

JAFFNA COLLEGE
MISCELLANY.



CHRISTMAS 1932.

Jaffna College Miscellany



CHRISTMAS NUMBER
December 1932.

Vol. XLII.

No. 3.

A Merry Christmas
and
A Prosperous New Year

THE BIRTH OF HOPE.

What did the world need when Jesus came?

Not culture—the people of Athens were wise.

Not wealth—there was much gold and precious merchandise.

Not art—the Greeks had a passion for portraying the beautiful.

Not military power—the Caesars had conquered the world.

Not religion—the rabbis were zealous of the law.

What, then, did the world need when Jesus came?

And the answer comes from your heart and mine.

"The world needed hope—the world needed God!"

Four sad centuries had passed since God had spoken.

"Having no hope, and God in the world".

This is the world's condition, as painted by the pen of inspiration.

*Nor can one easily imagine a more vivid picture of despair—a
hopeless world! a godless world!*

*Then Jesus came! "The people that sat in the darkness saw a
great light." It was the bright radiance of the star of Hope,
shining above Bethlehem's lowly manger.*

The birth of Jesus was the birth of Hope.

E. C. BAIRD.



THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS FOR THE MODERN WORLD.

Rev. E. C. Dewick, M. A.

There is something unique in the 'atmosphere' of Christmas. Perhaps that is especially realised in Northern lands, such as England or North America, where Christmas comes at a time of the year when life seems so largely enveloped in cold and fog and darkness; for then Christmas comes along as the one bright spot in an otherwise dreary season, bringing with it visions of home-gatherings by the warm fireside, or brightly-lit Churches and Altars and Christmas Trees. Perhaps, too, if the truth be known, there is here just a little survival of the spirit of the Pre-Christian festival of Yuletide, with its spontaneous exuberance of rejoicing amid the frosts of winter, its memories of primitive camp-fires, and the worship of the old pagan gods, making an elemental appeal to human emotions,—emotions which survive long after the beliefs that were originally associated with them have died away.

But be this as it may, these old pagan ideas have now sunk far below the surface; and over them has come a richer, nobler conception of what a festival of human joy may mean. Moreover, the special 'quality' of Christmas has proved itself able to survive even in lands where the cold climatic background does not prevail at Christmas-tide:—lands such as Australia or Ceylon, where the

Birth of Christ is not celebrated "amid the winter's snow." For in these lands too, Christmas brings with it associations of happiness and rejoicing that are unique in the round of the year; and the peculiar spirit of Christmas seems to be but little impaired by its changes of clime. Everywhere there is a peculiar note,—in the Christmas carols, the Christmas games, the Christmas greetings; and behind all these, and above all these, is the Christmas message.

Now wherein lies this unique quality of Christmas? First, perhaps, in the fact that Christmas is the Festival of Simplicity. It centres round a little child and a simple family. The Christmas carols are, in their language, the simplest of all Christian religious songs; and they are loved for their very simplicity, which does not repel us as children, but attract us as something that is in harmony with our own instincts at this time.

Take, for instance, the words of the Bethlehem carol, "As Joseph was a-walking," now some five hundred years old:—

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall;
But in the fair white linen
As usen babies all.

He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold;
But in the wooden manger
That lieth on the mould"

No long words or profound thoughts here;—yet generations of Christians have loved to sing such refrains at Christmas-time.

There is simplicity too in the Christmas stories of the Virgin Birth, the Shepherds, the Star, and the Wise Men from the East; a simplicity in the presence of which controversy is stilled, and even the critic, as he hears them, is (as a rule) content to bow the head in worship. For he knows that whatever may be the final verdict of history with regard to these things, they are true to the ultimate spiritual values of life. They are simple because there is a simplicity at the heart of the greatest things; and Christ was right when he told us that in the Kingdom of Heaven itself, the greatest of all is a little child.

Then again, Christmas is the Festival of God's Initiative. It tells of a fresh start after failure, of a new beginning after the close of an old era. Christmas has very little to do with human achievement; it tells us, not of what *man* has attained, but of how "*God came; God visited . . . , God sent . . .*" In the Christmas drama, it is *God* who is the Chief Actor, from first to last. It does not show us the crown of human labour or thought, nor the finished product of evolution; it does not even speak of a Divine response to man's best efforts. Rather, it tells of God going out in search of man, when man was lost;—of God initiating a great act of redemption and renewal;—of God taking the first step to bring back His children

to Himself. And this message touches a chord of response in our hearts; for, we know that in the long run, what God can do is greater than what man can do; and that the Gospel of Trust in God is more profound and far-reaching than the Gospel of human effort. Especially to a people tired and disillusioned, as many of us are to-day,—distrustful of our own purpose, and perplexed amidst the distractions of life's complexity, the Gospel of the Divine Initiative is above all, the message that can give us new hope and courage.

Once again, Christmas is supremely the Festival of Love; and love is the greatest of all things that we know. It is not a mere coincidence that Christmas has come to be associated with unselfishness, and the giving of gifts; for it is essentially the Festival of the greatest Gift of all—the gift which God gave to man, because He so loved the world. The God whom we worship at Christmas is not a God who dwells afar-off, in some unapproachable sublime Heaven; but a God whose essential nature it is to give Himself to those who are in need, and whose essential Nature is pictured for us in the Little Child, through whom God came on the first Christmas Day to the world of man.

As long as Christmas remains at the heart of Christianity, so long will those who respond to the Christian message seek to find the highest and best way of life, not in self-assertion, nor yet

in a merely intellectual wisdom, but in the way of service and sacrifice, the beginning of which is symbolised for us in the Manger

at Bethlehem, and its climax on the Cross of Calvary, — a Cross which for us is ever transfigured by the light of the Resurrection.



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. M. H. Harrison, B. A.

Christmas again! Our thoughts wander over land and sea, over century after century, over our own childhood and our maturing life. The thrill hasn't left us—at least we hope it hasn't! We think of ancient days in England, of the time of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, when Christmas still smacked of the pagan and only the worldly-minded used to celebrate it—back to the days when the fir tree was made symbol of Christmas in Germany—when, too, St. Nicholas, the kind-hearted saint in mediaeval legend began gradually to find his own birthday and that of the Christ child the same! We think again of doll festivals in Japan and in India and wonder—is there anything of that holy joy and awe in the minds of those who celebrate these festivals, something of that which Christmas has come to mean to us? Beginning as a pagan festival, celebrated at first by heavy feasting by mince pies and brightly burning yule logs, by roisterous drinking — nay, why should we say, celebrated at first? It is still celebrated in this way by many, is it not? Alas! Yet today its significance is far deeper,

the holiest as well as the most beautiful festival of the Christian year.

How universal a festival it is! A little story is told of the early pioneers in Canada, of those settlers from France who had left their own warm sunny country for the bleak cold and rocky shores of Quebec. They made ready in the bitter cold for the joyous festival of Noel, as the French call Christmas. In France, as in most Catholic countries, the celebration centres around the story of the virgin mother and child—and in humble homes, the tale of the manger is pictured with tiny figures—a Madonna in a blue robe, a stalwart Joseph leaning on his staff, the baby in a diminutive cradle, the hay packed all around, and in the straw and hay, figures of animals—oxen, sheep, cows—all standing and gazing at the Holy Babe. In Canada, at the local apothecary's house, so the story goes, his little daughter is arranging on the window still the sacred tableau with these tiny figures sent her by her far-away French relatives. A little ragged boy is watching her with enthral-

led interest. "Oh, Cecile," he cries, "Where are you going to put that sheep and that ox?" After everything is arranged, he goes home down the steep hills of Quebec to the dirty house where his mother, the mistress of every sailor that comes to port, lives in shame and filth. In the afternoon, he is back again at Cecile's house, bringing with him a roughly carved wooden animal representing a beaver (a kind of furred muskrat that haunts the Canadian forests). "It's only my little old wooden beaver that the sailor made me", he explains to Cecile, "but couldn't I put him with the other animals in the window to look at the baby? He's a nice beaver; he keeps me warm sometimes when I'm cold". Cecile hesitates, for the beaver looks dark and rough beside the dainty French figures. "But, yes," says an old French dame, "Let the little boy put the beaver there, Cecile. The animals of this New world, as well as those of the old are His, Cecile. Are they not? Will He not be pleased to see the child of the woman, who has sinned, give his one poor toy to the Christ child?" Europe or Canada, the West or the East, the saint or the sinner, we can shut no one out at Christmas time! All over India and Ceylon, scholar and poet, patriots and dreamers, hot-headed youths and old men, are melted by the thought of the babe lying in the manger. And on Christmas eve, not only the sheep and the goats of Palestine, not only the beavers and bears of Canada, but the buffaloes and bullocks, the mules and donkeys of India bend their knees

before Him—or so we like to think—

Christmas Eve and twelve of the clock,

"Now they are all on their knees!"

An elder said, as we sat in a flock
By the embers, in hearth side ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where

They dwelt in their strawy pen

Nor did it occur to one of us there

To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy! Few believe

In these years. Yet, I feel

If someone said on Christmas Eve

"Come, see the oxen kneel

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb

Our childhood used to know",

I should go with him in the gloom

Hoping it might be so.

(Thomas Hardy)

And this poem, by the cynical and despairing poet of our own day, leads us to that other thought of Christmas. It takes us all in—men and animals—yes—but more! It renews our faith! "I should go with him in the gloom, hoping it might be so". "We are all children at Christmas time", says Charles Dickens. Yes, we are, children in joy and frolic, but children most of all in the renewed faith that comes stealing into our hearts. Have we dreamed of a world at peace, free from schemes and prejudices, where every man loves his brother? As we have grown older, have we despaired of such a world? But when the Christ child is born, it is all possible once more. Have we had high hopes for our country, Ceylon united and prosperous, and, are we disillusioned and bitter? But God still lives, and has sent his Son "who ever liveth to make intercession for us". Has death come to us since the last Christmas and taken away someone very dear? But

birth is true as well as death. Will not Christmas bring to us faith to believe that our dear one lives, a faith that is foolishness to all the wise, but to us the power of God? Miracles can still happen, for Christ is born! Evil can be overcome, peace can come to the earth, men can live together in

love and justice, death can lose its sting!

"Love downward hies in human guise
To save our fallen race
With human hands to lift us up
Once more from death's embrace—
Come high, come low, come all of you
The Saviour of the world to view"

(Narayan Tilak)



PUSHPAKANTHI.

(A CHRISTMAS STORY.)

It was close upon midnight. All nature was hushed in silence, save the bubbling of the Kelani Ganga. It was the hour when tired souls were having their rest and fevered minds their calm. The house seemed shrouded in gloomy darkness, and a mysterious silence pervaded the surroundings. No noise could be heard in the room save the 'tick, tick' of an old Seth Thomas, that regularly chimed the hour, and the low moanings of the baby Pushpam, that lay huddled up in its cosy cot. The babe seemed a perfect picture of innocence with 'Heaven lying' about it. A lone candle was burning low and from the adjoining room came accents of hushed talk. "O! Devendra! How are we to bear the blow which is fallen on us? It is hardly three months since our Pushpam was born and you are now deprived of your work. What is going to happen to poor Pushpam and unfortunate me? And, now, you want to leave us alone and go away.

How can I be here without you? O, God! Canst Thou be so cruel? What are we going to do?" So said Chandraranee with tears streaming down her cheeks. Devendra could scarce look at her in her misery. Stifling the sighs of grief that tried to escape him, he spoke to his wife: "Chandra! don't make me sadder than I am. This blow has come as the rudest of shocks to me. I never expected the company, one of whose favourite and trusted employees I was, to eject me from employment. Let us bear it manfully. Darling, bring up Pushpam carefully after I am gone. God will take both of you under His protecting wings." "What? God! Why? Does God care for us?" "Dearest, has there been any time in our experience of three years together when the hand of God has not been visible guiding us? Therefore, let us not wince or cry. Yes, when I think of our misery and the ill-luck of our beloved child, I tremble. But, yet,

"Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

Chandra, give me leave to go in search of some work that will make us keep body and soul together, and above all, feed this child, the gift from God. I am sure everything will end well." Chandra saw how her husband was struggling with his unutterable grief of parting from his loved ones. She also understood the undaunted spirit that was moving him. Moreover, she realised that that was their only hope. There was no use now in blaming cruel Providence for it. She did not know what to say. She thought of the lonely days which she would have to spend at home alone with the child. Just at that time a slight noise was heard in the room in which their child was sleeping. She turned and peered through the open door. There was her child playing with her coverings. It was a sight that brought all the reality of the situation forcibly on her mind. Straightaway she turned to her husband and said to him, "Devendra, you are right. Our only hope depends on your going away. For the sake of our Pushpam, go and prosper. Shall we not entrust ourselves into the safe keeping of the God of whom you are so sure?" They were on their knees before God and when they rose, they felt as if a new strength had come to them. They could not steal even one wink of sleep. Chandra employed the early hours of the morning in packing the things necessary for her husband, and Devendra in playing

with his child. Morning dawned and with it Devendra departed.

A few months had passed, and Devendra was installed as a clerk and tea-maker in an Up-country estate. The young man, by dint of hard work, and the strict honesty he displayed in all his dealings with everybody, caught the fancy of his master and won his affection. Devendra soon became a great favourite and friend of Mr. White, who gave him a plot of land for his own use. All his spare time was spent in making a vegetable garden in this plot. The garden grew into a big concern and yielded plentifully. The result of hard work was noticeable. Evenings and mornings, Sundays and holidays, always found Devendra at work. He soon found customers in many parts of the Island and his name was fast becoming popular. Now and then, Chandra and Pushpam would rejoice over receiving a parcel of Up-country vegetables, which would be distributed among their neighbours and friends. Devendra had been away for well-nigh a year, and his wife and child yearned for his company; but he, on the other hand, was completely absorbed in his business. For some time Devendra used to write home twice or even three times a week. But, now, it had dwindled down to once a month or even less. He was as happy as could be! Why? In a few years he would earn enough money to build a palatial home in Jaffna and give his daughter a decent up-to-date education

and 'tons' of cash as dowry! How proud, then, would his daughter be of her father! Then his wife would be able to move with high dames of society. These were the dreams which were mastering him, when he received one day a letter from his wife which ran thus:

My Own,

I am writing this in haste to catch today's post. It has been raining, and rather heavily for a few days here. The river is rising. People here are already leaving the village. I don't know what to do. I have no one to go to. Pushpam is finding it difficult to bear the cold. Can't you come down tomorrow and take us to Jaffna? Please do. Isn't long since we saw each other? With love and kisses from Pushpam, and

Your wife

CHANDRA.

Devendra was nonplussed. He was so wedded to his garden now that he could not tear himself away from it. The business demanded his presence. There was no one to attend to the orders of his outstation customers. Money was now his prime concern and all his thoughts. Gardening was his chief love. Hence he despatched a telegram to his wife stating that it would be possible for him to leave only after three days.

In the meantime the floods in the village had risen and were working their cruel way into most of the houses. All the compounds were under water and it was all a sea with pots and pans, boxes

and trunks, clothes and books, floating on its surface like tiny boats. People were seen fleeing from the destruction to come. It was certain that there was no escape for Chandra and her daughter. No one paid any attention to their cries. They were in a strange land. Besides everybody was looking after himself and his own belongings that he had no thought to spare for any others. Chandra was expecting the arrival of her husband the next day. And, then, all would be well, she thought. But the floods waited for no man. They were rising and had entered Chandra's hut. Poor Chandra! She was sure that certain death was waiting for both of them. What could she do? She took the child in her arms and raised her high towards heaven. Then she knelt down and prayed to God asking Him to take charge of herself and her child. She wished that God would take her child and make her an angel, to sing by His throne. She also committed her husband into God's hands and asked His blessings upon him. Then she bound her child close to herself and jumped into the raging floods. The floods enveloped them and soon they were like tiny twigs of wood speeding along a swift river.

A week had gone by, the floods had subsided, but no trace of the village could be seen. It was all a waste land. The houses, most of them, had been destroyed and razed to the ground. A man was seen to move amidst this wreckage. Nobody could give him any

information as to what had happened to Chandra and Pushpam. Every passer-by would be stopped by him and one question asked, "Did you see my Chandra and Pushpam?" People thought him mad. Devendra could find no trace whatsoever of his beloved wife and still more beloved child. He tried to locate the place where his hut had stood, but in vain. He raged wildly, swore at random, and cursed himself and his garden, his business and his money. How great an agony did he undergo! How he wished he had given up all his business and fled to his beloved ones, immediately he got the letter! Now, his love of money had caused the loss of a loving wife and his only child! How cruel was God, he thought! How could God do such a thing as take away both his daughter and wife at the same time? God works in mysterious ways, he said to himself. Yes! God works in mysterious ways, for the memory of those lines of that optimistic poet of England came to him:

*"God is in His Heaven
All is right with the world."*

No! God was not in His heaven, and all was not right with the world. Otherwise, how could this great calamity have fallen upon him, just as he was trying to build up a small fortune to support his wife and child? He uttered a strange laugh and ran away from the scene of this desolation. Immediately he went to his estate, resigned his work, sold his garden, and sent the proceeds

to the Flood Relief Fund. From that day onwards Devendra was a wanderer on the face of the earth.

* * *

Christmas was approaching and even that far-off village of Wattala was putting on a festive appearance. Every home was a hive of activity. Children were seen, playing in groups, in the village green in close proximity to a small cottage. They were talking among themselves about the coming festivities and unfolding to each other, their elaborate plans for the celebration of this happy day. In that little group was a small girl, with a sweet countenance, about eight years of age, who was a silent spectator. She had no plans of her own to give her comrades. She had not enjoyed her Christmas for years. No one had bought her a new dress or given her any present. She could not understand all this talk of the visit of Santa Claus. No special preparation had been made in her home in anticipation of this day. Such gloomy thoughts and sad recollections filled her mind, that she found it difficult to be one of this joyful band and, therefore, ran away to her mother. She found her mother on her knees, praying, with her cheeks bedewed with tears. The child watched by her side. All that she could make out of her mother's prayers was a request to make her child happy that Christmas. The prayer over, the child said, "Mother! Who is this Santa Claus that these people are speaking of? Will he ever come to me?"

Did you pray to God asking Him to send me a Santa Claus? Won't he bring me toys and sweetmeats and crackers?" The mother was overburdened with grief at these questions. She had borne much. She had waited and waited for her husband's appearance or some message from him. She had sent him letters after letters and had had no reply. Her daughter was growing and asking her many questions which she could not satisfactorily answer.

It was Christmas Eve. In a town, a few miles away from this village, grander preparations were being made. The people were looking gay and striving to excel each other in celebrating Christmas. The shops were crowded and the pavements were filled with a seething mass of humanity, jostling each other in their mad rush to spend their money. In the midst of this all, was a man, grave and stately, but, looking at these sights with a sneering look. He was pushed this side and that by the hurrying crowd. The man struggled to free himself and wended his way towards the open plains. It was evident from his looks that sad thoughts were passing through his mind. At times, he would appear clenching his fist, hardening his face, and muttering some words to himself. He seemed dissatisfied altogether with what was going on around him. At other times he would laugh to himself at the foolish ways of his fellow beings. The Christmas spirit had not caught him yet. Suddenly, the peal of an organ from a Church nearby reach-

ed his ears and drew him inside. He went in. The Christmas Eve service was in progress. The church looked beautiful, lit with electric bulbs, and the altar covered with flickering candles. The long robes of the parson and the choristers gave an added dignity to the service. To him all this was sham. Neither the singing nor the sermon made any impression on him. These ceremonies, so religiously gone through, made him loathe them, and he left the church a thoroughly dissatisfied and restless soul. He turned his footsteps towards the village and as he passed through it, songs sung by the various carol parties came jarring on his ears. Surely, the painted faces of the young boys and the hilarious uproar of the crowd were far different from the spirit of the angelic choir. He moved slowly away and hardly knew that he had walked five miles from the town. His mind was so full of thoughts that he did not realise what he was doing. He was awakened from his reverie by the sound of a song. The sweet sound that was wafted over to his ears was the voice of a child. The words of the song arrested him and made him stand rooted to the spot. What were those last words that formed the burden of the song? Again came the words, "*O tidings of Comfort and Joy.*" What! "*Tidings of Comfort and Joy!*" Comfort and joy were the two things which he had not experienced for quite a while. Had he had any comfort? Had he had any joy? Could this mes-

sage be true? If only it were!
How well the child sang! With
what joy! Why didn't she sing
again? Here was something which
came like manna to his hungry
soul. The voice again broke forth:

*"He comes to succour speedy
For those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His Sight."*

This was comfort. This was
joy indeed. Here was the guiding
hand of God. The all pervading,
mysterious presence enveloped him
by the side of that lonely house.
He felt that peace was coming
into his soul, and hope was spring-
ing in his heart. The child stop-
ped singing. By the light of the
pale moon he guided his steps to-
wards the half-open door of the
house. The picture that met his
eyes there gripped him. A mo-
ther was telling afresh the story
of the birth of the Babe Jesus to
a child on her lap. How calm
the mother looked, and how in-
terested the child! Here was Christ-

mas! The mother turned her face
away from the child for a mo-
ment, and looked towards the
door. Something flashed in the
man's mind, and with outstretch-
ed hands he rushed to the door.

* * *

"Mother, this looks like the San-
ta Claus for whom we prayed but
a moment back. Oh, I am sure
God has sent this Santa Claus to
me and not to you." The man gath-
ered the child in his arms and
smothering it with kisses said,
"Yes, you are right. God has sent me
to you. I come to you with the
best of gifts God can give you
now. I am your father, Pushpam.
How wonderfully beautiful you have
grown!"

What joy was in the hearts of
all the three! To Devendra peace
at last; home at last. The spirit
of Christmas had come to him
through the joyful song of this
angelic child. 'Tidings of Comfort
and Joy' had actually come into
their hearts. And, at that moment,
the clock chimed the hour of the
birth of the Prince of Peace.

LYMAN S. KULATHUNGAM.



*Be not afraid: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy
which shall be to all the people.*

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME-A BUDDHIST

E. R. ERATNE, ESQ.

In the minds of most of us who are non-Christians, Christmas is associated with an orgy of eating and drinking. This is the unfortunate and unfair impression left on the minds of most of us, who do not realise that the revelling and feasting, which invariably attend this day, are an external manifestation of the exuberance of feeling stirred up by what may be called the Christmas environment. But those, who realise that the beneficent influence of a noble man knows no racial or geographical barriers and that Christianity forms a treasured part of the heritage of the human race, will think of Christmas as a day of supreme importance. Did it ever strike the first admirers of Christ thus? If it did, why should it not have the same significance to me?

Christ was born into a world of irreligion. Under the Roman Republic, religion was a state institution, the practices and ceremonies of which were regulated and conducted by officers of the State. Under the Antonnines it had the Grecian philosophy known as Stoicism which soon took deep root in the hearts of the higher classes of the Romans. In the end, it stiffened into the rigid Roman ideas of Law and Duty. "The world was sick at heart. The spiritual horizon was overpowered with a grey monotony of despair. Men could not even curse God

and die, for there was no God."

The affairs of the material world were no better. The legions of Caesar and Pompey and other renowned generals had carried the Roman swad into remote corners of the then-known world. The Roman banner flouted the skies of Britain in the West and Palestine in the East. Early Roman rule was no doubt productive of beneficent results on the conquered, but as time went on, elation of victory produced a baneful influence on the Roman government. With the setting in of that inevitable degeneracy that awaits nations, the bold, hardy and independent Roman peasantry had given way to such excesses of a slave population. The Roman youth had given itself up to such excesses of eating and drinking and steeped itself in such a mire of debauchery as would have made the ancient orator cry out in despair: "O Mores Maiorum". The Republic had passed away, and the age of the Caesars had come into being. Mankind was groaning under a tyranny of oppression—veiled, it is true, during the reigns of rulers like Augustus, yet visible to keen eyes.

Such was the world into which the little Child of Bethlehem was born on Christmas Day—1936 years ago—a day so memorable in the annals of mankind, that was of vital importance to humanity. On that day was set a rolling what

Buddhists would call "The wheel of the Law". Then was heard that still voice of the East, "Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden and I will give you rest". That day brought rest to the weary and the heavy-laden. It brought comfort to the sinners and consolation to the oppressed.

Christmas Day heralded for men an era of emancipation, spiritual as well as physical. Doubt and superstition gave place to an organised religion. The darkness of ignorance was dispelled by a flood of light. The scales fell from men's eyes, the mist passed away, and men saw and understood that the world was a beautiful place to live in for those who would live well. The slave, who had through years of drudgery come to look upon himself as a creature of no worth, learnt that for his worthless self too there was salvation. The poor, the lame, the rich, now, found a deliverer—a deliverer who was no other than the Son of God. They were now, for the first time perhaps, to hear that there was a God who looked after them too, rejoiced in their joys and grieved with them in their sorrows. Now there was to be pity for the wrong-doer and pardon for the sinner, and the beautiful but erring daughter of Lebanon was to be taken into the bosom

of the father. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, were henceforth to be equal in the eyes of God. The shepherd tending his flock on the pastures of Judea, the fishermen braving the storms of the sea of Galilee, and the beggar wandering from door to door in search of a little bread—all had now a protector. All were to receive salvation. "Amid the afflictions of this life, blessedness in a future state was placed before men's eyes, and faith laid hold upon the refuge a reality to come. Surrounded by the decay and dissolution of the mighty empire, men became reconciled to the losses and degradations of the present in sure expectation of the rewards and the restorations of the future."

Thus occurred on that day an event with tremendous consequences for humanity. As time went on, the faint, plaintive cry of the new born infant heard on that day, assumed the rich resounding tones that now are heard in the farthest corners of the earth—among the hale-breds of the South Sea Islands, the Cannibals of Papua, as well as among the sages of the philosophic East. Such is the significance of Christmas to humanity. Such it is to me, a mere drop in the ocean of humanity.



*For there is born to you, this day in the city of David, a Saviour,
who is Christ the Lord.*

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW YEAR

REV. R. C. P. WELCH

The beginning of a New Year is an important break in the current of human life. We instinctively stop to look back and forward. To look back is as important as to look forward.

In looking back we find that our experiences were not unmitigated success or failures. They were all a mixture of success, failures, joys, sorrows, good and bad. As we ponder over the past, the pangs of remorse that the past year was not put to such good use as it ought have been, begin to be felt. We keenly feel our sorrow over wasted moments. Oh, how we wish that we might have some of these shining days, once more, to live them over! But we never can get them back. Our memory becomes crowded with the heaps of perplexities, disappointments, failures, temptations and the sins of commission and omission, and we regret the past. But these thoughts can lead us to determine to be careful in future, not to commit the same sins again.

But in the midst of all this we are also conscious of the brighter side. There were gleams of light in the midst of darkness, and above all, perhaps for the first time, we begin to "feel after and know" that there has been the guiding hand of God in our lives. This leads us to bow down our heads in solemn reverence and praise God saying, "What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Again, as we stand at

the threshold of the New Year, the question that naturally comes to our minds is what will this New Year bring to us? Will it be a good year or a bad year to us and to mankind? Many wise men everywhere are trying to answer this question for us, some by studying the position of the stars and planets in the heavens, others by studying the nations and kingdoms of the earth, and still others by observing the signs of the times. But with all these learning and investigation, they cannot give us a correct answer. The simple reason is that the New Year is neither good nor bad, as yet. It is simply new, now, and is waiting for us to make it what it shall become. It is like a new born babe, looking up to the grown up and asking: "What are you going to make of me?"

It is certainly true we are going to have experiences which are beyond our control and for which we cannot be held responsible. But there will be many things for which man shall be certainly responsible. In the main he will shape the New Year, what it is going to be, for "whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap". And reap in abundance! And whatsoever men sow that shall also all the other men reap. What a solemn thought! What a great responsibility!

•Now, what are we planning to do? Are we going to enter the virgin soil of the new year with our hands full of the seed of

hatred, strife, envyings, pride
and selfishness? God forbid.

May God help us to enter the
New Year full of the seed of the

fruits of the spirit which are love,
joy, peace, long suffering, gentle-
ness, goodness, faith, weakness and
temperance. All hail to you, New
year.



INCARNATE LOVE

*Love well'd up in the Maker's breast,
And pity in His heart awak'd,
Until a tear nigh fill'd His eye,
And, overflowing, dropt to earth.*

*O, Heavenly Tear, Thou God's own love,
Sweet pity's shape, and love's own form,
In Bethlehem's low manger seen,
In swaddling clothes all meanly wrapt.*

*Seraphic hosts carol Thy birth,
And brilliant stars blaze forth the news,
Till East and West, and sky and earth
Proclaim aloud, "Behold, the Lamb!"*

*O, Lamb of God! O, Heavenly Babe!
Of herds and sages sought and found,
In this poor humble heart of mine
O, born be Thou, and make it Thine.*

*A world of sin, for pity's sake,
Save Thou, and everlasting life
Yet grant to man, to fallen man,
O Saviour, Friend, Incarnate God!*

CHAS. R. WADSWORTH.



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

STUDENTS' CONTRIBUTIONS

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME—A CHRISTIAN

"It came upon the Midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on Earth, Good-will to men
From Heavens all Gracious King.
The World in solemn stillness lay!
To hear the angels sing."

"Two thousand years have rolled by, beneath this angelic strain, but ever with the circling years Christmas tide brings to many the same message of peace and gladness which it brought to those shepherds on that earliest Christmas night. Millions of people all over the world celebrate the advent of the Holy Babe, with joy and reverence". What does it mean to me?

When I think of Christmas that which strikes me first and foremost is the huzzle and buzzle, "the inevitable busy atmosphere of social activities". When Christmas draws near, officers, set free from their weary routine, concentrate their attention on studious preparations; clerks close check books and drive fast their quills on Christmas cards; school boys leave their books safe on shelves and hurry with decorations; shop-keepers advertise and attract us with rare and lovely X'mas gifts and tantalizing toys. What do these all mean? Where in lies their significance?

Beyond all these fanciful allurements and excitements, Christmas day stands marked and vivid for the birth of Him, whom every one of us loves and admires; who by His very life and teachings has set ideals of a richer and fuller life; who redeemed the world, and gave "His life a ransom for many."

To Christians the season brings a revival of Faith; some living and binding force which brings them in spirit face to face with their Master. In our every day life it is only to a few to whom religion is a part and partial of their being. Many Christians deep buried in their various pursuits, forget the meaning of their Faith. To many Christians Religion is a swaying factor in their lives. This is well illustrated from the attendance of the Sunday Morning Service. Undoubtedly there are some who go to church with sincere devotion, but it must be admitted that some do so only to be reminded of their ideals, some go there with vacant minds, and some because they are forced to do so by force of habit or by others. Some do not go at all. To all these classes of Christians alike Christmas brings a special contact between the Master and themselves. Do we not know of Christians whose only

time of prayer is the Christmas morn?

Christmas fosters a spirit of Brotherhood. Indeed we meet under the common banner of Christian faith. All through the year we are absorbed in diversity of thoughts and actions. Christmas brings "a unity in diversity"—a common factor which brings us all together. In the silence of the night when the carol party sings at our gates, greeting us with "glad tidings of great joy", do we not feel that we, Christians, are all of one Faith and one Hope? Do we not lay aside our little differences when in the morning at church we wish each other "A Merry Christmas"?

Christmas day brings to me perfect happiness and harmony in all things. It is imbued with the spirit of the lines:

Oh day of rest and gladness,
Oh day of joy and light,
Oh balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright."

At Christmas gatherings, the vacant laughter of age, the enthusiasm of youth, the merry prattle

of childhood, the measured tread of shining shoes or immaculate slippers, the sound of toy rattlers or whistles, suits that speak best of the tailor's art, or sarees resplendent with rainbow hues, short and frilled frocks of dazzling blues, all catch the eye, please the ear and leave one's heart brimming with happiness.

When Christmas comes but once a year, pecuniary considerations are laid aside and we are given splendid repasts by those dear and near to us. As we sit at table with the "old familiar faces" and "pleasant chat with merry laughter prevails," we feel thankful and remember the Heavenly Babe in whose name we meet and drink of the cup of happiness.

Christmas ever reminds me, that the age shall come, when sin and strife shall cease, and the World shall respond to that earliest angel-strain:

"Glory to God in the Highest
On Earth Peace
And good-will to men"

SAMUEL S. ALFRED,
Senior C,



CHRISTMAS—TO A HINDU.

It is needless and barely sufficient to say that Christmas dates the birth-day of Jesus Christ, the saviour and redeemer of the world; or that, that day is a compass of joyful recollections and sensibilities of great birth. The headline as it is, expects something more than that. Moreover, a Hindu could

celebrate Christmas, or even plead for its celebration.

Especially, now, in an age, safely not at the nadir of civilisation, it is not strange to see educated Hindus partaking in the rejoicings of Christmas—at least in the external sense of the meaning. Our ardent grannies would not even toler-

ate the idea of exchanging wishes with Christian friends, at least for the sake of formality. The gradual disintegration of such fanaticism was certainly the work of time and society: for now we can see Hindus sending Christmas cards to each other—ties of mutual friendship. They make X'mas purchases—I earnestly hope that they will not humiliate themselves by owning that the cheap sales or fancies of the season lure them to do so. Some attend the midnight service, curiosity prevailing upon them.

It is a vain attempt to sleep, when a festivity is ahead. Then with the usherance of day into life by the king of the gorgeous East, many items that ought to be carried through the day float in the restive minds: the eagerness to show themselves to the world forces them to hurried-up-snatches of a morning tea; then a gleeful race to the toilet table, where a thousand ways of horse-shoeing the lips are put to the test—I can imagine the tiresome

work of choosing the best smile; or assuming a posture, which would best benefit the person at the evening group photo.

I, for myself, would not, for all my life, miss a plunge at Keerimalai, on an occasion, such as this. To remain in the water all day long like beavers and then to look forward for something substantial at home, makes one ask, why every day cannot be Christmas. The divine negation of this one request engendered the saying that "Every day is not Christmas." If you have not a single day all the year round for yourself here is an opportunity; if you have a few days at your pleasure, here is an additional one. But I tell you that I am not seducing you nor am I meddling with your conscience.

Moreover if questions of castes and creeds are thrown overboard in forming a united front why shouldn't every religionist pause to pay his homage to the ambassador of God, the father of us all?

P. NADARAJAH,
Inter-Arts.



CHRISTMAS DAY

The long-wished-for day had come. The bonny baby on the mother's lap, on seeing Pa, put on a winsome smile, with the full expectation of having new toys. Mischievous Tom, who had been often rebuked by his Daddy that "Every day is not X'mas," now

took the opportunity of wrenching everything out of his Daddy—from a toy balloon to a cricket bat. Little Mary, who had assumed a holy and dutiful countenance—only for a month before the expected day—had flattered her mother to obtain for herself

a dress of Cremona silk and a fascinating ribbon of crimson and gold.

Nor was it a feast to the young only. Great aunts, grand uncles and grand old Dames, lounged in easy chairs, smoked, chewed and gossiped. Old women spun out old tales to their grand-children, while old sires drowned themselves in old wine and laughter. Little children listened gleefully to their grannies' stories—how uncle Dick chased a ghost and killed a lizard, how aunt Jane burnt her X'mas cake instead of baking it, and how Santa Claus came by night and stealthily placed toys and crackers under their pillows, when they were young children.

Christmas Eve was a time for shopping. The shop-owners however bankrupt they might be—did their best to make their shops attractive and inviting. Paper streamers and flags decorated the walls and verandahs, and X'mas stockings hung on every window and post. On these days the shop keepers were unusually courteous. The young and the old, the poor and the rich, some men of the type of Falstaff, others as lean as Pharaoh's kine, families by tens and dozens stepped into these shops to purchase their X'mas goods. There was not one face which was not bright or happy. One asked the price of a box of toy ballons, another purchased the choicest chocolates available, while a third bundled up the most costly silks.

When night drew in, the din and bustle of the street increas-

ed. One would be bewilderingly interested at the various sights presented. Every house displayed its dazzling lights and people chatted, tittered and laughed. The melodious music of pianos, violins, seraphinas and gramophones mingled into one harmonious note. The air was heavy with the perfumes of roasted turkeys, and X'mas cakes newly taken out from the ovens. It seemed as though none needed sleep—"Sleep! the sole balm of hurt minds." All were determined to see the birth of our Lord. One felt as though the angels had announced the Glory of God and the Peace to be bestowed on men of good-will. One could visualize a scene in fairy land itself.

The congregation, assembled in the Church, provided a spectacular sight to the onlooker. Men dressed in their best X'mas suits, ladies attired in their finest sarees, and children enhanced by their elegant dresses, joined in chanting sonorous hymns. The midnight mass or service being over, the X'mas carolers proceeded on their masquerade. One's eyes were feasted with the decorated cars, the masks and the chinese lanterns. Chinese crackers roared in different parts of the street and children lighted Roman candles, while the Carol parties chanted in their ecstasy.

X'mas night provided ample opportunity for mischief makers to create some amusing incidents. Here one is reminded of a carol party conducted by a number of mischievous school boys during a X'mas night. At a particular house they sang

the song, "Hark! the X'mas bells are ringing," which, unfortunately, was the only X'mas song they knew. When they had finished singing, the inmates clamoured for more. The boys did not know what next to sing. One suggested to shout out, "Our Lord is a jolly good fellow," but this was simply laughed out. Soon they decided to sing a song, in praise of the Lord, to a popular tune. The song began "The Lord is great, the Lord is good . . ." while each one had to fit in a suitable adjective. When the song was thus sung, the last boy failing in words, finished, saying, "The Lord is like a jam tin, where Johnny poked his nose in." This created much laughter, particularly among some young girls who were in a group. This instigated a jovial lad to finish the second round with, "The Lord is a sugar candy like yonder girls that laugh." In the end they were treated sumptuously and sent off.

Thus some young miscreants made it a point to spend X'mas in such an amusing manner. If a Scrooge barred his gates against them, they unitedly removed the gates of his house and placed them a quarter of a mile away. These

amusements were carried far into the night till a drowsiness lulled them to sleep, to dream of X'mas gifts and wishes of the morrow.

The festivities of a X'mas night are not fettered to one place but to every corner in the world. In Jaffna, Hindus and other non-Christians joined in the festivities. They presented gifts to their Christian neighbours, and themselves partook in the X'mas cake, while some even attended the midnight mass or service.

The twenty-fifth day of December was spent in feasting and in wishing one another a happy Christmas. One was very profuse in these greetings which tended to strengthen the bonds of friendship and love. If distance separated two friends, a glowing card renewed the warmth. Friends and relatives sat round the X'mas fire and betook themselves to sumptuous dinners; on this day bottles, ranking from a Beehive to a Henessey or a White Horse, were often opened by many. As every day cannot be Christmas, both young and old saw that this one joyous day was spent in the happiest vein.

W. M. T. NICHOLAS,
Inter Arts.



CHRISTMAS

"Holy Night, Peaceful Night,
Through the darkness beams a light,
Yonder where they sweet vigils keep,
Over the Babe who in silent sleeps,
Rests in heavenly Peace, Rests in heavenly
Peace".

The Christian world will join in celebrating the birth of the Holy Infant of Bethlehem on the twenty-fifth of December. Once again the ringing of church bells, the messages of goodwill and peace to humanity, will herald the significance of His birth. The song of the angels this time will be heard around a world of pain, suffering and discontentment. The great advent peeps with the same all-pervading peacefulness, on the serenity and tranquillity of a slumbering world, which is shaken by its present crisis. One feels that the splendour and glow of this great festivity has been clouded with gloom and darkness, due to the evils of this world: the wars, the hates, the greed, the poverty and sin, for which man has been instrumental. The present world is receiving the Christmas message of peace, despite its sad state of disaster, famine, and death. The glorious rejoicing has been marred, because humanity is unable to bear the trials and sorrows of a sordid world.

To the Orient, the Christmas message of peace comes when Japan and China are clashing into each other, about to plunge the world into another conflict of war. The Indian movement for liberty, and the attitude of Great Britain,

is puzzling the other nations of the world. When one pauses to see, one is conscious of the fact that on various horizons, there is the roar and rumble of an oncoming calamity of conflict that nothing seems able to stop. One feels that the time has come, when peaceful and amicable settlement, of solving international problems and disputes, seems to be impossible, and that war is inevitable. One gradually notices the powerless state of the League of Nations in not reaching its object of peace, and failing in bringing a compromise between China and Japan. The nations of Europe are on the verge of economic, and financial disaster. Nations realise that they are unable to abide by the pledges made at the Peace Conference regarding disarmament, for they feel it essential to equip themselves with armaments. We see that the love of nations is nothing but a passing cloud shielding one another's jealousy, hatred, and malice, by the sham disguise of fellowship. One recollects the vivid days of Armistice, how we lifted up our hearts with gratitude when the dawn of peace came, and brightened the world. The nations realised that war was not only a shattering and mutilating of human bodies, but of the broken homes of thousands, whose silver chords of hope had been broken to pieces.

The glorious song of the angels is a vision, and a promise to this distracted world, whose craze is for the decaying materialism, and

power, which was the cause of the last Great War. The modern world acknowledges today, that the predominance, and influence of the Babe of Bethlehem, has been recognised, and distinguished as unparalleled throughout the centuries. Religious saints, and intellectual geniuses, have forsaken worldly pleasures, and gone into a life of solitude for learning the capacity of His noble teaching, for enriching the lives of human society. Therefore let humanity swell their hearts, with the thoughts of Christmas celebrations, and crown the birth of this Holy Infant Divine with solemn rejoicing. Hail this omnipotent Christ as the

world's great Master in the realms of goodwill, justice, and mercy, who once again brings the olive in His hand of peace, and goodwill to men.

The tranquillity on the Christmas eve will be broken by the melodious music, and chorus of the carols, proclaiming the birth of the Holy Babe, and crowning Him as the Prince of Peace. Let us mortals, be lighted with new inspiration, hope, and vision, when we greet each other a "Merry Christmas."

S. R. SUPRAMANIAM,

Pre-Senior, A.



CHRISTMAS IN THE STRAITS

Christmas is celebrated in honour and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, in every nook and corner of the world, where there are people who practice and follow the doctrines of Christ. The happiest day to any true Christian is the Christmas day.

I shall try to give you a picture of the manner in which it is celebrated in the Federated Malay States which are only too well known to us and where many of our friends live.

The children disguise themselves in shepherd's garb, with hooked staves, and keep earnestly watching over other little children who pass for sheep. Everything is silent for a time. Their silence is interrupted by the singing of angels.

The little girls are dressed in pure white to the soles of their feet and they come and stand a little far off and tell the shepherds of the good news of the birth of a pure, stainless, and innocent child. The angels soon afterwards depart and the shepherds are very much troubled and so they start to go to see the child. The scene closes as they depart. Another scene begins with the shepherds holding their hooked staves and standing by the side of the babe, who is announced to the shepherds as the Lord Jesus Christ. The shepherds then return praising God by singing the song of "Gloria in exoelsis Deo."

The little child is seen lying in manger and the child's parents, Mary and Joseph, the Foster-

Father keep on looking at the bright countenance of the Babe and the scene comes to an end.

On Christmas Eve, some children go out in carol parties to each and every Christian Home. In each home they sing hymns in praise of the Baby Jesus at the top of their voice. After they finish singing, the inmates of the house serve them with nice things to eat, and early in the morning they return home, their stomachs filled with cakes, oranges, apples, etc.

Some other children with the help of their elders go to the church and decorate the walls, door, windows and the Christmas tree. The X'mas tree is decorated with toys strung to its tender branches. The church is decorated in such a way so that it may be attractive even to people belonging to other religions such as Hindus and Mohammedans.

Not only the church but every Christian home is decorated, with paper lanterns burning through the whole of the night and with artificial leaves and flowers. One person keeps awake throughout the night and awakens the others just ten minutes before the clock strikes twelve and as the clock strikes twelve, the eldest in the house reads some verses from the Bible and afterwards all kneel down to pray. Then they wish a "Happy Christmas" to each

other, and afterwards they go to sleep again.

Early next morning, they get ready in clothes to attend the morning service after which the children eagerly come home to fire their crackers and to welcome their young friends, while the old folk go to visit their old friends and relatives. In every house there will be a hearty noon-meal, welcome to all.

In the evening all people, young, and old, rich and poor, Christian and non-Christians are eager to attend the evening service, because both Christian as well as non-Christian youngsters receive Christmas presents. By the side of the pulpit would be seen the Christmas Tree which is not adorned by fruits or flowers but with toys strung to the tender branches. These toys are attractive to the children who keep their eyes fixed on these toys. Then when all are anxious comes the Father Christmas. Father Christmas, besides the presents on the tree, carries a bag full of presents. He is dressed from head to foot with pure crimson coloured dress. In striking contrast is his white beard flowing down to the knees. After the prize-giving the parish priest blesses each and every one and sends them with lighter heart. Cheri—
o—o—o.

GEORGE AYATHURAL,
Junior A.



YOUTH'S VISION

AN ORATION DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING

BY

C. E. Rajasingam, Inter-Arts.

Twenty seven centuries have rolled by, since a prophet of Israel said, "Your young men shall see visions," and ever since, youngmen have seen visions and shall continue to do so till time shall last. A young scholar standing on the threshold of his career peers into the gloomy curtained future and sees visions of what he shall be. A young patriot, full of love and devotion to his country, sees visions of his future. A young man, in quest of truth, sees the vision of a Supreme Being that controls and governs the universe. Youth, then, is the time of vision, a vision of the perfect, a vision of the beautiful, a vision of the true.

Why is youth associated with visions? What makes youth specially suited for visions? Youth is the period of life where 'Ignorance is bliss.' The story is told of Gray that, while watching some University men at play, he sighed wondering if they would play with the same gusto, if they had a fore knowledge of the troubles and difficulties awaiting them. Then realising the futility of his thought, said, "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise."

Youth is free from the bias and prejudice that permeate and corrupt the souls of the older folk. Youth is free from the "bear's hug of custom" and the binding conventions of society. Youth is

free from the worldly wisdom, the proud possession of mature men. Youth refuses to take things for granted. Youth refuses to pander to public tastes. Youth is not cowed down by the failures and tragedies of life. But, "Hope springs eternal in the youthful breast," and youth, therefore, is ever hopeful, ever optimistic, and is only too ready to respond to the song of that milkmaid Poppa:

"God is in His heaven,
All is right with the world"

It is now that youth comes in contact with the "precious life-blood of master spirits," and thought-currents of master minds and sings in unison with them:

"We seek the city of God and
the haunt where beauty dwells."

and

"We travel from morn to dusk
till the day is past and by,

Seeking the holy city beyond the
rim of the sky."

Visions are no dreams, visions are no vanities, no conjectures, but realities. It was the vision of Columbus of a land beyond the seas that led to the discovery of the Americas. It was the vision of young Wilberforce that brought about the abolition of the cursed system of slavery. It was the vision of George Williams that made him gather round him a band of youths, which formed the nucleus of one of the greatest organisations in the world to-day - the Young Men's

Christian Association, and to-day the world is being shaken by the youthful vision of that man who gave up his all for the cause of his country—Mahatma Gandhi.

What are youth's visions? What are its ideals? To advance, to progress in everything that concerns mankind. Progress is its watch word—progress in spite of disappointments and discouragements, of dismal failures and obstructions and drawbacks.

Progress is impossible without self-sacrifice. Nothing great, nothing noble, nothing worthy of praise and admiration can be achieved without self-sacrifice. For a proof, turn to the pages of history. There

stands Florence Nightingale, made immortal by her humble services to suffering humanity. There remains the memory of David Livingstone whose selfless, sacrificing services in darkest Africa are an eternal call to youth.

The supreme sacrifice was made by the noblest young man who ever trod the earth. Witness the spectacle of the Cross on Mount Calvary where hangs between heaven and earth Jesus, who having seen the vision of a new world stirred the minds of all men. Lo! his voice, ringing with a sincerity, comes to us down the centuries calling us "Follow me." Ever since hosts of youth have heard the call.



CHRISTMAS TO OUR LITTLE FELLOWS

I am very glad that Christmas is coming because it is the birthday of Jesus Christ, the saviour of the world. On Christmas day, I will go to church and worship. Last year, I took part in a play, the Birth of Christ. I took the part of Mary. In Sunday School, prizes are given. Every Christian child is given a present by the Pastor. I am going to read during the vacation.

NAVARATNAM A.

First Form.

I am glad that Christmas is coming. I will buy some crackers and fire them. I am going to play football. One of my friends made up a team and asked me to play. I am going to take part in the

carols, I like to sing. I will go even if it rains. My father is going to buy me a new suit of clothes in town. I will wear my new clothes and go to visit my relations. We are going to have a tea-party for our relations. I will go to town to buy some toys for myself and for my sister. I don't know what she wants, I want an air gun. Machados have the best kind—a Daisy. I will send some cards to my friends. During the vacation I will play with the boys. I am going to learn to play the lily flute.

TENNANT

First Form.

I am glad that Christmas is coming. I will take part in the carols. On the Christmas day we will

receive prizes in Sunday School. My father will send some toys and clothes. I am not glad because there is a vacation. I like to go to school better.

JEYARATNAM

First Form.

I am glad that Christmas is coming. I am going to the carol this year. I didn't go before because I was too young. On Christmas day, I will go to my relations' house and enjoy myself. I will buy some crackers. I want to get some balloons and toy motor cars.

DANFORTH S.

Second Form.

We eagerly wait for the carol. Christmas means presents from parents and relations. And as a

rule they would say "A merry Christmas" and in return we would "wish the same to them." We get up early in the morning and go to church quite proud of wearing the new frocks which were made for the purpose. After service we go home and fire crackers throughout the day. We give a feast to relatives and friends. And in the evening we go to our Sunday school Prize-giving. The Christmas Tree is decorated with coloured bulbs and tinsels of various colours and Santa Claus distributes the prizes. The little children will get afraid of Santa Claus, because he will look very funny.

Christmas makes the day rich and pleasant.

GNAMAM COOKE,

1st Form.



LEAD ON, O CHRIST

The clouds of darkness round me roll;
The mists of night wind round my soul;
All is dark, and all forlorn;
Dreary is life, and all seems lost.

The thorns of life they wound me much;
The life-blood wells, life ebbs away;
O, for a hand with balmy touch,
To stop the wound and stanch the blood!

Ill world, in whom I see no hope,
Of thee I'll none, lest ill befall;
But turn me back to whence I came—
That land where thorns nor tears hold sway.

But lo, alas! to turn I fear,
Alack! the path to me is strange;
O, for a hand, a loving hand,
To guide me back to that glad land!

My soul did cry and moan aloud,
In utter helplessness and doubt.
O, for a streak, a beam of light,
The gloom to pierce, and light the path!

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life!"
What voice so clear is this I hear?
What heart'ning sound dispels the strain,
Disrupts the gloom, and proffers peace?

O, blessed voice of blessed Man!
O, the lacerated hand!
That alone the blind can lead,
And safe restore to happy land.

Lead on, O Christ! Content I bow
My weary head; my steps I plant
In Thine own prints; while joy o'erfills
My heart, it sings Thy praise, my Prince!

CHAS R. WADSWORTH,



THE COLLEGE

EDITORIALLY

We have lost another good friend from our midst by the sad and untimely death of Mrs. J. N. Appadurai, who was for sometime in charge of our Kindergarten Department. Mrs. Appadurai was popular among the teachers and students of the College owing to her amiable disposition and winning ways. She was always ready to give her services to make any undertaking here a success. We recall at this moment the voluntary help she gave us in getting ready the costumes for the staging of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" last year. We missed her, therefore, at this year's staging. The young ones who had the benefit of her teaching have lost in her not merely an efficient teacher but also a kind mother, who took a lively interest in them all.

* * *

With the end of this year Mr. J. V. Chelliah will be laying aside the robes of the Principal and will revert to his post of the Vice-Principal. It is unnecessary to say how all the members of the staff and the students have appreciated the manner in which he has guided the destinies of the College. Our traditions have been kept up and the two years, which had him at the helm, have proved successful, both in studies and sports. Rumour has it that he will be retiring from active service within a few years. We are, therefore, glad that his long period of work as a teacher and his disinterested service, given to his *Alma Mater* for over thirty-five years, has been crowned with

the Principalship. It is our hope that he will be spared for yet many more years, when he will give the institution, which loves him so well, the benefit of his profound scholarship, wide experience and deep wisdom.

* * *

By the time this issue reaches the hands of most of our readers, we hope to have Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell back with us. They are due in Colombo on or about the 16th of this month. Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell are coming back to us after an absence of two years. Their absence has made our hearts grow fonder of them, and, therefore, they will find a very warm welcome awaiting them here.

* * *

Mr. Bicknell is bringing with him a young American teacher. Mr. Porter French is fresh from the University, having graduated in Arts. It is hoped that like many of his predecessors, he will contribute his share to the building up of the College. As Mr. Chelliah said in the Principal's report: "The education of our young men would be incomplete without a contact with teachers coming from the great Universities of England and America." We are, therefore, glad to welcome Mr. French, and hope that he will not find himself a stranger in our midst.

* * *

It is a happy sign that the staging of a Shakespeare's play is becoming an annual fixture. It is needless to speak of the educational

value of such plays. We are gratified that our last effort, *The Twelfth Night*, was appreciated. Elsewhere in this issue we publish three appreciations. One of them is written by an Old Boy, Proctor T. C. Rajaratnam, who himself possesses a good amount of histrionic talent. We are grateful to him for having found time amidst his work to offer a word of encouragement to his *Alma Mater*. The second of the appreciations, we may whisper to our readers, has been kindly sent to us by one of our sisters at Uduvil.

One of the most delightful—we were almost going to say the most delightful—places in the College Campus is the library. The library is daily growing and under the able guardianship and supervision of our Librarian, Mr. K. Sellaiah, it has taken vast strides of improvement. The extension of the library hours, the opening of it in the nights—an innovation introduced by our Acting Principal—has been found to be of the greatest use. The attention of our readers is drawn to an advertisement appearing elsewhere in this number. We shall be very thankful if any one of our readers will send us a copy of "Tamils 1800 years ago." Any other book dealing with the History of Jaffna or Tamil Literature will be gratefully accepted.

The results of many examinations bring us news of the successes of many of our old boys, a list of which will be found in the "Old Boys' Corner". Our congratulations to all of them.

By now a good number of our students would be through the great ordeal of their Cambridge Examinations. We wish them success and hope that they will reap a reward in return for the midnight oil they have burned.

We have been fortunate in persuading three dear friends of the College to write to this Christmas number: Rev. E. C. Dewick, the Literary Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Calcutta; Mrs. M. H. Harrison, once the Editor of the *Miscellany*; and Rev. R. C. P. Welch, the President of the Jaffna Council of the S. I. U. C. We are also happy to have Mr. E. R. Eratne of the Buddhist English School, Kurunegalla to write to us on "What Christmas means to a Buddhist." We realise what it must have meant to them to find time for us in the midst of their own duties. Our sincerest thanks to them.

Christmas comes once again bringing the same message of peace and goodwill. This strengthening message is just the stimulant needed to the modern world, as it struggles with peace and disarmament conferences and leagues of nations to bring out a world peace, and as it groans under the burden of depression. The birth of Jesus is the birth of Hope, and Hope shouts into our ears that

"God is not dead, nor does he sleep.

The Wrong shall fail,

The Right shall prevail,

With peace and goodwill towards men."

With this hope, and a Hopeful New Year: we wish all our readers a Merry Christmas.

DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

(This is an extract from the Editorial Notes and Comments on the Principal's Annual Report, found in the November issue of "Brahmudha Bharata or Awakened India—Ed).

In India we cry hoarse and in vain, for the uplift of our masses. We may very well talk of them as our kith and kin, but if we feel the pulse of our educated countrymen, we can at once know how they are far away from the labouring classes. The Western nations can still teach us immensely in this respect. Sometime ago, the Principal of Jaffna College in the course of his annual report told how he had tried to instil into the minds of his students a deep sense of the dignity of labour. He said that he was astonished when he visited the West at the way in which respectable people had done what we consider menial work. What struck him most was the full realisation of that sense among young men. At Yale, for instance, even young men whose parents were well to do had done all kinds of manual work in term time and vacation to earn their way through College. Then he referred to one of the teachers of the Jaffna College,

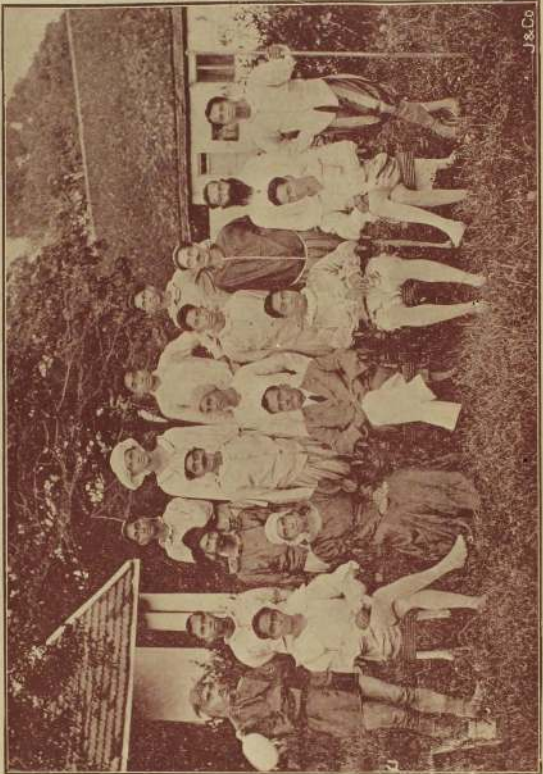
a young Indian—who was about to take a Doctor's degree, earning his way by waiting at table and washing dishes. Incidentally he observed: "I myself received a dose of this sense by having had to carry my luggage at Railway Stations. It will be interesting for you to know that I made an attempt in teaching boys the sense of the dignity of labour during harvest time by letting the boys free a part of the morning either to help their parents in reaping, to earn a little money, or to do social service by helping the poor in reaping. About hundred and fifty boys responded gladly, and, what is more the gangs were led by some of the younger members of the staff who themselves joined in the reaping. The boys thoroughly enjoyed their work. We have a College garden when vegetables are raised by the students."

It shall be a good day for India, when the teachers of all the Colleges and schools will follow this example.



For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work.

Carlyle.



J & Co

THE TWELFTH NIGHT.

T. C. Rajaratnam, Esq., Proctor, S. C.

On Friday the 21st. October, the masters and students of Jaffna College staged *The Twelfth Night* at the Ottley Hall before a crowded audience. The setting of the stage, the scenic arrangements, the choice of characters and costumes, and the standard of acting were all that could be desired. Till the curtain dropped on the last scene, the hours ran out leaving no tinge of weariness. Memories of distant years came thronging to my mind when more than twenty years ago the *Twelfth Night* was taught as a text book to my class by that able exponent of Shakespeare—the present Acting Principal—in his own inimitable fashion.

England may have produced great Dramatists every century, and Bernard, Shaw may hold the minds of the English-speaking audience in a manner unparalleled, and yet Shakespeare as the Master-Dramatist of English literature has given to the world a true delineation of human nature through his plays which have been popular at all times. *The Twelfth Night* with its harmony of plot and delicious blend of humour and romance will always fascinate the student of drama.

An association of amateur actors has many difficulties to encounter, the chief being that the aspirants for the leading roles are many, and often a compromise is effected without due regard to the capacity of an actor to give a correct interpretation of the character he is called upon to represent. This selfish assertion of individuality

must disappear and a spirit of co-operation must pervade the entire cast. Each individual must give his quota to the play with an absence of self-consciousness and yet with a resolution to contribute something worthy of himself. Self confidence, self control and submission to authority are factors that contribute to success, and where these are found wanting, a play often suffers on the stage.

Though not a critic of the dramatic art, I am able to appreciate histrionic talents in others. Viewed in this sense, I do not hesitate to record a verdict of success to the *Twelfth Night* as presented by the Jaffna College Amateur Actors.

The cast of the play was good and among those who stood conspicuous by their performance were Orsino, Malvolio, Feste, Sir Toby and Maria. Orsino had the grace of figure and the charm of manners appropriate to his high station, but it was not unmixed with the melancholiness of a rejected suitor. His diction was clear and sonorous with a cadence that was pleasing to the ears. Malvolio performed his difficult role with a true appreciation of his character. With a degree of self-love that was conspicuous, from a trusted and obedient servant he became the audacious lover “practising behaviour” and assuming “ludicrous manners” before Olivia, while the scene of the dark room was enacted with a touch of pathos and humour. Feste, the clown was versatile and impressive in his speech and songs.

Notwithstanding his partiality for drunken carousals with his friend Sir Andrew, Sir Toby acted his part with a dignity and moderation that were consistent with his position, while Maria with an abundance of wit and naturalness filled her role on the stage with great acceptance. The characters of Viola and Sebastian were well chosen for their similarity.

I wish to add in conclusion that the histrionic talents of the College should also be utilised for the staging of Tamil plays. The decadence of the Tamil drama can be attributed to a slavish imitation of the professionals by the amateurs, and much constructive work in this direction can be done by the students to give a fillip to the progress of amateur drama.



MY IMPRESSIONS ON THE STAGING OF THE TWELFTH NIGHT

The curtain went up, sweet music was playing and before me was the noble Duke Orisino dressed in yellow and blue, sitting in state in his grand house with attendants about him, while his thoughts were centred round the countess Olivia. The opening speech of the Duke made a good beginning for a good play.

Next we were introduced to Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and the clown making merry in Olivia's house. Sir Toby and Sir Andrew kept the audience in a continual state of laughter while the clown added to the humour. These scenes of revelry seemed to produce the joyous air of Twelfth Night.

Another of the striking scenes was that in which Malvolio finds the letter supposed to have been written by Olivia. The way every sentence in the letter made him puff with pride was very picturesque. Again the scenes in which Sir Topas visited Malvolio in prison is also worthy of note.

The poor madly-used Malvolio crying from inside in pathetic tones while the clown disguised as Sir Topas fooling him so completely made the audience, perhaps, for the first time, sympathise with Malvolio.

The grandeur of the stately palace with painted ceiling and shining floor, the garden of the countess Olivia with here and there a bushy shrub or creeper, seemed, each, to add a touch of gaiety to the already beautiful performance. Though the electric lights had not proved successful, yet the stage was none the less pretty by their absence.

Besides, some of the characters deserve special mention. The Duke Orisino was stately enough to become his 'function' well and he acted his part with fervour and passion as if he were really in love. The self-conceited Malvolio with his proud and puffed up airs knew his part thoroughly and acted

well, specially in the letter and prison scenes.

The clown said of himself "*Cuculus non facit monachum*"; that's as much to say as I wear not Motley

in my brain". Though bearing the title of the fool, the clown looked not as such but, instead, was very witty, which greatly added to the humour of the sub-plot.

A STUDENT SPECTATOR.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE TWELFTH NIGHT

It was on an evening, a Friday of October, that Jaffna College had the honour of presenting Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" before a large and distinguished gathering. From seven in the evening, cars, buses and carts, fully packed came streaming into the College campus.

At the appointed hour, the curtain went up, and the audience gazed in silence at the Duke who sat in state, with nobles and attendants behind him, listening to the soft strains of music, as they came floating,

"...like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Music ceased and Mr. Niles, who filled the role of Duke Orsino, broke the silence by giving vent to his well conned speech. I am sure he used his power of discrimination well in choosing the character which he was best able to present. He kept strictly within the limits which makes a self-contained passion felt potently. His dignified presence and commanding voice would have filled many a real Duke with envy.

The difficult part of Viola was well rendered by Master Sabaratnam. He displayed a thorough understanding of feminine characteristics in taking off their manners in a way, that is natural to most

women. His peculiar manner of laying stress on an important statement, by opening his eyes wide and raising his forehead caused much laughter.

Mr. Lyman Kulathungam, who successfully played the difficult role of Malvolio, deserves our heartiest congratulations. The chief characteristics of Malvolio—self-love and lack of a sense of humour—were nearly brought out by him. He was at his best, in the scene where Malvolio falls a victim to Maria's plot.

Olivia, Master Suprumaniam, appeared as though he had already spent the seven years in mourning for the dead brother. His delivery would have been really superb if he had spoken a little louder. A change in his costume, after the first appearance, to something gayer would have suited the occasion better.

Master NavaRatnam in the role of Maria was splendid. He seemed a real "gull-catcher", for I am afraid his winks in jest may have been taken seriously by some of the fair ones among the audience. He very skilfully brought out Maria's roguery in the scene where she urges Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to join her in the plot to gull Malvolio "into a nayword, and make him a common recreation."

Mr. Ariaratnam, and Master Rajaratnam, who took upon themselves the responsibilities of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew respectively, could not have done better. Mr. Ariaratnam's talents were best seen in the scene where Sir Toby arranges a duel between Viola and Sir Andrew. Master Rajaratnam was above criticism throughout.

The Clown, Mr. Wadsworth, looked really clownish. His enunciation was clear and at the same time fluent, and his action both appropriate and adequate. He displayed his talents for mimicry in the scene where the clown is expected to visit Malvolio in prison as a parson, and immediately afterwards as the clown himself. But above all he sang with a "mellifluous voice which was very sweet and contagious."

Messers Ponnudurai and Rajasingham, who appeared as Sebastian and Antonio respectively, seemed to be really bosom friends. The former resembled Viola very much, and in the last act where they appear together, the similarity was striking. The others who filled the part of the minor characters were each at their best.

The variety in costumes added splendour to the play, and much credit is due to those who were in charge of the dress selection for their fine taste.

My account will not be a fair one if I conclude with all praise and no criticism. The little excessive use of powder and paint gave the actors an unnatural appearance. The false moustaches and beards were used by too many, and it gave them an unnecessary ferocious look. The application of red paint on the Clown's nose was not desirable, for it made him resemble a man in anger; thus when he laughed the expression on his face was a real puzzle.

However, the acting as a whole reached a high standard. The actors with an unusual discernment entered into the spirit of their parts and there was quite a spontaneity, in their action and their modulated speeches, which showed an understanding of the characters portrayed by the great dramatist. The selection of stage screens and the hall arrangements were of the best. The perfect silence maintained by the audience throughout the performance (except on occasions when laughter could not be suppressed) was a sure index to the quality of the acting.

It was late at night then, and bidding good night to a few of my comrades, I hurried home, without grudging a single copper of what I had paid to see the performance.

A EDWARDS
Senior A.



The Cast

Orsino, Duke of Illyria—	<i>Mr. E. J. Niles Jeevaratnam</i>
Sebastian, Brother to Viola—	<i>Mr. C. S. Ponnuthurai</i>
Antonio, A sea Captain, friend to Sebastian—	<i>Mas. C. E. Rajasingham</i>
Valentine—	<i>Mas. D. Samuel</i>
Curio—	} Gentlemen at- tending on the Duke
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia—	<i>Mas. G. T. Everts</i>
Sir Andrew Aguecheek—	<i>Mr. P. W. Ariaratnam</i>
Malvolio, Steward to Olivia—	<i>Mas. K. G. Rajaratnam</i>
Fabian —	<i>Mr. L. S. Kulathungam</i>
Feste, a clown }	} Servants to Oliva
Olivia, a rich Countess—	<i>Mas. V. S. Gnanamuttu</i>
Viola, Sister to Sebastian	<i>Mr. C. R. Wadsworth</i>
Maria, Olivia's Woman	<i>Mas. S. Subramaniam</i>
Priest,—	<i>„ S. K. Sabaratnam</i>
Officers	<i>„ D. S. Navaratnam</i>
	<i>„ S. Thiagarajah</i>
	} <i>Mas. J. C. Aseervatham</i>
A Sea Captain—	<i>Mas. S. Thiagarajah</i>



OUR OLD BOYS' CORNER

Mr. A. Thamboo, Secretary, Widows' and Orphans' Pension Endowments, Public Officers, Guarantee Fund and Government Insurance Fund, F. M. S., has retired from office and is expected shortly in Jaffna.

Mr. H. C. Proctor, Registrar of the Supreme Court, Ceylon, has retired from public service.

Mr. A. Alalasundram, Assistant Veterinary Surgeon, has been transferred to Vavuniya.

Mr. I. P. Thuraietnam, B. sc., has been appointed Secretary of the Jaffna Sports Association.

The death took place in October of *Mr. Alfred Peethamparam* of Urumpiray.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Mr. K. Vijayarajam, Proctor, S. C., to Miss Anpu Selvadurai.

Mr. E. A. Devasagayam, of the Customs, Colombo, to Miss Rosaline Thangaratnam Everts.

SUCCESSSES IN EXAMINATIONS.

Advocates' Final :	Mr. S. R. Kanaganayagam, B. A.
Proctors' Final :	" M. Kathiravelu.
B. A. (Lond).	" V. Kandasamy
	" K. Subramaniam.
	" T. Navaratnarajah (2nd Division).
	" A. S. Kanagaratnam (2nd division).
	" S. Navaratnarajah.
M. A. (Cantab) :	" R. H. Paul, B. A., B. Sc.,
Inter Arts (Lond).	" K. Sittampalam.
	" J. S. Ariaratnam.
Inter Science (Lond).	" S. Sankaralingam.



THE JAFFNA COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

(COLOMBO BRANCH)

The Annual General Meeting of the Jaffna College Old Boys' Association (Colombo Branch) was held at the Zahira College on Saturday the 5th November beginning at 3.30 P. M. A large number of Old Boys were present. Mr. J. V. Chelliah, the Acting Principal of the College, presided. The Secretary read the minutes of the meetings of the Association and the Treasurer then presented his report.

The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing years:

President :—The Principal (Ex-Officio)

- Vice-Presidents*: 1. Mr. K. Balasingham
2. Dr. E. V. Ratnam
3. Mr. G. Crossette Thambiah
4. Mr. K. Kanagaratnam

Secretary :— Mr. P. Sathasivam

Treasurer :— Mr. K. Perambalam

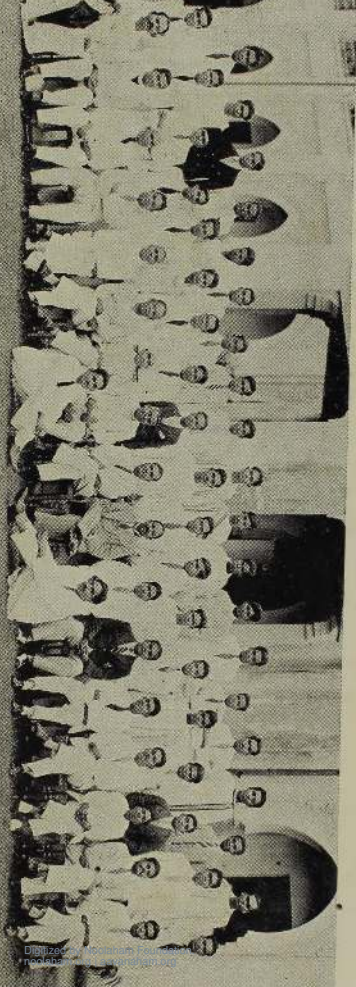
- Auditors* :— 1. Mr. K. Nagalingam
2. Mr. A. Ponniah

Executive

- Committee* :—1. Mr. A. W. Savundaranayagam
2. " W. H. T. Bartlett
3. " S. R. Kanaganayagam

THE JAFENA COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION, 1932
(Colonial Bazaar.)

Photo by John A. Co.



4. „ N. M. A. Ra-
heem
5. „ P. E. Rajarat-
nam
6. „ S. N. Sinna-
thamby
7. „ V. Nalliah
8. „ V. K. Kanda-
samy
9. „ R. Krishnapil-
lai
10. „ T. Visvalin-
gam

Then certain matters pertaining to the constitution and administration of the College were discussed by the members.

The Principal in his address said that it was a matter of great pride to him to see that the gathering was almost entirely composed of his old students. He had served the College for 37 years and hoped to serve the College for a few more years. As there was considerable haziness as regards the history and status of the College he wished to say a few words on the point. After the famous Batticotta Seminary closed down in 1856, a school with the vernacular as a medium of instruction took its place, but the people being dissatisfied with it established the present College in 1872. It was noteworthy that the missionaries did not view the undertaking with a friendly eye at first. Gradually, however, they were won over, and the missionaries associated themselves with the institution. Funds were collected locally and in America and the College was incorporated obtaining a charter. The Principal em-

phasised the fact that the institution was a people's College and not a mission College. Apart from school fees the College was supported financially by three parties:—the Government, funds invested in America, and funds invested in Ceylon. Mr. Chelliah expressed his gratification at the hearty co-operation the staff had given him during the nearly two years period in which he had acted as Principal. The staff contained 6 graduates, 8 trained men besides other certificated teachers. There was a fall of about 100 students, the present number standing nearly at 500. There was nothing remarkable in this fall in numbers, as all schools were being reduced, as it was feared that young men had very few openings for work before them. The London Intermediate classes kept up the traditional atmosphere of higher studies in the College. There were 8 passes in the Inter examinations of this year. Mr. Chelliah then detailed the difficulties under which their university classes were carried on, and hoped for the time in which the classes could be carried on under more favourable conditions. There were two lady students in these classes, and he hoped that a women's hostel would soon be established. There were in all 43 girls in the College, most of whom were in the Lower school. In the Cambridge Examinations the College did exceedingly well in the Senior, being nearly at the top among the large Colleges as regards number and percentage of passes. Four were placed in the honours list, and 21 were exempt-

ed from the London Matriculation Examination. But in the Junior the results were poor owing largely to an injudicious choice of candidates presented. A notable event of the year was the Athletic Championship won by the College in the inter-Collegiate Meet. Owing to lack of time the speaker could not dwell on the all-important question of unemployment and left it to be tackled by the members themselves.

The meeting then adjourned to the lawn where a group photo was taken. After this refreshments were served. At the end Mr. Balasingham spoke of the ample opportunities for work at the disposal of young men and instanc-

ed agricultural and business lines in which they could make a living. He exhorted his countrymen to use as much as possible, home-grown products and not be ambitious to be clerks and employees in other peoples' concerns. Mr. T. H. Crossette, who followed, emphasised the need of greater self-help in our economic affairs. Dr. E. V. Ratnam spoke of the great need of the development of the spiritual side of life. The Principal invited Mr. Balasingham to visit the various educational institutions and rouse the rising generation to change their attitude to the economic life of their country. The gathering dispersed after the singing of the College song.



THE OLD BOYS' DAY AND ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING

The Old Boys' Day celebrations and annual Prize-Giving of the College came off on Friday, the 26th of August. A special feature of the Old Boys' Day this time was the unusual number of Old Boys that turned up, which was an obvious indication of the great devotion they had towards the *Alma Mater*. One could hardly believe that all those number who were packed up in the Hall for the Thanksgiving Service or in the Dining Hall for Lunch or scattered here and there about the Cricket field, could be Old Boys of the College. But nevertheless the fact remained that they were and the spirit of loyalty to

the College which they exhibited by responding to the invitation in such large numbers will, certainly, be an abiding example to the future generation of Old Boys of the College. Some had come on Thursday evening itself to take part in the Cricket Match and stayed overnight in College. The semi-finals of the Oratorical and singing competitions were held at about 6.30 P. M. on Thursday. Saturday Morning saw the continuation of the Cricket Match, the Old Boys team being captained by Dr. Saravanamuttu.

The Thanksgiving service was held at 10 o'clock in the Ottley Hall, which was conducted by the

Rev. R. C. P. Welch. The pictures of those great men, who have now laid down their armour after a period of long and useful service to the College, hung on the pillars of the Hall which were a source of inspiration to all the Old Boys who had gathered there that day. The service began with the familiar, but nevertheless appropriate, Hymn "O! God, Our help in ages past." After Bible Reading and Prayer by Rev. R. C. P. Welch, Mr. S. Kulendran, B. A., B. D., preached the sermon.

The next item on the programme for the day was the Lunch, but it was by no means an unimportant item which can be skipped over. To the Old Boy, it was a time of pleasant recollections but a young student of the College would have been certainly struck by the huge noise they made and that too in the presence of the Principal.

At about 2 o' clock the Oratorical contests in Tamil and English and the Singing Competition were held. Dr. Saravanamuttu, Mr. T. C. Rajaratnam, and Mr. S. Kulendran acted as judges for the English-oratorical contest while Messrs. C. H. Cadiravetpillai, B. K. Somasundaram, and K. Suppramaniam acted as judges for the Tamil oration and

singing competitions. The following were the prize winners:

English Declamation—1st prize—
Mas. S. Suppramaniam—2nd prize—
Mas. D. S. Navaratnam.

Tamil Declamation—Mas. Navaratnam.

Singing competition—1st prize—
Miss Pushpam Kanapathipillai, 2nd
prize—Mas. William Paul.

After a leisure of about half an hour, the Business meeting was held.

The programme of the day culminated with the Prize-Giving which commenced at about 6.30 P. M. The Hon. K. Balasingam presided. Besides the members of the Board of Directors, those accommodated on the platform were, the Principal, Mrs. J. V. Chelliah, Dr. and Mrs. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mather, Mr. Nevins Selvadurai and Rev. G. D. Thomas. Proceedings began with prayer by Rev. G. D. Thomas. Next the Principal read his report. After a declamation by Mas. S. Suppramaniam and an oration by Mas. C. E. Rajasingam. Dr. Paul addressed the gathering. After brief remarks by the chairman, the meeting came to a close with the singing of the College song and the National Anthem.



JAEFNA COLLEGE PRIZE LIST

AUGUST, 1932

Inter Arts.

General Proficiency:—Miss G. Danforth

Senior.

	do	do	1. R. Muttukumarasamy (Hons.)
			2. M. Rajasundram do
			3. K. Somasundram do.
English :—			1. C. Nitkunanathan
			3. M. Rajaratnam
History :—			1. A. G. Rajaratnam
			2. D. C. Singaratnam
			3. K. Somasundram
			4. R. Muttukumarasamy
Latin :			1. V. Kandasamy
Tamil :			1. J. S. Danforth
			2. T. Sinnappah
Mathematics :			1. C. Nitkunanathan
			2. M. Rajasundram
			3. A. Vaitilingam
			4. R. Muttukumarasamy
Chemistry :—			1. S. T. Sabaratnam
			2. R. Muttukumarasamy
			3. A. Vaitilingam
Physiology and Hygiene:—			1. K. Kanabathypillai

Pre-Senior.

General Pro-	ficiency :—	1. W. Rajakone
Mathematics :—		1. W. Rajakone
		2. V. K. Chelliah
Chemistry :—		1. S. V. Venasithamby

Junior.

General Pro-	ficiency:—	1. N. Chelliah (Hons.)
English:—		1. D. S. Navaratnam
Geography :—		1. N. Chelliah
Tamil :—		1. N. Chelliah
		2. K. Sinnadurai
		3. K. Theagarajapillai
Mathematics :—		1. N. Chelliah
		2. Victor Gnamamuttu
		3. A. Thurairatnam

PERFECT ATTENDANCE

Senior.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. V. S. Chelliah | 3. K. Navaratnam |
| 2. C. Muttukumarasamy | 4. A. Kanagasabai |
| 5. K. Theagarajapillai | |

Pfe-Senior.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. S. Ponniah | 4. E. Arambo |
| 2. J. Ratnarajah | 5. K. M. Veluppillai |
| 3. A. Thiruchittampalam | 6. K. Veluppillai |

Junior.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. A. Kulasingham | 2. K. Thambirajah |
|-------------------|-------------------|

Third Form.

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P. Kantharatnam | 3. A. Ampalavanar |
| 2. S. Thangadurai | 4. M. Venayagamoorthy |
| 5. S. Katherasu | |

Second Form.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. S. Mahadeva | 2. M. Sebaratnam |
|----------------|------------------|

First Form.

- | |
|------------------|
| 1. P. Durairajah |
|------------------|

Fifth Std.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1. C. Gnanapiragasam | 2. Arthur Lee |
| 3. K. Sivasubramaniam | |

SPORTS**Inter-Class Sports:—**

Cricket Shield	Pre-Senior A
Foot-ball Shield	Inter Science
Volley Ball Shield	Senior A.
Track Shield	Pre-Senior A
Paddle Tennis Shield	Senior B
Basket Ball Cup	Senior B
Thatchie Cup	Third Form B
Senior All-Round Shield	Senior A
Junior All-Round Shield	Third Form B

Crest Winners:—

<i>Cricket</i>	<i>Football</i>	<i>Track</i>
P. R. Rajendra	P. Manickavasagar	U. Rajadurai
C. N. Alexander	W. Ratnam	T. Thaliasingam

K. Rajaratnam
J. S. Ariaratnam

Special Prizes for Sports were very kindly donated by the following gentlemen :—

Dr. Charles Ratnesar (in memory of his brother, K. Ratnesar)
Dr. C. Ponnampalam
Dr. E. T. Saravanamuttu
Dr. Ampalavanar
Mr. Advocate P. Sriskandarajah
Mr. Advocate W. W. Mutturajah
E. T. Hitchcock, Esqr.
E. J. Jeyarajah, Esqr.
T. C. Rajaratnam, Esqr.
Messrs Diana & Co.
A. Tambimuttu, Esqr.

Cricket Prizes :—

Batting Prize	T. Thaliasingam
Bowling Prize	Rajakone Winslow
Fielding Prize	J. S. Ariaratnam
All-Round Prize	K. R. Navaratnam

Athletic Sports :—

Senior College Champion and Inter-Collegiate Runner-Up	U. Rajadurai
Intermediate Inter Col- legiate Champion	William Hunt
Junior Inter-Collegiate Champion	P. Brodie.

Prize List:

SPECIAL PRIZES

General Knowledge :—

1st Prize	S. S. Nambihai, Inter Arts
2nd Prize	A. Tharmalingam, Pre-Senior
3rd Prize	A. Kulasingam, Junior

English Essay :—

	Senior: 1st Prize—K. S. Jeyasingham
	2nd Prize—W. Rajakone
do do	Junior: 1st Prize—S. Gnanapragasan
	2nd Prize—A. Marjorie
do do	Inter Arts: S. S. Nambihai

Elocution Senior Div.—

1st Prize— S. Subramaniam
2nd Prize—D. S. Navaratnam

do Junior do

1st Prize— A. Navaratnam
2nd Prize— Ernest A.

Tamil Oration :—

A. Navaratnam, Pre-Senior

Singing :—

1st Prize— K. Pushparanie
2nd Prize— W. Paul

Carpentry :

M. Sathivel, III Form
S. Arumugaratnam, III Form

FORM PRIZES

Third Form:—

General Proficiency:—1. V. Vanniasingham
Latin:— 1. A. Sabanayagam
Tamil:— 1. A. Sabanayagam
2. A. Marjorie
Mathematics:— 1. K. Ponnampalam
Drawing:— 1. V. Vanniasingham
2. Samuel Arumainayagam

Second Form:—

General Efficiency:— 1. P. Kantharatnam
Latin:— 1. P. Kantharatnam
2. S. K. Kandiah
3. K. Ramanathan
Scripture :— 1. P. Kantharatnam
2. T. Abraham

First Form:

General Proficiency:— 1. R. Singaratnam
English:— 1. T. Danforth
2. V. S. Jesudasan
3. R. Singaratnam
Scripture:— 1. R. Singaratnam
Science:— 1. R. Singaratnam
2. A. Sundrampillai
Mathematics:— 1. R. Singaratnam
3. A. Sundrampillai

Fifth Std.

General Proficiency:— 1. S. Kumarasamy
English: 1. A. Navaratnam
2. S. Selvajeyan
3. Gnanam Cooke

Scripture:—	1. M. Vadivalagoe
Tamil:—	1. S. Kumarasamy
Geography:—	1. R. Kumarasamy
Arithmetic:—	1. S. Kumarasamy 2. M. Vadivalagoe
Drawing:—	1. S. Balaratnam

Second Year.

General Proficiency:—

1. Raju Cooke

English : 1. S. Sabaratnam
2. Raju Cooke

Scripture :— 1. W. Walter Appadurai

Tamil :— 1. N. Gnanambihai

Arithmetic :— 1. M. Arunachalam
2. S. Ayadurai

First Year.

General Proficiency:—

1. S. Mahaledchumy

English :— 1. M. Sarasvathy
2. C. Gunaratnam

Writing :— 1. S. Mahaledchumy

Arithmetic :— 1. M. Sarasvathy
2. C. P. Mahadevan

**OUR INTER EXAMINATION RESULTS***Arts**Science*

Olagasegaram W. G. R.
Goonanayagam A.
Sivagurunathan, Referred in English
Sivarajah K.
Menon N.

Arumanayagam J. S.
Kanavathipillai N.
Subramaniam N. K.



ASSOCIATIONS

THE REPORT OF THE JAFFNA COLLEGE Y. M. C. A. FOR THE YEAR 1932.

It is with great pleasure that I present the 48th annual report of the first college Y. M. C. A., established in the East.

Before giving the annual report, it would not be out of place to give a general idea of the work done by the Y. M. C. A. to the new comers. The Y. M. C. A. consists of various sub-committees: Missionary, Study circle, Programme, Publicity, Personal Piety, Garden, Social Service, Membership and Sunday School. And these committees have been keeping up the traditions of the past, although some of those responsible for the work were altogether fresh hands.

The Missionary Committee is the most important committee, for it is managing a vernacular school in the Island of Eluvaitive. The Jubilee celebrations of that school were celebrated in July in the island, where a large number of our members, students and teachers, some of our lady friends, and a few of the Old Boys spent three of the most pleasant days with the inhabitants of the island and enjoyed the celebrations.

The Personal Piety and the Study Circle Committees combined their work and have been trying their best to promote the spiritual growth of the students. Prayer meetings were held every Sunday night on the Ottley Hall terrace, where a few of us, eager to see

God, met together in corporate worship, and where we felt the presence of God and where we exchanged with others our experience of life with Christ. These meetings have won many students to Christ.

The Garden Committee has done exceptionally good work this year. I am sure our Old Boys would not have seen the Y. M. C. A. gardens with so much of vegetation as now, in the past years. Students work daily in the garden, and they work realizing the needs of the poor, for, the profit of the garden is spent on the islanders.

The Publicity Committee has been doing better work than in the past years. It brings to the notice of the students some of the useful and interesting articles found in the magazines or papers.

The Sunday School Committee conducts four Sunday schools in the adjoining villages with the average attendance of a hundred and twenty. The Prize giving of the Sunday schools was held last month, when Mrs. E. G. Raju gave a talk to the children. Prizes were distributed by Mrs. E. T. Williams, the wife of our pastor and refreshments were served to all the children. The Committee wrote for some Scripture tracts to the Bible Society. They were kind enough to send us five hundred copies and these are being distributed free in the villages.

The Social Service Committee has not been able to do good work due to the absence of the Committee Chairman. Anyhow the new committee has been attending on the sick students and working among the poor in the surrounding villages.

The Programme Committee arranges meetings for every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. A series of lectures were given this year, which have been the source of inspiration to all of us, youngsters present. The following are some of the speakers:—

Messrs A. H. Nathanielz, S. Nadasapillai, R. C. Procter, T. N. Suppiapillai, Gomes, A. M. K. Cumaraswamy, Pandit Sarma, and P.T. Cash.

We were able to send four student delegates to the All Ceylon Students' Camp, held at Trinity College, Kandy and a large number of delegates to the N. C. S. C. Union held at Keerimalai.

Finally we commend ourselves to Him, in whom we move, live and have our being. I should not fail to thank the Executive Committee and all those who did their best towards the Association. It is my earnest prayer that God Almighty will bless this association and make it a means for the promotion of enlightenment and knowledge in this land.

"Ye who are banded, as comrades and brothers.

Ye who confess that to Christ ye belong,
Bear, like your Master, the burden of others,

Flinch not your duty, be gentle and be strong.

"All the wide world for its Saviour is yearning.

Groaning in bondage of sin and pain
Comrades go forth, with hearts loyal and burning

All the wide world for our Master to gain."

K. S. JEYASINGHAM,
Secretary.

THE BROTHERHOOD

In the course of the last two terms we have discussed the following subjects:

"Ceylon is fit for Imperial Preference".

"Theatre is a good medium of educating the mass."

"There is nothing new under the sun"

"Non-violence is the best way of reaching the goal of Self-Government."

"*தந்தைமை பரிவறு செய்யுந் தன்மை.*"

"Religion has nothing to do with politics."

Every member of the Brotherhood feels that the destiny of the Association rests as much upon himself as on any body else and this feeling has been the productive of wholesome zeal and activity.

V. BALASUBRAMANIAM,
Hony. Secy

THE FORUM

The following are some of the subjects discussed during the last two terms:

1. "The advent of Machinery has done more good than harm."
2. "Town Life is better than country Life."
3. சிதைக்கலையே எமக்கு இரொப்பிய உடை யிறும் பரக்க சிதைக்க உடைய ஏற்றது."
4. "Literature is more useful in Life than Mathematics."

5. "Charles' execution is justified."

The meetings were carried on successfully even in the absence of the patron.

Almost all the meetings were carried on with Chairmen elected from the House. A good percentage of the Cambridge Junior class boys attended the meetings of the association.

V. VANNIASINGAM,
Hony. Secy.

THE LYCEUM

The following were the subjects discussed this term:

1. "To be a bachelor is better than to be a married man."
2. "Hunting should be abolished."
3. "The Untouchables of our country should be given equal chances as the Vellalas".
4. "British rule has done more good than harm to Ceylon."
5. "The Untouchables should be allowed to enter into our temples."
6. "தமிழ்ச்சிவெச்சி ஆங்கிலைச் சிவெச்சியிலும் பரக்க ழைப்பட்டது"
7. "Jaffna should send representatives to the State Council."

In order to celebrate our 23rd Anniversary of the Lyceum we had a trip throughout Jaffna. First, we started from College

and went to the Press at Tellipallai and after having seen all the things in the school, we shifted to Keerimallai. There we took a fine bath in the sea and after taking our Lunch in the "madum" we went to Kankesanturai at about 2 P. M. We stayed there for a few minutes and after having seen the sights of Kankesanturai we came to Ramanathan College to see the "Samathy" of Sir Pon. Ramanathan. Then we shifted to St. Patrick's to see the Foot-ball match, and about 6 P. M. we came to the Picture Palace to see the Bioscope. Then after finishing all these things we returned to our College. Thus ended our picnic.

A. PATHAMANATHAN
Hony. Secretary.

REPORT OF THE PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT FOR 1932

Looking back upon our achievements this year, one might truthfully say that 1932 has been a *fairly* successful year. We came second in Cricket, first in Track and so far as we can say just now, we are not certainly among the first three in the Football competition now proceeding. Perhaps, the first two achievements should entitle this year to a better epithet than "fairly successful". But I am using these words advisedly. Admitting as we do that success or failure does not depend upon the results, but on how we played the game, it is impossible for me to say, however much I may wish to, that the year 1932 has been a glorious year. I shall have occasion later on to explain myself.

Cricket: The Cricket Season opened with great hopes for our team—hopes based not on stupid optimism but on correct observations. These high hopes were maintained and fulfilled till the last match of the season. Every match was won by a large margin and much was expected of the team when they met the St. John's College team to decide the Championship. Friday evening, the exchanges were even; Friday night, our captain and his lieutenants broke rest while the otherside slept peacefully. Saturday the inevitable happened! This is one reason why I say "fairly successful".

The experiment of a Second Eleven match with St. Patrick's proved very successful. Unlike their sophisticated brothers of the First

Eleven, the boys displayed great keenness especially in fielding and, in spite of very meagre practice, just lost after a gallant fight. St. Patrick's won on the post by 15 runs! Though we lost the match we are proud to think of it, because the boys played the game.

Track and Field Athletics: Here we registered our greatest success of of the year. I say this not because we got the championship, but because of the way the boys set about it. They were faithful in practice, listened to instructions, obeyed the coach and scrupulously followed the system of training given to them off and on the field. I think the care they took off the field contributed more than the care they took on the field. In the actual competition they put in that extra spurt always necessary on big occasions and they had the will to win. When the championship hung in the balance during the Junior Relay and a second place was enough to settle the issue in our favour, what was it that gave us the first place? It was the will to win!

Football: This is a sad failure so far as it has gone. We started as the favourites and are ending as the forsaken. At the beginning of the season we were the strongest side on paper. On the field we are one of the weakest. How could there be such a mistake in judgment? There was no mistake. The possibilities and the potentialities were there. They were amply demonstrated now and then. It

THE CHAMPION ATHLETES OF JAFFNA—JAFFNA COLLEGE.



Standing, Left to Right. (First Row)—Marugupilla, Senuzathan, Ravendan, Nalliah, Navaratnam, Naderajah, Jegaraman, Onarantnu, Chelishah.

(Second Row)—Thurasanum, Sethukavalar, Naraswamyam, Navaratnam, Kathigesappilai, Rajasiner, Somasundaram, Ramesan, Avandakumarasamy.

Sitting—Thalasingam, Rajadurai (Senior Runner-Up), Brodie (Junior Champion), J. V. Chelliah, Esq. (Principal), I. P. Thurasanum, Esq. (Physical Director), Rajakore, William Hunt (Intermediate Champion), Merindaswazagar.

On the Ground—Thurasanum, Kanasaramam, Sevasanum, Victor, Muthukumar.

is doubtless true that we lost two of our best men including the captain himself. But that is not what mattered. The players were very temperamental and as a team they lacked the dash, the spirit and the will to win. This is another reason why I say "fairly successful."

Minor Games: Volley Ball, Basket Ball, Paddle Tennis and Thatchie are given their due share of importance. The prospect of a series of matches in Colombo during the X'mas holidays with the Central Y. M. C. A. and other Clubs serves as a strong incentive for Basket Ball and the game is being patronised as well as ever. Mr. Sitlinger is in charge and provides the proper setting for the game so much loved by his countrymen. Volley Ball and Paddle Tennis were played during the first and second terms. It was a matter of some difficulty to prevent Paddle Tennis, so very popular here, from interfering with Cricket. The Thatchie Season is to start shortly.

Inter-Class Matches: Inter-class matches in Football are now in full swing. Deafening cheers during matches and loud discussions afterwards are unmistakable signs of the interest evinced in this series. Matches in Basket Ball and Thatchie are scheduled to begin next week.

Field Day Sports: A most successful Field day was organised on the 12th. of July under the patronage of the Principal. Practically every member of the staff contributed something towards the

prizes awarded on the results of this Meet and what was still more appreciated was the fact that all of them were present at the Meet and acted as Officials. This was a unique feature that inspired the boys and gladdened our hearts. We offer our grateful thanks to the Principal and the Staff for their sympathetic co-operation in our affairs, which are really theirs too, and hope that they will take the same keen interest in years to come.

Sports Prizes: Apart from the Inter-Class Shields and College Crests, the following special prizes were awarded at the Annual Prize-Giving:—

Cricket:

Batting Prize: T. Thalasingam
Bowling Prize: Rajakone Winslow
Fielding Prize: J. W. Ariaratnam
All-Round Prize: K. R. Navaratnam

Track:

Senior Inter-Collegiate:
Runner-Up: U. Rajadurai
Intermediate Inter-Collegiate Champion: William Hunt
Junior Inter-Collegiate Champion: P. Brodie

We are very deeply obliged to the following Old Boys who readily responded to our call for contributions towards the above prizes. May we hope that they will make this an annual contribution:—
Dr. Charles Ratnesar (in memory of his brother, Mr. S. K. Ratnesar)
Dr. C. Ponnambalam, Dr. E. T. Saravanamuttu, Dr. Ambalavanar, P. Sri Skanda Raja, Esq., W. W. Mitturajah, Esq., E. T.

Hitchcock Esq., E. J. Jeyarajah, Esq., T. C. Rajaratnam, Esq., A. Tambimuttu, Esq., and Messrs. Diana & Co.

A Change of System: After experimenting for a number of years with a system of compulsory attendance at games, we have again gravitated towards the desirability of making it optional. This we know is a momentous step. But that old adage, "We may take a horse to the water but we can't make it drink," seems to be too true to be ignored. With a healthy, growing boy, compulsion is necessary only to prevent him from playing. If compulsion should be found necessary to make a boy play, then there is surely something wrong with him. We have had no difficulty in compelling boys to attend, but we could not go behind the concomitant evil that not all of them entered into the game heartily. At least a few of them were indifferent and indifference is very infectious. A few keen, willing and teachable boys are better than a number of indifferent ones. A coach, who sacrifices his time and energy, will have the satisfaction of a response to his pains and a team composed of good triers seldom fails. There can be no half-way house between the two systems. We propose to make this new system attractive and go the whole-hog. To implement this system we will try to arrange for the lower squads coaches who would teach the boys how to play the game literally and figuratively, for, the most important work is at the very bottom. Coming to the top squads, those who wish to be con-

sidered for representative honours in any sport, will be expected to conform to the following express regulations. Perhaps the enforcement of these might handicap us for one or two years, but in the long run we will stand to gain with the development of a better spirit and a higher standard of sports. One who wishes to enter the first team should:—

- (1) *Attend practice faithfully.*
- (2) *Appear every day in sports attire.*
- (3) *Observe regular habits and keep regular hours.*
- (4) *Keep himself in the pink of condition.*
- (5) *Obey the captain implicitly and without demur on the field.*

If I were asked to state what single factor contributes most towards individual success in sports, I would unhesitatingly say "condition," and towards team success, I would say "co-operation." Therefore, if a team wants to do its utmost, every member of the team must keep himself in condition and all members must co-operate. Skill in kicking a ball and dexterity in wielding a bat come only second to these. Making a success of this new scheme shall be our chief task during the coming year.

Coaches: I will take this opportunity to thank the following gentlemen—Messrs K. A. Selliah, A. S. Sitlinger, S. S. Selvadurai, C. A. Gnanasegaram, E. J. Niles, C. S. Ponnudurai, C. C. Kanapathipillai, A. T. Vethaparanam, and A. P. T. Winslow—for their kind co-operation and willing help they ren-

dered in coaching the boys in the various games. They have given of their time and their energy. They have sacrificed their little amusements in the evenings, and some, the tennis they dearly love and which they would not sacrifice for most things under the sun. On the other hand, may I hope that they have found some satisfaction and pleasure in training the youth in a very important field of activity and also that they have felt rewarded when the boys brought honour to themselves and to the College. I hope their interest will continue unflagging during the coming year.

The Principal: I don't know how we can adequately thank the Principal for the hundred and one ways in which he has encouraged us during the year. Be it in Cricket, or in Track, or in Football, his financial and moral support were unflinching with us. His rousing words at Chapel before every match still ring in our ears. His presence at matches were always an inspiration. We must confess we have not done enough in return. But the championship, we annexed this year in Track and Field Athletics for the first time since its inception seven years ago, is a memorable thing and the Principal can be proud of this achievement. Our grateful thanks to the Principal.

Au Revoir: It is our sad duty to have to bid farewell to Rajaratnam, Navaratnam, Marnickavasagar, Arumainayagam, Rajadurai, Rajendra, and Alexander whose

active services in their respective spheres shall no more be at the disposal of the College. The age-limit rule shall ruthlessly stand between them and Inter-Collegiate Sports. It is difficult to think of a Football Team without Rajaratnam at the centre and Marnickavasagar in the rear, of a Cricket team without Navaratnam, Alexander and Rajendra, of a Tug-of-War team without Marnickavasagar and Arumainayagam and of a Track team, without Rajadurai. But, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and somehow fresher men will come to fill in the breach and the name of the College shall not be let down. It is sad to contemplate that these might retire into comparative insignificance, but this fate will not overcome them if they realise that there are greater fields to conquer. While they are in College, they can still be useful if they could find the time to coach younger boys. The benefit of their experience will always be welcome.

I cannot resist the temptation of holding up Rajaratnam to all the boys as what an ideal sportsman should be like. He is buoyant in spirits, plays very hard during a match and has no regrets at the end. He knows how to take victory and defeat alike. In short he has been a great sportsman and a greater sport throughout his career.

I. P. THURAIRATNAM,
Physical Director.

Jaffna College.
Nov. 11, 1932.

THE LIBRARY

The following books have been added to the Library recently :

- (1) Kendrew W. G. The Climates of the Continents.
- (2) Jacks L. P. The Education of the Whole Man ;
A plea for a new Spirit in Education.
- (3) Cubberley Ellwood P., The Principal and His School.
- (4) Allen H. S. & Moore, H. A Text—Book of Practical
Physics.
- (5) Pingriff, G. N. Exercises and Problems in Practical
Physics with Notes on the Theory.
- (6) Caldwell Rt. Rev. R. A Comparative Grammar of
the Dravidian, or South-Indian Family of Languages
- (7) தி. ராஜேஸ்வரி, ஹிராஷி பி. பிரகாசனம்.
- (8) Anderson G. & Whitehead, Rt. Rev. H. Christian Educa-
tion in India
- (9) Chakkarai V. The Cross and Indian Thought.
- (10) Weeramantry G. Elementary Mathematics, for Std. VII
- (11) Hess James M. ed. Julius Caesar with brief Introduc-
tion, Notes and Comments.
- (12) Andrews C. F. What I owe to Christ.
- (13) Kagawa Toyohiko. New Life Through God.



*"Books are keys to wisdom's treasure ;
Books are ships to lands of pleasure ;
Books are paths that upward lead ;
Books are friends, Come ! Let us read."*

EVENTS

Sept. 13, School re-opens.

Sept. 18, The principal speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Sept. 25, Mr. C. O. Elias speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Sept. 28 The News of the death of Mrs. Appathurai, a teacher in our Kindergarten department and the wife of one of the teachers of the College was received with a shock in College. A special Chapel Service was held in the morning, where the Principal, in a feeling speech, made reference to the innumerable services rendered by Mrs. Appathurai to the College, both as an efficient teacher in the Kindergarten department and as one who took no little interest in the outside activities of the College. Her powers of initiative and capacity to manage things were some of the rare qualities she possessed and these are in themselves sufficient to show that she was no ordinary woman. At the close of the Chapel, the whole school stood up for a few minutes in silence as a mark of honour to the deceased. The school closed early to enable all to attend the funeral.

Sept. 29, Football match with a selected team from the co-operative Credit Society. Ends in a draw.

Oct. 2, Mr. K. A. George speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Oct. 3, Contributions were made by the Teachers and Students of the College in aid of the School for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children at Mt. Lavinia.

In the Evening at 6 o'clock a meeting was held in the Outley Hall to celebrate the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi. The Public were invited. The Principal presided. A silver painting of the Mahatma on the platform dazzled one's gaze as one entered the hall. An interesting programme was gone through. The "Spiritual Message" of Mahatma Gandhi was put on record while copies of it were distributed to the audience. The chief speaker of the evening was Mr. S. Kulendran, B. A., B. D. After remarks by the Chairman the meeting came to a close.

Oct. 4, Football match against the Jaffna Y. M. C. A. at St. Patrick's College grounds. We lose.

Oct. 7, School closed to enable the teachers and students to attend the annual festival of the J. C. S. I. U. C. Council at Uduvil.

Oct. 8, Football match against St. Henry's School, Illavalai. We win.

Oct. 9, Mr. M. I. Thomas speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Oct. 10, The Araly Social Service Club, captained by Mr. S. Selvaratnam play a football match against the College team and it ends in a victory for the College team.

Oct. 12, Rev. P. T. Cash, M. A. B. sc., Principal, Central College speaks at the Y. M. C. A.

Oct. 15, Football match against Manipay Hindu College. We lose.

Oct. 16, The Principal speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Oct. 19, Football match against St. Patrick's College. We lose.

Oct. 20, Dress rehearsal of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," by the College Dramatic troupe.

Oct. 21, Final Staging of the "Twelfth Night".

Oct. 23, Mr. D. S. Sanders speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Oct. 26, Football match against Parameswara College. We win. Triennial Inspection commences.

Oct. 26, The annual distribution of prizes for the Sunday School children, connected with the College

Y. M. C. A. came off on this date. The President, Mr. A. T. Vethaparanam presided. Interesting items were contributed by the children. The best part of the programme was an instructive talk to the children by Mrs. Raju, from Udupiddy. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. E. T. Williams.

Oct. 30, Mr. A. Sitlinger speaks at the Sunday Evening Service.

Nov. 4, Football match against St. John's College. We lose.

Sextant Break,



COLLEGE GOSSIP

We hear

That the "Cold" Winter has just shown her skirt.

That eventually there was a heavy demand for Swadeshi Blankets!

That this veering weather had peculiar effects on particular persons.

That a chamber Coffee, and a faggot between the lips wouldn't pass for prohibitives.

That home tasks would be out of season.

That pupils ought not to be prevailed upon to stand up, in answering a question.

That it would be a case of renewed warming up of benches.

That science masters understood the theory well.

That 'thalang' umbrellas are better weather proofs than our umbrellas.

That on the other hand, they regret that the former are unwieldy.

That it would yet pay even to look after other people's umbrellas these days.

That 'Mithuvadi' kaddais have superseded 'Cheruppus'.

That Chavakachcheri specialises in the manufacture of these easy trots.

That was why the first day of the sextant break saw an ingress of the patrons of these wood chops.

That these patrons will accept orders.

That patterns from the penance doer's "Kumili mithuvadi" down to the wear of the fashionable nationalist are available.

That this lucrative trade will pre-occupy the files of the unemployed.

That Government would be rid of a few doles.

That "hope springs eternal in the human breast".

That next year we have sanguinary hopes of the Foot-ball Championship.

That this season's humiliations at the field were largely due to the ill-omen—the captain taking ill.

That among several other reasons for their collapse, their failure to sing the College song was one.

That late changes have occurred in the "menu" of the Inters.

That bread and 'Chilli sambal' form a good combination.

That Chilli sambal has kept jam and butter away from the door.

That the staging of the Twelfth Night came off successfully.

That certain people looked at

(what were really Titus lamps) and marvelled the at brilliance of the electric lights.

That Malvolio was the typical distempered character of Shakespeare.

That Sir Andrew stuck to his "Eat drink, and make merry" policy.

That the Clown razed off his Cricket Eleven moustache.

That Sir Toby's equator was unproportionate.

That there were whispers whether the Duke was a bachelor.

That Christmas is nearing,

That the geese are getting fat.

That our mouth is watering.

THILAGAR.



RIB TICKLERS

NOT ALWAYS

Employer: (To applicant) "I have no objections against giving you the job, but, do you stammer like this always?"

Applicant:—"N. N. No Sir, only when I "t"—"t"—"talk".

SPOTTED

Teacher:—"Now Johnny: in front of you is East, at your right South, at your left North. What is behind you?"

Johnny:—"Please, Miss! It's a patch on my trousers. I told mother you'd notice it."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

A very thin man met a very fat one in a hotel corridor.

"From the look of you," said the latter, "there might have been famine".

"Yes", was the reply, "and from the look of you, you might have caused it."

LOOKING AHEAD

A boy, having failed to pass an important examina-

tion, sought to ease matters in advance by wiring to his brother.

"Failed. Prepare father."

The brother wired back.

"Father prepared: prepare yourself."

MOVIES

The Worker:—"Do you like moving pictures?"

The Slacker:—"Rather"!

The Worker:—"Well, come and help me to move some of them."

THE FIFTH SCOUT LAW

A Scout, springing into an overcrowded moving train, trod on the toes of an old gentleman, in a corner seat.

"I am sorry," he said.

Old Gent. (Hand behind ears) "Eh"?

Scout: (More loudly) "I beg your pardon."

Old Gent.—"Eh—h—h?"

Scout:—(Shouting) "I trod on your foot. It waa an accident,—an accident."

Old Gent.—(Catching last word only) "An accident! You don't say so! Any body hurt?"

MISSING

China man:—"Will you tell me, please, where the Railway Station is?"

Stranger:—"What's the matter; are you lost?"

China man:—"No, me. Here, station lost."

OUTCLASSED

Fond Uncle:—"Do you like riding on my knee very much?"

Niece—"Oh no, I have ridden a real donkey."

A CHIP OF THE ODL BLOCK

Tommy:—(At his first visit to the barber) "I want my hair cut."

Barber:—"How do you want it cut?"

Tommy:—"Like daddy's with a hole on the top."

* * * *

A certain newly married husband was in the habit of teasing his wife. One day, while out on a motor ride, the car happened to pass by a couple of mules which turned towards the car and brayed.

"Your relations, I suppose," said the husband, seizing the opportunity.

"Yes"! was the unexpected reply, "By marriage."

AN EPITAPH ON A FAMOUS BUILDER

"Lie heavy on him earth, for he laid many a heavy load on thee".

D. S. N.

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Wanted! Wanted!! Wanted!!!

- (1) Popes' Sacred Kurral
- (2) Nevins' நியாய இலக்கணம்
- (3) Chitty's Tamil Plutarchs
- (4) Kanagasabai's Tamils 1800 Years Ago
- (5) யாழ்ப்பாண னைபவமரணை
- (6) Tamilian Antiquary—(All the numbers)

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BOOK - 3
MAY 1954