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OUR AIMS

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

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

Again :—

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

Again :—

“ The men of culture are the true apostles of Equality.”

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

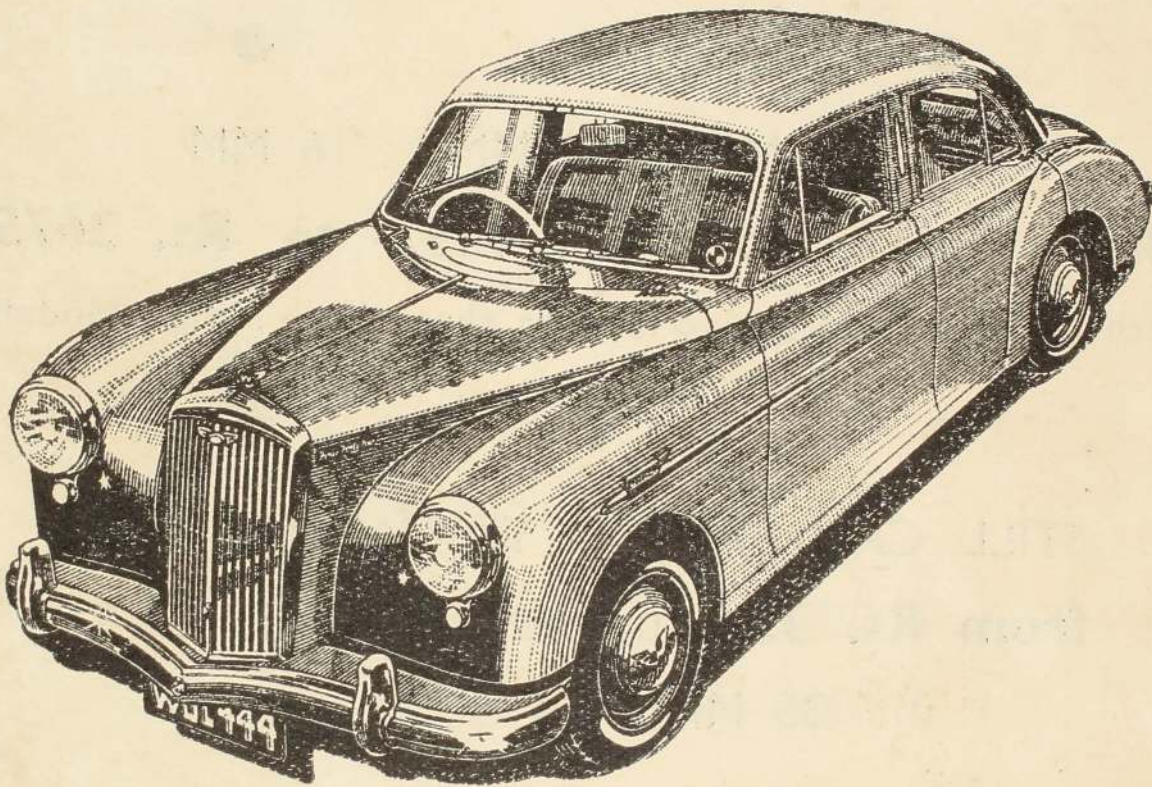
Young Ceylon is to-day at the cross roads. For four centuries we have received the ideas and ideals of Western Empire-builders. But, while they brought with them to our shores their own particular objects and purposes, they brought with them also, praise be to God, the precious heritage of Western Civilization.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

The advances of invention, the experiments in Government by man, the aspirations of all the peoples of this throbbing world—poetry, music, art, philosophy, religion, history, law—indeed, all that is holiest and highest in human

Continued on Cover Page 3



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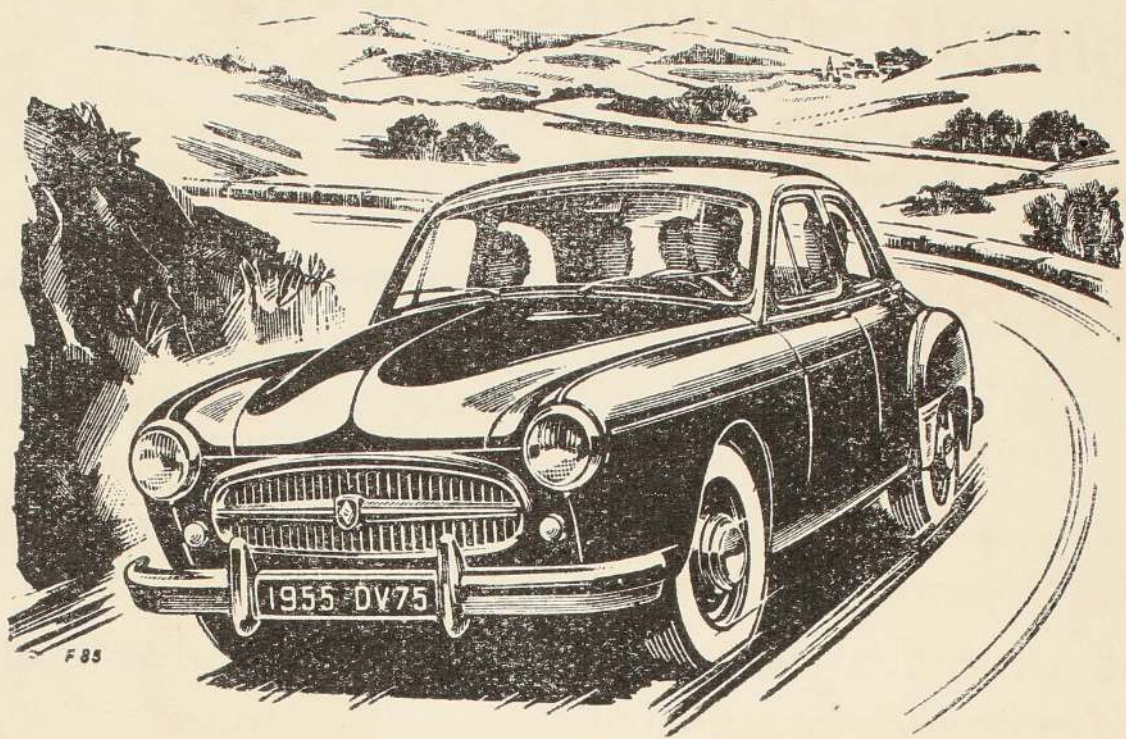
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A PRAYER FOR PROTECTION

["Thy Holy Feet, that danced in the ancient city of Thillai, dance in all living things."]

Saint Manikkavasakar (translated by Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam).]

* * * *

Lord of the Whirling Wheel ! Lord of the wheeling mazes of mighteous myriads—Dance-maker !

Maker of universe upon universe !

The flaming Stars that dance around thy Holy Feet are but dust of Thy Mouth.

* * * *

We praise and bless Thee that Thou hast begotten us in this sweet region of Joy, Ilankai, Lanka.

Manifold and manifest are Thy mercies,

Thou player of the freedom-drum, wearing a necklace of tears for the woes of thy lovers, thy children, thy worshippers, even we.

* * * *

Thou three-eyed Maker of the World !

This universe is but holy ash of Thy making.

Night and morn, dusk and dawn, the myriad splendours of the Sky, oh look up and see ! are but dewdrops of Thee.

* * * *

Thou Tiger burning bright !

With lips uplifted for praise we kiss thy Holy Feet uplifted in grace.

* * * *

Lord ! Protect us.

Lord ! Bend thy Right Hand upon us.

A CLARION CALL TO YOUTH

[WE are proud to be able to present to our readers, especially to the young men and women of Ceylon, these glowing words by Doctor Alagappa Chettiar, delivered at the Convocation of the University of Madras held in August, 1954.

The great University of Madras has become in process of time "a house of learning, ancient, liberal, humane." Madras University will undoubtedly play its part as a powerhouse of wisdom in the story of Modern Asia.

Ceylon has a special claim to the fostering care of this kindly nurse for, indeed, the very first graduates of the Madras University were two Ceylonese—two young men from Jaffna, Ceylon—C. W. Thamotherampillay and Carroll Viswanathan—followed very shortly by a third, Moses Velupillay. All of these by their careers of scholarship and service gave lustre to Madras and to Ceylon. Rao Bahadur Thamotherampillay rose to be a High Court Judge in South India. Velupillay was for many years Head of Tamil Studies in the University of Madras and its Chief Examiner in Tamil. Viswanathan acquired a great reputation in Madras as a person of encyclopaedic learning.

We invite our readers to consider the fine felicity of Doctor Chettiar's English. We assure our young readers that without English the modern Ceylonese will live in blinkers. By all means cultivate your own regional tongue for its local use. But the way out of the valley of parochialism and puerility into the clear air of Parnassus is—English. Persons of our part of the world have long displayed a special capacity for English—Srinivasa Sastri, Radhakrishnan, Ramaswamy Aiyar, Rajagopalachari. Of these the finest exponent of English, spoken and written, was Srinivasa Sastri. His teacher of English was a Ceylonese—James Hensman of Jaffna.]

In three years from now, our University will be celebrating its Centenary. Starting its career as the only agency of higher education on this side of the Vindhyas,

in the second half of the century of its life it has had the unique privilege of giving birth to a number of other Universities. After Mysore, Andhra, Annamalai and Travancore, has come the turn of Sri Venkataswara University and it is our duty and pleasure to wish god-speed in its career.

If it were possible, I would prefer to talk to each one of you individually, rather than address a gathering. It is difficult for me to look upon this assembly in the mass. Actually, I see before me hundreds of young men and women, each naturally with a separate aspiration and a distinct hope for this strange interlude that we call life, between the glimmering eternity of the past and the unknown eternity of the future. Some of you will go through life in the quiet obscurity of middle-class contentment. Others may have to battle with the problems of comparative poverty. A few may make fortunes. The large majority will choose congenial careers and fulfil useful roles in society as teachers, civil servants, engineers, doctors, lawyers or businessmen. Some of you will "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm," and through politics, religion or art, endeavour to bring a new heaven on an old earth. Each of you will have your measure of happiness and your measure of suffering. Far be it from me to advise you on the qualities that will enable you to compromise with the forces of inner inclination and external circumstance. Each of you will learn these lessons the hard way, the only way, and hammer out a little philosophy for yourself. But in a world in which God has endowed each person with an uncompromising individuality, so much so that even the lines on the hand are not the same for any two, and the pattern of the mind is not the same for the same person for two moments in succession, what is it that can be laid down as enduring for all time and true for all? This is the problem that has faced the world since the dawn of civilisation. This is the failure that men attempt to forget and recreate. When one contemplates the little systems that have had their day and ceased to be, and then turns one's eye to the contemporary scenes of men trying to legislate and order the universe towards the motion of some compulsory good; of the lust for power masquerading as political ideology; of science

being harnessed to forge weapons of destruction on a cosmic scale ; of the insidious increase of fear in the hearts of men ; and of the shadows that are creeping like an eclipse over the sunshine of personal liberty ; one feels the imperative necessity for a little reflection. This is all I propose to do to-day ; indeed, in a sense, we shall do it together.

Let us look back a little. Till 1947, our conception of freedom was dominated by the urgency of achieving freedom from British rule. Sufficient thought was not bestowed on the implications that inhere in the concept of political freedom or the practical problems that arise in the wake of its exercise. Mahatma Gandhi invented the weapon of non-violent non-co-operation. The second world war weakened the proud nations of the West. The countries of Asia awoke from their slumber with a lively realisation of their own strength. Meanwhile, two opposing political doctrines are facing each other across the earth, poised for combat, while the world is watching uneasily for the storm to burst. This is the consummation that two thousand years of human effort has achieved, the *finale* that is looming in front, after the Buddha and Christ, Galileo, and Newton have lived and died. Ten years after the termination of the war, Winston Churchill was forced in sorrow to call the last volume of his monumental work : "Triumph and Tragedy," because the great democracies after their triumph have resumed the follies that so nearly cost them their life. According to the late Professor Laski, "we regard with a wry smile those who think that the power of reason over man is growing, or that the development of education on a much wider scale will solve all our major problems. Even great words like 'Equality' and 'Fraternity' have fallen from their high estate, and the concept of freedom undergoes a spectacular change when it crosses frontiers."

It is in such a world that we are building a new India. The problem that we have to face is whether in this test, we shall bring to bear at least a part of the knowledge that we have gained from our own history, of thought as well as of events ; and of the lessons to be learnt from the success or failure resulting from the application of science in large-scale industry ; and of the effect of scientific

advancement on political power : or whether we shall add to the sum of human failure and illusion by mistaking steel and electric power as the main instruments of human happiness, and the extremity of a particular tenet as a measure of its value.

Let us attempt to discover what it is in the quality of Indian thought that has enabled us to survive several centuries of political disaster and social obscurantism. Every civilisation lays emphasis on some cardinal objective, in the attainment of which other and lesser objectives get submerged, though not lost. The Greek philosopher, Aristotle, said that man is a social animal because the finer faculties of men are developed only in society. The ancient Rishis of India felt that the search for Truth and an explanation of the nature and purpose of life cannot be undertaken except in silence and solitude away from society. Therefore has the civilisation of the East given to the world what is best in human introspection. We owe to the West the concept of the nation, the music of the orchestra, political democracy, parliamentary government, the noble principles of freedom enshrined in the Common Law of England, the achievements of the men of science, the large-scale industries that have enabled the common man to share in an ever-widening scale of material prosperity, and in the realm of knowledge, the techniques associated with the scientific outlook of observation and experiment. The corollary of this progress, however, was to circumscribe the field of philosophical enquiry to a study of the individual in relation to society rather than in relation to the universe, and in proportion to the free area of scientific and political thought to limit the right of reason to reject the dogma imposed by a revealed religion. The conflict that Western philosophy has sought to reconcile is not the one between life and death, but the one between Freedom and Authority.

Let us be clear and unequivocal about one thing. No amount of prosperity or security can ever become a substitute for the existence and vigilant preservation of a climate in which man can think freely, speak freely and within certain limits act freely. The qualities of the mind developed thereby are the only guarantee against the evils wrought by the possible unwisdom of those in power, and

in favour of the acceptance of new ideas. If individuals fail to fight for this minimum right, the Welfare State will deteriorate into a vast organisation for the purveying of Government charity to a society which may be classless but which has certainly abdicated its heritage for the security of the stomach.

It is in this context that the history of India deserves a close study. The West studies the relations of man to man. The same earnestness was shown in India to a study of the relation of man to God. In Vedic times, they wondered at the mighty forces of Nature, and propitiated the super-human agencies behind them. Soon, however, they became aware of the unity that pervaded and synthesised all manifestation. Hinduism, says Professor Hirianna, is an experiment ripening into an experience. So the Rishis retired and cogitated, experimented and realised that the true freedom was not freedom from death but freedom from birth, and in knowledge lay salvation. Fear was the cause of suffering and knowledge was the freedom from fear. Several centuries later, the Tamil saint, Appar sang: "We are subject to none; we fear not death." In spite of these grand approaches to the verities, the power of the priestly class persisted, and the common man was excluded from the esoterics of religious practice. The protest against this unwholesome privilege was launched by Buddha. He emphasised conduct more than worship. He spoke to the people in a language that they understood. Buddhism gave a practical turn to the principle of equality. It improved the position of women which had sadly declined. It brought into existence perhaps the only body of disciplined and dedicated clergy that this country ever produced, and through them spread the gospel in the countries of the East. It is not fully realised that Buddha denied the two central tenets of the Hindu faith, namely: God and the Soul, and that in spite of this revolutionary attack on orthodoxy, far from being stifled, Buddhism was welcomed by princes and people alike, and remained the dominant faith of the land for nearly a thousand years, from the time of Asoka till the time of Harsha. But like all churches it spread dogma and authority, developed divergences of doctrine and an esoterics of its own. In the eighth century after Christ

there appeared on the Indian scene an astonishing personality who, almost single-handed, or shall we say single-headed, travelled over the length and breadth of the country preaching, arguing, converting. It speaks volumes about the intellectual honesty of the learned men of those days that Sankara was able to achieve the revitalisation of Hinduism with the same ease and thoroughness with which Buddha in an earlier age was able to supplant it. And all through these centuries system after system of philosophy was being developed. Some of these, like the Sankhya system, were frankly atheistic. But this did not prevent them from being recognised as a legitimate branch of orthodox thought. Indeed, toleration was not confined to the religions that were native to the land. There is historical evidence to show that Royal grants were given to Christian settlements on the West Coast as early as the second century after Christ. By the sixth century there were communities of Nestorian Christians in the West Coast as well as in Mylapore on the Coromandel seaboard on the East. So also did the religion of Zoroaster find refuge in India.

None of these divergent religions and philosophies hold the field except by dint of persuasion and appeal to reason. No wars were fought to establish any faith. No one was burnt at the stake for holding a particular opinion. Just as England became the accepted home of kings who have lost their kingdoms, anarchists who were anxious to write about their political gospel, frightened refugees fleeing from the anger of despots, exiled patriots, and persecuted Jews, in exactly the same way India was the home of every kind of opposing religion and philosophy. They lived and flourished side by side. This was freedom of thought and freedom of life in the noblest sense of the word.

This freedom of faith and intellectual speculation being the primary pursuit of life, nothing was more natural than that the function of Government should have been considered to be the preservation of the peace necessary for this pursuit. This was Rama Rajya, that it held the scales even and enabled the individual to practise his Dharma as he thought fit. Those who say that the Indians had little sense of history ignore the fact that in the scale of values as formulated by the Indians, the chronicles of

Kings were matters of no importance, certainly not worthy of the mental effort of great minds, and that in the remote villages of India where thought flourished, the changes in dynasties, and the rise and fall of kingdoms were heard, if at all, as dim echoes from another world. The meticulousness with which the Indians have chronicled and codified every aspect of knowledge then extant, ritual, theology, architecture, medicine, astronomy, erotics, law, music and dramaturgy, yoga and a hundred other subjects should be sufficient to show that the omission to write history was deliberate and appropriate to a culture that concentrated on the subject and not the author. One also notices that in addition to freedom of thought and the minimum of government, ancient Indian life was characterised by practical adjustment of social relationship to the changing circumstances of successive ages. The vexed social questions of more recent years do not appear to have troubled the ancients over much.

But at one stage in our history we lost the gift of free thought and courageous innovation and became hidebound followers of forms that had lost their meaning and usefulness. Alberuni, who visited India in the eleventh century, was fairly appalled at what he found. "The Hindus", he wrote, "believe that there is no country but theirs, no nations like theirs, no kings like theirs, no religion like theirs, no science like theirs. They are haughty, foolishly vain, self-conceited and stolid. If they travelled and mixed with other nations they would soon change their mind, for their ancestors were not as narrow-minded as the present generation." The history of India for the next several centuries till the impact of the West may be said to be an illustration of this criticism. We have to eradicate the middle past if we are to be true to our real tradition.

In the building of a new India we should synthesise the twin heritages of Eastern and Western thought. In doing so, however, we have to guard against the dangers inherent in both. The focal point of the danger at the present time is the possible disappearance of individual freedom in the Welfare State. It makes little difference to this danger in what manner or in favour of which particular creed freedom is suppressed; whether in favour of what is called the "American way of life" or in favour of com-

munism. Each of these political religions is being advocated with turbulent zeal and a degree of combativeness that make reasonable men wilt at their impact. It is dangerous to be a communist in one country. It is equally dangerous not to be a communist in another country. Witch-hunting of men of letters, professors, civil servants, artists and scientists is a feature of both the religions. To a person who thinks that reason has its place in this world, it would be as repugnant to be prosecuted for indulging in "un-American activities" as to be liquidated for the crimes of "formalism" or "deviationism." The secret police says what these crimes consist of and the prosecutor is the judge. No greater condemnation of a system can be conceived of than that it introduces orthodoxy in science, and punishes scientific heresy exactly as the church punishes religious heresy.

The danger has been intensified a thousand-fold because the State is more powerful to-day than at any time in history. Science has strengthened the State. An army can be moved thousands of miles in a matter of hours. Air-power has endowed the State with a weapon of coercing the civil population with dramatic intensity. The control of industry and trade gives the party in power the support of the most important sections of the community. The Press whose natural function is to be in opposition to Government outside the legislatures is becoming halting and cautious. The radio is under the control of the Government. The cinema is used for propaganda. Most important of all, education is used for the dissemination of ideas that are considered suitable and any knowledge that is in official disfavour is killed by censorship. In fact, the weapons available to the Government are so potent that by skilfully using them a party can remain in power almost for ever unless it perpetrates some folly so outrageous that it makes the worm turn. The inculcation of loyalty to a policy or purpose right from childhood is the surest way of destroying freedom of thought. What is destroyed in the process is not a body of thought but the apparatus of thinking. A generation so brought up is made to feel that it is thinking for itself and that its thoughts are right. This is how freedom of thought is destroyed by striking at the roots.

It may be readily agreed that in the modern world the enlargement of the functions of Government in the interests of the community cannot be abrogated. We cannot possibly bring back the purely negative State that merely provides us the conditions for individual enterprise. At the same time it will be a tragedy if the State regulates the individual and ushers into existence an era of unrelieved uniformity based on State-planning. We cannot allow ourselves to be planned against. The solution perhaps lies in the preservation of certain diversities within a unity of purpose ; such as small enterprises alongside of large corporations, handlooms that create distinctive fabrics alongside of the uniformly good products of the mills ; the small cultivator to whom agriculture is a way of life alongside of large estates ; the village communities alongside of cities ; the development of local cultures alongside of a national language and literature ; the continuation of English studies at certain levels ; and an over-all freedom of association for the dissemination of any idea that does not advocate actual violence. In this view the difference that one finds already in India will be a blessing and not a hindrance to survival. The Universities are the nurseries of thought and therefore can shape the future in a manner that no other institution can. I myself came to realise this truth not long ago. I happened to be present at the centenary celebrations of the late Dr. Besant, of revered memory, when our Vice-Chancellor spoke on educational problems. That speech sowed the seeds of my interest in education.

Graduates of the year, while congratulating you on your achievement so far, I should like you to shape your individual life in conformity with social conduct unless you are sure you are right in your deviation. I trust you will take advantage of the opportunities that free India offers you in the field of agriculture, industry, commerce, medicine, co-operation and public service, to name only a few avenues where you can earn distinction. Your character, I hope, has been formed ; and you must have learnt to be respectful to religion without indifference to your interests, to be patient under provocation and resigned under misfortune, never to be dull in intellect or vulgar in your pursuits or be slow to profit by the advice of the

elderly and the experienced. Your education so far and your experience hereafter will be happily fruitful only if you contribute your bit to secure a just balance in society, politically by throwing your weight on the side of law and order, to ensure the just balance of power, economically to increase efficiency in production and justice in distribution; and socially by reverence for the rights and privileges of every individual, by generosity in the appraisal of worth and consideration for fallen merit. Let it be said of you that you too shared in the reconstruction of India that is taking shape before our eyes ; an India that has lived but not died with the mighty empires of the world, an India that shall be self-reliant, strong and free, the splendour of Asia and the light of the world.

“ Life is girt all round with the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.”—EMERSON.

THE MAHAVAMSA

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

FEW peoples have had the good fortune to inherit such a comparatively reliable story of their hoary past as the Sinhalese. The people of Ceylon in general—and particularly the Sinhalese—are rightly proud of this ancient story of their long line of kings. The name of the book in which this story is found is the Mahavamsa, which means the “Great Dynasty.”

The author of the Mahavamsa was a Priest-Scholar of the name of Mahanama. We are not told whether he was a Sinhalese, or a naturalised Sinhalese who came from India; for, in the great brotherhood founded by the Buddha, there was no room for racial discrimination once an individual was admitted to the Sangha. One who received his ordination came to be known by a Pali name. All traces of his race were forgotten. The Mahavamsa is believed to have been composed in the sixth century, A.D., in the reign of King Dhatusena. The language in which it was originally written is Pali, a language sacred to the Buddhists, as in that language are enshrined most of the sacred scriptures of their religion. The Mahavamsa is a fresh treatment of an older chronicle called the Dipavamsa which was in existence in Ceylon about the fourth century, A.D.

More than one translation of this great book into English has been made. The most authoritative English translation is that of Wilhelm Geiger, Ph.D., a German by birth and a Pali Scholar of great reputation. He translated the Mahavamsa into German. This in turn was translated into English by Mrs. Bode and published in 1912. The first translation of the Mahavamsa into English was done by Turnouer, an Englishman, and was published in 1837. L. C. Wijesinha published another translation in 1889. It is the opinion of scholars that, as a historical record, the Mahavamsa of Mahanama is superior both in style and in content to the legendary chronicles—written several hundred years later—of some of the very European races who a few hundred years ago conquered this country and taught us to believe that they were a superior people.

What is characteristic of the Mahavamsa is that, like certain books of the Old Testament of the Jews, it confines its attention to the virtues of Kings who had protected and promoted the Faith. Unlike the early histories of Greece and Rome, and those of other European nations of later times, the purpose of the author of the Mahavamsa seems to have been mainly ethical. Emphasis is laid mainly on the great deeds and acts of Kings who were established in the three refuges and the five precepts. The three refuges are : (1) the Buddha, (2) the Dhamma or the Doctrine, (3) the Sangha or the Community. The five precepts are abstention from (1) destruction of life, (2) theft, (3) adultery, (4) lying, (5) use of intoxicating liquors. Thus every Chapter ends with the reminder that it was "compiled for the serene joy and emotion of the pious."

The ideals of a people at any particular period of their history can be traced in their records, literary as well as historical. Here, in the Mahavamsa, we meet a people who, in the very formative years of their nationhood, placed, before everything else, the high principles of the founder of their Religion and asserted the supremacy of tolerance, rectitude, non-violence and peace as against material prosperity, pomp and power that war, conquests and enslavement of peoples might bring in their wake.

The Mahavamsa is a book that should be in the library of every educated Ceylonese—a book that should be read and re-read with understanding. As Professor Rhys Davids cautions us : "The chronicles (referring to the Dipavamsa and the Mahavamsa) contain no pure history. But they represent the traditions of their time and permit us to draw retrospective conclusions as to earlier periods." In the body of the story will be found fables, miracles and marvellous tales. These have to be understood as embellishments and outward decorations to point a moral or to adorn events of striking significance.

"We boast our light ; but if we look not wisely on the Sun it smites us into darkness."—MILTON, AREOPAGITICA.

STEPHEN SENANAYAKE—A TRUE CEYLONESE

ONE afternoon, seated under mighty trees in the Thomian playing fields of long ago, Stephen Senanayake's atlantean shadow fell upon me. I did not know then that, close-wrapped in the serecloths of Time, there was a day, waiting, when his shadow would fall upon me again.

But to go back to Stephen as I knew him in my boyhood. He was a hero to all of the young of our time—the John Ridd of those days. How mighty were his strokes—sixer after sixer clean over the field—and then the wondrous hoarse laughter, the round and roving eye, Behemoth, enormous, black, an Eifel Tower of manhood, a sizzling harmonic factory.

What stories there were about him! Those were not the days when white lords and ladies crept beneath the forks of native legs—as now they so gladly do. Those were the days “of Empire”—great days of pukka Sahibhood for the white man out East. Many of us resented the things done those days because of colour; but we spoke only in whispers and behind closed doors. It was Stephen Senanayake and John Kotelawala the First who struck proud and open blows for us “natives” as we were then known. First-class travel in Ceylonese railways was at that time the almost exclusive right of the lordly planter. Night berths were wholly for him—and his ladies. The Railway Refreshment Car was their sole and private demesne. Natives may peer through the car windows to watch lordly ladies and gents as they sipped ruby and pink wines rich in the blaze of many a buried summer—enter they dare not. In that set-up, it was Stephen who struck a blow. One evening the train was ready for its departure up-country. The vikings and their blonde ladies strolled nonchalantly along the platform to their reserved sleeping berths. They went—they saw—and they fled. They saw Stephen Senanayake seated cross-legged in the first lower sleeping berth, bare bodied, black, hairy chested, his carbuncular eyes and raven moustachios glaring with daemonic rage at the on-coming

semi-inebriated throng of would-be night revellers. It is hardly likely that Stephen had read Sappho's famous line, but Stephen slept that night even as Sappho did: *Ego de Mona Kateudo*. There was an equally heroic story about John Kotelawala the First which stirred our youthful hearts as the Ballad of Chevy Chase stirred Sir Philip. Who has not heard of the episode of the dish of butter and the planting gents coming down from Kandy?

The black oxen who pull Time's cart had a surprise for Stephen Senanayake, the country yokel. They transferred him from the cart seat to the smart set of Sri Lanka. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! though art translated. There is a story of a voyage once undertaken by all three of the Senanayake brothers—D.C., F.R. and D.S. B. F. de Silva was of that company. S. C. Paul was the "family" physician—for, Sinhalese and Tamils, they all formed one family on that ship. F.R. was the natural head and leader of that group of Ceylonese, D.S. the inevitable clown and playboy. On board ship were many discussions on high topics. Even then the future of Lanka was in the thoughts of her leading sons. F.R. would make a remark of high import. D.S. would interpose with a comment banal, if not stupid. A stern look from the elder brother, and D.S. would slink away to his natural level, a game of thatumaru with the pubescents of the party. If only F.R. knew it, there was to be a time (F.R. under the sod), when every syllable of speech by D.S. would be listened to, mouth opened wide, by L.L.D's and Q.C.'s Oh Time! Who is He who arranges laughter in heaven!

The years had sped and, at the time of which I now speak, all roads wended to Woodlands. It was some three years from February 4, 1948. Of the eight lakhs living in Colombo seven lakhs and nine hundred thousand and nine hundred and ninety-eight had found their way to Woodlands on some pretext or other. Only two remained aloof—D. R. Wijeyewardene and Pakiasothy Saravananuttu. These two never went to Woodlands because Woodlands went to them. All the world sought Stephen. He sought them. There is a story which illustrates Stephen's genuine respect for Sara. Returning from his morning's ride Stephen rode into Pembroke. Sara came

to the verandah. "I say, Sara," said Stephen, "I have been offered a knighthood. Should I take it?" (This was in the days when Donoughmore patterned our Constitution and Stephen was still on the make). "Yes," said Sara, "take the Knighthood and tie it to your horse's tail." D. R. Wijeyewardene was the other man who never went to see D. S. Senanayake. Northcliffe could make or mar No.10.

I needed help. Go and see D.S., a friend said. But would he remember me? He bestrode our narrow world like a Colossus. Where shall I find the umbrella which would protect me? I had been in my time, one of D. R. Wijeyewardene's "boys." He liked me then; but, alas, he was bespoke and not available. So to Sara I went. And Sara who would not have left his home to see the King of England went with me to Woodlands. We went at 9 p.m. and came away at 1 a.m. Stephen in his sarong *and a banian*—no need any more to repeat railway heroisms—the imperial sons of Ex-Empire were now trotting behind him, tails between legs—in the gayest of moods; old Thomian reminiscences and laughter and banter and shout and glee; Aryan—Dravidian—Sinhalese—Tamil—Buddhist—Christian—all superficial irrelevancies. Just three Ceylonese together. And the friendship then made remained rooted to the end.

It was indeed Irony of the Delphic Order that induced the President of the Immortals to select a simple jungleboy to be the symbol and emblem of peace and honour in this acerbic age. At least seven different peoples live together in Ceylon. How fine a field for the full play of acéphalous anarchy! And yet, before he died, Prime Minister Senanayake worked hard to weld us together as one people.

He remained to the end a simple, humble and human man. The following true story is an illustration. One evening, Mr. Senanayake was at the birthday party of a local v.v.i.p. In the midst of the merriment, someone said to D.S.: "when is *your* birthday?" At once he replied, with engaging frankness, "I do not know." In the good old days, his father had not bothered about the birth of a third son. The v.v.i.p. instantly rose to the occasion and said: "Let us share birthdays and pretend that mine is yours!" And so for fifteen years this legerdemain was publicly maintained

by the propaganda squad and paid stooges of the party in power! "Intreat me not to leave Thee . . . whither thou goest I will go . . . thy God my God, thy birthday my birthday."

Had Don Stephen been born in England, he would have been, in his own right, Lord Stephen Viscount Senanayake. Don is short for Dom short for Dominus. The Portuguese were careful to select which black man shall be dom. But there was not even the remotest trace of baronial empedestalment about our Stephen. He remained a man of childlike goodness and goodwill to the end. It may be said of him that he firmly established the Actonian dictum that absolute power absolutely corrupts by proving himself the one outstanding exception to it. How many and manifold were the astute attempts to corrupt and seduce this simple man! He would be called to operation wards; he would be taken to lonely farms; dying men peering over the rim of hell with dying eyes would send for him and gasp with stuttering lips through the orifice of the Oxygen tube: "Sir, look after" (A or B, as the case may be). All these blandishments he took in his stride. He never practised double talk or double think or knew, except meta-physically perhaps, double feel. He remained as straight as that bat which he used to plunge with force into the ambient air as a boy, with "atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies" and a back as spacious as Galle Face green.

Stephen Senanayake and P. Sara! May these two good friends, now joying together in the cloudcarpeted playing fields of Paradise, be an example to move us, who live in this earthly paradise, to remember that we are *Ceylonese* first, and Sinhalese, Tamils, Indians, Malays, Muslims, Burghers and British only thereafter.

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."—HORACE MANN,

to his students on the day he died (1859).

IN PRAISE OF CEYLON

[This poem is by a Tamil-Ceylonese who took the noncommunal sobriquet of "S.R. Ceylon" thirty years ago].

THIS blue lotus about the white feet of Hindosthan, this Island of Dusky Leaves—Thamraparnu, Serendib— behold our Lanka, legend-laved Lanka, jewel of the sea.

From the first beginnings of the first footsteps of Time her name has been upon the lips of men.

From the four corners of the world they have come, swinging censers of teeming praise.

See then, Colombo, our first of cities, sun burnt.

Red walls, red roofs, red gates.

See the hazy, drowsy homes of Colombo, nestling within clumps of heavy-green leafage.

See the rust-red roads, the saffron sheen of olive-yellow flowers.

Journey now to Kandy.

The rugged, wind-lashed tops of crouching mountains ; terrace upon terrace of meekly bowing paddy-fields, gold-green ; river countries fledged with woodlands, green and yellow and brown, sweeping away ; caverns of perpetual green ; the lisping sound of unregarded rivulets ; the leaping glory of savage waterfalls ; strange-shaped flowers, blue and violet, with innocent, miminy mouths.

And so Kandy, that cupped-up paradise.

A toy city of straight streets. A white city midst green hills.

That lake of Kandy, the eye of Kandy.

On misty moon-white nights, seated beside that tiny water, watching the darting splendour of long yellow rays of light as they shiver and yip in the ice-cold water, one dreams . . .

And then Uduwattakale, half wilderness, half fairy land.

The mellow purl of distant water ; dim regions of low-lidded twilight ; sudden swoops of birds ; secret places full of sweets untold, alive with hiding things.

The beloved of lovers.

Then Nuwara Eliya of the green lawns, our sister of sweet health.

City of Light. City of the clear air.

City of my Lady Seetha.

Then Jaffna.

Her secluded almond-coloured lanes ; her countless temples with their myriad lamplets ; the sinuous chant of conch-shells ; her jasmine-bowered homes ; her hatched gateways.

Many are her allurements—our mother of the troubled brow.

The Asian noon-glory of her blue skies ; the peace of her at eventide ; the milk-whiteness of her moonlight nights ; the lovesome beauty of numerous lotus-covered ponds, rose-pink with lotus blooms.

You gaze upon the setting sun. The leaves are hushed. The very dust of the road is bowed in silence. A great Peace comes. Out there, in the dying sky, a trooping of colours. Night places her cold hands upon the eyes of day.

And so Anurajapura, city of destiny, in her cerement of dead leaves.

The darkened trees seem heavy with the pain of faded centuries.

“I represent a party which does not exist, the party of the Twentieth Century, out of which will come first of all the United States of Europe and after that the United States of Asia and after that the United States of the World.”—VICTOR HUGO, adapted.

TRIBUTE TO FATHER HERAS

KINGS upon their thrones, Midas in robes of state, princes in panoply cannot compare in grandeur to the concept of the man of learning seated at his wooden desk in simple garb in his quiet book-laden chamber, reading, pondering, writing. Many are the claims of the Catholic Church to human gratitude. In ages to come, it will be remembered for the Church of Rome that she fostered Father Heras.

Father Heras's achievement is no less, and none other, than a complete revolution in human thinking. It stands equivalent to the world-shaking discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and Einstein. This magnitude of human achievement this humble priest has reached, let all young men and women remember—by the simple process of following the Truth whithersoever it may lead. "Out of a scholarly controversy, conducted with impartiality and sincerity, with the sole object of discovering truth, truth will always spring triumphantly in the long run." This is the first sentence of Father Heras's Introduction to his epochal studies based upon excavations in and around Mohenjo-Daro, Harappä, Chanchu-Daro and other sites in the valley of the Indus. The Father's first sentence may well be copied in ink of gold and kept upon the study-table of every student in India, Malaya and Ceylon. It embodies all of the law and the prophets. *Audi alteram partem. Magna est veritas—et praevalerebit.*

What precisely is Father Heras's contribution to human learning? It may be put, graphically, in this way. Mohtilal Nehru once described the renowned and revered Sadhasiva Iyer as "damned Madrasi." Mohtilal did no more than give utterance to the common concept that the Dravidian was an aborigine, a savage, a primitive, a few feet only from the treetops, whom the highly civilised white-skinned Aryans conquered and drove into the southlands of the Indian land, *trä vida*, the far, far country. This concept Dr. Romesh Chandra Dutt has put thus:*

"The aborigines retreated before the more civilised organi-

* Dutt, *The Civilization of India*, p. 3.

zation of the Äryans, but hung around in fastnesses and forests . . . with the tenacity which is peculiar to barbarians, they fought for centuries as they retreated; they interrupted the religious sacrifices of the conquerors, despised their 'bright gods,' and plundered their wealth. But the Äryans conquered in the end; the area of civilization widened, and the barbarians either submitted to the conquerors or retreated to those hills and mountains where their descendants still live."

But what is the naked truth?

Let Father Heras say it in his own words, a judgment he has made after years of patient probing of all the evidence: "We are therefore *forced to acknowledge* that the Dravidians of India, after a long period of development in this country, travelled westwards, and settling successively in the various lands, spread their race, and made their civilization flourish in two continents, *being thus the originators of the modern world civilization.*"

It is a thrilling thing for a man of today to be told that such words as Kadavul, äl, paravai, mìn, maram, malai, nìr, Kudai, tìrpu, yäl, tìr, vël, Kovil, ur, nilä, kodi, kan, pidi, kön, ävi, pakal, makan, mukil, ten, tiri, tari, vëläl, peräl, nalvidu, udayan, oruvan, aividu, aivìdan, urveli, ctur, mìnvali, kälai,—and many similar words,—which he heard from his mother's lips, were being daily uttered by a highly civilised people ten thousand years ago. "Andavar" is a word the Tamil utters everyday and throughout the day. It is derived from Än, the Mohenjodarian word for God.

Än. Änendavar. Ändavar.

"Justice and Truth, my dear Loyson, exist only in as much as men desire them. And they are but lukewarm in their desire."

—ANATOLE FRANCE.

The Tainmill

REVERENCE

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

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . In Him was Life ; And the Life was the Light of Men. And the Light shineth in darkness.

The Gospel of St. John.

* * * *

I love to express myself, and I created the World . . . Do not speak ill of the Universe, for I am the Universe.

The Holy Quran.

* * * *

Now then, O Monks, I address you. Subject to decay are compound things. Strive with Earnestness.

The Last Words of the Buddha.

* * * *

Of what avail is knowledge, if the scholar adores not the feet of Him who is Immaculate Wisdom.

Thiruvalluvar (Kural).

O Spirit, That dost prefer,
Before all Temples the upright heart and pure.

John Milton—“Paradise Lost.”

* * * *

We see the flowers fade, and the leaves drop, but we also
see the fruits ripen and the buds form. Life belongs to
the living, and we who live must be ready for change.

Goethe.

* * * *

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster . . .

Alfred Tennyson (In Memoriam).

* * * *

Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life.—*William Blake.*

“ Our Master Poet has bidden us sing. We play on our harps to
an invisible melody and oft quarrel over our diverse tunes. He
sits smiling, for He finds in them His own Voice.”

NAMMALVAR (Translation from the Tamil).

THE MAKING OF MODERN AMERICA

[Columbus sailed westward to test the sphericity of the earth. He proposed to reach China and India in that way. In the course of his voyage he discovered unknown lands which he named America after Amerigo Vespucci, the discoverer of the mainland of South America.

To this new world went the nations of Europe, chief among them the English. England gave to this new land her great language ; and, a gift even greater, that sturdy spirit of independence from which stems the grand principle that all men are equal. This spirit manifested itself in the new country in many ways. We shall give our Readers from time to time authentic reproductions of the many great instruments and documents which have gone to the making of modern America. We give below a document which illustrates that the way of democracy is never easy. It came to be drafted in this wise. Every one knows of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Mayflower. In search of liberty of conscience, a small congregation from a little village in England migrated to Holland that it might organize its own worship of God free from all interference. From Holland these lovers of freedom went to America and took with them the same democratic background which had been theirs in England and in Holland.

But power corrupts. In the State of Massachusetts a band of so-called "leaders" took all political power to themselves. Only they could exercise the franchise. And they contrived to elect themselves or their acknowledged supporters to all the public offices including judicial offices. They packed the Service with picked yesmen. They were thus both electorate and government. Naturally the people, or "Settlers" as they were called, began to agitate for their rights. They insisted on a share of the power which the oligarchy was enjoying. They insisted on a codification of the laws ; for, until then, the judges, who were all members and supporters of the party in power, were able to administer the law in a way to please the government. In this state of affairs, a lawyer called Nathaniel Ward drafted the first code of laws established in New England. These came to be known as "THE BODY OF LIBERTIES," and were

established by the Massachusetts General Court in December, 1641. We reproduce the principal parts of "The Liberties" in the "very wording and spelling of the compiler.]

WE hould it therefore our dutie and safetie whilst we are about the further establishing of this Government to collect and expresse all such freedoms as for present we foresee may concerne us, and our posteritie after us, And to ratify them with our sollemne consent.

Wee doe therefore this day religiously and unanimously decree and confirme these following Rites, liberties, and priveledges concerneing our Churches, and Civil State to be respectively, impartiallie, and inviolably enjoyed and observed throughout our Jurisdiction for ever.

1. No mans life shall be taken away, no mans honour or good name shall be stayned, no mans person shall be arested, restrayned, banished, dismembred, nor any wayes punished, no man shall be deprived of his wife or children, no mans goods or estaite shall be taken away from him, nor any way indammaged under colour of law or Countenance of Authoritie, unlesse it be by vertue or equitie of some expresse law of the Country waranting the same, established by a generall Court and sufficiently published, or in case of the defect of a law in any partecular case by the word of God. And in Capitall cases, or in cases concerning dismembring or banishment according to that word to be judged by the Generall Court.

2. Every person within this Jurisdiction, whether Inhabitant or forreiner, shall enjoy the same justice and law, that is generall for the plantation, which we constitute and execute one towards another without partialitie or delay.

3. No man shall be urged to take any oath or subscribe any articles, covenants or remonstrance, of a publique and Civil nature, but such as the Generall Court hath considered, allowed, and required.

4. No man shall be punished for not appearing at or before any Civil Assembly, Court, Councill, Magistrate, or Officer, nor for the omission of any office or service, if he

shall be necessarily hindred by any apparent Act or providence of God, which he could neither foresee nor avoid. Provided that this law shall not prejudice any person of his just cost or damage, in any civil action.

5. No man shall be compelled to any publique worke or service unlesse the presse be grounded upon some act of the generall Court, and have reasonable allowance therefore.

6. No man shall be pressed in person to any office, worke, warres, or other publique service, that is necessarily and suffitiently exempted by any naturall or personall impediment, as by want of yeares, greatnes of age, defect of minde, fayling of sences, or impotencie of Lymbes . . .

11. All persons which are of the age of 21 yeares, and of right understanding and meamories, whether excommunicate or condemned shall have full power and libertie to make there wills and testaments, and other lawfull alienations of their lands and estates.

12. Every man whether Inhabitant or fforreiner, free or not free shall have libertie to come to any publique Court, Councel, or Towne meeting, and either by speech or writeing to move any lawfull, seasonable, and materiall question, or to present any necessary motion, complaint, petition, Bill or information, whereof that meeting hath proper cognizance, so it be done in convenient time, due order, and respective manner . . .

17. Every man of or within this Jurisdiction shall have free libertie, notwithstanding any Civil power to remove both himselfe, and his familie at their pleasure out of the same, provided there be no legall impediment to the contrarie.

Rites, Rules, and Liberties concerning Juditiall Proceedings

18. No mans person shall be restrained or imprisoned by any authority whatsoever, before the law hath sentenced him thereto, if he can put in sufficient securitie, bayle or mainprise, for his appearance, and good behaviour in the meane time, unlesse it be in Crimes Capitall, and Contempts in open Court, and in such cases where some expresse act of Court doth allow it

26. Every man that findeth himselfe unfit to plead his owne cause in any Court shall have Libertie to imploy any man against whom the Court doth not except, to helpe him, Provided he give him noe fee or reward for his paines. This shall not exempt the partie him selfe from Answering such Questions in person as the Court shall thinke meete to demand of him.

27. If any plantife shall give into any Court a declaration of his cause in writeing, The defendant shall also have libertie and time to give in his answer in writeing, And so in all further proceedings betwene partie and partie, So it doth not further hinder the dispatch of Justice then the Court shall be willing unto.

28. The plantife in all Actions brought in any Court shall have libertie to wihdraw his Action, or to be nonsuited before the Jurie hath given in their verdict, in which case he shall alwaies pay full cost and chardges to the defendant, and may afterwards renew his suite at an other Court if he please.

29. In all actions at law it shall be the libertie of the plantife and defendant by mutual consent to choose whether they will be tryed by the Bench or by a Jurie, unlesse it be where the law upon just reason hath otherwise determined. The like libertie shall be granted to all persons in Criminall cases.

30. It shall be in the libertie both of plantife and defendant, and likewise every delinquent (to be judged by a Jurie) to challenge any of the Jurors. And if his challenge be found just and reasonable by the Bench, or the rest of the Jurie, as the challenger shall choose it shall be allowed him, and tales de cercumstantibus impaneled in their room.

33. No mans person shall be arrested, or impropsoned upon execution or judgment for any debt or fine, If the law can finde competent meanes of satisfaction otherwise from his estaite, and if not his person may be arrested and imprisoned where he shall be kept at his owne charge, not the plantife's till satisfaction be made, unless the Court that had cognizance of the cause or some superior Court shall otherwise provide.

34. If any man shall be proved and Judged a common Barrator vexing others with unjust frequent and endlesse suites, It shall be in the power of Courts both to denie him the benefit of the law, and to punish him for his Barratry.

35. No mans corne nor hay that is in the feild or upon the Cart, nor his garden stuffe, nor any thing subject to present decay, shall be taken in any distresse, unles he that takes it doth presently bestow it where it may not be imbesled nor suffer spoile or decay, or give securitie to satisfie the worth thereof if it come to any harme

42. No man shall be twice sentenced by Civil Justice for one and the same Crime, offence, or Trespasse.

43. No man shall be beaten with above 40 stripes, nor shall any true gentleman, nor any man equall to a gentleman be punished with whipping, unles his crime be very shamefull, and his course of life vitious and profligate.

44. No man condemned to dye shall be put to death within fower dayes next after his condemnation, unless the Court see spetiall cause to the contrary, or in case of martiall law, nor shall the body of any man so put to death be unburied 12 howers unlesse it be in case of Anatomie.

45. No man shall be forced by Torture to confesse any Crime against himselfe nor any other unlesse it be in some Capital case, where he is first fullie convicted by cleare and suffitient evidence to be guilty, After which if the cause be of that nature, That it is very apparent there be other conspiratours, or confederates with him, Then he may be tortured, yet not with such Tortures as be Barbarous and inhumane.

46. For bodilie punishments we allow amongst us none that are inhumane Barbarous or cruel.

47. No man shall be put to death without the testimony of two or three witnesses or that which is equivalent thereunto.

48. Every Inhabitant of the Countrie shall have free libertie to search and veewe any Roolles, Records, or Regesters of any Court or office except the Councill, And

to have a transcript or exemplification thereof written examined, and signed by the hand of the officer of the office paying the appointed fees therefore.

49. No free man shall be compelled to serve upon Juries above two Courts in a yeare, except grand Jurie men, who shall hould two Courts together at the least.

50. All Jurors shall be chosen continuallie by the freemen of the Towne where they dwell . . .

Liberties of Women

79. If any man at his death shall not leave his wife a competent portion of his estaite, upon just complaint made to the Generall Court she shall be relieved.

80. Everie marryed woeman shall be free from bodilie correction or stripes by her husband, unlesse it be in his owne defence upon her assalt. If there be any just cause of correction complaint shall be made to Authoritie assembled in some Court, from which onely she shall receive it . . .

Liberties of Children

83. If any parents shall wilfullie and unreasonably deny any childe timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnaturall severitie towards them, such children shall have free libertie to complaine to Authoritie for redresse . . .

Liberties of Servants

85. If any servants shall flee from the Tiranny and crueltie of their masters to the howse of any freeman of the same Towne, they shall be there protected and susteyned till due order be taken for their relife. Provided due notice thereof be speedily given to their maisters from whom they fled. And the next Assistant or Constable where the partie flying is harboured . . .

87. If any man smite out the eye or tooth of his man-servant, or maid servant, or otherwise mayme or much disfigure him, unlesse it be by meere casualtie, he shall let them goe free from his service. And shall have such further recompense as the Court shall allow him.

88. Servants that have served deligentlie and faithfully to the benefit of their maisters seaven yearse, shall not be sent away emptie. And if any have bene unfaithfull, negligent or unprofitable in their service, notwithstanding the good usage of their maisters, they shall not be dismissed till they have made satisfaction according to the Judgement of Authoritie.

Liberties of Forreiners and Strangers

89. If any people of other Nations professing the true Christian Religion shall flee to us from the Tiranny or oppression of their persecutors, or from famyne, warres, or the like necessary and compulsarie cause, They shall be entertayned and succoured amongst us, according to that power and prudence, god shall give us.

90. If any ships or other vessels, be it freind or enemy, shall suffer shipwrack upon our Coast, there shall be no violence or wrong offered to their persons or goods. But their persons shall be harboured, and relieved, and their goods preserved in safety till Authoritie may be certified thereof, and shall take further order therein.

91. There shall never be any bond slaverie, villinage or Captivitie amongst us unless it be lawfull Captives taken in just warres, and such strangers as willingly selle themselves or are sold to us. And these shall have all the liberties and Christian usages which the law of god established in Israell concerning such persons doeth morally require. This exempts none from servitude who shall be judged thereto by Authoritie.

Off the Bruite Creature

92. No man shall exercise any Tiranny or Crueltie towards any brute Creature which are usuallie kept for man's use.

93. If any man shall have occasion to leade or drive Cattel from place to place that is far of, so that they be weary, or hungry, or fall sick, or lambe, It shall be lawful to rest or refresh them, for competant time, in any open place that is not Corne, meadow, or inclosed for some peculiar use.

A FAMOUS SPEECH

[The political ideal of Democracy in the West was first conceived and practised by the Greeks. The Greek ideal has been the parent of the modern democracies of Western Europe and the United States of America. Ceylon has inherited her political principles and ideals from England.]

A Constitution is after all an idea. The most nicely conceived Constitution will remain but a scrap of paper without the aid of trained and developed minds endowed with vision and the determination—to work it.

The Democratic Ideal cannot be maintained by a group of mentally impoverished and illeducated legislators whose chief ambition is the achievement—and enjoyment—of power.

We give below a famous speech of old time which expresses in noble words the elements that combine to make a State a true democracy.]

“**O**UR form of Government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbours, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognised ; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition.

“ There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbour if he does what he likes ; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts ; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an

especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

“ And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil ; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year ; at home the style of our life is refined ; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us ; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own . . . Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, where as they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face . . . We are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace ; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it.

“ An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household ; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless character.

“ The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance, but hesitate upon reflection . . . In doing good, again, we are unlike others ; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favours . . .

“ To sum up, I say that Athens is the School of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact ; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the State.”

Pericles—Reported by Thucydides;

Jowett's translation.

“ In things essential Unity ; in things doubtful Liberty : in all things Charity.”—OLD SAYING.

A PAGE OF SCIENCE

[Thanks to two very great men, Louis Pasteur of France and Joseph Lister of England, every child of to-day knows that infinitesimally small creatures made by Nature and known as germs cause all the diseases of the world. Thus every child of to-day knows of the extreme importance of scrupulous cleanliness of his body, his clothes, his bed, his room, his home. The Reader, and especially the medical student reader will be glad to read the very words in which Lord Lister (as he later became), announced his antiseptic surgical methods. Lister was born at Upton, Essex, England, in 1827. He received his general education at the University of London. He studied medicine in London and Edinburgh. Later he became professor of surgery at Glasgow, at Edinburgh and at King's College Hospital, London, and surgeon to Queen Victoria.]

On the Antiseptic Principle of the Practice of Surgery (1867)

IN the course of an extended investigation into the nature of inflammation, and the healthy and morbid conditions of the blood in relation to it, I arrived several years ago at the conclusion that the essential cause of suppuration in wounds is decomposition brought about by the influence of the atmosphere upon blood or serum retained within them, and, in the case of contused wounds, upon portions of tissue destroyed by the violence of the injury.

To prevent the occurrence of suppuration with all its attendant risks was an object manifestly desirable, but till lately apparently unattainable since it seemed hopeless to attempt to exclude the oxygen which was universally regarded as the agent by which putrefaction was effected. But when it had been shown by the researches of Pasteur that the septic properties of the atmosphere depended not on the oxygen, or any gaseous constituent, but on minute organisms suspended in it, which owed their energy to their vitality, it occurred to me that decomposition in the injured part might be avoided without excluding the air, by apply-

ing as a dressing some material capable of destroying the life of the floating particles. Upon this principle I have based a practice of which I will now attempt to give a short account.

The material which I have employed is carbolic or phenic acid, a volatile organic compound, which appears to exercise a peculiarly destructive influence upon low forms of life, and hence is the most powerful antiseptic with which we are at present acquainted.

The first class of cases to which I applied it was that of compound fractures, in which the effects of decomposition in the injured part were especially striking and pernicious. The results have been such as to establish conclusively the great principle that all local inflammatory mischief and general febrile disturbances which follow severe injuries are due to the irritating and poisonous influence of decomposing blood or sloughs. For these evils are entirely avoided by the antiseptic treatment, so that limbs which would otherwise be unhesitatingly condemned to amputation may be retained, with confidence of the best results.

In conducting the treatment, the first object must be the destruction of any septic germs which may have been introduced into the wounds, either at the moment of the accident or during the time which has since elapsed. This is done by introducing the acid of full strength into all accessible recesses of the wound by means of a piece of rag held in dressing forceps and dipped into the liquid.¹ This I did not venture to do in the earlier cases; but experience has shown that the compound which carbolic acid forms with the blood, and also any portions of tissue killed by its caustic action, including even parts of the bone, are disposed of by absorption and organisation, provided they are afterwards kept from decomposing. We are thus enabled to employ the antiseptic treatment efficiently at a period after the occurrence of the injury at which it would otherwise probably fail. Thus I have now under my care, in Glasgow Infirmary, a boy who was admitted with compound fracture of the leg as late as eight and one-half hours after the accident, in whom, nevertheless, all local

1. The addition of a few drops of water to a considerable quantity of the acid induces it to assume permanently the liquid form.

and constitutional disturbance was avoided by means of carbolic acid, and the bones were soundly united five weeks after his admission.

The next object to be kept in view is to guard effectually against the spreading of decomposition into the wound along the stream of blood and serum which oozes out during the first few days after the accident, when the acid originally applied has been washed out or dissipated by absorption and evaporation. This part of the treatment has been greatly improved during the past few weeks. The method which I have hitherto published (see *Lancet* for Mar. 16th, 23rd, 30th, and April 27th of the present year) consisted in the application of a piece of lint dipped in the acid, overlapping the sound skin to some extent and covered with a tin cap, which was daily raised in order to touch the surface of the lint with the antiseptic. This method certainly succeeded well with wounds of moderate size; and indeed I may say that in all the many cases of this kind which have been so treated by myself or my house-surgeons, not a single failure has occurred. When, however, the wound is very large, the flow of blood and serum is so profuse, especially during the first twenty-four hours, that the antiseptic application cannot prevent the spread of decomposition into the interior unless it overlaps the sound skin for a very considerable distance, and this was inadmissible by the method described above, on account of the extensive sloughing of the surface of the cutis which it would involve. This difficulty has, however, been overcome by employing a paste composed of common whiting (carbonate of lime), mixed with a solution of one part of carbolic acid in four parts of boiled linseed oil so as to form a firm putty. This application contains the acid in too dilute a form to excoriate the skin, which it may be made to cover to any extent that may be thought desirable, while its substance serves as a reservoir of the antiseptic material. So long as any discharge continues, the paste should be changed daily, and, in order to prevent the chance of mischief occurring during the process, a piece of rag dipped in the solution of carbolic acid in oil is put on next the skin, and maintained there permanently, care being taken to avoid raising it along with the putty. This rag is always kept in an antiseptic condition from

contact with the paste above it, and destroys any germs which may fall upon it during the short time that should alone be allowed to pass in the changing of the dressing. The putty should be in a layer about a quarter of an inch thick, and may be advantageously applied rolled out between two pieces of thin calico, which maintain it in the form of a continuous sheet, which may be wrapped in a moment round the whole circumference of a limb if this be thought desirable, while the putty is prevented by the calico from sticking to the rag which is next the skin.² When all discharge has ceased, the use of the paste is discontinued, but the original rag is left adhering to the skin till healing by scabbing is supposed to be complete. I have at present in the hospital a man with severe compound fracture of both bones of the left leg, caused by direct violence, who, after the cessation of the sanious discharge under the use of the paste, without a drop of pus appearing, has been treated for the last two weeks exactly as if the fracture was a simple one. During this time the rag, adhering by means of a crust of inspissated blood collected beneath it, has continued perfectly dry, and it will be left untouched till the usual period for removing the splints in a simple fracture, when we may fairly expect to find a sound cicatrix beneath it.

We cannot, however, always calculate on so perfect a result as this. More or less pus may appear after the lapse of the first week, and the larger the wound, the more likely this is to happen. And here I would desire earnestly to enforce the necessity of persevering with the antiseptic application in spite of the appearance of suppuration, so long as other symptoms are favourable. The surgeon is extremely apt to suppose that any suppuration is an indication that the antiseptic treatment has failed, and that poulticing or water dressing should be resorted to. But such a course would in many cases sacrifice a limb or a life. I cannot, however, expect my professional brethren to follow my advice blindly in such a matter, and therefore I

2. In order to prevent evaporation of the acid, which passes readily through any organic tissue, such as oiled silk or gutta percha, it is well to cover the paste with a sheet of block tin, or tinfoil strengthened with adhesive plaster. The thin sheet lead used for lining tea chests will also answer the purpose, and may be obtained from any wholesale grocer.

feel it necessary to place before them, as shortly as I can, some pathological principles intimately connected, not only with the point we are immediately considering, but with the whole subject of this paper.

If a perfectly healthy granulating sore be well washed and covered with a plate of clean metal, such as block tin, fitting its surface pretty accurately, and overlapping the surrounding skin an inch or so in every direction and retained in position by adhesive plaster and a bandage, it will be found, on removing it after twenty-four or forty-eight hours, that little or nothing that can be called pus is present, merely a little transparent fluid, while at the same time there is an entire absence of the unpleasant odour invariably perceived when water dressing is changed. Here the clean metallic surface presents no recesses like those of porous lint for the septic germs to develop in, the fluid exuding from the surface of the granulations has flowed away undecomposed, and the result is the absence of suppuration. This simple experiment illustrates the important fact that granulations have no inherent tendency to form pus, but do so only when subjected to preternatural stimulus. Further, it shows that the mere contact of a foreign body does not of itself stimulate granulations to suppurate; whereas the presence of decomposing organic matter does. These truths are even more strikingly exemplified by the fact that I have elsewhere recorded (*Lancet*, March 23rd, 1867), that a piece of dead bone free from decomposition may not only fail to induce the granulations around it to suppurate, but may actually be absorbed by them; whereas a bit of dead bone soaked with putrid pus infallibly induces suppuration in its vicinity.

Another instructive experiment is, to dress a granulating sore with some of the putty above described, overlapping the sound skin extensively; when we find, in the course of twenty-four hours, that pus has been produced by the sore, although the application has been perfectly antiseptic; and, indeed, the larger the amount of carbolic acid in the paste, the greater is the quantity of pus formed, provided we avoid such a proportion as would act as a caustic. The carbolic acid, though it prevents decomposition, induces suppuration—obviously by acting as a

chemical stimulus ; and we may safely infer that putrescent organic materials (which we know to be chemically acrid) operate in the same way.

In so far, then, carbolic acid and decomposing substances are alike ; viz., that they induce suppuration by chemical stimulation, as distinguished from what may be termed simple inflammatory suppuration, such as that in which ordinary abscesses originate—where the pus appears to be formed in consequence of an excited action of the nerves, independently of any other stimulus. There is, however, this enormous difference between the effects of carbolic acid and those of decomposition ; viz., that carbolic acid stimulates only the surface to which it is at first applied, and every drop of discharge that forms weakens the stimulant by diluting it ; but decomposition is a self-propagating and self-aggravating poison, and, if it occur at the surface of a severely injured limb, it will spread into all its recesses so far as any extravasated blood or shreds of dead tissue may extend, and lying in those recesses, it will become from hour to hour more acrid, till it requires the energy of a caustic sufficient to destroy the vitality of any tissues naturally weak from inferior vascular supply, or weakened by the injury they sustained in the accident.

Hence it is easy to understand how, when a wound is very large, the crust beneath the rag may prove here and there insufficient to protect the raw surface from the stimulating influence of the carbolic acid in the putty ; and the result will be first the conversion of the tissues so acted on into granulations, and subsequently the formation of more or less pus. This, however, will be merely superficial, and will not interfere with the absorption and organisation of extravasated blood or dead tissues in the interior. But, on the other hand, should decomposition set in before the internal parts have become securely consolidated, the most disastrous results may ensue.

I left behind me in Glasgow a boy, thirteen years of age, who, between three and four weeks previously, met with a most severe injury to the left arm, which he got entangled in a machine at a fair. There was a wound six inches long and three inches broad, and the skin was very extensively undermined beyond its limits, while the

soft parts were generally so much lacerated that a pair of dressing forceps introduced at the wound and pushed directly inwards appeared beneath the skin at the opposite aspect of the limb. From this wound several tags of muscle were hanging, and among them was one consisting of about three inches of the triceps in almost its entire thickness ; while the lower fragment of the bone, which was broken high up, was protruding four inches and a half, stripped of muscle, the skin being tucked in under it. Without the assistance of the antiseptic treatment, I should certainly have thought of nothing else but amputation at the shoulder-joint ; but, as the radial pulse could be felt and the fingers had sensation, I did not hesitate to try to save the limb and adopted the plan of treatment above described, wrapping the arm from the shoulder to below the elbow in the antiseptic application, the whole interior of the wound, together with the protruding bone, having previously been freely treated with strong carbolic acid. About the tenth day, the discharge, which up to that time had been only sanious and serous, showed a slight admixture of slimy pus ; and this increased till (a few days before I left) it amounted to about three drachms in twenty-four hours. But the boy continued as he had been after the second day, free from unfavourable symptoms, with pulse, tongue, appetite, and sleep natural and strength increasing, while the limb remained as it had been from the first, free from swelling, redness, or pain. I, therefore, persevered with the antiseptic dressing ; and, before I left, the discharge was already somewhat less, while the bone was becoming firm. I think it likely that, in that boy's case, I should have found merely a superficial sore had I taken off all the dressings at the end of the three weeks ; though, considering the extent of the injury, I thought it prudent to let the month expire before disturbing the rag next the skin. But I feel sure that, if I had resorted to ordinary dressing when the pus first appeared, the progress of the case would have been exceedingly different.

The next class of cases to which I have applied the antiseptic treatment is that of abscesses. Here also the results have been extremely satisfactory, and in beautiful harmony with the pathological principles indicated above. The pyogenic membrane, like the granulations of a sore,

which it resembles in nature, forms pus, not from any inherent disposition to do so, but only because it is subjected to some preternatural stimulation. In an ordinary abscess, whether acute or chronic, before it is opened the stimulus which maintains the suppuration is derived from the presence of pus pent up within the cavity. When a free opening is made in the ordinary way, this stimulus is got rid of, but the atmosphere gaining access to the contents, the potent stimulus of decomposition comes into operation, and pus is generated in greater abundance than before. But when the evacuation is effected on the antiseptic principle, the pyogenic membrane, freed from the influence of the former stimulus without the substitution of a new one, ceases to suppurate (like the granulations of a sore under metallic dressing), furnishing merely a trifling amount of clear serum, and, whether the opening be dependent or not, rapidly contracts and coalesces. At the same time any constitutional symptoms previously occasioned by the accumulation of the matter are got rid of without the slightest risk of the irritative fever or hectic hitherto so justly dreaded in dealing with large abscesses.

In order that the treatment may be satisfactory, the abscess must be seen before it is opened. Then, except in very rare and peculiar cases,³ there are no septic organisms in the contents, so that it is needless to introduce carbolic acid into the interior. Indeed, such a procedure would be objectionable, as it would stimulate the pyogenic membrane to unnecessary suppuration. All that is requisite is to guard against the introduction of living atmospheric germs from without, at the same time that free opportunity is afforded for the escape of the discharge from within.

I have so lately given elsewhere a detailed account of the method by which this is effected (*Lancet*, July 27th, 1867), that I shall not enter into it at present further than to say that the means employed are the same as those described above for the superficial dressing of compound fractures; viz., a piece of rag dipped into the solution of carbolic acid in oil to serve as an antiseptic curtain, under

3. As an instance of one of these exceptional cases, I may mention that of an abscess in the vicinity of the colon, and afterwards proved by post-mortem examination to have once communicated with it. Here the pus was extremely offensive when evacuated, and exhibited vibrios under the microscope.

cover of which the abscess is evacuated by free incision, and the antiseptic paste to guard against decomposition occurring in the stream of pus that flows out beneath it; the dressing being changed daily until the sinus is closed.

The most remarkable results of this practice in a pathological point of view have been afforded by cases where the formation of pus depended on disease of bone. Here the abscesses, instead of forming exceptions to the general class in the obstinacy of the suppuration, have resembled the rest in yielding in a few days only a trifling discharge, and frequently the production of pus has ceased from the moment of the evacuation of the original contents. Hence it appears that caries, when no longer labouring as heretofore under the irritation of decomposing matter, ceases to be an opprobrium of surgery, and recovers like other inflammatory affections. In the publication before alluded to, I have mentioned the case of a middle-aged man with a psoas abscess depending in diseased bone, in whom the sinus finally closed after months of patient perseverance with the antiseptic treatment. Since that article was written I have had another instance of abscess equally gratifying, but the differing in the circumstance that the disease and the recovery were more rapid in their course. The patient was a blacksmith, who had suffered four and a half months before I saw him from symptoms of ulceration of cartilage in the left elbow. These had latterly increased in severity so as to deprive him entirely of his night's rest and of appetite. I found the region of the elbow greatly swollen, and on careful examination found a fluctuating point at the outer aspect of the articulation. I opened it on the antiseptic principle, the incision evidently penetrating to the joint, giving exit to a few drachms of pus. The medical gentleman under whose care he was (Dr. Macgregor, of Glasgow) supervised the daily dressing with the carbolic acid paste till the patient went to spend two or three weeks at the coast, when his wife was entrusted with it. Just two months after I opened the abscess, he called to show me the limb, stating that the discharge had been, for at least two weeks, as little as it was then, a trifling moisture upon the paste, such as might be accounted for by the little sore caused by the incision. On applying a probe guarded with an

antiseptic rag, I found that the sinus was soundly closed, while the limb was free from swelling or tenderness ; and, although he had not attempted to exercise it much, the joint could already be moved through a considerable angle. Here the antiseptic principle had effected the restoration of a joint, which, on any other known system of treatment, must have been excised.

Ordinary contused wounds are, of course, amenable to the same treatment as compound fractures, which are a complicated variety of them. I will content myself with mentioning a single instance of this class of cases. In April last, a volunteer was discharging a rifle when it burst, and blew back the thumb with its metacarpal bone, so that it could be bent back as on a hinge at the trapezial joint, which had evidently been opened, while all the soft parts between the metacarpal bones of the thumb and forefinger were torn through. I need not insist before my present audience on the ugly character of such an injury. My house-surgeon, Mr. Hector Cameron, applied carbolic acid to the whole raw surface, and completed the dressing as if for compound fracture. The hand remained free from pain, redness or swelling, and with the exception of a shallow groove, all the wound consolidated without a drop of matter, so that if it had been a clean cut, it would have been regarded as a good example of primary union. The small granulating surface soon healed, and at present a linear cicatrix alone tells of the injury he has sustained, while his thumb has all its movements and his hand a fine grasp.

If the severest forms of contused and lacerated wounds heal thus kindly under the antiseptic treatment, it is obvious that its application to simple incised wounds must be merely a matter of detail. I have devoted a good deal of attention to this class, but I have not as yet pleased myself altogether with any of the methods I have employed. I am, however, prepared to go so far as to say that a solution of carbolic acid in twenty parts of water, while a mild and cleanly application, may be relied on for destroying any septic germs that may fall upon the wound during the performance of an operation ; and also that, for preventing the subsequent introduction of others, the paste above described, applied as for compound fractures, gives

excellent results. Thus I have had a case of strangulated inguinal hernia, in which it was necessary to take away half a pound of thickened omentum, heal without any deep-seated suppuration or any tenderness of the sac or any fever; and amputations, including one immediately below the knee, have remained absolutely free from constitutional symptoms.

Further, I have found that when the antiseptic treatment is efficiently conducted, ligatures may be safely cut short and left to be disposed of by absorption or otherwise. Should this particular branch of the subject yield all that it promises, should it turn out on further trial that when the knot is applied on the antiseptic principle, we may calculate as securely as if it were absent on the occurrence of healing without any deep-seated suppuration, the delegation of main arteries in their continuity will be deprived of the two dangers that now attend it, viz., those of secondary hæmorrhage and an unhealthy state of the wound. Further, it seems not unlikely that the present objection to tying an artery in the immediate vicinity of a large branch may be done away with; and that even the innominate, which has lately been the subject of an ingenious experiment by one of the Dublin surgeons, on account of its well-known fatality under the ligature for secondary hæmorrhage, may cease to have this unhappy character when the tissues in the vicinity of the thread, instead of becoming softened through the influence of an irritating decomposing substance, are left at liberty to consolidate firmly near an unoffending though foreign body.

It would carry me far beyond the limited time which, by the rules of the Association, is alone at my disposal, were I to enter into the various applications of the antiseptic principle in the several special departments of surgery.

There is, however, one point more that I cannot but advert to, viz., the influence of this mode of treatment upon the general healthiness of an hospital. Previously to its introduction the two large wards in which most of my cases of accident and of operation are treated were among the unhealthiest in the whole surgical division of the

Glasgow Royal Infirmary, in consequence apparently of those wards being unfavourably placed with reference to the supply of fresh air; and I have felt ashamed when recording the results of my practice, to have so often to allude to hospital gangrene or pyaemia. It was interesting, though melancholy, to observe that whenever all or nearly all the beds contained cases with open sores, these grievous complications were pretty sure to show themselves; so that I came to welcome simple fractures, though in themselves of little interest either for myself or the students, because their presence diminished the proportion of open sores among the patients. But since the antiseptic treatment has been brought into full operation, and wounds and abscesses no longer poison the atmosphere with putrid exhalations, my wards, though in other respects under precisely the same circumstances as before, have completely changed their character; so that during the last nine months not a single instance of pyaemia, hospital gangrene, or erysipelas has occurred in them.

As there appears to be no doubt regarding the cause of this change, the importance of the fact can hardly be exaggerated.

“ Science is nothing but trained and organized common sense . . . The chess-board is the world. The pieces are the phenomena of the Universe. The player on the other side is hidden from us. But we know that his play is always fair, just, and patient.”

THOMAS HUXLEY.

SAVANNAH-LA-MAR AND VISION OF LIFE

[*Thomas de Quincey was one of the great intellects of the world. But for his unfortunate addiction to drugs he might have equalled Shelley and Keats in achievement. These two pieces of writing display the magnificence of a mind as yet untarnished by opium.*]

GOD smote Savannah-la-mar, and in one night, by earthquake, removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean. And God said,—“Pompeii did I bury and conceal from men through seventeen centuries: this city I will bury, but not conceal. She shall be a monument to men of my mysterious anger, set in azure light through generations to come; for I will enshrine her in a crystal dome of my tropic seas.” This city, therefore, like a mighty galleon with all her apparel mounted, streamers flying, and tackling perfect, seems floating along the noiseless depths of ocean; and oftentimes in glassy calms, through the translucent atmosphere of water that now stretches like an air-woven awning above the silent encampment, mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces, count her gates, and number the spires of her churches. She is one ample cemetery, and *has* been for many a year; but, in the mighty calms that brood for weeks over tropic latitudes, she fascinates the eye with a *Fata-Morgana* revelation, as of human life still subsisting in submarine asylums sacred from the storms that torment our upper air.

Thither, lured by the loveliness of cerulean depths, by the peace of human dwellings privileged from molestation, by the gleam of marble altars sleeping in everlasting sanctity, oftentimes in dreams did I and the Dark Interpreter cleave the watery veil that divided us from her streets. We looked into the belfries, where the pendulous bells were waiting in vain for the summons which should awaken their marriage peals; together we touched the mighty organ-keys, that sang no *jubilates* for the ear of heaven, that sang no requiems for the ear of human

sorrow ; together we searched the silent nurseries, where the children were all asleep, and *had* been asleep through five generations. "They are waiting for the heavenly dawn," whispered the Interpreter to himself: "and, when *that* comes, the bells and the organs will utter a *jubilate* repeated by the echoes of Paradise." Then, turning to me, he said,—“This is sad, this is piteous ; but less would not have sufficed for the purpose of God. Look here. Put into a Roman clepsydra one hundred drops of water ; let these run out as the sands in an hour-glass, every drop measuring the hundredth part of a second, so that each shall represent but the three-hundred-and-sixty-thousandth part of an hour. Now, count the drops as they race along ; and, when the fiftieth of the hundred is passing, behold ! forty-nine are not, because already they have perished, and fifty are not, because they are yet to come. You see, therefore, how narrow, how incalculably narrow, is the true and actual present. Of that time which we call the present, hardly a hundredth part but belongs either to a past which has fled, or to a future which is still on the wing. It has perished, or it is not born. It was, or it is not. Yet even this approximation to the truth is *infinitely* false. For again subdivide that solitary drop, which only was found to represent the present, into a lower series of similar fractions, and the actual present which you arrest measures now but the thirty-sixth-millionth of an hour ; and so by infinite declensions the true and very present, in which only we live and enjoy, will vanish into a mote of a mote, distinguishable only by a heavenly vision. Therefore the present, which only man possesses, offers less capacity for his footing than the slenderest film that ever spider twisted from her womb. Therefore, also, even this incalculable shadow from the narrowest pencil of moonlight is more transitory than geometry can measure, or thought of angel can overtake. The time which *is* contracts into a mathematic point ; and even that point perishes a thousand times before we can utter its birth. All is finite in the present ; and even that finite is infinite in its velocity of flight towards death. But in God there is nothing finite ; but in God there is nothing transitory ; but in God there *can* be nothing that tends to death. Therefore it follows that for God there can be no present. The future is the present

of God, and to the future it is that He sacrifices the human present. Therefore it is that He works by earthquake. Therefore it is that He works by grief. O, deep is the ploughing of earthquake! O, deep"—(and his voice swelled like a *sanctus* rising from the choir of a cathedral)—“O, deep is the ploughing of grief! But oftentimes less would not suffice for the agriculture of God. Upon a night of earthquake He builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man. Upon the sorrow of an infant He raises oftentimes from human intellects glorious vintages that could not else have been. Less than these fierce ploughshares would not have stirred the stubborn soil. The one is needed for Earth, our planet,—for Earth itself as the dwelling-place of man; but the other is needed yet oftener for God’s mightiest instrument,—yes” (and he looked solemnly at myself), “is needed for the mysterious children of the Earth.”

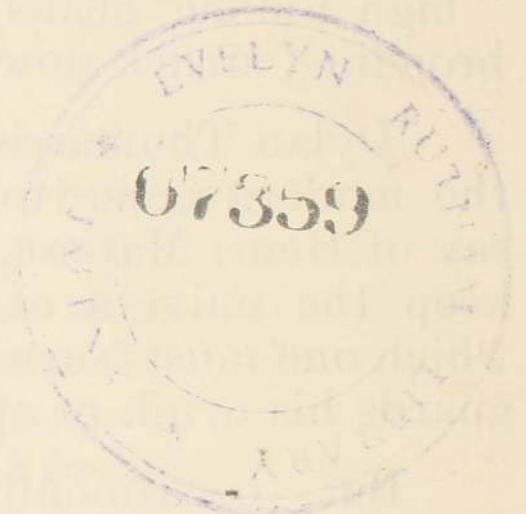
VISION OF LIFE

UPON me, as upon others scattered thinly by tens and twenties over every thousand years, fell too powerfully and too early the vision of life. The horror of life mixed itself already in earliest youth with the heavenly sweetness of life; that grief which one in a hundred has sensibility enough to gather from the sad retrospect of life in its closing stage for *me* shed its dew as a prelibation upon the fountains of life whilst yet sparkling to the morning sun. I saw from afar and from before what I was to see from behind. Is this the description of an early youth passed in the shades of gloom? No; but of a youth passed in the divinest happiness. And, if the reader has (which so few have) the passion without which there is no reading of the legend and superscription upon man’s brow, if he is not (as most are) deaf as the grave to every *deep* note that sighs upwards from the Delphic caves of human life, he will know that the rapture of life (or anything which by approach can merit that name) does not arise, unless as perfect music arises, music of Mozart or Beethoven, by the confluence of the mighty and terrific discords with the subtile concords. Not by contrast, or as reciprocal foils, do these elements act,—which is the feeble

conception of many,—but by union. They are the sexual forces in music : “ male and female created he them ” ; and these mighty antagonists do not put forth their hostilities by repulsion, but by deepest attraction.

As “ in to-day already walks to-morrow,” so in the past experience of a youthful life may be seen dimly the future. The collisions with alien interests or hostile views of a child, boy, or very young man, so insulated as each of these is sure to be,—those aspects of opposition which such a person *can* occupy,—are limited by the exceedingly few and trivial lines of connection along which he is able to radiate any essential influence whatever upon the fortunes or happiness of others. Circumstances may magnify his importance for the moment ; but, after all, any cable which he carries out upon other vessels is easily slipped upon a feud arising. Far otherwise is the state of relations connecting an adult or responsible man with the circles around him as life advances. The network of these relations is a thousand times more intricate, the jarring of these intricate relations a thousand times more frequent, and the vibrations a thousand times harsher which these jarrings diffuse. This truth is felt beforehand, misgivingly and in troubled vision, by a young man who stands upon the threshold of manhood. One earliest instinct of fear and horror would darken his spirit if it could be revealed to itself and self-questioned at the moment of birth : a second instinct of the same nature would again pollute that tremulous mirror if the moment were as punctually marked as physical birth is marked which dismisses him finally upon the tides of absolute self-control. A dark ocean would seem the total expanse of life from the first ; but far darker and more appalling would seem that inferior and second chamber of the ocean which called him away for ever from the direct accountability of others. Dreadful would be the morning which should say, “ Be thou a human child incarnate ” ; but more dreadful the morning which should say, “ Bear thou henceforth the sceptre of thy self-dominion through life, and the passion of life ! ” Yes, dreadful would be both ; but without a basis of the dreadful there is no perfect rapture. It is in part through the sorrow of life, growing out of dark events, that this basis of awe and solemn darkness slowly accumulates. *That* I have illustrated. But,

as life expands, it is more through the *strife* which besets us, strife from conflicting opinions, positions, passions, interests, that the funeral ground settles and deposits itself which sends upwards the dark lustrous brilliancy through the jewel of life, else revealing a pale and superficial glitter. Either the human being must suffer and struggle, as the price of a more searching vision, or his gaze must be shallow and without intellectual revelation.



“ The fashioned wonders
of man’s brain and hand,
The living marble,
the immortal song,
The Poet’s soaring dream,
Rise like the blossom,
like the blossom wane.”

MAURICE BARING.

A POEM BY DYLAN THOMAS

MANY are the "theories" about poetry; so many ways of language and learnedness about it, about it and about it, but, surely, the simplest, and the best, is, that poetry is a collection of sweet words which, reading and perceiving, the reader is thereby "spelled at rest in his lowly house in the squirrel nimble grove, under linen and thatch and star."

So it is with all true lovers of poetry. So it was with this grand Welsh boy (see John's portrait of him), who, alas, like his predecessors in unfulfilled renown, was but to spend a bare forty years with us.

All poets are reflective people. They brood. They sit for hours "by full tilt river." They lie back to back with "the switch-back sea." They sit in tree-houses "high among beaks and palavers of birds." Reflecting, brooding, struck down by the gander, they create.

Dylan Thomas is not easy to know. He had much of the modern craze to be unsimple. He was not, as they say of Henri Matisse, "a bright sun." He did not care to keep the naivete of childhood, that "original naivete" which one must learn to guard through life, as the drunkard guards his drink or the lover his lass.

But, occasionally, through the haze, there flashes forth a bright piece, when the poet speaks straight and clear, like a child. I will take one piece—to illustrate: **Lament.**

The Poet speaks of five ages of boy and man. .

The boy is now but 10 :—

*"When I was a windy boy and a bit . . .
I tiptoed shy in the gooseberry wood,
I skipped in a blush as the big girls rolled
Nine pin down on the donkeys' common."*

Now he is a lusty young man of 20 :—

*"When I was a gusty man and a half . . .
I whistled all night in the twisted flues,
Midwives grew in the midnight ditches
And the sizzling beds of the town cried, Quick !"*

Now he is a full-powered man of 30 :—

“ *When I was a man you could call a man . . . :
No springtailed tom in the red hot town
With every simmering woman his mouse
But a hillocky bull in the swelter
Of summer come in his great good time
To the sultry, biding herds* ”

Now he is going down hill and is 40 :—

“ *When I was a half of the man I was
No flailing calf or cat in a flame
Or hickory bull in milky grass
But a black sheep with a crumpled horn,
At last the soul from its foul mousehole
Slunk pouting out when the limp time came,
And I shoved it into the coal black sky.*”

Now he is 60 :—

“ *Now I am a man no more no more
I lie down thin and hear the good bells jaw—
For, oh, my soul found a sunday wife
In the coal black sky and she bore angels !
Harpies around me out of her womb !
Chastity prays for me, piety sings,
Innocence sweetens my last black breath,
Modesty hides my thighs in her wings,
And all the deadly virtues plague my death.*”

The Reader will call to mind Shakespeare's disquisition on the seven ages of man. Shakespeare wrote in a different context ; but to one interested in such matters the two pieces afford a useful comparison of English under Elizabeth I and English under Elizabeth II.

A SHORT STORY BY MAUPASSANT

[*Henri Albert Guy de Maupassant is one of the great short-story writers of the world. It has been said of him that he described nothing that he had not seen. He had no theories of art. Undisturbed by prejudices, he aspired to be a supreme observer. The story we give below is a translation which appears in the Travellers' Library. Read this volume, and its consummately clever Preface, if you wish to master the art of the Short Story.*]

I LOVE the night passionately. I love it as a man loves a woman or his own country, with an instinctive, deep, and invincible love. I love it with all the senses of my being, with my eyes that see it, with my sense of smell that inhales it, with my ears that listen to its silence, and with my whole body, which the darkness caresses. The larks sing in the early sunlight, high up in the blue sky, in the warm atmosphere, in the clear air of light mornings. In the night the owl passes, a black spot that flits across a black space, and rejoicing, intoxicated by the black infinity, utters his cry, vibrating and sinister.

The daylight is fatiguing and wearisome to me. It is brutal and noisy. I get up with difficulty, I dress myself overcome by lassitude, I go out reluctantly, and each step, each movement, each gesture, each word, each thought, demands an effort, as if I had to lift up an overwhelming burden.

But when the sun is sinking, a confused joy invades me, a joy that enters into all my limbs. I am aroused, I become animated. With the deepening of the twilight I begin to feel myself another man, younger, stronger, more alert, much happier. I watch the gradual increase of the vast shadow falling softly down from heaven; it rolls over the town like an impalpable and impenetrable sea wave; it hides, blots out, destroys all colour and form, enveloping houses, beings, and monuments in the clasp of its imperceptible embrace.

Then it seems to me that I must cry out with pleasure like the owls, run along the roofs like the cats; and an impetuous, an overpowering desire for love flames up in my veins.

I walk about, I tramp on for hours, sometimes in the shadowy outskirts of the town, or else in the woods, near Paris, where the wild creatures of my kin, and my brothers the poachers, are astir.

Death lurks continually in the passion of a violent love. But how can I relate clearly what is happening to me? How can I explain even that I am able to tell you my tale at all? I do not know; I know nothing; I only know that it is so. Listen!

Yesterday—was it yesterday?—yes, without doubt, it must have been, unless it happened before, on some day, in another month, in another year—I do not know. It should be yesterday, however, because daylight has not returned, because the sun has not risen again. But how long has this night lasted? Since when? . . . Who can tell? Who will ever know?

Yesterday, I went out, as I go out every evening, after my dinner. The weather was very fine, very still, very warm. Strolling towards the boulevards, I watched above me the stream of black sky, glittering with stars, between the roofs of the street, which, winding away, made this rivulet of stars curve and undulate like a real river.

Everything, from the planets to the gas jets, appeared brilliant in the clear air. So many lights sparkled overhead and in the town below, that they made the darkness luminous. The sheen of brilliant nights is infinitely more joyous than the garish light of day.

On the boulevard, the cafés blazed, people laughed, strolled by, people sat drinking. I entered a theatre for a few moments. What theatre was it? I don't remember now. The amount of light in there depressed me so much, that I went out again, with my heart a little cast down by the shock of the crude glitter on the gilded balconies, by the artificial scintillation of the lustrous crystal, by the fiery barrier of the footlights, by the melancholy of all this brutal and false brilliancy. I reached the Champs Élysées, where the café concerts appeared like centres of conflagrations in the midst of the foliage. The chestnuts, touched with the yellow light, looked as if they had been painted, as if they had a phosphorescent glow. And the electric globes, shining like pale moons, like egg-shaped

moons fallen from the sky, like enormous pearls, made the lines of gaslight, the odious, filthy gaslight, and the festoons of coloured lamps, look warm in the flood of their nacreous, mysterious, and regal splendour.

I stopped under the Arc de Triomphe, to look at the avenue, the long and beautiful starlit avenue, going towards Paris, between two long rows of lights and the stars! The stars up there, the unknown stars, cast by haphazard into the infinite space, and tracing those curious figures which cause so much wonder, and give rise to so many dreams.

I went into the Bois de Boulogne, and I stayed there a long time, a long time. A strange shudder passed through me, an unexpected and powerful emotion, an exaltation of mind which verged on madness.

I walked on for a long time, for a long time. Then I retraced my steps. What time was it when I went under the Arc de Triomphe again? I don't know. The town had gone to sleep, and a few clouds—thick, black clouds—had spread themselves slowly over the sky.

For the first time I felt that something extraordinary was going to happen, something unheard of. It seemed to me that the night was turning cold, that the air was thickening, that the night, that my beloved night, was gathering around my heart. The avenue was deserted now. Two policemen, only, walked about the fiacrestand, on the highway, lit up faintly by the gaslights, which seemed on the point of dying, a line of waggons, loaded with vegetables, were going to the Halles. They went slowly, laden with carrots, with turnips, and with cabbages. The drivers were lying back asleep, out of sight, and the horses went along, stepping deliberately, each one at the tail of the waggon in front, without any noise on the wooden pavement. In the light of each street lamp, the carrots glowed red, the turnips white, the cabbages green; and they continued, one after the other, those red carts, as red as fire, the white as white as silver, the green as green as emeralds. I followed them for a time, then, turning into the Rue Royale, I came back to the boulevards. No more people anywhere, no

more lit-up cafés, only some belated figures hastening along. I had never seen Paris so dead, so deserted. I pulled out my watch. It was two o'clock.

I was impelled by a force, a necessity, to go on. I went as far as the Bastille. There, I observed that I had never before seen so dark a night, for I could not even distinguish the commemorative column, whose golden genius above was lost in the impenetrable obscurity. A canopy of clouds, as massive as immensity itself, had obliterated the stars, and seemed to crouch down over the earth, as if to swallow it up for ever.

I turned back. There was no one near me now. In the Place du Château d'Eau, however, a tipsy man lurched against me, and vanished directly. For some time I could hear his uneven and sonorous footsteps. I went on. At the top of the Faubourg Montmartre a fiacre passed me, going down towards the Seine. I shouted after it. The driver did not answer. A woman was roaming about in the neighbourhood of the Rue Drouot; "Monsieur, just listen to me." I quickened my pace in order to escape the outstretched hand. Then nothing more. Before the Vaudeville, a ragpicker was turning over the rubbish in the gutter. His little lantern wavered about on a level with the ground. I asked him: 'What time is it, my good fellow?'

He growled: 'How am I to know?—I haven't got a watch.'

Then I noticed, suddenly, that the gas lights had been put out. I was aware that, at this season, they are turned off early, before the break of day, through economy; but daylight was yet very far away, so very far from appearing.

'I had better go to the Halles,' I thought: 'there, at least, I shall find some life.'

I started off, but I could not even see enough to find my way. I advanced slowly, as one moves through a dense wood, identifying the streets only by keeping count of those I passed.

Before the Crédit Lyonnais, a dog growled. I turned into the Rue de Grammont. I had lost myself. I wandered about; then I recognised the Bourse by the iron

railings outside. All Paris was sleeping, with a profound and terrifying slumber. In the distance, however, a fiacre was rumbling, a solitary fiacre, perhaps the one that had passed me some time before. Trying to overtake it, I made for the sound of the wheels, crossing the deserted, black streets, quite black, as black as death.

I lost my way again. Where was I? What stupidity to turn the gas off so early! Not a passer, no one out late, not a single prowler, not even a howl of an amorous cat. Nothing.

Where were the policemen? I said to myself: 'I will shout, they will come.' I shouted. No one answered.

I cried out louder. My voice went forth without an echo, feebly, smothered up, overwhelmed by the night, by the impenetrable night.

I began to yell: 'Help! Help! Help!' My desperate appeal remained without response. What time was it then? I pulled out my watch, but I had no matches. I listened to the faint ticking of the little piece of mechanism with a strange and extravagant delight. It seemed to be alive! I felt less solitary. What a mystery! I started off again, like a blind man, tapping the walls with my stick, and every moment I would raise my eyes towards the sky, hoping that the day was coming at last; but all space was black, completely black, more profoundly black than the town below.

What hour could it be? I walked on, it seemed to me, for an infinite time; my legs were giving under me, my chest heaved, and I suffered horribly from hunger.

I made up my mind to ring at the first door I came to. I pulled at the brass knob, and the bell rang within the enormous house; it rang out strangely, as though there had been nothing in the house but that vibrating sound.

I waited; there was no answer, no one opened the door. I rang once more, and waited again. Nothing came of it.

I became scared. I ran to the next house and, twenty times in succession, I made the bell ring in the dark lobby where the concierge should have been sleeping. But I could not wake anyone, and I went on further, pulling at

the rings, or at the knobs, with all my might, kicking, beating with my stick, with my hands, these doors so obstinately closed.

And suddenly I perceived that I had arrived at the Halles. The great market was deserted, without a sound, without a stir, without a single cart, without a man anywhere, without a heap of vegetables or a bunch of flowers. It was empty, lifeless, abandoned, dead!

I was seized with terror—a horrible terror. What is happening? Oh, my God! what does this mean?

I went away again. But the time? What was the time? Who would tell me the time? No clock up in the towers or on the monuments would strike. I thought, 'I will open my watch glass and feel the hands with my fingers.' I pulled it out . . . it ticked no more . . . it had stopped. There was nothing left. Nothing. No more no movement in the town, not a glimmer of light, not a rustling in the air. Nothing! Nothing more; not even a distant rumble of a fiacre—nothing whatever!

I was on the quays and an icy freshness rose up from the river.

Was the Seine still flowing?

I wanted to know; I found the steps, and went down . . . I could not hear the swirling of the current under the arches of the bridge . . . A few more steps . . . then sand . . . and . . . then water . . . I plunged my arm into it . . . it was flowing . . . it was flowing . . . cold . . . cold . . . cold . . . almost frozen . . . almost dried up . . . almost dead.

And I felt, indeed, that I should never have strength enough to climb up again . . . and that I should die there . . . I also . . . die of hunger . . . of fatigue . . . and of cold.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POET AND SAINT

[*We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Ethel Senior of England for permission to print parts of the autobiography of her famous husband, the late Rev. Walter Stanley Senior. He was, in every sense, a maker of modern Ceylon. He popularised and made sonorous the word "Lanka" before it became the political catchword of careermongering communalists.*

Here will be found highlights of English writing, the heart and soul of a true Poet and Saint]. ¹

THE reminiscence carries me forward to Ceylon. There was a time at Trinity College, Kandy, towards the end, I think, of 1906, Fraser being gone on sick leave to England, when the weight of a foreign administration falling on inexperienced shoulders like mine proved too much for the Acting Principal. Wise with the wisdom of weariness, and perhaps remembering these precedents from St. Peter's, I shook off the dust, or rather the mud, for it was monsoon-time, of Kandy from my feet, left the School in charge of another for some days, and went to a kindly planter, David Kerr, in the Ambegamuwa Valley, up-country. His was the first up-country bungalow I ever stayed in. I remember the deliciousness of the growing coolness as the train climbed on and on in the rain, from Nawalapitiya to Galboda, from Galboda to Watawala, from Watawala to Rozelle. I remember the smell of the lemon-grass, fresh and healing, as I stepped out of the carriage at Rozelle station. I remember the box-cooly in his blanket who presented his note of identification, took my bag on his head, and led the way down the tea-hill on this side, across the Binuoya river, rushing with rain long falling, up the tea-hill on that side, past the Abergeldie tea-store which I was afterwards to know so well as the scene of Church services for that district, and so to Aber-

1. The Rev. Walter Stanley Senior, scholar of Marlborough College and Balliol College, Oxford, M. A., first class honours, classical moderations and University Poetry Prizeman. Vice-Principal, Trinity College, Kandy, and Lecturer in Classics, University College, Colombo.

geldie. Very real, and very really appreciated, was the welcome from David Kerr and his sister who kept his house. Very pleasant the company and the excellent meals, more European in character than those of Kandy, very friendly the log-fires and talk thereover, the early retirement to sleep under the blankets necessitated by that much higher altitude: very refreshing the absence of responsibility, and the entire change of thought provided by sundry novels. Novels are not always means of grace, but they were so then. After two days, despite the continuous monsoon rain, perhaps even because of it, I returned to Kandy a new man, with an almost new outlook on life.

* * *

The value of change and of wholesome laughter as a tonic was illustrated for me at York by an incident, slight but never forgotten, which early taught, albeit empirically, the lesson of alternation which scientific research to-day is at last impressing upon Industry.

I had often longed for a piano of my own, a grand piano in particular over which one can look with the sense of enlargement which an upright piano precludes. The possession of a modest income put me in a position to satisfy this longing after a fashion; and I made my way to Archibald Ramsden's shop in the city of York, and acquired for no very large sum a second-hand Broadwood grand which I was allowed to place in the hall of St. Peter's School, and took with me later to St. Aidan's, Birkenhead. When preparation was over, and boarders had retired to their dormitories in the School House, I used to come and play. One night I came hoping to express and release the artistic impulse which has been a life-long companion. That night there was "nothing doing." The fingers struck the keys; the issue was not music. After a short while I shut the instrument up, and went away back to my room. Punch was found lying on my table, lent, I think, by the Owens. It was an excellent number. I laughed and laughed again. About half past ten I once more sought the deserted Hall, and uncovered the keyboard. Laughter had done the deed, toned the nerves, strung the muscles. I remember to have played with a force and fire which even in happiest moments till then had been unusual.

The fingers flew, difficulties vanished, interpretations flourished. I came away about midnight as exhilarated as I had before been dispirited, and in possession of an important secret, the artistic value of laughter

I must mention the practice which I began at York of reading aloud to my friends among the boys : leaving them free, of course, to discontinue their attendance when the reading failed to hold them. At first there was quite a crowd, which week by week grew less until it became clear who were the audience, fit though few, who would hear the book out to its end. There have been few more rewarding moments in my life than the Sunday evening, thirty-three years ago, when the last words of " Westward Ho !" were read, and as the four or five faithful filed out into the passage I overheard the least imaginative say, " That *was* fine !"

This reading aloud of Literature I have frequently though not regularly practised, and it has provided what I take to be a sound canon of a book's value, " Does it read out well ?" Books that pass that test are likely to last, and of all the writers on whom I have used it Rudyard Kipling has passed it best. Of him more hereafter.

Besides reading to the lads I went for runs with them, keeping up the Marlborough tradition. With an eye to hidden needs, I also tried to see something of individuals, though not so systematically then as later at Kandy, Ceylon. But our intercourse, I can claim, was real friendship, not merely of master and pupil. One joined me on a holiday in Cumberland at a farm in Lowes-water which in 1902, the next year to that, was to be the scene of another dramatic crisis in my life. This youth, like his father in York, was a keen fisherman, and tried to make one of me. I remember his immense amusement when I put on gloves in order to handle worms. But the whole fishing business had no bite in it then for me, and to-day seems yet more horrid. While F. S. fished, I climbed, especially Red Pike, the best crest of the neighbourhood, above the highest English waterfall, Scale Force. From a cove just under the cairn, with my back well buried in moss, I saw gaunt Ennerdale with slate-coloured Ennerdale Water below : Saw Buttermere also and Crummock with their crags,

the lovely scene whose ownership and fate to-day are hanging in the balance : that stretch of the English Lakes which is most, through experience, mine.

When I attained to the independence of an income I sought more systematically to see England ; to gain with each fresh residence fresh knowledge of my country. Kent I knew to the extent of many boyish pilgrimages on foot from Margate across Thanet by Minster and Sarre to Canterbury, returning home after tea, and evensong in the Cathedral, stiff, weary, footsore, but proud of my thirty-six miles ; of many a boyish tramp along the coast by Kingsgate and the North Foreland, and the lucerne fields of those days, questing for butterflies, peacocks, brimstones, blues, of excursions as far as Ebbsfleet, Roman Richborough, Deal, Walmer, St. Margaret's at Cliffe.

Wiltshire I knew through running over its downs. Now with a bicycle of my own I took a larger range and saw a good many of the cathedrals. Crowland Abbey spoke of Hereward the Wake. Rievaulx, visited from York, with its amphitheatre of smooth turf on which as I sat I spied a great blue bell-gentian, nothing less, seemed hardly second to Fountains. Fountains, the most glorious relic in England, I visited from Pateley Bridge, where a party of boarders from the School together with the Head Master and myself were spending a mid-term holiday when the surgeon's knife postponed King Edward's coronation. From Pateley Bridge we saw Knaresborough (I thought of Eugene Aram), saw Bolton Abbey and the Strid. We also went to the Brimham Rocks, of which Herbert Rosslyn Phillips (see next year 1902) took and gave me a photograph.

I had now been a schoolmaster for some two years, and greatly enjoyed the work. I felt that it was a profession second to none in importance and influence ; and that the schoolmaster, like the apostle to the Gentiles, should magnify his office. Yet events whether rightly interpreted or not, were leading to ordination.

When I returned to Margate for the Easter holidays of 1902, I found my father threatened with a serious operation. I was the only one of the first and older family at home at the time, and enjoyed a week of uninterrupted

intercourse with him. An operation was decided on (wrongly, I have often been tempted to think) from which he never recovered consciousness, and from the effects of which, apparently in agony, he died. I can never forget the blank despair of my step-mother when the famous surgeon who had come for the case announced that nothing such as had been expected had been discovered. I do not care to dwell on the sufferings of the last days. Together with some other things, such as the great famine in North China between the years 1875 and 1878, they were, and remain, a real trial of one's faith in God: only to be answered by the memory of God's goodness in many other directions, and specially by the thought that His own Son, the embodiment of goodness, kindness and love, was Himself even allowed, was Himself even made, was Himself even content, to suffer unsurpassed, unmitigated tortures.

I was asked to write a short memoir of my father, which I did. The title, "A Faithful Minister" was chosen for me: likewise the sermons which formed the second part of the book. For the purpose of making the book more effective and saleable I am sure that a better selection could have been made from the mass of written sermons, many of much eloquence, which my father left behind. But I was told that with each of the sermons chosen there was connected some spiritual fruit, and with that I was content.

My immense debt to my father I cannot well assess. As it happens, I am writing in an upper room of a chalet in the Valais above Sion, where two windows command the Swiss mountains that he loved. In front the Bietschhorn towers alone amid white summer cloud. Brigue and Gletsch in heat-haze, closing the upper Rhone Valley, form the middle distance. To the right, across green fields and woods of firs darker and brighter, I see far away in the deeps that very Val d'Anniviers to which he first took me, forty years less a month ago.

I cannot but think how I inherit from him an intense love of things beautiful, in special the love of mountains, great heights commanding huge prospects, a love which Ceylon has enabled me to gratify to an extent far beyond

his compass. How joyous had it been to have had him stand with me on the platform of Adam's Peak or by the cairn of Piduru Tallagalla. There is again among my papers a little packet entitled "Sonnets of the Christ," which indicates plainly the source of this tendency to verse. If I can by my own aspirations and efforts in this kind in any measure fulfil his unsatisfied longings, then shall I have done one duty by the dead.

To change the scene after her loss my stepmother went for a few months in the summer of 1902 to a farm in Chagford, where I joined her for three weeks, my one experience of glorious Devon. I had one fine walk of twenty miles that seemed like ten, so rare is the air of Dartmoor, by Hey Tor and Manaton to Totnes, taking the little Church of Holne Chase by its amber stream on the way, and finding in its vestry the finest of all portraits of Charles Kingsley. From Chagford—Tennyson and Cornish Erza calling—I went for a week into Cornwall, again my only visit, thinking to stay at Tintagel. Tintagel proving beyond my purse, I found delightful lodgment at The Golden Lion, Trewarmet, whence through my bedroom window at night I could see without lifting my head from the pillow the twinkling lights of Port Isaac and Trevoise Head at the end of a long sea-combe. From Trewarmet I paid pilgrimage to Tintagel, site of glamour.

Almost the first person that I met was Dr. Pollock, then Head Master of Wellington, talking to one of his assistant-masters. And as I took my bearings and looked over to the King Arthur's Castle Hotel, up the gully from the sea came with slow gait one in a velvet jacket talking with a young girl. "And what did they say of the Lyceum?" he asked, and I recognized Henry Irving. Nor was this all. Going to the Church on Sunday, I met after service one of the most charming of men, a member of the Inter-collegiate Christian Union at Oxford: and we fixed and fulfilled an engagement for tea at Bossiney Cove, with the craggy Cornish coast all about us, and Lundy Island, with Amyas Leigh sitting thereon, all faint on the horizon. My friend, like myself, was afterward ordained, but Crockford informs me that he, with some others of those Oxford days, have relinquished Holy orders.

From Cornwall I went again to the Lakes ; and we come now to the second tragedy which seemed to call to the Church.

I had again invited lads from the school, with due permission of parent or guardian, to stay with me at the farm-house at Loweswater village which had been found for me the year before. One of these, Herbert Roselyn Phillips, I had come to know in the mid-term holiday at Pateley Bridge which King Edward's expected coronation had provided. He was one of the soundest of the whole school, and his purpose to be a parson was known. My hope on such holidays, in addition to the delight which I took, and still take, in the company of young life, was to exercise, if it might be, some influence for good ; to draw anything spiritual and wholesome in one's own experience, and in particular to try to impart something of the world vision which had come through the Student Movement. For I kept considerable touch with that Movement as will be shown in another place.

Loweswater Village is some nine miles from Cocker-mouth, and I had warned both my friends that we should be that distance from a doctor. I had been careful in planning the holiday to ask if either had any physical weakness which needed watching. Both had said no. A day or two after our arrival we went out to revel in a bright and boisterous wind that was blowing, not suspecting the harm that it was doing us. For on the first day of certain symptoms that soon began to show themselves in Phillips I telegraphed to Dr. Graham of Cocker-mouth to come. The wind had breached the newly installed poles and wires, and my telegram, which might even have gone as a letter, lay over twenty-four hours idle in an inexperienced post office. When the doctor at last arrived he looked grave. It was a bad case of appendicitis, and an operation was necessary. I wired to the Head Master, and as promptly as possible he arrived with a specialist, and the boy's uncle, Andrew Kerr, his parents being at the time in California. Very greatly did their arrival relieve the strain which had rested upon me : very greatly did their presence help when Herbert Phillips passed away.

It was a most moving time; the record of which, made soon after the events, I did not think ever to use, as now I use it.

The Loweswater Journal

September 4, 1902. After a period of silence, of much uneasy tossing and rearranging of pillows, Bert suddenly asked, "Will you read the Bible to me?" I asked if there was any particular part he would like. He chose the book of Job. So I read the first three or four chapters, the story of personal suffering, and by the end he seemed to be asleep. I shall not forget that evening and night, how we waited for the doctor, and wondered that he did not come, not knowing that the same wind in which we had rejoiced the evening before had broken down the wire which should have conveyed the message. About ten o'clock we gave up hopes of his arrival and I addressed myself to the task of watching. I did not go to sleep but just lay on the other bed in a dressing-gown: (I had arranged for B. to go down to Kirk Stile and occupy my room there) getting up from time to time to help him to change his position. The longest spell of quiet which I think he had was about an hour and a half. Twice in the night I was by his side for some time: there came a sharp attack of pain which drew from him almost the only words of the kind which he ever said, "I can't stand much more of this" and then, as he turned on his side, "Lord, help." I am fain to believe that he did obtain the help he sought, even physically, for during the early part of Friday he was comparatively quiet, and my hopes began to rise. I remember sitting in the windowseat and turning to good omen the morning star as it came out brilliantly between the tops of Whiteside and Grassmoor.

Friday, September 5, 1902, after the arrival of Dr. Graham, and Nurse Edmondson.—At 10 p.m. B. went to Kirkstile, and I took up my position for the night on the sofa in the room below. Soon after midnight hearing sounds above I went up and helped Nurse Edmondson to turn Bert round in bed. I learnt he had been restless, and wandered a little in his talk. (The doctor had given him an opiate before leaving). When this was done I went down, and before lying down again I opened the front door, and stood outside and listened. There was the

ceaseless sound of the beck before the house, and far away in the woods a mournful cry (of some otter, I suppose), which was in entire keeping with one's feelings. Huge shadows of cloud and fell filled up the whole sky : and there was no light anywhere except the feeble ray in the room where life and death struggled together at the bedside.

Saturday, September 6, 1902, a day of arrivals of relatives and others.—Before the second nurse came I went in again to sit with the boy, and to read if he wished it. He seemed to me to be quieter than before, and he lay with his hands folded across his breast. I said to him, "You know that we love you, and that God loves you far more," and he nodded and said, Yes. "And that He will go with you through the dark valley." Again he nodded, and gave me an unmistakable Yes. I do not think that any boy who had not been habitually trusting in the love of God would have been so decided in such an hour. . . .

Sunday, September 7, 1902, the last day.—Sunday morning broke in mist. Before going up to Scale Hill to intercept the new arrivals I went up again to see Bert for what proved to be the last time. His mind was wandering a little. Had the Archbishop—he meant the Head Master—come? Would they operate? Would he be able to play football again? Then he fell into a doze, and his hand kept closing on mine with each pulsation of the blood. At Scale Hill I met the waggonette . . . and directed them to Kirk Stile Inn. The doctors (four in all) consulted at once and in the end decided as a last chance to operate, and the operation was by agreement entrusted to Mr. M.

At 10 o'clock, then, as the bell of the little Church tolled for service, they began their work, and we, having little heart to join the congregation, went out in different directions. Mr. Owen and I walked in the Lanthwaite Wood, and discussed all that had happened. We both noted that, when the doctors' decision was reached the mists of morning magically disappeared, leaving as glorious a day as ever shone over Loweswater. Hour by hour the sunlight bathed the fells, the fields, the brook, the woods, the calm lake : and set at last with quiet universal splendour even as our dear young friend breathed away his life. But

this is an anticipation. We returned again to find the operation performed, the patient restored to consciousness (having taken the chloroform better than was expected) and the faintest gleam of hope entertained because of his strong constitution. I must say my own hopes revived.

That afternoon I passed by myself by the beck . . . principally in prayer for the sparing of the boy's life. . . . Later on I had a walk with Mr. Owen, and told him of the new desire to seek ordination.

That evening was wonderful. The sun was setting over Blake Fell, and black shadows of Mellbreak and Ling Fell were stretched across the body of Crummock Water. The little plain, however, where the river Cocker pours out, was still in sunlight, and the others had gone to enjoy it. I had a solitary tea . . . I had not however been long seated, when the nurse came down-stairs and wished for the doctor. I ran at once . . . and found them all strolling by the lake. They set off quickly back, and I followed slowly with Mr. Andrew Kerr. When we reached the house we found that it was only a question of time.

In the twilight Mr. Kerr called Mr. Owen and myself aside, round the corner of the house, to the little wicket that leads to the woods behind, and there said (if I remember the words), "Shall we commend the dear boy, as his spirit is passing, to the Saviour?" and we uncovered our heads and he led us in prayer. I was despatched on I know not what errand to Kirkstile, and when I returned Mr. Kerr met me and quietly said, "All is over." He died at half past eight.

Monday, September 8, 1902.—In the morning Mr. Owen took Miss G—for a walk : in the afternoon he and I took a boat and rowed across Crummock to see Scale Force. This took us over Bert's last walk, and I pointed out where he stepped and where he slipped.

At five o'clock we all met for tea ; all were cheerful. There was, I think, nothing incongruous in this. The memory of his brightness and of his smile were so strong with me that I decided not to go up to his room again . . . That evening I walked up and down with his brother and

sister in front of the (Scale Hill) Hotel, talking of many things, until the time came for me to return to my old quarters at Kirkstile. It was exactly a week since I entered them first. . . .

The funeral was fixed for Tuesday (September 9) at 10 o'clock. It was another glorious morning and I was up early to try to find a few flowers. These Mrs. G. who did our washing, gave me. She nearly despoiled her tree of tea-roses for the purpose. . . . From there I went up to the house, and finding no-one about I went up to the quiet room. The bed by which I had watched, as it seemed, so long, was dreadfully empty; and there, on trestles was a plain coffin with a simple inscription. This was the end of our holiday. It was incomprehensible.

I sat down in the armchair where I had so often sat to read to him, and once more pleased myself with doing so. The passage I chose was again from Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth. . . ."

Going downstairs I found Mr. Owen and we went together to the Church, where Mr. Gamble was already in the vestry. The order of service was briefly arranged, the bell began to toll, and the congregation entered. We had the hymn, "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," and then left the Church for the grave-side. The service was soon over, being simple.

The rest of the morning was occupied with departures. Mr. Owen took B. with him . . . and I was left alone at Kirkstile.

After gathering my things I went out to the grave, which by this time was filled, and covered with flowers. There I deposited my roses, and waited a few moments, being the last to turn my back upon the spot.

After a solitary lunch the little trap from the Inn took me down to Cockermouth. I could not help turning many times as Whiteside, Grassmoor, Mellbreak, Loweswater Fell, gradually closed in together and shut off Crummock Water and its surroundings from the quieter beauties of Lorton Vale. Fainter and fainter they grew in the distance, until the descent into Cockermouth hid them, and all their associations, from view. . . .

It was with strange reflections that I walked up and down the platform at Penrith where, a week before, we three had met with such bright expectations. Well do I remember how he looked, wearing the Second XI cricket cap of which he was so proud, and carrying his camera.

My train started as daylight was failing, and by 9 o'clock we were running down the Yorkshire Dales putting all the Pennine fells between Cumberland and me. I could not help a human shudder at the thought of that distant graveyard on its first night of coldness, darkness, loneliness.

I cannot leave the story here : it sounds too faithless. Many incidents on looking back seem to have been Providential. I regard it as specially remarkable that I should have been led to take the line I did in speaking words of comfort ; for I found afterwards that it was just that on which he had been brought up by his mother. For the full meaning of it all, however, we must be content to wait."

So ends the little record.

**" We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die."**

BROWNING.

PAGES FOR THE YOUNG

[In these pages we shall re-produce the classics of the world, in a form so that the young may read and enjoy them. A classic has been well described by Cardinal Newman as a writing which has "lasted generation after generation, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of the day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival." We select as our first classic, a writing by Charles Dickens, the Shakespeare of prose. We trust that our young reader will be whetted by what we here give to seek, and to find, enchantment in the original.]

I. THE STORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

(Little Reader, ask Mother to read this to you at bed time).

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy called David Copperfield. He was born in England many years ago ; but his story is the same as that of little boys all over the world, most of whom are born in humble homes. Few indeed are born to riches. And you shall see for yourselves, as you read this story, which is the better, to be born rich and to be neglected or to be born poor and have the true love of those near and dear.

Now David Copperfield was, as the saying is, a posthumous child. His father's eyes had closed upon this world six months before David's eyes opened on it. David often reflected that there was something strange that his father had never seen him. In the shadowy remembrances of his childish mind was always the picture of a white gravestone in a green churchyard, and the indefinable compassion he used to feel for his dead father lying all alone in the cold and the dark while the parlour of their home was warm and bright with fire and candle. "Oh my dear Dad," David used to say, "how cruel we are that we have locked you out and bolted the doors of our house against you !"

Now the manner of David's birth was in this wise. The principal magnate of David's family was an aunt of his father's and consequently a great aunt of David's. Her name was Miss Betsy Trotwood. Miss Trotwood

was a formidable personage. In her youth she had been married to a husband younger than herself. He was a very handsome young man, but "handsome is that handsome does." Handsome he was but handsome he did not; for (keep this a secret) he used to beat Miss Betsy, and once even declared his determination to throw her out of the window. Miss Betsy decided that it was best to pay off such a husband. By mutual consent they separated. He went to India with his capital and there was a wild legend in the Copperfield family that he was once seen riding on an elephant in company with a baboon, which was probably a mistake for Baboo. Ten years later tidings of his death reached England from India. How they affected Miss Trotwood nobody knew; for, immediately upon the separation, she again took her maiden name and lived in retirement in a small cottage in a hamlet on the seacoast.

David's father had once been a favourite of Miss Trotwood's. But she was mortally affronted by his marriage to David's mother on the ground that David's mother was "a wax doll." David's father and Miss Betsy never met again. David's father was double David's mother's age when they married. David's father was of a delicate constitution. He died a year after the marriage and six months before David was born.

One afternoon David's mother was seated alone in her home. She was sitting by the fire, but she was poorly in health and very low in spirits. There were tears in her eyes for she was desponding heavily about herself and the fatherless little stranger who was about to come into the world. It was a windy March afternoon. David's mother was very timid and sad and very doubtful of ever coming alive out of the trial that was before her.

She heard a sound and looked through the window. She saw a strange lady coming up the garden. The setting sun was glowing on the strange lady. She came walking up with a rigidity of figure which made David's mother sure that it was Miss Betsy. On reaching the house the lady gave another proof of her identity. David's father used to say that Miss Betsy seldom conducted herself like other ordinary mortals. And, true enough, instead

of ringing the bell, she walked up to the window and pressed the end of her nose against the glass to such an extent that it became perfectly flat and white. David's mother became alarmed and agitated. She left her chair and stood behind it in a corner. Miss Betsey—for it was she—carried her eyes round the room slowly and inquiringly until they reached David's mother. Then she made a frown and a gesture to David's mother, like one who was accustomed to be obeyed, to come and open the door. Timidly David's mother went and opened the door.

"Mrs. David Copperfield, I *think*," said Miss Betsey.

"Yes," said David's mother, faintly.

"Miss Trotwood," said the visitor.

"You have heard of her, I dare say?"

"I have had that pleasure," said David's mother.

"Now you see her," said Miss Betsey.

David's mother begged her to walk in. They went into the parlour. They both sat down. Miss Betsey said nothing. David's mother, after vainly trying to restrain herself, began to cry.

"Tut, tut!" said Miss Betsey.

"Don't do that! Come, come!"

David's mother couldn't help herself. So she cried until she had had her cry out.

"Take off your cap, child," said Miss Betsey, "and let me see you."

David's mother was much too afraid to refuse to comply with this odd request. Therefore she did as she was told, and did it with such nervous hands that her hair, which was luxuriant and beautiful, fell about her face.

"Why, you are a very Baby!" exclaimed Miss Betsey.

David's mother hung her head as if it were her fault that she was so young and unusually youthful in her appearance. She sobbed and said that indeed she was afraid she was but a childish widow and would be but a childish mother if she lived. In the short pause which ensued, David's mother had a fancy that she felt Miss Betsey touch her hair and that with no ungentle hand. But when she looked up, timidly hoping that Miss Betsey would

be kind, there was Miss Betsey sitting with the skirt of her dress tucked up, her hands folded on one knee, her feet upon the fender, a frown upon her face . . .

§ 2

As they sat together, the evening wind made such a disturbance among some tall old elm trees at the bottom of the garden that neither David's mother nor Miss Betsey could forbear glancing that way. The elms bent to one another like giants who were whispering secrets. After a few seconds of such repose, they fell into a violent flurry, tossing their wild arms about as if their late confidences were really too wicked for their peace of mind.

The twilight was by this time shading down into darkness. Dimly David's mother and Miss Betsey saw each other. They could not have done so without the aid of the fire.

"Well?" said Miss Betsey, after some time. "What will you call your girl?"

"I don't know that it will be a girl, yet, ma'am, said David's mother innocently.

"I have no doubt it will be a girl," said Miss Betsey. "Now child, from the moment of the birth of this girl—"

"Perhaps boy," David's mother took the liberty of putting in.

"Don't contradict," returned Miss Betsey. "From the moment of this girl's birth I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother. You'll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. There must be no mistakes in life with *this* Betsey Trotwood. There must be no trifling with *her* affections, poor dear. I must make that *my* care."

There was a switch of Miss Betsey's head, after each of these sentences, as if her own old wrongs were working within her.

§ 3

That evening David's mother was taken ill. Peggotty, her everfaithful servant and friend, conveyed her upstairs to her own room with all speed. Immediately she despatched her nephew, Ham Peggotty, to fetch the nurse and doctor. Those allied powers were considerably as-

tonished, when they arrived within a few minutes of each other, to find an unknown lady of portentous appearance sitting before the fire.

The doctor, having been upstairs and come down again, and having satisfied himself that there was a probability of this unknown lady and himself having to sit face to face for some hours, laid himself out to be polite and social. He was the meekest of his sex. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the Ghost in Hamlet and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, partly in depreciation of himself, partly in propitiation of everybody else.

Mr. Chillip, for that was the doctor's name, looked mildly at Miss Trotwood. It being a cold evening Miss Trotwood had stopped her ears with cotton.

"Some local irritation, ma'am?" said Mr. Chillip mildly, and making Miss Trotwood a little bow and in allusion to the cotton as he softly touched his own left ear.

"What!" replied Miss Trotwood pulling the cotton out of one ear like a cork.

Mr. Chillip was completely alarmed by her abruptness. But he repeated, sweetly:

"Some local irritation, ma'am?"

"Nonsense!" replied Miss Trotwood and at one blow corked herself again.

Mr. Chillip could do nothing after this but sit and look at Miss Trotwood feebly until he was called upstairs again.

After some time Mr. Chillip sidled into the parlour and said to Miss Trotwood in his meekest manner:

"Well, ma'am, I am happy to congratulate you."

"What upon?" said Miss Trotwood sharply.

Mr. Chillip was fluttered again. So he made Miss Trotwood a little bow, and gave her a little smile, to mollify her.

"Mercy on the man, what's he doing! cried Miss Trotwood impatiently. "Can't he speak?"

"Be calm, my dear ma'am," said Mr. Chillip, in his softest accents.

“There is no longer any occasion for uneasiness, ma’am. Be calm. It is now over, ma’am, and well over.”

During the five minutes or so that Mr. Chillip devoted to the delivering of this oration Miss Trotwood eyed him narrowly.

“How is she?” said Miss Trotwood, folding her arms.

“Well, ma’am, she will soon be quite comfortable, I hope,” returned Mr. Chillip.

“And *she*. How is *she*?” said Miss Trotwood sharply. Mr. Chillip laid his head a little more on one side, and looked at Miss Trotwood like an amiable bird.

“The baby,” said Miss Trotwood.

“How is *she*?”

“Ma’am,” returned Mr. Chillip. “It’s a boy.”

Miss Trotwood said never a word. She took her bonnet by the strings, in the manner of a sling, aimed a blow at Mr. Chillip’s head with it, put it on, walked out and never came back. She vanished like a discontented fairy. She never came back any more.

II. AN INDIAN ROBIN HOOD

ROBIN HOOD of England! The name conjures a picture of green glades and merry men! For Robin is the ideal of those who are carefree and love to lie in the sun. King Arthur of the Round Table! He too was a perfect and gentle man. But he was the ideal of lords and dames who lived in castles, of knights and squires, and so forth. But Robin, bless him, stood with and for the common and simple people, a sportsman from the top of his head to his toe nails and worshipper of the Queen, a protector of women. He was naughty, for he robbed the rich. But what he robbed from the rich he gave to the poor.

India too has her Robin Hood. He lived near the famous Himalaya mountains. And here is a story of how he once outwitted the Indian police. Sultana was his name. And the police were out to get him. Sultana was known to be camping in one of the forests of upper India. He and his merry men were enjoying themselves.

They lived under the trees. Their occupation was to rob rich merchants travelling through the forest glades. But they gave freely to the poor and had many friends among them. By day they would be busy but at night there would always be feasting and dancing. So the Police Officer in charge of the police party which was out to catch Sultana hit upon what he considered was a clever plan. He persuaded a Government contractor who was working in a nearby forest to invite Sultana to a dance to be followed by a feast. Now Sultana, who had many friends in the Bazaar, had his own intelligence service. He knew that the contractor's invitation to dinner and dance was a trap. But he was not afraid of traps; and he made up his mind to try conclusions with the Police in the game of wits. So he told his "friend" the contractor that he would accept the invitation and come with his men, but on one condition. Would the contractor be pleased to have the dinner first and the dance after the dinner? The contractor saw no difficulty at all. It was but a slight variation of the programme.

The great night arrived. The contractor who was a rich man spared no expense in the matter of food and liquor. The liquor was specially intended for Sultana and his men. It was hoped that they would be so far gone in alcohol by the time the police arrived that it would be easy to capture them. The prearranged signal for the police to rush in was the beating of a drum. At the appointed time the contractor and his guests assembled. Sultana came with his followers, all in magnificent clothes. They sat round in a circle and the feast began. Beautiful girls had been engaged to serve the diners. Sultana and his men ate and drank well—and wisely. When the feast was about to come to an end, Sultana arose, bowed to his host and said that he and his companions must be going as they had a long journey to make. He was sorry they could not remain to enjoy the dancing. So they left. When the drums sounded, and the dancing began, the police rushed in to find the birds gone!

III. SULAIMAN AND HORATALA

HERE is a story of our own Ceylon jungles.

Horatala was an Elephant. He lived in the far jungles of the south country, in the blue land beyond

Hambantota. He was the unchallenged head and lord of a family of many elephants. He roamed the jungle as king.

Sulaiman was Horatala's mortal enemy. For Sulaiman's occupation was that of an elephant catcher.

One morning Horatala was taking his wives and children for their daily bath in the tank. Sulaiman and his ten men were waiting by the path along which they knew Horatala would come. Loins girded, sambhur horns held firmly, ropes of deer hide coiled round their waists, they waited. The elephants came along, unsuspecting. Sulaiman let Horatala pass. He made a silent signal to his men pointing to a two-year-old calf. The young thing was walking by the side of her mother. The mother saw a tender branch and pulled it down. Together mother and child waited so that the baby elephant may eat. The rest of the herd had gone further on. Suddenly there was pandemonium. With a deft throw of his rope Sulaiman had noosed the calf. Feeling something new round her foot the calf tugged. She could not get free! Kicking frantically she screamed! Her mother ran to her rescue. Another cow joined her. They tried their best to free the captive now well secured to a stout tree. Failing, they both trumpeted in anger. Horatala heard. He rushed back at a gallop, charging, his trumpet curled into his mouth. Sulaiman was the head of his party even as Horatala was the head of the opposing party. They met and faced each other in the middle of the jungle path. Sulaiman aimed his shot at the front part of the elephant's head. The shot failed to bring Horatala down. He charged. In that thick jungle it was impossible for Sulaiman to run. He jumped behind the nearest tree. Unfortunately, for Sulaiman's time had come, it was not a large tree. Horatala encircled both tree and man with his trunk. Sulaiman was crushed to pulp.

THE HOLY PROPHET MOHAMMED

[By S. J. Gunasegaram, M. A., London].

On the eighth of November took place the birth of one of the most remarkable leaders of men,—the Prophet Mohammed. Mecca, where Mohammed was born in 571 A.D., was in those days an oasis of primitive tribes surrounded by a world of Jews and Christians. One of these tribes, the Koreish, controlled Mecca's market place and Shrine, the Kaaba, held in reverential awe by tribes whom Mohammed was later to inspire with a new life and vitality.

HASHEM, the father of Mohammed, was the chief of the Koreish. He had almost succeeded in sacrificing his son to the *Kaaba*. It was providential that, like Isaac, the young Mohammed was saved—to become the founder of a great religion and of a cultural movement which helped to civilize Europe and which swept across the world with its message of absolute monotheism, human brotherhood and intellectual freedom.

Mohammed was a member of a family of wealthy merchants. This enabled him, early in life, to travel far and wide and to see something of civilisation. His fine-strung and high-souled nature rebelled against the gross superstitions of his people. Mohammed became a prophet of reform. He declared, with a courage rare in leaders of thought, that “Science is the remedy for the infirmities of ignorance, a comforting beacon in the night of injustice.”

Mohammed asserted that Moses was the first prophet to reveal God's will and purpose, Christ the second, and himself the third and final. He gave to his followers and to the world the *Koran*—a revelation of the authoritative word of God, a book which has become the way of life for millions, and which is the primary source of all Islamic Law. The great English thinker and writer Thomas Carlyle says: “The Koran is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law . . . their judges decide by it . . . they have mosques where it is all read daily, thirty relays of priests take it up in succession, get through the whole each day. We hear of Mohammedan Doctors that have

read it seventy-thousand times!" The *Koran* stresses almsgiving, patience and integrity. It preaches a way of life to grown men in all their powers, not to ascetics or celibates. To *submit*, that is to say, to be reconciled to the will of God, is to be an Islamite: to believe that there is but one God and that Mohammed is his Prophet is to become a Moslem. On every Moslem four duties are enjoined: Prayer, Charity, Fasting and a Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Mohammed's personal life was of the frugalest. His common diet was barely bread and water. He would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak. His last words were a prayer. Alone with his thoughts amid wide wastes of sand, by day the fierce blazing sun, by night the deep star-laden heavens, Mohammed founded a religion which spread with dazzling speed across the West as far as Spain, across the East, as far as Persia, India, Indonesia and China. Carlyle says: "This Great Man was as lightning out of Heaven. The rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame."

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a great conflagration has broken out in the city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end."—EMERSON.

BOOK REVIEW

MAHABHARATA—An English Translation in Prose by
C. Rajagopalachari (3rd Edition, May, 1953).—
Bhavan's Book University.

THE Book University of the Bharatya Vidya Bhavan, organised in March, 1951, has as its object the translation of the best literature in the world, and in particular the great books of Indian literature, into English, and in course of time into other Indian languages such as Tamil, Bengali and Hindi.

In Ceylon too there is the urgent need for the translation of some of the World's great classics into Sinhalese and Tamil, and also the translation of standout literary works in Sinhalese and Tamil into English.

It is important that the youth of Lanka should familiarise itself with the thoughts and ideals of the best products of the human family. It is then that it can hope to reintegrate Ceylon's past culture in the light of modern needs, resuscitate its fundamental values and produce a new literature worthy of a future.

The first book published by the Book University is *The Mahabharata*, translated by C. Rajagopalachari, one of the greatest living Indians.

Rajagopalachari would appear to have translated the *Mahabharata* first into Tamil and then into English. We give below an extract from his preface to the first English Edition :—

“ It occurred to me some years ago that I might employ some of the scanty leisure of a busy life in giving to our Tamil children in easy prose the story of the *Mahabharata* that we, more fortunate in this than they, heard in our homes as children. Vyasas' *Mahabharata* is one of our noblest heritages, and it is my cherished belief that to hear it faithfully told is to love it and come under its elevating influence. It strengthens the soul and drives home—as nothing else does—the vanity of ambition and the evil and futility of anger and hatred . . . The work, which

I began with some diffidence, soon cast its spell on me, and presently I came to love it and imagined myself telling these stories to dear Tamil children clustering eager-eyed to hear the deeds of the god-like heroes of our Motherland . . . I covered the Mahabharata in 107 stories. The writing recaptured for me sacred and touching associations which are part of my life; every sentence had for me a fragrance of the living past. This quality can never of course be preserved and brought out in an English translation. All the same, I hope this book will serve some purpose."

The writer recalls the thrilling experience he had, in his quiet little home in the North of Ceylon, many years ago, when he, with his two brothers—one, alas! the keenest of them, no longer alive,—listened in the evening to his father, as he sang in Tamil verse, and interpreted into graphic Tamil prose the stirring incidents of this great Epic. It laid the foundations of that literary taste which later led him and his brother to search for the pearls of great value in the classics of other lands, with the aid of that wonderful "open Sesame"—the English Language,—and thus experience priceless delights.

S. J. G.

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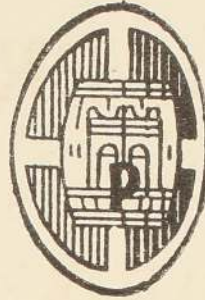
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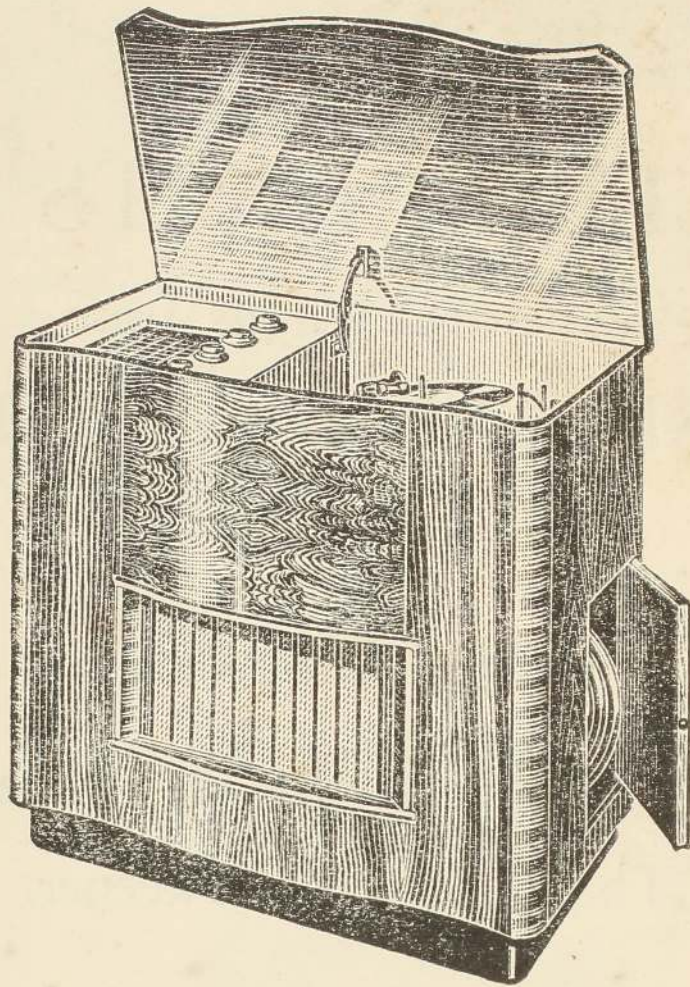
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Cont. from Cover Page 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

