



JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY



CONTENTS

	PAGE
Vacation	1
Some Disadvantages of Present day Education	1
Principal's Notes	6
“He is Risen”	7
Editorial Notes	11
Vacation	12
What the Vacation Means to me	14
Certain Responsibilities During Vacation	15
Visiting Places of Interest During the Vacation	16
“He is Risen” (Continuation)	17
Farming	18
மனிதநாத்தி	20
Reading for the Holidays	21
Poetry	22
A Sleepless Night	24
An M. A.	27
மன் னுயிர்நெக்கம்	28
A Walk with our Principal Mr. Bicknell	29
The Brotherhood	29
A Tremendous Blunder	31
“Our Brotherhood”	32
We Hear That	33
The Agri-Horticultural Society	34
Alumni	34
The Library	35
Events	39
Acknowledgment	40
The College	41

Jaffna College Miscellany

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VACATION

There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till he had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties after that!

Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen years as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love—making, when sensation is new to him.

Canon Kingsley

If all the year were playing holidays
To sport would be as tedious as work;
But when they seldom come, they
wish'd for come,
And nothing pleases but rare
accidents.

Shakespeare

SOME DISADVANTAGES OF PRESENT DAY EDUCATION

(BY R. CHELVADURAI PROCTOR, REGISTRAR, SUPREME COURT, CEYLON.)

A lady principal of one of your girls' high schools, who had come to Jaffna after service as educationist in England, Canada, Australia and South Ceylon, told me that, nowhere in the countries she knew, the parents showed greater anxiety than here for the education of their children. Before the advent of the Portuguese, Jaffna was an important seat of learn-

ing and culture. Her fame attracted scholars here from India as well as South Ceylon. The king was by virtue of his position the president of the National College of learned men, whose business it was to examine works of authors and to offer its seal of approval. Books that were not so passed could not find their circulation. This College of learned men (Sangam as it was

called) was a constituent organ of the state. It had however independent standing, in-as-much as it owned property and received its own revenue which was applied to its upkeep.

Elementary education had long been recognised as the birth right of every child.—“என்னை அறிந்தும் உண்டென ந்த குர்—” The three R's were deemed as precious to children as eye-sight. The parents, the village teacher, and the priest were jointly responsible for the education of the children in the rudiments of knowledge.

The guilds took charge of the education of boys in handicrafts, arts, etc. Literary men of distinction took over students aspiring to literary career. Philosophers trained students in philosophy. Successful physicians trained candidates for practice in medicine. The student apprentices received the special attention of the masters. The key note of education was learning by doing and through service. The qualifications and tests before admission to studentships varied according to the rank of the profession or trade on the social scale. *Pavananthi*, the author of *Nanool*, who lived about the 8th century, has left on record the types of young men, who were not admitted to studentships in literary classes:—

“One fond of intoxicating beverages, the sluggard, the temperamentally sensitive one with propensity to steal, the sickly, the tuned, the cantankerous, the irritable, the drowsy, the one prone to

confusion of thought or nervous excitability, one with criminal propensities, the lying should not be admitted to studentships.”

The Portuguese, who occupied Jaffna during the 17th century, A. D., destroyed all institutions that stood for culture and learning. In their zeal of planting the Roman Catholic church here, they suppressed education of the old times and destroyed books and records,

The Dutch, who followed the Portuguese, did very little to revive the old culture. Minor appointments were given only to candidates, who professed Christianity according to the Reformed Dutch Church. Schools were opened which imparted lessons on elementary subjects and in the gospels, but their schools were few and far between.

When the British assumed the rule of maritime parts, they found the people illiterate. In Jaffna, there were a few families, who, anxious to maintain their traditions of learning, were imparting education to the boys more or less secretly. But the knowledge which passed for learning was poor indeed owing to the suppressed state of the people for over 2½ centuries. However, the inborn thirst for learning was present.

When the missionaries opened schools here, people were ready to accept the boon not knowing what the nature of the gifts would be. The American Missionary opened the Batticotta seminary and it was not long before the people began to appreciate the work of

the pioneers of America. The graduates, whom the Batticotta seminary turned out, proved themselves beyond doubt to be true patriots. Several old Tamil books were translated into English and the old interest of education was revived.

English became the state language. Professional preferments and appointments under Government awaited those who were proficient in English. A competitive regime in school learning slowly crept in. A system of examination was introduced, the object being to find out the capacity of the examined in order to promote them to higher forms. The school management was remunerated on the results of the examinations. Thanks to the efforts of the American Missionaries, who maintained the individuality of the Batticotta Seminary, Jaffna earned a reputation as a great seat of learning. Her sons carried the torch of learning to other countries. They were honoured with responsible appointments, both in India and in Ceylon. With the success the sons of Jaffna achieved in other countries and the natural prosperity that it brought to Jaffna, the demand for schools and more teachers became insistent. The traditional relations of Guru and Seesha, master and pupil, began to give place to new. The present system of education is a copy (a bad copy at that, I daresay) on the model of that of England. I propose to address to you to night, on some of the disadvantages of present day education.

First, let us have a clear notion of the object of education.

The object of education, I take it, is "to enlighten the understanding, cultivate the taste, correct the temper, form the manners and habits of youth, and especially to fit them for usefulness in their future stations by preparing them for the battle of life."

The subject of education engaged the attention of thinkers from remote times. King Solomon recommends education in order to give subtilty to the simple, to the youngmen knowledge and discretion (Prov. 1: 3.), and though he recommends knowledge, he considers it subsidiary to understanding and wisely emphasises wisdom as the principal thing, therefore get wisdom and with all things get understanding (Prov. 4: 7.) The ancient thinkers of India said that the purpose of education should be to enlighten one in one's sense of duty, to augment one's material welfare, to increase general happiness and to lead one to bliss in life hereafter.

In the light of the definition of the object of education, one is tempted to ask as to whether the education imparted in our high schools could achieve the object indicated above. Could the storing in of undigested knowledge for the purpose of passing examinations conduce to the enlightenment of understanding? Are not students expected to take in ready-made opinions and findings of others without discrimination and without criticism? In the formative stage of mind, if the habits of training students in dead book knowledge be persisted in, would

it not tend to kill the original thinking power and unbiassed resourcefulness of the mind? If the tendency of the schools is constantly to provide for the scholar authoritative ready-made opinions, which he has to learn by heart and which he does not trouble to question or investigate, the results should no doubt be fatal to his common sense. It must be borne in mind that knowledge can only be usefully acquired in proportion to common sense possessed by the learner and that common sense can make excellent use of knowledge and knowledge can just replace common sense and that learning must be subordinate to understanding.

If students are made to cram, in preparation for examination on conditions of time limit, would the process conduce to the correction of the temper of the student? It is not struggle or competition, but co-operation that should be inculcated in the course of education. Does not our system lay too much stress on the jungle philosophy of the survival of the fittest? Where temper has deteriorated, would there be much hope of success for the cultivation of tastes and refined manners? May I ask what are the organs in our public schools by means of which we aim to improve the habits and manners of youth? The east was noted for the refined manners of its youth, their self content, their spirit of co-operation and conciliation and respect to authority. Can any thinking man say that the present day manners are any im-

provement of the old? Are not the manners acquired or released on the battle fields of the great Armageddon sweeping our country? Our old civilisation is giving place to the new but it must be remembered that the civilisation, which grows upon the grave of some other civilisation, carries with it a distinctive tradition which naturally influences the people's philosophy of life.

If education is "to fit youth for usefulness in their future stations by preparing themselves for the battle of life," have our high schools attained their objective or the prospect of reaching their goal? In 90 cases out of a 100 the subjects taught at these schools were found useless to assist the men in the struggle of life. What use can a clerk make of his memorised conclusions that he learnt at schools on the subjects of Chemistry, Botany, Algebra and other like subjects? Or what is the use of Higher Mathematics, Psychology to a girl whose career was to be a wife? Why waste valuable time to stock in the tender mind a heterogeneous, undigested, ill-assorted knowledge of the odds and ends, character which only drives away common sense and tends to undermine critical faculties and independent judgment. Our education has upset the economical balance. It has created a distaste for physical work in the student. The learned proletariat class is increasing daily.

Owing to our present system of education common sense has become uncommon. We see in fact

that the average man has no opinion of his own. Public opinion is ready-made by newspapers and is assimilated without criticism by their readers. Popular magazines and books are filled with extravagant scenes of the love and murder type, which only serve to distort the people's ideas of life and may also be responsible for the increase of crime. Perhaps, at no period of our history, were the people so prone to receive suggestions without question, examination or criticism as they are now. Faiths are being changed with fashions.

At a time, when the government waits for a lead from the electorate before acting, a state of affairs, which supplants the native common sense and the judgment of the people by a confused mass of useless and unassimilated knowledge seems distinctively dangerous.

It is sad to think that during the last fifty years the system of education has existed, few leaders of men, thinkers, poets, philanthropists, have come to be known to the public, while the economic unsettlement, quarrels, crimes and unemployment have been noticeably on the increase.

Why are so few school-named men found among distinguished people? Because the massing of useless, uncoordinated knowledge in the tender brains of the learners produces the effect of displacing common sense, undermining the critical faculties and destroying initiative. The learned man from his store of information spins

out long arguments but in the end often finds himself undecided as to the course he should adopt in the particular case. Thus he proves the truism expressed by Bacon that it is not what one says but what one does that matters.

It is not schools, but great men have trained great men. I would refer to the officers trained by Napoleon, the Italian painter during the Renaissance, Duke of Wellington, Von Scimens, Plato and many others. It is evident that our forefathers had no great respect for bookish men, from the warnings that had come to us through their saying. To mention only one :

“வயிடுக்கலாக்காய் அறிஞ்சுவாது
முருண்டா அடிக் சாத்திரியர்பேயல்.”

Goethe said the greater the knowledge the greater the doubt. I have touched upon certain aspects of your school education. If you feel that reforms are necessary, then it is your duty to exert yourself to the end that such reforms be effected.

When I went into the world to engage myself in the struggle of life, it came to my mind often and often to conclude that things that I learned at college belonged to a world different from that in which my lot was cast.

The nearer you are brought to the actualities or the closer your minds are taken to the practical side of the work-a-day world, while you are young, the better for your happiness. The discontentment, which is rampant at the

present time, is due. I am afraid, to the realisation, by our young men turned out of our colleges, that doctrines and lessons you

were taught belonged, not to the conditions of this but to some other world.



PRINCIPAL'S NOTES.

Mr. Bicknell. We have no definite information of the time of Mr. Bicknell's return. He was doing Deputation work during the autumn, and expected to take a course at Harvard later. Probably he will start at the end of June, if not earlier.

Mr. and Mrs. Phelps. The College has lost a very valuable teacher in Mr. Phelps, who has been at the head of the Science and Physical departments, by his departure to Kodaikanal where he will be the Principal of the school for Missionary children. It must be said to the credit of Mr. Phelps that he has organised these departments so efficiently that his assistants are able to carry on the work without difficulty. Mr. Thurairatnam has succeeded Mr. Phelps as Physical Director. Such was his fairness and sportsmanship that even the man in the street had absolute confidence in his decisions as Umpire. He has certainly raised the standard of sportsmanship in Jaffna.

Mrs. Phelps has been very popular in the College and in the Christian community on account of her sociableness and helpfulness. We are afraid that here she did not have enough scope to exercise her talents, and so we rejoice that she has gone to a place

where she could engage in work which is congenial to her. We wish all success to Mr. and Mrs. Phelps in their new sphere of work.

The Inter Classes. We are glad to report that the enrolment in the London Intermediate Classes has increased. The present number is 30 in the Inter Science and 36 in the Inter Arts Classes. Of these 31 are in the Junior Classes, and 35 in the Senior Classes. At present they are housed in the American Teacher's quarters. The Warden of the Inter Hostel is Mr. Sitlinger, who lives in the Hostel and is directing and supervising the activities of the students efficiently.

The "Baby" Boarding. We wish to draw the attention of the public to the increasing usefulness of our boarding for the small boys. We have just secured a Matron to look after these. She is no stranger to us. Fifteen years ago she was as Miss Toussaint, a teacher in our Lower School. Now as Mrs. Lembruggen, she has returned to us to look after our smaller boys. Mrs. Lembruggen is also helping us in looking after our sick boys. We will gladly take in small boys as boarders and do all we can to make them comfortable.

"HE IS RISEN"

(A SERMON PREACHED BY THE ACTING PRINCIPAL ON EASTER
SUNDAY)

It was Sunday morning, the third day after the crucifixion. The disciples had already fled, except the one loving follower. They had felt that their glorious companionship with their Master had vanished like an empty dream. Disillusioned, disheartened, each man had gone his way skulking like a beaten hound to brood over his grief and disappointment in secret and solitude. But not so the women. When the men took to their heels, the women stood steadfast. They accompanied the Master on His way to Calvary, they stood weeping at the foot of the Cross, and they were present when Joseph of Arimathea laid away the body in the sepulchre. And on this memorable Sunday, "when it was yet dark," they went with spices to anoint the Lord's body. We can imagine how they must have spent the night in sorrowful watching eagerly awaiting the wished for dawn, and hastened to the sepulchre before the east reddened with the coming sun. As they reached the sepulchre they saw to their dismay that the stone that covered it had been removed. As they thus stood perplexed and shocked at the sacrilege, they saw two shining angels who said, "Why seek the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen!" Half in doubt, half in joy, they ran to some of the disciples to communicate to them

the perplexing news. But we are told that the disciples believed them not, and "the words of the women seemed to them as idle tales." But after they recovered from the shock of this amazing news, the irrepressible Peter, and the loving John ran breathless to the sepulchre. They saw for themselves that the body was indeed gone. But where?

It is very significant that our Lord appeared first to the woman whom He had saved from a life of shame and degradation. She was true, she was steadfast, she was grateful. The news spread, and the disciples had ocular demonstration that their Lord had risen indeed, and one of them, the doubting Thomas, was given the additional proof of using his sense of touch to prove the astonishing fact.

The Lord appeared a number of times to his disciples for a brief period, and then ascended into heaven. And then a wonderful thing happened. The disciples began to think over in their minds the things that the Master had said and done when He was still with them. Then the conviction began to lay hold on their minds that their Master was not a man at all, but the Divine itself sojourning among men. This conviction possessed them to such an extent that their lives became utterly transformed, they felt that a

new power had entered their being, and they became new men. The men who had run away from their master at the first sign of danger, were now ready to face persecution, prison, and death. They performed miracles, and wherever they went they carried all before them. On one occasion, on the day of Pentecost, they influenced as many as three thousand people to become the followers of the crucified Nazarene.

What then was the marvellous power that had come into their lives? It was the fact of the resurrection. Wherever they went they spoke of the risen Christ. That was the great message that they carried like a flaming torch through Asia Minor and then to Europe. That was the message that one of the converts, the great Paul, who may be called the founder of the Empire of Christ, preached in season and out of season to the Churches that he established. In the 15th chapter of the Epistle to the Church at Corinth, Paul rises to oratorical heights in speaking of the resurrection. "If Christ be not risen," he exclaims, "then is our preaching vain." St. Paul could speak out of his personal experience; for did he not see Him and hear His voice? He says in the same chapter, "And last of all he was seen of me also."

It must be confessed, with great sorrow that, as in Paul's time, so in our time, there are Christians who doubt the fact of the resurrection. We have seen how the preaching of Christianity entirely hinged upon this great fact. We have seen how the belief in this

fact entirely transformed the lives of the disciples and gave the simple, ignorant Galilean fishermen power to turn the Roman world upside down. Yea, Christianity, which everybody should admit as the greatest revolutionary force in the history of the world, rests upon this foundation stone. Deny the resurrection, you deny the authority of Christ; for He staked His claims on it; you deny the authority of the Apostles, for they made this the burden of their preaching and foundation of their doctrines; and you deny the authority of the saints of Christendom whose faith was built upon this rock. The greatest proof of Christ's resurrection is the Church of Christ in the world today.

Christ is risen! What does this mean to us? That we believe not only in a historical person that walked the earth two thousand years ago and did and spoke wonderful things, but also one who is living and is fulfilling His last words, "Lo I am with you always." There is a Christ of History and a Christ of Experience. When a few years ago I interviewed Mahatma Gandhi at Bangalore about his visit to Jaffna, I happened to ask him whether it was true that he was in search of a Guru to whom he could carry all his doubts and troubles and receive enlightenment and consolation. He answered me in the affirmative, and when I asked him what objection he had to accepting Jesus Christ as his Guru, he said that he was looking for a living Guru. This is exactly what we Christians claim to have in the Living Christ, the Christ of

Experience.* The humblest of us carry our doubts and difficulties to Him, and in the words of Tennyson we may say:

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears,
and spirit with spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

No! We do not believe in a dead Christ, but our faith is built on the Living Christ.

The resurrection of Christ is of immense importance in settling a question which has been asked over and over again throughout the ages. Job asks wistfully: "It a man die, shall he live again?"

The Jews did not always believe in the immortality of the soul. No doubt they believed in the immortality of the race, but as we read certain portions of the Old Testament we see that they thought that as the beast in the field men perished: "They are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth." It is only in the later prophets that there is a glimmering of the sense of personal immortality. To the Hindu, however, the problem of personal immortality has not been a thing to be proved. He takes it as an axiom. He regards man as a soul who possesses a temporary body, and not as a body, as many people of the West regard, possessing *perhaps* a soul. There are some chemists who give the following analysis of the average man—five feet ten inches tall and weighing 150 pounds: "enough fat to make seven bars of soap,

enough iron to make a nail of medium size, enough sugar to fill a shaker, enough lime to white-wash a chicken-coop, enough phosphorus to make twenty-two hundred match tips, enough magnesium for a dose of magnesia, enough potassium to explode a toy cannon, together with a little sulphur"—all worth three rupees! Are we then worth only rupees three?

Can the question of the immortality of the soul be proved by human reason? I am afraid that human reason has not been able to probe this problem fully. Nor on the other hand can the claim be made that science has destroyed this belief. We can only say with the great philosopher, Martineau: "We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we for ever try to prove it because we believe it." This is not an unscientific attitude. Indeed, we do believe in such scientific hypotheses as the conservation of energy and uniformity of law and try to prove them, because we cannot understand the world without believing them. To quote another great philosopher, John Fiske, "I believe in the immortality of the soul not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

But we Christians take even a higher ground. Our Hindu forefathers laid down the admirable principle that spiritual things could be discerned only by the threefold way: *Sruti* (Scriptures), *Yukti* (Reason), and *Anubavam* (Spiritual Experience.)

Nowadays there is a tendency to enthrone the goddess of Reason and to exclude the other two ways of exploring the spiritual realm. Let us by all means use our god-given reason, but we must remember that our poor reason can go only a little way in spiritual matters. We need the revelation which God vouchsafes to men, and also the spiritual intuition which He has implanted in us. What does our *Sruti* say? There is this triumphant note running through the Epistles of the greatest of the Apostles: "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." Our Lord proclaimed Himself as the Resurrection and the Life.

In the understanding of spiritual things *Anubavam* plays not the least important part. What is the experience of Christian bhaktas during the centuries? What is our own experience? Is it not that we have a Living Christ who is our companion, our guide, and the motive power of our lives? Do we not go to Him as a refuge in the storms of life? If Christ rose from the dead we too can rise. For to use the *reductio ad absurdum* used by St. Paul: "If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is not Christ risen; and if Christ is not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

This question of personal immortality does not merely concern itself as to what is going to happen to us after this life. If so, there are some people who would say with Hamlet that to "end the heart-ache and the natural shocks

that flesh is heir to—it's a consummation devoutly to be wished." But the important thing for us to bear in mind is that the belief in immortality affects us most vitally here and now. If we are merely a collocation of the chemical elements already described, it would not be worth while to live the moral life, the life of service and sacrifice, and our lives would be like "a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing." We may as well say with the Epicurean: "Let us eat, drink, and make merry today, for we die tomorrow." Such a disbelief would affect not only individuals but nations also. The great French sceptic Renan said: "The day in which our belief in an after life shall vanish from the earth will witness a terrific moral and spiritual decadence. Some of us may do without it provided others held it fast. But there is no lever capable of raising an entire people, if once they have lost their faith in the immortality of their soul."

No! we cannot believe that all this upward struggle of man as an individual and as a race is going to end in nothing. We have Christ's word for it, and we have before us His triumphant resurrection, and our whole being stands up and says. "We have felt." With Tennyson we may say:—

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why.

He thinks he was not made to die;

And Thou hast made him: Thou art just" (*Contud. on P. 17*)

EDITORIAL NOTES

Ourselves.

This issue of the Miscellany is entitled the "Vacation number," and contains, for the most part, contributions from students on the vacation. Quite a number of contributions flowed into the hands of the Editors, but we are sorry we are unable to find room for all of them. We hope that those, whose articles do not appear here, will not be disappointed but continue to write for the future numbers.

We are glad to publish another contribution from Mr. R. Chelva-durai Proctor. "Some defects of the Present Day Education," is a lecture delivered by him at the college. We hope that more of our Old Boys will follow Mr. Proctor and contribute to our pages. We want them to feel that these pages are always open to them and that thus a closer link can be established between them and us.

Our readers will note that we have introduced a new feature into this number, viz two contributions in Tamil. It is hoped that we will be able to publish each time some material in Tamil.

We find it extremely difficult to keep in touch with the doings of all our Old Boys, and, therefore, are unable to have in our Miscellany a satisfactory Old Boys column. May we appeal to all our Alumni to send us news about themselves and others?

Inquiries have been made from us why the concluding portion of

"My Impression of the West," by our Acting Principal, Mr. Chelliah, has not yet appeared. Mr. Chelliah has not been able to find time in the midst of his pressing duties. We assure our readers that he will write in the next number.

Farewell.

Almost at the beginning of the term we had to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Phelps, and Ruth, who were leaving for Kodaikanal to take charge of the school for the children of the missionaries. During the 10 years that they were with us, they impressed us all by their frank conduct. It is difficult to estimate aright the worth of the work Mr. Phelps put into the Science and Sports departments of the college. Mr. Phelps was never idle and always put into whatever he undertook a thoroughness, which it is difficult for any one else to put in. The love he had for his work and the amount of energy he expended over it are things which have impressed us very much. Mr. Phelps, therefore, leaves behind him not merely the well organised Science and Sports Departments, but an example of one, who uses thoroughly everyone of the twenty-four hours of the day. We certainly miss his brisk figure speeding along the verandahs or on the campus of the college. Mrs. Phelps has found a sure place in the hearts of all those who came in contact with her, because of her genial ways.

We wish them a long term of successful service in the place to which they have been called.

Our Sports Department has been strengthened by the appointment of Mr. A. P. Thambiah Winslow as assistant Physical Director. Mr. Winslow is no stranger to us, having been a very popular member of both our Cricket and Football teams, during his time of study here. He was the hero of many of our encounters with our sister colleges. We, therefore, welcome him most warmly in our midst.

Harvesting.

The harvesting season this year was heralded at College by the opening of school 40 minutes later than usual. This gave our day students an opportunity to work in their fields, helping their parents to reap their paddy. Our

boarders, it is a pleasure to record, formed themselves into groups and volunteered their services to the neighbouring fields. It was a pleasant sight to see our boys from the eldest to the youngest in the boarding, returning, in marching order down the road from their morning work. This has made it possible for us not merely to help the villagers in lessening their expenses of their harvesting, but has also taught our boys the dignity of manual labour and has made them take a lively interest in their farm.

Congratulations.

We offer our sincerest congratulations to the following on passing their respective examinations: Messrs A. W. Nadarajah, A. Arulpragasam and N. Kumarasingham (Advocates' Final), Messrs A. Kathiravelu, S. R. Kanaganayagam (Advocates' Second Examination).



VACATION

Vacation, should it mean a time given us to make up the lessons in which we are backward, or in short, should it mean any study, it is "bunkum," and to me the school boys' hackneyed doggerel—

"Boys Boys! do not fear!

Holidays are jolly near;

Throw your books away from near,

And if the teacher questioning appear,

Put him down and box his ear,"

gives in all its nakedness the best idea of a holiday spirit. Seclusion of books and commission of mischief—not amounting to crime of course—are they that make us

feel a vacation. Otherwise vacation would lose its true colour and seem schooldays repeated at home, under different and probably sterner disciplinarians. If vacation means this, then, why on earth do we welcome it?

When vacations begin the student atmosphere must end. We are out to study the world in its different aspects. That is not the time for books. There are other trifles to distract us—a father's praise, a mother's kiss, sister's giggle and a brother's pranks, not to speak

of the smiles of the numerous cousins, who pay visits to see their 'Machans' returned after a scholastic career. This is all, you might say. No! there are many more. What about those Sunday services which attract the attention of youngsters, for reasons only too obvious? The very thought of vacation brings home to our minds the thoughts of cinemas, theatres, travels, picnics, parties and socials.

We are a nondescript lot and during vacations we form classes of our own to rival the 'strolling players'. We command a certain amount of respect outside, though never once in the class-room. We form the link between the gentleman and the rowdy and are categorised with the great ones, the gentlemen—rowdies I mean. We commit mischief and look like wanted-by-the-police criminals, but we are far above our looks and are gentlemen all the same. We know the limits and have our "quips and pranks and wanton wiles" within that limited area, doing little or no damage to our self-respect or to the honour of our "Alma Mater." We are known, individually, by the charming and respectable appellation of 'Tham-by.'

We know only too well that for the execution of our pranks we must gain the supreme confidence of our parents. Our parents, we know, think no end of their sons, so much so that they are always ready, with eager ears and attentive looks, to listen with credulity

to any otherwise incredible tales, provided their sons feature on the scene. This makes matters easy for us. We give in detail our diabolically fabricated stories of our achievements and adventures at school, to our respective parents and they are so much baffled by them that they call out to their sons, "My dutiful son," "My worthy son," "What could we do for you?" We have our turn then and cry out "Pictures, Mummy!" "Theatre, Daddy!" and draw out for the holidays our programmes, and the poor parents, on simple trust, say 'Aye' to our requests.

We meet at first with shouts of joy intermingled with songs like "I am a jolly good fellow," and we are there yards away from our respective homes quietly flirting with Miss Nicotine, to start with. The sun is not so true to the day as cigarettes or cigars—this differs according to our tastes—are to our lips. Books shun our company more than we do them. For, with the spirit of a Mohammedan being a chameleon, we tear the books that come by us and burn them out of existence. Away from books!—that is our idea.

Our evening walks and our meetings at socials and parks are very interesting—especially as we meet our girl friends. Lo! How charmingly they giggle! What heavenly smiles! What well-timed winks! What honeyed words fall out of them! No wonder they are "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." No wonder they do grace an occasion with

those "eyes that do bewitch the down." What heavenly bliss to mix with them and move "on the light fantastic toe."

This is the ideal way of spending a vacation. Vacation is meant for us to relieve our minds of the burden of studying. Therefore

sport as much as you can during vacations and you will help yourselves out of a very prevalent difficulty—nervous breakdown due to overstudy.

P. R. ARIA POOSHANAM.

Senior A.



WHAT THE VACATION MEANS TO ME

The Almighty, who created in six days the sun, the moon, the stars and all that live upon the earth rested on the seventh day. The sun, the king of the East, shines during the day calling upon man to attend to his work and, then, comes the night, enveloping the world in darkness and calling upon man to rest his wearied limbs by sleep. Oh! Sweet sleep, the remedy of fevered minds! Man must rest, in order to be healthy, wealthy and wise. Without sweet rest, the body becomes incapable of action and the mind becomes incapable of thought.

After a term of hard toil, when I must study hard whether I wish it or not, in order to escape the stern looks of the teacher, I naturally look forward to the vacation when I can, for a time, take off my wearied eyes from my books of dry Mathematics, and drier Latin, without any fear of the teachers. During my term of work I can never even dream about the deeper problems of life. I can never bring y mind to think

about my maker. Always my mind wanders to the class work. Whether it is in the day or in the night, at play or at work, in joy or in sorrow, the ominous face of the teacher presents itself before me.

The Holidays bring with them sweet freedom, freedom from the teacher, and from my class work. Thus I have some time to meditate about the Almighty and get closer to him. Further, during my term of work, it is practically impossible for me to visit those that are near and dear unto me, to chat with them and enjoy the pleasure of their sweet company. But during the holidays I can run about with my friends amongst the flowers enjoying their rich perfume. Then there are many places that I would like to visit: Anuradhapura full of the ruins of ancient dagobas and palaces with their historic tales; Pollannaruwa, the centre of attraction to students of Art, and Adam's Peak. And Colombo with all the attraction of a modern city beckons me with its enchantment.

But this does not mean that I hate work. Holidays are necessary for me to gather fresh vigour so that I may start on a new term's work with new hopes.

VICTOR WILLIAMS
Junior A.



CERTAIN RESPONSIBILITIES DURING VACATION

We are on the threshold of another vacation. This fact undoubtedly suggests many things to us—the good times of last vacation, the good times we expect to have this vacation, the places we want to go to, the games we will be able to play, the hobbies both new and old. All of us are interested in how we are going to spend the vacation and are anxious that it be a pleasant six weeks.

While being absorbed in these pleasant dreams, we should not forget to be concerned as to whether or not the vacation will be a profitable six weeks. Some of us need play and exercise, some need work, some need rest and we should plan our vacation accordingly. Most of us are free during this period and are able to use our time in whatever manner we desire. It is an opportunity for us to be our own masters and no less of an opportunity for us to govern ourselves, our thoughts and actions well. Our neighbours will expect us, as college students, to be good examples to their boys.

We must not forget that there are certain responsibilities resting upon our shoulders and we should govern ourselves accordingly. Does our conduct away from the school, in our homes, show that we are profiting by our education? When at home, do we cast aside all that

we have learned in school, or do we seek to have our friends benefit by what we have learned? We should, by our broadmindedness and greater consideration for our parents and friends, convince them of their wisdom in educating us.

If there is one thing that education should accomplish, it is this—it should lead an individual to think in terms of others. If our thought perspective has not changed from self to others, then our education has not been worthwhile and in the interests of society, after a reasonable trial, had better be discontinued. We owe sincerity and thoroughness in our work, while at school, to those who make possible our being here. It should no less be our due to lighten the burden of their labour during our vacation. A pair of young and willing hands assisting the parent, relative, or poor neighbour, who has no rest, brings joy to the parent. The knowledge that his sacrifice is appreciated repays him for all the heart aches and pains. Our learning, then, should not cause us to feel that we are too good to work, but should make us more useful as workers. While enjoying vacation, do not forget the interests of those who make us privileged, and don't overlook or hesitate to grasp any opportunity to voluntarily lend a helping hand where it is needed.

VISITING PLACES OF INTEREST DURING THE VACATION.

Vacations are not periods of time to cloy our appetites for studies by a cramming up of the same old text books, but rather periods in which to create a revival of taste in studies by diverting our attention to things that would enrich our minds, stimulate keen interest and help ourselves to forget the wears and tears of life. All these motives can be supplied by visits and tours. The travels in my mind are not excursions in restaurant cars nor sudden sallies for the attainment of celebrity, but touring to places with the sole purpose of studying something about the men and manners, visiting places of interest and investigating into the ruins of ancient architecture. As the coming vacation has the longest duration of time it would be better for students who are in retirement in their peaceful dwellings to go out of their locality collectively on tours to feast their eyes on scenery and to fill their hearts with joy and their minds with knowledge.

A visit to Keerimalai and a bath in the cooling tank there will certainly be interesting and enjoyable. To journey through the roads under the cooling shade of the stately palms that stand adjacent to the roads, and jump into the celebrated good water springs ten yards away from the saltish sea is a wonderful thing. To walk along the coral reefs formed by the beautiful shells of the tiny sea creatures and along the long range of luxuriant but stunted thorny shrubs, giving their whole-hearted protec-

tion to the red crabs and other small creatures, is pleasant. A visit to the caves, two miles off the coast of Keerimalai, which are covered by bluish green mosses and lichens, inhabited and monopolized by snakes and their beautiful wives gives pleasure.

It will be of interest to cross Jaffna's longest sea bridge, the bridge of Punnalai. It connects the beautiful isle of Karadive—Karainagar, lest my friends should be offended—with the mainland and thus facilitates traffic to that place. The port of this island is Kayts, a port of call for the boats and sailing ships that ply between the various isles. Though it is a little port, yet it is strongly fortified against foreign invasion by a little fortress called Fort Hammenhiel. This fort is a piece of workmanship showing the skill of our ancient sires.

Among other places of historical interest, the tidal well at Puttur is one. It is in the centre of the vast copper coloured plains, "Sem-baddu Veli," where layers of stone peep out of the ground. This well is so deep that its depth has never been sounded and it has become for years the refuge of many a man wearied of his life. The water is sea-green in colour and slightly saltish in taste, and this shows that underground streams run between this well and the sea. The water in this well cannot be pumped to exhaustion since the volume of water pumped to irrigate the whole of the plains through canals does not vary

the original amount. It has a history dating back to the time before the birth of Christ. It is said that, when Rama came in quest of his beloved wife Sita, he first searched for her in Jaffna. When his army felt thirsty, he with all his might thrust one end of his bow into the earth and obtained water. The mark made in the earth by his bow is called the tidal well.

Another place of interest is in Urikkadu near Uduppiddy, where a mansion is buried in the land. Formerly, there was a long underground passage reaching as far as the skirts of the sea and it is said that the sea breeze came through that place to the mansion. Traces of carved pillars can be noticed by the closest observation and now the walls are constantly washed away by the flow-

ing water. Some people of that locality think that it was a palace of one of the kings who reigned in Jaffna. It is said that a queen from India hid herself here in fear of a great battle and it was occupied later by highway robbers who plundered the passers by.

There are many other reminiscences of ancient architecture commemorating the reigns of the great Tamil Kings. For at Nallur there is an arch called Sankilis arch. It shows that Tamil Kings also had the custom of perpetuating their names by building arches like the Roman Kings, who erected the Trajan's and Hadrian's arches at Rome.

In conclusion, these visits not only amuse the students for the time being, but also make them to be proud of their glorious past.

T. S. DAS,

(Senior B).



"HE IS RISEN"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10TH)

As we stand before the empty tomb we see that the grave-clothes lie undisturbed, the napkin is in its place and in its original shape. They belong to the earth and remain. But the person they covered is gone. Similarly whenever we stand before the remains of our beloved ones may we remember that only the grave-clothes and napkin remain, but our beloved has taken his flight to a brighter clime.

The Easter is not only an earnest of the continuance of our life. It is a revelation of our immortal nature. It should be an inspiration

to us to live higher lives. The Easter will mean nothing to us unless it means personal resurrection from the death of sin. When the anniversary of the Easter comes round, may we renew our life in contact with the Living Christ.

We are told that in the Early Church Christians would gather together on Sundays to commemorate the Lord's resurrection and greet one another saying, "Christ is risen". The Jewish Sabbath was then abolished and "the Lord's Day" was substituted as the holy day. Today, of all Lord's Days, is *the* Lord's Day. I salute you, "Christ is risen."

FARMING

BY

MR. C. O. ELIAS, B. A.

The outburst of enthusiasm, evinced by the student population of Jaffna last year and this year in supplying the labour for reaping the harvest, is a proof of the statement made by Professor Kilpatrick of the University of Colombia, when he was in Jaffna in which he said that, "Education is changing." Education has changed almost unconsciously. The students seem to have realised the necessity of using their opportunities to learn the art of Agriculture as a means of livelihood. Hence, they deserve to be encouraged, instructed, organised and even subsidised. Agriculture has to be placed side by side with physical culture, if not replaced. It was not possible in days gone by, because of the lack of response on the part of the students.

Farming is a comprehensive term. It includes gardening, large scale and piece meal, poultry, dairy and cultivation. True that all institutions may not have the facilities to undertake this activity in all these directions, but no institution deserves existence today, if it does not undertake one, at least, of these main divisions.

We, in Jaffna College, propose to develop as much as possible these activities, one by one. We have had gardening as one of the activities of our Y. M. C. A. since 1884. In 1923 we did gardening as a source of

revenue for the second Jaffna troop of Boy Scouts. Now, in 1932, we propose to revive gardening, rather farming, as an end in itself. We have five aims in view:—1. To teach our boys the dignity of labour. 2. To provide opportunities for our boarders to train themselves to be the future farmers. 3. To carry on experiments in vegetable cultivation. 4. To demonstrate the possibilities of production in Jaffna. 5. To raise funds for our school at Eluvaitive. They say, "Two birds at one shot." But we say, "Five at one shot." Exigency of space prevents my dealing with all the branches of this activity. These are days when the State Councils as well as House Councils are confronted with the problem of an unbalanced budget. The solution of the problem lies in increasing the production whether in a large scale or small.

A kitchen garden of 20 cubits by 30 cubits is a great asset to every home in Jaffna and is also within the practical possibility of every individual.

How to proceed.—Choose a plot 20 cubits by 30 cubits. If you do not have one, find one in the neighbourhood. Have it well divided breadth wise into four equal parts and demarkate them with bunds and on the bunds you may sow some "keerai." On all the four sides at sufficient distances

beans of all varieties, such as butter beans, French beans, "avarai" and peas such as long cow-peas, yard-long-peas, all on trellice work made of rope or sticks. This completes the laying out, which provides a variety of vegetables, spices fruits and lentils. It is hard work to try to get up a garden of this type in a short time. It may take at least a year to complete it and it may be a permanent garden, where you can by rotation of crops increase the fertility of the soil. Decayed cow-dung and droppings of the goats, dried tulip, and margoosa leaves make up a good manure. It is unwise to increase the dimensions, because it will be too much to manage and perhaps may get neglected. The co-operation of

at least three individuals is necessary for a get up of this kind. If you have more space, make a second garden. I have eliminated manioc, a staple food, because it occupies more space and takes too long to give a return. As far as possible hired labour must be eliminated in a garden of this kind. I have heard many a lazy folk telling me that cattle prevent them from attempting anything of that kind. But cattle are a good asset and you can protect your garden by means of a dadap fence which will be a fodder for the cattle and you will get plenty of dung for the garden. I shall be very glad to help anyone with further suggestions on this line and shall be happy to see every house with a garden of the type, I have indicated in this short article.



முசிப்பாற்றி

ஆற்றியி னூற்றியி னல்லும் பகலும்
 னகக்க மோக்கவு முழப்பு நீக்கவும்
 ஆற்றின் முசிப்பை யடைவி னல்லின்பம்
 வாய்ந்த பேரொளியை மறைத்திடு யிருன்பே
 ஆய்ந்த தீர்தமிழை யறிவொடு மறைத்த
 ஆங்கில மாய்தலின் விடுமுறை நீக்குமின்
 ஆம்பொரு டருமலா யடைந்த காளை
 நீம்பா லாட்டி வளர்த்த தன் தாயை
 ஆறவே மறந்தஆண்டு கிற்சில
 ஆகன்றனவாக வரும் பெற்ற ரூபை
 ஆன்பொடு வழிப்பட்டாங்கு யாமும்
 வருவில் திங்க னொருமுன் ருக
 முழுதும் மறந்த முப்பால் சரக்குந்
 தீரா னின்பஞ் செறிந்த தமிழைச்
 சாலவே போற்றுகஞ் சாலவே போற்றுகம்
 இயந்தைகளை யிவையினல மதனை

ஆர் வுண்ண விழையுந் ரெவரும்
 பத்துப் பாட்டை யுரையொடு பயின்யின்
 ஒத்திடு முண்மையை யுள்ளவாறுரைக்கும்
 தெய்வப் புலமைத்திருவன் ஞாநவரை
 கைகுவித் தெயித்துக் கருத்தொடு கன்யின்
 விழுமிய கதைகா விதம் விதம் விழையின்
 உள்ளன பாரதம் நயப்புடை யிராமர் கதை
 தண்டிபா சிரியன் ததும்பிடச் சொன்ன
 அணிகள் நுகரின் பின்னைய கிலக்கியம்
 பிழையறத் தேருயின் தமிழி வினிமை
 தனியக் காணின் சங்கவிலக்கியம்
 பொங்கத் தருமேயிறமொழிக் கில்லா
 வகப்பொருட் சுவையை யன்பொடு பயிலின்
 கிடப்பன கோவைகள் பொலிய மலைய
 மண்ணெறி விட்டு விண்ணெறிதேடிள்
 ஆந்நெறி பயக்கு மனசி லருட்பா
 இன்னணம் பல்சுவை பயக்கு மிருக் தமிழை
 மன்னிய பயிற்சி வளம் பெறக் கொள்ளின்
 உழத்திடு முசிப்பு நீங்கித்
 தெளிவுடன் பெறுயின் தெயிட்டாயின்பே.

தமிழில் முசிப்பாறுவேன்.



READING FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Reading is with many the delight of odd moments; but with a few, it is a serious pursuit of life. The former read to pass an idle hour. They are captivated by the swell and flow, the sound and rhythm, of the style, and are soon lost in the endless by-ways that wind through marshes and by dunghills. These are but children in the world of intellect. The latter draw inspiration and wisdom from books. They explore the hidden depths of the intellect

and penetrate to the soul of things. These are mature minds.

Childhood precedes maturity. Desultory reading precedes deep study. And those, who now read with pleasure and profit, have, in times not long gone by, delighted in the glamour of externals. The transition is slow and scarcely felt. It is no leap from height to height across the intervening gulf. It is a struggle upward step by step.

The sublime rage and fury of the Shakesperian dramas is beyond

the comprehension of the young student. Nor can he feel the heavenly beauties of Homer or understand the intricate system of Plato. An attempt to do either would be abortive, suicidal. His mind would bend and finally break beneath a weight beyond its strength. From the simple, we pass to the complex. This is the law of progress.

"It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it
gains."

A perfect life is one where every act carries the individual a step nearer perfection. And that course of reading, which carries the reader towards his goal by gradual and successive stages, is

the most satisfactory. But the perception of a goal is necessary to the formation of such a course of reading, and a certain standard of maturity is required to visualize the goal.

But as all do not read with any literary end in view, there must be some other universal principle in the light of which all plans for reading should be laid. That course of reading that gives to the reader the greatest amount of inspiration would be the best. It should strengthen him for the battle of life, and possess him with noble ideas and lofty aspirations.

G. S. SINGARATNAM.
(Junior InterArts.)



POETRY

There are some who affirm that the power of poetry is broken and that its influence is dead. There are others who say that, since they live in a practical age, they have no need of poetry, which is ideal and not practical. Well, the age, which tells us that poetry must be abandoned as effete and useless, would close our Saxon Bible and bury in the dust the might and mirth of Shakespeare, and the lofty song of Milton.

Poetry is like the mystic ladder of the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean; while its mighty masters are the angels ascending

and descending the shining rounds and maintaining our intercourse with heaven. Some may pretend to despise it, but it cannot die, for,

"The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine".

The language of imagination is the native language of men, and all that is highest in divine or human thought is expressed in its terms and by its images. It is thus the Hebrew prophets speak to us from beneath the wings of the Eternal, and the voice of David is a song.

So, through the ages, our grandest teachers, from Homer, the bard of the heroic age, to Tennyson, the interpreter of our own,

have spoken to us through the inspired medium of poetry. "With this key," says Wordsworth,

"With this key,

Shakespeare unlocked his heart: the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;

With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante
crowned,

His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from
fairy land

To struggle with dark ways; and, when
a damp

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence
he blew

Soul animating strains—alas! too few!"

Writing of the wonderful influence of poetry on man, Thomas Hood says: "They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations."

Poetry speaks not with one voice, but with a multitude of voices. It commands the harp of Nature with all its chords and diverse harmonies, from the thunder echoed by the joyous Alps down to the whisper,

"As general

As Zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head."

Great poetry may be defined as deep feeling crushed into the mould of virile thought, and set to measures of winsome and delightful music. It does not owe its charm to its music alone, nor yet to its clearness and lucidity of utterance. There must be the thought-stuff in it. It is true that feeling and

passion are a part of the essence of its life, but it must also throb with reality and virile thought. The beauty of poetry is marred when it is rendered into prose. Take the finest passages of Milton, or of Shakespeare, and put them into prose, and you have broken the arch and dimmed the colours of the rainbow. You have destroyed the curve of the falling wave and silenced the splash of plaintive music with which it faints and dies upon the shore.

Let no one fear lest the greatest utterances of the great poets will ever be outworn or perish. But the anointed poet is the greatest of the sons of men, and his work will endure when the science of to-day is eclipsed by the science of to-morrow, and when the proudest creations of art have faded and crumbled.

It is not difficult to demonstrate that poetry is the finest of all arts. It comprehends and expresses more than any other medium by which man interprets the beautiful in nature, thought, or life. The living universe is pervaded with melody, and like an Aeolian harp the sensitive soul of the poet receives and transmits it.

Poetry has arrested and enshrined flashes of genius and results of deepest thought, which no other art could arrest or embody. Through perfect language it gives perfect vision. That which is dead in sculpture lives and breathes in poetry. It moves fancy and feeling in the soul by means of words, subtly and delicately shaded.

Poetry is distinguished among the arts not only for its variety of expression but also for its quality of enduringness. It has been said that, "Time sadly overcometh all things," but poetry defies the crumbling touches of old time. The fair colours on the canvas of Apelles have faded and every nymph has vanished from his glades, but the Hellen of Homer stands as fair as when,

"She drew the dreaming keels of Greece
After her over the Ionian foam."

Mocking the toil of sculptor and of architect, Time in Titanic sport has torn down mighty pillars from the Parthenon and left the blocks

of finest marble on the grass like cards shuffled and flung from a careless hand, but the Palace of Art, which Tennyson built for our delight with its splash of cooling fountains and its silvery chime of bells, and its stately colonnades glowing in the sun or steeped in moonlight quietness, stands all unflawed and perfect, "seeing"—as its creator himself avows—

"Seeing it was built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever."

A. V. SIVAGURUNATHAN,
(Junior Inter Arts)



A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

Our Physics master, being a courteous man, once, had the courtesy to lend us a "pedometer", an instrument by which paces are numbered, as a person walks, and the distance thus ascertained.

The dormitory being full of boys, I had to sleep in our dormitory master's room. I wound and set the pedometer and put it in my pocket, for I was to carry it the next day and keep record of the miles I made.

We were in bed by ten, for I wanted to be up and away on my tramp homeward with the dawn. I was restless, but Mr. Boswell, the dormitory master, went to sleep at once. I hate a man who goes to sleep at once. "There is a sort of indefinable something about it, which is not exactly an insult,

yet is an insolence", and one which is hard to bear too.

I lay there fretting over this injury and trying to go to sleep, but the harder I tried, the wider awake I grew. I got to feeling very lonely in the dark, with no company but an undigested dinner. By and by, my mind began to wander, contemplating on a variety of topics. It fled from topic to topic with frantic speed.

The clock struck eleven and my mind was in a perfect whirl. I was tired and at last beginning to drowse when—what was that? Now from a far off distance, came a strange sound which grew louder and louder. The sound was a mile away. Perhaps it was the murmur of a storm, and now it was nearer. Was it the screeching and scream-

ing of the Old Model Ford Car, in which Boswell used to go home every week end? No! It came still nearer! Was it the sound of the feet thumping on the ground at the order of our new sergeant? No! It came nearer and still nearer and at last it was right in the room. It was only a mouse gnawing at the wood in the walls and I had held my breath all that time for such a trifle!

Well! What was done could not be helped. I determined to go to sleep at once and make up the lost time. Without intending to do it, hardly knowing it, I fell to listening to that sound and unconsciously began to count the strokes of the mouse. I was deriving much suffering from this employment, yet I could have endured it, if the mouse had attended steadily to his work, but he did not do that; he stopped every now and then, and I suffered more while waiting and listening for him to begin again, than I did while he was gnawing.

I bent the flaps of my ears down and folded them into five or six folds and pressed them against the noise, but it did no good. My ear was so sharpened by nervous excitement that it became a microphone and could hear through the over-lays without trouble.

My anger grew to a frenzy, I finally did what all persons before me would have done. I resolved to throw something. I reached down and got Boswell's Tennis shoes, then sat up in the bed and listened attentively in order to exactly locate the noise. But I could not

do it, for it seemed to be every where.

So, presently, I hurled a shoe at random with an appreciable vigour. It struck the wall over Boswell's head and fell down on him. It woke Boswell. But he soon went to sleep again and straightway, the mouse began its work again which roused my temper once more.

I did not want to wake Boswell a second time, but the gnawing continued until I was compelled to throw the other shoe. This time I broke an old mirror. (There were two in the room. I got the larger one, of course). Boswell woke again, but did not complain and I was sadder than ever. Hence, I resolved that I would suffer all possible torture before I would disturb him a third time.

Fortunately, the mouse retired, and, by and by, the clock began to strike. I counted twelve strokes of the pendulum and was about to drowse again, when Boswell's old alarm clock began to send forth a noise. I waited till it ceased. Then eighteen cocks from the neighbourhood, as I counted, began to crow—(Or, was it snoring?)—each competing with the other as to who could make the loudest and most unearthly sound. I waited till they finished their crowing. Every time I dropped off for a moment, a new noise woke me. Each time I woke, I missed my blanket and had to reach down* to the floor and get it again.

At last all sleep forsook me. I recognized the fact that I was hopelessly and permanently wide

awake and feverish and thirsty. When I lay there, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to dress and go out into the big quadrangle and take a refreshing wash in the pipe by our dining room and walk along the verandas, until the remnant of the night was gone.

I believed I could dress in the dark without waking Boswell. So, I rose softly and gradually got on everything; but my pair of spectacles I could not locate, for I remembered to have given it to Boswell to keep it on the wall bracket (the only safest possible place there) near the window. So I went down on my hands and knees, and began a frantic search for the window. Every time I chanced to fall against any article, it made a most hellish sound.

I moved on and on, but I could not find the window. I could not seem to find anything but furniture. I could not remember that there was much furniture in the room when I went to bed. But the place was full of it now, especially chairs, chairs every where, and I never could seem to glance on one of those chairs, but always struck it full with my head. My temper rose. I rose up and made straight for the door. Suddenly I saw myself in the second unbroken, but old, frameless, spotted mirror, a figure with dishevelled hair, torn night gown, hungry and feverish face. I thought I would crawl along the wall and find the door. I rose up and began this experiment—but brought down a Tennis racket, with its press. Boswell still gave no sound.

Again I started on my hands and knees, because I could go faster that way without knocking down anything and with much confidence too. I found a chair, then the wall, then another chair, then a table, then another chair; this confused me for I thought there were only one chair and a table when I went to bed. I moved once more at random into a wilderness of chairs and tables, wandered off into unfamiliar regions and presently knocked a candle stick off a candle stand, grasped at the candle stick, and knocked off a lamp; grasped at the lamp, and knocked off a box full of empty tins with a rattling crash; and then knocked my head against the door key and said to myself, "I have found you at last. I judged I was close upon you". Boswell shouted, "Murder," and "Thieves," and finished with "Inevitably death it at hand." The crash had roused Mr. Jovani, a stout friend of Boswell with black whiskers, who rushed in with a long cane. Short Mr. Bileman followed him with a bed leg. Young Mr. Popax, steaming with smoke and anger, and a procession of tiny tots, led by their spectacled hero, swept into the room with candles and lanterns.

I looked around. I was at Boswell's bed, with a Sabbath day's journey from my own. Boswell, at last, opened wide his eyes! I glanced anxiously at my "pedometer" and found that I had made 37 miles. A pedestrian tour any way.

S. ARIATHURAL,
Senior B.

AN M. A.

Tambiah is a young M. A., just now imported into Ceylon after the necessary training in England. Five years ago, he had gone to England after convincing his father of the utility of his decision. The government might offer him a high post in the Colonial service, or he might be elected a State Councillor, after he had completely eclipsed the other politicians in political wisdom and oratory, or he might be greeted with the hand of a beautiful and rich heiress. All these were possible, if only he returned from England, an M. A.

Tambiah had returned, fitted with all the necessary equipments that make a gentleman: Tweed suits, flannel trousers, other suits of various patterns, blazers, shirts of different qualities, shoes of different shapes and shades, ties and handkerchiefs to match and all such things that are essential for a youth about town. Besides, he had learnt the excellent habit of keeping his body clean, especially those parts exposed to the view of admiring society girls. The palms were soft and the nails polished. The face was shaved once a day, washed with soap five times, and brightened by the incessant and vigorous application of Hazeline Snow and Ashes of Roses. The hair, kept smooth and glistening, gave forth the odour of Angora Cream. These and many such qualities, impossible to describe fully, qualified him for any post in the Colony.

But unfortunately, the government and the people were not

wise enough to appreciate his wonderful qualities and no prospective father-in-law appeared on his horizon. His father too had exhausted his purse. Tambiah was bewildered at the stupidity of the world at not laying hands on the correct man, who could improve society, one who could uplift humanity with the inexhaustible treasure of knowledge ranging from the theory of relativity, the theory of evolution, down to birth control.

Not even the Youth Congresses, which professed to be progressive bodies, would invite him to preside over their destinies. The Ceylon youths had become foolish. He had once told a young man that all the cotton necessary to supply cloth for the whole of Ceylon should be produced first, before ever an attempt could be made on spinning and weaving, and the fool had gone away laughing. Another time, he had said that Socialism could be practised only if everybody agreed and that ignorant youngster had turned away in disgust. It was impossible to make anybody appreciate truth. No! Ceylon was not educated enough to acknowledge the superiority of a genius like himself.

Tambiah could not for a moment understand the mentality of those people who advocated Swadeshi and simplicity. These so-called nationalists expected him to give up his tweeds and flannels and use coarse home-made cloth, to give up cigarettes and use Jaffna cigars. Village folk may do

that. As a matter of fact, there should be something to differentiate between a cultured man like himself and an ordinary uneducated boor. He himself would ask others to use Swadeshi. But how ridiculous was it for anybody to expect him, a man who had drunk deep from the fountain of the essence of European civilisation, to give up his bare necessities! How different Ceylon was from the West! He, a strong nationalist, was

thwarted in every direction in his attempt to lay his intellect at the service of Mother Lanka. A sigh broke involuntarily from him and his heart bled for his country. And Tambiah in his immaculate tweed suit and tan shoes, sorrowfully contemplated on the gloomy future of Ceylon, as rings of scented smoke from a Gold Flake Cigarette ascended to the roof in majestic curls.

Doc.



மன் னுயிர்நோக்கம்

கரையில் கல்வி கற்கினும் பயனென்
 வரைபோற் செல்வம் வரினும் பயனென்
 பெருநிலமுழுதும் பெறினும் பயனென்
 அருந்ததியன்னுளை அடைகினும் பயனென்
 திரைகடலெல்லாம் திரிகினும் பயனென்
 வானுலகத்தில் வாழ்கினும் பயனென்
 வான் வேந்தர் வந்து வணங்கினும் பயனென்
 தோள்வலிவீரர் தொழினும் பயனென்
 புலியிசை பார்த புகழினும் பயனென்
 அழியா அறத்தை அறிந்திலமாயின்
 சந்தியந்தவறு சந்திர காந்தி
 சபர்மதிக்கரையில் சந்ததம் காற்றிய
 அகிம்சையைப் புரிந்து அகிம்சைப் பெருக்கி
 தரித்திரம் பிடித்தோர் தரித்திரம் கீக்கி
 பசியினால் வருந்த வேர் பசியினே நீக்கி
 தொண்டர்க்கெல்லாம் தொண்டனைப் புரிந்து
 நீசகர யெதிர்த்து நீதியை திறக்கி
 மாரணவென்ற மாமறை முதல்வன்
 பாதத்தண்டை அடைந்திலமாயின்

செ. தர்மசூலசிக் கம்



A WALK WITH OUR PRINCIPAL MR. BICKNELL.

One sunny Sunday evening, while the last crimson rays of the sun were disappearing, the breeze was nice and cool and refreshing, the ravens were having their prayers and singing hymns in praise of God, the Baby Boarders and the Principal went for a walk. This was the first walk with our Principal.

The ears of corn were bowing down humbly as a mark of respect, while certain empty ears stood up as if they contained much. The frogs in the well welcomed us with their orchestra, singing at the top of their voice.

We were talking about the Baby Eleven Cricket matches. Our Principal was well pleased with us youngsters and congratulated us on our victories. He told us about his journey to America. We made paper boats and put into them some sticks, saying that our acting Prin-

cipal Mr. J. V. Chelliah was sailing through the Atlantic ocean.

The sun was sinking down into the horizon and it was time for us to return to College. The Principal asked us to go with him for hunting.

We came through the fields which were beautified with little pools here and there. The white stalks were seated round the pool waiting with patience for their prey.

We happened to come across a miry place, and like the famous Queen Elizabeth, our principal was hastening to pass over it. So we all joined together in carrying him over the spot. At times he was about to fall, but we did our best and in a few seconds we were on the otherside of the place, Soon we returned to College.

V. RAJALINGHAM
• Junior A.

**THE BROTHERHOOD****23RD ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION**

The twenty-third anniversary celebration of the Jaffna College Brotherhood was held on March 19th at 6.30 P. M. Although the school concert, which was held simultaneously in town, had deprived us of many visitors, still there was a large and representative gathering present in the Ottley Hall to witness our proceedings. We must here thank the Uduvil girls, who readily responded to our invitations and graced the occasion. To

them we owe no small part of our function's unqualified success.

Almost sharp to time, the Patron of the association, Mr. D. S. Sanders B. A., mounted the platform to open the function, followed on his heels by the President Master P. R. Aria Pooshanam who garlanded him. A welcome song in Tamil was then chanted by Master N. Ehamparam, followed by the reading of the report for the year by the Secretary, Master T.

Venayagamoorthy. The "Literary Star"—the English organ of the association,— was next read by the Editor Master K. R. Navaratnam.

Next came the most important item, the staging of the First Indian Round Table Conference. The first sitting of the R. T. C. was then gone through. The delegates, who spoke, reached a very high standard of eloquence, much above the expectations of the audience. The first sitting being over, the "Sakothara Mithira," the Tamil organ of the association, was read by the Editor Master N. Ehamparam. This was followed by the second sitting of the R. T. C. The already impressed audience awaited impatiently to hear the delegates and were amply rewarded by the fiery speeches and vehement attacks on the position of the Conservatives, Liberals and Labourites. Here again the speakers reached a high pitch of eloquence and special mention must be made of the lady delegate Mrs. Subborayan, whose role was taken by Master D. S. Navaratnam of Hermia fame. We owe our success entirely to Mr. Lyman Kulatungam and our kind Patron.

The next item was the Brotherhood dinner, which was held in the open air under the cool refulgent rays of the moon. Covers were laid for 160. At the end of the menu the Patron proposed the Royal toast. The toast of the College was proposed by Mr. A. M. Kumarasamy, B. sc., F. P. S., and in the absence of the Principal who was unfortunately laid up, Mr. Sunderampillai replied. The Toast of the Brotherhood was proposed by Mr. S. R. Kanaganayagam, B. A., and responded to by Master K. S. Singaratnam. The toast of the Old Boys was proposed by Master P. R. Aria Pooshanam and responded to by Mr. Kulendram, B. A., B. D. The toast of the sister Colleges was proposed by Master T. Vinayagamoorthy and responded to by a student of Paramaeswara College. The toast of the guests was proposed by Master N. R. Muttucumarasamy and responded to by Mr. A. Cumarasamy M. A., L. L. B., and Mr. M. Balasunderam B. A., B. Sc. The function came to an end with the singing of the College Song. Our thanks are also due to Mr. P. W. Ariaratnam for helping us with arrangements for the dinner.

THE CAST.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald	<i>T. Venayagamoorthy</i>
Lord Reading	<i>Rutnam Woodhul</i>
Lord Peel	<i>P. R. Aria Pooshanam</i>
Sir T. B. Sapru	<i>K. S. Jayasingham</i>
Mr. Srinivasa Sastri	<i>K. S. Singaratnam</i>
Mr. M. R. Jayakar	<i>K. R. Navaratnam.</i>
Maharajah of Patiala	<i>Sam Alfred</i>
Mr. M. A. Jinnah	<i>N. R. Muttucumarasamy</i>
Mr. Ba Pe	<i>S. A. Aseerwatham</i>

Sir. Hubert Carr	R. Winslow
Lt. Col. H. A. J. Gidney	S. Arunachalam
Dr. Moonje	S. T. Sabaratnam
Maulana Mohamed Ali	V. Kandasamy
Mr. N. M. Joshi	D. S. Danforth
Sir P. C. Mitter	V. Annandacumarasamy
Dr. Ambedkar	Thurajajah
Mr. H. P. Modi	C. Nithunanandam
Mr. K. T. Paul	K. V. Kandiah
Raja Sher Muhammed Khan	Stanley Thiagarajah
Mr. C. Y. Chintamany	K. Thambipillai
	T. VENAYAGAMOORTHY, Secretary, Brotherhood.



A TREMENDOUS BLUNDER.

THE EDITORIAL OF THE ANNIVERSARY NUMBER OF "THE LITERARY STAR", BROTHERHOOD.

The whole world is undergoing serious difficulties. Every country and every nation is trying to find out ways and means to solve the difficult problem of unemployment, which is heightened by the world-wide depression. Population in the world is fast increasing. We find that there is a greater number of births than deaths. This makes the situation more difficult and grave. As a remedy various solutions are attempted by various people. Some nations are trying to give work to the people, and others are trying to throw open lands for cultivation. W the Chinese and the Japanese think that the best way to solve this problem is to direct their guns towards each other.

To turn our attention to our own corner of the world, we find we are in a peculiar position. We find that most of the unemplo-

yed are the educated, who pursue a short-sighted policy which makes them unfit for the farm and does not give them an office. The present day students are building castles in the air and are anticipating a glorious and prosperous future, because of their education. Our education has taught most of us, young men, to despise labour. Are the students to blame? No! For youth is ever optimistic, ever ambitious, and ever adventurous. Though it is natural for parents to wish their children to be very much better off than they, yet they must bear the blame to a great extent for the present state of affairs.

The parents of most youths, caught by the modern craze of an English Education, and ignorant of what to do, send their sons to be educated, with the result that to-day we find there

are about 6000 students in Jaffna receiving English Education. Is this the way to solve the problem of unemployment, within the next decade, when already students are loitering about the streets? The craze for English has not only swelled the number of the educated unemployed, but has also killed the study of the vernacular and destroyed all the originality from us. Little do we realise that being a village school master in a vernacular school is much better than loitering about the streets, under the appellation of Home Civil Servants, or being respectable but silent members of the University Classes! Little do we realise that running a shop in

our village is more respectable and more paying than living on the bounties of others!

This craze has made us introduce the same system of Education to our girls as to our boys. Our sisters are also forced to go through same curriculum of studies, to toil with the same formulæ in Algebra and the same problems in Chemistry and Physics. This education fits them to be neither successful wage-earners, nor good house wives. What an amount of money wasted? What an amount of energy?

Whither are we drifting?

K. R. NAYARATNAM,
Editor.



"OUR BROTHERHOOD"

Hail our Brotherhood Foundation
Hail our Holy Federation
League of Service and Salvation
Love for each and all!

CHORUS

Brothers true and ready,
Brothers tried and steady
One and all obey the Call,
And follow where our leader's
flag is flying.

Hail our Brotherhood Foundation!
Hail our Holy Federation,
League of Service and Salvation,
Love for each and all!

(1)

Each in faith and courage vying,
On our Captain's word relying,
In His might the battle trying,
He shall conquer all.

(2)

Shoulder let us stand to shoulder,
Still by trusting waxing bolder,
Love more warm as life grows older,
Each the friend of all.

(3)

Leagued to fight with sore temp-
tation,
Leagued for man's emancipation;
Now renew our consecration,
God be with us all.



WE HEAR THAT

College.

- That 1932 promises much to us.
- That coming events cast their shadows before.
- That 'back to the land' is no more a cry in the wilderness to us.
- That our Principal has driven us to the fields.
- That we help the poor farmers, who pay a great deal by way of taxes for our education.
- That we reap the fields for them from six o'clock to nine in the mornings and four to six in the evenings.
- That most of us are feeling sick of books and are now inclined to take the plough.
- That this will be interesting to all.
- That Jaffna College is really paving the true way to Swaraj.

Associations.

- That the Brotherhood is the crown of a literary metropolis.
- That it is going to hold its 23rd Anniversary Celebrations on the 19th.
- That a few eccentrics concentric about a greater eccentric, tried to gain cheap notoriety by good means or foul.
- That they seemed dangerous at first like the 'Redshirts' but later had the black veil on—which is characteristic of their having returned after an appeal to the Patron, sadder but wiser men.
- That they should hereafter "look into the mysteries of the Association through the knot hole knowledge they have secured, and not use that office as a medium for their popguns."
- That is good for them to know that the dogs bark and the caravan smoothly passes by.
- That the Y. M. C. A. is doing excellent work.
- That the Inter Hostellers are enjoying independence.
- That the Inter Union has passed a vote of no confidence on its executive committee.
- That the latter have very wisely resigned.

The Staff.

- That the young men of the staff were asked to take the lead in the reaping campaign.
- That some of them were conspicuous absentees in the field.
- That Mr. Williams and Mr. Gnanam have taken up to Tennis and we wish them every success.

—R—



THE AGRI-HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

With the beginning of this year we have started a new enterprise. An Agri-Horticultural society has been organised under the leadership of Mr. C. O. Elias, B. A., an enthusiastic horticulturist and a scientific farmer, with the view of making gardening a great success in Jaffna College.

Three months have scarcely elapsed since the beginning of this association but much work has been done in the garden. The ground has been cleared, and tilled; and chillies, tapioca, tomattoes and brinjals have been planted. They are

springing up with luxuriance, inspiring the workers to water them regularly with enthusiasm.

Special mention should be made of C. Tharmakulasingam, and V. Thamboo of the Inter, and G. Sampanthappillai and S. Kandiah of the Senior for their studious work and kind co-operation.

Our thanks are due to our Tamil Pandit for his occasional visits, and to all our friends for their immense help.

SAM. ALFRED,
Hony. Secy.



ALUMNI.

UNOFFICIAL NOTES BY A COLOMBO OLD BOY.

The Old Boys Association, Colombo Branch, is quite alive and kicking these days. The annual general meeting came off recently, and new men have filled in the various posts. The new secretary is apparently very conscious of his duties and we expect him to do great things. One cannot but here refer to the ex-Treasurer, Mr. J. V. Nalliah, whose remarkable patience and energy, kept alive the association. We are sure all the members of the Association will endorse this statement.

* * *

The college Principal, Mr. J. V. Chelliah, came and spent a delightful week end among the Old Boys at Wellawatte. Though he

was not able to see as many Old Boys as he wished to meet, yet he met a good number. Mr. A. Arulpiragasam was kind enough to entertain a few Old Boys at lunch with the Principal as the chief guests, at his residence at Wellawatte, that week-end.

The Old Boys did not fail to notice that the Principal was not in his best health. He looked tired and over-worked. The Old Boys, who have always a warm affection for their old master, wish that the Principal would go Up-Country on a holiday for the Easter Vacation and there take plenty of rest and completely relax himself.

* * *

We must congratulate Mr. K. Kanagaratnam on his recent appointment as Acting Chief Accountant of the Electrical Undertakings Department. We hope to see him permanently installed in his present post. A word about him is not out of place here. Mr. Kanagaratnam is one of our very popular Vice-Presidents. He has always placed at the disposal of the O. B. A. (C. B.) his bungalow as a meeting place for committee meetings. Seldom has he failed to be present at these meetings. With his genial characteristic laughter, many a time has he been able to smooth matters at committee meetings, when young rebellious elements were on the verge of de-

claring war and smashing up the whole meeting.

* * *

Among those who were recently admitted to be Advocates and Proctors of the Honourable the Supreme Court and other Courts of the Island of Ceylon are Messrs. W. W. Mutturaja, A. S. Ponnampalam, P. Siriskandaraja, Advocates, and Mr. J. F. Ponnampalam, Proctor.

* * *

Messrs A. Arulpiragasam, N. Kumarasingham and A. W. Nadaraja have been successful in the Advocates' Final Examination and Messrs A. Kathiravelu and S. R. Kanaganayagam in the Advocates' Second Examination.



THE LIBRARY

"I want to see an increasing use of books, and I should like to see in every school something like a real Library. When I go into a school and see no sign of a good book, I begin to doubt whether we understand even the alphabet of the subject".

This passage, quoted from a speech delivered by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, once President of the British Board of Education, provides an appropriate opening to write something about our Library. It is always considered that the School Library is the heart of that school. It pumps the rich blood of life-

thought into all the arteries of the school. There is not a single department in a school which the Library does not serve or need not serve. We should realise this importance, and keep the Library always up-to-date. The current world-wide depression is leaving its mark on our small Library. The influx of new books has dwindled for the last one or two years. Asia, John O' London, Times Educational Supplement, Strand, Spectator, Hindu Illustrated, My Magazine, and Children's Newspaper are among the papers accessible week by week

or month by month to our students. According to a rough register our daily attendance in the reading room is over 110, while those who borrow books from the Library are on an average 40 a day. These figures are not at all encouraging compared to the size of our school. But if a specified amount is allotted annually for the Library and the method of book purchase is systematised, then, our Library should easily attract a very large number and become an important and indispensable department in course of time.

Another special feature this year in our Library is the extension of Library hours. The influence of the fact that books are for use is being felt. We have been forced to increase the Library hours in order to give better facilities both for our teachers and students of higher class. Four students have been selected by the Principal to supervise the Library during the Librarian's recess hours. This arrangement enables us to have the Library opened between 6 and 9 P. M. in the evenings for the teachers

and students of the higher class. Needless to state that students are not allowed to have access to papers during this time. As I write about the extension of Library hours, an interesting story connected with the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford comes to my mind. Once a certain reader finding the Library closed, angry with disappointment, affixed a scrap of paper on its door containing the following words: "Woe unto you who have taken the key of Knowledge! Ye enter not yourself and hinder those who come". This was in 1806. Library Science has advanced a good deal since then. According to the recent American Library Association's survey of the libraries, 'the hours during which the libraries are opened daily, vary from ten to fourteen.' This is in the Land of Libraries. Our Library is opened at present for over 10 hours. Any extra money spent for the welfare of the Library is legitimately and well spent. The benefit that might overflow as a result of the wider use of the Library might over balance expense.

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THE FOLLOWING ARE RECENT ADDITIONS:—

1. *Lindsay, (A. D.)* Report of the Commission on Christian Higher Education in India.
2. *Griffith (Coleman R.)* Psychology of Coaching
3. *Sundrampillai (Prof. F.)* The Age of Tiru Jnana Sambandha.
4. *Mitchell, Elmer D.)* Intramural Athletics illustrated.
5. *Adams, (Sir John)* Errors in School
6. *Saintsbury (George.)* A History of Elizabethan Literature.
7. *Wheeler, (C. B.) ed:* Six Plays by Contemporaries of Shakespeare.

8. *Taylor, (W. D.) ed:* Eighteenth Century Comedy.
 9. *Congreve, (Wm.)* Comedies.
 10. " " The Mourning Bride, Poems and Miscellanies,
 11. *Dobrée, (Bonamy ed:)* Five Restoration Tragedies.
 12. *Dryden, (John.)* An Essay on Dramatic Poesy-
 a (C. E. M) Story of Civilization.
 14. *Darwin, ((Bernard.)* The English School.
 15. *Ferguson, (Beatrice)* Spiritual Realization.
 16. *Appasamy, (A. I.)* What is Moksa: A Study in the Johannine Doctrine of Life.
 17. *Nightingale (E.)* Magnetism and Electricity.
 18. *Little, (W.)* Elementary Chemistry.
 19. *Ramanathan, (Sir Pon.)* The Culture of the Soul among the Western Nations.
 20. " " Select Speeches, Vol. 1. 1879—1894
 21. " " Riots and Martial Law in Ceylon. 1915
 22. " " Gospel of Jesus according to St. Matthew.
 23. " " An Eastern Exposition of the Gospel of Jesus according to St. John.
 24. " " On the characteristics of Classic Tamil Part 1, relating to Letters and Words.
 25. " " Bhagavad Gita with Translation and Notes
 26. *Kipling, (Rudyard).* Twenty Poems. (Presented by Mr. A. M. Brodie.)
 27. *Rolland, (Romieu.)* Life of Vivekananda and the Universal Gospel
 28. *Ogg, (Frederik Austin.)* English Government and Politics.

N. B. Book by Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan found in this list were presented to the Library by Lady Ramanathan. We are very grateful for this gift.

* * * * *

"You despise books; you whose lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, the pursuit of pleasure, or in indolence; but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books."

Voltaire.

"So cultivate above all things a taste for reading. There is no pleasure so cheap, so innocent, and so remunerative as the real, hearty pleasure and taste for reading."

Lord Sherbrooke.

"We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it."

Colton.

LIBRARY HABIT

Perseverance is a mighty good thing to cultivate. The Library habit is another. The two go hand in hand. We guarantee this combination to conquer any obstacle.

READ LIBRARY BOOKS:—

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K. SELIAH,
Librarian.



EVENTS

Jan. 11—College reopens after the Christmas vacation.

Jan. 17—Mr. E. C. Dewick, M. A., speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Jan. 18—Farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Phelps.

It was on the evening of the 18th of January that the students and teachers gathered in the Ottley Hall to give a send off to Mr. and Mrs. Phelps and Ruth. The Principal took the chair and speeches were made by Mast. Tharmakulasingham on behalf of the students and Mr. I. P. Thurairatnam who was to succeed Mr. Phelps as physical Director. The speakers dwelt at length on the innumerable services rendered by Mr. Phelps to the College, especially in the Science and the Physical departments. The Principal in passing a few remarks emphasised what he had already said at the Teachers' farewell dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Phelps that Mr. Phelps always "buried himself" in any work that he undertook to do and this was the cause of his success. The Principal during the course of his speech also referred to Mrs. Phelps and said that she was the type of a lady with whom any body would like to associate. Her pleasant smile and genial conversation were enough to win the appreciation of any body. The same evening they left for Kodaikanal, leaving behind them perhaps as a memorial the old Ford car—which had already seen service under

Mr. A. Lockwood—under the supervision and kind care of Mr. Sitlinger and Appapillai, the one to use it and the other to look after it. For, whatever we may forget, we cannot forget the great sight of Mr. Phelps in his old Ford car with Appapillai and a few other carpenter colleagues in the rear seat driving round and round the football field and occasionally into the cricket field amidst the cheers of a host of spectators. Who can forget this sight?

Jan. 20 Mr. A. H. Nathanielz Provincial Engineer, N. P., speaks at the Y. M. C. A.

Jan. 24—Pastor Williams speaks at the Sunday Evening service.

February 7—Mr. Edward Mather speaks at the Sunday Evening service.

February 10—Mr. Natesapillai, B. A., Principal, Parameswara College, speaks at the Y. M. C. A. on "Ceylon and Ramayana".

February 14—Mr. Nevins Selvadurai B. A., J. P., M. B. E., speak at the Sunday Evening Service.

Feb. 19 21—Sextant Break.

Feb. 20—Cricket match against the Jaffna Y. M. C. A.

Feb. 24—Mr. R. C. Proctor, Registrar of the Supreme Court, speaks at the Y. M. C. A.

Feb. 8—Dr. Isaac Tambyah speaks at the Sunday Evening service.

March 2—Mr. T. N. Suppiah Proctor speaks at the Y. M. C. A.

March 4 & 5—Cricket match against Jaffna Central college ends in a win for us.

March 5—Another event of outstanding interest was the performance of physical feats by Mr. Rudra, an old Boy of the College, on Saturday the 5th of March in the Ottley Hall. Those, who were present at the performance, can testify to the fact that certainly the performance reached a much higher standard than was expected from the young athlete. The muscle control, bending of iron bars of various sizes, the strangle-pull, the breaking of huge iron bars on his chest and stopping of two cars were a few of the outstanding items of the day. We wish the young athlete all success in his future enterprises.

March 6—Mr. A. M. K. Cumaraswamy, B. sc., Vice-Principal, St.

John's College, speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

March 9—Mr. Cumaraswamy, M. A. from Jaffna Hindu College speaks at the Y. M. C. A.

March 11 and 12—Cricket match against St. Patrick's College ends in a win for us.

March 16—Pundit Sarma of Central College speaks at the Y. M. C. A.

March 19—Cricket match against St. College ends in a win for St. John's.

Brotherhood celebrates its anniversary.

March 20—Mr. S. Selvaratnam, B. D., Pastor in charge of Araly Church, speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

March 27—Mr. J. V. Chelliah speaks at the Sunday Evening Service on "He is risen."

April 1st—College closes for the holidays.



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We acknowledge with thanks all those Magazines and Periodicals sent to us during the course of this term.

EDITORS.



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 „ K. A. George, M. A. (*Mathematics*)
 „ L. S. Williams, B. sc. (*Science and Mathematics*)

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