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THE RELATION OF THE CEYLON STUDENT TO INDIAN CULTURE

By Minnie H. Harrison

It is a commonplace in these days to hear that Indian students—and by the term Indian, I mean to include Ceylonese—have become denationalized. The cry for national dress, the national language, national customs, is insistent. Western systems of education are blamed for turning students away from their own culture. And yet, as a teacher of Ceylonese students, and one who is in sympathy with many of the aims of the nationalist movement, I fail to see in Ceylon evidences of a real revival of student interest in Indian culture. There is plenty of lip-service to the national movement, but very little of real interest in Tamil literature, in Indian and Ceylonese history, in Indian art and poetry. When boys take books for the holidays, or look over collections of paintings, they choose not books about India or paintings by Indian artists, but stories and pictures of Western life. Rabindranath Tagore, in a letter quoted in *The Morning Star* of June 2nd, has evidently noticed the same fact. "It struck my heart with dismay", he writes, "when I

visited Ceylon, to find that the people there have lost the consciousness of their unity with their Indian kinsmen. . . . There can be no doubt that Ceylon's subconscious mind, its racial mind, has broken connection with that of India. When our conscious self tries to ignore this, and attaches itself to some alien mentality, our progress takes on a gait which is neither efficient nor graceful. Ceylon, if she would do herself justice, must acknowledge that her intellectual and spiritual history runs in one stream with the cultural history of India."

Now if Ceylon is to do herself justice in this respect, individual Ceylonese must respond to the appeal by making themselves well-versed in Indian culture. Among every people the student class must lead in any intellectual renaissance. If Ceylon is to stem the tide of denationalization, the remedy lies not first in a complete overturning of our present system of English education, but in a real and growing interest on the part of students and teachers, and of all the educated community, not only in present-day Indian politics, but in all the heritage of India's past. Ceylonese students must not only talk of the *Vedas*; they must themselves know the *Vedas*. They must read the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*; the *Kural*, Thiruvalluvar, Manikkavasagar. Facts of Indian history—authentic history—must be as well known to them as are the principal facts of English history to the Englishman. There are many reasons why these things should be.

In the first place, in every country there is apt to be a conscious separation between the student class and the rest of the community. In Ceylon this is particularly true because of our dual system of education. Vernacular education is compulsory, but education in the vernacular is elementary, and those who possess this sort of education only do not belong to the student class. The student class consists of those educated in English, for English education in Ceylon means higher education. Many English-educated boys have the desire to serve their own communities by their education, but they find that even if their command of their own language is fluent, they have somehow lost touch with the mind of the villager. They do not know the villager's background. They can tell him stories of English and Western life, but not stories of his own national heroes. How is the gap between villager and student to be bridged? It is always a dangerous thing for national unity for different sections of the same people to have radically different backgrounds. Are students, then, to stop their study of Western history, so that they may know what is unknown to their own communities? Rather, let them know in addition those facts about their own history which will fit into the consciousness of their countrymen. Why should Indian boys be incited to deeds of courage and adventure solely by stories of King Arthur or Beowulf? Indian history has many heroes equally admirable. For instance,

we may read the vivid story of King Porus in the recently published "Cambridge History of India". Porus, the bravest and the last of all the kings who resisted Alexander in his invasion of the Indian northwest, drew up his army on one side of a swollen river, Alexander's army being opposite. The great question was whether Alexander's army could cross and take the Indians unawares. When, by superhuman efforts, they succeeded in accomplishing this in spite of Porus's vigilance, the Greek soldiers, trained in many battles, defeated and killed most of the brave little Indian army. But Alexander, full of admiration for its leader, who had defied him almost successfully, sent a message to Porus, "How shall I treat you, my enemy?" Porus did not deign to ask for mercy or for favour. "Act like a king", he replied. And surely he could have sent no nobler message.

Or take the story of Sivaji and Tukaram. The great Marathi conqueror sent word to the great Marathi poet to come and live at his court. But Tukaram refused. "What can you give me", he is said to have replied, "which I do not already have? It is God who gives me the power to sing." This is the independence of character, the contempt for material possessions, which is India's birthright, but which is the standard of how few among us today? Or, if we wish to get a basis which is truly Indian for caste reform, there is the well-known legend of the god Siva. A Brahmin one day told Siva that only Brahmins could worship him acceptably; whereupon Siva asked him to watch at a certain wayside shrine and see what happened. The Brahmin watched day after day, and saw a villager of humble caste worshiping the image of the god with such intensity and devotion that tears often came from his eyes. After a day or two, the Brahmin saw that the right eye of the image of the god had begun to bleed. The villager also saw it and made frantic efforts to stop the bleeding. Finally, in a passion of devotion he plucked out his own right eye and placed it on the eye of the image to stop the wound. "Do you think, then," asked Siva of the Brahmin, "that only Brahmins can worship me acceptably?" Many more stories equally uplifting are to be found in the treasure house of India's past. And if we know them, of how much more use can we be to those of our fellows who have not had our opportunities! We prove that we still belong to their community in spite of our knowledge of English, for we can tell them the tales of our nation which are an inspiration to us all.

And secondly, if the students of Ceylon know their own culture they will not be so easy a prey to the demagogues of today, of whom there are so many. There is a special tendency today for our public men to make sweeping statements; for every orator who speaks at any gathering to ignore facts, or to distort them, and to say the thing which shall please his audience, whether or not it be true. This unscientific and care-

less use of the opportunity of public speech is most dangerous and dishonourable. Surely no one ought to say anything from a public platform, no matter how small or ignorant the audience, which he would not say or write before the best-informed scholar. Yet there will probably always be unscrupulous orators in every country who will continue to make wild and unfounded statements of this kind. But they ought not be able to impose on the educated class. The educated class in Ceylon, as in every country, should have such a background of fact, and should be so trained in the art of criticism and questioning that they will be a bulwark against which the storms of unprincipled orators will beat in vain. Many of such unfounded statements concern the past of India. Educated men cannot recognize their falsity if they do not know that past. Statements like the following are current and are never refuted: "Airships were known in the days of Buddha; Buddha travelled in an airship to Ceylon." "India's people were all pure, religious, and honest before they were ruled by foreigners." "Indian art was never influenced by Greek art; it is wholly Indian, and the greatest art in the world." "Christian doctrines were all borrowed from Buddhism." Any statement which will glorify India is greeted with applause, however untrue. Yet no nation can attain to glory or greatness on a basis of falsehood. It is the truth that makes people free. India's past is in reality and fact great enough so that there is no need to enhance it by attributing to her virtues and excellences that no nation whatsoever can claim. The steadying influence of men who know the facts of their own past, are content with those facts, and refuse to let exaggerated statements pass unnoticed, is much needed. "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good."

Again, the knowledge of the past of India is its own reward, in that it brings to all who possess it new inspiration. The past of every great nation—of Greece, of Rome, of Egypt, to those who know it thoroughly is a continual source of inspiration. There are many Indian students who share in such inspiration; who know the story of the Spartan boy who allowed the fox to tear out his vitals without outcry, or the story of the death of Socrates, his complete detachment, his spirit of adventure in the face of death; and yet who have never been thrilled by their own Arjuna, or by Akbar, or Asoka. The *Bhagavad-Gita*, in all India perhaps the best-known religious book, is little known in Ceylon. The wise government of the greatest of the Mogul emperors, his powers of organization, his plans for beauty in architecture, his achievements, are seldom talked of. The edicts of Asoka, the story of his conversion from a warrior to an apostle of *ahimsa*, is known only as legend. To many Ceylon boys the best paintings of Western artists are known, the Madonnas or "Sir Galahad", but they are ignorant of the paintings of Bengali artists of the present day, the products of the Renaissance which has already begun

in Bengal. One of the most touching of these paintings, recently published, if I am not mistaken, in *The Modern Review*, was of a woman crouching behind a thorn bush and trying to cover her nakedness with thorns, at the same time offering a saree, her only possession, which she has just removed, to her religious teacher or guru. Another, called "Comrades", is of a man and woman journeying together on a hard, steep path,—a symbol of the co-operation needed in India for its upward growth. Again there are the present-day Indian poets. To how many of our educated community is Tagore anything but a name? How many Ceylonese young men read for their own spiritual inspiration not only Tennyson and Wordsworth but the *Gitanjali, Fruit Bearing, The Gardener*? How many know Toru Dutt's beautiful poem about Sita? How many are familiar with the passionate national lyrics of Mrs. Naidu? These are poets who write in English, but many others, who write in their own vernaculars, are available through translation, and have not lost all their beauty or power. There is Dr. McDonnell's translation of the Hymn of Creation of the *Rig Veda*, available for all who will never read the Sanskrit original:

"Non-being then existed not, nor being:
There was no air, nor sky that is beyond it.
What was concealed? Wherein? In whose protection?
And was there deep unfathomable water?
"Death then existed not nor life immortal;
Of neither night nor day was any token.
By its inherent force the One breathed windless:
No other thing than that beyond existed."

Or there is this modern poem, with its beautiful idea of the relation between husband and wife, written in Marathi by the wife of the late Narayan Tilak:

"As a river loses itself when it blends with the ocean, so the bride becomes one with the family of her husband. The relationship of husband and wife is full of love, yes, it is all pure love. They are like two wheels in the cart of life; and vainly will one try to draw it without the help of the other. Where this is not so, life is but wearisome. When oil and wick combine, the flame leaps up; so, in the experience of the world, union alone is potent."

Who are the leading figures in India today? Without doubt Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi. Both these men have been educated in the culture of both East and West. To both of them their own heritage is familiar and dear. If educated young men in Ceylon wish to lead the thought of the next generation, to become reformers in the best sense, to present ideals which all their coutrymen will follow, they also must love and understand their own heritage. Otherwise, they will be partial leaders, followed only by that part of the community to whom they can make their ideals intelligible.

Much more might be said on this subject; especially as regards the necessity of a thorough knowledge of one's own vernacular, be it Tamil or Singalese, which must be the *sine qua non* of helpfulness in any large sense. More might be said also concerning the expediency of a knowledge of San-

Sanskrit or Pali on the part of the many instead of the very few. Schools would surely offer these classic languages if there were any large demand for them. If every educated Ceylonese should urge upon the students whom he knows the importance of steady thorough work during school days in his vernacular, in Indian history, in any study where the subject matter is Indian, if every present student should take such advice seriously and devote as eager study to such lessons as to Mathematics and Chemistry, in another generation we in Ceylon might find ourselves in the midst of a real intellectual renaissance, and might again possess a national consciousness fittingly united to the stream of Indian national life.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA AND THE NEW TESTAMENT

BY G. M. K. RATNAM, L. TH.

From the stand point of religious philosophy the *Bhagavad-Gita* is the most notable production of ancient India. All those who follow the developments of religious thought in India and Ceylon at the present time will recognise that in the whole range of Sanskrit literature there is no work that can be compared to it in practical importance.

The following is an attempt to trace from the stand-point of critical scholarship some of the parallel ideas in the *Gita* and the *New Testament*.

Noteworthy in this respect is the work of Dr. Lormser, who maintains that the author of the *Gita*, whoever he may be, borrowed many of his ideas and expressions from the *New Testament*. Very different is the attitude of Mr. Telang, who claims for the *Gita* an antiquity extending as far back at least as the fourth century B. C. He further ventures to suggest that the expression used in the colophons of the MSS., describing the *Gita* as "the *Upanishad* sung by God," is not altogether devoid of historical value. If Mr. Telang's theory of the date of the *Gita* be correct, then Lormser's contentions are at once disposed of; but scholars in general see in both these writers evidences of bias.

Lormser, as a Christian theologian, felt that the expressions and sentiments corresponding to the Christian feeling of believing love and devotion to God could not have been a product of the intellectual speculation of the heathen world, but must have been borrowed from the revealed word of God contained in the *New Testa-*

ment; while Telang as a devout Hindu felt such an assumption intolerable and deemed it necessary in the interests of his religious faith to date the *Gita* as far back as possible. In view of the uncertainty and inconclusiveness of the evidence, it is safer for the present to assume that the *Bhagavad-Gita* and the *New Testament* are quite independent of each other historically, but contain striking resemblances of considerable psychological interest to the student of the history of religion. We shall note the following parallel passages:—

1. (*a*) Krishna says, "Whatsoever thou doest, whatsoever thou eatest, whatsoever thou offerest, whatsoever thou givest, whatsoever thou doest of austerity, O Kaunteya, do thou that, as an offering unto me". (ix. 27).

(*b*) This agrees with the sense of 1 Cor. x: 31, which says, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

2. (*a*) Again Krishna says, "By me all this world is pervaded in my unmanifested aspect; all beings have root in me, I am not rooted in them. As the mighty air everywhere moving is rooted in the ether, so all beings rest rooted in me—thus know thou me." (ix. 4 and 6.)

(*b*) Compare Romans xi: 36: "Of Him and through Him and unto Him are all things," and John i: 3: "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made."

3. (*a*) Krishna says, "I, O Gudakesha, am the self, seated in the heart of all beings; I am the beginning, the middle, and also the end of all things." (x. 20.)

(*b*) In Rev. i: 17 and 18, Christ says, "I am the first and the last, and have the keys of heaven and hell."

4. (*a*) Krishna says, "Speedily, he becometh dutiful and goeth to eternal peace; O Kaunteya, know thou for certain that my devotee perisheth never." (ix. 3L)

(*b*) But in John iii: 15 also we find the same idea: "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life."

5. (*a*) Krishna says, "The foolish disregard me when clad in human semblance, ignorant of my supreme nature, the great Lord of beings." (ix. 11).

(*b*) In John i: 11 we find, "He came unto His own and His own received Him not".

6. Further the doctrine of "Faith" and "Bhakti" (Love) which center round the *New Testament* teaching and are supposed to be foreign to the Hindu literature are found in the *Bhagavad-Gita*.

7. The transfiguration of Krishna so beautifully described in the eleventh chapter of the *Gita* seems to be an echo of the transfiguration of Christ.

8. Further some of the anti-theistic theories such as Materialism and Agnosticism are discountenanced in the *Gita* and the *New Testament* writings. In their doctrine of God

and His relations to the universe both the *Gita* and the *New Testament* writings have certain fundamental resemblances from a negative point of view; both are opposed to the materialistic explanation of the universe and of human life. "The great Brahman is a womb for all; therein I place the germ; from that, O Bharata, is the birth of all beings."

Here it is evident from the connection that "the great Brahman" is used in the sense of primal and undetermined matter, and it is the supreme being which communicates to matter the force that generates the phenomena of the universe. "With me as director, nature gives birth to moving and unmoving, and by reason of that, O Kaunteya, the universe revolves." (ix. 10). It is thus evident that the Gita gives no support to a purely materialistic interpretation of the universe, though it recognises the reality of matter as an eternal phase of the supreme being as conditioned.

The dependence of the material universe on God as its source is a marked feature is the *New Testament* teachings. God is described as "the loving God which made heaven and earth and sea and all things that are therein." (Acts xiv : 15).

Again both the *Gita* and the *New Testament* are opposed to the modern agnostic view that we know nothing of things beyond material phenomena—that God and the unseen world are things unknown and unknowable. The *Gita* thinks of God as a real object of knowledge. "He who knows in truth my divine birth and work, having abandoned the body cometh not to birth again; he comes to me, O Arjuna." (iv. 9.)

The possibility of a true knowledge of the divine being is here assumed and such knowledge enables man to see and realize his eternal oneness with the Divine; through such knowledge man is eternally freed from the bondage of matter.

The *New Testament*, too, conceives of God as the true object of knowledge and assumes that He may be known not only by direct relation but also from His works in nature. The apostle Paul in speaking to the men of Lystra concerning the living God says, "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good and gave you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons filling your hearts with food and gladness." (Acts xiv: 17.) "For, the invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity." (Rom. i: 20.)

In these and similiar passages it is indicated that the beauty and benevolence of the Being and attributes of God are witnesses to and may be known from the material world and the constitution and course of nature. The possibility of a spiritual knowledge of God is also frequently stated or assumed.

9. It is unfair to finish our essay without a word about the theology of the *Gita* and the *New Testament*. From our review of the theories of the universe that are discountenanced in both we have seen that there are fundamental resemblances of a remarkable character in the *Gita* and the *New Testament* regarding the doctrine of God. We shall now endeavour to state these in a positive way. It is not quite possible to frame a comprehensive definition of deity as conceived in common, in both the *Gita* and the *New Testament*. We believe a definition on the following lines fairly expresses the common element expressed in both:—God is the absolute, all-perfect spirit, both transcendent and immanent, and is eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, ethical, and compassionate; the creative source, sustainer, the sovereign director of the universe, who in self-revealing love has become incarnate for the world's salvation and for restoring men to eternal union with Himself.

SOME BUDDHIST SHRINES

Tissamaharama, Dambulla, Polonnaruwa, Mihintale, and Anuradhapura, are the most important relics of the Buddhism of ancient Ceylon. If one were a Buddhist, a pilgrimage to so many sacred places would no doubt be a means of gaining much merit. For a mere Christian, it may not assure one a place in Heaven to visit these ancient shrines, but it leaves a stock of pleasant and beautiful memories which only a supremely selfish person could keep to himself.

It is always a delight to wake up in the morning on the train and look out at the silhouettes of coconut palms hurrying past the window. No matter how pleasing the neat rows of tapioca, plantain, and climbing yam plants were at Chunnakam the previous night, those hosts of coconuts give one a thrill. This is a new country, and its whole character might be read from the graceful, drooping leaves and lazy curves of the coconut palm, just as some philosophers have seen in the stiff, straight, bristly palmyras a hint of what all of Jaffna is like.

But as I looked out on the first morning of my trip, I saw the first and oldest of all the Buddhist shrines, Samanala Kanda (Butterfly Mt.), or, as it is vulgarly called in English, Adam's Peak. This little, gray triangle set on a high ridge of rounded hills satisfies the eye with the mere fact of its individuality. Still more does it enter into the imagination as one thinks of the toilsome steps of countless pilgrims who have visited the 'sri pada', the sacred footprint. The rude hole in the rock which is variously

attributed to the foot of Siva, of Buddha, and of Adam may not be very inspiring to a Christian. But surely the desire to climb the mountain and to worship God there must please Him who formed such a splendid symbol aspiration as the Peak. Even a few glimpses of it in the early morning leave in one a sense of peace and dignity and coolness which all the glare and heat of Colombo streets cannot entirely dispel.

* * *

Two days later I started out from the Tissa Rest House, loaded down with an umbrella, a raincoat, and a pair of binoculars, all of which were essential to my happiness at that time. In the course of the morning the need for the umbrella and raincoat disappeared, but the glasses came into use more and more. There was plenty to look at with them. The tanks (the greatest monuments that the ancient Singhalese left) were full of life. Great, lazy crocodiles basked on the surface. Water-pheasants stepped daintily over carpets of lotus leaves. Coots and water-hens played hide-and-seek among arum leaves as big as elephants' ears. Rails scooted away through the cat-tail rushes. Grebes, cormorants, and snakebirds exhibited their prowess in diving. The woods nearby contained plenty of birds —parrots, pigeons, bulbuls, barbets, and a host of others. The paddy-fields below the tanks were favoured by the munias, swallows, egrets, and lapwings, to name only a few. Truly, Tissa deserves to be called a bird paradise. And I am told its jungles, stretching off to the north and east for scores of miles, furnish an abundance of elephants, sambhur, leopards, bear, and in fact all the kinds of game to be found in Ceylon.

But as I am writing about shrines, I must turn from this brief excursus into Nature, with the parting remark that it seems to me particularly fitting that most of the Buddhist shrines are still surrounded by the wild things that Buddhism protects.

For those who have seen Anuradhapura, there is little of archeological interest at Tissa. Two of the dagobas are large, but they cannot rival the four biggest ones at Anuradhapura. One of the big ones has been newly rebuilt, covered with plaster, and painted a faded blue. It is impressive in spite of the colour, but it is best in the early morning or after sunset, when its profile stands out above the surrounding coconut trees. A quarter of a mile east there is a mound which was once probably the twin of the restored dagoba, but plants and time have dealt severely with its surface. A small dagoba set in a little garden of pillars is situated two miles south, at Yoda Kandiya. West of the village, along the main road, one passes two dagobas of fair size. One of them is surrounded by groups of pillars that indicate a large cluster of monasteries, but they are now almost hidden in an orchard of plantain trees. A number of battered and worn fragments of statues are found here. But the most impressive ruin at Tissa is a group of rough-hewn pillars rising some

twelve feet above the present level of the ground. They are more massive than most of those I have seen, averaging about ten by eighteen inches in thickness. Sixty-six are still standing, out of a much larger original number, probably one hundred twenty-two. Bushes from the surrounding jungle are filling up the place where hundreds of monks formerly lived. They are getting well up to the top of the pillars, where there are notches which once carried massive beams for a second story.

Tissamaharama (Tissa's great garden) was once part of Mahagama. It is sometimes said that it was here, and not near Puttalam, where the Singhalese first landed in Ceylon. Parker thinks that the city was built about 500 B. C. by Vijaya's nephew, Panduwasa Deva. About 270 B. C., Mahanaga, brother of King Devanampiya Tissa, made this his capital. His great-grandson, Kakavanna Tissa, was the father of Gamani and Tissa, the story of whose disobedience is known to every Ceylonese boy. Kakavanna is said to have built sixty-four viharas and Gamani sixty-eight, all in the southeastern portion of the island. Leaving Mahagama, Gamani won the throne of Ceylon from Elara in 161 B. C., and thereafter we hear nothing in the "Mahawamsa" of his former capital. It is probable that some of the ruins now seen at Tissamaharama were started before this date. If this be true, they are older than the Brazen Palace and the Ruanweli, Mirisweti, and Abhayagiri dagobas at Anuradhapura. But in view of the seventy-mile bus ride from Matara through Hambantota to Tissa, I do not recommend Tissa to the average sight-seer.

* * *

To my mind, prosperity spoils a Buddhist shrine, and the caves at Dambulla illustrate this. One feels that the modern style of the outer walls cheapens the effect of the caves. Above is the black expanse of the rock, below is a broad view of some of the finest forest in the Island, but in front of the caves are white-washed buildings and tile-roofs that seem to be misfits.

Inside the caves, that have been sacred for nineteen centuries since the exiled king, Walagambahu, took refuge there, one is deeply awed. What an amount of effort those hundreds of statues represent! There are rows and rows of Buddhas, as if for their much carving his followers would be heard. Unfortunately, the results do not measure up to the labour expended, at least from the artistic viewpoint. One or two statues of the plain, unvarnished rock, such as one sees at the rock temple at Polonnaruwa, seem to me more impressive and beautiful than this colony of Buddhas, saints, and gods. As for the "strange and weird feeling" that strangers are supposed to get in these caves, the boyish tricks of a number of young priests, and the valiant attempts of my self-appointed guide to untangle English sentences served to keep my mind on the realities of life. The priests had so much fun out of my visit that

I thought it would be only fair to make them pay for it. So I solemnly placed a Straits ten-cent piece on the offering-plate at one of the temples.

* * *

Within the last year or two, motor-bus lines have made Polonnaruwa accessible from Anuradhapura and Habarana. The Batticaloa railway line will bring hundreds of travellers to this delightful spot after a few years. Now is the best time to see it, however, before it is surrounded by a bustling town and the annoyance of guides. The ruins are very different from those of Anuradhapura. Anuradhapura is a place of skeletons, Polonnaruwa a place of shells. Instead of naked pillars rising from the ground, one sees walls, usually of brick. In several building, parts of the roof are still in place. At the Thuparama Vihara, the roof is almost complete. It is constructed in the form of a tall, oval arch, almost Gothic in effect. This vihara is one of a group of temples and pavilions in the central part of the old city. None of them are very large, but each is remarkable in some way. There is a circular temple with a Buddha looking out through each of the four doors. The brick walls, the decorated stairways, the stone pavement, are all in excellent condition. Many of the buildings have a row of those fabulous beasts, the Singhalese lions, all around the walls. One cannot know the artists' intent, but I suspect the Singhalese boys of the time of Parakrama Bahu looked at the broad grins of these little stone lions and then asked their parents to get them a live one for a pet. I can only mention the graceful columns with two curves in their shafts, and the many neat stone temples on the Indian Saivite style. Then, there is the northern group of ruins, centering in the lofty brick walls of the Jetawanarama Vihara, and containing also the finest of sleeping Buddhas, which has been out 'under the wide and starry sky' for many centuries.

Of course, Polonnaruwa cannot rival Anuradhapura in age. The thirteenth, 'greatest of centuries' in Europe, was the century when the best buildings were erected at Polonnaruwa. The luxury and wealth that showed themselves in architecture proved a lure to the warlike Tamils. And the pride of Polonnaruwa, like that of the later empire at Rome, went just before its fall. The Tamils were very efficient in their work of destruction, but thirty years of labour by the Archeological Commission have worked wonders, and today one can picture Polonnaruwa as the dwelling place of real people. The old walls enclose more of human interest than do the gaunt pillars of Anuradhapura.

One should plan to go to Mihintale during the cheap-fare season, when it is swarming with pilgrims. In place of the silent deer that bound along what was once the main street of Polonnaruwa, the forest of Mihintale rings with the "Sahd', Sahd', Sahd', Sahdu" of hundreds of Singhalese. There was even a company of priests from far-away

Japan at the sacred hill when I was there. There is a large proportion of elderly people and of women among those who climb the thousand and more stone steps which pious hands have made to render piety easier. They mutter and chant to themselves almost continuously, except when someone breaks into a vociferous string of "Sahdus" and everyone on the hill joins in. Mahinda, the first missionary to Ceylon, had remarkable success. He appealed by the force of logic to the cultured Devanampiya Tissa. One wonders if it is the clear, elevated thoughts of the ancient sage, or the miracles that pious historians have gathered around his name, which today attract the masses of the Singhalese to worship Mahinda as almost a god.

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An army of gunners patrolled the 'tanks' of Anuradhapura during the Christmas season. The noise of their guns, now here, now there, shattered the peace of the dagobas,-a peace that the invaders of 22 centuries have often disturbed. A family of monkeys among the trees on one ancient dome squealed its fright. The swifts in high alarm flew in and out of the holes in the masonry. A stealthy mongoose darted to cover behind a flower-laden altar. But the Buddha sat in stony silence in the neighbouring forest, and the blood-sacrifice of game to the god of Sport continued. I hope none of these sounds reach him in Nirvana to break into his perfect emptiness.

* * *

P. S. Ceylon was not the first home of Buddhism. The place where Prince Siddhartha first preached his religion was Benares. The ancient city stood five miles north of the present-day Kasi, at a place now called Sarnath. Perhaps the great, lazy river had a channel past Sarnath in the old days. Or it may be that the river was not the city's chief reason for existence in the Buddha's time. Still, Benares must have been a place of some religious significance even in 525 B. C. For, after his quest of seven years, his experiments with hypnotic trances, with self-mortification, and with motionless meditation, it was to Benares that the Buddha came to start preaching his good news of salvation.

On the spot where the Enlightened One made his first five converts, stands a great mound of brick and earth, now in a similar condition to that of Elara's Tomb at A'pura. It was once a splendid dagoba or stupa three hundred feet high, but now is humbled sufficiently to wear a sort of dunce-cap. For on the top of the mound, Akbar, in 996 A. D., "resolved to build a lofty tower reaching to the blue sky" as a memorial to his father Humayun, "king of the Seven Climes, now residing in Paradise", as the inscription tells us.

Half a mile farther on, surrounded by the scattered remains of some of the great monasteries of the seventh century, there towers the Dhamakh Stupa. It is not built on the hemispherical plan

of the Ceylon dagobas, but is a cylinder whose sides taper only slightly and rise to a height of 143 feet. Instead of the shining white plaster of the Thuparama, the Dhamakh was covered with gray stone, carved in floral patterns. It was rebuilt only thirteen centuries ago, but some of the bricks that can be seen at the top have the huge dimensions of those made before the Christian era. When I was there, the monasteries and stupa were deserted save for a few caretakers, while right in their midst a prosperous and well-kept Jain temple rears its slender spire. The world-religion has been forgotten in the place of its origin, and one of the most narrowly Indian sects now holds the fort against Hinduism.

The many sculptures in the nearby museum tell the story in stone. There are the four lions sitting back to back which Asoka set atop a polished stone pillar,—a strong and noble work of art. Then one sees the Buddha, his face full of sympathy and animation, eagerly expounding his teachings. Then come the Hindu gods, first adopted into the great chain of Buddhas and made rather human, finally flourishing supreme in all their many-limbed grotesqueness. Thus the religion of beggar saints gave way to religions of devotion for the common man, and living, loving gods were again enshrined in the heart of India.

N.

A DIALOGUE

By J. N. Appadurai

X. Hallo! you are coming from school, I suppose.

Y. Oh, yes, I am coming from school, but you are from your farm, I understand.

X. Can you tell me why you go to school?

Y. My parents will not allow me to stop from going to school; they think that it is the only way for me to get some employment, and my teachers preach almost every day to go to school regularly and learn this and that very carefully; I do not know why. Whether all these are really interested in me or have their own interest in mind, is a question.

X. I think I can answer that question; your parents and your teachers have your interest as well as theirs in mind in all that they do for you.

Y. Say that the teachers have *their* interest first, and then, perhaps, mine.

X. Whatever it may be, I tell you that the teachers serve you day by day for your own good.

Y. What do you mean by saying that the teachers serve us; do you mean that the teachers are our servants?

X. Yes, exactly so, not only the teachers, but the principal, the vice principal, the inspectors of

schools, and the Director of Education, are all our servants. They are all here with their high sounding titles and qualifications, with their motorcars and other facilities to serve us, little boys and girls.

X. But do they really think so? I do not see that; now, take these teachers. I do not know much about the others whom you have mentioned. These teachers, as soon as they enter our class rooms, they look different, they talk different, they expect me to know all the things which they know, so they expect me to answer all their questions, and the worst part of all is that they become angry at me and sometimes inflict pain on my body when I fail to answer some of their questions or when I commit some petty mischief in the class.

Y. Perhaps you think that teaching and learning are easy things, but they are not so. Nothing comes in this world without pains. All those things which you have just mentioned may be necessary to put something into your head.

X. But what is the good after all? There are many young men now-a-days without any work after having been studying in schools and colleges for years.

Y. I, too, admit that, but education is not for getting employment it is to train your mind and heart and in short to make you a cultured person.

X. Well, I know that sermon, but education, at least, should help a young man to earn his bread. As the chances for employment under government or in some of the coveted professions are limited, in order to help the majority of young men who spend their valuable time in schools and colleges, they should be trained to use their hands with their brain in order to undertake some industrial or commercial or agricultural pursuits, when they come out of their schools.

Y. Well, the time is slowly approaching for the development of industry, agriculture, and commerce in our country. Among the other agents, there is the spirit of Gandhism also to rouse our people to think of those things which will promote the prosperity of our country.

X. Let me tell you something of Mahatma Gandhi's lessons to every child. He says that every child should be trained to rise up early from bed, then the first thing he must do is his devotion to God. "In the beginning God;" then he must he taught to spin not less than three hours every day.

Y. What a good thing it would be if not only the boys but also the girls were taught to spin and weave! It is said, in Japan you can see a workshop in almost every house, and the lady of the house busily engaged in some handwork.

X. In Japan, they have learned the dignity of labour. There an educated man may be seen working in his farm, then going to market to buy some necessary things, and then sitting in the legislative council discussing matters concerning the Government of his country.

: But, how different things are in our country! European dress and motor cars are the desire of many of our leaders. They will not stoop down to pick up a stick that is fallen down.

Y. Well, then, there is much in leadership for good or bad, for the prosperity or adversity of a country. What then can you and I do to become proper leaders of our country?

X. Oh, we must learn well and work hard and make the best use of our time and talents and also we must travel to other countries to see and learn better things from others.

Y. We must study Tamil well, I suppose, because there has been much talk for some time lately in Jaffna about more Tamil and less English, at least in the lower classes.

X. Those who say so are not our friends, nor are they the friends of our country. Of course, we must study Tamil well, as it is our mother tongue; but it should not be at the sacrifice of studying the English language. For what can I learn from other nations and countries without knowing the English language well? The English language has become a universal language. But what about our Tamil?

Y. Perhaps you do not understand my point. My point is, in the lower classes, more Tamil and less English. When you go up to the upper classes or to the college, as it is sometimes said, you can make up your English.

X. Some easy-going people who are ignorant of the direct method of teaching English will say so. That is why many boys are kept for two or more years without promotion, in the upper classes or forms. That is why many fail in the university examinations.

Y. Then what is your suggestion?

X. My suggestion is, more English and better English, and more Tamil and better Tamil from the lowerclasses. Start English with the "Kindergarten."

Y. Well, as it is getting late let us stop now; when we meet again we can talk about some of the other useful points. So good-bye to you.

X. Well, good-bye.

"HOW IS THAT, UMPIRE?"

(AN APPRECIATION)

With superb delight I acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet, "How is that, umpire?" in 20 pages of half the usual book size, published by one of our students under the pseudonym "Bharatha-Nesan," with a foreword by Mr. V. Rajagopalan, M. A., of the Parameswara College. This laudable venture on the part of the young author marks a distinct turn in the mental outlook of the student

population of Ceylon. In days gone by, for reasons unknown, the average Ceylon student had a natural apathy towards affairs Indian. With the national awakening in India which was evinced by Mahatma Gandhi's programme of non-co-operation as the means of attaining swaraj, Ceylon, which has all the time been a pendant on the neck of *Bharathamatha* seems to be convinced of the fact that she has to follow in the foot-prints of her mother to achieve her poli ical aspirations. The author has displayed remarkable ingenuity in making this bitter juice, emitting a repugnant Indian odour, palatable and agreeable to young Ceylon, by giving it a sweet aroma and an attractive appearance by drawing a splendid analogy with a game of cricket, the technicalities of which are quite familiar to all who have seen the portals of education in Ceylon.

This remarkable piece of literature consists of three short essays of sterling worth with an introduction and an explanatory note at the close, the latter dealing with the special accomplishments of the personnel of the Indian team. It is captained by Mahatma Gandhi and consists of the living nation-builders of India. The English team is captained by the premier and his staff. The author would have done better by making up a full eleven instead of eight as he has done, by putting names like Lord Curzon, General Smuts, and Lloyd George on the scoring book. Nevertheless it does more credit to the English team that they play three short.

The game begins in India, when the English eleven is fielding and the Indians bat. Mahatma Gandhi enters the field with Desabandi Das. There is the loud cry from the team and the spectators, "Bande mathara, bande matharam." In the midst of deafening cheers, the captain hits a boundary.

The veterans of the team are in turn stumped or bowled out; while Gandhi still holds on steadily blocking. There are constant changes in the position of the players in the field. The captain too, is changed. The outlook seems to be discouraging for the English team. The long-stop catches a rebounding ball and shouts out, "Caught out." Immediately the loud yell follows, "How is that, Umpire?" Quite sportingly the captain retires to Yeravada Jail. The competition becomes much more keen and since the sun has gone very high an interval is declared, which is the second chapter of the pamphlet. During the entertainment at the interval, the Indian team challenges its opponents to a game of cards which is the African muddle, and a game of dice, the struggle for hoisting the Indian flag at Nagpur.

Before the interval is over the Umpire's final decision, a 'not out,' is declared. All the Indian eleven leave the games they are engaged in, rush out, and are ready with bats in hand to continue the game with fresh vigour and enthusiasm. The English team is rather depressed, the personnel of the team is changed, a new team under the captaincy of the distinguished wicket-keeper, Mr.

Ramsay Macdonald, takes the field.

In this commotion begins a series of challenges in the form of presidency matches in Bombay, Calcutta, Central Provinces, and Madras. Everywhere the cry is, "How is that, Umpire ?" The author leaves us in this abrupt way, leaving the rest for our imagination, with the expectation that if the umpires are just the Indian team will come out with laurels.

I for one congratulate the young author on the splendid get-up of the pamphlet, and commend it to everyone as something well worth reading.

C. O. ELIAS

KOVINTHAR VELUPPILLAI GNANAPRAGASAM

Jaffna College mourns the loss of one of her landmarks, the ever-busy, ever-courteous Secular Agent, Veluppillai. His death during the long vacation came as a shock to his many friends, for he had always concealed his age with a step as brisk as the youngest schoolboy's.

Veluppillai was born in 1849 and in 1867 started his long career as a teacher in the Vaddukoddai Station School. For forty-seven years he served in this capacity until, in 1914, he "retired" to the active post of Secular Agent of the College. He was the cornerstone of the Moolai Church, having rendered able assistance to each of the ten catechists who have served at Moolai during his lifetime. His mastery of Tamil singing was well-known. He was married on an unlucky day, and boasted of the happiness his marriage brought him. He lived to celebrate his Golden Wedding Anniversary early this year. Among his own people at Tholpuram, he was a shining example of right living, and his visits to all the people of the village were a means of bringing happiness into many lives. With a few such laymen in every church the Christian community need never lack in influence or in grace.

The deceased is survived by his wife, who is four years his junior; by two sons in Colombo, one in the Post Office, the other in the Public Works Department, and by three daughters, two of whom are teaching in Mission schools near Moolai.

EDITORIAL

This is a time of questioning in nationalist circles in India. None of the policies of non-co-operation is sacred enough to escape criticism. In the field of economics, men are wondering if the protective tariff will not be a greater help to Indian manufactures than

all the "sweet music" of the *charka*. In politics, the Khalifat issue is no longer a trump card. The rest of the world has sat by in rather shocked surprise and watched the much-oppressed Turk drive out his own spiritual head. Turkey is now as narrowly nationalistic as one could wish, and does not seem to care two straws for the Moslem world or for such distant matters as Hindu-Moslem unity in India. Indians are even beginning to doubt the Mahatma himself. He is no longer accepted as an oracle by those who wish to push the Vaikom Satyagraha to its logical conclusion or by those who wish to fight from within the councils. Gandhi is being set down with the late Woodrow Wilson as an impractical idealist, too otherworldly and too conservative to be a political leader. Yet, whatever may be said against Gandhi by smaller men, nationalism is the religion of India today, and the Mahatma is its prophet.

Like all popular religions, nationalism is in danger of falling into forms and ceremonies unless thinking men make it a dynamic and sensible body of beliefs. It must not depend on unproved charges, such as the unarmed innocence of the Akalis and the barbarity of the Government forces at Jaito last February. Rather, let the new creed take in this sure fact, that under self-government religious and communal controversies must be forgotten and the will of the majority must rule. It must not take up the worship of dead gods, such as the spinning-wheel of two hundred years ago and the Khalifat of 1918. Rather, let it bow before the things that really count in the nationalistic programme:—faith in the possible greatness of India, hope that selfishness in all its forms can be given up, and love for righteousness in high and in low places. In other words, the swaraj movement ought to draw its inspiration from sources higher even than "Young India."

The great temptation of Indian thought throughout its history is to yield to despair. We are living in Kali Yuga. What is the use of striving? The universe will be cast into the melting-pot after a few thousand years. But meantime, we cannot do anything to improve conditions in this age. All we can do is to rail against things as they are. This hopeless note sometimes creeps into the optimistic programme of the reformer, where it surely does not belong. For, the real worker is always looking toward a brighter tomorrow. He is studying the problems of his country, and then he is devoting his life to the solution of one of them. He has confidence that a time is coming when love will rule the actions of men, when men, realizing their divine sonship, will treat one another as brothers. And that, after all, is not a new religion but the one Jesus taught. N.

JAFFNA COLLEGE

Vaddukoddai, Ceylon **Established in 1872**

FACULTY

Rev. John Bicknell, B. A., B. D., (Yale) Principal, on furlough	1915
Rev. Max Hunter Harrison, B. A., S. T. M. (Harvard) Acting Principal *Latin and Logic*	1919
John V. Chelliah, M. A. (Cal.) Vice Principal *English*	1895
Louis S. Ponniah, B. A. (Cal.) *Tamil and Latin*	1909
J. Chelliah Amarasingham, B. A. (Madr.) *History and English*	1917
David S. Sanders, B. A. (Cal.) *Mathematics*	1919
Albert C. Sundrampillai, B. Sc. (Cal.) *Science*	1919
Edward G. Nichols, B. A. (Columbia) *English and Science*	1921
Carl W. Phelps, B. Sc. (Massachusetts Inst. Technology) *Science*	1921
C. O. Elias, B. A. (Cal.) *History*	1923

ADDITIONAL STAFF

K. V. George (I Class Drawing Certificate)
A. Kathiravelu (L. Matric.)
T. P. H. Arulampalam (Manual Tr. Cert.)
J. V. Gunaratnam, L. Th.
L. S. Kulatungam (Inter Arts)
E. V. Rasiah (I Class Trained)
M. V. Seevaratnam (III Class Certificate)
J. C. Arumanayagam (Senior Certificate)
K. S. Saravanamuttu (I Class Trained)
K. S. Stephen (Vern. Cert.)
M. I. Thomas, M. A. (Madras)
Mrs. M. H. Harrison, B. A. (Wellesley)
A. M. Brodie (II Class Trained)

LOWER SCHOOL STAFF

J. Appadurai (Straits Normal Cert.)
H. M. Chellappah (III Class Cert.)
Mrs. L. Williams
Mrs. E. T. David
S. J. Hensman
V. R. Rajaratnan (Prov. Cert.)
Mrs. Hunt
A. S. Pakianatham (Vern. Cert.)
S. A. Visuvalingam (III Class Cert.)
A. J. Chelvadurai

ALUMNI NOTES

BY C. H. COOKE

Mr. S. T. Seevaratnam, B. Sc., has joined the staff of Hartley College, Point Pedro.

Mr. G. M. Kanagaratnam, L. Th., has been appointed Assistant to the Pastor of the Uduvil Church.

Messrs S. W. Charles and C. T. Chelliah were successful in the Second Professional Examination of the Ceylon Medical College

Mr. S. W. Ponnappah was successful in the Final Examination of King Edward VII College of Medicine, Singapore, *Messrs. J. S. and J. T. Amerasinghum,* in the Fourth year Professional, and *Mr. S. H. K. Alfred,* in the First year Professional.

Mr. V. Nagalingam has been appointed Notary Public to practise his profession in the English and Tamil languages.

Mr. T. S. Selvaiah is at present Headmaster of the Gampaha Government English School.

Mr. J. P. Kandiah, Chief Clerk of Kegalle Kachcheri, has been transferred to Jaffna.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint

Mr. Chelliah H. Cooke, to be a Justice of the Peace for the Jaffna District.

Weddings. *Mr J. M. Tharmar Cooke* was married to Miss I. C. Sornam Tampoo on the 19th March at the Uduvil Church.

Mr. W. T. Alagaratnam was married at the Uduvil Church on the 21st March to Miss D. D. Anketell.

Mr James Tambiah was married to Miss Kanagam Backua at the Manipay Church on the 9th May.

Obituary. *Mr. R. R. Gunaratnam,* B. A., teacher. Hartley College, died at Tellippalai on the 10th May.

Mr. S. S. Somasundram, Contractor, passed away at Nallur on the 12th May.

COLLEGE NOTES

Is it right to congratulate a man when he receives only what is due him? Perhaps not. Still, we cannot resist the opportunity of reminding the College of what Mr. Chelliah H. Cooke's new honour, Justice of the Peace, means. It means, first, over forty years' devoted service to Jaffna College. He became an instructor in 1879, and taught Logic, History, Geography, and Bible to many College generations down to 1916. Then for three years he filled the posts of Librarian and of Vice-Principal, the latter without the title. For the last five years Mr. Cooke has been in charge of the Vaddukoddai Church, where his influence on the College is still strong. And of course, he is a Director of the College, and a member of the Directors' Executive Committee. No one can rival him in the length of service he has given. Second, Mr. Cooke's literary work is well known throughout the Peninsula. He has long been Tamil Editor of *The Morning Star,* which was formerly owned by his father. *Kamotholil Vellakam,* a magazine devoted to scientific agriculture, and *Ki dumba Theebam,* a family magazine, are also edited by Mr.

Cooke. Third, Mr. Cooke is prominent in local affairs. He is a Registrar of Marriages for Vallikamam West, a member of the Village Tribunal, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Jaffna Council of Churches. No doubt we have neglected to note several of his important posts, but in all things his motto, like that of the Prince of Wales, seems to be: "I serve".

* * *

The boys whom he had taught were the most demonstrative in grief, but everyone at the College was genuinely sorry to see Mr. G. M. Kanagaratnam leave us after a year of teaching. We are delighted to hear that he is making good in his work as Assistant Pastor of Uduvil Church. The farewell dinner in his honour on the last night of the first term served also as a pleasant get-together for all the teachers and students, an affair which it would be well to perpetuate at the end of every term.

* * *

St. John's College is celebrating its centenary of English education for boys in Nallur and Chundikuli. We rejoice with them, and are glad to see that their old boys have shown a fine spirit of loyalty in their generous subscriptions to the Centenary Fund. We regret to note that our Jubilee Fund suffers by comparison. But it is not yet too late for our alumni to mend that, if they wish.

Mr. E. C. Dewick of the Student Christian Movement is to be in Jaffna early in July. The Y.M. C. A's of the four colleges in Jaffna are planning to unite in a conference at Mandaitivu from the fourth to the sixth of July (Friday night to Sunday night). After that, Mr. Dewick will spend a week visiting the various colleges.

* * *

Our boys at least know how to overcome obstacles. The one bright picture that remains in our minds after the King's Birthday Meet, is that of the Obstacle Races. T. C. Kanagaratnam, in the Intermediate group, was two or three yards back of the leaders when the last obstacle was reached, but he was more speedy in working his way through a sack full of soot, and so galloped across the line a winner. In the Senior division, J. C. Arulampalam used his head. He waited for the other contestants to raise the cricket mat, and then he dove right through the hole they had made. After that, his speed in clearing the last hurdle brought him to the front of the field. The only other first place that the College gained was in the Intermediate High Jump. P. Rajaratnam jumped 4 ft. 10 in., tying for first with a boy from St. John's. If third places had counted, Jaffna College would have gained several more points. Our boys worked hard in almost every event, and failed to take some seconds by the narrowest margins. Kanagaratnam in the Long Jump and the 100,

Jeyarajah in the Cricket Ball Throw, and Arulampalam in the hurdles, were near the winners. The experience gained in competition this year should bring us more glory next year. The management and equipment of the meet left much to be desired. St. John's College was an easy winner, with thirteen firsts. Jaffna Hindu was second.

* * *

The Scout Troop took part in the Rally which followed the sports on the King's Birthday. S. S. Selvanayagam, Senior Patrol Leader, has left for England to attend the Imperial Jamboree.

* * *

There has been no word from Mr. Bicknell in the last month or two, but we are rather expecting him back about the last of September.

* * *

The College banyan tree produced a tremendous crop of fruit in the latter part of May. There was great excitement in the ranks of the dining-hall scavengers, who were somewhat remiss in their regular duties in consequence.

* * *

Mrs. Harrison received two J. P.'s this year in memory of her father, the late Richard C. Hastings. Maniagar R. R. Kumarakulasinghe of Tellippalai bears the name Richard, and Mr. C. H. Cooke's middle name is Hastings.

* * *

We must remark that some of the statements in the "Appreciation" that we publish this time do not meet with the entire accord of the Editor, but we publish them as honest statements of opinion, to which our columns are always open.

E. G. N.

HONOUR ROLL

FOR THE FIRST TERM, 1924

Matric.	Thurairajah, R. C.	57 %	III A.	Visuvanathan, M.	65 "
	Kandasamy, V.	55 "		Murugesu, S.	61 "
Sr.	Rajanayagam, S.	59 "	III B.	Gnanasegaram, C. A.	71 "
	Kathiravaloo, S. S.	57 "		Sivasupramaniam, M.	70 "
V A.	Muttiah, I. R.	56 "	III C.	Krishnasamy, R.	66 "
	Rajaratnam, E. C.	55 "		Sivagurunathapillai	55 "
V B.	Sabapathipillai, C.	63 "		Kandiah, P.	55 "
	Swaminather, T.	59 "	II A.	Thiroovathavoorar, M.	64 "
V C.	Nadarajah, A.	51 "		Pathmanathan, T.	63 "
	David, J. A.	51 "	II B.	Thambiratnam, P.	63 "
IV A.	Vethaparanam, G.	68 "		Rajadurai, M.	62 "
	Subramaniam, R. K.	68 "	II C.	Arumugam, K.	68 "
IV B.	Chellappah, K.	61 "		Somasundram, M.	67 "
	Appiah, S.	58 "	I A.	Williams, L.	71 "
IV C.	Gunanayagam, A.	64 "		Black, K.	65 "
	Suppramaniam, P.	60 "	I B.	Alexander, S. A.	72 "
				Muttukumarasamy, A.	60 "

Outside Examinations

Senior Cambridge, 1923.
Kandiah, A. K.
Ponniah, A. (Honours)
Winslow, E. V.
Pooranasatcunan, S.
Nadarajah, A.
Thurairajasingam, S.
Bonney, W. K.
Appadurai, P. K.

London Matriculation, Jan. 1924.
Ponnampalam, A. S.
Nadarajah, T. K.

NEW TAMIL BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

1. Kandapooranam.
2. Kambar Charitram.
3. Patlinathar Kothoo.
4. Periya Pooranam.
5. The Bhagavad Gita.
6. Tamil Composition.
7. Auvai.
8. Eerattai Poolavar Charitram.
9. A life sketch of Ambigapathy.
10. The Story of Rama.
11. Panchathanthira Vasanam.
12. Ancient Tamilian and Aryan.
13. Veenotharamanchari.
14. Ottakoothar Charitram.
15. Nydatha Moolam.
16. Thiruvilyadal Pooram.
17. Sri Thayoomanavar Swami Padal.
18. Poorana Moolamum Pollyurayum.
19. Thamul Poolavar Charitram.
20. Putha Charitram, Pouthatharumam, Pouthasangam.
21. An Anthology of minor Didactic Works.
22. Thamulargal Charitram.
23. Veevaga Sinthamany. Moolamum Urayum. Part 1 and 2.
24. Kalidasa Charitram.
25. Moneymaykalay Charithey.
26. Kovalan "
27. Gop l Krishna Gokhale.
28. Mohandas K. Gandhi.
29. Mahathma Gandhi Geeviya Charitram.
30. Thamul Navalar Charithey.
31. Thayamanavar Charitheram.
32. Kannaki Charitram.
33. Sakuntala.
34. Chavithirya Charithey.
35. Chudamoney N egandoo.
36. The Story of the Life of Buddha.
37. Arumuga Navalar Charitram.
38. Ecnithu Natpathoo, Moolamum Urayum.
39. Panchathantheram Cheyul.
40. Thiruvaluvar Nayanar Charitram.
41. Innah Natpathoo.
42. Thirukadugam.
43. Neethee noot Kothoo.
44. Sri Rama Charitram.
45. Thevara Thiruvasaga Thiratoo.

K. S.

THE FORUM

This association was started by Rev. John Bicknell in the year 1923, and celebrated its first Anniversary on the 28th of March, 1924. The function was carried on in an excellent manner and was successful. A Tamil drama under the name "Puvirasasingham" was acted. The actors did their best. The credit of this Tamil drama goes to the director of the play, P. Vijayaratnam. On the whole, our function was an encouraging one.

Let me tell you a word or two of the work we have been doing during the last

term. With the training we underwent in the Lyceum we have been doing exceptionally good work. This association is carried on under the patronage of Mr. E. G Nichols. We have held meetings regularly once a week, and taken special care to make the debates interesting and useful. We hold Tamil debates once a month. We edit weekly papers either in Tamil or in English. Our English paper runs under the name, "The Forum Leader," and the Tamil paper is called ஒருமித்தசெல். A few of the topics discussed are :

Co-education should be encouraged in the schools of Jaffna

Aff. V. Somasundram Neg. K. Vyravanather Lost.

Passive resistance is better than war.

Aff. R. W. Emerson Neg. S. Thambiah Carried.

English customs have spoiled our old customs.

Aff. M. Seevaratnam Neg. E. C. Rajaratnam Carried.

சுவிசேசம் பொருட்செல்வத்தைக் கொண்டது

Aff. A. Selvaratnam Neg. V. Murugesu Carried.

M. KATHIRAVALU
Hon. Secy.

THE BROTHERHOOD and LYCEUM continue to flourish, but their secretaries have not favoured us with any account of their activities.

THE 1924 CRICKET TEAM

This year cricket was started very enthusiastically. The team promised to be successful in its campaigns, for it consisted of some of the best elements of the previous years' teams, and for the greater part it had its old successful pilot, Captain Cooke, to lead it again. In describing the strength of the team, I should not pass over the three strokers, Meadows, Nagalingam, and Devasagayam. Alas, the year that opened so well was to end very gloomily.

Full of hope, the team met the Centralites and suffered an unexpected defeat at the hands of their terrible bowlers. Although they suffered a loss, their minds were set on the conquest of the other teams. With renewed vitality, the team met the Hindu College team, which was captained by a leader, who was in no way inferior to ours. Putting up a hard struggle against them, our team won the day, in which the captains of both teams contributed much by scoring 58 runs each. Encouraged by this success, the cricket team took practice with full force. Alas, unfortunately our Captain fell away from the team owing to a sudden stroke of illness when the team needed him most. In this critical moment Mr. Meadows came forward to lead the team. With the new election, some of the so-called best elements left the team. In this not much of sporting spirit was shown. Now a good and promising band of youngsters filled the team. This team met the Parameswara College team and defeated it with an easy struggle, and I as a spectator say that I cannot praise them too much. Last of all it met the Johnians. In the first innings it faced them equally, but in the second it gave them the lead on account of the superior batting of the Johnians.

S. T. SEEVARATNAM, Sr. A.

The following members of the team were awarded the College shield: R. C. S. Cooke (Captain), A. Meadows (Captain), E. A. Devasagayam, K. Nagalingam, R. C. Thurairajah, V. Muttu, P. T. Cooke, K. Somasundram, A. Kulasegaram, R. Somasundram, A. Ampalavanar, S. Muttukumaru (Manager). The best bowler was Devasagayam. Nagalingam, Thurairajah, and Muttu also did well. The best batters were R. C. S. Cooke and Meadows.

The scores of the matches follow—

	First	Second	
St. Patrick's	87	86	
Jaffna	77	95	Lost by one run.
Jaffna Central	92	113	
Jaffna	73	58	Lost by 74 runs.
Jaffna Hindu	135	78	Won by 8 wickets
Jaffna	160	86	and 36 runs'
Parameswara	108	72	Won by 3 wickets
Jaffna	129	52	and runs.
St. John's	160	135	Lost by 3 wickets
Jaffna	128	35	and 132 runs.

OUR EXCHANGES

The S *Thomas' College Magazine* for March contains an appreciation of the work of R. S. Copleston, Anglican Bishop of Colombo for 21 years. By his financial assistance, the College was able to move from the vicinity of the coaling station at Mutwal out to its present admirable site at Mount Lavinia. St. Thomas' building programme during the past ten years has been even greater than our own, and their old boys have supported it to the utmost.

"The League of nations" is the title of the leading article in *The Central*. We recommend it to students of modern history, and thank Mr. Cash for the following information:

"If any member of the audience is convinced of the value of the Lague of Nations, may I suggest that he or she should become a member of the league of Nations Union? The Secretary may be communicated with at 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London SWI. A subscription of two rupees fifty cents per year brings the monthly magazine, *Headway*, to your home regularly."

A "Non-smoking League" is an organization recently started by some boys of the lower forms in Dharmaraja College, according to the *Telescope*. We should like to see the idea spread.