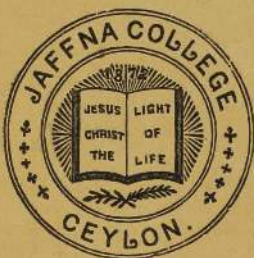


Christmas Number

Jaffna College MISCELLANY



Vol. XXIV }
No. 4 }

Fourth Term, 1914

{ One Rupee
per annum }

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Jaffna College MISCELLANY

Editor: J. V. Chelliah, M. A.

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A Christmas Message.

By W. E. Hitchcock M. A.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy."

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace among men in whom he is well
pleased."

The Christmas message is one of joy, love,
peace: the present time is a time of sadness,
hatred, strife. Yet the message is from God and
we may treasure it and trust that joy, love and
peace will prevail on earth notwithstanding the
present state of affairs which has been brought
about by men who forgot God's message of peace.
But as the Christmas time draws near let us
turn again to the message brought to earth by
the angels from heaven.

The first term of the message is joy—joy be-
cause of the birth of a Saviour. Let us think
what is implied. God knew that men had fallen
into sin, that they were thus estranged from God
and that they were not able to escape from the
power of evil, and in his infinite love and mercy

he provided a way of salvation. What joy the assurance of release must give to men who feel that they are in bondage. This is the joy that every one may have who will give heed to the message that a Saviour has come to earth, one with power to overcome sin. And the joy is not a selfish joy; it results in praise; "Glory to God in the highest."

Love is the second term of the message. The central point of the Gospel is in the statement that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son. What other evidence of his love is needed? "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend". It must be infinite love that would give up life for all sorts of men, not friends only but even enemies. For Christ himself taught us, "If *any man* thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The message of Christ's birth is thus an exhibition of the highest love.

Peace is the third term of this heavenly message. Peace on earth among men. This is the result of love. That love which freely gives salvation must awaken a responsive love in those who accept it. And those who love God must share his feeling of love to all men. And when all men love one another, peace is the sure result. If men are like God in loving all, they are then well pleasing to Him. *Such are those to whom the Christmas message brings peace. Not peace in outward appearance only, but peace of mind and heart.

The Christmas message is the same from year to year. From God we have the offer of joy love, peace. But men fail to realize these blessings. At the present time, there is strife among

the nations due to a lack of love, the failure of men to walk in God's ways. So we see that when men walk in their own ways instead of in God's ways, there comes hate in the place of love and strife in the place of peace. Sadness then follows instead of joy.

We have it brought home to us by the present war that we are all in one great family. The sadness, the sorrow, the suffering, the loss, extend far beyond the borders of the nations engaged in the fight. The suffering has called forth a noble army of Red Cross surgeons and nurses from neutral lands who have gone to the help of the needy. Thus the spirit of Christ is shown the more clearly in contrast to the prevalent hatred. Hence we may be encouraged to hope that the Christmas message is not all in vain, that more and more it will prevail. The contrast between the Red Cross army and the fighting army is very great. It seems as if men must be led to note the difference, and be brought to realize the cause of it. Many deeds of heroism, much endurance of hardship together will bind many hearts closer together. The patriotism shown by thousands is praiseworthy. The obliteration of the political differences of parties in the order of a common patriotism is a grand spectacle. The loyalty of the Indians to the British throne so spontaneously shown, and offers of aid so freely given, is almost a marvel. In view of all these things, may we not hope that the time will surely come when the Christmas message shall be heeded among all races of men? May we not say, in spite of the gloomy prospects in this time of war, what Tennyson has so well expressed?

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.
 Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old.
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.
 Ring in the valiant man and free.
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be."



The Christmas Gift

By Charles W. Miller M. A.

It was my first Christmas morning in the East. The sun was bright, the leaves were flashing the birds were carolling, the old church bell was pealing merrily, and all nature seemed to vibrate with the echo, "He is born". My heart too was filled with gladness on this anniversary of my Saviour's birth and I hurried forth from my chamber to join the pulsing joy without. And as I wandered with glad steps down the glistening road and approached the old church and its neighbour, a hoary temple opposite, my attention was arrested and my steps stayed by a conversation which I delayed to overhear.

"My friend," said the temple, "you seem to be very joyful about something this morning. Your doors and windows are thrown open to the air and light, your old spires are quivering in the sunshine, your bell is ringing longer and louder than usual, and the people are gathering. What, pray, is the cause of this unusual rejoicing. The whole air seems to be filled with the spirit of it."

"This day", replied the church, "is called Christmas day, in recognition of God's best gift to man. And the world rejoices because, of all the good gifts of God to man, this great gift appeals to the heart of man, for it is a gift from the very heart of God".

Truly that is a very wonderful gift," said the temple. "Tell me more about it."

"This gift" continued the church, "is the result of the birth, some two thousand years ago, of a peasant boy from very humble parents, who had their home in a certain town called Nazareth. Not much is known about the early life of this peasant boy. He was apparently born under unusual circumstances, while his parents were visiting in a place called Bethlehem; and because the inn was crowded and the people poor, they were obliged to spend some days in a stable, where the baby was laid in a manger. He grew to manhood in Nazareth and probably followed the trade of his father, who was a carpenter, until he was nearly thirty years old. At that time he appears to have conceived a certain theory of life, and gathering about him some ignorant fishermen who did not seem to understand his message very well, he went about among his countrymen in order to tell them his thoughts. He led a very good life, was kind to every body, loved children, helped the sick and the suffering, was a friend of the humble people, and had a few close friends among those of lowly birth. We know that he attracted many people by his sayings, and that many people loved him. But we find that the leaders of his people did not care for his theory, because it upset their notions as to their own position. So he was rejected by the upper classes who persuaded one of his own disciples to betray him into their hands. Through the weakness of the Roman Governor of that

country, who cared more about pleasing these leaders than about justice, this Nazarene was put to a most cruel and ignoble death. And even his close friends deserted him in his hour of need."

* And here the old church paused, and the bell ceased its clamor in the thought of that supreme tragedy.

"Well," remarked the temple, "that life was certainly a failure. For what failure is greater than that a man be misunderstood and deserted by his friends?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the church, and the bell pealed the more merrily as the men, women, and children with happy faces began to assemble within its hospitable portals. "That Nazarene did not gather his real friends until after his death. Then his friends began to understand him and his theory, and then they saw that this Nazarene's whole life and death was a great picture of his message. Around the message of that life, a society of brothers was formed and the friends of Jesus began to gather; and since that time the friendship of Jesus has been sought by millions in all lands. And a curious thing has happened. The spirit in which a few men have sought to follow the message of this lowly Nazarene, has released a mighty power, which, like yeast in the meal, affects the whole body of society into which it is introduced.

Among those people where this power has found its clearest expression, we find millions of men co-operating in a spirit of loving service for their fellow men. In these countries, you will find schools where all children—of rich and poor alike—may gain an education and learn how to live an abundant life. In these countries you

will find learned physicians and costly hospitals, where, in the spirit of that master, any suffering person may obtain all the relief that modern science can give. In these countries you will find multitudes of people giving their money and their loving service to the relief of poverty, disease, and immorality among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost. Through the untiring efforts of these friends of the Nazarene, orphanages and libraries for poor people are built; playgrounds and recreation centers are established; great social betterment societies and special schools are organized. You do not find these things in the lands where the spirit of the Nazarene has not come. Here also you will find great universities and bodies of scientists devoting themselves to the discovery of truth, to the liberating of human souls from the bondage of fear, falsehood, and sin. Through the influence of the Nazarene the spirit of inquiry and invention was started and fostered and is blossoming in an ever-growing vision and practice of the truth which sets men free. You will find among these people the best expressions of art, of music, of literature, of architecture, of all that enables a man's soul to expand and grow into the great inheritance which this Nazarene first told men about, the inheritance of the sons of God."

"All this is a very wonderful story you have told me," said the old temple, "but tell me, what is the theory of the Nazarene that has so moved the world."

"I have already indicated the conception of life upon which his theory rests," said the church. The fruits of this theory in practice indicate its character. He believed that God was not something to be feared, but was like a father, caring and loving. He believed that God's character could be

best expressed to man by man himself; and so he believed that he himself could be fully a revelation of God, and so lived. He further believed in the capacity of all men to attain that realization and in his life was a revelation of the possibilities of the divine in man, a pledge of what the human race is to be. He found happiness and joy in living and believed that all men could so live. He believed that people ought to love each other and help each other, that the expression of the love of God to man, is the love of man to his fellowman".

"I suppose then," said the temple, "that in those lands where this theory is most clearly understood and practised, that there is no sorrow caused wittingly by man to his fellow; that crime has ceased and wars are no more."

"Alas", sighed the church, "men have their roots in selfishness and powerful passions yet remain to overcome or to be overcome. All this is a cause of sorrow and humiliation to those who are earnestly seeking the fulfilment of the Nazarene's theory. Yet there is no blinding of the eyes to facts, no pretense that there is no sorrow, sin and death. They see these things have a meaning, that through the very imperfection of men is the opportunity given to develop the hearts of men. Behold, the very plan of the World-Artist. Human love redeemed from passion by pain—gold, purified by fire.

"Listen, my friend. Can you not hear the rumble of the cannon, the crack of the rifles, the shrieks of the dying, the groans of the wounded? The meaning of this, the most horrible catastrophe of all history? Behold, a strong nation sacrificing a million lives and countless wealth in order to keep its promise to a weak nation

against the violence of the aggressor. For a mere promise men gladly die and give their all. See the unswerving devotion, the heroic sacrifice, the patient sorrow, the noble abandonment of life's best gifts that this means. And out of the abyss of immeasurable suffering, of endless sorrow climbs the faith that there will arise a chastened world, nations purified through noble sacrifice and suffering, the calm trust that right will finally prevail, that men will return to a more clear understanding of the words of Jesus. Unattainable? Yet in the unattaining, the aspiring to the higher that never is achieved, that ever leads on, are men perfected in the life of peace which is able to meet all trials and all tribulations and with boundless love to all men to rise above them in perfect trust that, 'underneath are the everlasting arms'. This is the spirit the Nazarene has given to men, and this is the best gift of God, the Christmas gift to the world.

"So you see the people entering my gates are happy because through this gift there has come into their lives some comprehension of spending life, of giving peace, and in that spending and giving they find God, the Father, Love and Joy."

Then the church bell pealed again and as I passed in to join the hymn of praise that rose from a hundred throats, I thought I heard the words repeated:

"Truly, this is the great gift, this Christmas gift to the world."

Why ?

I am an extremely dull person—at least in regard to certain matters. Perhaps you would add, one wanting in self-respect also in making such a humiliating admission. I was not always thus; I am by nature endowed with a certain amount of self-respect and self-confidence. But in facing certain questions, the bottom has been knocked out of this endowment. I am so hopelessly and unutterably dull in understanding certain things that I have made up my mind to own up. I feel sure that even a surgical operation would fail to drive the why and the wherefore of certain things into this poor pate of mine. With your kind permission, I should like to trouble you with a few of my puzzles. They may not interest you, but my denseness will certainly amuse you.

I will begin with the war, as it is in everybody's mind just now. There are a great many things connected with it that I cannot understand. But I will give you only a sample or two. I understand perfectly well the noble intentions of the British Government in intervening in the war. They are only making war upon war. But why have some other nations been flying at the throats of one another at the slightest provocation? The great statesmen at the head of Governments—were these not really able to exercise the noble principles, the sense of justice and humanity with which they are credited, when the crisis arose? If these statesmen lost their heads, what about the noble band of saints, theologians, poets and philosophers that are said to exist among the different nations? My wonder increases when some of these very men are the foremost in inciting their countrymen to “feed fat their ancient

grudge." The Germans are a notorious instance of this. Eucken and Harnack are German names famous in the realms of Moral Philosophy and Theology. When the war arose, their philosophical and theological lore were of no avail. To them and others of the same standing, a solemn treaty is only a mere "scrap of paper" in times of necessity. I sometimes suspect that profound knowledge in morals and religion disqualifies a man from being ruled by their laws. May I venture a prophecy? As soon as this war is over, students from England and America will flock to Germany to sit at the feet of these and other German teachers whose practice has so belied their theories. Do I hear you say, "You don't understand the 'My Country' spirit?" My country, right or wrong? Of course not. I can't understand that. That is the trouble with me. I don't understand things. You say that nationalism is greater than humanity and national prestige is more important than the brotherhood of nations. That is too hard a nut for me to crack. I give it up.

To this poor brain of mine it seems that according to some people there is one morality for the individual and another for the nation. Bickerings, jealousy, selfishness, spirit of revenge, and dishonesty in an *individual* brands him a wicked man, but the same things are dignified by such high sounding names as expediency, survival of the fittest, necessity for expansion, when applied to *nations*. If two individuals quarrel they are told to exercise patience, self-control and forgiveness. Beyond a certain stage, they are told to go before some impartial man or men to have their differences settled. But the moment difficulties arise between nations, armies and navies are mobilised, threats are hurled and passions excited, with the result that the gates of hell are

opened and the earth is drenched with human blood. Why not arbitrate? "Oh, but there are certain things that touch national honour that cannot be arbitrated." But, pray, would you apply the same principle to an individual? Has he not the same sense of honour you are talking about? Of course you would not. Why? "You are confusing nations and individuals." That is the trouble with me—confusing things.

The above reminds me of another puzzle of mine. They say that the mark of a gentleman is to be courteous and considerate in discussion, to have an open mind, and to agree to differ. They say that discussions should be carried on to find out not *who* is right but *what* is right. But take a section of the press in this beautiful island of ours. Vituperations, insinuations, virulent personal attacks and ridicule poured upon public men are the order of the day. The worst of the thing is, these are sown broadcast throughout the land, and the minds of the growing youth are vitiated by their gloating over them. In private life the writers are quite impeccable. But do they leave behind their sense of social courtesy and morality when they enter their editorial sanctums? Why? The ethics of journalism is different from that of private life? I am told that I do not understand the functions of journalism, the privileged freedom of the press etc. Freedom to abuse? Of course, I am too dull.

What about advertisements? Exaggerations, falsehoods, gross deceptions find room in the advertisement columns of newspapers edited by men of known probity. Writers that advocate strenuously the temperance cause have commendatory notices of brands of whiskey. Papers that mete out scathing denunciation on actions that are not straight and honest often teem

with notices of talismans, universal remedies and other palpable quackeries. Why? "A paper cannot be run without such advertisements. Fine theorising is one thing and putting that into practice is quite another." Why should there be this inconsistency?

My next puzzle relates to election campaigns. The denunciations, the lies, the blackguarding and billingsgate levelled by *gentlemen publicly at gentlemen* make me wonder whether people are agreed that the social and moral code is in abeyance on such occasions. I doubted a good deal the wisdom of the privilege of the franchise to educated Ceylonese because of what I saw and heard at the last election. Why do people act so disgracefully? "Oh, they do such things in England." But why do they do such things there? An impertinent question forsooth! And then, the electorate there consists of all sorts and conditions of men. We certainly ought to expect better things from the *educated* Ceylonese than from the horny-handed sons of toil in England. You see how stupid I am?

There is another thing that I cannot understand. If a man tried to get himself elected president, secretary, or treasurer in an association, say in a Temperance Society, he would be laughed at as a petty fool. Why then should it be different in the case of membership in councils? Why should people put themselves forward and humbly beg votes from all sorts and conditions of men, spend a lot of money, and, most in comprehensible of all, vote for themselves? "This also is done in England." But why? To my simple mind, it seems that the fitting thing to do is for the electors to quietly confer with, and educate, one another by committees and conferences

to find out the fittest candidates, and then, without raising any dust or noise, to register their deliberate votes silently. The candidates themselves mixing in the fray strikes me as highly indecent. I shall probably be told, "Most likely you are not an educated voter; if you are, your name must be removed from the register of voters for your utter stupidity." Excuse me, I am only parading my ignorance.

May I speak of another Western institution that has always sorely taxed my headpiece? When the officers of an association are elected, if a treasurer must be appointed, there must be two auditors also, in order to scrutinize the accounts of the former. However honourable a man may be, and however petty the account audited may be, auditors are a *sine qua non*. The other officers of the association need not be watched even in their more important activities; but a treasurer must be. I put it in another way. A high Government official is given great and far-reaching powers. No special officers are appointed to watch his exercise of these powers. A Judge of the Supreme Court is given the power of life and death over his fellow-men. But as regards rupees and cents, even the petty details of the travelling claims of these officers must be checked and subjected to severe scrutiny. I concede that auditors and auditing are required in a great many cases; but what puzzles my simple brain is the disproportionate and exaggerated emphasis placed on the importance of accounts. Just think of two auditors for five rupees and 35 cents! I sometimes wonder whether the underlying principle is, man is rascal all the world over, and your honourable man is no exception to the rule. Or is it that money is of greater account than all other things? I will not disguise

my feeling that this is an index of the dominance of commercialism in the world of today. This is another proof that I am hopelessly behind in the march of progress.

Speaking of associations, I am reminded of the last item in the programme of every public meeting—a vote of thanks to the chair. Without this, a meeting has not had its finishing touches. I can understand thanks being voted to a distinguished official or citizen who has gone out of his way to grace a meeting and lent the weight of his influence. I can understand even an ordinary individual being thanked for his arduous duties as chairman of very difficult proceedings. But why in the world do people waste their breath in praising unpraisable individuals for merely occupying the chair instead of being seated on one of the benches. Either people have no sense of the ridiculous or they practise hypocrisy for a mere formality. More often it is the chairman that ought carry a vote of thanks to the audience for giving him the place of honour, or for their patience in listening to his long-winded remarks after the meeting is practically over. In saying this I am quite aware that I am woefully deficient in a sense of the fitness of things.

Just one thing more. Westerners seems to be generally agreed that when an animal is wounded, sick or too old, its sufferings should be ended by shooting it. How would they like to apply the same principle to human beings? They would not for a moment think of such a thing. I agree. But why should animals be treated differently? Many people are very keen on prevention of cruelty to animals and are against vivisection even in *the interests of humanity*. But why do they go about killing harmless birds and animals *for sport*? Why indeed?

So you see I am unfit to live in the midst of modern civilization and 'Kultur' as I can neither understand nor appreciate the complex forces that rule the modern world and insist upon my simple principles. If I have trodden on the toes of any, my excuse must be that my object was to prove my stupidity. I think I have done it successfully. If I come to know that I have not, I will have to trouble the readers of the Miscellany with a second instalment of my puzzles.

Ignoramus



Peace and Good Will

A Christmas Story

It was Christmas eve. The children had been noisily discussing their Christmas presents and Jayam had made a great deal of noise around the house with his drum and trumpet. Now they were asleep, Jayam still holding on to his drum, and Ruby baving her doll carefully laid by her side. The mother quietly stole to where the father was sitting under the open sky in front of the house. The stillness of the night and the star-spangled sky reminded them of the first Christmas night in the fields of Judaea when the angels appeared to the shepherds who kept watch over their flock.

"Kanagam," said the husband, "how do you like the *kolusu* I have just given you for a Christmas present?"

"I like it very much indeed. How much did it cost you?"

"I have put into it ten sovereigns," said the man inquiringly.

The wife heaved a sigh. "Your mention of

ten sovereigns", she said, "brings up to my mind unpleasant associations."

"How is that?" demanded the husband with mingled feelings of surprise and displeasure.

"Why, it is exactly the value of the jewel about which you and your brother fell out about two years ago. How happy I will be to see you both reconciled in this season of peace and good will!

"You talk nonsense, Kanagam, since no one knows as much as you that I have ever been ready to forgive Raja, if he is only repentant and asks my pardon for his mean behaviour in confiscating the necklace of our mother which ought to go to me as the eldest son. And then, the childless fool did not think of Ruby as the proper person to whom mother's jewel should be handed down as an heirloom. He, as a younger brother so many years my junior, should come to me first."

"I have no interest in your dispute about the jewel. But, granting that Raja as your junior should go to you first, I still think that you as the elder brother should have the magnanimity to show in some way or other that you have forgiven and forgotten."

"Women are really silly," said he impatiently. "Do you not know that the good God himself never forgives the unrepentant?"

"I know it is difficult to argue with lawyers. But you are at fault in your theology. You know that not only is God anxious to have the sinner back, but that it is He that makes the first advances. Why will you not show to your brother some evidence of your love? Love begets love."

The man was nonplussed for a moment. The

wife encouraged by the pause pressed on: "The Scriptures enjoin us to love our enemies."

"But not our friends and brothers," rejoined the lawyer with his accustomed readiness for retort. "It is one thing to love one's enemies and quite another to love an ungrateful brother who has acted so shamefully."

"If you are minded to quibble as you do in the court room," laughed his clever wife, "may I point out to you that your brother is *at present* your enemy? There!"

Although proud and imperious in his ways, the man had a soft place in his heart, and the arrows his wife shot went home. He now fell into a long train of thought. How Raja was the only other child of his parents living, how attached each had been to the other, how in a moment of selfishness both had quarrelled over a trifle, how he had hardened his brother's heart by strong and bitter language, how joyless and miserable his previous Christmas had been owing to the lack of the wonted presence of his brother and his wife—these and other thoughts filled his mind and his heart yearned towards his brother. He felt convinced that an attempt to celebrate the festival of the Prince of Peace with hatred to his only brother was a mockery.

He said at last, "I really do not know what to do."

"But I do", said his wife. I have no hesitation in thinking that a Christmas present will settle the matter. You will have no objection to my sending to Raja's wife the present you have given me tonight. You must not grudge it; you are earning as many pounds as your brother is earning rupees."

"I leave it to you," said the husband cheerfully.

That same night in a village a few miles away lay a man tossing about on his bed. Early morning he said to his wife, "I have spent a sleepless night. Today is Christmas day. Without children there can be no Christmas enjoyment. I wish Jayam and Ruby were with us."

"You have to thank none but yourself for that. What love can you have for Ruby after having taken away from her what really ought to go to her?"

"You know, Pakkiam, it is not that. It is my brother's words that drove me mad, and it was a spirit of defiance that made me act as I did. I do not care a rap for that necklace, poor as I am."

"Neither do I" rejoined his wife. "You know that I wore it but once, and then it seemed to scorch my neck. I have somehow or other evaded using it again."

"What would you have me do?" asked Raja.

"You will have a jolly Christmas if you go at once to your brother's house and see that the necklace is on Ruby's neck."

With a light heart Raja hastened to his brother's house and passed on the way a trusted servant of his brother, but little did he guess the errand on which the servant was going. He was in hopes that he would not meet his brother face to face, but he saw him reclining on an easy chair on the front verandah with his eyes shut—he had evidently shut his eyes on seeing Raja. He stole past him into the hall. There the youngsters were busy parading their Christmas things on a table. On seeing their uncle both of them burst out with shouts that sent a thrill into the hearts of the two brothers. Ruby soon ran around showing "Uncle's" Christmas present; but to Jayam "Uncle" was present enough; for

he liked nothing better than a romp with his uncle who had never grown up serious with years and with children was in his element in fun and frolic. Jayam insisted on accompanying his uncle home, especially as he was in great haste to have a ride on the back of his quondom "horse," which he could not do at home owing to the presence of his serious papa.

When Raja reached home he saw his wife with a pair of *kolusu* on her hands, and he was mystified. "That is your sister-in-law's present to me" said she. "The servant confided to me that he knew it was of ten sovereigns' weight." Raja was too moved to say anything.

That afternoon a group of villagers made a victoria phaeton standing at the gate of Raja the subject of much conjecture, as they all knew that the two brothers had not been on terms. Finally they agreed with some one who said, "These Christians have to be at peace with one another on the *Naththar* day which is the birthday of their Guru." When at the Christmas service that afternoon in the village church the pastor pointed out that Christians in celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace should not forget the mission of His blessed mother, and that it was the peculiar privilege of all true Christian women to promote peace and good will in their family circles, two pairs of eyes glistened with tears of joy and thankfulness.

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College Notes

The close of the year brings with it a painful experience for the College in the loss of Mr. T. P. Hudson from the staff. Mr. Hudson has been so long connected with the institution that the students, both past and present can hardly think of it apart from association with him. He joined Jaffna College as a student in July 1876. His number on our roll is 105. So he has been intimately associated with the College for over thirty-eight years. He graduated under the old regime in June 1880 and immediately took up the work of teaching in Vaddukoddai High school but was called to the College in 1884. In 1901 he took his Bachelor degree in Calcutta University as a teacher. Mr. Hudson's services during all these years have been marked by a conscientious faithfulness to duty and many a boy has grown to manhood under the influence of his genial personality, grateful for the privilege of having studied under his tuition. On his departure to take up the post of Principal of another school, a farewell function was held in Otley Hall at which both students and teachers feelingly expressed their sense of loss. Both teachers and students will continue to look upon these long years of service with grateful appreciation.



Alumni Notes

Mr. W. Duraisamy B. A., has, more than once, acted as District Judge, Jaffna.

Mr. P. Vytilingam B. A., acted as Police Magistrate of Point Pedro and Chavagachcherry during the first of December.

Mr. K. Balasingham has been appointed by His Excellency the Governor to the Second Tamil Seat in the Legislative Council.

Messrs Hudson TambiRaja and J. R. Canagarayer, who recently passed the Proctor's final examination were sworn in as proctors of the Supreme Court. They intend practising their profession in Colombo.

Dr. A. C. Devasagayam of the class of 1891 is at present the medical officer in charge of the Vaddukoddai Dispensary.

Extract from a letter from Mr. E. A. Williams who is now a student at the Theological College in Serampore, India.

"Our College closed on the 9th of September for the Pooja holidays and I took train the very same night for Nagpur, Serampore climate being rather unbearable. I stayed at Nagpur four days and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lewis. He is the son-in-law of the late Dr. Curtis Suppiah. Here I saw the different weaving and dyeing factories and the well known old native fort of the Rajahs. From Nagpur I proceeded to Bombay and stayed there for five days at the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Buell. He is one of the brothers of Mr. Muthappu Buell who was long a clerk of Jaffna College. Although it was raining hard most of the time I was there, still on several occasions I defied the weather and went out, and so managed to see all the places of interest. Of the many things I saw in Bombay, the one that struck me most was the American Mission School for the blind. This was the first time I had ever seen such an institution. It was a real pleasure to see the blind boys and girls of different ages at their various tasks, and to hear them sing with the accompaniment of the piano played by one of their own number. Boys are being taught to read and write and to do some kind of cane work. Girls also are taught the same things including sewing. It was very interesting to hear that two blind boys appeared for the Matriculation examination of the Bombay University from this school but both of them failed in arithmetic. I thanked God for the good work that is being done in that school and for the light and joy that has been brought into the lives of these unfortunate children.

Now I must tell of a scene strikingly different from this. During the few days I stayed in Bombay I saw the streets crowded with high spirited and lively soldiers, both English and Indian, waiting there to be transhipped to France for active service in the army. They were as jolly as ever only a bit excited and they were not in the least afraid of what was going to happen to them, nor seemed to care what the

final issue might be; but each was ready to play his part well and creditably and if necessary to shed his blood for the liberty and honour of his country. They felt it was their duty to do so. I wish Christian soldiers would conduct themselves like that for the honour and glory of their Master and Lord, each one setting the honour and glory of Christ before everything else in this world. If they had done so in the past, I feel this war would have been an absolute impossibility and the world would have been spared the horrors of this present war.

From Bombay I took train to Poona one pleasant afternoon at 2 P. M. and arrived there at 7 P. M. I was simply delighted to see the beautiful scenery on both sides as the train passed slowly along from the lower levels up the hills. I liked Poona very much. The climate was pleasant and invigourating and the place quiet and beautiful. I stayed in Poona a fortnight with my friend Mr. W. P. A. Cooke. There are two other Jaffna students at the Agricultural College and I found myself quite at home with my Jaffna friends. Poona is a historic place and a great political center. There are many large philanthropic institutions here and I am glad I had a chance to see some of them. One afternoon Mr. Cooke and I went to see Pandita Ramabai's Home for Widows and Orphans. We were taken around and shown everything connected with the work of the women and girls. There are about twelve hundred in the Home at present and all of them are Christians. The girls study as well as work and have classes up to the Intermediate. The staff consists of fourteen European ladies. The Home is now under the management of Manoramabai, daughter of Pandita Ramabai. The Pundita was kind enough to come and speak to us for a few minutes although she was very busily engaged in her work. The few hours we spent there were full of pleasure and inspiration to us. Another evening we went to see another "Widows and Orphans' Home" for Hindus, mostly Brahmans. Here there were about two hundred students in all, mostly young women, married and unmarried. They are having classes up to the Matriculation standard. We were taken and shown every nook and corner of the buildings without any reserve. The girls were very polite and modest and we were even allowed to speak with some of them who knew Tamil. It was about 5 P. M. when we were there and the girls were on a big verandah making preparations for their evening meal. Some were pounding rice, some curry powder, some were cutting vegetables; some were bringing water in brazen vessels and every

one was engaged in some work or other. They looked very healthy and strong. These were the two places in Poona that interested me most.

From Poona I went to Madras and stayed for about a week with my cousin. The season was very warm and cholera and enteric were raging there. The only thing worth mentioning is that the people of Madras are very much scared since the recent exploits of the "Emden". I came to Vijagapatam on the 15th and find it a very nice place. My health has improved since coming here and I feel fresh and strong for another term's work. Tomorrow I am leaving for Serampore, and once there I shall have to plunge into the mysteries of theology and philosophy, Greek and Hebrew. With my best compliments to the Jaffna College staff, I remain" etc.,

E. A. Williams

Miscellany Receipts

Rev. G. G. Brown	Vaddukkoddai	thro.	1915	Rs.	2. 00
D. V. Nelson	Tellippattai	"	"	"	2. 00
J. K. Sinnathampy	Chavagachery	"	1914	"	2. 00
A. Abraham	Vaddukkoddai	"	"	"	1. 00
C. H. Cooke	"	"	1915	"	1. 00
L. S. Ponniah	"	"	"	"	1. 00
R. M. Thevathasan	Mannar	"	"	"	2. 00
Dr. Ratnavale	Hambantota	"	"	"	1. 00
T. S. Selviah	Colombo	"	"	"	2. 00
T. K. Kanapathypillai	"	"	"	"	1. 00
S. P. Amerasingam	Matale	"	"	"	1. 00
Miss Howland	Enuvil	"	"	"	2. 00
S. Alalasundram	Vaddukkoddai	"	"	"	1. 00
R. Kandiah	"	"	"	"	2. 00*
Dr. Joshua	Changany	"	1914	"	1. 00
C. K. Danforth	"	"	"	"	1. 00
Daniel Poor	"	"	"	"	1. 00
T. Rajakary	Vaddukkoddar*	"	1915	"	2. 00
A. M. Thevathasan	Galle	"	"	"	2. 00
C. A. V. Muttiah	Vaddukkoddai	"	"	"	2. 00
V. Sinnathuray	"	"	"	"	2. 50
Total Rs.					32. 50