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CALVARY AND EASTER

*A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow :
A balm to heal the hurt of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day
Were just three days apart!*

*With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart is wrung,
As, lifted high upon His cross,
The Lord of Glory hung—
When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms
Stole forth in street and mart ;
But Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day, and whitest day,
Were just three days apart.*

EASTER

By Joseph Fort Newton, D. D.

In Him was life.—John- 1, 4.

Is the hope of Easter day a delusion ?

Is its grand affirmation a figment of the mind, the desire of the moth for the moon ? Is faith a fiction ? Are we the dupes of a Divine delusion ? Is the fond hope, that the bright forms of those who walked with us here and vanished will meet us again, a futile fancy ? How do we know when we know the truth ? What is the basis of the inextinguishable hope of man that death is not the end ?

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These are old questions, as old as the home and the family, as old as love and death.

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To-day we dig up from the tombs of ancient Egypt new testimony to the old wistfulness of humanity at the gates of the grave. In the Valley of the Kings, five thousand years ago, men defied death in the morning of time, leaving record of hope time cannot dim nor death destroy. The Book of the Dead was, in fact, a ritual of Eternal Life, a stately music accompanying man in his voyage into the Unknown. Even in that dim time, in the land where flows the Nile, man refused to think of the grave as the gigantic coffin-lid of a dull and mindless world descending upon him at last.

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Surely it is at once magnificent and prophetic. For many, as for Emerson, the very fact of this ancient, high, heroic faith is proof enough. Others ask more, perhaps not knowing what they ask, since the soul itself is the best witness in the high court of truth. It is older than all books, older than all arguments, the author of science and the maker of theology—the unknown, unconquerable soul of Man. Rising out of a depth no mortal can fathom, it is the voice of Life itself, the spokesman of the Universe, its interpreter and prophet. It is neither alien nor

exotic, but a child of the Universe, and if man will not listen to his own soul neither will he believe though one arise from the dead.

* * * *

The cities and civilizations of men decay; only the Pyramids remain. So perish all material achievements, no matter how ancient and imposing. At last they lie shattered, forgotten, and neglected in some untenanted waste, or covered by the meaner dwellings of a more primitive race.

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Far different is the fate of the soul, its faiths, its ideas, its dreams. They are the inheritance of the spirit. With them "neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." No conqueror can dwarf or destroy the things that belong to the immortal life.

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History, in the great conception of it, reveals the romance of the soul and its unfolding. As the spiritual capacity of man enlarges, the Eternal Life becomes more real and august. The Egyptians were the first to realize it. They built up a noble system of religion, the basis of which was faith that man has within him eternal elements. Then came the Hebrews. Their religion was more adapted to daily life and its moral struggle. Yet, despite the darkness of Sheol, the light survived. Voice after voice affirmed the indestructible nature of the soul. All the time God was flowing more and more into man, until, at last, there came One who found the Great Secret.

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The great fact about Jesus was that He had more of God in Him than mortal ever had before. In Him God found an unimpeded channel of expression, and acted through Him with a vividness never attained before. The soul became incandescent. Personality became incarnation, and character revelation. He lived "the human life of God," doing what God would do if He were man. In His works of mercy, in His ideas of justice and of love, He speaks as God speaks, and at an elevation of thought that no thinker has ever reached. That is the real wonder

of His life, His revelation of what the soul can become, to what fine issues it can ascend, in the land of mortality.

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The purest, gentlest loftiest Soul the earth has known was put to death, as if all His goodness had gone for nothing. He, in whom God was present in a degree never known before, met the shadow that waits for every man. For the moment Death seemed to divide divinity with God. And what then? Just what you would expect to happen. He had carried the spirituality of man to its furthest possible limit; He had outgrown the physical before His death. In those last tragic days He moved with the tranquillity and freedom of spirit, and awe fell upon men as they watched Him. As He had realized the life of the spirit in its fullest form, the spirit now triumphed! It lifted the veil and revealed the brightness on the other side of death. All that the Egyptians had asserted was true, all that the noblest minds had trusted was vindicated.

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Easter is not an isolated event interpolated into history; it is a glow-point where the whole purpose and prophecy of the life of man are made vivid. Life is the great reality; death is but its shadow. "When shall we become that which we are?" cried Maeterlinck. We, who are citizens of eternity, live amid fears and misgivings, tormented by phantoms. It is like the son of a king wandering in penury, not knowing how rich he is. "Oh, that I certainly knew!" cried one of old as he lay trembling at the altar. Then he heard a voice saying: "What wouldst thou do if this certain knowledge were bestowed on thee? Do now what thou wouldst do then, and rest secure."

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Blessed Easter Day, building its great arch of promise over the homes of our living and the graves of our dead! "If it were not so, I would have told you," said Jesus; and we who have heard His voice can bear His silence. He confirms faith without satisfying curiosity, but He lets light through the shadow. God is here,

eternity is now, and death is but the shadow of Life ! O my soul, remember and rejoice !

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In face of physical fact and dark fatality, we dare to make the ancient prayer our own, singing like a divine lyric in our souls :

Life is eternal; love is immortal; the earth is only a horizon; and a horizon is nothing but the limit of our sight.

Lift us up, Strong Son of God, that we may see farther; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly.

(Reprinted from The Christian World.)

NARAYAN VAMAN TILAK

THE CHRISTIAN POET OF MAHARASHTRA

My food I'll get in serving Thee ;
 My thoughts shall be as eyes to me.
 I'll live and breathe to sing Thy praise
 From this time onward all my days
 Thy feet I choose, the world resign,
 For thou, from this day on, art mine,
 Brother beloved and King divine.

N. V. T.

Just one year ago in the pages of this Magazine appeared an article entitled "Booth-Tucker—Sadhu and Saint." Booth-Tucker was brought up in the midst of luxury and splendour of a Governor's home, and had the facilities of a good education, whereas Narayan Vaman Tilak, the subject of this sketch grew up uncared for by his father in abject poverty, with narrow opportunity for study. Booth—Tucker and Narayan Vaman Tilak were great friends, and it is in the fitness of things that a biographical sketch of Tilak should follow that of Booth-Tucker. The former

became a great social reformer and won the Kaisri-Hind Gold Medal from the Indian Government for services rendered, but later became a poet, a rich jewel in the crown of India.

Narāyan Vaman Tilak, the Christian poet of Maharashtra, is sometimes called the Tagore of Western India. Students of Marathi poetry say that for the last seventy years a greater poet than Narayan Tilak has not arisen in Maharashtra. Some of his songs have found their way into the English hymnody and travellers in the Marathi country may often hear beggars chanting his lyrics on the wayside.

His life-story starts with the death of his mother, for from that time onwards his father ceased to care for him. After casting the ashes of his mother into the sacred Ganges he was found by a boy of his own age sitting gloomily on the banks of the river. The boy took Narayan to his mother who, though a poor widow, opened her house to him and received him with a warm heart.

Narayan by working at odd jobs during the day time earned for his living, but in the nights repaired to a temple close by, and studied Marathi and Sanskrit in the dim lights of the sacred edifice. A Sanskrit pundit noticing that he was a boy with exceptional intellectual qualities, encouraged and helped him in his studies. He soon became a scholar of ancient Vedic literature. Scholarship led him on and he became in turn a teacher, the editor of a paper, translator, and at last a devotee of the Muse. He was soon recognised as the greatest living poet in Maharashtra, and was elected President of the Society of scholars, writers and poets (Natyasammelan), the greatest honour that can be conferred upon a man by the literary world of Maharashtra.

Narayan Tilak was a Hindu. But how came he to enrich the Marathi Christian Church with his sweet songs of matchless and exquisite beauty? The story of his conversion is the answer to this question. The study

of Sanskrit and Marathi literature—for Hindu literature is mostly religious—created in him a discontent and a dissatisfaction. He was in quest of *Shanti* peace. One day it happened that Narayan had to go on a long journey. He opened the door of a compartment in a train and stepped in. The sole occupant of the compartment—a white man—made room for him with a smile. Narayan carried in his hand a copy of a Sanskrit poet and the white man, noticing it, started to converse with him about Sanskrit poetry—for he too was a Sanskrit Scholar. The conversation led them on to talk on religion. They talked about many religions and finally came to Christianity. Narayan had never before heard of the Bible nor of Christ. Strange, is it not? The white man left him after presenting him with a copy of the New Testament and getting a promise from him that he would read it and also with a prophetic word that he would before long find God, and along with Him, the long-sought *Shanti*. Narayan went home and kept his promise. He started reading the New Testament and when he came to the fifth Chapter of St. Matthew, he could not turn himself away from the book—for in the Sermon on the Mount he found the solutions for all the abstruse problems of Hinduism. He was now a Christian at heart but not till a few years later did he openly confess Christ in the sacrament of baptism. The American Marathi Mission took him into its fold and appointed him as an Evangelist.

Narayan's greatest contribution to India and especially to the Indian Marathi Christian Church is his innumerable hymns, lyrics, and songs. Before the coming of Tilak, the Indian Marathi Church had a few hymns in doggerel Marathi set to English tunes and sung to the music of the harmonium or the organ. Now, all that is gone, thanks to Narayan Tilak. The only Christian Church in India that can boast of a large number of lyrics and songs set to Indian airs is the Marathi Church. Another of his contribution is his beautiful metrical version of Christ—a fragment of a great epic, which he had planned to write in twelve books. Hindus and Mohamedans still read it with great appreciation.

Fame did not spoil Tilak. The hard life of early days had taught him humility and the dignity of labour. The following story is to the point: An American gentleman, who had heard of his fame in his own country, went to pay him a visit. Narayan was at that moment cleaning the cow-shed and obviously he must have been wearing soiled clothes. The American asked him, "Is Mr. Tilak in?" Narayan replied, "Yes, Sir. Please be seated." Going in Tilak washed himself, and appearing in clean clothes, revealed his identity. What a man!

One day his daughter had stolen a piece of ginger from a green-grocer's shop. He took her to his room and beat himself with a cane as punishment for her misbehaviour. Tears were in her eyes. He sent her back with the piece of ginger that she might return it to the green-grocer. What a father!

Once, Tilak went away to a distant place with his wife and children to visit a relative, leaving the house in the charge of a man. When he came back he found that the man had robbed him of all his household goods. He went in search of him found him, forgave him, but came back without his things. What a Christian!

During his last days he was found wandering through Maharashtra as a Sannyasi, preaching the Gospel of peace and love. When his spirit passed beyond the veil he commended his spirit to the Father. The following are the last lines of poetry he composed:

Lay me within Thy lap with rest;
 Around mine head thine arm entwine;
 Let me gaze up into Thy face.
 O Father—Mother mine!
 To let my spirit pass with joy
 Now at the last, O Tenderest;
 Saith Dasa, Grant Thy way-ward child
 This one, this last, request!

E. J. NILES JEEVARATNAM.

THE RUBY STREAM.

*I heard the murmur of the stream
That flowed right down from Calvary's mount.
I saw the ruby stream flow out
Bubbling through the sinful wild;
And pebbles borne in that fall flood
Did shine as pure, as bright as gems.*

*I heard the murmur of the stream;
I saw it rolling to the Deep,
The Everlasting Deep of Love.
I heard; my heartstrings rung to tune,
In unison, as though touched soft
By that sweet, gentle, wounded hand.*

CHAS. R. WADSWORTH.

A SHORT STORY FOR LEISURE HOURS.

By

A CLERK OFF DUTY.

"Gate Mudaliyar Serasinghe and his family are up here on a holiday. It is understood that they will be here for some time, probably till the end of April."
N'Eliya Cor.

Somarathne's heart stopped as he saw these lines under the personal columns of the "Ceylonese", one fine February morning. Somarathne had been educated in one of the leading Colleges in Colombo and kept on there more for his success in sports than for his scholastic attainments. Thus when he left school he found himself devoid of any University Diplomas. He was, therefore, reluctantly compelled to accept a post in the subordinate service under Government as a clerk on Rs 50- per mensem. His only regret was that his appointment might mar his prospects of becoming the son-in-law of Gate Mudaliyar Serasinghe. But Somarathne was made of that never-say-die sort of stuff.

Was it pure luck or mere coincidence that had brought his uncle Serasinghe and family to N'Eliya, just at the time when he wanted their help, encouragement and inspiration?

Gate Mudaliyar Serasinghe was a well-to-do uncle of Somarathne and the owner, or rather his only daughter Amarawathie was the owner, of the Thamankaduwa and the Wannie. Gate Mudaliyar Serasinghe was poor when he was only Somarathne's uncle, but became rich on marrying Amarawathie's mother. Amarawathie was Serasinghe's only daughter, a beautiful, educated, in short what we call an accomplished girl. Now Tennis was Somarathne's second weakness, his first one being, of course, his cousin Amarawathie. The previous year he had entered the All-Ceylon Tennis Tournament, but was unfortunate enough to be beaten in the third round, having come up to that by drawing byes. That failure did not deter him. That was last year and this was this year. There was no reason why he should not become champion this year. Besides, last year he hadn't his uncle Serasinghe and more important, his cousin Amara-

wathie to stay with. Was there any other reason, now he asked himself, why he should not win the much-contested championship this year?

There could be absolutely no reason. Therefore Somaratne made a firm decision that February morning that, as sure as he was living, he would enter for this year's tournament, buy two really good rackets, cost what they would, and, above all, stay with uncle Serasinghe at N'Eliya.

Having come to this decision, Somaratne set about purchasing his Tennis kit. It may be asked what the difficulty was in purchasing it. You step into Cargills, give them a list of all that you want and write out a cheque to cover the cost and the thing is done. Just half-an-hour's work. Quite right. I grant all that. But, and that is a big 'but' where was Somaratne, a clerk on Rs 50-per mensem to get the money for buying the kit? You and I may buy the things, if we have the money or give it up as a bad job. But not so Somaratne. He was not so foolish as you and I to miss a tournament and his cousin's company, simply because he couldn't find a little money. He must, by hook or by crook, find the money. He would therefore borrow. Why shouldn't he? No. There was no reason why he shouldn't.

He thought of all his friends who had obliged him in the past, and whose obligations he had not yet repaid. No, it was useless going to them now. There was one person, however, a peon in his office drawing a very much smaller salary than himself who might be able to help him. He, the peon, did not play tennis, nor did he go to N'Eliya to stay with his cousin. Then what did he do with all his money? It was no doubt *infra dig* to go to him, but that could not be helped. After all, his cousin was the Queen, so to say, of the Wannai and Thamankadawa, and when he became king, he could pay this peon fellow his money with interest.

With these thoughts, he went along the road that led to peon Appahamy's house. As he proceeded, his mind was so preoccupied that he did not hear a tall, fair gentleman, well-built, with a turban on his head, and a walking-stick in his hand, accost him, with "Good morning, Sir. How are you?" and that with a smile.

Somarathne thought that this man was really a God-send. No wonder. How will you feel if you are accosted with a "Good morning, Sir," just when you are on your way to borrow some money from a peon, to play tennis at N'Eliya, and stay with your cousin there, and particularly when the "Good Morning" proceeds from an Afghan, pure and simple, a professional money-lender? "Good Morning, Bhai. How do you do," said Somarathne putting on a smile in return.

"Want any money, Sir?"

"Well a little only at the moment, if you don't mind."

"Not at all, Sir. How much?"

"Just a couple of hundreds, to be returned shortly."

"Most gladly, Sir, and you must pay a little interest and just sign a pronote for Rs. 500."

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* The scene now opens at Wellawa at N'Eliya where the Gate Mudaliyar and family are staying. Somarathne is already there with all his Tennis kit.

The first day of the tournament is over. The Gate Mudaliyar and his daughter were among the distinguished spectators. Now they are waiting at their bungalow for Somarathne and a friend whom he promised to bring. A Hillman Saloon drives up to the portico, and out steps Somarathne, followed by his friend Victor Ramiah.

Victor Ramiah was a polished young man of well-to-do parents, who had a lot of money which he did not know what to do with, and who was a friend of Somarathne from his College days. He had come to witness the tournament.

"Good evening, uncle. This is my friend Victor Ramiah. This is my uncle Gate Mudaliyar Serasinghe and this is my cousin Amarawathie. I hope we have not kept you waiting long," rattled off Somarathne like a machine.

"Not at all, sonnie. Glad to meet you, Mr. Ramiah. Come and sit down, please. Is that your car that you came in?"

"Yes, Madaliyar. I couldn't have brought the other new Saloon as, Daddy was going somewhere. But this one is new, too."

"Oh! You have two cars then. How nice," interpolated Amarawathie. They then talked about the tournament and about almost everything under the sun. But Somaratne could remember only two words in that evening's conversation "How nice." That night in bed when the whole world was resting from its toils Somaratne made a decision, the decision of his life-time, that for the next time he would come up to N'Elia in his own car.

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A car he must buy. Where is he to find the wherewithal? Out of the paltry salary he was getting, he was paying a monthly instalment of Rs 25- to Katar Kharu Bhai. He had paid him almost the full sum he had borrowed, but according to the books of the Bhai, he still owed Rs 150-. There was no hope for it but to continue paying, because the moment he started argument, the Bhai threatened to put his pronote up to Rs 500- to suit and recover the full amount with interest.

There were only four months more for the next Tennis Tournament and still he had not thought of a plan of buying the car in which he was to drive up to N'Elia.

One fine morning, as he was analysing the situation, Somaratne had a brain wave. He blamed himself for not striking at this idea earlier. The plan was simple—that he should buy the car on the instalment system. Within a week Somaratne became the proud owner of a Morris Saloon car, Victor Ramiah having stood guarantee. The first deposit of money was, of course, borrowed from a second Bhai, Somaratne having given him signed a pronote for double the amount, in addition to giving him signed receipts for his salary for the next 12 months.

Somaratne began to feel a bit uneasy about his financial position. He tried to flatter himself that he was not one of those irresponsible youths who go about living on other people's money. If he could manage to satisfy his creditors for a few more months, during which time he

hoped to become the king of the Wannu and Thaman-kaduwa, everything would be plain sailing. He could then pay his debts five times over and then lend his own money to his own creditors without any interest.

But this was not to be. When Somaratne failed to pay his instalment for the car, the Company, after repeated reminders, were "reluctantly compelled" to warn him that if he did not pay up his instalment within a certain date the car would be seized. Kafar Khan Bhai, finding that his monthly pound of flesh was not forthcoming, had "placed his pronote in his Proctor's hands," who had sent in a letter of demand to Somaratne. The Head of his Department, finding that his salary receipts were being produced to a Bhai, grew suspicious of his financial position and framed charges against him. Curiously enough, all these letters were delivered to Somaratne on the same morning.

What was poor Somaratne to do? He could have replied to half a dozen letters of demand. He could have explained off quite well why he should not be dismissed or otherwise punished or even hanged. But his car was going to be confiscated within few days of his going to N'Eliya; then life was not worth living. It was for the car that he had invited the second and the third letters on himself. What was the use of remaining in service, if he was not going to N'Eliya in his car? He wished the earth would open and swallow him.

Somaratne thought for a while. These letters had to be replied. He sat down and replied them. He also wrote a letter to his uncle Serasinghe regarding his visit to N'Eliya and posted the letters then and there.

The next morning the Gate Mudaliyar opened a letter addressed to him by his nephew and read as follows:—

Dear Sir,

I am very sorry to put your client into inconvenience, but I beg of you to give me one more chance. The fact of the matter is that negotiations are going on and will probably be completed soon regarding a proposal of

marriage for me with a cousin, who is rich enough to pay your amount five times over. If you will wait for a few more months, I shall promise to liquidate your client's debts completely. If, on the other hand, you make this matter public by suing me in courts, the probability is that the marriage will not come off and the client will never get his money. I shall therefore thank you to wait for a few more months.

I am, Sir,
Yours Faithfully,
C. A. SOMARATNE.

No doubt the letter had been put in the wrong envelope but that did not alter the situation. The Gate Mudaliyar's feelings were mixed. Indignation, surprise, sympathy were all passing through his mind. Under the strain he did the one thing that he ought not to have done. He called his daughter and threw the letter at her.

"See what that fool of a cousin of yours is writing." Somebody has said somewhere that, of all the peculiar things in the world, the female mind is the most peculiar. When her father said this, Amarawathie instinctively felt a certain amount of sympathy for her cousin. She felt that because her father called Somaratne a fool, he could not be a fool. In other words, the very words that her father used to alienate her sympathies against Somaratne had by that reason enlisted her sympathies for him. She took the letter to her room, to read it privately.

Among the letters that the Manager of Morris Saloon Car Company received that morning, was one which ran as follows:

My Dear Uncle.

I hope you are all going to N'Eliya this year too. I hope to go there myself in my car for the Tournament. I shall drive up on the morning of the 29th, and hope to stay with you for a couple of weeks. Please let me know when you are going. With love to all including cousin Amara,
From Sonnie.

This of course was relegated, as it should have been, into the waste-paper-basket. The Company after waiting for some time for a reply to their letter wrote a rather stiff one to the guarantor, Victor Ramiab, who, on receipt of it, literally ran to his friend to find out what the matter was.

"What can I do?" asked Somaratne after explaining the situation to his friend.

"What can't you do", asked Ramiah, "when there is your cousin who is Queen of Thamankaduwa and the Wannu, who is just waiting to marry you? You have only to hasten this marriage of yours and everything will be O. K."

"I know, but how can I hasten the business? I have not talked to them on the subject yet."

"You have got to talk now."

"I cannot do it myself, you see. I must get hold of somebody.

"Well then, get hold of some blooming body. Why do you worry me?"

"I was thinking, eh. . . ."

"I don't care what you were thinking. You have let me down badly in this car business of yours. I must go now."

"Wait a minute. I was thinking, eh, whether as a friend, eh, you won't do this . . . as a favour."

"Do what? Pay this money for you! I'll do nothing of the kind. I would sooner go to gaol."

"No, No : act as a go-between."

"I cannot go between anybody. I'll be crushed to death, and I don't want to die now."

"I mean, speak to my uncle about this matter."

"Well! as I am also involved in this car business, and as the car business is involved in the marriage, I think I will have a try at it, I mean, at going between."

"Thank you very much, indeed."

That night Somaratne sat down and wrote a letter to his cousin, Amarawathie, reporting of his past short comings, promising to behave better, asking her to go his rescue and closing with a threat that his future existence depended entirely on her wise decision.

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After talking on various subjects for a long time, when the Gate Mudaliyar was beginning to feel tired and was trying to excuse himself, Victor Ramiah came to the subject proper of his visit.

“You are going up to N’Eliya this time? No?”

“No, we are neither going up or down to N’Eliya,” Ramiah was a bit taken aback. His line of attack had been blocked, before he proceeded a little. However, he recovered himself, and started all over again.

“Well, nevermind that,” he said, “what I really meant was: do you happen to know that nephew of yours, Somaratne?”

“What do you mean? I happen to know?”

“I mean exactly what I say, whether you, by any chance, happen or happened to know or come across a fellow called C. A. Somaratne, who goes about calling himself your own dear nephew.”

“I wish he called himself some other phew. Why, is he ill?”

“No, not that.”

“Is he dead then? I hope he is. Then my daughter will be rid of one pest.”

Ramiah hesitated, being afraid that this was not the opportune moment for which he was waiting. But he was not the sort of man who once having set his hands to the plough would turn back until he sowed, reaped and ate out of the harvest. He realized that the soil was, of course, hard in this case, but he meant to try.

“But I thought Somaratne was fond of your daughter”

"I don't care whether he is fond of my daughter or all the daughters of the world. I will not have that d... rascal, for a minute in my house. If you are going to speak about him any more, you can yourself clear out."

Ramiah did clear out, at least to avoid the thunder that proceeded out of the mouth of the Gate Mudaliyar. This was the one exception in his life when he had set his hands to the plough and had to turn back.

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In due course, the car was seized and sold for a song, to put it in common language, and the Company sued Somaratne for the balance. Bhai No 2, alas, had instructed his proctor to file a case against him. Somaratne after a long meditation, came to the very sound conclusion that he must have some money now, to get along without difficulty. It occurred to him just then, that if he went personally to his uncle and cousin, they might be inclined to help him. After all he (the Gate Mudaliyar) was his mother's brother and she his mother's brother's daughter. So he took courage in his hands and went to his uncle's bungalow. When he was some yards away from the bungalow, he knew his pilgrimage was in vain. Apparently his uncle and cousin were not at home, as otherwise his uncle would have by then come out to murder him. He went a little closer, but found no signs of the Gate Mudaliyar. On enquiry, he found that they had gone to N'Eliya, only the previous day for a two weeks' stay.

He grew suspicious of Ramiah. Why had he told him that his uncle and his cousin were not going to N'Eliya? Had he played a practical joke on him? No, that could not be, because he didn't know how anxious he was to go to N'Eliya, and stay with him. It was not Victor Ramiah, but fate, that undefinable, something that had played him also. He had no money to go N'Eliya. He did the next best thing. He wrote a letter to his cousin Amara.

Three days later he was surprised to find a letter from his uncle asking him to go and see him in his bungalow. Was this a trap to catch him and murder him? No, he wouldn't go of his own accord to any place just to be murdered there, and that too, by his own uncle, father of his cousin Amara.

The next day the uncle himself, the very person who according to Kamiah was planning to murder him, came and in affectionate terms persuaded him (Somaratna) to go along with him to his bungalow. Somaratna did go. What else could he do?

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Three days previously at N'Eliya, the father and daughter had been closeted together for hours discussing some very serious matter. Finally the father had said, "Well, you can have your way, the responsibility will not be mine. We shall go down tomorrow, and everything will be arranged within a week".

And so it was, and within a month all of Somaratna's debts were paid up and the King and Queen of Thamankaduwa and Wanny were happy ever after.

MR. THURAIRATNAM'S FAREWELL

The students of the College accorded on the 6th of February a hearty reception to Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Thurairatnam on the occasion of bidding them farewell, at Mr. Thurairatnam's appointment as Principal of the Tellippalai Bilingual School. The guests of honour were taken in procession from their residence at Vaddukoddai to the Ottley Hall, where a largely attended public meeting was held. They were garlanded at the entrance of the hall. The Principal, Rev. J. Bicknell, presided. After specially composed songs had been sung, an address was read by one of the Inter Science Students, Mas. V. S. Gnana-muttu. Mas. George Everts spoke on behalf of the students about the contribution Mr. Thurairatnam had made to them by his class room teaching and by his play-ground training. Farewell speeches were then made by Mr. J. V. Chelliab, the Vice-Principal, and Rev. H. Peto, the President of the Jaffna Schools' Sports Association. The former spoke glowingly of Mr. Thurairatnam's work at the College, while the latter paid a splendid tribute to the efficient service

which Mr. Thurairatnam had rendered to the Sports Association. A presentation was made by Mas. C. Sivapragasam of the London Matriculation Class on behalf of the students to Mrs. Thurairatnam.

After the speech of the Chairman, Mr. Thurairatnam feelingly replied and thanked the students for the splendid manner, in which they had treated him and his wife that day and the speakers for the kind references made to his work. At the close of the meeting Mr. and Mrs. Thurairatnam were taken in procession with a display of fireworks back to their bungalow. On the way the Inter students met them at their hostel gate and garlanded them.

THE 50TH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE • JAFFNA COLLEGE Y. M. C. A. 1934 (Read at the Annual Meeting.)

I have great pleasure in presenting the report of the activities of the Association for the year 1934. I must begin my report with the usual formula of apology, for the many imperfections in our work last year. Before giving the report of the work done by this Association, I must confess that we have not been able to carry out our plans satisfactorily and well.

The work of the Association is carried on by nine sub-committees. Though the respective chairmen will now give a detailed report of the work done by their committees, it is my duty to insert in my report a general report of the work done by each committee.

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE.

The work of this committee was to arrange speakers both from outside as well as from the Staff, to address the Wednesday night meetings. During the course of the year we had many lectures. The following were some of the speakers:

Rev. H. Peto	on	"Kagawa"
Miss Northway	on	"Vacationing in Europe"
Dr. Jameson	on	"Social Hygiene"
Rev. Angus	on	"God's will"
Mr. P. I. Mathai	on	"God's Love"
Dr. Ranawake	on	"Tuberculosis"
Rev. P. T. Cash	on	"A visit to the North Island of New Zealand"
Miss Hutchins	on	"The Adventure of Christian Life"
Mr. K. Curtis	on	"The Student Christian Movement"
Mr. D. S. Sanders	on	"Some Cities of India"
Mr. K. Chelliah	on	"Library in Modern life"
Mr. C. R. Wadsworth	on	"Saddu Sunder Singh"
Mr. E. J. Niles	on	"Narayan Vaman Tilak"

I think I am correct in making the statement that it was this year that we had more speakers than in the previous years. This was due to the ardent work of the chairman of this committee, Mr. Porter French.

Missionary Committee:—

The most important activity of this committee was the annual expedition to the island of Eluvative. The expedition came off in July and about fifty in number including students, teachers, and well-wishers of the Association went to the island. The number was divided into five or six groups, with a leader for each group, and each group visited the section of the island assigned to them, and conducted prayer meetings. Presents were given to all the children of our school and after that all the islanders joined us in breakfast.

Sunday School Committee:—

Sunday schools were carried on in five different places, namely, Araly East, Thunavy, Koddakadu, Kanavakai, and Vethaparanam School, Vaddukkodai. The latter was added to the list last year. The annual children's Rally was held at Uduvil in August. Our Sunday School could not retain the singing prize this year also. The annual prize-giving of our Sunday Schools was not held last year because the year was fully crowded with other activities.

Study Circle Committee:—

Study Circles were held every Sunday morning. There were three classes, one under the Principal for Inters and Seniors, a second under Mr. E. J. Niles for the Pre-Seniors and Juniors, and the third under Mr. C. A. Gnanasegaram for the Forms.

Personal Piety Committee:—

Prayer meetings were held regularly on Sunday nights on the terrace where a good number of students met together in corporate worship for a few minutes.

Social Service Committee:—

The work of this committee is to look after the sick boys and also to keep the College compound clean. Much work was not done by this committee for the College compound was kept quite clean and the boys were keeping quite well.

Publicity Committee:—

This committee was really doing good service to the students by bringing to their notice articles that were worth reading in the Library.

Garden Committee:—

The garden now gives a fine view from the Hunt and Athenian Dormitories. You would have noticed that the garden looks greener and greener as years go by. This is due to the splendid work of the chairman, Mr. Elias. On the Jubilee day about twenty five mango plants were planted by the well wishers of the Association. This again was due to the keen interest of the chairman.

Membership Committee:—

The work of this committee was to enrol members.

Besides the activities of the sub-committees, we have been taking part in other activities also.

The All Ceylon Students' Christian Camp was held at Jaffna College last year in April. In spite of the fine chance given to the students of our College only fifteen attended. We were not able to

send any delegates to the North Ceylon Student Christian Camp held at Mathahal. We sent nine delegates from our Sunday School teachers to the Conference held at Araly for the Sunday School teachers. Quite a good number went to the Fellowship meetings held at Jaffna.

My report will be incomplete, if I do not express my thanks to the President of our Association Mr. Ariaratnam. His being re-elected as the President itself shows us that we cannot choose a man more fitting for the Presidentship of this Association. It was only a coincidence, I am sure, that Mr. Ariaratnam who took a great interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A. should have been elected as the President for the Jubilee year. One word I can say about Mr. Ariaratnam and that is, he is a faithful worker. We must also thank our Principal or rather our Astrologer who drew up our Horoscope last year, free of charge. Mr. Bicknell is taking a very great interest in the Y. M. C. A. work. We must thank him for giving us a place to build our Y. M. C. A. block. We also thank Mr. S. H. Perinbanayagam for having consented to speak to us tonight.

Finally let us commend ourselves to our Father, and ask for his future guidance in the past.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before his presence with singing."

"Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. Enter unto his gate with thanksgiving, and unto his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name for the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations."

J. J. RATNAIAH,
Secretary.

The Annual General meeting was held on the 30th of January, 1935, presided over by the President Mr. P. W. Ariaratnam. Mr. Handy Perinbanayagam addressed the gathering on "The New Dispensation" The election of office-bearers for the year 1935 was as follows

<i>President :</i>	Mr. C. S. Ponnudurai
<i>Vice-President :</i>	Mas. W. D. Abraham
<i>Corres. Secretary:</i>	Mr. R. J. Thurairajah
<i>Recording :</i>	Mas. Stanley S. ThiyagaRajah
<i>Treasurer</i>	„ N. I. Navaratnam
<i>Auditors :</i>	Messrs. S. T. Jeevaratnam and A. C. Sundrampillai

The following are the Chairmen of our Committees :

<i>Sunday School ;</i>	Mas. S. A. Gunanayagam
<i>Garden :</i>	Mr. P. W. Ariaratnam
<i>Social Service :</i>	Mas. J. M. Sanders
<i>Publicity :</i>	Mr. L. S. Kulathungam
<i>Study Circle :</i>	„ A. L. Sitlinger
<i>Programme :</i>	„ A. M. Brodie

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery, and harmony

CHATEANBRIAND.

THE BROTHERHOOD

DATE	CHAIRMAN	DEBATE	PRINCIPAL Aff.	SPEAKERS Neg.	OTHER Aff.	SPEAKERS Neg.	RESULT
26-1-35	A. Tharmalingam	Fear of punish- ment has more influence on human conduct than hope of Re- ward.	S. Kularatnam C. Sivapragasam	K. Ponnudurai V. Arasaratnam	A. Kulasingham T. Saravana- muttu	T. Stanley	Neg.
2-2-35	C. Sivapragasam	The prevalence of cheap liter- ature is beneficial	V. Kanagasabai M. Selvaratnam	J. S. Ratnasin- gham N. Jeyaseelan	N. Kumaradeva	R. Aseervatham	Aff.
9-2-35	C. Sivapragasam	Riches go with learning	Krisnapillai Viyayanathan	A. Kulasingham T. Saravana- muttu P. Samuel	S. Kularatnam K. Thambirajah	N. I. Navaratnam	Aff.
22-2-35	E. V. J. Hensman	Women should not take part in politics	M. Kumaradeva K. G. George	S. R. Subra- maniam A. Pathmanathan		T. Saravana- muttu S. Kularatnam C. S. B. Devan	Neg.

DATE	CHAIRMAN	DEBATE	PRINCIPAL Aff.	SPEAKERS Neg.	OTHER Aff.	SPEAKERS Neg.	RESULT
1-3-35.	K. S. Jayasingham	The influence of environment is greater than that of heredity	C. S. B. Devan K. Sivasubramaniam T. Saravannamuttu	S. Kufaratnam K. Kumaravelu R. Singaratnam	A. Kulasingham S. K. Kandiah	N. Selvadurai	Aff.
9-3-35.	V. G. Sampanthapillai	சகலவிதமான பருஷமும் னைகற்புடைய நன்முன்று உண்மையின் எல்லை நம் சென்றும் கெடிக் கொள்வது	A. Navaratnam K. Sinnadurai	N. Nadarajah M. Selvaratnam	P. Sinnadurai R. Singaratnam	M. Selvaratnam S. Kularatnam	Aff.

K. PONNAMPALAM,
Hony. Secy.

OFFICERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD

PATRON: MR. D. S. SANDERS

<i>President :</i>	Mas. A. Tharmalingham
<i>Vice-President :</i>	Mas. C. Sivapragasam
<i>Secretary :</i>	Mas. K. Ponnampalam
<i>Asst. Secretary :</i>	Mas. Stanley Thiagarajah
<i>Treasurer :</i>	Mas. J. M. Sanders
<i>Eng. Editor :</i>	Mas. P. Thiagarajah
<i>Eng. Sub. Editor :</i>	Mas. K. Ponnudurai
<i>Tamil Editor :</i>	Mas. S. Kanapathippillai
<i>Tamil. Sub. Editor :</i>	Mas. M. Sebaratnam

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF JAFFNA COLLEGE

The annual meeting of the Board of Directors of Jaffna College was held on Saturday, March 16, at 4 p. m. in the Principal's bungalow. The Principal gave a report of the College and the eight affiliated schools for the past year, covering points brought out in the report read at the prize-giving and already published. There were also reports from the Treasurer, the Auditors, and the Executive Committees. Two new Directors were chosen, Mr. Nevins Selvadurai J. P., M. S. C., and Mr. T. C. Rajaratnam. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:—President: Mr. K. Balasingham; Vice-President: Judge, A. R. Suppramaniam; Secretary: Mr. J. V. Chelliah; Treasurer, the Principal, Mr. C. V. Muttiah and Mr. Ed. Mather were appointed to audit the accounts. The Executive Committee consists of the Principal, Mr. J. V. Chelliah, Rev. R. C. P. Welch, Mr. Edward Mather, Miss L. K. Clark, and Dr. W. J. Jameson. The Investment Committee consists of the Principal, Mr. Edward Mather, Mr. S. C. Arnold, and Mr. J. V. Chelliah. The three other members of the Directors are Mr. A. A. Ward, Dr. I. H. Curr and Mr. A. L. Sitlinger. The Board expressed its appreciation of the services of Mr. A. S. Arulampalam whose death during the year deprived us of a most valuable member of our committees and of our Secretary. It also paid a tribute to the work of Mr. J. A. Appadurai. A committee consisting of the Principal, Mr.

J. V. Chelliah and Mr. S. C. Arnold was appointed to meet similar committees appointed by the Church Council and the Mission for a preliminary discussion of whether there may be brought about some federation of these bodies to promote co-operation. The Principal, Mr. J. V. Chelliah and Rev. R. C. P. Welch were asked to investigate the Affiliated Schools with a view to any improvement in their work.

OUR RESULTS

Cambridge University

SENIOR:—Gnanapiragasam, E. F. T. Gnanapiragasam, S. Jayaveerasingam, E. Phurananandam, K. Rajanayagam, A. S. Sabanayagam, A. Selvanayagam, A. Thiruchchittampalam A.

JUNIOR:—Balasingham, W. J. Bonney, A. R. George, V. G. Kanagaratnam, M. Nadarajah, E. Nadarajah, P. Ponnudurai, R. B. Rajasingham, M. Sathivel, M. Sellathurai, K. Sivagurunather, K. Victor, J. S. Vinayagamoorthy, M. Ledehumamma, T.

London Matric.

1. V. Ayathurai
2. S. Ariathurai
3. A. Markandu
4. S. Venasithamby

THE PRINCIPAL'S NOTES

Our old neighbour, Mr. S. Shivapadasundram, the Principal Emeritus of Victoria College, is to be congratulated upon the publication of his new book, "The Saiva School of Hinduism." It is a clear exposition of the Saiva faith. We wish for its author many years of contented living in retirement.

Dr. Fred Field Goodsell, Executive Vice-President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, paid a visit to Jaffna from March 1, to March 4. He spent two nights and a few waking

hours at Jaffna College, meeting the teachers at the Principal's bungalow and the students at chapel. His chapel talk was greatly appreciated by all as was the opportunity given the teachers for an informal discussion with him. He left full of enthusiasm for our staff and student body.

Mr. Edward Buchanan, en route to America from Japan, was the guest of the Principal and Mrs. Bicknell for some days this term. He introduced Jaffna College to the new musical instrument, the saw. He plays with an ordinary violin bow on the back of an ordinary carpenter saw, making very sweet music. Mr. Buchanan is continuing his journeyings through India.

The expected has happened. Miss Rebecca Conard and Mr. Porter French were married in Chicago on the 16th of Feb., according to an announcement received from Mr. French's parents. Mr. French saw much as he made his way over sea and land. We trust some account of these fair sights may appear in these pages.

We would steer clear of the subject of examinations. It is too painful to dwell on. Eight out of 36 Seniors and 14 out of 37 Juniors is not pleasant reading. We might say something of chicken-pox which raged during the examination days. We might point out that our forces are now divided. But when all has been said we must hang our heads in chagrin. One disappointing thing is the lack of correlation in some cases between our marks and those of the Cambridge examiners. Usually this irrelation is rather close.

We are looking forward with eagerness to the visit of Dr. Stanley Jones to Jaffna and Jaffna College early in August. This year the program will give Dr. Jones an opportunity to speak to students and we will have him here for some meetings.

Some of our boys are contributing their mite to a fund we call The Old Boys' Fund by leaving something as they take their leaving certificates from the school. We trust the idea will spread.

List of Books added to the Library recently.

1. *Ray, P. C.* Life and Experiences of a Bengali Chemist.
2. *Nallaiappapillai*, ed. Sen Tamil Selvi, Vol. 12.
3. *Mee, Arthur.* ed. Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes.
4. *Garpenter, Edward.* From Adam's Peak to Elephanta.
5. *Bassett, R. H.* Romantic Ceylon.
6. *Ferguson, John* Ceylon in 1883
7. *Ferguson, John* Ceylon in the 'Jubilee Years ' 1887.
8. *Baker, S. W.* Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon.
9. *Percival, P.* Tamil Proverbs with their English Translations.
10. *Kadramer, D W. N.* Lands Marks of Ancient Batticalo etc ;
(Presented to the Jaffna College Library by the
Author.)
11. *Kandiah Pillai, N. S.* Tamilagam.
12. *Kartar Singh.* Life of Guru Gobind Singh. (Presented to the
Jaffna College Library by Jatehar Takhat Sahib,
Amritsar.)
13. Report of the Joint Committee on Indian Constitutional
Reforms Vols. I & 2.
14. *Newscombs, S.* Astronomy For Everybody.
15. *Mellone, S. H.* Elements of Modern Logic.
16. *Chowdhury, R.* ed. Ploughboy to President (Life story of
- V. J. Patel)
17. *Whitehead, A. N.* Adventures in Idea.
18. *Ramanathan, Lady.* Ramayana (Presented to the Jaffna College
Library by Lady Ramanathan)
19. *Whitehead, A. N.* Science and the Modern World.
20. *Torrey, C. C.* The Four Gospels : A New Translation.
21. *Coffin, H. S.* What Men are Asking ; some current questions
in religion.
22. *Fraser, Agnes R.* Donald Fraser of Livingstonia.
23. *Garcie, A. E.* Christian Belief in God in relation to Religion and
Philosophy.
24. *Jones J. D.* Richmond Hill Sermons.
25. *Manshard, T. C.* Christianity in a Changing World.
26. *Manshard, T. C. ed.* Bombay Looks Ahead
27. *Danielson, A. J.* Health and Physical Education for Schools in
India.
28. Message of the Kingdom of God : Sat Tal Ashram Essays 1932.
29. *Fosdick, H. E.* A Pilgrimage to Palestine.
30. *Macnicol, Nicol.* Living Religions of the Indian People.

Reading becomes Character.

Bacon.

EDITORIAL NOTES

We were altogether taken by surprise to hear at the beginning of the year that Mr. I. P. Thurairatnam, our popular Physical Director, was going away from us. We had been accustomed to regard him always as a permanent fixture in the College, so much so that we could not believe the reports we heard. Now, however, he has left us to become the Principal of the Bilingual School at Tellippalai and the Manager of the American Mission Press there. His departure leaves a gap in the ranks of the staff, that is very difficult to fill. The students always found in him a teacher, who would take along with him even the most back forward of them. His patience and winning ways won for him the love of his students and fellow teachers. The Physical Department of the College owes its success in recent years to none other than him. The championships our teams gained in Athletics on two successive occasions, and in Cricket and Football last year, will ever be strong reminders of the unbounded enthusiasm and the tireless work that marked his career in College. While we are sorry to part from him, we congratulate him on the opportunity he has now for a wider service and wish him great success in his new sphere of activity.

* * *

In bidding adieu to Mr. Handy Perinbanayagam sometime ago, we expressed the hope that he would come back. And now he has returned to us after a year's hard study of the intricacies of Law. Mr. Perinbanayagam's one weakness, his friends would bear testimony to it, is his passionate love for his *Alma Mater*. In welcoming him once more into our midst, it is our fervent hope that this weakness will prove too strong for him and keep him ever with us.

* * *

As we go to press, comes the welcome news that our Vice-Principal, Mr. J. V. Chelliah, has been made a Justice of Peace for the Northern Province, by His Majesty's Government in connection with the granting of Jubilee Honours. Such a recognition to him from the Government was long over due. What

he has done to the cause of education in this country for a period of forty years is a matter of common history. Besides, there was no movement for public good that did not have his enthusiastic support or find him in the fore front as one of its leaders. We are, therefore, glad that his services to the country have been recognized and that he has been thus honoured. We congratulate him and hope that this is only the beginning of other honours to follow.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Exchanges received since the publication of the issue of the Miscellany:

C. M. S., Girls' College Magazine, Chundikuli.

St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly, S. India.

St. Benedict's College Magazine, Colombo.

The Udavil Magazine.

Kandy High School Magazine.

St. John's College Magazine, Chundikuli.

Richmond College Magazine, Galle.

"The Hindu" (Magazine of the Jaffna Hindu College).

The Madras Christian College Magazine, Madras.

*The shallow consider liberty a release from all law,
from every constraint. The wise see in it, on the contrary,
the perfect law of laws.*

WALT WHITMAN.

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