







## THOUGHTS TO BE TREASURED

முன்னவாக கொயிற் பூசைகள் மூட்டுத்தன  
மன்னர்க்குத் தீவிரன். வாரிவளம் குன்றும்,  
கண்ணம் கலவு மிகுத்திடும் காசினிக்கு.  
என்னருள் நந்தி எடுத்துரைத் தானே.

If there be any impediments to or cessation of regular divine service] in God's temples, misfortunes will befall the king, rains and prosperity arising therefrom will cease and theft and robbery will multiply in the world. So says the benevolent Lord.



## Hindu Organ

Friday, February 25, 1977

## Principles Have A Place Always

Now that General Election has been announced in the sub-continent across the waters and a similar declaration has been made about the holding of the polls in Sri Lanka about the month of August this year, religious organizations in these two countries must begin to realize their responsibility on such occasions.

The ballot may be a political expedient but the feelings that are naturally raised by the General Election must be handled by spiritual leaders in order to make life worth living. Campaigns in the general sense always indicate the rousing of public opinion for or against a policy. Such attempts cannot be expected to be rigorously circumscribed by rigid rules of religious conscience or ethical conduct. Often political movements when spurred on to speedy activity ignore the principles of fair methods. Hence the clashes between rival parties.

Thus the duty is cast on the religious organizations and their leaders in times of General Elections to educate the people on the conduct of campaigns. Mahatma Gandhi had all along his exemplary life and leadership sought to adhere to Truthfulness in every aspect and had marvellously achieved his objective. That was how the Indian people were able to make the mighty British Empire see reason and enable the achievement of independence. Any country that has faith in the efficacy of the weapon of Ahimsa and the need for Truthfulness can well conduct elections in the salubrious climate of goodwill and harmony and reason.

Political parties that count normally have established principles from which there cannot be any retraction even in times of extreme misfortune. Certainly there cannot be change of colour for personal advantages. It has, therefore, become necessary that religious leaders and organizations must instruct people on the general principles of being truthful in all their affairs. Needless for us to repeat that the Republic of India has as its motto "Truth alone triumphs". To achieve this victory the masses must also remember that such a lofty ideal cannot be within their reach unless they are ready to serve the people renouncing their personal advantages.

## Appointments

His Excellency the President of Sri Lanka has been pleased to make the following appointments in the St. John Ambulance of Sri Lanka:-

1 Dr. F. O. Fernando, O. St. J., Commander

2 Lt Col. D. N. Jilla, O. St. J., ED. Commis-

3 Mr. Devanantham Danforth, Director of Asso-

ciations.

4 Dr. E. P. Rasiah, O. St. J., J. P., Provincial Commissioner.

5 Mr. W. N. Thevakada deham, Secretary.

all as Members of the St. John Council, the Supreme

Governing Body of the St. John Ambulance

Movement in Sri Lanka

## Sanctity of Sivarathiri

(By Muhandiram E. P. RASIAH J. P.)

In a village in South India, the morning air was peculiarly ethereal. Men and women, fresh after bathing, were hurrying towards places of worship. The temple bells rang loud adding their melodious rhythm to the devotees' devotional shouts of 'Siva Siva'. But Somaka, the hardened huntsman smiled ironically, mimicking the songs of the devotees, as he with his bow in hand, swung across his shoulder the bag of arrows, and wended his way towards the jungle. En route, he saw through the open portals of a temple, devotees singing to commune with the Divine and chanting at intervals 'Siva, Siva'. Amused at this, Somaka himself muttered 'Siva, Siva' in mockery.

Before the day advanced, he had reached the frontiers of a wooded jungle. His eyes followed the triviaiest twist in the track of birds and wild animals. With a whizz flew the arrow from his bow and a little fluffy thing dropped dead. He picked up the bird and uttered 'Siva, Siva' laughingly. Then he espied a deer gently darting across his path. Quick with his bow, he was about to string the quiver, when the deer in the tenderest of voices addressed the marksman, "Oh, Hunter, why do you want to take my life?" What a question to ask, langbed Somaka, 'To kill is my job, the flesh of animals is food for me and that of my family. Before I make meat of you, do tell me how you came to have this human voice'. Rep lied the doe softly, "... two hearts are throbbing in me. Permit me to go into the glade and drop my young one and then return to you" What a clever creature, thought Somaka. By pleading for the life of a tit bit in her womb, she was making sure of her life too. "The embryo should not be thwarted". Pooh, who set this Law. Am I not a Law unto myself in this jungle? Time passed, and the wilderness echoed to the twang of the hunter's bow-string. Birds on wing, doves and parrots fell thick and fast to the unerring aim of his shaft. The wilderness shuddered as he roared, Ha, Ha, Siva, Siva in derision and walked deeper into the jungle.

He then came across a full grown buck and doe and as he took aim, they too pleaded for their lives. Pray grant us a little time to go and consummate our conjugal bliss, then our flesh will be willingly yours. Somaka was on thorn and tender hooks; some compassion in the core of his heart flashed past for a fraction of a minute 'Siva Siva', he cried ironically abashed at his vacillation as the animals disappeared from view. A task fell and the wilderness began to coil into silence. He hurried to collect the birds he had killed. Just then, the buck and doe with other young ones of their family came back into sight. "I am ready, you can kill me" said the male. Pushing the buck aside, "Kill me first, I must die a sumangali; widowhood is cruel even for the wink of an eye," said the doe. Somaka surveyed the family that offered itself whole-heartedly to his hunger. Moved with a strange feeling, he thought of his wife, his children and their probable sacrifice to a Hunter, mightier than himself. Vaguely he knew the law of life that was based on a vast gradated murder which sanctified his profession ... 'Life in Death and Death springing back to Life from the triviaiest to the biggest. ... The gaebo pounced on the moth, the spider on the fly, the snake on the toad, the wolf on the lamb; likewise the lion, the tiger etc, preyed on the weaker victims while man preyed on all.'

What was the difference between the slayer and the slain? Which was darker, creation or destruction? He felt confused. Somaka broke his bow and flung aside his bag of arrows. Night enveloped the area and made him realise the impossibility of returning home, that was miles away. Hastily he climbed the nearest big tree — a vilva tree — and tried to settle down on its tough branches. As time passed, dew fell heavily and

he felt miserable on his perch. He shivered with cold and the terrors prowling below. Besides, for all his killings of small birds, he had not taken a morsel of food, throughout the day. S, tormented by hunger and chilled by cold, he kept often shifting his position, thereby shaking down not only drops of dew, but also some leaves, flowers and fruits from the vilva tree. With every move of his, he had involuntarily muttered 'Siva, Siva' and passed the night rather restlessly on the precarious perch.

The dew, the leaves, the flowers, etc had fallen on an uncared for Siva-Lingam that lay at the foot of that tree, partly covered by vegetation. And that was the night consecrated to the worship of Siva — the 14th day of the waning moon — "Sivarathiri". At Mount Kailas, Parvati addressing Lord Siva asked — "verily aren't you kind even to callous sinners as in the case of Somaka". To this the Lord is said to have stated in explanation, "True, Somaka was a hardened sinner, but he had at least for a day, compelled by circumstances, fasted without food, kept vigil the whole night and dropped offerings on to my Linga underneath the vilva tree, involuntarily". Their cumulative merits will obtain for him absolution from all his past sins".

What reward would then be to those, who perform such penances solemnly, sincerely and devoutly on the Sivarathiri night, so sacred and acceptable to Lord Siva? With day-break, worshippers in the city had congregated and brahmins were chanting, "Siva Siva, Obeisance to Thee".

Sivarathiri is thus a festival dedicated to the worship of God. Watching and praying is a process of perfecting man by instilling in his mind spiritual progress in terms of the Vedic Prayer:

"Lead me from Maya to Truth, from Darkness to Light from death to Immortality".

வாஸ்துகிள வழாது பெய்த வாவிலை சூதிக்க மனவு  
செல்லுமை அத செய்த குறைவிலை துயிர்கள் வாழ்த  
நால்மை மற்று சொல்ல நற்றும் வேல்வி மலை  
மேல்மை மொன்றி வைந்தி விளக்கு உடை மூலமாம்

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