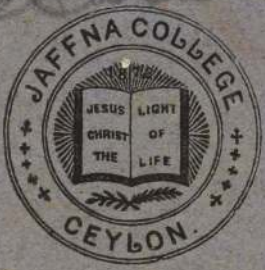
# Jaffna College
# MISCELLANY

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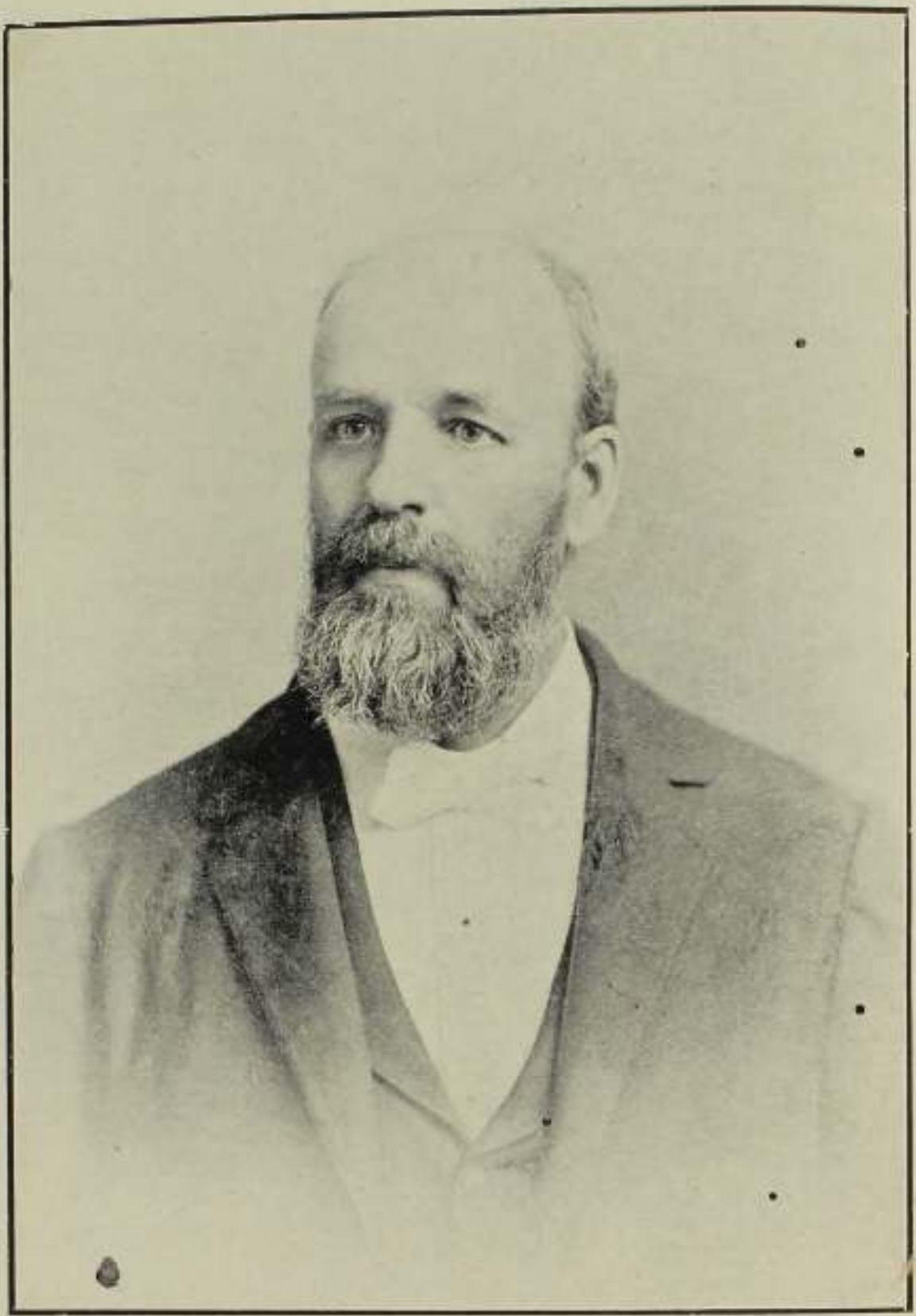
## Contents



REV. S. W. HOWLAND, D.D.

# Jaffna College

# MISCELLANY

*Editor: J. V. Chelliah, M. A.*

*Vol. XXII. No. 2.* | *Second Term, 1912* | *Price 50 cents per annum*


## Reminiscences of Dr. Howland

*By J. V. Chelliah M. A.*

In trying to give an account of Dr. Howland's work as Principal of Jaffna College, I am convinced that I would succeed in giving a far clearer idea of this great man by writing of what I knew of him at first hand and by narrating personal incidents, than by indulging in vague generalisations. I hope, therefore, to be pardoned if I introduce in my narration anything that may seem trivial to my readers.

I had the privilege of entering the College the same day on which Dr. Howland (then Mr. Howland) was installed Principal, and I continued to sit at his feet till 1897, the date of my graduation, when he left the country for good. I was his student all through the period of his connection with the College, and for two years had the privilege of being associated with him as teacher. I had, therefore, excellent opportunities of knowing intimately his career in the College.

By far the most important event in his *regime* was the affiliation of the College to Calcutta University. This might now appear to be an easy task, but his great predecessor, Dr. Hastings, had been thoroughly opposed to such in idea, on the

ground that such a course would interfere with the religious atmosphere and training of the College. Although this fear was shared by not a few prominent Christians, yet Dr. Howland took the bold step, and demonstrated that a university course was not incompatible with solid religious training. The College was affiliated second grade in 1891, and first grade in 1893.

It is really difficult to say what side of Dr. Howland's life and work impressed student minds most. The powers of endurance of his well-knit frame, his vast learning, his luminous exposition of difficult themes, his saintly character and his deep spiritual life, were so exceptional, that a gentleman who knew of many eminent men in his long career in India once declared publicly that he knew of only two men that were great in every sense of the term, and one was Dr. Howland.

It was his erudition that appealed most to the popular imagination. It was difficult to say what was the Doctor's favourite study, although he said that it was the Holy Scriptures. His versatility was simply marvellous. He taught Philosophy, Natural Science, Literature, Mathematics and Scripture to the highest classes. The only subject he never taught was Latin, and he used to say that his knowledge of the subject was rusty. Still, he once astonished the B. A. class by translating offhand a quotation from Lucretius that had baffled our best efforts. Anglo-Saxon would be the last thing one could be expected to remember of the things learnt at College, yet Dr. Howland was conversant enough with it to help me in translating passages used as illustrations in Philology. He was conversant with more than half a dozen languages. It is a matter of common knowledge that his acquaintance with the Tamil classics was extensive. The late Mr. J. R. Arnold, our Vernacular professor, used to say that at the time he taught Dr. Howland Tamil Literature, he learnt as much from the Doctor as he taught him. His intimate knowledge of the Hindu religion, its ceremonies, customs and superstitions, and even the minor details of a Tamil man's domestic life, was marvellous indeed for a foreigner. His pre-eminence in Astronomy was known throughout the Island and rival Hindu calculators

would go to him to have their disputes settled. His versatility was most in evidence when as Editor of the *Morning Star* he gave ready and lucid replies to a Matara Correspondent who plied him with questions on all conceivable subjects under the sun.

The Doctor, however, was not a mere walking encyclopaedia. His genius illumined his knowledge, and he had a rare power of using his vast store of information for forming his own theories and arriving at original conclusions. One original direction in which he worked was to show the connection between rain and sunspots. The farmers in Jaffna would ask us in times of drought what *Sastry Aiyar* (scientific missionary) thought about the probability of rain, as he had the reputation of predicting it accurately. He used great caution in taking anything on trust, and at times went to the length of questioning even generally accepted philosophical and scientific theories. One instance occurs to my mind. He disagreed with certain reasons assigned by Lord Kelvin for the theory that the earth is a magnet, and I remember him relating with evident pleasure an interview that he had, when he was passing through England, with that famous scientist, in which he thrashed out the matter with him.

Besides discharging his heavy duties as principal and missionary, he took his full share of work as teacher. This he he was able to do, as he had in Mr. W. E. Hitchcock a lieutenant who had the capacity of managing the minor details of administrative work with success. That he had a passonate love for the work of teaching, all his students will testify. The enthusiasm and interest he aroused in his pupils for knowledge was his strongest point as a teacher. His method of teaching was a combination of the catechetical and the lecture systems. After questioning the students on the appointed lesson of the day, he would lecture in order to impart a wider knowledge than afforded by the text-book. He would also encourage the boys to discuss things with him, and the beauty of these discussions was that he managed to make the boys feel for the time being that they were his equals. He would never frown upon boys who

asked silly questions, and used the Socratic method in answering them. "What did God do before the time of creation"? asked an irrepressible student who thought that he had cornered the Doctor. "Define Time" asked the Doctor. On the student acknowledging that he was talking of something of which he was ignorant, he said, "Time is a succession of events and, therefore, began with the creation, and the terms 'before' and 'after' cannot be applied to God who exists in Eternity"—His great aim was to *educate*, lead out the powers of the students, and he stoutly refused to cram them for examinations. He did not hesitate to digress now and then in his teaching, if he thought that he was giving information valuable to the student for his future life. Once he was holding forth on some subject suggested by the lesson of the day, when a student interrupted him by saying, "This, Sir, will be of no use for the examination." "But," retorted the Doctor with a merry twinkle in his eye, "it will be of great use for your life." He had an admirable power, almost akin to thought-reading, of locating the difficulty of anything that puzzled the students who sought his help. I can very well remember an occasion when one of the teachers, after toiling over a problem in dynamics for a considerable time, went to him as he was engaged in some writing work. He stopped a moment to look at the problem, and pointed out that the difficulty lay in misunderstanding a certain phrase used in the question, and before the teacher reached the door gave him the correct answer.

His relations with the teachers were ideal. He treated every one of them with the utmost cordiality. He had great respect for their opinions and would do nothing without consulting them. If his ideas were almost always carried out, it was due to his sweet reasonableness and convincing arguments, and not to any masterful ways. I remember with gratitude the day on which, soon after I became a member of the faculty, the great man walked upstairs in order to consult me, a stripling, on some important matter—I say with gratitude, as this act helped me considerably to lay aside

my diffidence, and cultivate self-respect and self-confidence.

The moral influence of his character upon the teachers and students was indeed great. Those who think that severity and discipline are synonymous may be apt to think that Dr. Howland was too much of a good man to be a disciplinarian. This is an entirely mistaken idea, as he was successful in maintaining discipline, though not by means of fear yet by the love and respect the pupils had for him. It was true that he did not like to adopt drastic measures to punish delinquents, and made due allowance to boyish freaks hoping to win them by other means. He was very slow to believe that a troublesome boy was utterly useless, and many a young man was won over to straight ways by his forgiving kindness. The testimony borne by a classmate of mine in the *Morning Star* of the 26th of June about what the Doctor did in his own case, is a good illustration of my statement. But he could be severe and firm when occasion demanded it. When I happened once to plead for a student who had gone wrong, he said, "What would you do, if we had a case of plague in the College? This is a case of plague, and the only course open is immediate segregation." I had to beat a hasty retreat.

Dr. Howland understood the valuable truth that confidence begat a corresponding trustworthiness. When he held examinations for the higher classes, he made no arrangements for supervison and trusted to the honour of the students. To the best of my knowledge, I do not know of a single instance in which any boy used unfair means in his examinations, whereas some evaded the most close supervision in other examinations. The boys considered it treachery of the blackest dye to deceive one who trusted them so much. I remember an occasion when the teachers, failing to get at the truth from a boy who persisted in denying his guilt, sent him up to Dr. Howland, to whom he confessed the whole truth. On his companions asking him the reason of his unexpected change, he said, "How can I look at that divine face and tell a lie?" It was indeed a divine face. His massive

countenance was always lit up by an entraneing smile, and in his presence we felt that we breathed a hallowed atmosphere. That his influence was felt by strangers as well, may be seen from the story related by Proctor Carpenter at an Alumni meeting. Dr. Howland had to bear witness in the Supreme Court in a certain case, and a well-known, clever Hindu lawyer boasted that he was going to subject him to very severe cross-examination with the object of exposing missionaries. When he entered the witness box, the counsel contented himself with a few respectful questions. On his friends chaffing him about his boast, the lawyer said, "What could I do? I expected a *man* in the witness-box. Instead, I saw an *angel*. How could I cross-examine an angel"?

Dr. Howland never lost his temper. He never looked so much as vexed for any length of time. A passing cloud would sometimes hide the sunshine of his face, when he found boys misbehaving themselves, and this was generally considered sufficient punishment to the delinquents. I remember only one occasion when his face wore a serious and dejected look. On a certain night a few boys made merry—it was the last night of the term—by ringing the bell and keeping everybody awake a good part of the night. The next morning at prayer time he related the well-known story of how his famous classmate, Dr. Neesima of Japan, whipped himself till blood came out for some serious misbehaviour of his students. He concluded by this pathetic wail:—"Boys, boys, I have a mind to chastise myself. I feel that I am partly responponsible for your serious breach of discipline." The delinquents then came forward with sobs to confess their fault and ask his forgiveness.

His humility was another of his distinguishing characteristics. I can never forget his massive figure taking a short cut through the grass, when he saw students coming up the path, in order to save them the trouble of giving way to him. Although we were impressed with his greatness, his treatment of even the youngest of us was so simple and unaffected that we felt free to go to him with our troubles and difficulties. His sympathy with

needy but intelligent students was shown by the financial aid given to them. The recipients of such aid can well recall to mind how, when they were about to discontinue their studies owing to lack of funds, the private benevolence of the Howlands came to their rescue.

To people who did not have the opportunity to watch his inner life, his profoundly religious nature was not so apparent as his intellectual or moral side. But this was exactly where his greatest strength lay. To me he has always been the most Christ-like man I have ever come across. Besides his sympathy, his forbearance, his kindness and humility, he possessed a spiritual nature that was as simple as it was deep. He always seemed to me to live in the presence of the Eternal. His faith in prayer was very great. He would begin nothing, and consider nothing, without a word of prayer. When the Intercollegiate Student's Union, a Literary Association in which religious exercises were prohibited, once invited him to preside at a lecture, he consented to do so only on the condition that he could begin it with prayer. His burning zeal to speak of his Master to the villagers took him on moonlight nights from his multifarious duties to the villages around, where his simple talk was very much appreciated. He was a progressive in matters theological, but he had a firm grasp of the fundamentals of Christianity. He believed in personal immortality and even hoped that there would be recognition by kindred spirits of one another in the next life. His realization of a future life was so strong and clear that very few knew as he did how to set the proper value on earthly things. When I once showed too much anxiety about something which I considered very vital to my life, he asked me in a reproving but kindly tone, "Is that the whole of your life?" The question has recurred to me very often when I have been confusing what is perishable and what is abiding.

It was a favourite statement of Dr. Howland's that one's heaven ought to begin on earth. That his heaven had begun here was apparent to those who knew his inner life. He always seemed to possess that "peace that passeth all understanding." No discouragements, trials or afflictions could ever up-

set his even and calm temper. I can very well recall that day in which Mrs. Howland's illness was pronounced to be serious and it was decided that they both had to leave forever the country and the work they had at heart. I went to see him, and there was the same benign smile playing about his face, and a peace such as the world never could give. In conversation with a gentleman whose opinion I greatly value, I said that Dr. Howland lived on an entirely different religious plane from the rest of us. I said this with some hesitation, as I did not want to appear extravagant in my statement; but the gentleman endorsed my opinion and said that if Dr. Howland had lived in certain parts of India, he would be regarded as a *Jivan Muktha* (one who has attained the higher life) and would receive the veneration of the people.

The above is a sincere statement of the way in which the life of a teacher has impressed itself on the mind of a grateful pupil. But what is the object of this appreciation? The reader may ask with the poet,

> "Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust
> Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

The answer to the question may be stated in the words of another poet;—

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

# *Samuel Whittlesey Howland*

*(We welcome the following notice of Dr. Howland sent to us for publication by President Frank K. Sanders Ph. D., D. D., formerly Professor of Jaffna College and now President of Wahburn University, U. S. A.)*

The death on March 31st 1912, of Professor Samuel W. Howland, of Atlanta Theological Seminary, concludes a unique career, crowded full of achievement. Born of the famous Howland family, missionaries in Ceylon, in 1848, he was sixty-four years of age at his death. A graduate of Amherst College and Union

Theological Seminary, he went at once after ordination to Ceylon, where, under the American Board, he served as a missionary from 1873 to 1897. The last eight years of this service was given to the presidency of Jaffna College. Dr. Howland was an eminently useful missionary, exerting a widespread influence because of his solid qualities and his scholarly tastes. Returning to this country because of the ill health of his wife, he acted as the pastor of a Mission Chapel in N. Y. City for three years and as Professor of Theology and Philosophy at Telladega College for three years more. Since 1903, he has been Professor of Theology and Greek at Atlanta Theological Seminary, resigning his work in 1910 of reason by ill health. Amherst College honored him with a Doctorate of Divinity in 1890. In 1906 he married as his second wife Miss Ella L. Dean of Brockton, who survives him. Dr. Howland is worthy of remembrance, as one of the last of the old time missionary scholars who interested themselves in the study of the languages and customs of the people among whom they lived. He was long a member of the American Oriental Society.

*(The following extracts from the Missionary Herald will, we hope, be interesting to our readers. Ed.)*

*By Rev. R. C. Hastings M. A.*

Dr. Samuel W. Howland joined the American Ceylon Mission in 1873, and began at once the study of Tamil; within a year he was preaching in the vernacular: within five years he was spoken of as the best Tamil scholar since Dr. Spaulding's day. A close student, he was also keen to catch a new idiom or phrase as he mingled with the people.

Besides compiling a hymn book and translating into Tamil some of the loved English hymns, he wrote a number of tracts and other leaflets; but his most conspicuous literary work was a commentary on Isaiah. He assisted also in the revision of the Tamil Bible; and was for many years editor of the *Morning Star*. Yet Dr. Howland was not only admired for his learning; he was also greatly beloved as an earnest Christian missionary. He was never weary of giving the Master's message or of trying to lead new disciples to Christ; a man of

wonderful patience, never losing his temper, and unfailing in his kindness to all.

His sound judgment was also greatly valued in the Mission, where he was called upon to fill many responsible positions. For years he was Mission treasurer and afterwards Mission secretary. During the latter years of his stay in Ceylon he was the honored president of Jaffna College. As a teacher he had the faculty of presenting the truth in a clear, interesting manner, winning the admiration and respect of his pupils. When on account of his wife's failing health he was obliged to sever his connection with the Mission, it was hard to be reconciled to his loss. Many of his former students will learn of his death with sincere sorrow. Though he has gone on, his work has not ended; his influence will still be felt in the far-off East as in our own Southland.

*By President Lyman Hood of the Atlanta Theological Seminary.*

After twenty-four years of continuous and effective service in Ceylon, Dr. Howland returning to America took up City missionary work. Here the writer met his future colleague, a large man of powerful stature and of striking face, with long, heavy, jet black beard. . . In 1903 he came to our Seminary as teacher. Here his wife for thirty years soon passed away. . . . September 25, 1906 in Brockton, Massachusetts he married Miss Ella Deane who was his willing helpmeet through the last years of great weakness ministering with rare devotion to his every need. The farewell service was held in the Seminary chapel, the President assisted by the faculty, conducting the brief hour, in which address and prayer and hymn voiced the gratitude and faith of all; for all had been blessed by the quiet, thoughtful, spiritual teacher in Israel, called home to the Father's house."

The following are the chief events of Dr. Howland's life:—

March 4, 1848—Born at Batticotta
1857—Went to America with his parents
1870—Graduated from Amherst College

1873—Graduated from Union Theological seminary and was ordained missionary. Married Miss Mary E. K. Richardson and joined the Ceylon Mission.
1873-1877—Stationed at Manipay and Uduville
1877-1883—Missionary at Udupiddy
1883-1884— " " Chavagacherry
1884 Went on furlough to America
1886-1888—Missionary at Tellippalai
1888-1889— " " Manipay
1889-1897—Principal of Jaffna College
1895-1896—In America on furlough
Aug. 1897— Resigned his work as Principal and returned to America
1897-1900—Missionary in New York
1900-1903— Professor at Talladega College.
1903-1910—Professor of Greek and Theology in Atlanta Theological Seminary
April 6, 1912- Death at Atlanta

Of his six brothers and one sister, only Rev. John Howland, missionary of the American Board in Mexico, and his only sister, Miss S. R. Howland, now in the 39th year of her service in our midst, remain to mourn his loss.

# *Robert Browning*

*By Rev. W. C. Bird*

1.

Browning was born in London May 7th, 1812, and except for the incident of his marriage, his life was an uneventful one. He came of the solid middle class family; his father and father's father having been clerks in the Bank of England. After receiving a local education, he attended lectures at London University and then travelled abroad. His father was a man of great delicacy of taste who

possessed a passion for Greek literature, and learning in all sorts of out-of-the-way subjects.

Browning probably learnt more from his father's habits than ever he learnt formally in school and at a very early age he took an intelligent interest in an extraordinary number of subjects, and his power of observation was almost phenomenally developed. The one thing he was ignorant of and ever afterwards remained so, was the ignorance of the world. He ever gave men credit for knowing as much as he knew himself.

In 1833 his first poem *Pauline* was published though he had written it at the age of 19, two years before. It has all the self-assurance and finality of judgment that always mark a juvenile effort. It deals with the great moral problems of life in a most morbid way, which in the most optimistic of all poets is very singular but is to be ascribed to his juvenility. It was merely his intellectual measles which he soon grew out of. In later life, Browning who was a good judge of his own works, often indulged in a manly laugh at *Pauline* without being in the least ashamed of it. He said of *Pauline*, "only this crab remains of the shapely tree of life in my fool's Paradise."

Two years later appeared his *Paracelsus* which revealed a greater force. Its energy, its loftiness and its grip of human passions, stamp its auther as one of the most promising of the younger poets, and speedily brought him into prominence

In this poem he exhibits that fondness for learned subjects and out-of-the-way reading which always characterised him. In 1837 came *Strafford*, his first tragedy, written for Macready, the great actor, but though the greatness and genius displayed are undoubted, its success as a stage production, like all the plays he ever wrote, was not great. This was followed in 1840 by the much maligned *Sordello*. As an example of obscurity, it is probably without a rival in the English language. Browning claimed to understand it, but although commentaries have been written, the poem continues to give more trouble to readers than any others of Browning's. Some very amusing stories are told about this brain racker. T. C. Carlyle wrote to say that his wife

had read *Sordello* with great interest and wished to know whether *Sordello* was a man or a city, or a book! Tennyson's story is perhaps well known. He said that the first line of the poem, "Who will, may hear Sordello's story told, and the last line, "Who would, has heard Sordello's story told," were the only two lines in the poem that he understood, and they were lies. In the same connection it is related of Douglas Jerrold that he was recovering from an illness, and having obtained permission for the first time to read, picked up a volume from a pile beside the bed and began to read *Sordello*. Very soon he turned deadly pale, put down the book, and said, "My God! I am an idiot. My health is restored but my mind's gone. I can't understand two consecutive lines of an English poem." He then summoned the family and silently gave the book into their hands asking for their opinion on the poem; and as the shadow of perplexity passed over their faces, he heaved a sigh and went to sleep. Whether these stories are apocryphal or not, they serve to show the reception that was meted out to *Sordello* and they largely account for the popular estimate of Browning, the poet, whom it is fashionable to boast of not understanding.

From 1840 to '46 followed two series of plays, tragedies and dramatic lyrics issued under the collective title of *Bell and Pomegranates*. Perhaps these are the most popular and best known of all Browning's works. Among the best known are *Pippa Passes, A Soul's Tragedy, Saul, and The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Next comes the great episode in Browning's life—his meeting with, and subsequent marriage to, Elizabeth Barrett, one of the noblest souls encased in one of the most fragile bodies in England. There is nothing more romantic since the days of Dante and Beatrice than the love and courtship and marriage of these two sweet singers. The recital of the episode would take up an article to itself and can therefore only be hinted at here. Suffice it to say that this event was the great watershed in the lives of these two, and inspired the wonderful love lyrics,

"*Songs from the Portuguese*" of Elizebeth Barrett Browning, and transformed Robert into the great apostle of love. Their union was a perfect blending of souls diverse in some ways, but yet which beat as one. The robust delight in life was just what E. B. was unconsciously waiting for, and this woman, who was lying on what was supposed to be her dying bed, nourished and tended by the strong love of a noble soul, lived for fifteen delightfully happy years in sunny Italy, and enriched the English tongue with songs that will endure as long as noble sentiments are cherished, and inspired in her husband, our hero, that passion for life and that boundless optimism that were perhaps his greatest gifts to an age that was always perplexed in the midst of doubt.

In 1850 appeared his *Christmas Eve and Easter Days*, a strong plea for appreciating the good in the varying forms of the Christian religion, and then came his *Men and Women* in 1855 containing some of the author's finest work, including the stirring poems of *Fra Lippo*, *Childe Roland*, *Evelyn Hope* and *Holy Cross Day*.

In 1861 Browning's wife died in a room alone with Browning, "He, closing the door of that room behind him, closed a door on himself, and none ever saw Browning on earth again but only a splendid surface." After his great sorrow, Browning cast about him for some gigantic task to take his mind off his grief, and soon got to work on what was destined to be his magnum opus, *The Ring and the Book*. This occupied him some six or seven years and was published in 1869. The intellectual labour involved in this achievement is immense, embracing as it does 21,000 and odd lines. There are many poetical passages scattered throughout the book as beautiful as anything written in verse. Previous to this, after four year of silence after the death of his wife, appeared his *Dramatis Personæ* which show Browning's supremacy as a dramatic artist. Among these we note, *The Death in a Desert*, *Caliban on Setebos*, *Rabbi Ben Ezra and Abt Vogler*.

Recognition came late in life to Browning. He was elected Hon. Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, in 1867 and made M. A., of Oxford the same year. Later

on, he was made LL.D., of Oxford and Cambridge and the other Universities conferred similar distinctions upon him.

In 1886 he was elected foreign correspondent to the Royal Academy and died December 12th 1889 on the very day that his *Asolando* made its appearance in the Press. His body was laid to rest in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey and his funeral partook of a national character. Although an old man of 77, he died in the zenith of his powers; it is to be doubted whether any mind so rich as his ever carried its treasures to the grave. His works have been published in seventeen volumes; mere bulk alone however does not entitle him to immortality; his claims to grateful remembrance rest on other and surer grounds. What these are we shall now see.

2

Next, let us note some of the characteristics of his works.

*First and foremost we place his Optimism.*

Optimism is the name sometimes given to that state of mind that conveniently ignores unpleasant facts in life and rejoices that all is going well. Such was not the optimism of Robert Browning. Except for his very earliest work which we have described as his intellectual measles, every thing he wrote was aglow with the sheer joy of human existence. The curious thing about it, too, is the fact that the older he grew in years the younger he grew in spirit. His study of the annals of crime, his musing over the much talked of materialism of the day, and his profound knowledge of the philosophical schools, only led him to see, as he says in his *Pippa Passes*, "God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world." Sorrow never crushed his spirit although he felt the death of his wife as few men feel it. It was after his dark day that he wrote his *Rabbi ben Ezra* which begins,

"Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be."

His is not the shallow optimism of the dreamer or of the man who has not seen life's ugly facts and hideous possibilities. He had seen, he had suffered, and had conquered. As certainly as the rising sun disperses the darkness of the night like a defeated army, so sure is the ultimate triumph of Right over Wrong. No poet knew more what was involved in the acceptance of the evolutionary theory than Browning's, but the new light had no terrors for him; he was ever welcoming the dawn. He says in *Death in the Desert, Man.*

"Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone
Not God's and not the beast's:
God is, they are,
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be"

Hear his views on the function of pain—the oldest and the most terrible of all the mysteries;

"Our life with all it yields of joy and pain
and doubt and fears . . . . . .
In just our chance of our prize of learning love
How such love has been, shall be, and is"

*Next, we place his Courage, the fruit of his Optimism.*

Courage is his Gospel and his message to his day and to posterity. From the many words of Browning, there are quotations which are the stock in consciousness in thousands, though they scarcely know that Browning wrote them. He has caught the lips and grappled the heart of the average person—the individual against the scheme of things.

Listen to this from *Prospice*, the finest hymn to death that ends;—"And with God be the rest." Here is the quotation:—

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face . . . .
I was ever a fighter—so one fight more,
The best and the last."

Nothing is easier than to disinter from the hundreds of thousands of words that Browning wrote this, his characteristic message, Courage.

He takes life and death with courage, humour and faith in God in His Heaven. But first of all, Courage.

As for death, he maintained always tranquil calm and never so much as when confronted with i

Remember, the pessimistic school was growing up all around him, but with splendid scorn he said, "Death, death, it is this harping on death I despise so much. But what fools who talk thus! Why, death is life, just as our daily momentarily dying body is none the less alive and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our word for growth, for change, there can be no prolongation of what we call life. Never say of me that I am dead."

Is he not expressing his own thought when he describes his hero as "One who never turned his back.

"But marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph
Held we fall to rise; are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

### *Another characteristic was his Strenuousness which proceeds from his Courage.*

He says of himself "Ever a fighter." He was a man who loved to do the impossible thing. Not for him the easy way nor the conventional method. Consequently no one can take up Browning and read him with a jaded brain for relaxation. No jingling rhymes for idle minds in his writings; he wrote with his heart's blood and he demands to be read with the sweat of the brain. He says in the *Grammarian's Funeral*:—

"That low man seeks a little thing to do
Sees it and does it
This high man with a great thing to pursue
Dies ere he knows it
That, has the world here—should he need the next
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed,
Seeking shall find Him."

Anything more finely scornful of a cheap popularity or an easy life it is hard to imagine.

### *Obscurity.*

Let us now come to the charge so often made against him that he is *obscure*.

There is an old anecdote told how that one day an admirer wrote him as to the meaning of one

of his darker poems and it is related that he replied to the effect that when that poem was written, two people knew what was meant, God and Robert Browning. And now God only knows what is meant. The truth of this story I do not vouch for. Let it be granted that Browning is obscure in places. What is the reason? "Intellectual conceit" say his enemies. Others, friends, "It is due to the profundity of his thought." The first charge is easy to clear him of. His friends do him the most harm, for they would make him out to be a mere philosopher and not a poet. Now his dramatic lyrics, to mention no others, mark him out as a poet whose orthodoxy in structure would not shock the most respectable Tennysonion. He has proved that he *can* write with lucidity even though he writes of bigger things than "gurgling brooks"; then why is he sometimes obscure? Most of his obscure writings belong to the early period, e. g. *Sordello*. We saw above that he possessed a marvellous knowledge of out-of-the-way things. Now his great friend and contemporary Thomas Carlyle, was a well informed man, but was under no misapprehension as to the colossal ignorance of the rest of mankind. He said "there are 400 millions of people in the world, mostly fools." Browning on the other hand never entirely shook himself free from the delusion that other men knew as much as he did, and so it follows that his profundity or as it is more often called, obscurity, does not proceed from intellectual priggishness, but the very reverse, modesty. Carlyle laughs at us all the time he writes; Browning treats us very seriously. *Sordello* is not the production of a pedant but of a youngster who had more ideas than he knew how to disentangle. All the evidence is against his being vain in ordinary life. He never tried to talk cleverly in conversation; he was fond of passionately repeating epics of other people. Obscurity is no evidence of vanity, neither is lucidity a proof of humility. Byron was as vain as a strutting peacock, and none wrote more clearly. *Browning's obscurity is the highest compliment ever paid to men of average intelligence.* As we said, Browning's over estimate of the average man's intelligence never entire-

ly left him. He always took it for granted that when he plunged straightway into a theme without a word of explanation, people would be able to follow him.

Certainly it is not a good rule to study Browning by beginning at the beginning and reading all he ever wrote. Judicious selections are much better for the average reader, and his first works, if read at all, should be read last. This tendency caused him to be regarded more as a literary curiosity than a great poet for many years. If popularity is the test of greatness, then he had it not. His was the nature that coming generations will more rightly appraise than his own, but as he says; "Man lives for ever." Surely *we* can see that he was no mere "collector of straws and miser of dust."

### *How then shall we place him in Literature?*

There were three great poets of the Victorian age: Arnold, Tennyson & Browning. Let us try to rightly estimate the relation in which these three stood to each other and then perhaps we can place our poet into his right niche in the temple of Honour.

Arnold was the intellectual aristocrat; chaste, clear as an ice crystal and as cold; gives one the impression that he was disappointed with life.

In Tennyson we find the lyrical faculty expressed with great lucidity and yet with warmth; he appeals to the emotions. He did not shake himself entirely free from the influence of the pessimistic school, but hoped for the dawning of the brighter day.

Browning is perhaps not so sweet a singer as either of the foregoing; there are traces of extravagance. His spirit was too exultant to be overprecise. A foaming mountain torrent cannot be imprisoned in any artificial channels and Browning's joyful soul cannot find complete expression in dainty couplets. Little nose-gays of verse are not for giants, and so we find weird fancies and prolixities expressed in ways that he invented, and that more nearly fit his thought than the more conventional nature. To put the same another way:—

Tennyson is the poet of exquisite melody: in him is the sparkle of the brook. Arnold is the poet of exquisite regret: his is the clearness of the icicle. Browning is the poet of exquisite Hope. In him is the eagerness of the mountain torrent which cuts a way out of well marked grooves by its own resistless force. The great thing in him was the *idea* not the *form*.

# *Jaffna College Alumni Day*

The annual Alumni Day of the College came off on Monday the 3rd inst. The Alumni began to arrive at 4.30 p. m. and were treated to cake and tea by Dr. and Mrs. York. From 5. 30 to 6.15 a football match was played between the Old Boys and the present students and the latter won by two goals to one. The meeting began at 6.20 with the Principal in the chair. After devotional exercises and the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, the Chairman referred to Dr. Howland's death and a vote of condolence to the surviving members of the family was passed by the whole assembly standing. The first speaker was Advocate P. Vytilingam B. A. He said that as this is an age of political reform when the nations of the world are craving political enfranchisement, Ceylon too should take its part. And in order to do it what was urgently required was public spirited citizens. He deplored the fact that so many lived personal or at best family lives and there could not be found in Jaffna half a dozen men that could be really called public spirited men. He thought that even the representatives of the people were taken up by the official smile and did not do their duty to their country. He instanced Lorensz, Alvis and Coomarasamy as ideal public citizens and spoke of Ghandi and Gokhale as the greatest patriots of India.

The next speaker was Mr. M. Valupillai B. A., LL.B., Barrister-at-law who said that he was delighted to revisit old scenes and old faces.

Mr. P. Balasingham, Advocate, followed Mr. Velupillai. He said that he was proud of the institution as from it flowed waters that had made Jaffna prosperous. If not for philanthopic efforts of the American missionaries, Jaffna

would be in no better position than obscure places in the Island. His affection and respect for Jaffna College was due to the important reason that it was there that he learnt his first lessons and his earliest impressions went back to the four years of his life there; they could never be effaced. He had no doubt that the College was far and away the foremost institution in Jaffna. Great changes had taken place in the system of education adopted in the College and he instanced the introduction of University examinations after a period of isolation. Again, he had learnt many things there that he had forgotten now, but in spite of the changes in systems and the forgetting of things learnt, one thing ever remained, viz, the impression made on him by his instructors, foremost among whom was Dr. Samuel Howland. He praised his selfless life, his devotion to duty, his child-like humility, his purity of life, his Socratic patience and in short his Christ-like life. He knew no man who approached him in these respects. Ideals in education are now in a state of flux and the production of the philosopher and the grammarian is no more the highest end of education. It is this ideal that had brought so low the East which allowed "the legions to thunder past, and plunged in thought again." Lord Macaulay by his famous Minute introduced a system of education which had the object of the political uprising of the people of India. But 'superior' Curzon and the jingo bard of the Empire, Rudyard Kipling, described the political awakening of India as a symptom of a great disease. The cry is now for commercial, and technical education. All systems of education had their merits and demerits. They might change, but the example of a teacher living a Christ-like life, knew no change. The privilege he had of looking at the benign face of Dr. Howland day after day had been an inspiration to him. Adequate compensation could not be paid to such teachers. Although lawyers and other professional men may have their fees mathematically calculated, the services of the teacher could only be adequately recompensed by the gratitude and love of his pupils.

Mr. Balasingham then spoke of the great improvements made in the College, and wondered why in spite of this it had fallen from its past eminence in higher education. He suggested the removal of the College to more advantageous surroundings. He deplored the fact that the statesmanlike suggestion of the hard-working Principal for a Union

College had necessarily been laid aside. He hoped that it was only for a time and that when the clouds passed away, Jaffna College would expand into a College worthy to be the rival of any institution in the Island.

Rev. Mr. Bird, who was the next speaker earnestly repudiated the accusation of a previous speaker that there were not more than six public spirited men in Jaffna. He had travelled widely in the Tamil districts and could testify that there were hundreds of men of this type doing their duty even in the most out-of-the-way places in the Island. He spoke in the highest terms of the character and ability of the Jaffna man and was sure that in the work of the regeneration of the country, they would take the foremost place. The cause of this eminence was due to their collegiate system in Jaffna and chief among the colleges stood Jaffna College. Although he was aware of a lower motive of getting on in life that actuated some, yet it was not the mistake of the ideals of the college, which were to make men and develop character. This was the object of the American benefactors, and this was what the college stood for. He referred to the sentiments of John Ruskin who in referring to the four represenative professions, those of lawyer, doctor, soldier and minister, said that they should be willing to die for justice and duty and their only object should be to serve their generation. There was no secular calling and every walk of life in which righteousness and duty were aimed at were sacred. When he saw the American and English flags waving side by side in front of the Hall, he was reminded of the British and American passengers of the "Titanic," who, animated by the same spirit yielded their places to women and children. As the people of Jaffna were under British rule, the exhortation of the captain of the "Titanic" "Be British", ought to appeal to them also. He exhorted the alumni to put first things first and to serve the cause of righteousness rather than for salary. He knew of such men and honoured them for it. He advised the alumni to keep sweet the memory of Jaffna College. He ended by wishing long life and prosperity to Jaffna College and its alumni.

Mr. Chanmugam then spoke of three objects for which the college was started (1) to afford a residential College (2) to impart higher education and (3) to do evangelistic work He showed how all the three things were accomplished in his time under the commanding personality and influence of

Dr. Hastings. He showed how character was formed in the college and how valuable habits were inculcated in physical, intellectual, and spiritual matters. He also spoke of the religious atmosphere of the College, and of the strong influence Dr. Hastings exerted by his precepts and, above all by his example

After appreciative remarks by Mr. Hoole Mudaliyar, the meeting came to a close. at 6.30 p. m.

Those present then adjourned to the Dining Hall which was tastefully and attractively decorated. Over 100 guests sat down to a rice and curry dinner, After the dinner, post prandial speeches were indulged in. The following was the Toast List:—

The King: the Principal. The College: A. A. Ward, Esq B. A. Response: the Principal. The Sister Colleges: Dr. K. Modr. Curtis; Response—T. H. Crossette Esq. M. A. The Old Boys: Dr. H. C. York: Response: Advocate Thambyah Crossette B. A. The Guests: J. V. Chelliah Esq. M.A. Response: Proctor C. Perumalpillay,

The proceedings of a most enjoyable evening terminated with the singing of the National Anthem.

# *Adventure in Self-Reliance*

*Promoted by a Mother and Recorded by a Son*

"The other day I heard a woman advising boys and girls to go out into the fields and try their hands at oil painting. By so doing, she said, some will make a beginning in art, and all will strengthen their appreciation of nature.

"The reference to oil painting caused me to think about something that I have not thought of for years—something very pleasant to thinkof, something about my mother. I will tell it very simply, because I think that mothers nowadays who are troubled about their boys may find in it a suggestion. In the attic of the old homestead where I was born there hang to this day eight or ten large oil paintings that I made one summer when I was eleven years old. My mother, in her desire to keep me out of mischief in the long vacation, enrolled me as pupil of a teacher of painting in the town. I went to the

studio every morning at 9 o'clock and remained there until 12. I was a member of a class and some days we went out into the fields and painted from nature. The finest picture in my collection, undoubtedly, is that of a cow's head. It is almost life size and is pretty good work. You'd recognize it anywhere as the portrait of a cow.

"I have no illusions about my ability as a painter. I know that as an artist I had no talent. But that experience was a real experience, a real adventure, and it kept a boy's active mind extremely busy while it lasted. I made pictures of everything in sight and carried the odor of paint about me from morning until night. My mother was pleased, but I think she did not fool herself about it. Her idea was simply to keep me employed. She was not satisfied that I should do my school work and nothing more. I remember that as soon as school was over in June she began to look around, and before I had a week of uninterrupted play, she had a definite special interest laid out for me—something that would keep me occupied a good share of the time. Sometimes I agreed with the plan from the start, sometimes not until later, sometimes a change had to be made. But long periods of idleness could not be arranged by an enterprising boy in our family. Mother kept things moving. She was a born prodder.

"The different kinds of work that I did before I went to the college, and the different interests I had, would make a long list. All were created by my mother, and most of them were confined to the summer. By the time I was six or seven years old, I began to take music lessons, of course. I think that I did one thing in the music line, however, that most boy piano players never enjoyed. In church I developed an enthusiasm for the pipe organ, and expressed a desire to try my hand at it. My mother seized upon that enthusiasm instantly and realized it for me. Within a few days, I began pipe organ lessons which lasted for many weeks. I was twelve or thirteen years old and could barely reach the pedals. Every day I went to church and practised. An old negro pumped the organ for me at ten cents an hour. For about a dollar a week added to a small fee for weekly lessons, I had the grandest time with a big church organ that boy or man ever had.

"I was never wildly enthusiastic about physical labor. My mother discovered that and put me at it. I did all sorts of ordinary work—mowing the lawn, milking the cow, and all that sort of thing. I was the champion carpet cleaner and potato-bug killer in our neighbourhood But I intend to speak only of the unusual work that I was set to do as a boy. One whole summer when I was about fifteen I worked ten hours a day for six days a week as helper to a plumber. I received five dollars a week in wages and ate enormous quantities of food. I ran the "blower' which is the noisy thing that keeps the metal boiling. Later in the summer I developed into a good "calker." I learned to calk a soil pipe joint You may not know what that means, but a plumber knows. We worked, as I say, ten hours a day. At noon I went home to dinner—and my! what a "feed"I enjoyed. We had exactly an hour's nooning, set off by the blowing of a whistle. My mind keeps running back to those dinners, earned by the sweat of my brow. It is almost twenty years since I enjoyed that experience. How wonderful the table looked as I came in, in workingman's clothes, and ate the food that my mother had prepared. Always she made me tell her the news of the morning. The biggest item I ever had to report was a narrow escape I had from killing two or three deacons who came to inspect a church we were working on. I was up on a scaffold forty feet above them with my "blower" and its burden of molten metal. In my curiosity to see them and hear them I upset the "blower" and spilled a quart or more of hot lead, which fell within three feet of the little group

"Two or three summers I spent away from home entirely—at a summer resort. One summer I waited on the table, but the rest of the time I worked in a hotel as bell boy—principally engaged in handling and distributing the mail. One of the finest men I ever knew I met and learned to know when I was a bell boy. I mean ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, who came to the hotel each year to attend a reunion of his regiment. He was always up early and out on the veranda by half past six o'clock We became acquainted, and went together every morning before breakfast to a grocery store where the old gentleman bought a basket of fruit. He would then go back

to the hotel and walk around the veranda distributing peaches to the guests. He did everything so quietly, so naturally, so kindly. He was an old man an through with ambition. It was quite a marvel to me, a boy of thirteen or fourteen, that one who had been Senator and Governor and President should be so gentle.

From one of these "summers away" I came home in the early fall to my mother with long boots on—the first pair, paid for by money earned at the summer job.

"One of the most valuable of my summer achievements—again at the instigation of my mother—was the fair mastery of shorthand at the age twelve. My teacher was a neighbor who had been an expert court reporter of thirty years' practical experience. He taught me and his own small son at the same time. He was really a wonder. He could take down the fastest of speeches and never miss a syllable. He was a German and about sixty years of age. He could take a verbatim report of a speech made in German. I mean that he translated the speech as it went along, wrote English shorthand notes, and produced a verbatim English transcription of it. We used to go to church with him every Sunday and watch him "take" the sermon, prayers and everything else. To prove his skill we would take the Bible reading, which we later checked up with the "good book." One of us sat on each side of him. He could take a fast speech with a remarkable ease. He had the art of 'phrasing' thoroughly in hand. As all reporters know that is the secret of fast shorthand writing. He was a splendid teacher—patient and thorough, with some of that sense of wonder which seems to be at the bottom of so much good work. He was proud of his quickness of mind and hand. His eyes gleamed, when under the watch, he dashed off 200, 210, 240, words of "new stuff" a minute. We used to test him and he was always ready for the race. Under his careful energetic training I learned to write shorthand fairly well— much better I mean than the ordinary office stenographer can write. He taught us thoroughly and compelled us to be accurate. In a few months (we carried the enthusiasm along with us into the school year) I could write 100 words a minute. Years after—in college—I earned a good deal of money through shorthand work. It was perhaps natural that out of the shorthand experience there came, when I was seventeen

or so, a summer "try" at newspaper reporting on a country paper at a dollar a column. Not long after, in fact the next summer, the summer before I entered college—I got a job as police reporter on a large city newspaper at ten dollars a week. I was eighteen years old and made hundreds of mistakes, but because my mother had kept me at work and mingling with people, I got on well enough to hold my place.

There were other interesting summer adventures promoted by my mother, but these are more than enough for any body to read. I am sorry that I cannot invite you to the next White House reception, because surely you will expect to find a model boy like me sitting in the Presidential chair. My mother never had any exaggerated idea about her children, however. She had, and still has a perfect sense of humor. What she was concerned about was devising ways and means to keep her sons out of the penitentiary and free from all entanglements with homes for the feeble-minded. She got us all to earning an honest living, and when she had achieved that she breathed an enormous sigh of relief. It was a big job, and all ordinary people find it so. JOHN M. SIDDALL.

# *The Professor's Corner*

*Words and their Meanings*

He is a daring man who makes bold to set the limits of English usage beyond the question of a doubt, but it is not difficult to point out a certain group of errors in the use of English which have found soil and taken root in Jaffna until now they threaten to supplant entirely a purer English. A considerable proportion of these are "Tamilisms," if we may use the expression—but such ought for that reason to be all the more vigorously resisted. We give here a few examples of very common errors, and hope that by thus focusing the attention on two or three expressions at a time the English of our readers may be much benefited.

1. The use of *'again'* for *then, next, thereupon* etc. This is a common error and one very irritating to English ears. *'again'* properly means *once more;* and is used regularly in such expressions as "I did it *again*" meaning "I did it *yet another time.*" Even such expressions as "come *again*" have this same root idea of *'a second time.'* It is therefore incorrect—at least judged by modern English usage—to say "He went to town, and *again* he came here" unless the speaker really means to emphasize that the person *came a second time;* and that is precisely what is not usually meant. In these cases such adverbs as *then* or *next* are preferable.

2. The use of *'as'*, particularly with double objects and with substantives in predicate apposition; e. g., he called that man [*as*] a liar," or "This is called [*as*] a bicycle." I dare say that most educated Tamils will immediately recognize this error, and know very well that *'as'* should not be used in either of the above instances; yet the numerous occasions that the writer has heard well-educated Tamil men lapse into using these expressions even on the public platform shows how deep-seated is the fault and how needful it is that close attention be paid to guarding against it.

# *Editorial Notes*

**Robert Browning**

The article from the pen of Rev. W. C. Bird of Point Pedro, is a very timely one as this is the centenary year of this great poet. He is undoubtedly one of England's greatest poets, and yet he is perhaps the least popular in the sense that the readers of his poems are only the cultured few. This is due to his obscure style of writing. But when one has thoroughly accustomed himself to the abruptness and harshness of his style, the reading of his poems becomes a source of great pleasure. Browning must be regarded as a seer with a definite message to the world. Some people suppose that the race of prophets is extinct and that God has ceased to ins-

pire men with his messages. The great poets of the world are undoubtedly the successors of the prophets and inspired men of old, and their messages are even more important than the beauties of their style and sentiment. What is Browning's great message to the world? It is his grand optimism. Mr. Bird has dwelt, as far as space permitted, on this all important aspect of the poet. We hope to discuss this feature at some length in the next issue. We think we are fortunate in getting a lover of Browning like Mr. Bird—there are very few such in Jaffna—to write this article.

**Self Reliance**

The article reprinted from the *Oberlin College Magazine* written by a College mate of the principal is so full of helpful suggestions for the youth of Ceylon, that we venture to publish it in the *Miscellany* in the hope that it will make its impression on the minds of the boys of Jaffna College and spur them on to something that is worthy, and that it will help to develop in their minds a wholesome respect for labour.

Mr. Siddall is the son of Dr. Siddall who practised dentistry in Oberlin O. for years and who was up to the time of his death, a pillar in the Second Congregational Church of the town. So Mr. Siddall belongs to a class which, in this country would regard such exploits as he records quite beneath their *so-called* dignity. But his article rings with pride that his mother stimulated him to do just what in this country would, unfortunately, be a great shock to family pride.

The experiences here recorded are not unique. Thousands of boys all over the United States could write similar stories. Indeed in some Colleges it is the general custom for boys to spend their holidays and spare time in remunerative employment. In Mr. Brown's own College class there were only two young men who did not help to support themselves in some such way.

# *Jaffna College Notes*

—The enrollment is larger this term than ever before. Alumni Day June 3rd, and the Prizegiving July 11th, are outstanding dates of this term. Empire Day was observed on June 21 as a holiday. A patriotic meeting was held at 11 a. m. at Otley Hall at which speeches were made by all the members of the Faculty and one Senior student; all were pithy, vigorous, loyal and inspiring. On Saturday June 29, a football match was played with St. John's on the grounds of the latter in which Jaffna College team won by a score of 3 to 0.

—The laboratory has been removed to the building formerly occupied by the Senior professors. Rs.600 worth of new apparatus and materials have been put in this term.

—The library has been removed from the corner room of Dr. York's house to the adjoining large room, which with a stack room affords very commodious and pleasant quarters for our 3500 books.

—The room formerly known as the Principal's office and of recent years used for the library is now converted into the Y. M. C. A. Reading room. This room situated at the corner of the verandah and well lighted makes an exceedingly pleasant reading room for the boys.

—Three times this term have members of the Faculty been called to mourn the departure of their nearest relatives. To each and all so afflicted we tender our sincere sympathy.

—On the 14th of May, Mrs. Marnickappillai Arumugam, the mother of Prof. T. P. Hudson. died at Kerudavil. Mrs. Arumugam was noted for her generosity and kindness to the poor. She leaves three sons to mourn her loss, the oldest being the Vidan of Kerudavil, the second T. P. Hudson Esq. B. A., and the third is the head tea-maker, Telbedde Estate, Badulla.

—On June 5th, Muttachipillai, the wife of Prof. Allen Abraham died at Karadive after a long and painful illness. She was a woman of remarkable energy and executive ability, and of great sweetness of disposition, Four children are left motherless, two sons and two daughters, the oldest, J. A. Kanaga-

sundram, being a member of the Senior class in Jaffna College.

—Died at Vaddukoddai, on Saturday June 22, J. P. Cooke, Esq. aged 82 years. The commanding figure and noble personality of "Father Cooke" has been well known to every Jaffna College student for the past forty years. In his death we have all lost a friend.

The connection of Mr. Cooke with the Seminary, College and High school has been almost continuous of nearly seventy years. An old catalogue names him in the class which entered the Seminary in 1843, He was then thirteen years old. He graduated in the class of 1852.

His life record is one of great earnestness and untiring activity in advancing the interests of Christian education and progress in the country. A notable characteristic was his total abstinence from the use of tobacco and betel. To this he attributed his health and strength in old age.

All alumni and old students as well as those now here, will unite in mourning his loss. The funeral on Sunday the 23rd was very largely attended by men from all parts of Jaffna assembled to show respect to his memory and sympathy for the surviving sons and daughter.

# *Y. M. C. A. Notes*

An *address by Mr. Subramaniam Lewis* was delivered before the Association on June 13th. His subject was a broad one, *India;* but the speaker's remarks were concise and to the point. We only regret that a larger group of Jaffna people could not have had the benefit of this illuminating comparison of the trend of events in India with conditions in Jaffna.

*Bible Study Circles* have been started recently, and promise to be very successful. The studies are being worked out by the president of the association, who meets with the student leaders weekly for conference. The attendance is very good.

*The Hall.* Money has begun to come in for our new Y. M. C. A. Hall, though not so much as we had hoped for by this time. We suppose most of our friends are holding off until the eleventh hour, but we would remind them that it is of much importance to us that the subscriptions come in promptly and early. We shall hardly be justified in commencing building operations until a good proportion of the needed funds are in hand; and—we are eager to be in a position to go ahead by the time Mr. John R. Mott arrives in Ceylon in November next.

In the meantime, we are feeling every day how greatly we need this hall, and so for this reason also we beseech you to be prompt. Our association was the first student association in all Asia; we desire that it shall have the honour of continuing to lead the way by being the first student association in this part of the world to possess a hall of its own. The unique strength and power of the Y. M. C. A. movement in America is due to its college associations, and these in turn have developed their strength largely through their fine association halls and the increased opportunities for practical service which these halls afford. We hope to do what they have done in a limited way, and thus share in their rich experiences.

The size of the fund to date and the names of the individual subscribers are given below. It should be added that we have received promises from a considerable number of friends, and we hope these will have rendered their subscriptions before the next *Miscellany* is published along with a large group who so far have made no reply.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jaffna College Y. M. C. A. (from funds in hand) | - | Rs. | 200 |
| S. M. Thevathason | - | " | 20 |
| J. K. Kanapathippillai | - | " | 10 |
| H. C. York | - | " | 100 |
| T. P. Hudson | - | " | 10 |
| J. V. Chelliah | - | " | 10 |
| Stephen Ignatius | - | " | 10 |
| Chelliah H. Cooke | - | " | 10 |
| Allen Abraham | - | " | 10 |
| Louis S. Ponniah | - | " | 10 |
| Sabapathipilly | - | " | 1 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Manickkavasagam | - | " | 1 |
| S. Raj | - | " | 1 |
| M. Visvalingam | - | " | 1 |
| L. S. Asbury | - | " | 1 |
| K. Mudl. S. Curtis | - | " | 25 |
| | | Total Rs. | 420 |

# *Alumni Notes*

**Mr. R. C. Proctor**, Clerk, Ceylon Technical School, Colombo has been appointed Second Tamil Interpreter to the Supreme Court of the Island of Ceylon. He took his oath of allegiance and office on the 11th May before Mr. Justice Wood-Renton.

**Messrs M. Somasundaram and A. Suppiah** who were successful in the last L. M. and S. degree examination of the Madras University have received appointments in Ceylon. Dr. Somasundaram has been employed, in the Kandy Hospital as House Surgeon and Dr. Suppiah as House Surgeon in the General Hospital, Colombo.

**Mr. D. S. Valuppillai** has been transferred from the Provincial Registrar's office, Jaffna to the Land Registry, Batticaloa.

**Messrs. E. T. Hitchcock and A. Snell** who were successful in the last Clerical Examination have received appointments as clerks in the Registrar General's Department, Colombo.

**Messrs K. T. Kanagarayer and Hudson Tambirajah** passed the Proctor's Intermediate Examination held in February.

**Mr. S. Appathurai**, Station Master, Chavagachcherry was transferred to Wellawatte.

**Mr. P. Valuppillai** of the Vaddukoddai High School has been appointed Head Master of the Mission English School at Karadive.

**Mr. R. Snell** who was teacher at the Copay C. M. S. School and proceeded to the F. M. S. a short time ago has secured an appointment as Assistant Master in the Victoria Institution, Kuala Lumpur.

**Mr. K. Arumugam** of the Hindu English School Vaddukoddai, who passed in the English Language Division

last year and who sat in April last for examination in Latin and Philosophy has come out successful in the B. A., degree examination of the Madras University obtaining a second class in both divisions.

**Mr. S. W. Gumarasamy** of the Police Department, Kurunegalle has been transferred to Jaffna.

**Mr. S. N. Nelson** of Bishop's College, Calcutta has passed the Intermediate examination of Calcutta University in the first class. He joined Bishop's College in 1910 after passing Madras Matriculation from Jaffna College.

**Mr. S. Alalasundaram** who passed in the Latin and English divisions of the B. A examination of the Madras University last year has come out successful in the Mathematics division and is now a full B. A. Mr. Alalasundaram has been nominated by the Governor to appear for the Local Division Civil Service Examination to be held towards the end of the year.

**Mr. R. M. Thevathason** has been transferred from Colombo to Jaffna as Head Clerk, Provincial Registrar's Office. He also passed in the Latin division of the B. A. examination of Madras University.

**Mr. Albert Sabapathy** has gone to England with a view to study Law.

**Weddings.** On June 5th Mr. J. K. Lewis, Assistant Superintendent, Accountant Service, Nagpore and Miss Mary Thangaratnam eldest daughter of Dr. K. Modl. Albert Curtis Suppiah was married in Manipay Church.

The marriage of Dr. J. P. Subramanium, Medical Officer Lunatic Asylum, Colombo, with Miss Florence Chellammah Sittampalam took place at Araly Church on the 2nd May.

Mr. Advocate P. Chelliah was married to Miss Alier Nallammah Arunachalam on the 18th May.

On the 25th March Mr. K. SriSundramoothy's wedding took place at Tellippalai.

Mr. Advocate K. Balasingham has married Miss K. Mailvaganam of Valvetty.

**Obituary.** The death occured on the 13th June at Tellippallai of Mr. T. S. Appudurai. The deceased was Head Clerk, Provincial Road Committee, Jaffna. He leaves behind a widow and three children.

There passed away on the 10th May, Mr. A. S. Daniel at Kuala Lumpur. F. M. S. The deceased was connect-

ed with the Postal Department of the F. M. S. for about ten years.

The death of Mr. Rasiah Bryant took place on the 30th March at the Singapore Hospital. The deceased was employed in the Railway Service of Johore and was only 23rd years old at the time of his death.

**Dr. E. T. McIntyre** of Kuala Lumpur has proceeded to England with a view of obtaining additional medical qualifications.

**Mr. V. Valuppilly** has returned to Jaffna after completing his Law studies in England.

## *Hitchcock Prize Fund*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Jaffna* | Mr. Advo. S. Kanagasabai | 5.00 |
| *Colombo* | Mr. Adv. K. Balasingham | 4.00 |
| *Colombo* | Mr. P. S. Saravanamuttu | 2.50 |
| *Colombo* | Mr. K. Dutton | 2.50 |
| *Colombo* | Mr. R. M. Thavathason | 2.00 |
| *Colombo* | A Student | 1.00 |
| *Vaddukoddai* | Mr. L. S. Ponniah | 2.00 |
| *Vaddukoddai* | Mr. Allen Abraham | 2.50 |
| *Jaffna* | Mr. J. M. Thomas | 2.50 |
| *Jaffna* | Mr. Edward Mather | 2.50 |
| *Jaffna* | Mr. N. Samuel | 2.00 |
| *Jaffna* | Mr. T. S. Cooke | 2.00 |
| *Vaddukoddai* | Mr. S. Sittampalam | 2.00 |
| *Vaddukoddai* | Mr. J. K. Kanapathippilly | 1.00 |
| *Vaddukoddai* | Mr. J. Sithamparapilly | 2.00 |
| *Vaddukoddai* | Mr. J. D. Veerasingham | 1.00 |
| *Jaffna* | Mr. V. T. Lingam | 2.50 |
| *Manippay* | Mr. S. P. Lawton | 1.00 |
| *Jaffna* | Mr. S. Katiresu | 2.50 |

## *Miscellany Receipts*

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|---|---|---|
| T. N. Chinnatamby Esq. Kantherodai English School, Chunnagam, Paid through | 1913 | 1.00 |
| B. K. Vijaya Esq. Kalang Estate, Banting, Selangore, F. M. S. Paid through | 1913 | 1.00 |
| W. Duraisamy Esq. Victoria Arcade, Colombo Paid through | 1913 | 5.00 |
| Otto Railway School Paid through | 1913 | .50 |
| C. Coomarasuriar Esq. Araly Paid through | 1913 | .50 |
| S. Alalasundaram Esq. Vaddukoddai Paid through | 1914 | 1.00 |
| | | 9.00 |
| Y. M. C. A. Memorial Tablet | | Rs. 254.49 |