The Tamil

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One Rupee

The Tamil

SOME OPINIONS:

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

Letter dated January 16, 1955.

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

Letter dated January, 19, 1955.

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

Letter dated January 19, 1955.

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

Letter dated January 18, 1955.

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

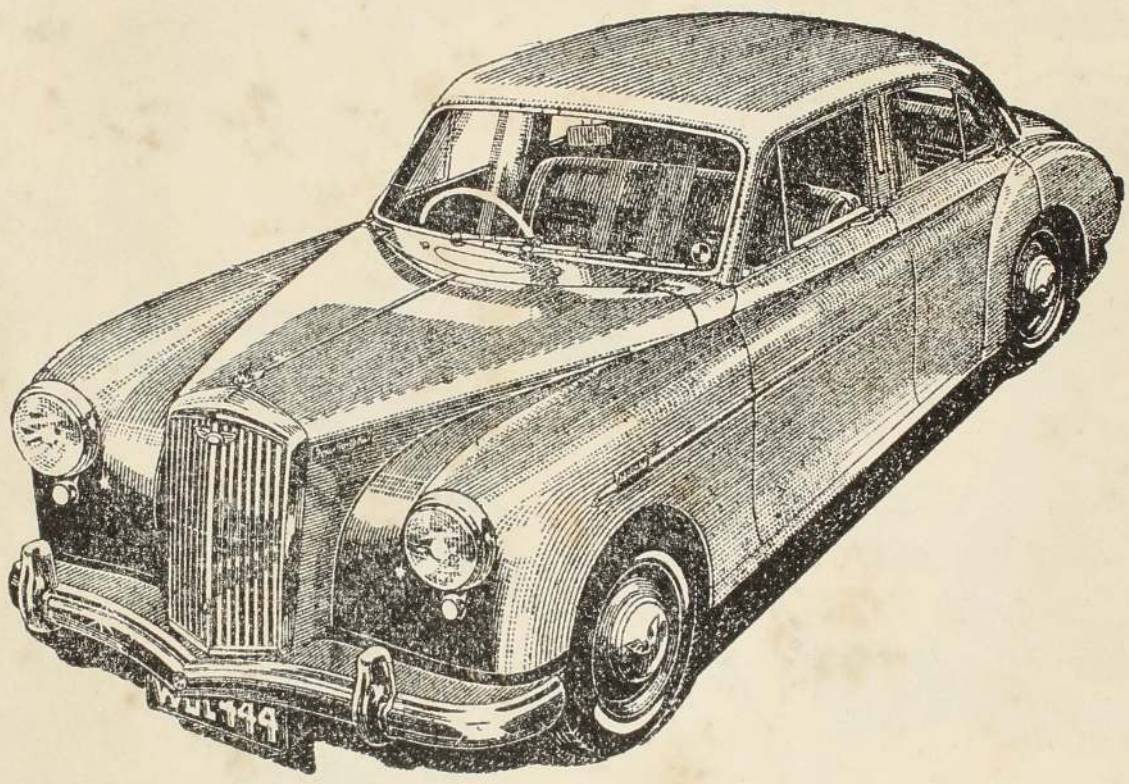
Letter dated January 21, 1955.

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

Letter dated January 21, 1955.

(*Continued on Cover page 3*)

Brilliant scion of a very good family...



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SEQUENCE

PURSUIT OF LEARNING.

[AT the twenty-fourth Annual Convocation of Annamalai University, Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliyar, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras, delivered the Convocation Address printed below. It is a great speech by a great Tamil, remarkable in that, although by a non-Englishman, it attains the authentic voice of English oratory.]

THE task of addressing the new graduates standing on the threshold of a future which has yet to unfold itself, is not an enviable one in the present set-up of the world and in the light of the many problems with which our country is faced. Nor is the younger generation in a mood to accept calmly obvious platitudes and time-worn and stale aphorisms which, whatever their worth, seem but futile repetitions ill-suited to the dynamic requirements of the present-day world. Never has there been, however, a greater need for a calm outlook and profound thought.

The young alumnus of the University, suddenly ushered into a world of conflict and commotion from the comparative safety and seclusion of an academic atmosphere and, more often than not, forced to carve a career for himself amidst depressing surroundings, may find many of his cherished ideals and hopes shattered. He sees far too often evidence of suspicion and distrust, hatred and violence, selfishness and arrogance, dread and despair, and he sees them in individuals, in groups and in nations as well. Nurtured on great ideals through the writings of great minds, fed on philosophic thoughts of ancient lore and brought up with the idealism inspired by the great leaders of this ancient land, the young graduate may find himself torn by conflicting emotions when he sees the contrast so strikingly obvious between the ideal and the real.

Yet, is there not another picture that may be placed before him, a panoramic view of which may well make him hesitate before taking a too gloomy and pessimistic

outlook of the world at large, of his own country and of the future. Over seven years ago, the shackles of bondage were broken and he has, unlike those of a previous generation, been breathing from his teens the air of freedom in his country.

Unto him are handed the destinies of this great and ancient land and to him has been given this unique opportunity of so quickening, so moulding public opinion and so shaping the future of his motherland along with his compatriots that India may once more be the land of which the ancient seers so eloquently sang in prose and poetry.

Let him not forget in the morning of his life how much he is indebted to his forefathers to whom he owes this rich heritage. Well has it been said, " You can pay your debt to the past by putting the future in debt to yourself."

Graduates of the year, you have, after a strenuous and exacting academic career, reached the stage when your University bids you go forth with confidence that you will play your part nobly and Well. This University presents unique possibilities for that training that should stand you in good stead.

Here has been given unto you and to those who guide you the privilege of developing what has happily been called the " gown and town " atmosphere. Here, in this secluded rural atmosphere has been located what is really a rural University which, by its activities in every sphere of public service, can well cast its spell on the population around it. Thus were the ancient Universities located " far from the madding crowd," and thus did those cities become famous only because they were great shrines of learning. Nalanda and Taxilla, Padua and the great centres of learning of medieval Europe were known to posterity because of the rich gift of educated, cultured and devoted savants that were sent forth to the world to preach the doctrines of eternal wisdom. And, if to-day, Oxford and Cambridge are still held up as ideal towns by academicians and the public, it is because of the great influence exerted by " the gowns " over " the towns."

It is the proud boast of our Universities that they have always been democratic in the best sense of that much

bedevilled adjective. On their rolls may be found the sons of rich and poor alike, of the farmer, the carpenter, the painter, the business magnate and the old hereditary class of Zamindars and Rajas now rapidly becoming defunct. It is in such an atmosphere of equality and fraternity that the true instincts of democracy can be imbibed.

Within the last few decades, the growth of democracy has transformed education from the privilege of a few to the right of all, and it is this spirit of a democratic atmosphere that has led to an appreciation of the value of liberty and the dignity that is conferred on the human personality by the feeling of liberty. Correctly appreciated, however, liberty implies the recognition of man as something more than an animal to be fed and housed and provided with social services, as a spiritual being who must make his own choice between good and evil and who grows in stature and worth if that choice is rightly made. Never was liberalism more needed than at present when the tyranny of the State in some form or other may prove more difficult to shake off than any other form of tyranny. The true spirit of democracy and the sound ideals of liberalism have had notable victories. At one time or another, its lights have been lit in most countries but in how many do they burn today ?

The truth seems to be that while liberty is a great gift, it is also a great danger. Its value depends on the use made of it. It gives no guidance for its use. Unless we realise that freedom demands a self-imposed inner discipline based on the recognition of higher values, it will end in a disorderly and impotent mob.

To-day, most people look to science and technology as the essential ends in any system of education, little realising that they are but the varying factors which have got to be adjusted from time to time with the changes in the development of scientific activities and thought. To the educated man, the pursuit of knowledge begins because of the sense of wonder and, while new inventions, add to the store of our knowledge in an increasing measure, the spirit behind all education remains the same. It must always aim at the teaching of fundamentals, those great principles which elevate man above all other creation—

that abiding sense of human values which should never be lost sight of. But whatever wonders the age of technology may bring to human aid, there is need to remember the eternal verities of human life and of human values.

It is not the fault of science revealing as she does the greatness of man. If we misuse her, the blame is ours. There is no need to employ atomic energy to destroy life instead of enriching it, and aeroplanes can be used for purposes other than for bombing. The remedy is in our hands. We need to realise firmly the standards which should be maintained, the moral stature which should never be lowered and the philosophy of life which distinguishes evil from good and chooses good and refuses evil.

It has been correctly stated that : " success or failure at school or college supplies no standards by which the promise of the future may be estimated. Originality of thought or achievement is not measurable by the same units as those of absorbing power of a prescribed pabulum usually tested by a written examination. To be able to reproduce the words of others or to shuffle mathematical symbols rapidly may be creditable but it is not to be compared with the power of originating ideas or devising new solutions to problems. A student may possess many examination certificates and yet be only a kind of text-book gramophone. Unless he also acquires the desire to see and do things independently, he knows nothing of the scientific spirit which yearns for new knowledge gained by new inquiry."

One has no need to dwell on exaggerations to say that to-day the world is faced with many trials and tribulations. Everywhere one sees tensions growing ; there are those who are determined to exaggerate the differences between man and man, between community and community, between the various religious groups and between the nations of different countries. It is unfortunate that such people command a better audience, particularly when they give vent to their real or imaginary grievances in a language couched with exaggerations and with diatribes.

Never has there been a graver danger than at present for the public mind to be disturbed and agitated by the slogans that are given expression to without a clear appre-

ciation of where they may lead to. And so one sees the unfortunate trend all over the country that the differences are exaggerated, that the passing phases of ephemeral value are given greater importance and the cleavage is thus made bigger. It was Marcus Aurelius who wisely observed that there are always two ways of looking at a thing—he said : " If thy brother offend thee, think not of the offence, for then it will appear to be greater than it ought to be, but think rather that it is thy brother that gave you the offence and the offence itself will gradually pale into insignificance." Wise words indeed, with a philosophy, peculiarly appropriate for serious consideration at the present time !

What do we find to-day ? Differences generally are magnified ; the very language that is merely a vehicle of thought is given an importance which hardly merits the dogmatism with which some people approach the issues. I do not deny the obvious advantages in the mother tongue being the medium of instruction but no one who has had acquaintance with the teaching of the advanced subjects in the degree and post-graduate courses and professional courses of training would feel that he could discharge his duty as a Professor if he were to prescribe as text-books the translations that may be brought about by the painfully slow and imperfect method now possible.

The need of modern India is, in every sphere of activity, is to get an increasing number of people as rapidly as possible trained in the higher branches of knowledge—more scientists, physicists, chemists, biologists, doctors, engineers, technologists and not merely men of science but men of letters and of the humanities also—and this primary demand must be met forthwith.

The independence that India has gained should not be only in the political field. It is at least as important that India should have a place of its own in the sphere of higher knowledge and must be in a position to hold its own in the contributions that it can make towards the newer knowledge in all fields of intellectual activity. It is unfortunate that this aspect of India's progress is not as well appreciated as it ought to be, for if it were so appreciated there will be less talk about the use of foreign languages

and a better realisation of the point of view of those who hold that at present an international language like English cannot be jettisoned or ignored purely on sentimental grounds.

The difficult problems of capital and labour, of the rich and the poor, of rural and urban life, of the educated and the uneducated : these and many other so-called differences of society are being exploited unfortunately to the detriment of the very interests that are supposed to be served. Honest beliefs are not welcome. Any outspoken expression which does not fit in with the slogans of the day is condemned outright. And so it is that the world is moving rapidly into a vicious circle which ultimately may lead to wholesale destruction, unless people with goodwill and love of humanity in general have the courage to raise their voice of protest against some of the unfortunate trends in the modern world.

It is a misfortune that even some of those who should know better are prone to condemn everything that they do not fancy or approve and hold up as ideal the virtues of their own pet fancies. And those who do not see eye to eye with such fantastic theories or such ephemeral objectives, are branded as unpatriotic, reactionary or worse. Yet, such people who are vigorous and intolerant in their criticisms and condemnation of others have neither the inclination nor time for introspection to see themselves as others see them.

Never has there been a graver danger than at present that a nascent democracy ill-adjusted as yet to realise the respective spheres of influence may well, in a moment of sudden fervour, toss the frail boat of educational endeavour into the troubled seas of political warfare.

Yet, if education has been purposive and has led to the development of the mind and to the building up of character in those to whom this rich gift has been bestowed, there should be a different picture presenting itself before the world. The stigma that what the common man is to be afraid of is not the illiterate but the highly educated scientific man to whom unfortunately power is given more often to destroy than to create—it is this sense of an

appalling sentiment that should be rooted out and it can be done only if we realise the true purpose of education. Apart from the securing of gainful employment, it is the hope of all, that through the Universities we may be in the possession of those great noble ideals which have for ever given to the world the message of duty, of service, and above all, of love of humanity in general. Nothing else counts.

"The pleasure of learning is one of the purest available to man. The passion for it burns in the bright flame of the Indian mind."—

RADHAKRISHNAN,
adapted.

THE MAHAVAMSA

(II)

DID THE BUDDHA VISIT CEYLON ?

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

DID the Buddha visit Ceylon ? The Mahavamsa affirms it. The first three chapters of the work are devoted to the details of three visits to Lanka made by the Buddha. The Mahavamsa, as we have pointed out in our earlier article in the *Tamil*, is believed to have been an adaptation of an older work in existence at the time of its author—Mahanama. The author, as suggested by Geiger, in his introduction to the English translation, " certainly did not intend to deceive hearers or readers." He had probably recorded faithfully certain legendary stories which were cherished by the pious in his days.

If the Buddha did actually visit Ceylon then He (and not Mahinda) was the first to convert Lanka to his teachings. There is reason to believe that Buddhism was not altogether unknown to Ceylon before the arrival of Mahinda. (Geiger's Introduction to the Mahavamsa, p. XIX).

No corroborative evidence, or other records, are available in contemporary or even later accounts of Buddha's countrymen or disciples to support the historicity of his visit to Ceylon. There are, however, references in the Manimekhalai, a Tamil epic of the 3rd century to this tradition. A Buddhist " Charana " (one that moves through air) by name Sadhu Sankaran, after setting the " Wheel of Law " going in Ratnadipa, was returning to the Tamil land in South India. He tells Manimekhalai, " I am returning from Ratnadipa after worshipping the footprint of Buddha which is found impressed on the summit of Sumantha Malai while he stood there preaching." (Manimekhalai, Bk. X). In book XI of Manimekhalai, the heroine asks *Tivatilaka*, a goddess, one of the characters in the poem, from where she hails. The goddess replies, " I arrived here long ago from the summit of Sumantha Malai after worshipping the Buddha's sacred footprint ; and, ever since, at the command of Indra, I am guarding this Buddha-Seat."

" Sumantha Malai " is the Tamil equivalent of the Sinhalese " Sumanakuta," known to us to-day as Adam's Peak. " Dipa " in Pali means " a light." Does Ratnadipa refer to the Ratnapura District in Ceylon ? If so, then Buddhists in South India, three hundred years before the Ceylonese chronicle was written, seem to have believed in this tradition. The references in Manimekhalai also go to show that there was free and unfettered communication between Ceylon and South India, at least during the early centuries of the Christian era, and that Tamil Buddhists and members of the Sangha had a part to play in the development of Buddhism in Ceylon.

According to the Mahavamsa, " the Buddha himself set forth for the Isle of Lanka to win Lanka for the faith " on the ninth month of his Buddhahood " at the full moon day of Phussa " (November-December, December-January). 563 B.C. is the probable date assigned for the birth of Buddha. He is said to have attained enlightenment, *i.e.* his Buddhahood, in his thirty-fifth year. His first legendary visit recorded in the Mahavamsa must, therefore, have taken place in about the year 526 B.C., nearly three centuries before the visit of Mahinda.

The reason for his visit is given in the Mahavamsa in the following words : " for Lanka was known to the Conqueror as the place where his doctrine should (thereafter) shine in glory." The Buddha is said to have visited Ceylon through the air.

Was Buddha A Dravidian ?

The Buddha, like Vijaya (according to the Mahavamsa) is said to have come to Ceylon from the Magadha country. He belonged to the Sakya clan whose country lay along the southern edge of Nepal. Its capital was Kapilavastu. Historians of Buddhism had hitherto assumed that the Buddha belonged to the " Aryan " race. Recent opinion however has thrown doubt on this belief.

Dr. S. K. Chatterji in his article on " Indian Synthesis " (Indo-Asian Culture, July, 1954) states :—

" It has been suggested that Buddha himself, like most of the Gurkhas and other present day peoples of Nepal, was of mixed Aryan-Mongoloid or it may be

Aryanised Mongoloid origin. Certain social usages among the branch of the Sakya clan to which Buddha belonged would suggest non-Aryan origins, affinities and connections."

The Magadhas, according to some authorities, were actually a Dravidian tribe and so were the Sakyas.

" The Kasis, Kitakas, *Magadhas* and Añgas in the East and the Gandharis, Mujavants, Balhikas, Kambajas and Takhas in the West were also Dravidians. The Mallas, *Sakyas*, Kosalas, Bulis, Matsyas, Garudas, Muriyas and many others belonged to the Dravidian family. Some of them were still found along the Indus by Alexander the Great, in the 4th Century B.C." (Studies in Proto-Indo-Mediterranean Culture—Rev. H. J. Heras, S.J., 1954).

Again in the *Dharmasutra*, 1, 1, 32-33, we are told that " Even down in the time of Buddhayana orthodox people were forbidden to visit Magadha " (op. cit. p. 5).

It would therefore be more correct to assume that though his speech was an Aryanised dialect, Buddha himself was of Dravido-Mongoloid origin.

In his teachings too He combines the rationalism of the Mongolian with the non-violent humanitarianism of the Dravidian. The so-called Aryans and their fellows in Europe have produced great soldiers, administrators and conquerors—the Caesars, Napoleons and the Hitlers of the West; but the originators of World Religions and monotheistic creeds have sprung from the peoples of the Near East and the Middle East—the Semites and the Dravidians. Brahmanism which originated as a spiritual weapon of arrogant Aryan racialism came to be transformed in the Indian soil into the humane eclectic creed known to us as Hinduism . . .

The Buddha, according to the Mahavamsa, is said to have, on his first visit, arrived at " the delightful Mahanaga Garden, the customary meeting place for Yakkhas." Lanka at that time was " filled with Yakkhas and Nagas." He is said to have hovered over the heads of the assembly. " The rain, storm, darkness and so forth " caused by the Buddha so overwhelmed the Yakkhas with fear that they besought the Buddha to release them from terror. When

he requested them to give a place from which he might sit down, they offered " even the whole of our Island in return for release from fear." The Buddha settled the Yakkhas in the pleasant Giridipa (the highlands of Ceylon) and preached his doctrine to the devas assembled there. On this occasion many " Kotis " (a " koti " equals ten millions) of living beings are said to have been converted " and countless peoples came into the three refuges and the precepts of duty."

The Prince of Devas, Mahasumana of the Sumanakuta Mountain (Adam's Peak), who was one of the converts, entreated the Buddha to give him something to be worshipped, and the Buddha is said to have bestowed on him a handful of hair from his " pure black locks." The hairs were laid upon a heap of many-coloured gems, seven cubits round, filled up where the master had sat, " and covered over with a Thupa of Sapphire." After the death of the Buddha a disciple of Saraputta is said to have brought Buddha's collar-bone, covered it over with golden coloured stones, and raised the Thupa to a height of twelve cubits. Duthugamunu is said to have lived there during the war with Elara and completed the Cetiya by covering it with an eighty cubits high mantle. This was the Mahiangana Thupa.

The Buddha's second visit is said to have taken place " in the fifth year of his Buddhahood." He visited Nagadipa, apparently the North-western port of Ceylon, and " proclaimed the doctrine that brings concord." Again 80 Kotis (800 millions) are said to have been converted.

On the invitation of the Naga-King of Kalyani who had met the Buddha at Nagadipa, he is said to have paid his third visit " surrounded by five hundred bikkhus." It was during this visit that the Buddha is said to " have left traces of his footstep plain to sight on Sumanakuta," visited Dighavapi in the Eastern Province, and proceeded to Anuradhapura to the spot " where the sacred Bodhi-tree came afterwards to be," and thence to the spot where later " the Great Thupa (the Ruanweli Dagoba), the Thuparama (a Monastery in Anuradhapura) and the *Sila Cetiya* came to be built.

Two interesting facts emerge from the account of the visit of the Buddha as given by the author of the Mahavamsa. The Buddha is made, more or less, to ignore the Yakkhas. He is reported to have merely sent the Yakkhas to the highlands of Ceylon to settle down there and then preached to the " Devas," including the Nagas assembled on the occasion of his first visit. His second visit was made to settle a dispute between two Naga Princes, and his third visit was made at the specific request of a Naga King of Kalyani. It is said that " Lanka at this time was filled with Nagas and Yakkhas."

Who were these Nagas ? They appear to have been a highly civilized and wealthy people occupying the North and North-western parts of the Island, and found spread all over India. Traces of their influences may be found even to-day in the Northern parts of Ceylon in such names as Nagalingam, Nagamuttu, Naganather.

Some scholars are of opinion that the Nagas were a Dravidian tribe ; others believe that though they were a different people at one time, they had become merged with the Dravidians.

There was found an amulet in Harappa displaying the figure of Garuda, flanked by two Nagas. In a Mohenjo-Daro inscription the Nagas are referred to as Pava (c.f. Tamil Pai (Snake) and Sinhalese " Paiya " with a similar connotation).

Inscriptions of the 5th century of South India mention them as ruling kingdoms of the South : (Heras, " Origin of the Pallavas "). In the Tamil land there are a number of castes which are supposed to be Naga sub-tribes, for instance, the Maravar, Eyinar, Oliyar, Aruvalar, etc. (Srinivasachari, " The Ancient Tamils and the Nagas.").

LIBELLE FOR THE PRIME MINISTER.

Guileless !

You are the heir of an epoch which came to its end in 1931.

Did you know that ?

The most highly organized and effective system of Statesmanship in human record was what a Queen of England called her "people and her Empire."

After four years of assiduous concentrated collaboration between the statesmen of the States of the Commonwealth, the whole machinery of the old Colonial Empire was taken asunder and a Commonwealth of Free Nations came into being.

The Supreme and Majestic Parliament of Her Majesty of Britain by a supreme and voluntary act of renunciation declared :—

> *"No act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom . . . shall extend to a Dominion as part of the law of that Dominion unless . . . that Dominion has requested and consented to the enactment thereof."*

Do these words come to you with the virginal surprise of pigtailed jovissance? They constitute the charter of Sri Lanka's Sovrinty.

Believe it or not, Mr. Prime Minister, you have come into a Great and Grand Inheritance.

Your great predecessor, Stephen Senanayake, will be known as the Oliver Cromwell of Ceylon's

history. He towered above his colleagues. Cabinet Ministers only by polite fiction, they stood before him as school boys before the Head Master.

His son was but another Richard to that other Oliver. Mediocrity engulfed him—and he quickly went under.

And you, Jolly Boy?

We like you. We like you for your essentially simple and good heart. You are without guile. Your ethos is easily touched to deeds of Kindness. We do believe that you do sincerely, solemnly and truly wish the welfare of ALL Ceylonese of every creed and race. YOU are not communal.

But—despite all the Loud Bluster and BIG TALK—can it be that, deep within, Jolly Boy is but Jelly Boy?

Do you know, for instance, that, inside your own Cabinet and outside of it, are Hard Men, Vile Men, ostensibly followers of the Lord of Compassion who have compassion only for themselves and their OWN kind? Do you know that, apart from the OUTWARD Six-year-plan for Lanka, there is an INWARD Twenty-year-plan? The Greeks had no word for it. The Romans never knew it. But we have the word today: GENOCIDE!

Are you a Dutch Burgher? van Rooyen is your name? Become Goigamage Wanarana or—go to Australia. Are you a Tamil? Appasamy is your name? Become Appuhamy or—go to Jaffna. How long is your tongue? How far can it snuggle inside our orifices? Ceylonisation is but "double talk" for Sinhalisation. Suck—or be sacked.

Do you know, Sir, that there are many persons, many important persons, in Sri-Free-Lanka who openly proclaim these principles of minority-murder and a-maitriya ?

Our Muslim co-Ceylonese-brothers would seem to be outside the purview of this premeditated and concerted plan of Race-murder, because the sons of those who, not long ago, made splendid their name and fame,and the unmatched glory of their Prophet, over all the proud and arrogant towers and cities of the West—from Arabia right on to Spain—are not likely to be perturbed by the screedy voice of goigama buddhisisation.

You often say your stars are good. May they so remain !

We have faith in you. But, sometimes, we mourn for you, because the gadfly of inferiority often seems to get the better of you and into your underparts, and you are stung into words and deeds unworthy of your High Office.

Unfortunately—unfortunately for you—you have two of the greatest sons of History as your contemporaries round the table of Commonwealth Prime Ministers—Nehru and Churchill. Both of them are great masters of great speaking and writing—and great thinking. Can it be, Sir, that in your natural desire to get into the world picture alongside of these two giants of fame you indulge in language calculated to catch the eye of the fishwife and the housewife, but not indeed, the applause of Time or of History.

[Should the rumoured retirement of Churchill come into fruition, then, indeed, would your plight be even worse : too stark, indeed, the contrast

with Nehru: Mount Everest vis-a-vis Mount Lavinia! And the men of reading in Ceylon will begin to recall those matchless lines:

"Look here, upon this picture,
And on that!
An eye like Mars,
A station like the herald Mercury,
A combination and a form indeed...
Look you now, what follows!

Sir, you know your Shakespeare.]

With submission, "why the hell" and "damned ridiculous" are a bloody awful way of achieving the companionship of the immortals. You appear to be of the view that all housewives of England are sojourners of Billingsgate!

* * * * *

Fame is no plant
That grows on mortal soil;
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world;
Nor in broad rumour lies—

Curzon and Neville Chamberlain were aspirants for the Premiership of England. Chamberlain succeeded. Curzon failed. Curzon will live for ever if only because of two lines of epigrammatic brilliance he wrote as a young blood of Oxford. Neville Chamberlain will skulk for ever behind the gloomy shade of that ragged umbrella.

Guileless!

We are prepared to forgive much that is going in Ceylon today under the shadow of YOUR umbrella—the rank communalism even in high seats—the open display of the principle that might is right—

the doctrine that only money counts—whether obtained in astronomical figures from the bird that is ready to lay golden eggs to be made into golden egghoppers or at the gaming table and at the race course where the mightiest congregate in unabashed cock-a-hoopery—but DO remember, please, that in the Mystical Mathematic of Heaven none of these things is worth a shred.

Master, where do we go from here? Whither are you taking us? Do we have peace in our time? Or shall it be—because of You—that the day is not far when dear, darling Kotalawalapura will be hydrogened into Kotalawalapuka. History is around the corner.

" It is excellent to have a giant's strength.
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant. "—
MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

A POEM BY JOHN DONNE

[THE life and works of the Poet John Donne will well repay study. John Donne was one of the most exquisite men the world has produced. We give below a poem of his youth when, neither sensuous nor sensual, he proved the interconnexion and interdependence of soul and body—and the wheels of his chariot grew hot with driving.]

THE SUN RISING

Busy old Fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains,
Call on us?

Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?

Saucy, pedantic wretch,
Go chide late schoolboys,
Go tell court-huntsmen
That the king will ride;
Call country ants to harvest offices;

Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the
rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong—
I could eclipse and cloud them
with a wink,
But that I could not lose
her sight so long.

She is all States and all Princes,
I nothing else is.
Princes do but play us,
Compared to this, all honour's mimic,
All wealth alchemy.

Thou Sun art half as happy, as we,
In that the world is contracted thus;
Thine age asks ease, and since
thy duties be to warm the world,
That's done in warming us.

"A poem exists in innumerable degrees."—**BRADLEY.**

AVVAIYAR

[THIS is an article by a Tamil in Sinhalese on the great Tamil Poetess, Avvaiyar.]

ලාඛාලයන්ගේ ආදරණීය කිවිවරිය.

(ආර්. ආර්. ඇරියනායගම් විසිනි)

හඬන ළමයින්ට "අම්පුලිමාන්" (අම්බිලි මාමා) පෙන්වා නළවති. එහි පෙනෙන්නේ ඔහුවෙ මැහැල්ල, ආදරවන්ත මුත්තනිය, කියා ළදරුවන් ප්‍රීතිකරන්නාහ. 'තමිළහ' (දෙමළ සඳලයේ) මව්වරු. මෙසෙය ළමයි උතුම් කිවිවරිය ගැන ඉගෙනීම අරඹන්නේ.

පාඨශාලා ජීවිතය පටන්ගන්නාවිට පළමුවෙන් ඉගෙනගන්නේ ඔහුවෙයාර්ගේ 'ආත්තිසුඩි'ය ය. මෙය "අරම්සෙය විරුම්බු, ආරුවදු සිනම්, ඉයල්වදු කැරවේල්" ආදි වශයෙන් හෝඩි අක්ෂර මුලට එන පිළිවෙළින් ලියා තිබේ. පණකුරුපාද අවසානයේ ගතකුරුපාද ඇරඹේ. ආත්තිසුඩියෙන් පසු කොන්රෙවේඳන්, වෙට්ටිවේට්ටකෙ, මුදුරෙ, නල්වළි, ඔහුවෙක්කුරළ් යනාදි ග්‍රන්ථ එතුමිය විසින් ලියා ඇත) මේවා එක්පාද පද්‍යය (එක්පාදයකම එක් අදහසක් සම්පූර්ණව තිබේ. දෙපාද පද්‍යය, තුන්පාද සිව්පාද පද්‍යය යනු පිළිවෙළින් පවතින හෙයින් ළමයින්ට පහසුවෙන් උගතහැක. අදහස්ද වයස අනුව ක්‍රමයෙන් ගැඹුරුවේ.

ඕතොමෝ ළමයින්ගේ දියුණුව ගැන සැලකුවාක් මෙන් ගිහියන්ගේ ගෘහ කටයුතු හා වෙනත් බාහිර කායිකයන් ගැනද පැවිද්දන්ගේ අභ්‍යන්තර දියුණුව ගැනද කල්පනාකොට ඔවුනොවුන් හා ආශ්‍රයකර උපදෙස් දුන්හ. රජවරුන් අවවාදකර හික්මවා ඔවුන් අතර පොදු දූතයෙකු මෙන් වූවාහ. බ්‍රහ්මචාරී ජීවිතයෙන් කාලය සතුටින් ගතකළ එතුමිය විසින් ලෝකයාගේ යහපත පිණිස ඔහුවෙක්කුරළ් යන යෝගි ග්‍රන්ථයද ලියා ඇත.

"අරම්සෙය විරුම්බු" යන්නෙන් ළමයි පළමුවෙන් ඉගෙනගන්නේ ධාර්මික ජීවිතය ගතකිරීමට හිත පිරිසිදුව තබාගතයුතු බවයි. අධ්‍යාපනයේ මොළුම පරමාර්ථය මෙය නොවේද? මෙසේ ඔහුවෙ ගුරුවරිය ළදරුවාගේ මනස ගැනම පළමුවෙන් සැලකුවාය, කථාවටත් ක්‍රියාවටත් චිත්තය උල්පත වන හෙයින් පිරිසිදු මනස කෙරෙහි ඕතොමෝ පළමුවෙන් සිත් යොමු කළාහ. 'උණ්මෙ', 'වාසිමෙ' 'මෙය්මෙ' ,යනුවෙන් පවිත්‍රභාවයට දෙමළ වචන තුනක් ඇත. උල්ළම් (හිත) වාය් (කටු,) මෙය් (කය) යන ප්‍රකෘති ඇති මේ වචන තුනම හිත වචන කය පවිත්‍ර බව හඟවන සත්‍යය යන එකම තේරුම ඇත්තේය.

මෙවැනි පරිසුද්ධියම ඔහුවෙයාර් විසින් මිහිරි තමිළ් භාෂාවෙහි අපට දී තිබේ. 'තමිළ්' යන්නෙහි තේරුම මිහිරි බවය. ප්‍රසිද්ධ තමිළ් සංගම්වලින් පළමුවැන්න පිහිටුවනු ලද්දේ මදුරෙ නගරයේය. මදුරෙ=මදු (මිහිරි+උරෙ (බඳ). චිනීඩා ඔහුවෙයාර් 'නල්මළි' යන ග්‍රන්ථියේ ආරම්භයෙහි ගණදෙවියන්ට "ගණදෙවියනි, කිරි, මීපැණි,

සූකිරි, කොච්චම් යන ඍතරෙන් ඔබ පුදන්නෙමි, ඉයල් (සාමාන්‍ය ගද්‍ය පද්‍ය) ඉසෙ (සංගීතයට සුදුසුවන පද්‍ය) නාඩගම් (නාටකය) යන ත්‍රිවිධ තමිළ්ම මව දෙනු මැනවි" යයි යාච්ඤා කරන්නාහ, පවිත්‍රතාවයම අරමුණුකළ ඔන්වෙයාර් මෙසේ මිහිරි පද ප්‍රවාහයක්ම දෙන්නාහ.

සිතු දේ කියා කියූ දේ කළාහ ඔන්වෙයාර්, එබැවින්ම ළමයි එතුමියට හොඳ ආචාරිනී යයි ද ඥානවන්ත කිව්වරිය යයි ද ආදර කරන්. ඔන්වෙයාර්ගේ කථා මහලු අය කියද්දී ගෙමිදුල්වල හඳපා නෙහි ඇසීමට දැඩි ආශාවෙන් රැඟී සිටිති පොඩි ළමයි.

එක් දවසක් කුලෝත්තුංග රජ්ජුරුවන්ගේ මෙහෙලිමංගල්‍යයට බොහෝදෙනෙක් ආරාධනා ලැබූහ. ඉතා අලංකාර මණ්ඩපයක් ඉදි කර තිබිනි. ගොක් කොළවලින් මල්මාලාවලින් හා පලතුරුවලින් එය සැරසිනි, බිම සුදුවැලි අතුරා තිබුණේය. මණ්ඩපය සත්‍රී පුරුෂ ළමයි බොහෝ දෙනෙකුගෙන් පිරී තිබිනි. ප්‍රභූන් හා කිව්වරු ඉදිරියෙහි වාඩිවී සිටියෝය. දිව්‍ය පූජාදියෙන් පසුව නොයෙක් රස කෑම්බීම් වලින් සංග්‍රහ පැවැත්විණි. අන්තිමේදී සතුතිකිරීම් හා ආශීර්වාද කිරීම් සිදුවුණේය. ඔන්වෙයාර්ද වරක් නැගිට " නියර උස්වේවා "යයි කියා අසුන් ගත්හ. සියලුදෙනාම තේරුම නොදැන උඩබිම බැලුවෝය. අන්තිමේදී ඔන්වෙයාර්ගේ නුවණට ගෞරවකළ රජතුමා එහි තේරුම අනාවරණය කරන ලෙස එතුමියගෙන් ඉල්ලුවේය. එවිට ඔන්වෙයාර් " නියර උස්වීමෙන් කුඹුරේ ජලය උස්වේ, ජලය උස්වීමෙන් ගොයම් පැල උස්වේ, ගොයම් උස්වීමෙන් ජනයාගේ ජීවන තත්ත්වය උස්වේ, ජනයා උසස්වීමෙන් රජතුමාගේ මහිමය උසස්වේ" යයි විස්තර කර යළිත් ආශීර්වාද කළහ.

රාජකීය උළෙලකදී රජ්ජුරුවන්ට කරන්නාවූ සතුතිය දිළිඳු ගොවියාට යායුතුයයි යන අභ්‍යන්තර අදහස ගැබ්කොට නියර උස්වීමෙන් කිරුළු උස්වේවා යයි ආශීර්වාද කර පොදු ජනයා හා මහරජු අතර ඇති සැබෑ සම්බන්ධය පෙන්වාදුන් ඔන්වෙ මුත්තනියට අපේ ගෞරවාදරය හිමිය.

මේ පවිත්‍ර කිව්වරියගේ නිදහස් මනෝභාවයට පහත දැක්වෙන කවිය නිදර්ශනයකි :

ඔන්රාහක් කාණපදුවේ කාට්චි ; පුලනෙඳුම්
වෙන්රාන්තන් වීරමේ වීරමාම් – එත්රානුම්
සාවාමල් කට්පදේ කල්වි ; තනෙප්පිරර්
ජීවාමල් උණපදේ උණ්,

තේරුම : අන්කිසිදෙයක් නොදැක සැබෑ වසතුව පමණක් දැකීමම සත්‍ය දර්ශනයයි ; පංචේන්ද්‍රියන්ගෙන් ලැබෙන දැනීම් සමූහය වූ " මම" යන අඥානය පරදවන්නාම සැබෑ විරයා වේ ; නොමැරී සිටීමට දැන ගැනීමම නියම ඉගෙනගැනීමයි ; නිදහස්වූ චෘත්තියකින් සපයා අනුභව කරන දෙයම නියම ආහාරයයි.

" පාරිසුද්ධිය ජීවිතයේ ආලෝකයයි"

•

The Tamil

REVERENCE

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

"It behoves one to approach the man of learning with humility if one wishes to acquire knowledge.
He who is too proud to do this is doomed to ignorance and inferiority."

Thiruvalluvar (Kural), (Translation from Tamil).

* * * *

"I am the earth that dreams beneath the stars ;
I am the sea that laughs beneath the moon."

Nammalvar (Translation from Tamil).

* * * *

"Our happiness depends on what we have in our heads rather than what we have in our pockets."

Schopenhuer.

Mathematics and Literature are the twin eyes of human existence.

* * * *

"The educated alone have eyes.
The eyes of the unlearned are but two open sores."

Thiruvalluvar.

* * * *

We are taught to fly in the air like birds, and to swim in the water like the fishes. But how to live on the earth we do not know.

* * * *

"There is not one goal for this civilization and one for that, but for the civilization of all mankind there is a single goal."

Dante.

* * * *

There can be no substitutes for parents.

* * * *

"Individuality is sacred. Each individual should be allowed to develop his nature."

Radhakrishnan.

MONTAIGNE ON FRIENDSHIP

[THE great French essayist, Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), was a master of the art of cultivated talking. One of the finest achievements of the human intellect, pursued with avidity in France, the land of intellectual people, is the cult of speaking well among friends. The essay is none other than the setting down in print of what well-read persons of good birth and breeding may say to one another in friendly conversation round a table.

After performing the duties of citizenship—Montaigne was for a short time Mayor of Bordeaux, his native town, and also a lawyer—Montaigne retired to his famous Library which was in the third storey of a tower. Here he took refuge from the world in doctarum virginum sinu *and lived, thought and wrote until he died. The following excerpt from Montaigne's essay on Friendship is a masterpiece of good thinking and writing :]*

THERE is nothing to which nature hath more addressed us than to society. And Aristotle saith that perfect lawgivers have had more regardful care of friendship than of justice. And the utmost drift of its perfection is this. For generally all those amities which are forged and nourished by voluptuousness or profit, public or private need, are thereby so much the less fair and generous, and so much the less true amities, in that they intermeddle other causes, scope, and fruit with friendship than itself alone. Nor do those four ancient kinds of friendships, natural, social, hospitable, and venerean, either particularly or conjointly beseem the same. That from children to parents may rather be termed respect.

Friendship is nourished by communication, which by reason of the over-great disparity cannot be found in them, and would haply offend the duties of nature ; for neither all the secret thoughts of parents can be communicated unto children, lest it might engender an unbeseeming familiarity between them, nor the admonitions and corrections (which are the chiefest offices of friendship) could be exercised from children to parents.

There have nations been found where, by customs, children killed their parents, and others where parents slew their children, thereby to avoid the hindrance of interbearing one another in after-times, for naturally one dependeth from the ruin of another. There have philosophers been found disdaining this natural conjunction : witness Aristippus, who, being urged with the affection he ought his children, as proceeding from his loins, began to spit, saying, That also that excrement proceeded from him, and that also we engendered worms and lice. And that other man, whom Plutarch would have persuaded to agree with his brother, answered : " I care not a straw the more for him, though he came out of the same womb I did."

Verily the name of brother is a glorious name, and full of loving-kindness, and therefore did he and I term one another sworn brother ; but this commixture, dividence, and sharing of goods, this joining wealth to wealth, and that the riches of one shall be the poverty of another, doth exceedingly distemper and distract all brotherly alliance and lovely conjunction. If brothers should conduct the progress of their advancement and thrift in one same path and course, they must necessarily oftentimes hinder and cross one another. Moreover, the correspondency and relation that begetteth these true and mutually perfect amities, why shall it be found in these ? The father and the son may very well be of a far differing complexion, and so many brothers : he is my son, he is my kinsman ; but he may be a fool, a bad, or a peevish-minded man. And then according as they are friendships which the law and duty of nature doth command us, so much the less of our own voluntary choice and liberty is there required unto it ; and our genuine liberty hath no production more properly her own than that of affection and amity.

Sure I am, that concerning the same I have assayed all that might be, having had the best and most indulgent father that ever was, even to his extremest age, and who from father to son was descended of a famous house, and touching this rare seen virtue of brotherly concord very exemplar :

et ipse
Notus in fratres animi paterni.
To his brothers known so kind,
As to bear a father's mind.

To compare the affection toward women unto it, although it proceed from our own free choice, a man cannot, nor may it be placed in this rank. Her fire, I confess it

neque enim est dea nescia nostri
Quae dulcem curis miscet amaritiem.
(Nor is that goddess ignorant of me,
Whose bitter-sweets with my cares mixed be).

to be more active, more fervent, and more sharp. But it is a rash and wavering fire, waving and divers : the fire of an ague subject to fits and stints, and that hath but slender holdfast of us. In true friendship it is a general and universal heat, and equally tempered, a constant and settled heat, all pleasures and smoothness, that hath no pricking or stinging in it, which the more it is in lustful love, the more is it but a raging and mad desire in following that which flies us.

Come segue la lepre il cacciatore
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al lito,
Ne piu l'estima poi che presa vede,
E sol dietro a chi fugge affretta il piede

Ev'n as the huntsman doth the hare pursue,
In cold, in heat, on mountains, on the shore,
But cares no more, when he her ta'en espies,
Speeding his pace only at that which flies.

As soon as it creepeth into the terms of friendship, that is to say, in the agreement of wills, it languisheth and vanisheth away : enjoying doth lose it, as having a corporal end, and subject to satiety. On the other side, friendship is enjoyed according as it is desired, it is neither bred, nor nourished, nor increaseth but in jovissance, as being spiritual, and the mind being refined by use and custom. Under this chief amity these fading affections have sometimes found place in me, lest I should speak of him who in his verses speaks but too much of it. So are these two

passions entered into me in knowledge one of another, but in comparison never : the first flying a high, and keeping a proud pitch, disdainfully beholding the other to pass her points far under it. Concerning marriage, besides that it is a covenant which hath nothing free but the entrance, the continuance being forced and constrained, depending elsewhere than from our will, and a match ordinarily concluded to other ends. A thousand strange knots are therein commonly to be unknit, able to break the web, and trouble the whole course of a lively affection ; whereas in friendship there is no commerce or business depending on the same, but itself.

Omnino amicitiae corroboratis jam confirmatisque ingeniis et aetatibus judicandae sunt : "Clearly friendships are to be judged by wits, and ages already strengthened and confirmed." As for the rest, those we ordinarily call friends and amities are but acquaintances and familiarities, tied together by some occasion or commodities, by means whereof our minds are entertained. In the amity I speak of, they intermix and confound themselves one in the other with so universal a commixture, that they wear out and can no more find the seam that hath conjoined them together. If a man urge me to tell wherefore I loved him, I feel it cannot be expressed but by answering, Because it was he, because it was myself. There is beyond all my discourse, and besides what I can particularly report of it, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power, a mean and mediatrix of this indissoluble union. We sought one another before we had seen one another, and by the reports we heard one of another, which wrought a greater violence in us than the reason of reports may well bear ; I think by some secret ordinance of the heavens we embraced one another by our names. And at our first meeting, which was by chance at a great feast and solemn meeting of a whole township, we found ourselves so surprised, so known, so acquainted, and so combinedly bound together, that from thenceforward nothing was so near unto us as one unto another.

A PAGE OF SCIENCE

[WE are about to begin a great journey. We are to travel not 'abroad' but above. We are to take a God's-eye-view of this universe.]

BUT before we leave her, shall we take a look at our own small home, this earth ? How did the earth come into being ? Millions and millions of years ago there was nothing but empty darkness—what is now called Space. Into this emptiness, at a point of what is now called Time, there came into being vast colonies of "fire flies"—the stars : numerous as the sands of the seashore in number. They were born ; they flew around at mighty speeds ; but they kept their places—obedient to their Maker.

In the midst of this great drama of display, one day there was a tiny incident. An inconspicuous grain of sand—our Sun—went into travail, like Prithivi or Uma, and produced a family of septuplets. (For the moment we shall ignore the two planets discovered only a "few" years ago). The ancient Hindus gave these names to our planet-brothers : Mangala, Budha, Brihaspathi, Sukra, Ravija, Rahu, Dhwaja.

In this way the earth came into being. At first it was a globe of hot gas. This globe gradually cooled. Eventually it became a suitable abode for life. In due course man appeared.

Man finds himself upon this tiny speck of dust in space. He surveys with wonder and fear this vast universe in which his life is cast.

Until a short time ago everyone thought that the earth was flat. Everyone thought that the earth was stationary. Everyone thought that the Sun and the Moon and the Stars travelled around and about us while we remained still. We considered ourselves the centre-people of the universe. We imagined that the earth was a sort of "grand monarch" round whom his courtiers moved in stately procession.

All these notions have been found to be wrong. Pythagoras, the Greek, discovered in 570 B.C. that the earth was round in shape. Heraclides of Pontus—about 315 B.C.—was the first to say that the earth itself turned round. Foucault the Frenchman proved this to demonstration by a great experiment performed by him in public in 1852. He suspended a pendulum from the dome of the Panthéon in Paris. Thousands of people watched. As they saw the pendulum change its direction relative to the walls of the Panthéon, many said they could *actually feel the earth turning under their feet* !

What shall we find if we should be able to delve into the central core of the earth ? We shall probably find that the central core consists of a very heavy liquid, perhaps ten or twelve times as dense as water. This may be mainly molten iron. This central core extends to about 2,200 miles in every direction from the centre of the earth. Immediately above the central core is a layer of matter about 1,700 miles thick. It is called the barysphere. Indeed, we may think of the earth's interior as a series of spherical layers surrounding one another like the layers of a layer cake. The barysphere extends to within about 50 miles of the earth's surface. The remaining layers are comparatively thin. After the barysphere comes the lithosphere, which means sphere of rocks. It is here that we find the oil and the coal which are the cause of so much greed and destruction. The deepest oil borings go to only about 8,000 feet from the surface of the earth. Coal mines are only about 4,000 feet below the ground. These holes are only tiny pin-pricks in the skin of the earth.

Above the lithosphere is the layer of water which we call the Ocean. The deepest ocean is only about five miles deep. Finally, outsides of all, is the atmosphere. We shall in due course study the Air, and turn our eyes upwards, as we unfold the story of the heavens.

INDRA: LORD OF HEAVEN

IN the Hindu panthéon, Indra is King of the Gods. In Asia Minor, in the early Iranian period, he was known as In-da-ra. The Chinese knew him as P'an Ku, the world shaper, the smiter with his thunder hammer, engaged in giving shape to the hills. The Egyptians knew him as Ptah who hammers out the copper sky. The Assyrians knew him as Rammon; the Hiltites as Tarku. He was known in Babylon.

But it must be conceded that the Aryans of India have made Indra their *Ishtadeva*. They called him Dyaus pita, the shining god. From that name he became the Zeus pater of the Greeks and Jupiter of the Romans.

When the Indian land is parched and athirst for rain, and man and beast face famine and death, for the once mighty rivers are but trickling streams—then the people look up at the heavens. They look up to Lord Indra. At that moment dense masses of black clouds gather in the sky. The thunder peals. Lightning flashes. The rain descends, and once again the land is gay with golden corn.

What has happened ?

Indra, hearing the cries of his devotees, rose to do battle for them against Vritra, the demon of drought, who was keeping within his caverns the cloud cattle who were thus unable to pour their rain upon earth. Indra's golden chariot was brought out by his attendants and followers. These are the youthful Maruts, spirits of tempest and thunder, sons of Rudra. They are stalwart and courageous "full of terrible designs." They yoke Indra's favourite horses, named Bold and Brown, to the chariot. Then they yoke to each of their own chariots two spotted deer, led by a third, the leader, never-wearying, swift footed.

Now the Maruts don their own armour : golden helmets, golden breastplates, golden bracelets and bright skins over their shoulders. With their gleaming spears, and bows and arrows, and axes, they look indeed cloud shakers who could cleave the cloud rocks and drench the earth with quickening showers.

The chariots are ready. The Maruts are eager for battle. Indra Himself arrives upon the scene. With a fearsome gesture he seizes the nectar of the gods and drinks a deep draught of that invigorating *Amirtham.*

Then the Lord drives forth to attack. The hastening Maruts follow him shouting with loud voices. Vritra roars when Indra draws nigh. But Indra advances boldly. He is inspired by the hymns of the priests and strengthened by the sacrifices offered on earth's altars. He wields the thunderstone. The demon falls. He goes up to its writhing body and slays the monster.

The Rishis thereupon sing this hymn of praise :—

" *We will extol the manly deeds of Indra.*
The Thunder Stone he wielded and smote the dragon.
He released the waters.
He opened the channels of the breasted mountains."

Rigveda, I. 32.

" Illam pulchritudinem aeternam quam amat et ad quam tendit omne quod amat. "

[That Eternal Beauty which is beloved by, and towards which reacheth, whatsoever loveth.]—JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA.

REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT EDUCATIONIST

[WE give below an extract from the Autobiography of the late Mr. A. M. Nathaniel, B.A., a great educationist of Jaffna who was for some time Acting Principal of S. John's College, Jaffna. The interest of the extract published below is that it gives a vivid picture of life among the intellectual classes of Jaffna from about two hundred years ago.]

MY father was born at Araly, Vaddukoddai, a village about six miles to the West of the town of Jaffna, in February, 1846. He was known in his early days by the Hindu name of Supramaniam, and he has always been known more familiarly by that name amongst a great many of the older people, particularly the Hindus.

The family in which he was born belonged to the "Chetty" community, held in highest esteem in Jaffna, both on account of their social status (or caste) as well as their adherence to religious and ceremonial observances. They were and are strict vegetarians, and very meticulous in regard to morning ablutions, rubbing of the sacred ashes, temple worship, fasting on special days, etc. They belong to the *Vaisia* caste, according to the original classification by Manu, and rank higher than the *Vellalas*, who are of the *Sudra* caste. I am told on good authority that they belonged to the same class as the old Tamil Kings of Jaffna—the Ariya Chakravarthis. Be it as it may, they are an exclusive people, marrying and inter-marrying among themselves, very dignified in their bearing, and whether poor or rich they were humble, polite and inoffensive in their dealings with others. They have also their residential quarters in a few other parts of Jaffna congregated in localities generally known as *Chettiyal-kurichee* or *Chetty-theru*.

This particular family became specially illustrious, as, for generations, some of its members had zealously cultivated the study of the ancient Tamil classics—a distinction so rare in those days. Tamil learning was in fact

waning away in the land under the regime of the Portuguese and the Dutch for two centuries, and it was only one here and one there that kept the torch burning. All sources of learning in those days were confined to *erdus*—books made of the dried leaves of the palmyra palm, containing manuscripts written with iron styles. Only a very few families in the upper classes of society either afforded, or cared, to preserve these as a valuable heritage. The ancestors of young Supramaniam were by no means the least conspicuous of these. His grandfather, Swaminather, and great-grandfather, Muthucumarar, had been reputed scholars and pundits, endowed also with poetic gifts of no mean order, the latter being the author of some great poetic works, such as " Kancham Kaviam," " Valai-Veesum-Puranam " and " Thirukkesuran-Kaviam."

Tracing two generations further backwards, we find Sithamparapillai and Cumaraswamy who had also enjoyed the same distinctions, though, at such a distance of time, it is not clear to what degree they did so. But one thing is known, which also forms a landmark in the history of Jaffna, viz. that this Cumaraswamy, the father of Sithamparapillai, was the son of one Muthucumarar, and had flourished in his day and generation. He was known in his early days by the pet name of " Cunchucumarar," and later in life the much-coveted title of " Mudaliyar " was conferred on him, so that he was known as Cumaraswamy Mudaliyar, or more popularly, " Cunchu-Cumara-Mudaliyar." Many facts relating to these early times have come down both by oral tradition and through *erdus*. We find, for instance, that some poetic admirer of the great literary talents of Sithamparapillai's sons wrote a panegyric, a part of which may be thus rendered :—

> If once their winsome hands the *erdu* take,
> The script and scrolls would flow as fast as wind ;
> The sense of driest verse so sweet they make,
> That e'en " the best three fruits " we bitter find.

An so again, two generations later, another admirer extemporized on the talents running in the family of Swaminather, as follows :—

The *erdu*, if they e'er do take,
Their hands it hardly would forsake ;
Lustily do they write and learn,
As though the nectar they would churn.

It may be added that members of this community have for generations held the office of chief headmen—*Maniagars* and *Udaiyars*—at Columbuturai, Pooneryn and Jaffna.

§ 2

Leaving these early times more or less overshadowed in oblivion, the life story of Supramaniam's father is known in many important details. He attained to much profundity in Tamil learning—having sat at the feet of such pundits as Asaiyar and Nellinathar, and the famous Senathiraja Mudaliyar of Irupalai. By reason of his learning and vocation in life he came to be known throughout the length and breadth of Jaffna as Sanmuga *Chattambiyar*, the honorific addition to the name being equivalent to the words, "the revered teacher." His labours in keeping the light of the old torch burning were centred in certain other parts of the Peninsula, such as Mallakam, Irupalai and Vannarponne, where he had groups of disciples who looked upon him as their *Guru*. Of these Vannarponne was and is the strongest citadel of Saivaism in Jaffna ; and the *Saivapragasa Vithiyasalai*—Institute of Oriental Learning, formerly known as the *Navalar* School, after Arumuga *Navalar* who founded it,—was really built on the small beginning originally made by Sanmuga *Chattambiar*.

One of the earliest institutions for the dissemination of advanced learning in English and Tamil, in any part of India or Ceylon, was the Vaddukoddai Seminary. Sanmuga *Chattambiar's* family residence at Araly was only a mile distant from the Seminary ; and it is no wonder that he and the Missionaries were mutually drawn to each other. He was engaged by them as their *moonshee* (instructor in the vernacular) in the earlier years of his life ; and besides teaching them Hindu philosophy and the higher Tamil classics such as *Sivapragasam*, *Siva-Gnana-Chithiar* and *Thaththura-Kaddalai*, he also helped them in translating the Scriptures into Tamil.

He was also employed as Tamil Pundit in the Seminary itself. The late Mr. J. R. Arnold, the eminent Tamil scholar and author, was one of his pupils in the Seminary, and has paid a grateful tribute to his quondam master in his " Pavalar Charithra Theepagam " (Galaxy of Tamil Poets). Thus in him the old and the new learning joined issue, and the old and the new faiths came into conflict. His mind became a veritable battleground, and his learnings and declarations were sometimes on this side and sometimes on that. His inner convictions would seem to be driving him to Christ, but the pride of caste and the ties of kith and kin were pulling him away. Later on, he was received as a catechumen, and was at length baptized in the Vaddukoddai Church, with the name " Nathaniel."

§ 3

The following are a few extracts from a fairly long account of him at his death in the " Morning Star " of 11th January, 1849, and in the Report of the American Mission in 1852 : " Died at Batticotta on Saturday, January 6, 1849, Nathaniel, more generally known by the name Sunmuga Chattambiar, aged 55. He had been for a long time in the employ of the American Mission for many years as the Principal Tamil Teacher (pundit) in the Batticotta Seminary and . . . moonshee by the Missionaries. With them he read and assisted in the translation of the Scriptures, became familiar with their doctrines which he often pronounced as excellent but still held fast to his Shastras. Many an argument did the Missionaries have with him . . . yet he remained firm in his heathenism, frank and open in his professions—one of the most honest and ingenuous of heathen men. When no longer employed by the Missionaries, he commenced teaching the doctrines of his sect . . . having several classes of disciples, while he himself pursued a systematic course of study and meditation, by which he was advancing to the higher stages of Hindu religious life." " The Lord visited him with a severe and protracted illness . . . As soon as he was able to walk, he came daily to the Missionaries with the New Testament in his hand reading and conversing about salvation through Jesus Christ. After about a

year . . . he was baptised with the name of " Nathaniel," chosen by himself as expressing his desire to be an " Israelite indeed " and one " without guile."

It was a scene not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, when he who but a few months previous was a proud and self-righteous heathen, thus came forward . . . and sat down in communion with the professed followers of Christ . . . For a few days previous to his death, . . . in answer to enquiries he said with emphasis he was happy . . . His remains received a Christian burial according to his own request ; his friends, though most of them heathen, yielding their wishes to the expressed wish of the deceased."

Supramaniam, who was only three years old at his father's death, was fondly brought up by his mother who remained a staunch Hindu, in the orthodox traditions of his forefathers. After a course of Tamil education, he was sent in 1850 to the Vaddukoddai English High School, which had just then been opened by the Mission. Here he remained for six years, being taught by such well-known and highly respected teachers as Breckenridge, Williams, Daniel Niles, Lyman, and Russell—all products of the Seminary. The lad made steady progress in his studies, and by his industry, proficiency, and genial character, won the affection and esteem of his teachers.

§ 4

By this time, the family became rather straitened in circumstances. According to the old Hindu ideals, the teacher or the " Guru " was enjoined not to set his eyes or heart on the riches of this world, but to regard the merit of having laboured for the dissemination of learning and the inculcation of religious observances as his best reward. Sanmuga Chattambiar did not, therefore, leave a competency worth speaking of for his family, except some ancestral property which he and his wife had severally inherited. It also happened that the Mission authorities closed the Seminary in 1855, and with it the chances of a higher education for the youths of the American Mission field were practically closed for some years. Under these

circumstances, Supramaniam in his sixteenth year, decided to launch out into the world in search of employment.

He proceeded to Colombo, and after some months of waiting there, he succeeded in getting a " billet " under the Government in the Public Works Department. From 1864-1873 he worked in this Department in the Kandy District, first as an Overseer and then as a clerk. Besides other important works, it was his privilege to be in charge of the work when the Kandy-Matale road was first opened out and constructed. His great ambition was to make himself a man, and render financial assistance to his mother and others of his family, and this was amply realised ; he succeeded in " making his penny " as the phrase goes.

Whilst in Kandy, he happened to be in close touch with the late Mr. John Philips of Jaffna, who was there employed as a planter. Mr. Philips was an earnest Christian and the young man was persuaded to attend a Sunday Bible Class conducted by him, and a fresh light broke upon him, when he learnt the great truths as expounded by Mr. Philips from the Epistle to the Romans. The old convictions of his school days were quickened to life and he surrendered himself to the Lord. He was baptised in the C.M.S. Church at Kandy, with the name " Nathaniel."

" The true value of souls is in proportion to what they can admire. "—

PATER.

PAGES FOR THE YOUNG

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

§ 7

SOME two months or so later, David and Peggotty were sitting as before one evening. David's mother had gone as before to spend the evening with a neighbour.

Suddenly Peggotty, after looking at David several times and opening her mouth as if she were going to speak without doing it, said coaxingly: "Master Davy, how would you like to go along with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Wouldn't *that* be a treat?"

"Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?" David inquired, provisionally.

"Oh what an agreeable man he is!" cried Pegotty, holding up her hands.

"Then there's the sea; and the boats and ships; and the fishermen; and the beach; and Am to play with—"

Peggotty meant her nephew Ham. David was flushed by Peggotty's summary of delights and said that it would indeed be a treat.

When David's mother came home she agreed quite readily.

§ 8

And so the day came for David's going. When the carrier's cart came to the gate David's mother kissed him with such fondness that he began to cry. His mother cried too and David felt her heart beat against his. When the carrier began to move, David's mother ran out to the gate, and called to him to stop, that she might kiss David once more.

As David and Peggotty left her standing on the road, Mr. Murdstone came up to where she was and seemed to expostulate with her for being so moved.

§ 9

The carriers' horse was the laziest horse in the world. He shuffled along with his head down as if he liked to keep the people waiting for whom the parcels were directed. David fancied that the horse sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection. But the carrier said the horse had a cough.

Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee which would have lasted out handsomely had they been going to London. David and Peggotty ate a good deal, and slept a good deal.

Peggotty, asleep or awake, never relaxed her hold of the basket. If she slept, she went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket. David could never have believed, unless he had himself heard her do it, that one defenceless woman could have snored so much.

§ 10

At last they reached Yarmouth. "Here's my Am!" screamed Peggotty. Ham was waiting for them at the public-house. He took David on his back to carry him home. He was, now, a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion.

Ham carried David on his back and a small box under his arm. Peggotty carried another small box. And so they turned down lanes and went past gas-works, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, smiths' forges, and a great many such places, until, suddenly, Ham said "yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

David looked in all directions, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could he make out. There was a black barge, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it and smoking very cosily. But nothing else in the way of a habitation was visible to David.

"That's not it?" said David. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's Palace, David could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it.

There was a delightful door cut in the side, and there were little windows in it. But the wonderful charm of it was that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times. That was the captivation of it to David.

It was beautifully clean inside. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers. On the chest of drawers was a tea tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible. On the walls were coloured pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects : Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue ; Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions.

Then Pegotty opened a little door and showed David his bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen. It had a little window ; a little looking-glass, just the right height for David, nailed against the wall and framed with oyster shells ; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into ; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk.

II. A SAD STORY FROM SOUTH AFRICA

In our previous issue, we published a happy story of the gentle courteousness of white people in America to a coloured lad from Africa.

In this issue we publish, but without any comment, the facts of a different story.

Africa is the land of the Africans. It is a rich and vast continent inhabited by magnificent, stalwart, ebony-dark men and women. In South Africa the natives outnumber the whites by ten millions to three millions. In 1913 a Land Act was passed by which the African people of South Africa were not allowed to acquire land outside the reserves set aside for them. These reserves cover only eight per cent. of the country. The Africans are three times as many as the whites. Yet the whites took for themselves land twelve times as much as they gave the Africans. Soon the reserves became impossibly over-crowded.

In 1904, President Kruger had set aside a piece of land near the city of Johannesburg as a place for Africans to live. The Africans *bought their plots of lands from the Government for good money* and settled down to live in them. They have thus occupied these suburbs for at least fifty years. Despite the Land Act of 1913, they continued to own, and to use and enjoy, these holdings.

In 1944, the City Council of Johannesburg passed a resolution that the Africans be removed from their homes in the suburbs of Johannesburg (property belonging to them by legally enforceable title) and that they should be "settled" far from the city. The war prevented the carrying out of this measure.

In 1949, the South African Government's Minister for Native Affairs asked the City Council to implement its decision. This meant driving out of their homes 57,000 people. They announced that they would resist. The City Council refused to accept the Minister's ultimatum.

On July 29, 1953, the Minister took the matter out of the Council's hands. He requisitioned land fifteen miles from Johannesburg in the open veld. He set up a special board with extraordinary powers to carry out the mass removal. Large numbers of cheaply built two-roomed huts were erected on the apartheid land. The Minister announced that when a thousand of these huts had been built the removal by force would start.

The Africans held meetings of protest. Dr. A. B. Xuma, as African M.D., speaking at a conference held by the South African Institute of Race Relations, said :— "Let it be remembered that we, non-Europeans, have had free hold rights and have lived in this area for half a century . . . The essence of the matter is that the Africans do not want to be removed. They regard themselves as human beings. They object to being treated as something second rate, removable at the will of others. It is their homes which are at stake. I wish to remind you that a home is something more than four walls and a roof. For many of us, this home was our father's home, and for some of us our grandfather's home. We, too, form emotional attachments."

The reply to this dignified and noble speech, worthy of Abraham Lincoln, was made by the Prime Minister of South Africa. He said : " Apartheid must be accelerated not only in South Africa, but beyond its borders."

One morning the Police moved in, massed and ready armed. A few desultory shots were fired. But the African nature is essentially for peace. With tears freely flowing they were bundled away to the place set apart by Mr. Might-But-Not-Right. The ancient homesteads, scenes of home and heart, were burnt to the ground.

But it is pleasant to recall, in the midst of gloom, one episode of brightness. Ernest Trevor Huddleston took honours at Christ Church, Oxford. Then he became a Christian Missionary and went to South Africa. He opposed apartheid. He went among the Africans in their plight and comforted them. On that morning when the Police came with their clubs and trucks to herd the natives, Father Huddleston was up at dawn and walked among and talked to little knots of disconsolate Africans. He said : " Do not fear. The time is coming when these men will regret this evil act."

* * *

Little Reader, when you grow up, make up your mind that you will deal rightly with all people, whatever their colour.

III. THE CHILDREN ARE TROOPING TO SCHOOL

" All over the world—and all under it too, when their time comes—the children are trooping to school.

The great globe swings round out of the dark into the sun. There is always morning somewhere. For ever in this shifting region of morning light the little ones are afoot.

In shining companies and groups, couples, and bright solitary figures—they all seem to have a soft heavenly light about them.

The morning side of the planet is alive with them. And as the vast continents sweep ' eastering out of the high shadow which reaches beyond the moon,' lo ! fresh troops, and still fresh troops, of school-going children of the dawn."

" *The Invisible Playmate* " by William Canton.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POET AND SAINT

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

I left for Kandy by the afternoon train from the old Maradana Station : and can never forget the views, the palm-groves, the paddy-fields, the watching, wading birds in the streams by the railway-track, the green-matted hills, the mighty rocks, as we approached the climb into the vistas of the Kandyan country.

A. G. Fraser met me at Polgahawela, the station where the track diverges north for Anuradhapura and Jaffna, while the main line climbs to Peradeniya Junction for Kandy and ' up-country ': and in his company (recalling a lunch at Trinity, Oxford, and a picnic on Billinge Beacon) I saw for the first time the marvellous panoramas which the Ceylon Railway unfolds as the two engines, front and rear, heave the slow train up along the sides of precipitous Alagalla, round Sensation Point, cliff above, cliff below, and so through the last of many tunnels up the Kadugannawa Pass, and into the Kandyan Land.

Over all lay, and lies as I write, the glamour which only grew with my sojourn of twenty years. The glorious mountains, enfolding districts of alluring name : the exquisite, endlessly novel forms of greenery : the flowing copper-coloured waters : the bright-costumed folk at the stations, and on the village-roads : the very names of the stations given in two strangely beautiful scripts, squarer Tamil, rounded Sinhalese : the sense of pulsing life in which many races combined, in which I was to take a part, all grew to a spell under which I have lived ever since. I was at home at once.

About six o'clock in the evening we stepped out on Kandy station, where a number of masters and boys, after the generous fashion of the East, had assembled to greet the new Vice-Principal. I seem to remember muttering with Yorkshire candour that I hoped they would be as pleased when they really knew something about me.

So driven in Fraser's carriage, the Principal being a man of mark, we reached Woodlands Bungalow, his residence, where I was to be a guest for a few weeks while being broken in.

The very next day Fraser said, ' Let us go to Matale, where Charlie Aluwihare is lying ill with enteric.' Aluwihare, a youth of about twenty, son of the chief who takes his name from the great Vihara of precipitous rock where the Buddhist doctrines were first reduced to writing three hundred years before Christ, was described to me as a young man of exceptional promise, a born leader, on cricket and other fields. Now, however, enteric had laid siege to his strength, and it was doubtful if he would live.

So to Matale we went, enjoying the short railway run of eighteen miles, across Mahaweliganga, Ceylon's greatest river, by the Katugastota Bridge, through verdant estates of cocoa, vanilla and pepper, with the picture-making palm at all points, and with seamed Hunasgiriya, one of my mountains of romance, dominating the landscape with his mass and shapely peak, five thousand feet above.

On the way Fraser told a characteristic story of an earlier journey on the same branch-line to give away the prizes at an out-station school. A fellow-traveller, a man of the country, asked him if he knew the new Principal of Trinity College, Kandy. Fraser replied that he knew something about him. " Because," the man went on, " He's a terror to snakes." Judge of his feelings when at the prize-giving to which both were bound the " terror to snakes " arose to distribute the prizes.

When we reached the Walauwwa I was introduced to Aluwihare R. M. and some of his children : a daughter by a first wife, and two small sons by a second. Both lads, the eldest then some seven or eight years of age, were afterwards to make history. Then, at the table where tea was served, they climbed on to their father's knee, bright-eyed, intelligent, singularly attractive. Being a newcomer I did not accompany Fraser to the sick-room, from which he returned oppressed by the contrast between the shrunken form on the bed, and the magnificent physique that had once so easily dominated the field : but convinced that the dying man was a Christian.

Precisely a week later we were back at Aluwihara for the funeral ; Fraser, myself, the Masters, the Eleven.

I shall not forget, but I cannot describe, that funeral. In the courtyard of the Walauwwa the retainers of that ancient House were drawn up in lines, with weapons and banners of strange shape and device. We took a place and stood. The open coffin in which the dead youth lay was brought into the midst and placed on a small cart. The Chief, his father, bent over him—it was Virgilian pathos (impositi rogis juvenes ante ora parentum)—and kissed him for the last time and cried ' Charlie, my Charlie, whom I shall not see again!' Instantly, from the assembled men and women in the courtyard there rose the ghastliest wail—the ancient ' ululatus '—that ever assailed this ear, ' without God, and without hope in the world,' continuing until the coffin-lid concealed the form from view. The long procession, Buddhist monks leading, then the coffin, then the bereaved father leaning on Fraser's arm, followed by the rest of us from the School and by the retainers, filed out of the courtyard and through the fields to the spot among the palms where a huge pyre had been raised, about which were many Buddhist folk, monks and laymen, assembled. The actual burning of the body we could not stay to see : we had to catch the evening train to Kandy : but we had shown the sympathy we felt.

The South West Monsoon broke early, on Saturday, May 20, and only then in my experience fulfilled the expectations raised. But that time it was glorious.

For a week after my arrival in Kandy the days had been sultry, the nights sultrier. The thick tropical foliage about Woodlands, the Principal's bungalow , fitfully lit by a sullen occasional firefly, was oppressively dark, and loud with cicadas, incessant, minatory. In every direction the horizons of piling clouds flickered with constant lightnings far on into the night, lightnings without sound of thunder, and therefore the more baleful. At last, on that Saturday, about eight o'clock at night, as I sat in a bay-window of the bungalow after dinner, across the vegetation of the valley, came, hissing along the palms, the mile-deep march of the monsoon. The air grew fresh, to our infinite relief : a single flash of lightning opened the onset, and

then for two hours flash followed flash so continuously amid the tropical rain that all the hills of Kandy, all the valley towards Peradeniya and Kadugannawa, were almost as clear as by day.

* * *

It is not my purpose here to discuss missionary education. The best brains of India, Ceylon, China and Japan, are as capable of reading, understanding, appreciating, assimilating, the works of the ancients as are the best brains of Europe. The standard of Classical and English work at Trinity College when I first knew it, though not high, was not low. One pupil of those days is a successful Minister in the present Ceylon State Council, and the best individual pupil whom I had to begin with in is a sound and respected Crown Counsel in Colombo. In my later experience in England as an Assistant Examiner in Latin for the Cambridge Local Syndicate, perhaps the best paper from all countries which ever came before me was one in Lucretius by a boy from Trinity College, Kandy, who took First Class Senior Honours.

* * *

It is impossible, nearly thirty years after, to recover the romance and colour of those early days, and in any case I fear I lack, in prose as in verse, the magic word which makes other people see. I fell in love with the land, I fell in love with the people. I remember literally drawing in my breath one day when a certain Sinhalese lad about fourteen years of age came to see me on some school business. Anything more handsome in human shape I avouch I have never seen, from the bare foot to the poised head, proud with the pride of the ancient aristocracy of an essentially unconquered race : too proud, alas ; for he would brook no reproof, no advice, no persuasion : and the last account I had of him as a man was matter for mere lamentation.

After a week or two at Woodlands I moved down into the old College Bungalow with its enormously deep old Dutch verandah where one did most of one's work. Can I make vivid again the exquisite Thumbergia, plumbago-tree, with delicate violet sprays evanescent, and the great blue lily, one unfailing fresh bloom each day, bleached in the sun by noontide to a salmon-pink, that

grew in the terraced garden in front, beside a flight of steep steps leading down to a group of classrooms : and the regal butterfly that used to fly lazily, purple-winged, in and out of the verandah, an incarnate soul of the tropics ? Verily it was another world, and Europe was far, far away. One room in a bungalow too roomy for my sole occupation we used as a little prayer-room, and there daily before dinner at night Principal and Vice-Principal, with one or two others of the resident staff, met to mention before God special crises, and needs, and persons. Here was the Oxford D.P.M. of early days : here was the Student Movement.

Three happy months were spent with Fraser thus, when it became evident that all was not well with his health. A lassitude, which even his strong will could not subdue, grew daily. He had lived, it will be remembered, in Uganda before coming to Kandy, and something African, supposed incurable, was suspected. I accompanied him to Colombo to consult famous specialists, Dr. Aldo Castellani and Dr. Chalmers, and was present when the latter announced their verdict. " We have found a queer ' poochie ' (the trepanosome) in your blood, but it is in a bad way : something is fighting against it." (I suggest it was Fraser's wonderful will that made those ' poochies " uneasy). Sleeping sickness—almost certain sentence of death ! I remember as we travelled back to Kandy in the Refreshment car, Fraser with unusual emotion said to me, " Tell my boys, if anything happens to me, that I tried to follow Christ." He had not wanted his wife to know, but she knew it by intuition, and took it with the bravery with which these two have ever met an exceptional number of shocks. But the School, with all its ramifications in the Kandyan country, was struck with consternation, so much had Fraser's rule already achieved, so much was still hoped from his vigour, and keen insight. An immediate return to England was ordered, and for two years the administration was to rest on my unseasoned shoulders.

There was a remarkable half-day of prayer at Woodlands Bungalow, at which many mustered to plead almost against hope for his recovery : among whom was Sherwood Eddy, then holding a mission in the School, and since well-known throughout Asia.

To anticipate, prayer was answered, for Fraser returned in two years, not merely restored to a measure of health, but furnished with men and money for an extension of the School beyond former recognition.

Meanwhile he was dosed with arsenic, and when he left Ceylon, doing nothing as ever by halves, he was probably taking larger quantities than had ever been administered medicinally to any patient before him.

I have watched many steamers appear out of Colombo Harbour, cross the seas and disappear hull-down in the West, but never quite with such feelings as those with which I watched his. A member of the Mission, a Mother in Israel, with the guided instinct of sympathy, sent me the Psalmist's words for a motto. "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

So ended my first term at Trinity College, Kandy: and instead of the proposed journey to Rangoon with Fraser, or alternatively to Darjeeling from Calcutta where his father was still Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, I took that September holiday at Nuwara Eliya, with Mr. Reynolds, the Vicar. For part of the time it rained, and in the rains Nuwara Eliya, six thousand feet above seas, can be very cold and cheerless: and I have never felt quite so drawn to Sir Samuel Baker's sanitorium as to some other hill-stations, perhaps because of this first impression.

I climbed Piduru Talagalla, however, Ceylon's highest mountain (8,200 feet) and drank its amazing prospect, demonstrably one of the widest in the world. But since I reached the cairn comparatively late in the morning I did not realize its whole vastness, which twenty years later, on my fiftieth birthday, I saw without cloud at sunrise.

What I did realize, and realize with a thrill, was that throughout the Kandyanland, of which Piduru with its climbing folds is summit and centre, were scattered the boys and old boys of Trinity, of sundry races and varied vocation: and that in the school to which my heart belonged there resided a fund of power to mould and move a people.

A MUSLIM PROFESSOR ON THE TAMIL

DOCTOR S. Mohammed Hussain Nainar, M.A., Ph.D., former Professor of Islamic Studies in the University of Madras, who has been commissioned by the Government of India to proceed to Indonesia for study and report on India's cultural relations with Indonesia, addressed a gathering at Singapore on *The Tamils and South East Asia.*

Dr. Nainar said that South Indians, particularly the Tamils, were the earliest people who brought their culture, civilization, and religion in various ways to Indonesia and the surrounding areas. Dr. Nainar traced the history of the Tamils in South East Asia and showed how the influence and greatness of the Tamils gradually diminished in these areas. He urged that the Tamils should recapture their old spirit of daring and adventure to regain the bygone glory.

Tamil Festival in Singapore

On Thai Pongal Day ten thousand Indians and Ceylonese gathered at the Happy World Stadium in Singapore to celebrate the Tamil Festival, which has been an annual feature for the last four years. The Festival is devoted to the spreading of the Tamil language, literature, culture and arts. The Rev. S. Thaninayagam, Tamil research scholar of Jaffna, told the gathering that quite a large proportion of Indian culture and civilization was based on Tamil. He said Tamil was the oldest language in India and the world, older than Greek, but, while Greek was already dead, Tamil lives and is growing.

Mr. G. Sarangapany, Editor of the Tamil newspaper, *Tamil Murasu*, told the meeting that the Festival had no religious or sectarian significance. It was meant only to consolidate the Tamil-speaking people and to rekindle in them that spirit which had made them great in the past.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LAWS AND CUSTOMS OF THE TAMILS OF CEYLON by H. W. Tambiah, B.Sc., L.L.B. (London). (*Published by the Tamil Cultural Society of Ceylon*, 1954).

"THE Laws and Customs of the Tamils of Ceylon," by Mr. H. W. Tambiah (now Dr. H. W. Tambiah, Ph.D.) is a sequel to his earlier work, "The Laws and Customs of the Tamils of Jaffna," which appeared in 1953.

Mr. Justice C. Nagalingam, Acting Chief Justice of Ceylon, in his Foreword to the book under review commends it as a work which "displays a range of research and industry as well as scholarship hitherto unknown in this field."

Dr. Tambiah's style is simple and pleasant to read. Within the compass of 175 pages he has collected for us a vast deal of facts and presented them in a clear and attractive form. The first chapter gives us a brief sketch of the history of the Tamils of Ceylon.

After referring to the late Pandyan and Chola invasions, the author devotes space to the history of the Tamil Kingdoms of Jaffna, as a background to the exposition of his main theme. He then proceeds to describe "The Laws of Thesawalamai," "The Laws and Customs of the Vanniars," "The Laws and Customs of the Tamils of Trincomalee," "The Mukkuwa Law," "The Laws and Customs of the Tamils of Batticaloa," and goes on to detail the laws and customs of the Chetties of Colombo and Puttalam, the Parawas of Ceylon, the Marumahathayam Law, etc. He traces the impact of the Roman-Dutch Law on the customary laws of Ceylon and devotes an interesting chapter to the Kandyan Law and its intimate connection with the customary laws of the Tamils of Ceylon.

It is significant that the Low-Country Sinhalese, though they originally observed the Kandyan Law (p. 141) ceased to practise these laws and customs with the advent of the Portuguese, while during the Dutch period they followed the law of Holland (p. 18). The author shows (p. 141) how " a comparison of the fundamental concepts of the customary laws of the Tamils of Ceylon, and the Kandyan Law, which for all purposes of our inquiry may be regarded as the customary laws of the Sinhalese, reveals that there is a great similarity between these two systems." The matriarchal system, the Law of Inheritance, the dowry system, etc., may be traced to the Tamil " Mukkuwa Law and the Thesawalamai."

In page 148, the author refers to " the new light thrown on the subject of caste system by the publication of the third book of the Portuguese Thombu. This gives an account of the social system of the coastal people who occupied the Western coast of Ceylon from Puttalam to Dondra . . . The names and the castes and their personal names point to South Indian origin . . ."

Many of these inhabitants have in recent times become " Sinhalese " and added—ge names or assumed a Portuguese cognomen, a process of Aryanisation by which many of the Dravidian tribes and families in the Indian Sub-Continent had in the past entered " the noble Aryan descent " of their one time conquerors.

This is a work that should be studied and examined without bias by those interested in the study of the laws of Ceylon as well as historians who care to write an impartial account of the social development and the culture of the people of Ceylon.

Dr. Tambiah, the author of this book, is an old boy of St. John's College, Jaffna, and a distinguished member of the Legal Profession. Besides being a Bachelor of Science and an L.L.B., of the London University, he has the rare distinction of having obtained his Doctorate in Philosophy for his original contributions to legal knowledge.

S. J. G.

TAMIL CULTURE—SANGAM PERIOD by S. Vithianathan, M.A., Ph.D.

தமிழர் சால்பு சங்க காலம் by S. Vithiananthan, M.A., Ph.D. (Lecturer in Tamil, University of Ceylon) deals with the culture of the Tamils during the Sañgam Age of Tamil Literature as revealed by the extant literary works of the period. The book is available at "Tamilakam," Veemamkamam, Tellippallai. It contains (besides an Introduction) fourteen chapters :—

1. The Sañgam Period. The Tamil Kingdoms.
2. The Sañgam Age.
3. Kings and the administration of Government.
4. War and methods of warfare.

5 and 6. The Religion of the Tamils.

7. The beginnings of Aryan infiltration.
8. Jainism and Buddhism in the Tamil Nad.
9. The Religious life of the people.
10. Other Religious beliefs.
11. Society and Social Organization.
12. Occupational divisions—Merchandise.
13. Position of Women—Love, Marriage, Home.
14. Art, Architecture, Education, Music and Dance Musical Instruments, Poetry.

This work is, in our opinion, the most comprehensive effort made so far by any writer to give a picture of the life and literature of the Tamils during the period commonly designated "The Sañgam Age." The Author points out that the word "Sañgam" for the first time appears in Manimekhalai, a Tamil-Buddhist epic that appeared after the "Sañgam" period.

The "Sañgam" works, according to the author, appeared between the 3rd Century B.C. and the 3rd Century A.D. He adduces internal as well as external evidence to prove this. The writer does not draw on his imagination for his conclusions. He quotes freely from the literary works of the period to support every statement made by him. Readers familiar with the restraint

and accuracy aimed at in the best critical literary and historical works written in English will find in this work an effort made by a Tamil Scholar scrupulously to avoid sentiment and wishful thinking. Dr. Vithiananthan has translated into simple prose all references in the verse literature of the period , made by him with reference to the topics he has discussed.

It is a dignified and fascinating study of the times, and is bound not only to instruct but to inspire the Tamil reader. What has been left to us, after the depredations of war, the greed of white ants, the damage done by the encroachment of the sea, by wind, floods, fire and neglect is probably a very small portion of the literary output of the Sañgam period. But the salvaged works from which the author quotes are of a sufficiently high quality and breadth to enable the reader to recapture the spirit, the ideals and inspiration of the Tamils of a period as remote as two thousand years.

This is a valuable contribution to the expanding body of literature available on the subject—a subject to which so many of the Tamil Scholars of India and Ceylon have devoted their attention in recent times. The book should find a place in the shelves of every serious student of Tamil literature and history. It is a work that should be read and studied by every young Tamil in the higher classes of our Schools and at the University stage.

The author, Dr. S. Vithiananthan, is an old boy of St. John's College, Jaffna. His earlier work "இலக்கியத் தென்றல்" published in 1954, by the Aruna Press, Kandy, and available at "The Navalatchumi Press," Colombo, will be familiar to our readers. In addition to a Chapter on the contributions of Ceylon Tamils to Tamil Literature, the book contains an excellent summary of the contribution by Tamil Muslims in Ceylon and South India to Tamil prose and poetry.

S. J. G.

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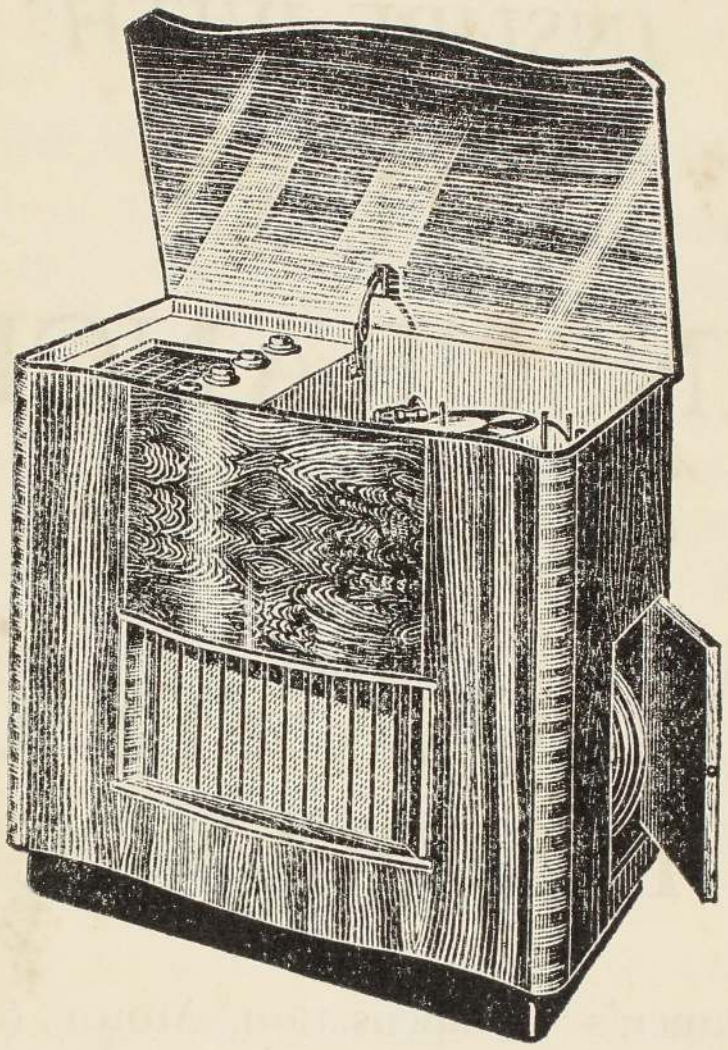

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(*Contd. from Cover page 2*)

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

Letter dated January 22, 1955.

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

Letter from Malaya dated January 22, 1955.

9. "It is so varied in interests and in true culture that it should have a very wide circulation."

Letter from England dated January 26, 1955.

10. "It recalls the days of our ancient Scholars and leaders like Sri Arumuga Navalar, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, Nara Singha Sastri, Sir P. Arunachalam, Sir P. Ramanathan, Govinda Pulavar and others."

Letter dated January 28, 1955.

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

Letter dated January 28, 1955.

12. "More power to your elbow."

Letter dated February 2, 1955.

From

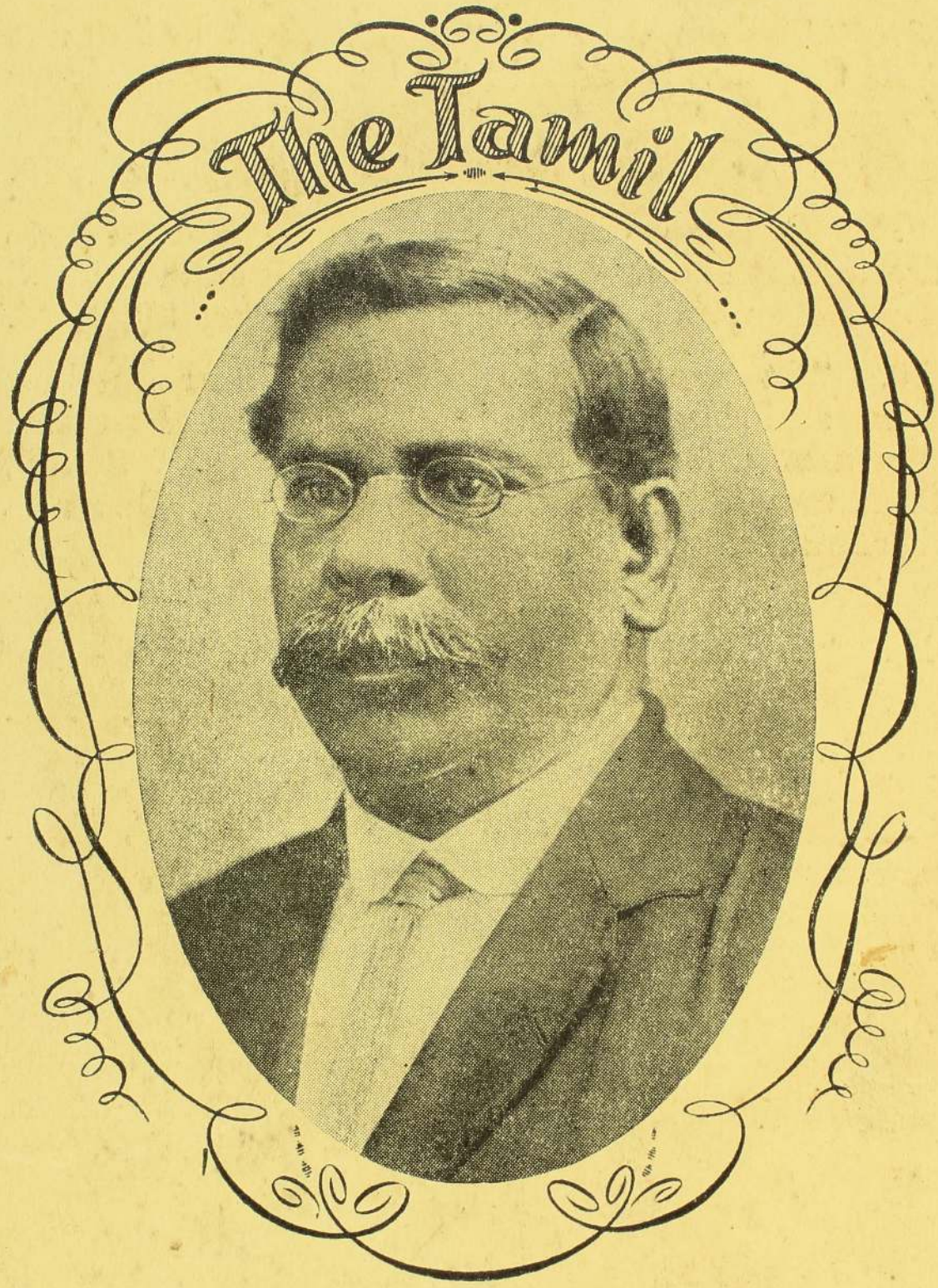
Sir C. V. Raman, F.R.S., N.L., Kt.

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

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

Yours sincerely,

C. V. RAMAN.



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