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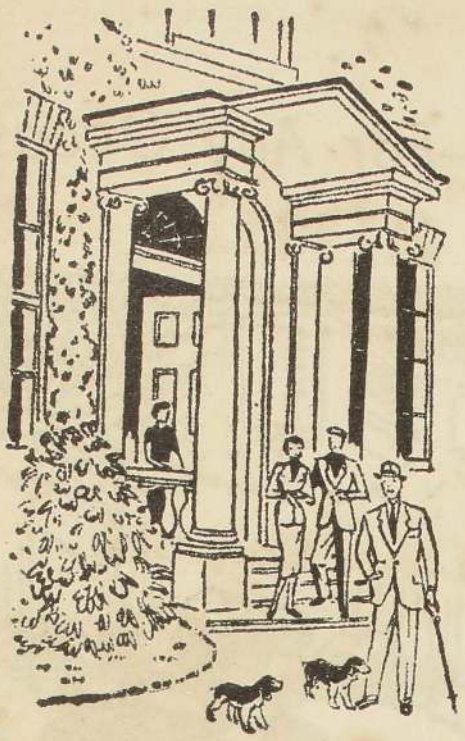

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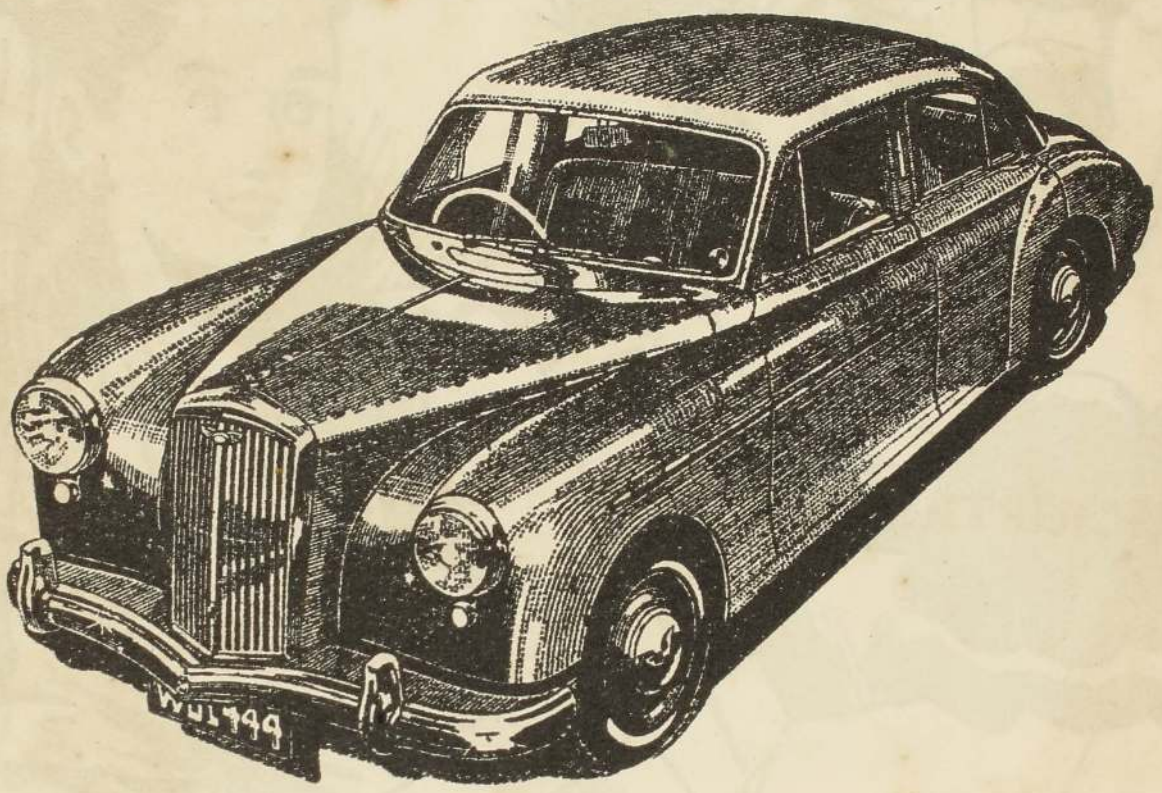

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A TAMIL ABROAD

[SIR Ponnambalam Ramanathan brought lustre to Ceylon in the course of his extended tour of America in 1905. On Sir Ponnambalam's retirement from the Bar, Mr. Frederick Dornhorst, the famous Ceylonese Advocate, referred to Sir Ponnambalam's services to Ceylon in the Legislative Council of his day. Mr. Dornhorst said : "Mr. Ramanathan has done good work in the Legislative Council where he sat as a representative of his countrymen for many years. He was a staunch opponent of the official element there when it failed in its duty to the Ceylonese." It can never be forgotten that Ceylon owes her liberty of today almost entirely to the two brothers, Arunachalam and Ramanathan.

The circumstances of Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan's tour of America came about in this wise. In 1893 a "Parliament of Religions" was held in Chicago. Representatives of all the great religions were present, conspicuous among them, in his ascetic robes, the eloquent and gracious Vivekananda. Thousands crowded the hall daily for seventeen days. All America listened with fascinated breath as Swami Vivekananda expounded the Asian way of life—life supreme and superior to the mere pursuit of the nimble dollar. In due course, Vivekananda returned to India bringing with him a load of spiritual power which still pervades the world in the worldwide Ramakrishna Mission.

A decade or so later, again America felt the need of a Voice from the East. The choice fell on Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan. We publish below Lady Ramanathan's account of the call from the West.]

FONDNESS of culture is one of the chief characteristics of the Americans. The young and old of both sexes would go long distances to hear a good lecturer, stay leisurely after the lecture and interview the lecturer, if possible, on doubtful points. So general is the desire to hear and learn that the country is full of associations for the diffusion of useful knowledge. Practical education for the development of "individual uprightness and good government" is very conspicuous there. On the completion of the ordinary curriculum in schools and colleges,

commences the study of what is called "the essential problems of everyday life." Men and women of public spirit with organizing powers devote themselves to this form of patriotism. Self-denial, loving-kindness, and perseverance in good work are esteemed, admired, and copied. The first and foremost duty to oneself and others, after the business of the day is over, is to do something for "Co-operative Education," that is, to act conjointly with others in the Scheme of Mutual Education by meeting together, conversing, discussing, giving talks or lectures, illustrated by stereopticon views, and occasionally entertaining by vocal and instrumental music. All gossip, scandal, and "shop" (matters of private business) are proscribed at such congresses, which are avowedly non-partisan, non-sectarian, and devoted to the greatest of all public needs—the need of uplifting the people and showing them the better ways and higher ends of life. How else is a nation to improve by leaps and bounds? Real education begins when college days end. The intellect, partly unfolded by instruction in college, does not attain its full growth until it learns to contemplate the well-being and welfare of others. Public spirit, so essential to national life, is nothing more than this broad outlook of the matured intellect, with a decided inclination to fight the good fight for the people.

Those who are devoted to co-operative education endeavour to make it inexpensive to the people. Their own services are given free, and often they go long distances to bespeak the kindness and convenience of philanthropic lecturers of note. One of these good and true men, Myron H. Phelps, a graduate of Yale University and a member of the New York Bar and of the Union League Club, of which the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, is the President, met Mr. Ràmanàthan, then the Solicitor-General of Ceylon, at his home in Colombo, and was so struck by his instructive conversation that he determined to stay in Colombo and learn of this Sage, as I myself have learnt, something of the deeper problems of life, of which he was a well-known proficient. Mr. Phelps remained with Mr. Ràmanàthan for about a year studying, with all the devotion of a *brahmachari* or spiritual student of Vedic times. He would often say that there

were hundreds of souls in and about New York hungering, like him, for spiritual knowledge, who would give Mr. Ràmanàthan a royal welcome, if he were so good as to go there some day.

Returning home to America, Mr. Phelps resumed his philanthropic work of free co-operative education. His colleagues agreed to invite Mr. Rámanáthan to America, and wrote to him a most appealing letter signed by about two hundred ladies and gentlemen, to which he replied favourably. He also received a cordial invitation from Mr. H. W. Percival, the President of the Theosophical Society of America, on his own behalf and that of the members thereof.

Mr. Rámanáthan's expected arrival was notified far and wide by those who had invited him. Mr. Myron Phelps's address to his countrymen was as follows :—

" The pioneer in America of those Indian Teachers who have to some extent familiarized Western minds with the religious conceptions of the Far East was Mohini Chatterji, an eloquent barrister, who visited America in the eighties. Then came the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893, which did so much to bring Eastern thought home to us ; and then the striking figure and the fervid eloquence of Swámi Vivekánanda secured for him a respectful and interested attention, which later followed him in his journeying to many other parts of this country. These have been followed by others, whose dark-skinned, turbaned, yellow-robed figures have become quite familiar to us ; and to these visitors from beyond the seas we owe much in the way of more liberal thought,—broader, more generous, and not unfrequently more Christ-like views of men and things.

" Following the long procession of Indian Teachers who have sought our shore during the past score of years, one whose position, attainments and character are such as to cast a lustre on all who preceded him, is expected to visit us during the coming summer. It is to make this fact known to your readers, that those who wish may avail themselves of the opportunity of meeting him, and that a fitting tribute of respect and honour may be paid by us

to a really great man, that I am preparing the present paper. The person to whom I refer is the Honourable P. Rámanáthan, K.C., C.M.G., Solicitor-General of Ceylon.

" Mr. Rámanáthan is a man thoroughly representative of the Indian nation, both in its external, material, and its inner, spiritual aspects, in a higher degree, perhaps, than any one who has hitherto visited America from that land. His family is one of the oldest of Southern India, and has long been the leading family among the Hindus in the Island of Ceylon. He himself was the representative of his people in the Legislative Council from 1879-1892 and was sent to England to represent them at the last Jubilee festival held in honour of Queen Victoria. Since 1892, he has been Solicitor-General of the Colony. He has large wealth, has received a European as well as an Indian education, and is a man of sound knowledge and culture in the learning of both the East and the West.

" It is with reference to the spiritual aspects of life, however, that Mr. Rámanáthan is pre-eminently representative of India. His repute as a man of wisdom—of spiritual illumination—is very great among his countrymen. Those who know him well, indeed, regard him as one of those Sages who have endowed India with the mysterious majesty of Spiritual Wisdom—as, in short, a *Brahma-jñáni* or knower of God. For in India there is commonly understood by Hindus—not by most Europeans —to be a science quite unknown, quite undreamt of, by the ' progressive ' West, namely, the science of *jñánam*, or Spiritual Wisdom ; a science which has to do solely with spiritual things, which deals with the principles which underlie both the visible and the invisible worlds, which is based upon actual and immediate knowledge of God.

" The *Jñánis* stand for the highest and most sacred ideas of the Indian civilization—for all that is finest, noblest, and purest in it. They are the efflorescence of the life of the nation as a whole, not any sect, creed, or division of it. To them all external religious forms are alike. The Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Christian, the Mohammedan, or the Agnostic are to them the same. Development of character and aptitude for receiving spiritual instruction are the only credentials which they

regard. The most enlightened men of India have always gone and still go to the *Jñánis* when seeking spiritual light.

"It is such a man that Mr. Rámanáthan is reputed to be among his countrymen, who know him well. He has made an extensive and critical study of the Christian Scriptures, and has written exhaustive commentaries on the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, and a portion of the Psalms of David. These commentaries are in the highest degree sympathetic and reverent; and as the author has been from his youth imbued with the ideas of Indian civilization and is wholly loyal to them and the Indian scriptures, his interpretation of the Christian Scriptures is essentially a harmonization of the two religious systems. He finds in the teachings of the Old and the New Testaments the leading doctrines of the Sages of India, as laid down in the great Upanishads, the Bhagavad Gita, and other sacred writings in Sanskrit and Tamil.

"It was through a friend who knew him, and his published commentaries, that, in the year 1901, I first learned of Mr. Rámanáthan; and I made the journey to India chiefly for the purpose of meeting him. My acquaintance with him resulted in my studying with him the underlying principles of all religions for upwards of a year. I found him to be possessed of great powers of exposition, and by far the most spiritually illuminating teacher I have ever known.

"A number of circumstances combine to warrant the expectation that considerable results may follow his visit to America. Mr. Rámanáthan's perfect mastery of the English as well as his native language, and his extensive acquaintance with the science and literature of the West and of the East, fit him to be a more perfect interpreter of the one to the other than any one who has preceded him. Further, Mr. Rámanáthan's distinguished position as the second Law Officer of the Crown, and as the recognized leader of the Tamil race in Ceylon, and his large wealth, are, in a measure, guarantees for the sincerity of his efforts. Moreover, he is a very winning and attractive speaker, and a man of great charm of manner and personal character. He is therefore, I think, exceptionally qualified to secure the attention, respect, and affectionate regard of Americans."

And Dr. Paul Carus, the learned Editor of the *Open Court*, welcomed him in these words—

" We express our satisfaction at the prospect of Mr. Rámanáthan's visit to this country. We have not yet been in direct communication with him, but are acquainted with his books on the Christian Scriptures and know of his prominent position in Ceylon. It is highly desirable that men of Mr. Rámanáthan's stamp and influence should not only know the West, its institutions, church-life, universities, etc., but also be known in the West. India, Ceylon, and other Eastern countries are now passing through a crisis which has been caused by contact with Western civilization, and the way in which the problems that arise from this crisis are to be solved cannot be a matter of indifference to us. It is by no means impossible that we shall have to greet Mr. Rámanáthan as the truest and best representative of the India of the future."

" It is said that 24 millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. True, if the constitution of a kingdom be a problem of arithmetic."

—BURKE.

DECLINE OF THE MEDIAEVAL SINHALESE KINGDOM

[THE culture of the Ceylonese was in the past, and is today, a synthesis of the cultures of the several peoples who have partaken of the feast of Sri Lanka. On the religious side there has been the definite and immemorial commingling of Hindu and Buddhist ethical conceptions. The Muslims, the Portuguese, the Dutch and the English have each made their cultural contributions in recent centuries.

In the remote past, such was the influence and overwhelming authority of Pali through Buddhism that it wellnigh crushed Sinhalese, the language of the common folk.

The Tamils have sometimes been misguidedly accused of being mainly responsible for the travails of the Sinhalese. Historians of the Sinhalese language have gone the length of ascribing to the Tamils the downfall of Sinhalese literature, art and architecture.

That the truth is far otherwise will be demonstrated if one reads the following Lecture which was delivered in March, 1937, before the Royal Asiatic Society of London by the late Mr. H. W. Codrington, former Government Agent of Kandy and of the Ceylon Civil Service, acknowledged on all hands as one of the greatest authorities on the history of Ceylon.

Ceylon's greatest monarch, Parakrama Bahu the Great was (like King Elara) a Pandyan by birth. He was a Buddhist steeped in Hindu culture. He carried with valour the arms of Ceylon into South India to assist a hard-pressed Pandyan kinsman. He made the might of Ceylon felt even in distant Burma. Codrington ascribes the decay of the mediaeval kingdom of Ceylon not to Tamil invasions but to the ubiquitous malarial fever which made havoc of the people's vitality. What befell Ceylon befell also mediaeval Rome.—S.J.G.]

" The history of the middle ages in Ceylon is divided into two main periods by the Chola conquest and occupation of a great part of the Island, an occupation which lasted

for the best part of 70 years from a date between 1001 and 1069-70. The history of the Island being intimately connected with that of South India, an understanding of the political conditions prevailing in that part of the continent is essential. At the end of the seventh century, the beginning of the period under review, the Pallavas were predominant. They had, however, little to do with Ceylon beyond supplying the army which placed Manavamma on the throne. The three peoples or rather realms which traditionally divided South India between them were the Cholas to the north-east with their capital in later times at Tanjore, the Pandyans south of them centred at Madura, and the Keralas on the west. It was the first two who were in constant contact with Ceylon. The rise of one or the other to power as often as not was marked by an invasion of the Island.

Pandyan Regalia in Ceylon

The course of its history, apart from the usual squabbles among the princes, continued peaceful from the time of Manavamma at the end of the seventh century until the reign of Sena I (c. 825-845) when the Pandyans invaded the country and sacked Anuradhapura. We read that the local Tamils then helped their kinsmen from India. The next King Sena II (c. 845-880) was asked for aid by a Pandyan prince and actually took the Pandyan capital Madura. In the reign of Kassapa V (c. 908-918) the Cholas rising to power under Parantaka I, defeated the Pandyans and with them a Sinhalese army which had gone to their assistance. The Pandyan king was slain and his heir fled to Ceylon for help, but owing to dynastic dissensions this was not forthcoming, and he had to return to India leaving the Pandyan regalia with the Sinhalese king. This was about 918-9. About 942-3 Parantaka wishing to be crowned in Pandyan regalia, demanded the regalia and on his request being refused invaded the Island. The Sinhalese King retreated to Ruhuna and Parantaka after causing much destruction had to retire without accomplishing his object. The Sinhalese then destroyed " the border of the Chola dominion." This attack following on the retreat of the enemy may be explained by the fact that Parantaka had been hard pressed by the Rashtrakuta King Krishna III. The next attempt at invasion

by way of Nagadipa (the Jaffna Peninsula) was in the reign of Mahinda IV. (c. 955-71) by "Vallabharaja," apparently the Chola Parantaka II., whose general fell in Ceylon c. 959 ; the invasion was unsuccessful.

Province of Chola Empire

So far no very great damage had been done by the foreign incursions. The chronicles reckon 86 years of Tamil rule and date this from the second year of Mahinda's son and successor, Sena V (c. 971-81). This king murdered his general's brother with the result that the general rebelled, went to India, returned with the army, and, though he allowed the king to retain his throne, "made over the country to the Tamils," that is the mercenaries. Anuradhapura indeed was so full of these folk brought in by the general that Sena's successor Mahinda V. found it difficult to govern ; in his twelfth year the revenue being withheld he could not pay his hired troops, and on their rising fled to Ruhuna where he afterwards lived, the rest of the country being in the hands of the Kerala, Sinhalese and Kannata or Canarese soldiers. Between 1001-2 and 1004-5, the great Chola king Rajaraja I. took advantage of this state of affairs and conquered much of the Island. Ceylon, save for the remoter parts, was now a province of the Chola empire with its capital at Polonnaruwa, surnamed in the Chola manner Jananathapura. Rajaraja's successor Rajendra Chola I. (about 1017) completed the work by the capture of Mahinda, who spent the remaining years of his life as a captive in India.

Polonnaruwa as Capital

Among the Sinhalese anarchy prevailed. Finally, the young prince Vijaya Bahu I., (1056-1111) united the national forces, but it was not until civil war over the succession raged in the Chola country that he was able to expel the Tamils. This was about 1070. Polonnaruwa now became the capital and a temple for the Tooth Relic, the usual accompaniment of the royal palace, was built there. It may be noted that even in his efforts against the Cholas, Vijaya Bahu was hampered by rebellion. About 1074-5 he was troubled by a serious revolt of the Velakkara (Tamil) mercenaries, who killed the royal generals

and burnt the palace. The cause of this was the declaration of war by the King against the Cholas, who had mutilated his ambassadors sent to the West Chalukyan King Vikramaditya VI. One of Vijaya Bahu's queens was of the Kalinga royal race ; his sister Mitta married a Pandyan prince who became the grandfather of Parakrama Bahu the Great. The history of the forty odd years following the death of Vijaya Bahu is that of the dissensions of the rival Kalinga and Pandyan factions, the first named holding the " King's country," while the rest of Ceylon was divided between Mitta's sons. Her grandson Parakrama Bahu ultimately ruled the " Southern Country," which he did much to improve by the construction of irrigation works and by the reorganization of the military and civil departments. Having consolidated his position in his own dominion, this ambitious prince attacked and deposed the titular King Gaja Bahu II. and, though not without resistance ended in becoming sole master of Ceylon.

Expedition Against Pegu

Parakrama Bahu (1153-86) built numerous monasteries and temples in the country and at Polonnaruwa, which city he enlarged and fortified, restored the shrines at Anuradhapura destroyed by the Cholas, and also constructed considerable irrigation works in the vicinity of the capitals. He appears to have unified the administration of the Island, which hitherto had been practically divided into three areas, the King's Country, the sub-king's principality, and Ruhuna, and also to have given attention to the military organization. He still, however, employed mercenaries. His rule was disturbed by rebellions in Ruhuna in his fourth and eighth year, that in the fourth giving him much trouble, and in the neighbourhood of Mantota in his sixteenth. Externally the reign is distinguished for a naval expedition against Ramanna (Pegu) in 1164-5, caused by disputes as to the elephant trade, the maltreatment of ambassadors and the seizure of a princess sent from Ceylon to Cambodia. Of much greater and far-reaching importance was the war of the Pandyan succession. At some time after the Pegu expedition and before 1167-8 one of the rival princes, Parakrama Pandya, applied to his namesake of Ceylon, himself a Pandyan, for help. This was given and the Sinhalese

at first were victorious under the general Lankapura. The Mahavamsa discreetly ends its account of the campaign here, but we learn from Chola inscriptions that before 1170-71 the Sinhalese had been defeated and the heads of Lankapura and other commanders nailed to the gates of Madura. The war did not end with this, but dragged on for years. According to Chola epigraphs before 1175-6, the Sinhalese had been successful, but by 1181-2 had been driven into the sea. The Sinhalese hold on Ramesvaram at least seems to have continued for some time longer, as Nissanka Malla (1187-96) claims to have built a temple there. It is by no means certain that the war was confined to the continent as an Indian inscription states that the Chola forces devastated an area in the Island 20 leagues (katham) wide from east to west and 30 long from south to north.

Zenith of Sinhalese Greatness

The reign of Parakrama Bahu usually is considered as marking the zenith of Sinhalese greatness. But the drain on the resources of the Island must have been enormous. Under his successors decline was rapid and after the death of Nissanka Malla a Kalinga prince, in 1196, the real rulers were generals who set up puppet monarchs including two widows of Parakrama Bahu and an infant. Finally, about 1215, the last of these sovereigns was deposed by a vigorous invader, one Magha, a Kalinga, who descended on Ceylon with a large army of Keralas. He doubtless claimed the kingdom by inheritance from his Kalinga kinsmen who had reigned before, but he never identified himself as they had done with the national religion and remained to the end a foreign usurper and persecutor. He reigned for 21 years. The whole period including that of the puppet kings was known as the " Tamil anarchy " (Demala arajitaya).

The Pandit King

The Sinhalese monarchy, when restored, had its capital in Dambadeniya in the present Kurunegala District. The second and the most important King of this dynasty was

Parakrama Bahu II., the Pandit (1234-69). He continued his father's struggle against Magha and by 1244 had succeeded in recovering Polonnaruwa. But he never got back the extreme north of the Island, and the medieval kingdom of Jaffna may be the remnant of Magha's realm. We hear now for the first time of the Vanniyars, to whose care Parakrama Bahu entrusted Anuradhapura. These vanniyars were chieftains, often semi-independent or even quite independent; they are found in later times not only in the North but in the East and South-east of Ceylon. The effective northern frontier was commanded by the fortress of Yapahu, where one of the king's sons, Bhuvanaika Bahu, was stationed, the reason given being that the Tamils very often landed at Kuda Valigama (Valikamam) in the Jaffna Peninsula. An invasion of the Pandyans, now the dominant power in South India, apparently between 1254 and 1256, is recorded in inscriptions found on the continent; in this one of the Kings of Ceylon (?he of Jaffna) was killed and the other rendered tributary. In Parakrama Bahu's eleventh year we hear of an invasion by one Chandrabhanu, a Javaka or Malay from Tambalinga with a host armed with blowpipes and poisoned arrows. He descended on the Island again during the reign with a mixed army of Pandyans, Cholas and Malays and after over-running considerable part of the North encamped before Yapahu, where he was defeated. This interesting invader, who professed himself a Buddhist, has been identified by Mr. Paranavitana, Epigraphical Assistant in Ceylon, with Siridhammaraja of Siridhammanagara or Tambarattha, that is Ligor in the Malay Peninsula. Mr. Paranavitana suggests that the cause of the invasion was the desire to secure a famous image of Buddha known as the Sinhalese image. Quite probably the invasion had permanent results. The names Chavakachcheri ("the Malay settlement") and Chavankottai ("the Malay fort") at Navatkuli in the Jaffna Peninsula as well as Javakakotte on the mainland may record settlements of Chandrabhanu's followers. The first of these names occurs in the fourteenth century and the last in the fifteenth. Parakraṃa Bahu set the bad example of dividing the country among his sons, bidding them live at peace with one another.

Yapahu as Capital

The short reign of his successor and son, Vijaya Bahu IV., ended in a mutiny of the Rajput mercenaries in which he lost his life. The new king Bhuvanaika Bahu I. (1271-83), whom we have seen in command at Yapahu, made this fortress his capital. His reign was marked by two invasions by the Pandyans and by a severe famine. The second invasion took place at the end of the reign ; in it the Tooth Relic was carried off. It seems to have been followed by an interregnum of some twenty years. To this period perhaps may have to be assigned the Pandyan Temple (Siva Temple No. 1.) at Polonnaruwa and the magnificent staircase at Yapahu. The next Sinhalese king Parakrama Bahu III. recovered the Tooth Relic by humbling himself before the Pandyan ruler and quite possibly by becoming his feudatory. But the powerful Indian monarchy now was near its end, as it fell before the Muhammadans in 1310 ; it was about this time that the Sinhalese capital was moved to Kurunegala. But Tamil ascendancy in Ceylon merely passed from one hand to another the heir of the Pandya in this matter being the King of Jaffna. The trials of the Sinhalese were not confined to the northern or north-western frontier ; in 1344, when Ibn Batuta visited the Island, a Muhamadan pirate held Colombo with an Abyssinian garrison, and in 1349 or 1350 his power extended along the coast southwards, Marignolli, the papal envoy to China, being captured at Beruwala. In spite of this the Sinhalese Kingdom was not in a bad way judging from the fine temples built at Gadaladeniya and Lankatilaka in Kandy District and from the construction of an irrigation work on the Kospotu Oya.

Gampola Kings

The capital since 1344 or thereabouts had been transferred to Gampola, apparently for dynastic reasons rather than from fear of invasions. It is now that we often find the king crowning his successor during his lifetime ; indeed the first two of the Gampola kings who seem to have been brothers date their accession from the same year. Their successors were feeble folk, and power was held by a series of mayors of the palace. Of these the

greatest was Alagakkonara who put an end to the Jaffna ascendancy by hanging the Tamil king's tax-collectors. He had prepared for that monarch's vengeance by fortifying Kotte. This was before 1369-70. The very position of Kotte in the swampy country by Colombo is proof of the straits to which the Sinhalese had been reduced ; it had its advantages, however, if Alagakkonara relied on the Muhammadans of Malabar. Under the successors of the great mayor of the palace, the country fell from the position to which he had raised it and the last of his line was ignominiously kidnapped and carried off by the Chinese about 1409.

General Prosperity

Parakrama Bahu VI. (1412-68), the first king of the Kotte dynasty, raised the Sinhalese to a height never attained since the days of Parakrama Bahu II., and never equalled since. The Island once more was brought under one rule. The chronological order of the wars by which this came about is obscure. The great event of the reign was the invasion and occupation of the kingdom of Jaffna, then a feudatory of Vijayanagar, which henceforth was governed by the prince Bhuvanaika Bahu, later on king. It was probably before this that the Vanniyars, the chiefs of the present Northern and North-Central Province, had been reduced to obedience. There is also recorded an expedition to Adrianpet in South India. In the Sinhalese country itself the up-country provinces which had rebelled were subdued and given over to a prince of the old Gampola family. A witness to the general prosperity is the outburst of literature, in particular of poetry. But this prosperity was not to endure. The besetting sin of the dynasty was civil war, and it was this which led to its downfall. The up-country provinces became a separate kingdom. Jaffna was lost, and the reign of its ruler Bhuvanaika Bahu VI. as king was signalized by a widespread rebellion lasting several years.

Coming of Portuguese

In 1505, the Portuguese " discovered " Ceylon. They made a great impression on the inhabitants of Colombo and according to the Rajavaliya their report to the king ran thus : " There is in our harbour of Colombo a race of people fair of skin and comely withal. They don jackets of iron and hats of iron ; they rest not a minute in one

place ; they walk here and there ; they eat hunks of stone and drink blood ; they give two or three pieces of gold and silver for one fish or one lime ; the report of their cannon is louder than thunder when it bursts upon the rock Yugandhara. Their cannon balls fly many a gawwa and shatter fortresses of granite." The then reigning king made the fatal mistake of raising his two sons to the throne and dividing the country. One of these, Vijaya Bahu VII., (1509-21), managed to make himself sole ruler, but lost his throne and his life at the hands of his sons, who proceeded to carve up the country between them. It was their quarrels which led directly to the intervention of the Portuguese.

Causes of Decline

We have now made a rapid survey of the history of the mediaeval period. It is a series of ups and downs. The general trend, however, at least from the death of Parakrama Bahu I., was one of decline. We may now consider this move in details, though at the expense of some repetition.

Firstly, the source of weakness in the foreign elements in the population. In the last days of the Sinhalese monarchy what may be called the regular army as opposed to the militia or local levies consisted largely of Malays and other foreigners such as disbanded soldiers of Tipu Sahib. This reliance on mercenaries goes back well into the middle ages and perhaps earlier still. In the ninth and tenth centuries we find settlements of Tamils, in most cases probably Tamil soldiers, mentioned in inscriptions ; they were under a Demaladhikari. The trouble with these troops was their latent sympathy with their kinsmen in South India. We have already seen under Sena I., that they joined the Pandyan invader. Under Sena V. and his successor Mahinda V. we get more details ; the paid troops then consisted of Keralas from Malabar and Kanatas or Canarese as well as Sinhalese. It was to them that the general, whose brother, Sena V. had slain, made over the country ; they filled the capital and when Mahinda fled to Ruhuna they ruled the rest of Ceylon. It was this state of affairs which invited the Chola invasion of Rajaraja I.

Continuance of Mercenaries

On the recovery of the country by the Sinhalese the employment of mercenaries was continued. Under Vijaya Bahu I., a serious rebellion of the Velakkara force broke out, caused by their being called upon to fight against the Cholas. Under Parakrama Bahu I. the name Agampadi first appears, the name later on applied to this class of troops ; it is that of a South Indian caste and also of sub-divisions of the Maravars, the warlike tribe which caused so much trouble to the British at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. In the reign of Nissanka Malla we find the Agampadi under the control of the provincial governors, and they appear on and off henceforward under this designation down to the time of Parakrama Bahu VI. of Kotte. Vijaya Bahu IV. of Dambadeniya was murdered by his Rajput mercenaries. Somewhat later Marco Polo speaks of " Saracens," that is Muhammadans, as being employed by the King of Ceylon.

" Tamil Time "

There also was a steady stream of immigration from South India through the port of Mahatittha (Mantai) with the result that the neighbouring country eventually became entirely Tamil. It is noteworthy that, while many Sinhalese place-names remain more or less disguised in the Jaffna peninsula and in the Eastern Province, now Tamil, this is not the case in the country behind Mannar ; there these names are purely Tamil. This area indeed with its great Hindu shrine Tirukatisvaram seems to have been the nucleus of the later Mediaeval Tamil kingdom of Jaffna ; to its end its kings styled themselves " Setukavalan," " guardian of Adam's Bridge." The Vanniyars have been already mentioned ; they appear first in the thirteenth century. In more modern times they had often become Sinhalese, but the title seems to connect them with the Maravars. It is to be noted that Knox in his flight from captivity in the seventeenth century found the country beyond Anuradhapura still inhabited by Tamils. At a much earlier period, the tenth century, Mihintale Tablets laying down regulations for the monastery there refer to the " Tamil time," seemingly a time when a Tamil community of bhikkhus was in possession. *We may note*

that at the present day two of the most important castes in the Sinhalese Low-country are undoubtedly of Tamil or at least of South Indian descent.

Trade and Foreigners

Trade from time immemorial has been in the hands of the foreigners. These formed powerful communities and in the time of Nissanka Malla the principal merchants sat in the king's council at Polonnaruwa, doubtless under their head the Situna. In addition to the capital they were naturally found at the ports ; of these in early times the most important was Mahatittha. But this later on, apparently after the thirteenth century, yielded the primacy to Colombo. This last always was a foreign town, largely inhabited by Muhammadans who can be traced there as far back as 949. The activities of these merchants are illustrated by the presence of gold coins of almost every Muslim dynasty from the eighth to the fifteenth century, but in particular those of the twelfth and thirteenth, in the country lying between Colombo and the Kandyan hills. The financial, and so the political, power of the Muhammadans was real, if concealed. One in the thirteenth century was the power behind the throne in the Pandyan empire when at its zenith. In the next century Colombo was even the centre of an independent principality with Kotte as its fortress on the land side. While on the subject of foreign trade the Chinese should not be forgotten ; their coins from the tenth to the thirteenth century have been turned up at various sites including Polonnaruwa, Yapahu and Tirjketivaram (Mantai) in fairly large numbers, and their ships still visited Ceylon in the fifteenth century when they carried off the ruler Vira Alakesvara.

Effect of Immigration

To sum up, foreign immigration led to the supersession of the Sinhalese by Tamils in the present Northern and Eastern Provinces, and at one time in much of the North-Central Province. This supersession was largely peaceful, but in the long run was prejudicial to Sinhalese rule. By the end of the period under review, there was an independent kingdom of Jaffna, while between it and the

Sinhalese and again on the east of the Island the real rulers were Vanniyars on whose allegiance, especially in the north, too much reliance could not be placed.

Connected with trade is coinage. In the early mediaeval period, that is before the Chola conquest, payments were made by weighing out gold boutless as in South India of a certain standard. In the ninth or tenth century or perhaps earlier there was issued a gold coinage, which was intended to be and actually was at first one-half of gold and one-half of alloy. The years before the Chola conquest apparently saw a reduction in the fineness of the coinage and Rajaraja I., continued the same standard. Under Vijaya Bahu I. the coin was of silver or of gold so debased as to be hardly distinguished from silver. After his reign this ceases to be issued, and under Parakrama Bahu I. and his successors at Polonnaruwa, Dambadeniya and Kurunegala, the old principal coin had become of base metal or copper. In the time of Parakrama Bahu IV., it is frankly admitted that the masuran or "gold coins" mentioned in the Jatakas are not those now in use made of base metal. Later on fanams of poor gold on the Indian model were issued; they are mentioned in the fourteenth century. The debasement of the coinage is symptomatic of the decline of the State.

Administrative Decay

In the matter of general administration we also find decay. The inscriptions of the ninth and tenth centuries, though giving little detail, obviously refer to a complicated system of Government, which had disappeared by the time of the arrival of the Portuguese. The records of Nissanka Malla luckily provide us with some information touching the main source of revenue, the grain tax. This king prides himself on reducing the inordinate demands of Parakrama Bahu I., and gives us the amount which he himself has fixed. Now by the time of the Portuguese the Sinhalese districts of Ceylon were in sharp contrast with the rest of the East in having no general grain tax. By that time the public dues usually consisted of service, the village being held by hereditary or quasi-hereditary heads who were responsible for this and who took to themselves what was left of the old grain tax. It seems clear that the

old complicated revenue system had become impossible owing to the impoverishment of the country. The very names connected with it passed from memory.

Decline in Cultivation

Closely connected with the revenue system was agriculture. The disappearance of the grain tax led automatically to a decrease in the area cultivated with paddy, as indeed happened after the abolition of the British grain tax in 1892, and an increase in the shifting " chena " cultivation. This last certainly existed in the period when the grain tax was paid but, as still in Travancore, must have been kept within bounds by the fiscal needs of the Crown. The irrigation works of Ceylon are the outstanding achievement of the Sinhalese. The last great ones are those of Parakrama Bahu I. Thereafter in the period under review the only work undertaken seems to have been an anicut on the Kospotu Oya in the time of Bhuvanaika Bahu IV.

Why Tanks were abandoned

The account of Parakrama Bahu's suppression of the great Ruhuna rebellion in 1156-7, gives no indication that the low-country of Uva and the south-east of the Island was anything but populous. All the evidence is to the contrary. In Plancius' map of 1592, however, the following entry in Portuguese occurs : " Kingdom of Jala deserted and depopulated for 300 years by reason of unhealthiness." This "Kingdom" is Yala in the south-east of Ceylon. The entry would seem to refer to the appearance of malaria towards the end of the thirteenth century. About this time the chronicler mentions a great famine in the Island ; in the reign of Parakrama Bahu II. Somewhat earlier in the century there had occurred a great drought. Anuradhapura by this time was practically abandoned (it had been destroyed by the Cholas) and Vijaya Bahu IV at the end of his father's reign had to clear the holy places of jungle. This and the fact that the Government of the northern part of Ceylon (exclusive of Jaffna) was then in the hands of the Vanniyars tend to show that this region had ceased to be of importance. Indeed we now hear nothing of the old irrigation works. *It is usual to attribute the breakdown of the old tanks and channels to the ravages of the Tamils. This charge, however, can hardly be*

brought with any justice against the Chola administration of the conquered province of Ceylon ; it clearly was in the interest of the revenue to maintain these works. The great tanks were still functioning in Parakrama Bahu I.'s reign though needing repairs, and *it seems probable that the real cause of their decay and abandonment was the same as that which depopulated the south-east, namely malaria.* The first attack of this scourge must have been severe. It is possible, that the Tamil inhabitants found there later entered an almost deserted region ; it is certain that the present population there is not descended from the older medieval one as the ancient village names have disappeared the existing ones being modern.

Excellent in Stone Work

Symptomatic of decay is the history of architecture. Mr. Hocart, late Archaeological Commissioner, is of opinion that " in the ninth or tenth century stone-work attained its zenith of excellence ; it was rich but with taste, there was a finish about the work which was subsequently much impaired and eventually was completely lost " (Codrington, Hist. of Ceylon, p. 185). We may notice that this period of excellence coincides with the best age of the coinage and with that of the perfection of the administrative system as much as with a sudden efflorescence of inscription. At Polonnaruwa, on the other hand, if we except the Chola and Pandyan work, brick is chiefly to be seen. Vijaya Bahu IV. when restoring this capital left this illuminating epigraph on Parakrama Bahu I.'s Lankatilaka (the so-called Jetavanarama) ; " That Parakrama Bahu, Lord of Lanka, built the Lankatilaka (Vihara) . . . (when) one hundred years had elapsed since it the ornament of the earth fell into ruin, the puissant Vijaya Bahu, Lord of the earth, thoroughly restored it." This was about 1268 ; if we take the inscription literally, it follows that the Lankatilaka had fallen into ruin in the lifetime of its builder. Whether this be so or not (I believe that I am right in saying that the Polonnaruwa buildings have very slight foundations), the poverty of the time is shown in the case of the Tooth Relic temple at Dambadeniya. It was built by Parakrama Bahu II., but needed repair before his death. Exception to the dearth of buildings is the great staircase at Yapahu (if this be Sinhalese and not Pandyan work) and the fourteenth century temples of Lankatilaka

and Gadaladeniya in Kandy district. *The first of these two however, as we know from records, was built by Tamil craftsmen.* The last buildings of any note were those of Parakrama Bahu VI. of Kotte.

Fatal Mistake

The conclusion which we reach is that the zenith of Sinhalese prosperity in the middle ages was in the ninth and tenth centuries. Then came the Chola conquest, the brilliant episode of Parakrama Bahu I., and then with occasional revivals, a period of continual decay. It will be seen that the prosperity practically coincides with a period when there was no very strong power in South India. The Pandyan invasion under Sena I. is an isolated event, and Parantaka I.'s career, luckily for Ceylon, was checked by the Rashtrakutas. Whether the weak Mahinda V. would have been able to stand against Rajaraja I., even had his mercenaries been true to him, is problematical in view of the defeat of Sena I. by the Pandyans. The fatal mistake of the Sinhalese monarchy was its reliance on foreign mercenaries. Vijaya Bahu I. and Parakrama Bahu I. were strong enough to resist their enemies ; their successors were not, whenever a really powerful prince chose to exert his full strength. Fortune also was against them. Parakrama Bahu I. in spite of his brilliance left them a State crippled with the heavy taxation necessitated by his many buildings and his interference in India. The war thus begun could not be stopped with the same ease. Then came the puppet kings, Magha's conquest, the Pandyan invasion, apparently followed by prolonged occupation, and when the Pandyan power had been broken, by the Muhammadans in 1310, and the overlordship of Jaffna. The Sinhalese State never recovered from the impoverishment caused by Parakrama Bahu I.'s grandiose schemes. On top of the political troubles was the advent of malaria which threw out of cultivation the old rice-producing region with its great tanks and channels and reduced the population of the kingdom. To all this must be added the incurable inability of the Sinhalese to work together. Even when Vijaya Bahu I. was struggling for the national existence against the Cholas he was hampered by rebellion ; we find more than once the Sinhalese regular troops aiding with the foreign mercenaries ; it was the internecine fights among the royal family which led directly to the Portuguese conquest."

A VISITOR TO ATHENS.

[AMONG the aims of this Journal, among others, is that this Journal shall be a sort of minor substitute university, (albeit unworthy), for those who cannot be members of a great University.

A paper education can never, indeed, convey that zest of mind derived from physical contact with inspired human beings. 'Did you once see Shelley plain?' the Poet said.

It is to be hoped that one day Ceylon will have a University which will attract the finest spirits of both East and West. The standards are known. Here is a golden picture from the golden pen of John Henry Newman of university life in the Athens of the golden age.]

UNIVERSITY LIFE AT ATHENS

IT has been my desire, were I able, to bring before the reader what Athens may have been, viewed as what we have since called a University; and to do this, not with any purpose of writing a panegyric on a heathen city, or of denying its many deformities, or of concealing what was morally base in what was intellectually great, but just the contrary, of representing things as they really were; so far, that is, as to enable him to see what a University is, in the very constitution of society and in its own idea, what is its nature and object, and what it needs of aid, support external to itself, to complete that nature and to secure that object.

So now let us fancy our Scythian, or Armenian, or African, or Italian, or Gallic student, after tossing on the Saronic waves, which would be his more ordinary course to Athens, at last casting anchor at Piraeus. He is of any condition or rank of life you please, and may be made to order, from a prince to a peasant. Perhaps he is some Cleanthes, who has been a boxer in the public games. How did it ever cross his brain to betake himself to Athens in search of wisdom? or, if he came thither by accident, how did the love of it ever touch his heart? But so it was, to Athens he came with three drachms in his girdle, and he got his livelihood by drawing water,

carrying loads, and the like servile occupations. He attached himself, of all philosophers, to Zeno the Stoic,—to Zeno, the most high-minded, the most haughty of speculators; and out of his daily earnings the poor scholar brought his master the daily sum of an obolus, in payment for attending his lectures. Such progress did he make, that on Zeno's death he actually was his successor in his school; and, if my memory does not play me false, he is the author of a hymn to the Supreme Being, which is one of the noblest effusions of the kind in classical poetry. Yet, even when he was the head of a school, he continued in his illiberal toil as if he had been a monk; and it is said that once, when the wind took his pallium, and blew it aside, he was discovered to have no other garment at all;—something like the German student who came up to Heidelberg with nothing upon him but a greatcoat and a pair of pistols.

Or it is another disciple of the Porch,—Stoic by nature, earlier than by profession,—who is entering the city; but in what different fashion he comes! It is no other than Marcus, Emperor of Rome and philosopher. Professors long since were summoned from Athens for his service, when he was a youth, and now he comes, after his victories in the battlefield, to make his acknowledgments, at the end of life, to the city of wisdom, and to submit himself to an initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries.

Or it is a young man of great promise as an orator, were it not for his weakness of chest, which renders it necessary that he should acquire the art of speaking without over-exertion, and should adopt a delivery sufficient for the display of his rhetorical talents on the one hand, yet merciful to his physical resources on the other. He is called Cicero; he will stop but a short time, and will pass over to Asia Minor and its cities, before he returns to continue a career which will render his name immortal; and he will like his short sojourn at Athens so well, that he will take good care to send his son thither at an earlier age than he visited it himself.

But see where comes from Alexandria (for we need not be very solicitous about anachronisms), a young man from twenty to twenty-two, who has narrowly escaped drowning on his voyage, and is to remain at Athens as many as eight or ten years, yet in the course of that time

will not learn a line of Latin, thinking it enough to become accomplished in Greek composition, and in that he will succeed. He is a grave person, and difficult to make out; some say he is a Christian, something or other in the Christian line his father is for certain. His name is Gregory, he is by country a Cappadocian, and will in time become pre-eminently a theologian, and one of the principal Doctors of the Greek Church.

Or it is one Horace, a youth of low stature and black hair, whose father has given him an education at Rome above his rank in life, and now is sending him to finish it at Athens ; he is said to have a turn for poetry : a hero he is not, and it were well if he knew it ; but he is caught by the enthusiasm of the hour, and goes off campaigning with Brutus and Cassius, and will leave his shield behind him on the field of Philippi.

Or it is a mere boy of fifteen : his name Eunapius ; though the voyage was not long, sea-sickness, or confinement, or bad living on board the vessel, threw him into a fever, and, when the passengers landed in the evening at Piraeus, he could not stand. His countrymen who accompanied him, took him up among them and carried him to the house of the great teacher of the day, Proaeresius, who was a friend of the captain's, and whose fame it was which drew the enthusiastic youth to Athens. His companions understand the sort of place they are in, and, with the licence of academic students, they break into the philosopher's house, though he appears to have retired for the night, and proceed to make themselves free of it, with an absence of ceremony, which is only not impudence, because Proæresius takes it so easily. Strange introduction for our stranger to a seat of learning, but not out of keeping with Athens ; for what could you expect of a place where there was a mob of youths and not even the pretence of control ; where the poorer lived any how, and got on as they could, and the teachers themselves had no protection from the humours and caprices of the students who filled their lecture-halls ? However, as to this Eunapius, Proæresius took a fancy to the boy, and told him curious stories about Athenian life. He himself had come up to the University with one Hephæstion, and they were even worse off than Cleanthes the Stoic ; for they had only one

cloak between them, and nothing whatever besides, except some old bedding; so when Proæresius went abroad, Hephæstion lay in bed, and practised himself in oratory; and then Hephæstion put on the cloak, and Proæresius crept under the coverlet. At another time there was so fierce a feud between what would be called "town and gown" in an English University, that the Professors did not dare lecture in public, for fear of ill treatment.

But a freshman like Eunapius soon got experience for himself of the ways and manners prevalent in Athens. Such a one as he had hardly entered the city, when he was caught hold of by a party of the academic youth, who proceeded to practise on his awkwardness and his ignorance. At first sight one wonders at their childishness; but the like conduct obtained in the medieval Universities; and not many months have passed away since the journals have told us of sober Englishmen, given to matter-of-fact calculations, and to the anxieties of money-making, pelting each other with snowballs on their own sacred territory, and defying the magistracy, when they would interfere with their privilege of becoming boys. So I suppose we must attribute it to something or other in human nature. Meanwhile, there stands the new-comer, surrounded by a circle of his new associates, who forthwith proceed to frighten, and to banter, and to make a fool of him, to the extent of their wit. Some address him with mock politeness, others with fierceness; and so they conduct him in solemn procession across the Agora to the Baths; and as they approach, they dance about him like madmen. But this was to be the end of his trial, for the Bath was a sort of initiation; he thereupon received the pallium, or University gown, and was suffered by his tormentors to depart in peace. One alone is recorded as having been exempted from this persecution; it was a youth graver and loftier than even St. Gregory himself: but it was not from his force of character, but at the instance of Gregory, that he escaped. Gregory was his bosom-friend, and was ready in Athens to shelter him when he came.

But to return to our freshman. His troubles are not at an end, though he has got his gown upon him. Where is he to lodge? whom is he to attend? He finds himself seized, before he well knows where he is, by another party

of men, or three or four parties at once, like foreign porters at a landing, who seize on the baggage of the perplexed stranger, and thrust half a dozen cards into his unwilling hands. Our youth is plied by the hangers-on of professor this, or sophist that, each of whom wishes the fame or the profit of having a houseful. We will say that he escapes from their hands,—but then he will have to choose for himself where he will put up ; and, to tell the truth, with all the praise I have already given, and the praise I shall have to give, to the city of mind, nevertheless, between ourselves, the brick and wood which formed it, the actual tenements, where flesh and blood had to lodge (always excepting the mansions of great men of the place), do not seem to have been much better than those of Greek or Turkish towns which are at this moment a topic of interest and ridicule in the public prints. A lively picture has lately been set before us of Gallipoli. Take, says the writer, a multitude of the dilapidated outhouses found in farm-yards in England, of the rickety old wooden tenements, the cracked, shutterless structures of planks and tiles, the sheds and stalls, which our by-lanes, or fish-markets, or river-sides can supply ; tumble them down on the declivity of a bare bald hill ; let the spaces between house and house, thus accidentally determined, be understood to form streets, winding of course for no reason, and with no meaning, up and down the town ; the roadway always narrow, the breadth never uniform, the separate houses bulging or retiring below, as circumstances may have determined, and leaning forward till they meet overhead ;—and you have a good idea of Gallipoli. I question whether this picture would not nearly correspond to the special seat of the Muses in ancient times. Learned writers assure us distinctly that the houses of Athens were for the most part small and mean ; that the streets were crooked and narrow ; that the upper stories projected over the roadway ; and that staircases, balustrades, and doors that opened outwards, obstructed it ;—a remarkable coincidence of description. I do not doubt at all, though history is silent, that that roadway was jolting to carriages, and all but impassable ; and that it was traversed by drains, as freely as any Turkish town now. Athens seems in these respects to have been below the average cities of its time. " A stranger," says an ancient, " might doubt, on the sudden view, if really he saw Athens."

I grant all this, and much more, if you will; but, recollect, Athens was the home of the intellectual, and beautiful; not of low mechanical contrivances, and material organization. Why stop within your lodgings counting the rents in your wall or the holes in your tiling, when nature and art call you away? You must put up with such a chamber, and a table, and a stool, and a sleeping board, anywhere else in the three continents; one place does not differ from another indoors; your magalia in Africa, or your grottos in Syria, are not perfection. I suppose you did not come to Athens to swarm up a ladder, or to grope about a closet: you came to see and to hear, what hear and see you could not elsewhere. What food for the intellect is it possible to procure indoors, that you stay there looking about you? do you think to read there? where are your books? do you expect to purchase books at Athens?—you are much out in your calculations. True it is, we at this day, who live in the nineteenth century, have the books of Greece as a perpetual memorial; and copies there have been, since the time that they were written; but you need not go to Athens to procure them, nor would you find them in Athens. Strange to say, strange to the nineteenth century, that in the age of Plato and Thucydides, there was not, it is said, a bookshop in the whole place: nor was the book trade in existence till the very time of Augustus. Libraries, I suspect, were the bright invention of Attalus or the Ptolemies; I doubt whether Athens had a library till the reign of Hadrian. It was what the student gazed on, what he heard, what he caught by the magic of sympathy, not what he read, which was the education furnished by Athens.

He leaves his narrow lodging early in the morning; and not till night, if even then, will he return. It is but a crib or kennel,—in which he sleeps when the weather is inclement or the ground damp; in no respect a home. And he goes out of doors, not to read the day's newspaper, or to buy the gay shilling volume, but to imbibe the invisible atmosphere of genius, and to learn by heart the oral traditions of taste. Out he goes; and, leaving the tumble-down town behind him, he mounts the Acropolis to the right, or he turns to the Areopagus on the left. He goes to the Parthenon to study the sculptures of Phidias; to the temple of the Dioscuri to see the paintings of Polygnotus.

We indeed take our Sophocles or Aeschylus out of our coat-pocket ; but, if our sojourner at Athens would understand how a tragic poet can write, he must betake himself to the theatre on the south, and see and hear the drama literally in action. Or let him go westward to the Agora, and there he will hear Lysias or Andocides pleading, or Demosthenes haranguing. He goes farther west still, along the shade of those noble planes, which Cimon has planted there ; and he looks around him at the statues and porticos and vestibules, each by itself a work of genius and skill, enough to be the making of another city. He passes through the city gate, and then he is the famous Ceramicus ; here are the tombs of the mighty dead ; and here, we will suppose, is Pericles himself, the most elevated, the most thrilling of orators, converting a funeral oration over the slain into a philosophical panegyric of the living.

Onwards he proceeds still ; and now he has come to that still more celebrated Academe, which has bestowed its own name on Universities down to this day ; and there he sees a sight which will be graven on his memory till he dies. Many are the beauties of the place, the groves, and the statues, and the temple, and the stream of the Cephissus flowing by ; many are the lessons which will be taught him day after day by teacher or by companion ; but his eye is just now arrested by one object ; it is the very presence of Plato. He does not hear a word that he says ; he does not care to hear ; he asks neither for discourse nor disputation ; what he sees is a whole, complete in itself, not to be increased by addition, and greater than anything else. It will be a point in the history of his life ; a stay for his memory to rest on, a burning thought in his heart, a bond of union with men of like mind, ever afterwards. Such is the spell which the living man exerts on his fellows, for good or for evil. How nature impels us to lean upon others, making virtue, or genius, or name, the qualification for our doing so ! A Spaniard is said to have travelled to Italy, simply to see Livy ; he had his fill of gazing, and then went back again home. Had our young stranger got nothing by his voyage but the sight of the breathing and moving Plato, had he entered no lecture-room to hear, no gymnasium to converse, he had got some measure of education, and something to tell of to his grandchildren.

But Plato is not the only sage, nor the sight of him the only lesson to be learned in this wonderful suburb. It is the region and the realm of philosophy. Colleges were the inventions of many centuries later; and they imply a sort of cloistered life, or at least a life of rule, scarcely natural to an Athenian. It was the boast of the philosophic statesman of Athens, that his countrymen achieved by the mere force of nature and the love of the noble and the great, what other people aimed at by laborious discipline; and all who came among them were submitted to the same method of education. We have traced our student on his wanderings from the Acropolis to the Sacred Way; and now he is in the region of the schools. No awful arch, no window of many-coloured lights marks the seats of learning there or elsewhere; philosophy lives out of doors. No close atmosphere oppresses the brain or inflames the eyelid; no long session stiffens the limbs. Epicurus is reclining in his garden; Zeno looks like a divinity in his porch; the restless Aristotle, on the other side of the city, as if in antagonism to Plato, is walking his pupils off their legs in his Lyceum by the Ilyssus. Our student has determined on entering himself as a disciple of Theophrastus, a teacher of marvellous popularity, who has brought together two thousand pupils from all parts of the world. He himself is of Lesbos; for masters, as well as students, come hither from all regions of the earth,—as befits a University. How could Athens have collected hearers in such numbers, unless she had selected teachers of such power? it was the range of territory, which the notion of a University implies, which furnished both the quantity of the one, and the quality of the other. Anaxagoras was from Ionia, Carneades from Africa, Zeno from Cyprus, Protagoras from Thrace, and Gorgias from Sicily. Andromachus was a Syrian, Proaeresius an Armenian, Hilarius a Bithynian, Philiscus a Thessalian, Hadrian a Syrian. Rome is celebrated for her liberality in civil matters; Athens was as liberal in intellectual. There was no narrow jealousy, directed against a Professor, because he was not an Athenian; genius and talent were the qualifications; and to bring them to Athens, was to do homage to it as a University. There was a brotherhood and a citizenship of mind.

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.]

Water makes external cleanliness. Truthfulness is the detergent of the heart.

* * * *

Lamps do not give the light that Holy men desire. It is the light of truth that illuminates their path.

* * * *

He who has acquired the mastery of self is the object of universal worship.

* * * *

Those who have lost their possessions may flourish again. But there is no hope for those who have failed in the duty of compassion.

From Tiruvalluvar's Kural (Translated by C. Rajagopalachari).

* * * *

They always say that life is short. But a great deal can be done if we know how to use it.

Living long really means little more than outliving others.

* * * *

The human form is the finest text for all the commentaries on *Man*.

Goethe.

* * * *

The sage's quest is of himself. The quest of the ignorant, of other than himself.

Confucius.

* * * *

I feel a strange thrill at *Thy* presence in the mansion of my heart. At *Thy* wondrous touch, I break into endless melodies.

Thirumangai Mannan (*Translation from Tamil.*)

* * * *

Manners and music should not be neglected by any one . . . Benevolence is akin to music, and righteousness to good manners.

Confucius.

* * * *

For the ideal philosopher is one who understands the charm of women without being coarse, who loves life heartily but loves it with restraint, and who sees the unreality of the success and failures of the active world, and stands somewhat aloof and detached, without being hostile to it.

Lin Yutang.

* * * *

" Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am *he whom* thou seekest !
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest *Me*."

Francis Thomson.

OF CONSTITUTIONS AND GOVERNMENTS

[WE propose, in a future number, to make a comparison of the Constitutions of America, France and Ceylon. But, before this is done, our Readers should understand the true principles of government. In our last number, we made available to our Readers the doctrine as given forth by no less an intellect than Cardinal Newman. Thomas Paine was an intellect of another sort altogether. But he too played his part in the comity of thought. Of humble parentage, and without academic learning, he became a force in three countries—England, America, France—by the sheer command of his Mind and his power of convincing language. He played his part in the deliverance of America and the freedom of France. Sentences written by him became bugle peals and battle cries. One of his famous sentences was : "These are the times that try men's souls." It is as applicable today as when Paine wrote it nearly two hundred years ago. What follows is from Thomas Paine's famous book : **The Rights of Man.** *]*

THAT men mean distinct and separate things when they speak of Constitutions and of Governments, is evident ; or why are those terms distinctly and separately used ? A Constitution is not the act of a Government, but of a people constituting a Government ; and Government without a Constitution is power without a right.

All power exercised over a Nation must have some beginning. It must either be delegated or assumed. There are no other sources. All delegated power is trust, and all assumed power is usurpation. Time does not alter the nature and quality of either.

In viewing this subject, the case and circumstances of America present themselves as in the beginning of a world ; and our enquiry into the origin of Government is shortened by referring to the facts that have arisen in our own day. We have no occasion to roam for informa-

tion into the obscure field of antiquity, nor hazard ourselves upon conjecture. We are brought at once to the point of seeing Government begin, as if we had lived in the beginning of time. The real volume, not of history, but of facts, is directly before us, unmutilated by contrivance or the errors of tradition.

I will here concisely state the commencement of the American Constitution: by which the difference between Constitutions and Governments will sufficiently appear.

It may not be improper to remind the reader that the United States of America consist of thirteen separate states, each of which established a Government for itself, after the Declaration of Independence, done the 4th of July, 1776. Each state acted independently of the rest, in forming its Government; but the same general principle pervades the whole. When the several state Governments were formed, they proceeded to form the federal Government that acts over the whole in all matters which concern the interest of the whole, or which relate to the intercourse of the several states with each other, or with foreign Nations. I will begin with giving an instance from one of the state Governments (that of Pennsylvania), and then proceed to the federal Government.

The state of Pennsylvania, though nearly of the same extent of territory as England, was then divided into only twelve counties. Each of these counties had elected a committee at the commencement of the dispute with the English Government; and as the city of Philadelphia, which also had its committee, was the most central for intelligence, it became the centre of communication to the several county committees. When it became necessary to proceed to the formation of a Government, the committee of Philadelphia proposed a conference of all the committees, to be held in that city, and which met the latter end of July, 1776.

Though these committees had been elected by the people, they were not elected expressly for the purpose, nor invested with the authority, of forming a Constitution; and as they could not, consistently with the American ideas of right, assume such a power, they could only confer upon the matter, and put it into a train of operation. The conferees, therefore, did no more than state the case,

and recommend to the several counties to elect six representatives for each county, to meet in convention at Philadelphia, with powers to form a Constitution, and propose it for public consideration.

This convention, of which Benjamin Franklin was President, having met and deliberated, and agreed upon a Constitution, they next ordered it to be published, not as a thing established, but for the consideration of the whole people, their approbation or rejection, and then adjourned to a stated time. When the time of adjournment was expired, the convention re-assembled, and as the general opinion of the people in approbation of it was then known, the Constitution was signed, sealed, and proclaimed, on the *authority of the people*, and the original instrument deposited as a public record. The convention then appointed a day for the general election of the representatives who were to compose the Government, and the time it should commence; and having done this they dissolved, and returned to their several homes and occupations.

In this Constitution were laid down, first, a declaration of rights; then followed the form which the Government should have, and the powers which it should possess—the authority of the courts of judicature and of juries—the manner in which elections should be conducted, and the proportion of representatives to the number of electors—the time which each succeeding assembly should continue, which was one year—the mode of levying, and the accounting for the expenditure, of public money—of appointing public officers, etc., etc.

No article of this Constitution could be altered or infringed at the discretion of the Government that was to ensue. It was to the Government a law. But as it would have been unwise to preclude the benefit of experience, and in order also to prevent the accumulation of errors, if any should be found, and to preserve a unison of Government with the circumstances of the state to all times, the Constitution provided that at the expiration of every seven years, a convention should be elected for the express purpose of revising the Constitution and making alterations, additions, or abolitions therein, if any such should be found necessary.

Here we see a regular process—a Government issuing out of a Constitution, formed by the people in their original character ; and that Constitution serving not only as an authority, but as a law of controul to the Government. It was the political Bible of the state. Scarcely a family was without it. Every member of the Government had a copy ; and nothing was more common when any debate arose on the principle of a bill, or on the extent of any species of authority, than for the members to take the printed Constitution out of their pocket and read the chapter with which such matter in debate was connected.

Having thus given an instance from one of the states, I will show the proceedings by which the federal Constitution of the United States arose and was formed.

Congress, at its first meetings, in September, 1774 and May, 1775, was nothing more than a deputation from the legislatures of the several provinces, afterwards states ; and had no other authority than what arose from common consent, and the necessity of its acting as a public body. In everything which related to the internal affairs of America, Congress went no further than to issue recommendations to the several provincial assemblies, who at discretion adopted them or not. Nothing on the part of Congress was compulsive ; yet in this situation, it was more faithfully and affectionately obeyed than was any Government in Europe. This instance, like that of the National Assembly of France, sufficiently shews, that the strength of a Government does not consist of anything *within* itself, but in the attachment of a Nation, and the interest which the people feel in supporting it. When this is lost Government is but a child in power, and though like the old Government of France it may harass individuals for a while, it but facilitates its own fall.

After the Declaration of Independence it became consistent with the principle on which representative Government is founded, that the authority of Congress should be defined and established. Whether that authority should be more or less than Congress then discretionarily exercised, was not the question. It was merely the rectitude of the measure.

For this purpose, the act called the Act of Confederation (which was a sort of imperfect federal Constitution)

was proposed, and after long deliberation was concluded in the year 1781. It was not the Act of Congress, because it is repugnant to the principles of representative Government that a body should give power to itself. Congress first informed the several states of the powers which it conceived were necessary to be invested in the union, to enable it to perform the duties and services required from it ; and the states severally agreed with each other, and concentrated in Congress those powers.

It may not be improper to observe that in both those instances (the one of Pennsylvania, and the other of the United States) there is no such thing as an idea of a compact between the people on one side and the Government on the other. The compact was that of the people with each other to produce and constitute a Government. To suppose that any Government can be a party in a compact with the whole people is to suppose it to have existence before it can have a right to exist. The only instance in which a compact can take place between the people and those who exercise the Government is, that the people shall pay them while they choose to employ them.

Government is not a trade which any man, or any body of men, has a right to set up and exercise for his own emolument, but is altogether a trust in right of those by whom the trust is delegated, and by whom it is always resumable. It has of itself no rights ; they are altogether duties.

Having thus given two instances of the original formation of a Constitution, I will shew the manner in which both have been changed since their first establishment.

The powers vested in the Governments of the several states, by the state Constitutions, were found upon experience to be too great, and those vested in the federal Government by the Act of Confederation, too little. The defect was not in the principle but in the distribution of power.

Numerous publications, in pamphlets and in newspapers, appeared on the propriety and necessity of new modelling the federal Government. After some time of public discussion, carried on through the channel of the press, and in conversations, the state of Virginia, experienc-

ing some inconvenience with respect to commerce, proposed holding a continental conference ; in consequence of which, a deputation from five or six of the state assemblies met at Annapolis, in Maryland, 1786. This meeting, not conceiving itself sufficiently authorised to go into the business of a reform, did no more than state their general opinions of the propriety of the measure, and recommend that a convention of all the states should be held the year following.

The convention met at Philadelphia in May, 1787, of which General Washington was elected President. He was not at that time connected with any of the state Governments, or with Congress. He delivered up his commission when the war ended, and since then had lived a private citizen.

The convention went deeply into all the subjects ; and having, after a variety of debate and investigation, agreed among themselves upon the several parts of a federal Constitution, the next question was, the manner of giving it authority and practice.

For this purpose they did not, like a cabal of courtiers, send for a Dutch Stadtholder, or a German Elector ; but they referred the whole matter to the sense and interests of the country.

They first directed that the proposed Constitution should be published. Secondly, that each state should elect a convention expressly for the purpose of taking it into consideration, and of ratifying or rejecting it ; and that as soon as the approbation and ratification of any nine states should be given, that those states should proceed to the election of their proportion of members to the new federal Government ; and that the operation of it should then begin, and the federal Government cease.

The several states proceeded accordingly to elect their conventions. Some of those conventions ratified the Constitution by very large majorities, and two or three unanimously. In others there were much debate and division of opinion. In the Massachusetts convention, which met at Boston, the majority was not above nineteen or twenty in about three hundred members ; but such is the nature

of representative Government, that it quietly decides all matters by majority. After the debate in the Massachusetts convention was closed, and the vote taken, the objecting members rose and declared: "*That though they had argued and voted against it because certain parts appeared to them in a different light to what they appeared to other members; yet, as the vote had decided in favour of the Constitution as proposed, they should give it the practical support as if they had voted for it.*"

As soon as nine states had concurred (and the rest followed in the order their conventions were elected), the old fabric of the federal Government was taken down, and the new erected, of which General Washington is President. In this place I cannot help remarking that the character and services of this gentleman are sufficient to put all those men called Kings to shame. While they are receiving from the sweat and labours of mankind a prodigality of pay, to which neither their abilities nor their services can entitle them, he is rendering every service in his power, and refusing every pecuniary reward. He accepted no pay as commander-in-chief; he accepts none as President of the United States.

After the new federal Constitution was established, the state of Pennsylvania, conceiving that some parts of its own Constitution required to be altered, elected a convention for that purpose. The proposed alterations were published, and the people concurring therein, they were established.

In forming those Constitutions, or in altering them, little or no inconvenience took place. The ordinary course of things was not interrupted, and the advantages have been much. It is always the interest of a far greater number of people in a Nation to have things right than to let them remain wrong; and when public matters are open to debate, and the public judgment free, it will not decide wrong, unless it decides too hastily.

In the two instances of changing the Constitutions, the Governments then in being make itself a party in any debate respecting the principles or modes of forming, or of changing, Constitutions. It is not for the benefit of those who exercise the powers of Government that Constitutions, and the Governments issuing from them,

are established. In all those matters the right of judging and acting are in those who pay, and not in those who receive.

A Constitution is the property of a Nation, and not of those who exercise the Government. All the Constitutions of America are declared to be established on the authority of the people. In France, the word Nation is used instead of the people; but in both cases a Constitution is a thing antecedent to the Government, and always distinct therefrom.

In England it is not difficult to perceive that everything has a Constitution, except the Nation. Every society and association that is established first agreed upon a number of original articles, digested into form, which are its Constitution. It then appointed its officers, whose powers and authorities are described in that Constitution, and the Government of that society then commenced. Those officers, by whatever name they are called, have no authority to add to, alter, or abridge the original articles. It is only to the constituting power that this right belongs.

From the want of understanding the difference between a Constitution and a Government, Dr. Johnson and all writers of his description have always bewildered themselves. They could not but perceive that there must necessarily be a *controuling* power existing somewhere, and they placed this in the discretion of the persons exercising the Government, instead of placing it in a Constitution formed by the Nation. When it is in a Constitution it has the Nation for its support, and the natural and the political controuling powers are together. The laws which are enacted by Governments controul men only as individuals, but the Nation, through its Constitution, controuls the whole Government, and has a natural ability so to do. The final controuling power, therefore, and the original constituting power, are one and the same power.

Dr. Johnson could not have advanced such a position in any country where there was a Constitution; and he is himself an evidence that no such thing as a Constitution exists in England. But it may be put as a question,

not improper to be investigated. That if a Constitution does not exist how came the idea of its existence so generally established.

In order to decide this question, it is necessary to consider a Constitution in both its cases :—First, as creating a Government and giving it powers. Secondly, as regulating and restraining the powers so given.

If we begin with William of Normandy, we find that the Government of England was originally a tyranny, founded on an invasion and conquest of the country. This being admitted, it will thus appear that the exertion of the Nation at different periods to abate that tyranny and render it less intolerable, has been credited for a Constitution.

Magna Charta, as it was called (it is now like an almanack of the same date), was no more than compelling the Government to renounce a part of its assumptions. It did not create and give powers to Government in the manner a Constitution does ; but was, as far as it went, of the nature of a re-conquest, and not a Constitution ; for could the Nation have totally expelled the usurpation as France has done its despotism, it would then have had a Constitution to form.

The history of the Edwards and the Henries, and up to the commencement of the Stuarts, exhibits as many instances of tyranny as could be acted within the limits to which the Nation had restricted it. The Stuarts endeavoured to pass those limits, and their fate is well known. In all those instances we see nothing of a Constitution, but only of restrictions on assumed power.

After this, another William, descended from the same stock, and claiming from the same origin, gained possession ; and of the two evils, *James* and *William*, the nation preferred what it thought the least ; since, from circumstances, it must take one. The act, called the Bill of Rights, comes here into view. What is it but a bargain which the parts of the Government made with each other, to divide powers, profits, and privileges ? You shall have

so much, and I will have the rest ; and with respect to the Nation, it said, for *your share* YOU *shall have the right of petitioning.* This being the case, the Bill of Rights is more properly the bill of wrongs and of insult. As to what is called the convention Parliament, it was a thing that made itself, and then made the authority by which it acted. A few persons got together, and called themselves by that name. Several of them had never been elected, and none of them for the purpose.

From the time of William a species of Government arose, issuing out of this coalition Bill of Rights ; and more so since the corruption introduced at the Hanover succession, by the agency of Walpole, that can be described by no other name than a despotic legislation. Though the parts may embarrass each other, the whole has no bounds ; and the only right it acknowledges out of itself is the right of petitioning. Where then is the Constitution that either gives or restrains power ?

It is not because a part of the Government is elective, that makes it less a despotism, if the persons so elected possess afterwards, as a Parliament, unlimited powers. Election in this case becomes separated from representation, and the candidates are candidates for despotism.

I cannot believe that any Nation, reasoning on its own right, would have thought of calling those things *a Constitution*, if the cry of Constitution had not been set up by the Government. It has got into circulation like the words *bore* and *quiz*, by being chalked up in the speeches of Parliament, as those words were on window-shutters and door-posts ; but whatever the Constitution may be in other respects, it has undoubtedly been *the most productive machine of taxation that was ever invented.* The taxes in France, under the new Constitution, are not quite thirteen shillings per head, and the taxes in England, under what is called its present Constitution, are forty-eight shillings and six pence per head—men, women, and children—amounting to nearly seventeen millions sterling, besides the expense of collecting, which is upwards of a million more.

In a country like England, where the whole of the civil Government is executed by the people of every town and county by means of parish officers, magistrates, quarterly sessions, juries, and assize, without any trouble to what is called the Government or any other expense to the revenue than the salary of the judges, it is astonishing how such a mass of taxes can be employed. Not even the internal defence of the country is paid out of the revenue. On all occasions, whether real or contrived, recourse is continually had to new loans and new taxes. No wonder, then, that a machine of Government so advantageous to the advocates of a Court should be so triumphantly extolled. No wonder, that St. James' or St. Stephen's should echo with the continual cry of Constitution !*

* As has already been pointed out, Ceylon has as yet no genuine Constitution.

"All established things, nations, constitutions, have the seeds of death."
—J. A. FROUDE.

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 HAVE omitted, strangely enough, from the tale of the first five years in Ceylon any mention of Adam's Peak, in some ways earth's most remarkable mountain. The sight of that wonderful cone as you lean from the railway carriage while the train rounds the great grassy mountain-shoulder ere reaching Watawala Station, never lost its early thrill. Indeed in any aspect, far or near, by day or by night, Sripada was thrilling. Four times I climbed it : thrice I saw the transparent shadow : once I saw Buddha's Rays, a phenomenon much more rare. I could linger over details of the well-loved way from Maskeliya : of the happy parties which I led, and of the fellowship we enjoyed : but I must be stern with myself. One little incident only. The expedition to the top from Kandy, accomplished in thirty-six hours, involved a good deal of effort, and on our return we were weary. I remember on the second of these occasions laying myself down, after a delicious bath, at eleven o'clock at night wrapped in a mighty towel with intention to rest a few minutes before properly turning in. When I woke it was seven o'clock in the morning. I was rested through and through. You will find such solid perfection of sleep described in Kim, in the house at Saharunpore. By a coincidence this evening's post in Geneva has brought me a letter, one of the many that I prize, from the very lad, now a doctor with well-earned English qualifications, whose good mother, then in the Maskeliya district, welcomed and provided dinner for a party of nearly thirty, no small undertaking, and set us on our way for the midnight Peak with lanterns under the moonlight.

I have mentioned an earlier attempt at St. Aidan's on the prize for a poem on a sacred subject, offered trien-

nially to Masters of Arts of Oxford. The subject set for the triennium ending December 1, 1913, was Pisgah, and I felt it attractive. Our hot-weather holiday that year was divided between Wigton Estate, Rozelle (on the opposite side of the Ambegamuwa Valley from Abergeldie) where we were the guests of A. R. T. Gibbon : and Walthamstow, Bandarawela, the capacious bungalow characteristic of its designer and owner, the Rev. W. J. P. Waltham. My composition ultimately fell into two parts, a sketch of Balaam, self-seeker, and of Moses, self-suppressor, both prophets exhibiting these contrasted motives of the soul on the stage of the summit of Pisgah.

I had much difficulty in making a beginning, and first efforts at Kandy displeased. At Wigton one morning as I ascended the path to that hospitable bungalow 'airy and excellent the poem came,' and I remembered an old tag in the Latin Elegiac verse-book ' *Dimidium facti qui bene coepit habet.* ' For section by section the verses added themselves on peripatetic paths in tea and on patna, and I have a typed original telling the ridges and rocks and slopes where those different sections arose. Balaam was finished at Wigton whose topmost ridge, itself a kind of Pisgah, commands all Dimbula from the gorge of Talawakelle far below, up to the Horton Plains in the saddle between Totapola and the crystalline horn of Kirigalpota, far above.

Moses was drawn in the Uva-viewing garden of Walthamstow, and finished on another Pisgah, a lofty and lonely patna above Diyatalawa, when the sun, sinking by Totapola, shot great shafts of shadow from the craggy cup-rim of Uva down into its rolling grassy heart. Though I may not have been able to communicate it I remember being singularly moved by the scene actual to passion of the scene imaged.

With clasping hands, with closing eyes, he prayed.
Began his sun o'er Canaan's hills to fade :
Behind old Ebal sunken, to illume
The amethystine vault with roseate plume :
Shot the keen shadows into valleys clear,
Pastures of kine, rocks to the wild bee dear :

Huge from the East the wings of twilight came,
From Shinar dim, and Asshur's distant name :
Fell the full veil of solemn midnight down
O'er Pisgah's Peak, o'er Canaanitish town,
And ghostly darkness wrapped the glimmering sod
Where Moses last communed on earth with God.

The award is not statutably due until the June after the deposit of compositions with the Registrar at Oxford, so there was plenty of time to forget all about it. One day in March, 1914, having gone down to Colombo with the College XI then playing St. Joseph's at cricket, I was walking about the cricket-ground to survey the game from different points of vantage when a cable forwarded from Kandy, from a member of the staff then on furlough in England, was put into my hands. It contained the one word ' Prize,' and until I saw Oxford as the place of origin, I did not quite understand. I confess that the success gave me joy, not lessened by the arrival of a cheque from the University Chest, not for £90 as an old Oxford handbook stated, but for all but £150. " Pisgah " was printed through Blackwell, who sent me one or two cuttings (unsought) from such papers as took any notice.

The War is a subject of which I cannot write, not for luridness but lack of experience. During its whole duration we were sheltered in Ceylon which, despite the great contribution it made in men and material of course suffered less than did England. We never knew an air-raid. While the Emden bombarded Madras she left Colombo alone, knowing she was outranged by the two 9·1 guns which the foresight of Governor Ridgway had installed years before in the Galle Face Battery. We never went short of food. The revenues of the Island increased by a million sterling. To this day I have no truly, vivid idea, gained even at second hand, of the War, the deadly, vast inferno.

A SUNSET, COLOMBO

Sunset, a World at war ! Above this isle,
This eastern isle along the waves asleep,
Soft and slow-dying on the Indian deep
Uncounted cloudlets, purple-dropping, smile.
In Europe madness : mile on thundering mile

The guns and gas a furious sowing keep :
Death and the pit a roaring harvest reap,
Tossing our dearest to the pitiless pile.
In silent trance my sunset lingers still :
The red light deepens, creeps from fleece to fleece,
Subdues the waters to its own sweet will
In long self-adoration, loth to cease.
Know this my heart—when earth's last man is gone
Beauty shall still, for Beauty's self, live on.

The nearest we came to the presence of primitive passion was an outburst of racial feeling between Sinhalese and Moors in 1915. It began at Gampola and spread to Kandy and other places. Certain Sinhalese ran amok, stabbing their foes at sight, the only time that I have ever seen human blood literally streaming on the pavements. The Staff of Trinity College among others were sworn in as special constables, and paraded the troubled streets.

An incident which I had forgotten, though gleams of it now recur, has come back to me in a strange and round-about fashion. John Cowen, a great man of whom I shall write something later, then temporarily on the staff of Trinity, was urgently asked by Rangoon to do the same kind of work, exposing, picketing and closing brothels, which he had done in Colombo. He went for six months, and in his place came from St. John's College, Rangoon, Mr. William H. Roberts, of Rochester University, New York : the kind bearer, when he returned later on to America, of the copy of the poem ' Mars ' for Professor Lowell. In 1933 when our second son found himself in California, he came in touch with Dr. Roberts, as he is now, who sent him a letter in which this paragraph occurs. " I suppose you have been told the story of the riots, and how, in one of the most critical situations, your father left the comparative security of our ranks. He went to the crowd which was threatening to attack us. Whenever he saw a man who looked uglier than anyone else, or who was armed with a more vicious weapon, he took the weapon away from him and tossed it over to us." I have now a dim remembrance that I, who cannot face animals, or walk on a six foot wall, felt no fear in the presence of those

men : but I do not recollect that the situation was quite so critical, or the crowd quite so threatening, except towards the Moormen. The incident, thus indirectly recalled, leads me to think that in an hour of crisis courage is vouchsafed from another source even to the natively timid.

The riots bore fruits in verses *The Meteless Mercy* contributed to the Christmas Number of one of the Ceylon newspapers.

I had often been impressed by the swift and sovereign power of our Lord's Parable of the " Two Debtors," and it seemed specially applicable to the evil feelings out of which the riots arose, and to the evil feelings which they left for a time behind. For what is man, or any race of men, to press a petty claim before Almighty God ?

Come, men of Ind and England,
Come, Moor and Sinhalese,
Come,every tribe and kindred
That breathe our Island-breeze,
In Mercy's blessed season
Attend to Mercy's pleas.

Who clad our Isle in emerald
From Piduru to the plain ?
Whose sun is in the jungle,
Whose rainbow,and Whose rain?
Who hung the moon above thee,
Thou Moonstone of the main?

Who fringed the living billow
With leaning, lisping palm,
To swing and sway in tempest,
To droop and dream in calm?
Who burns by day in Beauty?
Who breathes by night in balm?

Who fills with sap the lowland,
The upland tors with tea,
The mine with rainbow jewels,
With rainbow fins the sea?
" Ten million golden talents,
Ye hold them all of Me."

Then children all of Lanka,
Dear Land whereof we live,
Be ruth your bosom's ruler,
Be wrath your fugitive :
Adore the Meteless Mercy
And, much forgiven, forgive.

'The living billow,' and 'the moonstone of the main' bring back to me exquisite pictures of the coast of that lovely Island. But the 'rainbow fins' are a memory of an excursion to Mount Lavinia, the one place known to all who touch Ceylon, and of the return of the fishing fleet at sunset, catamarans rushed up on to the beach by means of their full red sails, bellying in the monsoon, and helped further up the beach by scores of willing hands. I went and peered over into the long narrow floor of one of them, and was amazed at the wonderful shapes and still more wonderful hues of the scores of fish therein. Once again I drew in my breath, and lauded God the King.

Much could be said of the war as it affected Trinity College, Kandy. I afterwards roughly worked out the proportion of those who went to the war to those who lost their lives, and compared it with a proportion similarly worked out for some English Public Schools, and to my great interest found it much the same : a remarkable result, since lads from Ceylon were under no sort of compulsion : they offered themselves for a cause they believed to be just.

"English is a living stream of evergrowing knowledge. India cannot get away from it."—RADHAKRISHNAN.

MIDNIGHT

I awake—the candle burns the time away;
The clock doth strike. Tomorrow greets Today.

* * * *

The voice of Silence haunts the chilly air;
The world sleeps, freed awhile from anxious care.

* * * *

I wake to see me lord the barren night.
Alone I reign. Myself I rule till Light.

By James T. Rutnam.

A PAGE OF SCIENCE.

SHALL we now journey from the Moon to that other heavenly sphere which has excited Man's curiosity for at least a hundred years ? How sad thinking man must sometimes feel, that never a word has ever come to him from the bright and beautiful things floating about in the heavens. Are we alone ? God forbid !

When you reach Mars, you will be surprised to see that a great part of its surface is like that of Jaffna ! It is all flat and brown. But while the soil of Jaffna, seemingly arid, teems with fertility—for we have our splendid, clean air, our deep wells of cool and pellucid water and teeming rivers flowing beneath our surface—in Mars such scanty water as there is comes from two thin Polar caps, and is soon dried up. Therefore the vegetation in Mars is but sparse. They will never have the large and succulent fruits and greens we have in Jaffna.

There is no oxygen in Mars. Therefore the higher forms of life as known upon earth cannot exist in Mars. Reptiles and worms may be there. Lichens and mosses possibly grow there. There is a great deal of carbon dioxide in the Martian atmosphere and a certain amount of water vapour. The atmosphere of Mars consists mainly of nitrogen and argon.

Can it be that Mars has already passed through the stages of growth and fructification now seen upon earth ? Can it be that the earth too will dwindle into what Mars is today, before passing on to final extinction in the human sense ?

It must never be forgotten that there may well be other forms of existence as yet inconceivable to us. The Dean of St. John's College, Cambridge, recently said that, just as a caterpillar on a leaf can know nothing of Man flying in the air, so there is no more reason to suppose that Man can imagine reliably " matters belonging to the other side of death."

PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH MOTHER.

[SIR Edward Marsh was for many years Sir Winston Churchill's private secretary. In these pages of his autobiography we have a charming description of an English lady from a cultured home of England. If England was once the home of heroes, it was largely because the Mothers of England took pains over their children. Let Asian mothers take note that, if Asia is to take her rightful seat in the Co-operative Co-existence of tomorrow, Asian mothers too must remember their part.]

MY MOTHER

THERE can be few now living who remember much about my Mother, and I must try to make some kind of record which will not be quite unworthy of what she was. If I touch on ways and beliefs of hers which would be impossible nowadays in a woman of her intelligence, I hope it will not seem inconsistent with feelings of the deepest affection and loyalty.

As the ninth child and seventh daughter, she was unluckily placed in the family. She came too late to be of much consequence as just another girl, and too soon to be whatever is the feminine of a Benjamin. Her parents couldn't be bothered to think of more than one Christian name for her, and that a dull one—Jane, while all the others had two ; and though in later life she was culpably indifferent to clothes, she never quite got over the pang she felt when her court gown and train, instead of being cut up as usual into evening dresses for her own wear, were kept to be altered for her younger sister's presentation. Her common sense and independence came out on an early occasion when her Mother for some childish offence boxed one of her ears, and she (I imagine the little figure in frilled drawers down to her ankles) immediately boxed the other herself, not, as Grandmamma thought, from impertinence or bravado, but from a sense of symmetry—it would be more comfortable to feel the same on both sides.

Fifty years later she took me to Rome, and when we went to St. Peter's she understood why nothing she had ever seen had satisfied her notion of size : the scale of the great Church had imposed itself on her childish mind, and dwarfed everything she had met with since.

On her return to England, my Mother underwent the typical education of the time. She knew Italian very well, and her French, acquired at Monsieur Roche's famous classes which everybody went to, was perfect. The back-board gave her a grace and dignity of carriage which she kept to the end ; and no doubt, like the earlier Miss Bertrams, she was well grounded in ' all the metals, semi-metals and heathen philosophers,' and other branches of elegant accomplishment. The cruel thing was that although she was almost tone-deaf, and in the phrase of the day couldn't tell *God Save the Weasel* from *Pop Goes the Queen*—indeed I actually remember her wondering in church on an anniversary of Her Majesty's Accession ' why they didn't play *God Save the Queen*,' which was at that moment pealing in her ears—she was forced to learn music. All young ladies played the pianoforte: she was a young lady: therefore she must play the pianoforte—the syllogism was perfect. At what cost of hours, of days, of years, I cannot bear to think, she had got into her fingers, by a purely mechanical process, a set of quadrilles founded on some French operetta; and these when I was little she played for me over and over again, I must say to my great delight ; so there was that small gain to set against all the labour and the misery—what Virginia Woolf calls ' the timeshed and spiritshed.' Here is a matter in which we have certainly progressed : my sister, who inherited the disability (which I fortunately escaped), was never made to touch a note.

I know almost nothing of my Mother's life at home after her coming-out. She never cared twopence for general society, and she must have divided her own time between reading and the practice of her religion and such good works as came her way. But there is one extraordinary fact to be set down.

In my own view, the want of personal vanity in a woman is a grave defect. But when it reaches the pitch to which it was carried by my Mother in what I am about

to relate, and by my sister in an exploit which I shall offer up as a tribute to the power of Heredity, it undoubtedly becomes heroic. The family albums of *carte-de-visite* photographs for the years of the vogue for crinolines show each one of my aunts, down to the pious Minnie, Anadyomene from the fashionable billows: Mamma appears throughout in a skirt which falls plumb from her waist to the ground. To her mind, crinolines were so nonsensically foolish as to be positively wrong; and she *would not* wear them. To match this resolute indifference to opinion, one must almost go to Haworth Parsonage.

Under a rather stern outside, she was in all ways the soul of loving-kindness, and in a spirit how unlike Lady Catherine de Bourgh's '*she loved to be of use*:' it was always she who was singled out for any *corvee* that might be going. 'Janie, you are the most good-natured person I know,' said Cousin Bella Heathcote, pleading the cause of some helpless girl who couldn't possibly go to Bristol by herself; and of course Mamma left all and took her. But her genius for nursing was something quite beyond and apart from this general serviceability. When I was wretched and restless in bed with some childish ailment, her coming into the room brought with it a balm and diffusion of peace, an indescribable softly-shining glow from within her of easement and healing, which immediately put me to rest in a sense of utter security.

My Mother was passionately fond of books, especially of poetry, and this taste she handed on to me, in a degree which was almost morbid: till I went to Cambridge I was nine-tenths bookworm.

Shakespeare came first, though I might not read him to myself till at some pains a copy of Dr. Bowdler's edition had been procured. No matter: Mamma was a beautiful reader, and I should never have enjoyed the plays so much unless she had read them to me. The most astonishing thing I ever heard her say, considering her prejudices, was that if she had been a man she would have liked to be an actor; and she could surely have been a good one. I can still see the noble inspired countenance and fiery eye with which she read me the great speeches in *Hamlet*.

Scott came next, and I was carried off my feet by *Marmion* and *The Lay* to the point of hazarding—very tentatively, for I was quite conscious of the hazard—a confession that really I almost thought Scott was nearly as good as Shakespeare. I remember the mixture of tact and disapproval with which this remark was passed over. 'Yes, dear boy, we won't say any more about that,' Bobbie Spencer said to me once at dinner, putting a hand on my knee, when I mentioned the engagement of a lady whom, as I found out afterwards, another of the guests had been hoping to marry. That was the spirit in which my *betise* about Shakespeare and Sir Walter was received.

However, I redeemed myself over *Milton L'Allegro* drove me *wild with joy* (it is amusing to remember that when I learnt it by heart I was made to begin at 'Haste thee Nymph,' so as to spare my memory the contagion of the not-quite-nice line in the preamble about Zephyr 'filling' Aurora with the buxom Euphorosyne); and I can see now that *Lycidas* insensibly placed itself in my infant mind as the *locus classicus* of English poetry: I mean as the supreme example of what it was when it combined typicalness with perfection. And as for *Paradise Lost!* . . . At those moments which must come to every ageing and old-fashioned reader, when I find myself baffled by what juniors are admiring, and begin to doubt whether my feeling for poetry has ever been authentic, I reassure myself by remembering how when my Mother read me the first book I *burst into tears*, not as might be thought from boredom, but from an overpowering recognition of beauty: at that early age I certainly 'knew the highest when I saw it.' And as I learnt the first four books by heart in my twelfth lustre, Milton may be said to have pretty well spanned my bookish life.

Then came Tennyson, Keats, Coleridge and Shelley, who was my favourite poet for several years, till Frederic Myers at Cambridge opened my unwilling eyes to the slovenly and turgid passages which are to be found in *Adonais*; and about this time I took great delight in Dr. Mackay's *Thousand and One Gems of Poetry*, from which I learnt by heart Southey's *Cataract of Lodore* for a reward of half a crown (the same as for having a tooth

out), offered I expect rather to exercise my memory than because the poem was thought a desirable 'possession for ever.'

Browning dawned on me a good deal later, and became a *mania :* I remember asking myself if a day of my life would ever pass without my reading at least one of his poems—alas, how many have! Swinburne too : I wonder if anybody gets as drunk on him now as one could in those days I know I read *The Triumph of Time* at least twice or thrice in such an *ecstasy* that it never occurred to me to consider what it was about—not that I could say very clearly now. But that is enough of the adventures of my callow soul among these masterpieces : I must get back to my Mother, and on to the novelists.

My French exercise-book contained a tantalizing fragment of dialogue : 'Have you read *Ivanhoe?*' 'No, I never read novels.' 'Ah ! but *Ivanhoe* is no ordinary novel.' How my heart panted after this paragon of a book ! But there was to be no question of novels, ordinary or not, till I reached a certain age, nine or ten, I forget which. When the great day arrived, the reading-out of the Waverleys began. Bedtime was nine o'clock—how I envied a little boy of my own age who stayed up till half-past !—and from eight to nine was the reading hour. When Sir Walter was exhausted (it would be interesting to know how long he took at an hour a day, but I can't remember) we went on to most of Dickens, and after him to Thackeray. My Mother was every bit as good at prose as she was at poetry. There was nothing to choose between her Beatrix Esmond and her Mrs. Gamp ; and she gave a charm even to David Copperfield's irritating little Dora which to this day prevents me from wanting to throw her out of the window. Unfortunately, Miss Austen was crowded out till in the natural course of events the readings came to an end—I should have loved to hear Mamma in Miss Bates and Lady Catherine—but she was 'put into my hands when I was about thirteen, and I fell an instant and permanent victim. This is as good a place as I shall find for saying what I couldn't possibly keep out of a whole book : that she has given me incomparably more pleasure, man and boy, than any other writer whatsoever. Frederic Myers told me he had made up his mind not to

re-read her till he was on his death-bed, so as to make quite sure of having a really enjoyable occupation for his last days on earth. I could never have made such a self-denying ordinance—for one thing, there is always the chance of sudden extinction—but if I do have a death-bed I shall certainly read her on it, and find her as fresh as ever.

During all this time my own reading was strictly censored. I don't regret this in the least, because I should never have read such good things if I had been left to myself; and to my mind it is an advantage to grow up with a knowledge and love of the books that are the backbone of one's native literature.

When I left Westminster, I thought my emancipation had come. *Vanity Fair* was to be the symbol—and here my Mother was just a little bit hoist with her own petard, for she took me to Norway for those holidays, in order that we might enjoy the beauties of Nature together, and lo and behold, in the cabin of the fjord steamer there was a copy of the now-permitted book, in which I became so absorbed that I would only give an occasional glance to the scenery. But there was to be a final episode. In my first long vacation I bought myself a *Clarissa*, and was well into the third volume when it disappeared. Suspecting nothing, I asked Mamma if she had seen it. Yes, she said, she had taken it away and locked it up: the thought of my turning into a Lovelace was more than she could bear. This led to a discussion, in which I said that considering I was at Trinity half the year with unlimited access to every kind of horror in the Union Library, it seemed hardly worth while to deny me Richardson in the vacations. She immediately and completely accepted the argument, restored the volume, and from that moment entirely changed her policy, reading all sorts of books, down to the bogy Zola, in order to keep up with me; so from then onwards we were as happy together in our common book-loving as we had been at the beginning of all things.

I was a predestined play-goer: some instinct must have told me so, for long before I was allowed to put my nose inside a theatre, I knew the names of all the plays and all the chief actors and actresses in London—'Th' imaginary relish was so sweet.'

I was never taken to a grown-up theatre till I was fourteen, in the magical year 1887, when I saw first of all *The Mikado*, then in its original run, and soon afterwards, oh joy of joys, *The Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum with Irving and Ellen Terry. To quote Troilus again: 'Expectation whirled me round;' and when Irving made his entrance as Shylock I well remember saying to myself: 'Even if I die this minute, I *have* seen him.' Even more wonderful, a few months later came *Phedre*, with Sarah Bernhardt, who was then at her apogee. It must have been the great name of Racine that shepherded me in, despite the subject of the play; for tickets had also been taken for *Frou-frou*, but my Mother took the precaution of reading the text beforehand, and they were sent back.

After this we went to the play, not often, but pretty regularly, especially to Shakespeare, every new Gilbert and Sullivan, and anything French, for which the moral standard was lowered just as it had been for books in that language. I saw practically everything at the Lyceum, plenty of Coquelin, and Sarah seventeen times. (I know the number, because I remember telling a little lady from Rheims whom I met at Heidelberg in a long vacation that I had seen Sarah 'dixsept fois,' and her cry of envy: '*Ah, c'est pas la peine de'etre francaise.*')

But my Mother kept a tight hand on my play-going, and woe betide anyone who took me without telling her first. Papa got into hot water for gallivanting off with me, when we were alone together in London, to see William Terriss in *The Bells of Haslemere*, and Uncle Norman for smuggling me in to a matinee of *The Village Priest* at the Haymarket after giving me luncheon at the Rag. To this day it sometimes comes over me with a shock of strangeness that I have the power of going to any play I choose whenever I like.

No record of my Mother could be of any value which didn't take account of her religion; for to her, as it must be to anyone who genuinely thinks he *knows* about the future life, it was the only thing that counted; or rather, all the other things that counted were part of it—her family affections of course, and all her work for others; but Poetry too, and the beauties and majesties of Art, like those of Nature, were God's work: to love them was to

glorify Him : else she would have had nothing to do with them. Her beliefs, both in their character and the intensity of conviction with which she held them, were quite unlike anything that I see around me ; and there were things in them which I could not but chafe at when I was under their thrall, and cannot but smile at now ; but it is just as impossible not to venerate the iron strength of character which kept her, as I verily believe, from ever departing from their guidance in any single particular. She was conscious of this herself, though of course she wouldn't have put it in that way : it was characteristic of her that in repeating the General Confession she always said ' Thy servants ' instead of ' miserable sinners.' She was *not* a miserable sinner, and there would have been falsity in saying that she was.

She gave great importance to church-going. From the earliest possible age my sister and I were taken every Sunday to both morning and afternoon service at St. George's, Hanover Square, and, once we were confirmed, to Holy Communion as well. This I am sure was a mistake. The Communion, which she thought would be to little me, as it was to her, a constant renewal of spiritual strength, became a mere weekly function ; and in self-defence against the sermons I developed a technique of sleeping without jerks, which has clung to me disastrously in later life.

Even apart from Church, Sunday was a ' difficult day.' Pious reading took up most of it, especially a bleak periodical called *Sunday at Home*. We heard with envy and curiosity of a little girl who was allowed to draw, though only ' Sunday subjects,' which were elucidated as ' Churches and Tomb-stones ;' and our one manual occupation was missionary needlework. I became, so to speak, *parrain* to a little Indian girl at Ahmednagar, whose once familiar name I have forgotten, in spite of all the pennies I saved up for her and all the articles which I manufactured for her use.

So Time went on, without much development in these matters, till the day of wrath, that dreadful day, when under the spell of a school friend I went Ritualist. No more St. George's, Hanover Square for me ! ' What is the use,' asked Alice, ' of a book without pictures or conversations ?' ' What is the use,' said I, ' of a church

without vestments, incense, or the Eastward Position ?' I became a regular attendant at St. Andrew's, Wells Street and St. Alban's, Holborn, where I persuaded myself to admire, though with misgivings, the acrobatic sermons of the celebrated Father Stanton, who seemed momently on the point of hurling himself out of the pulpit. (Was it at St. Alban's—if not, it ought to have been—that one of the Tennant children, hearing his first sermon, whispered 'Mummy, is that Jesus ?' 'No darling, of course not'—and after a few more minutes, 'Mummy, is he Punch ?')

My shocking 'right-hand defection' strengthened my Mother, if she needed strengthening, in the resolve that I should go to Cambridge, not Oxford. This was very disinterested, as the open Scholarships at Trinity were much less valuable than the close Westminster ones at Christ Church ; and my own wishes were all the other way, for the notion of Oxford appealed to me, and all my friends were going there. However, none of these arguments counted against the tradition of the Oxford Movement and the risk of my being confirmed in my High-Churchism. But the unlooked-for upshot was that I hadn't been a term at Trinity before I was caught by the prevailing tide of Agnosticism, and every vestige of dogmatic belief fell away from me, never to return.

I'm afraid she cannot have been a happy woman, since of her three nearest and dearest none shared her faith ; my Father and my sister, though conforming outwardly, were Gallios at heart, and I was no better than a heathen ; so she was bound by her beliefs (as she once told me) to think that we should all go straight to Hell. But time, I hope, brought her serenity and tolerance, and a greater trust in God's mercifulness : at any rate, my own relations with her were all affection and, save on the one point, peace.

In her sixty-second year, 1896, she was gravely ill with heart disease, and suffered much pain ; but by the autumn she seemed to be mending, and we went for September to a little house in the middle of Richmond Park lent us by my Father's brother-in-law, Uncle Henry Sawyer. There one evening at dinner, four days before her birthday, in the middle of telling us a story that had amused her, she fell forward on the table and was dead.

THE GOLDEN SAYINGS OF EPICTETUS

[*EPICTETUS well illustrates H. G. Wells' saying that the true intellectual is a Greek slave in a Roman household.*

Epictetus was one such slave. As a slave he attended the lectures of the great Stoic, Musonius Rufus of Rome. His master tortured him to the extent that he became lame; but his love of learning still persisted and when liberation came Epictetus became a teacher in Rome. His sayings were noted down by a disciple.]

Try to enjoy the great festival of life with other men.

* * *

"Aye, but to debase myself thus were unworthy of me."

"That," said Epictetus, "is for you to consider, not for me. You know yourself what you are worth in your own eyes; and at what price you will sell yourself. For men sell themselves at various prices."

* * *

The other day I had an iron lamp placed beside my household gods. I heard a noise at the door and on hastening down found my lamp carried off. I reflected that the culprit was in no very strange case. "To-morrow, my friend," I said, "you will find an earthenware lamp; for a man can only lose what he has."

* * *

If what philosophers say of the kinship of God and Men be true, what remains for men to do but as Socrates did:—never, when asked one's country, to answer, "I am an Athenian or a Corinthian," but "I am a citizen of the world."

"Friends, wait for God. When He gives the signal, and releases you from this service, then depart to Him. But for the present, endure to dwell in the place wherein He hath assigned you your post. Short indeed is the time of your habitation therein, and easy to those that are thus minded. What tyrant, what robber, what tribunals have any terrors for those who thus esteem the body and all that belong to it as of no account? Stay; depart not rashly hence!"

* * *

When you have had enough to eat to-day, you sit down and weep about to-morrow's food. Slave! if you have it, well and good; if not, you will depart: the door is open—why lament?

* * *

I know a man older than I am, now Superintendent of the Corn-market at Rome, and I remember when he passed through this place on his way back from exile, what an account he gave me of his former life, declaring that for the future, once home again, his only care should be to pass his remaining years in quiet and tranquillity. "For how few years have I left!" he cried. "That," I said, "you will not do; but the moment the scent of Rome is in your nostrils, you will forget it all; and if you can but gain admission to Court, you will be glad enough to elbow your way in, and thank God for it." "Epictetus," he replied, "if ever you find me setting as much as one foot within the Court, think what you will of me."

Well, as it was, what did he do? Ere ever he entered the city, he was met by a despatch from the Emperor. He took it, and forgot the whole of his resolutions. From that moment, he has been piling one thing upon another. I should like to be beside him to remind him of what he said, when passing this way, and to add: How much better a prophet I am than you!

What then? do I say man is not made for an active life? Far from it! . . . But there is a great difference between other men's occupations and ours. . . . A glance at theirs will make it clear to you. All day long they do

nothing but calculate, contrive, consult how to wring their profit out of food-stuffs, farm-plots and the like. . . . Whereas, I entreat you to learn what the administration of the World is, and what place a Being endowed with reason holds therein : to consider what you are yourself, and wherein your Good and Evil consists."

* * *

A man asked me to write to Rome on his behalf who, as most people thought, had met with misfortune ; for having been before wealthy and distinguished, he had afterwards lost all and was living here. So I wrote about him in a humble style. He, however, on reading the letter returned it to me, with the words : " I asked for your help, not for your pity. No evil has happened unto me."

* * *

You must know that it is no easy thing for a principle to become a man's own, unless each day he maintain it and hear it maintained, as well as work it out in life.

* * *

" Knowest thou what a speck thou art in comparison with the Universe ?—That is, with respect to the body ; since with respect to Reason, thou art not inferior to the Gods, nor less than they. For the greatness of Reason is not measured by length or height, but by the resolves of the mind. Place then only thy happiness in that wherein thou art equal to the Gods.

* * *

When we are invited to a banquet, we take what is set before us ; and were one to call upon his host to set fish upon the table or sweet things, he would be deemed absurd. Yet in a word, we ask the Gods for what they do not give ; and that, although they have given us so many things !

* * *

Yet God hath placed by the side of each a man's own Guardian Spirit, who is charged to watch over him—a Guardian who sleeps not nor is deceived. For to what better or more watchful Guardian could He have committed

each of us ? So when you have shut the doors and made a darkness within, remember never to say that you are alone ; for you are not alone, but God is within, and your Guardian Spirit, and what light do they need to behold what you do ?

* * *

Epaphroditus had a shoemaker whom he sold as being good-for-nothing. This fellow, by some accident, was afterwards purchased by one of Cæsar's men, and became shoemaker to Cæsar. You should have seen what respect Epaphroditus paid him then.

* * *

A man was talking to me today about the priesthood of Augustus. I said to him, " Let the thing go, my good Sir ; you will spend a great deal to no purpose. "

" Well, but my name will be inserted in all documents and contracts."

" Will *you* be standing there to tell those that read them, That is my name written there ? And even though you could now be there in every case, what will you do when you are dead ?"

" At all events my name will remain."

" Inscribe it on a stone and it will remain just as well. And think, beyond Nicopolis what memory of you will there be ?"

" But I shall have a golden wreath to wear."

" If you must have a wreath, get a wreath of roses and put it on ; you will look more elegant !"

* * *

Above all, remember that the door stands open. Be not more fearful than children ; but as they, when they weary of the game, cry, " I will play no more," even so, when thou art in the like case, cry, " I will play no more," and depart. But if thou stayest, make no lamentation.

I depart to a place where none can forbid me to dwell: *that* habitation is open unto all! As for the last garment of all, that is the poor body; beyond that, none can do aught unto me. This is why Demetrius said to Nero: "You threaten me with death; it is Nature who threatens *you*!"

* * *

This is the reason why Socrates, when reminded that he should prepare for his trial, answered: "Thinkest thou not that I have been preparing for it all my life?"

"In what way?"

"I have maintained that which in me lay."

"How so?"

"I have never, secretly or openly, done a wrong unto any."

* * *

Wouldst thou have men speak good of thee? speak good of them.

* * *

That was a good reply which Diogenes made to a man who asked him for letters of recommendation.—"That you are a man, he will know when he sees you;—whether a good or bad one, he will know if he has any skill in discerning the good and the bad. But if he has none, he will never know, though I write to him a thousand times."

* * *

It was the first and most striking characteristic of Socrates never to become heated in discourse, never to utter an injurious or insulting word—on the contrary, he persistently bore insult from others and thus put an end to the fray.

* * *

When a youth was giving himself airs in the Theatre and saying, "I am wise, for I have conversed with many wise men," Epictetus replied, "I too have conversed with many rich men, yet I am not rich!"

I think I know now what I never knew before—the meaning of the common saying, *A fool you can neither bend nor break.*

* * *

—"Oh! when shall I see Athens and its Acropolis again?"—Miserable man! art thou not contented with the daily sights that meet thine eyes? canst thou behold aught greater or nobler than the Sun, Moon, and Stars; than the outspread Earth and Sea?

* * *

If a man would pursue Philosophy, his first task is to throw away conceit. For it is impossible for a man to begin to learn what he has a conceit that he already knows.

"When a Nation boils, the scum always rises to the top."—LORD SNELL.

THE MEDIAEVAL MOSLEM MIND

[WHEN, after the brief sun-burst of Greece and Rome, the world plunged into a long mental darkness, it was the Moslem intellect which fell upon that Darkness, and renewed the Light. Lux in tenebris . . . We reproduce with pleasure Richard F. Burton's beautifully written pen-picture of the Mediaeval Moslem Mind.]

THOSE who can discern the soul of goodness will note the true nobility of the Moslem's mind in the Moyen Age, and the cleanliness of his life from cradle to grave. As a child he is devoted to his parents, fond of his comrades and respectful to his "pastors and masters." As a lad he prepares for manhood with a will and this training occupies him throughout youthtide : he is a gentleman in manners without awkwardness, vulgar astonishment or mauvaise-honte. As a man he is high-spirited and energetic, always ready to fight for his Sultan, his country and, especially, his Faith : courteous and affable, rarely failing in temperance of mind and self-respect, self-control and self-command : hospitable to the stranger, attached to his fellow-citizens, submissive to superiors and kindly to inferiors. As a friend he proves a model to the Damons and Pythiases : as a lover an exemplar to Don Quijote without the noble old Caballero's touch of eccentricity. As a knight he is the mirror of chivalry, doing battle for the weak and debelling the strong, while ever "defending the honour of women." As a husband his patriarchal position causes him to be loved and fondly loved by more than one wife : as a father affection for his children rules his life : he is domestic in the highest degree and he finds few pleasures beyond the bosom of his family. Lastly, his death is simple, pathetic and edifying as the life which led to it.

Considered in a higher phase, the mediæval Moslem mind displays, like the ancient Egyptian, a most exalted moral idea, the deepest reverence for all things connected with his religion and a sublime conception of the Unity and Omnipotence of the Deity. Noteworthy too is a

proud resignation to the decrees of Fate and Fortune (Kazá wa Kadar), of Destiny and Predestination—a feature which ennobles the low aspect of Al-Islam even in these her days of comparative degeneration and local decay. Hence his moderation in prosperity, his fortitude in adversity, his dignity, his perfect self-dominance and, lastly, his lofty quietism which sounds the true heroic ring. This is again softened and tempered by a simple faith in the supremacy of Love over Fear, an unbounded humanity and charity for the poor and helpless : an unconditional forgiveness of the direst injuries (" which is the note of the noble "); a generosity and liberality which at times seem impossible and an enthusiasm for universal benevolence and beneficence which, exalting kindly deeds done to man above every form of holiness, constitute the root and base of Oriental, nay, of all, courtesy. And the whole is crowned by pure trust and natural confidence in the progress and perfectability of human nature, which he exalts instead of degrading ; this he holds to be the foundation-stone of society and indeed the very purpose of its existence. His Pessimism resembles far more the optimism which the so-called Books of Moses borrowed from the Ancient Copt than the mournful and melancholy creed of the true Pessimist, as Solomon the Hebrew, the Indian Buddhist and the esoteric European imitators of Buddhism. He cannot but sigh when contemplating the sin and sorrow, the pathos and bathos of the world ; and feel the pity of it, with its shifts and changes ending in nothingness, its scanty happiness and its copious misery. But his melancholy is expressed in—

> " *A voice divinely sweet, a voice no less*
> *Divinely sad.*"

Nor does he mourn as they mourn who have no hope : he has an absolute conviction in future compensation ; and, meanwhile, his lively poetic impulse, the poetry of ideas, not of formal verse, and his radiant innate idealism breathe a soul into the merest matter of squalid work-a-day life and awaken the sweetest harmonies of Nature epitomised in Humanity.

Such was the Moslem at a time when " the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition hung so thick on the intellectual horizon of Europe as to exclude every ray

of learning that darted from the East and when all that was polite or elegant in literature was classed among the *Studia Arabum.*"[1]

The fifth Abbaside was fair and handsome, of noble and majestic presence, a sportsman and an athlete who delighted in polo and archery. He showed sound sense and true wisdom in his speech to the grammarian-poet Al-Asma,' who had undertaken to teach him :—" Ne m'enseignez jamais en public, et ne vous empressez pas trop de me donner des avis en particulier. Attendez ordinairement que je vous interroge, et contentez-vous de me donner une response precise á ce que je vous demanderai, sans y rien ajouter de superflu. Gardez vous surtout de vouloir me preoccuper pour vous attirer ma créance, et pour vous donner de l'autorité. Ne vous eténdez jamais trop en long sur les histoires et les traditions que vous me raconterez, si je ne vous en donne la permission. Lorsque vous verrai que je m'eloignerai de l' équité dans mes jugements, ramenesz-moi avec douceur, sans user de paroles fâcheuses ni de réprimandes. Enseignez-moi principalement les choses qui sont les plus nécessaires pour les discours que je dois faire en public, dans les mosquées et ailleurs ; etne parlez point en termes obscurs, ou mysterieux, ni avec des paroles trop recherchées."

[" Never instruct me in public and do not be too eager to give me opinions in private. Expect me normally to question you, and content yourself with giving me a definite reply to that which I ask you, without adding anything superfluous. Refrain, above all, from seeking to influence me, that you may gain my confidence and thus wield power. Do not dwell at length on the histories and traditions that you will narrate to me if I give you no permission to do so. When you observe me departing from Justice in my judgments, bring me back with sweetness, using neither harsh words nor reprimands. Instruct me principally in those things that are necessary for the speeches that I must make in public, in the mosque, and elsewhere, and speak in terms neither vague, mysterious, nor too much affected."

(Translation by S. C. C. T.)]

1. Ouseley's Orient, Collect. 1, vii.

He became well read in science and letters, especially history and tradition, for " his understanding was as the understanding of the learned ;" and, like all educated Arabs of his day, he was a connoisseur of poetry which at times he improvised with success. He made the pilgrimage every alternate year and sometimes on foot, while " his military expeditions almost equalled his pilgrimages." Day after day during his Caliphate he prayed a hundred " bows," never neglecting them, save for some especial reason, till his death ; and he used to give from his privy purse alms to the extent of a hundred dirhams per diem. He delighted in panegyry and liberally rewarded its experts, one of whom, Abd al-Sammák the Preacher, fairly said of him, " Thy humility in thy greatness is nobler than thy greatness." " No Caliph," says Al-Niftawayh, " had been so profusely liberal to poets, lawyers and divines, although as the years advanced he wept over his extravagance amongst other sins." There was vigorous manliness in his answer to the Grecian Emperor who had sent him an insulting missive :—" In the name of Allah ! From the Commander of the Faithful Harun al-Rashid, to Nicephorus the Roman dog. I have read thy writ, O son of a miscreant mother ! Thou shalt not hear, thou shalt see my reply." Finally, his civilised and well regulated rule contrasted as strongly with the barbarity and turbulence of occidental Christendom, as the splendid Court and the luxurious life of Baghdad and its carpets and hangings devanced the quasi-savagery of London and Paris whose palatial halls were spread with rushes.

The great Caliph ruled twenty-three years and a few months (A.H. 170-193-A.D. 786-808) ; and, as his youth was chequered and his reign was glorious , so was his end obscure. After a vision foreshadowing his death, which happened, as becomes a good Moslem, during a military expedition to Khorasan, he ordered his grave to be dug and himself to be carried to it in a covered litter : when sighting the fosse he exclaimed, " O son of man thou art come to this !" Then he commanded himself to be set down and a perlection of the Koran to be made over him in the litter on the edge of the grave. He was buried (æt. forty-five) at Sanábád, a village near Tús.

THE WRECK

[AT Yale University they have currently a Professor of Playwriting. It will be more to the purpose of the modern way of life if universities would institute Professorships of short story writing. As has been said before, the short story is today the most acceptable form of literary writing. The adolescent students of a progressive university can, under the guidance of a wise tutor, gain close and sharp contact with aspects of life if, instead of stereotyped tasks, they are told to write 'short stories' based on incidents within their own experience. Somerset Maugham, perhaps the greatest short story writer of our day, says of the short story : "It gives satisfaction to many people since it allows them for a brief period to experience in fancy the romance and adventure which in the monotony of their lives they crave for . . . Since the beginning of history men have gathered round the camp fire or in a group in the market place to listen to the telling of stories." Professor Robert Warren of America puts it thus : "A good story gives pleasure and satisfaction to anyone who is curious about, and sympathetic with, his fellow men ; anyone whose feelings are fresh, anyone who is concerned with the meaning of his own or other people's experience, anyone whose imagination is strong and healthy enough to create the movement and colour of life."

We give our Readers a great short story by the world's greatest writer of short stories, Guy de Maupassant.]

YESTERDAY was the 31st of December.

I had been lunching with my old friend Georges Garin, when his man brought in a sealed letter, covered with postmarks, and with a foreign stamp.

Georges said :

'You'll allow me ?'

'Of course.'

He began to read through eight pages of large English handwriting, with the lines crossed in every direction. He read slowly, with great attention—with that profound interest one gives to matters near one's heart.

Then he put the letter down on the mantel-piece, and said :

'Well, it's a queer story I never told you—a sentimental adventure, though, which happened to me once. Ah ! it was a curious way of seeing the New Year in ! And it was twenty years ago. . . . I was thirty then, and now I am fifty !

'I was inspector for the Marine Insurance Company, of which I am the chairman today.

'It had been my intention to spend the 1st of January in Paris, as everyone makes a festival of that day, but I received a letter from the managing director, desiring me to go at once to the Ile de Re, where a ship belonging to Saint-Nazaire, and insured in our office, had been wrecked. That was at eight o'clock in the morning. I called at the Company's office at ten, to get my instructions, and the same evening I took the fast train, which put me down at La Rochelle the next day. It was the 31st of December.

'Having two hours to spare before the departure of the steamboat *Jean Guiton*, which served the Ile de Re, I went for a stroll in the town. It is really a curious town, and with a great deal of character, this La Rochelle. Its streets wind about like a labyrinth ; its foot-pavements run under endless arcaded galleries, like those in the Rue de Rivoli, but very sombre ; and these galleries, these low-arched mysterious arcades seem to have been erected and left standing like the scenery of dramatic conspiracies, the antique and striking scenery of the far-away past—the heroic and savage past of religious wars. It is quite the true old Huguenot city, grave and discreet, without the superb art, without the wonderful edifices which make Rouen so magnificent, but all the same remarkable in the severity of its aspect, which is also a little sinister : a city of obstinate struggles, where fanaticism hatched its plots, the town where the Calvinist faith found its highest expression, and where the conspiracy of the four sergeants was conceived.

'After wandering about these curious old streets for some time, I went on board a little short steamboat, black and obese, which was to take me to the Ile de Re. She started off puffing irritably, passed between the two

antique towers which guard the port, crossed the roadstead, cleared the breakwater constructed by Richelieu, where one sees just awash the enormous boulders enclosing the town like a gigantic necklace ; then we swung round to the right.

'It was one of those sad, depressing days, which weigh on one's mind, oppress the heart, extinguish all strength and energy ; a grey, chilly day, dulled by a heavy fog, which was as wetting as a shower, as cold as frost itself, and as repulsive to breathe as the exhalation of a sewer.

'Under this ceiling of low, sinister vapour, the yellow and shallow sea of this vast sandy shore, remained without a ripple, without any movement, without life ; a sea of muddy water, of thick water, of stagnant water. The *Jean Guiton* rolled a little, from force of habit, cut through this opaque and smooth sheet of water, and passed on, leaving a few waves behind, a few undulations which soon calmed down in her wake.

'I began to talk to the captain, a little short-legged man, nearly as round as his ship, and always swaying like her. I wanted to obtain some details about the disaster that it was my mission to investigate. A large ship from Saint-Nazaire, the *Marie Joseph*, had gone ashore one stormy night, on the sands off the Ile de Re.

'The gale had driven this vessel so far up, her owner had written, that it had been impossible to get her off again, and there had been hardly any time to rescue her movable fittings and salve the cargo. I had, therefore, to investigate the situation of the wreck, to estimate her value, to find out if every attempt had been duly made to get her afloat before she was abandoned. I had to act as representative of the Company, which would call me as an expert on their side, should an action in a court of law be found necessary.

'After receiving my report, the directors would take all measures advisable for the protection of our interests.

'The captain of the *Jean Guiton* knew the affair perfectly, having been called to take part with his boat in the attempts made to salve ship and cargo. He related the very simple facts of the story :—The *Marie Joseph*, driven by a furious gale, lost in the night, driving blindly upon a sea of foam—'a sea as white as milk,' said the

captain—had struck on one of these sand banks, which at low water change the aspect of this part of the coast into that of a boundless Sahara.

'Whilst we talked, I kept on looking about me. Between the ocean and the overhanging sky there was an open space where the eye could travel afar. We were steaming along the land. I asked :

'"Is that the Ile de Re over there ?"

'"Yes, monsieur."

'And suddenly the captain, pointing ahead with his right hand, showed me, far away in the offing, an almost imperceptible object, and said :

'"Look, there's your ship !"

'"The *Marie Joseph* ?"

'"Yes."

'I was astounded. This black speck, almost invisible, appeared to me at least three miles distant from the coast.

'I objected :

'"But, captain, there should be a hundred fathom of water on the spot you are pointing at ?"

'He began to laugh.

'"A hundred fathom, my friend ! . . . Not two fathom, I can tell you !"

'He was a native of Bordeaux. He continued :

'"Here you are, high-water now, 9.40. Go along over the sands, your hands in your pockets, after lunch at the Hotel Dauphin, and I promise that at 2.50 or three at the latest you will reach the wreck dryshod, my friend, and you will have one hour forty-five minutes to two hours, to hang about there—no more mind or you will be caught by the tide. The further the sea goes out the quicker it comes back. It is as flat as the back of a bed bug, this coast ! Start for the land again at ten minutes to five—no later, believe me—and at half-past seven you get safe and sound aboard the *Jean Guiton*, which will put you alongside the Quay of La Rochelle the same evening."

'I thanked the captain, and went away forward to look at the little town of Saint Martin, which we were nearing rapidly.

'It was like any other tiny seaport, of the sort that serve for capitals to the barren strings of small Islands scattered along the shores of continents. It was a big fishing village, with one foot in the water and one on land, living on fish and fowl, on vegetables and herrings, on radishes and mussels. The Island is quite low, with few signs of cultivation, and nevertheless seems thickly populated; but I did not explore the interior.

'After my lunch, I strolled round a small headland; then, as the sea was ebbing rapidly, I started off across the sands and made for what resembled a black rock, which I could see above the water, very far away, out there.

'I walked quickly over this yellow plain, as elastic as living flesh, which seemed to sweat a little under my feet. The sea had been there a moment ago, and now I saw it far away, escaping out of sight, and I could not distinguish any longer the dividing line between the sands and the ocean. It was as if, by enchantment, I had been allowed to look at a gigantic and supernatural event. The Atlantic was before me just now, and it had disappeared into the vast and arid expanse, as stage scenery sinks through trap doors, and had left me walking in the midst of a desert. Only a flavour, a scent of salt water lingered around me. I sniffed the odour of sea-weed, the odour of the surge, the coarse and wholesome odour of the sea-shore. I walked quickly; I did not feel cold any more. I watched the motionless wreck, which grew bigger as I advanced, and now resembled the carcass of a stranded whale.

'She seemed to grow out of the earth, and, on this immense, flat, and yellow expanse, took on an aspect of surprising size. I reached her at last, after an hour's walking.

'She lay over with a heavy list; she was already beginning to break up, and her sides, like the flanks of a dead animal, showed her bared ribs, huge ribs of tarred timber, studded with the heads of enormous nails. The sand had already invaded her interior, had entered through the torn sides, had got a hold on her, had taken possession of her, and would never let her go again. She seemed to

have taken root in the sandbanks; her bows had sunk deeply into the soft and perfidious surface, whilst the raised stern seemed to throw up to heaven, like a desperate appeal, the two words painted in white on the black planking: *Marie Joseph.*

'I climbed up this corpse of a ship from the lowest side, then, having reached the deck, I descended into the hold. The daylight came through the broken hatchways, and through the rents in the sides; it lighted up, sadly, a sort of long and gloomy chamber, full of demolished woodwork. There was nothing in there but sand, which made a floor to this cavern of planks.

'In order to jot down a few notes as to the state of the vessel, I sat down on the head of an empty cask, and began to write by the light of a large hole, through which I could see the boundless extent of the sands. A queer shuddering sense of cold and solitude ran through me from time to time; and, ceasing to write, I began to listen to the faint, mysterious noises pervading the wreck, to the noise of the crabs scuttling along the planks on their fang-like claws, to the noises of a thousand tiny creatures, already making a home of this lifeless thing, and also to the soft and rhythmical sound of the teredo, that gnaws and bores unceasingly, with its whisper, as of a gimlet at work in the old ship's frame, which it excavates and devours.

'Suddenly I heard human voices, at my elbow as it were. I started up as though faced by an apparition. It really seemed, for a moment, as if I were about to see, arising in the depths of this sinister hold, two drowned bodies, ready to tell me all about their deaths. I assure you that it did not take me long to scramble out on deck, hand over hand, and I saw then, standing under the bows of this wreck, a tall man, with three young girls, or rather, a tall Englishman, with three young "misses." Certainly they were a good deal more frightened than I, myself, at this swift apparition of a man upon the deserted ship. The youngest of the girls ran off; the two others clung to their father desperately; as for him, he had opened his mouth, and this was the only sign of emotion he allowed himself.

'Then, after a few seconds, he spoke up:

'"Oh, monsieur, you are the owner of this vessel?"

'"Yes, monsieur."

'"May I visit it?"

'"Yes, monsieur."

'He uttered a long English phrase, of which I caught only the word "gracious," repeated several times.

'As he was looking for the best place to climb up, I directed him, and, with the help of my extended hand, he got up first; then we assisted the three girls, who had recovered from their alarm. They were charming, all three, especially the eldest, with fair hair, eighteen years old perhaps, as fresh as a flower, and so delicate! So pretty! Really, pretty English girls are just like the tender products of the sea. You would have said that this one had come out of the sand, and that her hair had retained its hue. With their exquisite freshness, and delicate colouring, they make one think of pink shells, of nacreous pearls, rare and mysterious, opening out in the unknown depths of the ocean.

'She spoke French a little better than her father; and she served as an interpreter in the conversation. I had to relate the story of the wreck, with precise details (which I had to invent), as though I had been present at the catastrophe. Then the whole family party went down into the hold of that hulk. As soon as they had got into this sombre, dimly-lighted gallery, they uttered cries of astonishment and admiration; and instantly the father and the girls produced their sketch books, which had been hidden, doubtless, in their ample waterproof cloaks, and commenced, simultaneously, four pencil sketches of this weird and mournful place.

'They were sitting down, side by side, on one of the beams, and the four books on the eight knees were being covered with little black pencil strokes, which were to represent the devastated interior of the *Marie Joseph*.

'I went on with my inspection of the wreck, whilst the eldest of the girls talked to me as she worked.

'I learnt from her they were staying for the winter at Biarritz, and that they had come from there to the Ile de Re on purpose to see this stranded ship. They had none of the English stiffness, these good people; they belonged to that harmless eccentric class of everlasting wanderers, which England sends out all over the world. The father, tall, spare, with a red face framed in white whiskers, a real living sandwich, a slice of ham cut out in the likeness of a human head, and laid between two pads of hair; the girls, long in the leg, like young storks, thin too, except the eldest, who was also the prettiest of the three.

'She had such a funny way of speaking French, of talking, of laughing, of understanding you, and of not understanding you, of raising her eyes inquiringly, her blue eyes, blue like the deep sea, of leaving off her sketching to ponder over what you said, of going to work at it again, of saying "yes" or "no," that I would have remained there an indefinite time only to listen to her voice and to watch her movements.

'Suddenly she murmured:

'"I hear a little stir on this boat."

'I listened, and I became aware too of a slight noise, of a whispering continuous sound. What was it? I got up to look through an opening, and could not help crying out. The sea had returned, the tide was flowing all around the hulk. I ran up on deck in a hurry. It was too late. The sea hemmed us in, running towards the coast with prodigious speed. No, it was not running, it was gliding, creeping, spreading out like a huge wet blot. No more than a few inches of water covered the sands, but already the head of the stealthy flood was out of sight between us and the coast.

'The Englishman wanted to hurry off at once, but I held him back. Flight was impossible, on account of the deep pools, which we had avoided easily when coming out, but in one of which, now that they were invisible, we would infallibly be drowned if we tried to get back.

'For a moment our hearts were filled with horrible anxiety. Then the eldest of the young girls murmured, with a smile:

' " It is we who are the castaways."

' I tried to smile too, but I was seized with fear, a cowardly fear, that had come upon me stealthily, like this treacherous flood tide. All the dangers of our position appeared to me at once. I felt inclined to shout for help. But who was there to hear ?

' The two younger girls had sidled up close to their father, who stood looking with dismay at the sea that had surrounded us.

' The night came upon us as rapidly as the rising tide of the ocean ; a heavy, damp, and icy darkness.

' I said :

' " There is nothing else for us to do but to stay on board here and wait."

' The Englishman replied :

' " Oh, yes."

' We remained quite still for a quarter-of-an-hour, for half-an-hour—I don't really know how long, watching around us that yellow water which rose and eddied, which seemed to bubble and swirl as if at play upon the immensity of the reconquered sands.

' One of the girls complained of the cold, and the idea of going below occurred to us, to find some shelter from the light nipping breeze, which stung our faces with its chilly breath.

' I looked down the hatchway. The water had flowed into the ship's hold too. There was nothing for it then but to crouch aft in a body, where the bulwarks protected us a little from the wind.

' Darkness now enveloped us, and we remained huddled together, surrounded by water and the shades of night. I felt the shoulder of the English girl pressing against me ; she trembled ; her teeth chattered now and then ; but I felt also the gentle warmth of her body penetrating me ; and the communicated warmth was as delicious to me as a kiss.

' We did not talk ; we crouched low, very still and silent, like animals sheltering under a hedge during a storm. And all the same, in spite of everything, in spite

of the night, in spite of the terribly dangerous situation, I felt distinctly happy at being there. I was happy during these long hours of darkness and anxiety spent on these shaky planks, so near to this pretty, tender, and charming young girl.

'I asked myself, whence came this delightful absorption; why this sensation of pleasure and joy?

'Why? Who can tell? Because she was there? Who was she? An unknown little English girl! I did not love her, I did not know her at all, and I felt myself softened, conquered! I desired to save her, to devote myself to her service, to commit innumerable follies for her sake. Strange! How is it that the mere presence of a woman can affect us so profoundly? Is it the emanation of her grace that envelopes us with a potent spell, the seduction of prettiness and youth which intoxicates us like a draught of wine?

'Or is it not rather the touch of love, of mysterious love, which for ever seeks to unite human beings, which tries its power as soon as it has placed a man and a woman face to face, and which sends over them awakening emotion, a confused, deep, and sweet emotion, as a falling shower moistens the earth to make the flowers grow out of the ground.

'But the silence of the darkness above was becoming awful, the silence of the heavens—for we could hear around us a vague and continuous swirling of water, the low, deadened murmur of the rising sea, and the monotonous lapping of the current against the side of the ship.

'Suddenly I heard a great sobbing. The youngest of the girls had begun to cry. Her father tried to comfort her, and they went on talking in their own language, which I did not understand. I guessed only that he was telling her that there was no danger, but that she was still afraid.

'I said to my neighbour:

'"You must be very cold, mademoiselle?"

'"Oh, yes—I am very cold."

'I wanted to give her my cloak; she refused to have it; but I had taken it off already, and I covered her with

it, disregarding her resistance. In the short struggle her hand touched mine, and this contact caused a shiver of delight to run through my whole body.

'For some time before this the breeze had seemed fresher, the wash of the water sounded louder against the side of the vessel. I stood up; a blustering gale blew in my face. The wind was getting up.

'The Englishman noticed this, as well, and remarked, simply:

'"It is bad for us, this. . . ."

'Without doubt, it was bad enough, it was certain death for us if the sea rose ever so little and began to batter this hulk, so shaken and disjointed already, that the first touch of rough weather would be certain to send her to pieces.

'Every moment our anxiety increased, with the greater strength of the squalls. Now the sea was beginning to break a little; and I saw white lines appearing and disappearing in the darkness, the lines of foam; whilst each wave that struck against the *Marie Joseph* sent a shock through her that went straight to our hearts.

'The young girl was trembling; I felt her shivering against me, and I felt a mad impulse to seize her in my arms.

'Far off, before us, to the left, to the right, behind us, the white, yellow, and red lights of the light-houses shone along the coast: they turned and blinked like enormous eyes, like the eyes of giants, glaring at us, watching us, waiting eagerly for our disappearance. One of them, especially, irritated me greatly. It went out every thirty seconds, to flash up again immediately, and this one, really, was like an eye, with its eyelid lowered, time after time, over its brilliant glance.

'Now and then the Englishman would strike a match to see the time, then he would silently put his watch back into his pocket. Suddenly he said to me, over the heads of his daughters, with supreme gravity:

'"Monsieur, I wish you a happy New Year."

'It was midnight. I extended my hand, which he grasped; then he said something in English, and suddenly

he and his three daughters began to sing, all together, "Rule Britannia." The grave tune rose up into the black, silent air, and seemed to ascend and vanish into space.

'I felt inclined to laugh at first, then I was seized by an overwhelming and bizarre emotion.

'It was something sinister and superb, this song of the castaways, of the condemned: something like a prayer, and also something greater still, something that one might compare to the old and sublime "*Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant.*"

'When they had ceased, I asked my neighbour to sing something for us—a ballad, a romance, what she liked—in order to make us forget our distress. She consented, and immediately her clear young voice rose lightly into the night. She sang something sad, no doubt, for the long-drawn notes came slowly out of her lips, and went away fluttering, like wounded birds, over the waves.

'The sea got up and rolled upon the dismantled hulk.

'As for me, I thought only of this voice. I thought also of the sirens. If a boat had been passing near us, what would the sailors have thought? My tormented mind strayed away into a dream! A siren! Was she, indeed, not a siren, this girl of the sea, who had made me stay on this wrecked ship, and who would be soon sinking with me into the waves!

'But all at once the five of us went rolling headlong to the other side of the deck, for the *Marie Joseph* had heeled over heavily to the right. The English girl had fallen upon me; I clasped her in my arms, and wildly, without knowing, without understanding what I was doing, but thinking that our last hour had come, I showered kisses on her cheeks, on her forehead, on her hair. The ship did not move after this, and we lay without stirring at all for a time.

'The father's voice said: "Kate!" She whom I held in my arms answered: "Yes," and tried to free herself. Certainly, at that moment, I wished the hulk would fall to pieces, and let me sink with her into the sea.

'The Englishman was heard again :

'"A little capsize—it is nothing. I still have my three daughters."

'Not being able to see the eldest, he had thought, at first, that she was lost overboard. I got to my feet slowly, and suddenly I saw a light on the sea, quite close to us, too. I shouted ; a hail came back. It was a boat which was out looking for us ; the hotel-keeper had foreseen our imprudence.

'We were saved ! I was extremely sorry. They took us off the wreck, and sailed back to Saint Martin.

'The Englishman kept on rubbing his hands and murmuring :

'"A good supper ! A good supper !"

'We did indeed sup. I was not happy, I regretted the *Marie Joseph*.

'We had to part the next day, after many embraces and promises to write to each other.

'They started for Biarritz. I was very near following them there.

'I was hard hit. I had been on the point of asking this girl to marry me. Certainly, if we had spent a week together, it would have ended in marriage. How weak and incomprehensible a man shows himself sometimes.

'Two years passed away without my hearing from them ; then I received a letter from New York. She was married, and wrote to tell me so. And since then we have written to each other every year on the 1st of January. She tells me her life, speaks of her children, of her sisters, but never of her husband ! Why ? Ah, why ? And I, I speak only of the *Marie Joseph*. . . . She is, perhaps, the only woman I have truly loved . . . No. . . . that I should have truly loved . . . Ah ! there it is . . . who knows ? . . . Events carry you away . . . And then . . . and then . . . all is over . . . She must be old now . . . I should not know her. . . . Ah ! that one of former times . . . the one of the wreck . . . what a creature ! . . . Divine ! She writes that her hair has turned white now, it has upset me horribly . . . Ah ! her hair that was so golden ! . . . No, my young girl does not exist any longer . . . How sad it is, all this.'

PAGES FOR THE YOUNG.

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

§ 21

PEGGOTTY gave a gasp, as if she were swallowing something very hard and, putting out her hand, said to David: "Come and see your new Pa!"

"I don't want to see him," said David.

"And your mama," said Peggotty.

David ceased to draw back. They went straight to the parlour, where Peggotty left David. On one side of the fire sat David's mother. On the other—Mr. Murdstone.

David's mother dropped her work and arose hurriedly.

"Now, Clara," said Mr. Murdstone. "Control yourself. Always control yourself! Davy boy, how do you do?"

David gave Mr. Murdstone his hand. After a moment of suspense, he went and kissed his mother. She kissed David, patted him gently on the shoulder, and sat down again to her work. David could not look at her. She could not look at David. Mr. Murdstone was looking at them both. David turned to the window, and looked out there at some shrubs that were drooping their heads in the cold.

As soon as David could creep away, he crept upstairs. His old dear bedroom was changed. He was to lie a long way off. David rambled downstairs and roamed into the yard. David very soon started back from there. The empty dog-kennel was filled up with a great dog—deep mouthed and black haired, like Mr. Murdstone—who sprang out to get at David.

§ 22.

David ran back to his bedroom hearing the dog bark after him all the way while he climbed the stairs. David sat down with his small hands crossed, and thought. David thought of the oddest things. He thought of the shape of the room, of the cracks in the ceiling, of the ricketty washing-stand on its three legs—generally of the room's discontented look as though it were another Mrs. Gummidge. David was crying all the time. At last in his desolation, feeling that no one seemed to want him or to care about him, David rolled himself up in a corner of the bed, and cried himself to sleep.

§ 23.

David awoke by somebody saying "Here he is!" and uncovering his hot head. His mother and Peggotty had come to look for him.

"Davy," said David's mother. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said David.

David turned over on his face to hide his trembling lips.

"Davy," said David's mother. "Davy, my child!"

David hid his tears in the bedclothes and pressed his mother from him with his hand, when she would have raised him up.

"This is *your* doing, Peggotty, you cruel thing!" cried David's mother. "I have no doubt at all about it. How *can* you prejudice my own boy against me?"

Poor Peggotty lifted up her hands and eyes, and answered, "Lord forgive you, Mrs. Copperfield, and for what you have said this minute may you never be truly sorry!"

David felt the touch of a hand that he knew was neither his mother's nor Peggotty's. It was Mr. Murdstone's hand. David slipped to his feet at the bed-side.

"What's this?" said Mr. Murdstone. "Clara, have you forgotten?"

"I am very sorry, Edward," said David's mother. "I meant to be very good. But I am so unhappy."

" Indeed ! " said Mr. Murdstone.

He drew her to him and whispered in her ear.

" Go you below," said Mr. Murdstone. " David and I will come down—together." And she went. Mr. Murdstone then turned a darkening face on poor Peggotty. " My friend," he said, " do you know your mistress's name ? "

" She has been my mistress a long time," answered Peggotty. " I ought to."

" As I came upstairs I thought I heard you address her by a name that is *not* hers," said Mr. Murdstone. " She has taken mine. Will you remember that ? "

Without replying, Peggotty curtseyed herself out of the room.

When David and Mr. Murdstone were left alone, Mr. Murdstone shut the door.

" The vagrant desires of the day come back to their rest round the lighted lamp."—TAGORE.

BOOK REVIEWS

A SURVEY OF INDIAN HISTORY

By K. M. PANIKKAR,

(*Asia Publishing House, 1954*).

INDIAN History has been studied by a host of Scholars, Indian and foreign, and its salient facts established. But little attempt has been made to look at it other than as political and military history and to interpret it as the unfolding of a big civilization whose successive epochs have left their impress everywhere in India and around the shores of the Indian Ocean. Only an Indian living in the new age when India has regained her freedom can bring the necessary insight and perspective to perform this task. Sardar K. M. Panikkar has admirably performed this task and written a story that has meaning and significance.

A Southerner himself, he has corrected a common mistake of the historian of India, and looked at the story of India from the point of view of the South as well as of the North. A Hindu scholar, he has done justice to the impact of Islam as well as of Europe. It is a fair summary of an epic story. Its only fault is its brevity, dealing as it does with five millennia in about two hundred and fifty pages.

K. N.

'தமிழ் அறிவு' By K. P. Muthiah.

(*Catholic Press, Jaffna:* Rs. 2/75.)

WE have received a copy of 'தமிழ் அறிவு,' a text book in Tamil language and composition, written by Mr. K. P. Muthiah of the Nallur Training College, Jaffna. The purpose of the book is to enable pupils, particularly those in the higher forms of our senior schools, to speak and to write Tamil correctly. Several useful aids including practice in sentence construction, correct spelling and correct use of words; exercises in synonyms, antonyms, proverbs, precis, essay writing and literary appreciation have been embodied. A judicious use of this book, especially in schools in the South, is likely to eliminate errors commonly made by students in their Tamil composition, and to assist the teacher in selecting essential material for the teaching of language in our Senior schools. The binding and the print are attractive.

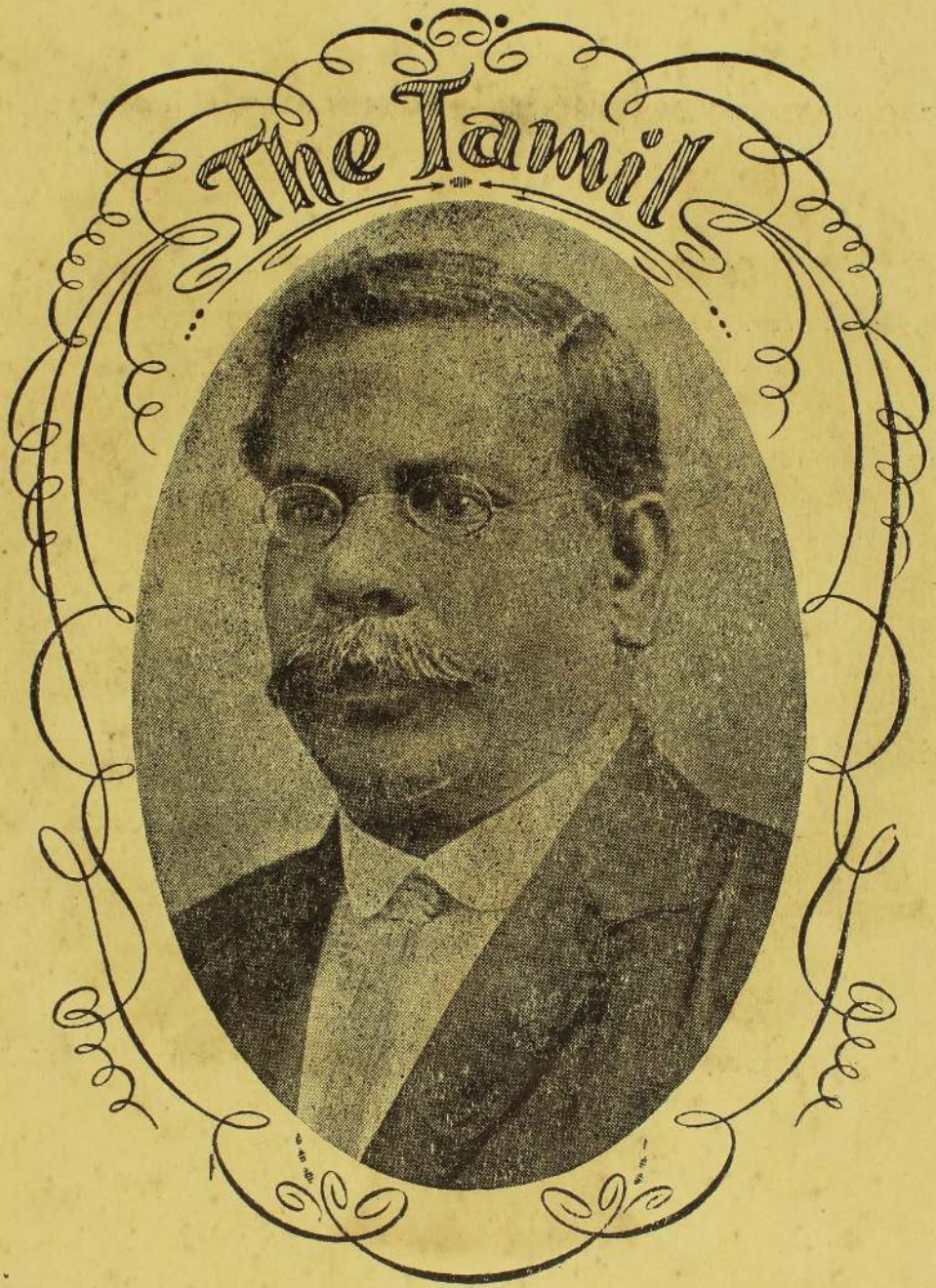
S. J. G.

THE TAMIL

ASPIRES

TO BE

IN EVERY CULTURED HOME



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