil till midnight, wishing even at that last hour to withdraw and be once again " my own master," the pang as of the pierced ear, which told that my liberty was given to Another, Who called at Marlborough, at Liverpool, at Loweswater. On that pang I will rest when the thought comes, as sometimes it does, " You ought never to have been ordained."

The best memory of that first brief parochial essay is of a group of keen young men who met in my room for prayer, and of the converted and earnest chimney-sweep, once intemperate, who besought the Lord aloud to fight this " jijantic octopus " of drink. Even on our knees we could not but laugh : but we felt that Power was present, Himself perhaps smiling, too.

After some months of curacy it became plain that I was not in place. Learning that a Chaplain and Tutor was needed at St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, and a successor generously coming forward to assist Canon—, I applied and was accepted, entering thus on two years of work as happy as that before was irksome. I had an inspiring chief, classes and subjects to taste. I had to work to a time-table, which my temperament always finds helpful. The grand piano of York which had accompanied me to Hadassah Grove, some set-off even to Dives, came to the Library of St. Aidan's : peradventure stands there still, for the College bought it from me when I left. At St. Aidan's I made a first attempt, unsuccessful, on the prize for a poem on a Sacred Subject, awarded triennially to an Oxford Master of Arts, which degree I had taken in 1902. The subject was St. Paul in a certain aspect, and I remember my solitary hilarity when, typing at midnight on a Blickensderfer typewriter, and forgetting that I had put the " set-key " down, I found on removing the paper, that the Apostle, in what should have been a burst of peerless eloquence, merely burbled something like this :

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I think it was at Easter, 1905 (?) that I acted as what the housemaid called " local demon " at Grange in Borrowdale, drawn by the irresistible lure of the English Lakes. I asked Maurice Shuttleworth, who had just left Gresham's, to come and be my guest. He came, and we had ten great days together, walking by day, and yarning away by night. He told me he had never heard of a School like Gresham's—he had been at others before—and that during his whole time there he had not heard a single indecent word. It was splendid and intimate testimony, and I can very well believe it.

* * * *

We are now approaching another landmark in this life, a day spent with friends on Billinge Beacon, St. Helen's, which spelt in the end Ceylon. At that time no less than three Trinity Oxford men were curates to C. C. B. Bardsley at St. Helen's. One of them whom I had known at Wycliffe invited me from Birkenhead to meet again A. G. Fraser, also of Trinity, then on furlough from Uganda. I went, and we five foregathered on Billinge Beacon, one of the vaster view-points of the British Isles, a kind of gentle cone, central in a great crater composed of the Welsh mountains, the Isle of Man, the English Lake mountains, the Fells of Yorkshire, the Peak ot Derbyshire. We lunched and we listened. Fraser held the field. I fell completely under his spell, as most men did in those days. In a kind of trance I heard his vivid words that gave us Uganda, the African life and need, as though we had been there. Not a sentence can I now reproduce, only the general impression of the glory of God's Kingdom.

I shall not stop to say who A. G. Fraser is, and what he has done. Perhaps the reader may know. If not, let him go and find out. But I think that on that day, if ever, he showed a power of presentment like Kipling's, when, for instance in " Toomai of the Elephants " the Indian Magician writes of a distant elephant's trumpet as a " pin-prick of noise in the night."

It was a great day for us all, five Oxford friends on a world-viewing height, in the morn of the Student Movement.

I went back to my work in Birkenhead. Fraser left Africa, and was appointed Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, the School in Ceylon which he found brick and after twenty years left marble. About the middle of 1905 I received a letter from him saying, " Come to Ceylon, and be our Vice-Principal here." I had never thought of Ceylon, nor indeed of any definite land. At one time or another most lands on the missionary list had passed through a passive mind, but here was a special call, and my heart was active to answer. No persuasion was needed to leave work at home for work abroad. The Student Movement had seen to that. And when Sir Robert Chalmers, succeeding Sir Henry McCallum as Governor of Ceylon, invited me, as Trinity folk were not seldom invited, to the King's Pavilion, Kandy, and put me the question, " What brought you to Ceylon ?" the answer leaped out without any conscious framing, " The Student Christian Movement."

Here was the hour and the sphere for fulfilling the Student Volunteer Declaration signed some ten years since. There were no home ties to prevent. I offered to the Church Missionary Society for the special post suggested, and was in due course accepted.

At this point I am a prisoner of the pen. I cannot write as I would about Ceylon. In Ceylon the best twenty years of my life were spent. It is the land of my life-work. In Ceylon I met my wife : in Ceylon our four children were born : in Ceylon I made dearest friends : to Ceylon, if Providence permitted, I would return, and there, if it were so, die.

" At the word of the Holy One,
they will stand in due order ;
And they will not faint in their
watches."

PAGES FOR THE YOUNG

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

§ 4

WHEN David was about five years of age, his mother's thoughts turned to a second marriage. Little boys know and brood far more than their mothers think. One Sunday, a black haired, thick whiskered gentleman had walked home with David's mother after church. Little David felt in his heart that it was the beginning of something which he could not fully understand; but, all the same, something of evil to him.

One night David and Peggotty were sitting alone by the parlour fire. David's mother had gone to spend the evening with a neighbour. David read to Peggotty from a book about crocodiles. Poor Peggotty was not much of a scholar, for the impression she had, after David had done, was that crocodiles were a sort of vegetable. David became tired of reading, and dead sleepy. But having promised his mother to sit up until she came home, he would rather have died upon his post than have gone to bed. David had reached the stage of sleepiness when Peggotty seemed to swell and grow immensely large. He propped his eyelids open with his two forefingers, and looked perseveringly at Peggotty as she sat at work . . .

" Peggotty," David said, suddenly, " were you ever married ?"

" Lord, Master Davy !" replied Peggotty. " What's put marriage in *your* head !"

" But *were* you ever married, Peggotty ?" said David.

" Me handsome, Davy !" said Peggotty.

" No, my dear ! But what put marriage in your little head ?"

" I don't know," said David. " You mustn't marry more than one person at a time, may you, Peggotty ?"

" Certainly not," said Peggotty.

"But if you marry a person, and the person dies, why then you may marry another person, mayn't you, Peggotty?"

"You *MAY*," said Peggotty, "if you choose, my dear."

Then Peggotty laid aside her knitting and, opening her arms wide, took David's curly head within them. She gave David a good squeeze. David knew it was a good squeeze because, being very fat, the buttons on her back flew off. Two burst to the opposite side of the parlour while Peggotty hugged David.

§ 5

The garden bell rang. Peggotty and David went to the door. There was David's mother looking unusually pretty, and there was that gentleman who had walked home with them from Church. David's mother stooped down and took David in her arms and kissed him.

"A highly privileged little fellow," said the gentleman in his deep voice.

"What do you mean?," said David. The gentleman said nothing, but patted David on the head. Somehow, David didn't like him or his deep voice. And David was jealous that his hand should touch his mother's in touching him—which it did. David pushed the gentleman's hand away as well as he could . . .

§ 6

Gradually, David became used to seeing the gentleman with the black whiskers. Mr. Murdstone was his name.

One day he came on horseback. He reined up his horse to salute David's mother. He said he was going to see some friends, and said he would be glad to take David on the saddle if David would like the ride. David was quite willing to go when he saw the horse snorting and pawing at the garden gate. So he was sent upstairs to Peggotty to be made spruce. Mr. Murdstone dismounted, and, with his horse's bridle over his arm, walked slowly up and down on the outer side of the sweet briar fence while David's mother walked slowly up and down on the inner side to keep him company.

David and Mr. Murdstone were soon off. They went to an hotel by the sea, where two other gentlemen were smoking cigars in a room by themselves. They both rolled on to their feet when David and Mr. Murdstone entered the room.

" Who's this shaver ?" said one of the gentleman, taking hold of David.

" That's Davy," said Mr. Murdstone.

" Davy who ?" said the gentleman.

" Copperfield," said Mr. Murdstone.

" What ! Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield's incumbrance? " cried the gentleman.

" Take care," said Mr. Murdstone.
" Somebody is sharp."
" Who is ?" asked the gentleman, laughing.
David looked up too, being curious to know.
" Only Brooks of Sheffield," said Mr. Murdstone.

David was quite relieved to find it was only Brooks of Sheffield and not he.

II. AN AFRICAN LAD'S LOVE OF LEARNING

In the old days, and even today, many young men and women of Jaffna go to distant parts of the world in search of learning. You will be glad to read of a similar urge in the heart of an African lad. His name is Onuoha. His father was a poor village farmer who had very little education. Onuoha was the eldest of his parent's five children. Onuoha longed to go to College but lacked the means.

Onuoha had pen friends in America. One Christmas he wrote to them : " I shall be very grateful if you could help me to negotiate for some interested personalities to help me finance my first year's expenses at a university." Onuoha promised that he would sign a bond to pay back all expenses.

Onuoha's American friends took up the proposal with enthusiasm. They found the funds, and Onuoha travelled all the way from Africa to America . Now he is reading at an American University. All of life is a vapour which passes away, but learning remains.

III. ON HOW TO CROSS THE ROAD

There were tears for little Indrani John in many homes which knew her not. In every home where there are children there was grief. We send our little ones cheerful and bright in the morning, and await their return. Will they come back home? Death lurks upon our roads.

Tell the children this simple rule. Never leave the pavement, or the side of the street, till you have looked up and down, both ways, *more than once*. Then, from the moment of stepping on to the street *keep looking to the right* till you reach the centre of the street. There *STOP*. Now turn your head left, and *keep looking to the left* of the street till you are safely across. First Right. Then Stop. Then Left.

"Look for me in the nurseries of heaven."—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

BOOK REVIEWS

SIVA WORSHIP IN ANCIENT CEYLON:

THEVARA THIRU AMUTHAM (Tamil) by Mr. V. K. P. Nathan, Editor "The Thinakaran," Colombo: *Published by the Author.*

THIS is a small volume consisting of sacred poems (Thevarams) in Tamil, by Tirugnanasambanther and Sunderamoorthy Swamigal, in praise of the ancient Sivan Temples of Tirukēthesvaram in the Mannar District and Tirukonamalai in Trincomalee, with exhaustive commentaries and explanations by Mr. Nathan of the religious and ethical concepts embedded in the songs.

Mr. Nathan is an old boy of St. John's College, Jaffna, where, as a student, he evinced a love of literature, and, in particular, a passion for Tamil Literature and the religious thoughts enshrined in the songs of the great Saiva Saints of the Tamil Nad. He is better known to the Tamil reading public in Ceylon as the Editor of "The Thinakaran."

The commentaries are written in simple prose, terse yet polished, packed with illuminating explanations, annotations and illustrations. The concise nature of poetic expression characteristic of many of the finest religious poems in the Tamil language demands easier and somewhat detailed exposition of their meaning by students versed in the religious philosophy of Saivaism. This the author has been able to achieve with credit. His commentaries form a contribution to modern Tamil prose. The public of Ceylon is indebted to the author for the pleasing manner in which he has presented the lyrical poems of two of the best loved saints of the Tamil world.

The fact that Sambanther wrote in the seventh century A.D. and Sunderar in the ninth century A.D., and that both refer to these shrines as already ancient in their times, is an indication of the antiquity of Siva Worship in Lanka. From time immemorial the worship of Siva would appear to have been popular in our Island. Some of the earliest kings of the Island have had "Siva" added to their names and the name of Uma, the consort of Siva, was likewise appended to the names of Queens.

To enable readers of *The Tamil* to form an idea of the nature of these songs, translations of two of the Thevarams of Sambanther and one of Sunderar are given below :—

SAMBANTHER

(*Thevaram*) (1) *Konamalai*

Wearer of Resplendent anklets ever tinkling,
Blameless Lord, Thy hallowed frame
Besprent with sacred ash,
Part mountain maid, bearer of flag with bull design,—
Thou who hast chosen on *Konamalai* to dwell,
The Hill forever lashed by the sounding sea,
Which washest ashore logs of akil and sandalwood,
And scatters unnumbered pearls.

(*Thevaram*) (5) *Thirukethesvaram*

Possessor of boundless goodness and wisdom,
Strong to fill with grace those who seek Him,
He who knows neither birth nor death on earth—
Dwells in *Tiruketheswaram* temple of pearless fame.
To those who think of Him and sing His priase
By night and day.
No sorrow clings ! They are his beloved saints.

SUNDERAR

Thevaram (*IX*) *Thirukethesvaram*

Thou three eyed God !
Hailed both as Trinity and Two—
Thou who dwellest on the shores of Palahvi,
In the mango laden groves
Of the good city of Mathottam,
Where gather those who long to sever
Their deeds of sin—
O Lord of *Thirukesvaram*, possess thou me.

S. J. G.

2.

THE CUSTOMS GUIDE, CEYLON : by T. Siva Lingam, Assistant Appraiser, H. M. Customs, Colombo. (*In two volumes, printed by Caxton Printing Works, Ltd.*)

TOO many of our public servants spend their leisure in banal futility. We are well aware of their manifold difficulties—the long hours in travelling to work, the frustrations while in the office, the long hours of return, and the harassments at home. Even so, the public servant who can raise his stature above the mean wearisomenesses of the trivial day, and daily devote even a few hours to good reading and study, will be ennobled, and gratified, by the salutary satisfactions thus derived.

This excellent publication by Mr. Siva Lingam should be an example, and an encouragement, to others like him. By this publication Mr. Siva Lingam has brought himself into alignment with traditions set by great public servants of the past like Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam and Dr. Sir Paulus Pieris.

It goes without saying that this guide will be invaluable to all persons, professional and laymen, who have business with the Customs Department. The book is dedicated to G. P. Tambayah, Esq., C.C.S., and contains laudatory Forewords by R. N. Bond, Esq., C.C.S., M. Chandrasoma, Esq., C.C.S. and R. R. Crossette-Thambiah, Esq., Q.C., former Solicitor-General of Ceylon.

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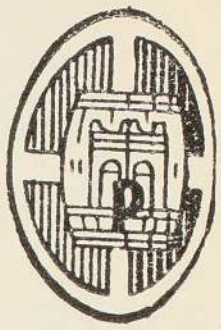

When friend meets friend,
it is the rule
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Will make us happy all night long.

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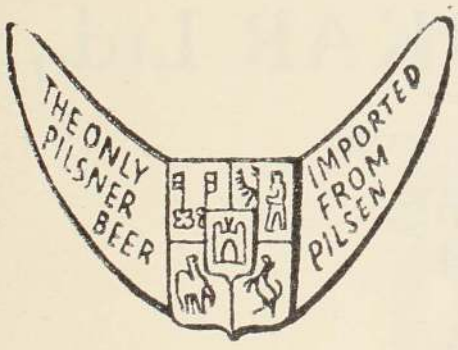

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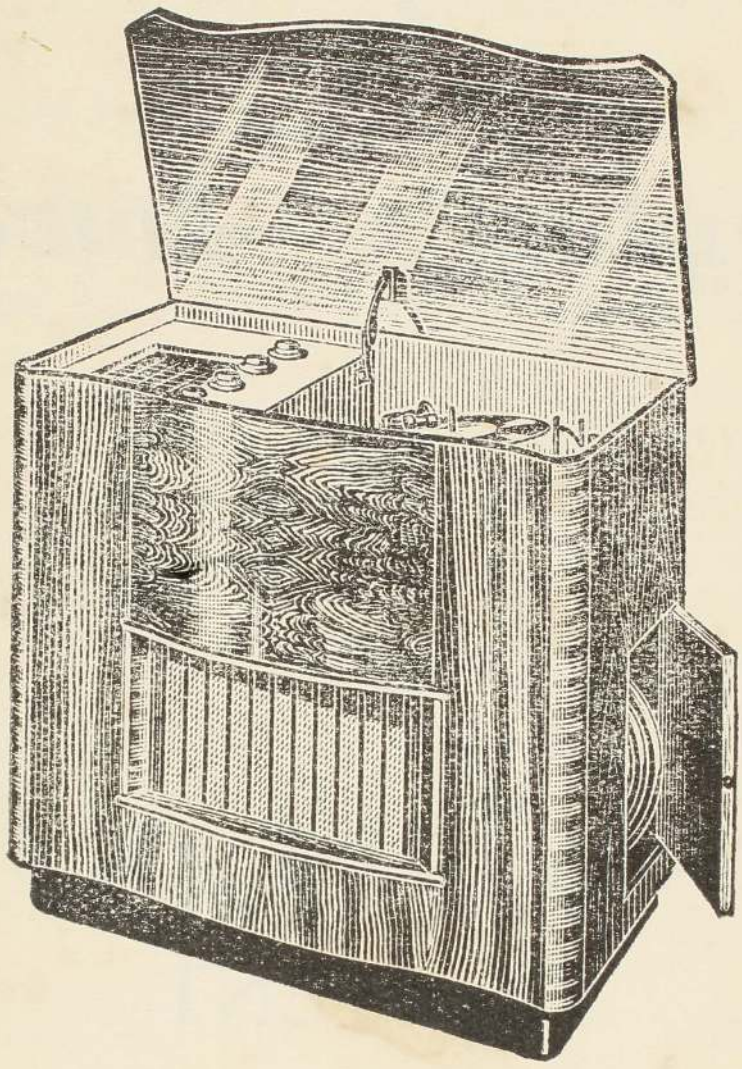

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(*Contd. from Cover page 2*)

7. "It is beautifully got up and contains an exquisite set of articles."

Letter dated January 22, 1955.

8. "The candle you have just lit will no doubt illumine the Tamil land and the Tamil race wherever they may be."

Letter from Malaya dated January 22, 1955.

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Letter dated January 28, 1955.

11. "I could not get away from it."

Letter dated January 28, 1955.

12. "More power to your elbow."

Letter dated February 2, 1955.

From

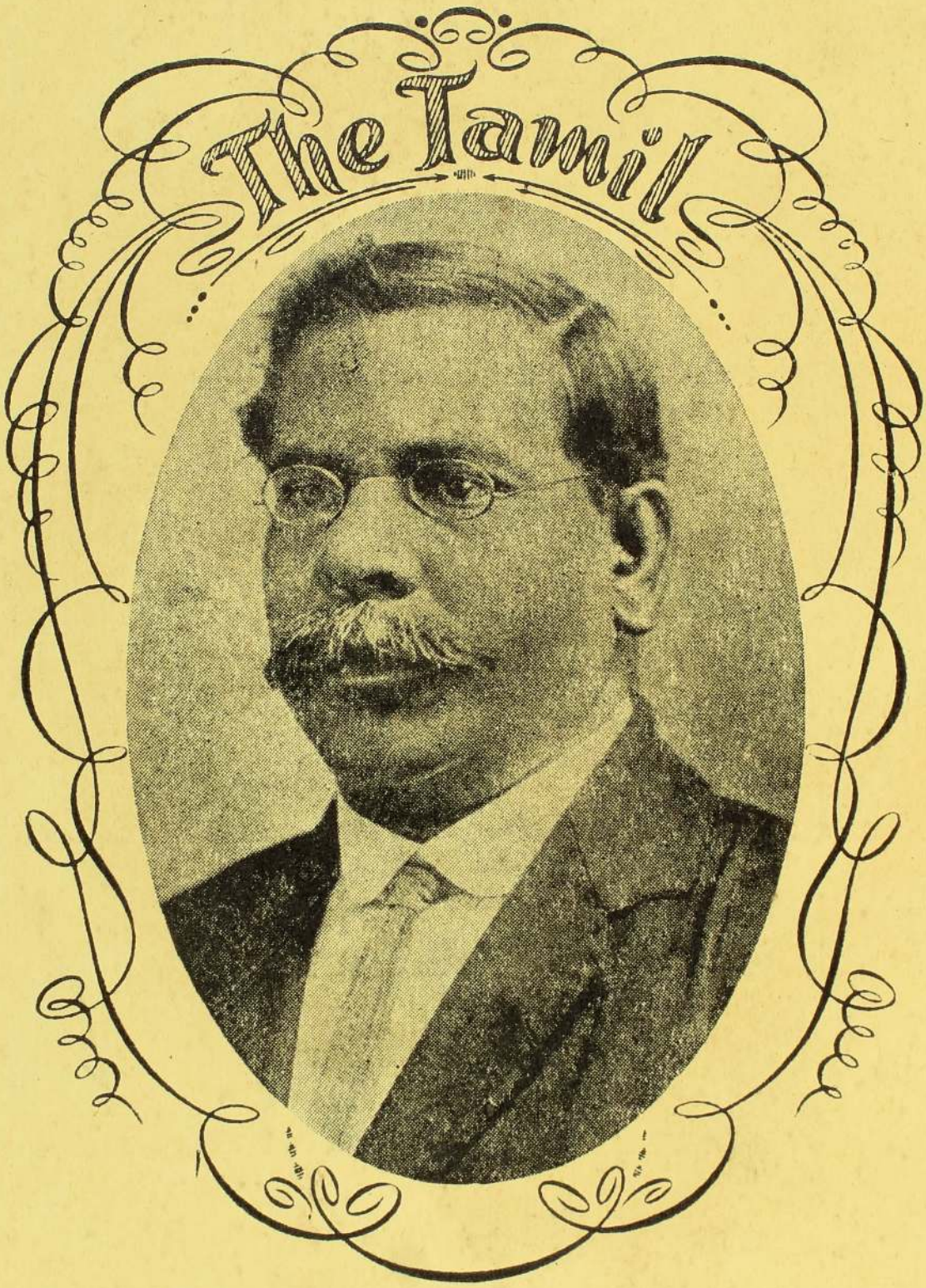
Sir C. V. Raman, F.R.S., N.L., Kt.

Raman Research Institute,
Bangalore 6,
10th February, 1955.

"I am glad to see that it is well printed and got up and am pretty sure I will enjoy reading it very much."

Yours sincerely,

C. V. RAMAN.



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