

A
BOOK OF MEMORIES

by
ISAAC TAMBYAH

“Sorrow which hungers and is heart-sore, and weeps itself out in tears is a prerogative of humanity. In any sense in which we feel it to be sorrow indeed, to be what we mean by sorrow in the day of our sadness, it does not belong to anything lower in creation; it is our prerogative, our prestige, our dignity”

- Moberley

NOTE

This is a book of memories, a book of sorrow and of tears. I cannot agree with those who pretend to laugh when an affliction befalls them. To do so is to mock at the very mission of sorrow. To stifle grief, to suppress tears, to enforce the semblance of sorrowlessness upon those who would be mourners, all this is an artificiality utterly revolting to the universal susceptibility of the mind to sorrow. Rejoice with them that rejoice, weep with them that weep. The mission of sorrow is to refine, ennoble and inspire. The possibilities of faith and hope are in it. Through tears we see the sunshine of Love, through darkness we reach trusting hands and touch God's own. May the reading of these pages lead many to rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things. Truly "heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

November 1907

Isaac Tambyah



C.B.Kumarakulasinghe.



**Gate Mudaliar
K.C.B.Kumarakulasinghe**



Dr Isaac Thambyah and Mrs.



**C.B.K Grave in Highgate
Cemetery.**

CHAPTER I

THE YEARS THAT ARE NO MORE

*“But memory ... sad in the
task ... gathers the golden dust
And ruefully places together link and link and link
Shows me the golden thing whole as it was before
Yes, round the core of my heart it casts the golden chain
My golden, golden chain”.*

Is this the day of his return? Hearts beat high with fond expectation. Brothers and sisters and mother wait to receive him into the arms of love. Eyes are strained for the first glimpse of the fair ship that brings him from English shores -laden with honours, crowned with distinctions, and wearing on his serene brow the laurels of learning. Loving ones long to be the foremost to shake him by the hand and give him a cordial welcome home. A light shines in the eyes of the mother at the hope of seeing the Benjamin of her family once more near her after the separation of years and miles. And to me, the return of a friend of many confidences, of whom there is now left to me but a memory. Of books and men, common things and God, we held converse, and wrote and thought to the enriching of our minds and the ennobling of our spirits --he was the sharer of my thoughts and my constant companion --my soul is bereaved, and there is now left to it but the comfort of a memory.

It seems but yesterday that we stood together beneath the silence of the tall teaks of his house and talked of many things, clasped hands and clasped again, bade adieu, and bade once more; it seems but yesterday that my eyes followed to the last turn of the road the wheels of the coach that took away from me my dearest friend -O, that I had known that I was to see him no more in this life! I read today his first letter from Oxford wishing me joy on a great event in my life, and the words sound in my ears with the dear familiarity of his voice as I had heard him last. Five long months of suffering, earnest and affectionate messages to those of his household, calling in the name of God with the impressiveness of any utterance from the grave all whom he loved best on earth, to the peace of righteousness and the certainty of salvation -*“and God’s finger touched him and he slept”* -the simple grave, miles and seas away in remote London, contains the mortal remains of him I held most dear -there is now left to me but his memory. Dear, very dear though his memory must be to mother, brother, sister, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, yet dearer far it is to me by reason of such love as now writes large on my life’s page of grief, *“Unto me no second friend”*.

CHAPTER II

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

*The fame is quenched that I foresaw,
The head hath missed an earthly wreath,
Curse not nature, no, nor death
For nothing is that errs from law.*

*We pass, the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with words;
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.
O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forgot a name
Tennyson*

The death of Chelvanayagam Barr Kumarakulasinghe, at an age when the promises of life usually begin to bud into fulfilment, was the crushing of many hopes. Why it so happened it is not easy to say. It is happening so daily in many another case, and broken hearts are not a few, but for all that the riddle of Providence who can read? Not merely in the passion of grief, when sorrow blinds our reason, making us speak unadvisedly with our lips, but even in the sober calm that comes after the storm of sorrow has swept over our head and left desolate all that our hearts held dear, our cry goes up to heaven in plaintive despair, "Why?". Time may soothe our feelings but not satisfy our reason. Only one thing can appease our sorrow-stricken soul -implicit trust in the goodness of God. God lets us see his providences "in part" only, and then we only see them as through a glass, darkly. Why the pleasantest room in our house is turned into a hospital -why that coffin was carried, like a spectre, up our stairway -why the pillow in that little empty crib is unpressed today -why that income on which so many mouths depended is dried up -why this or that staff was broken, our poor, blind, aching hearts cannot understand. God keep his own secrets; all the answer He vouchsafes to us now is, 'All things work together for good to them that love me.'

Chelvanayagam Barr Kumarakulasinghe, [or, as he was best known, Chellam], early in life -how brief has the life been! -gave abundant promise of a brilliant career. In the village school at Tellipalai, Jaffna, where he received his first English education, he showed remarkable signs of what he was capable of achieving. He was purposed unto noble ends. In 1891 he went to Colombo, followed by the good wishes and the great expectations of his Master, Mr. Chellappa. He joined

the Royal College and distinguished himself there, earning golden opinions from the Principal and Professors of that College. In 1895, at the age of fifteen, he took honours in the First Division of the First Class in the Cambridge Junior Local, with distinctions in Classics. The keen eye of Mr. Harward detected in young Barr the possibilities of a great future. In Classics and English he rapidly distinguished himself and was counted among the best boys of the College in those subject. His merit was recognised by the award of special prizes for English, Latin and Greek. His taste had become confirmed in his choice of English and the ancient language in which he wished to specialise with the object of competing for the English University Scholarship. Every step he took was a step forward -and upward. He laboured hard, I know personally how hard, to acquire and amass knowledge, and he kept in view with unflagging steadiness a high aim before him. From 1898 he made no secret of the noble end towards which he was vigorously directing his best efforts and which was sanctifying his whole scholastic career. *“To live for the good of others and to the glory of God”* was his cheerful choice. He believed in giving to God the best he had --gold, myrrh and frankincense of head and of heart. He had his eye on the Civil Service, but he added that 1901 was too early to be definite and final. Latterly, I know his mind was made up, and he dedicated his learning and life to God’s service. He joined Merton College, Oxford, and ere the ambitions of life could undo his soul’s decision, the great peace of God hushed him to rest on the 29th day of August 1900.

What might not have been! He would have been the glory of his house, the pride of his countrymen, and a savour of sweet odour in the service of the Lord. We thirst for fame, men live for fame, men die for fame -what fame would have been his! This is a human regret, that he has not lived to be famous. What might have been? The world looks to what has been, and no record is kept in the archives of fame of what might have been:

*The leaf has perished in the green
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The World which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.*

A good life, nobly lived and right nobly ended -this is a great record here on earth for any son of man.

It is the foreshadowing of the larger life. *“Fame rests with God.”* In this life he was faithful in small things, he strove and succeeded to the best of his powers, and into the fuller life, brighter, broader, beyond the grave, death led him gently by the hand and shewed him the great things over which he was to have authority. *“He that is faithful over a few things is ruler over many things.”* Not here, but there *“God makes life’s broken circle whole”* -thus we partly understand God, and so comes comfort to us. There is sorrow for the silver cord that is broken, but never despair, it will be made whole there; for the bud that faded ere it bloomed into

the full flower, it delights the King there; for the strong man smitten in his strength, he is stronger there; for beauty cut off in its pride, it is beautiful there; for glory palled with sudden darkness, it is more glorious there; for goodness that did not live to bear fruit, it yields a thousandfold there; for virtue cut off in mid career, it sheds a lustre there; for worth untimely withered, it blooms in splendour on a better soil; nor for genius paralysed in its prime, who can gauge its greatness there?

The peace of this reflection is reassuring. It lightens the heaviness of our hearts and brings hope to the sorrowful. The wisdom of the In Memoriam occurs to me, my thoughts are in no mean company. At Dehiwela, many a Sabbath evening, Chellam and I were wont to read together the In Memoriam, perched on top of a guava tree, dog Bouncer wistfully looking up from below, and often has Chellam said to me, "I am sure to die before you, you must write my In Memoriam," - words which I never, never thought were to find sad fulfilment so soon, so soon. I have applied to my heart with untiring frequency, the sweet solace of that sublime elegy. I have found it a psalm to the sorrowful, a balm to the broken spirited, a paean of joy to the pacified in soul. The poet's words, his great thoughts occur to me at every turn. Says the poet of his friend, and I believe it of mine:

*.....Those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends.
Nor blame I death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.*

His gifts of head and heart are put to high uses there:

*And doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.*

Why should I not believe, as firmly as any other item of my faith, that in the larger life, in the fuller day, virtue has its due reward, genius its proper recompense, and great deeds are wrought, high praise is won and undying fame?

*.....Somewhere out of human view,
Whatever their hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.*

I write these words, this chapter, this book, not to perpetuate the praise of him whose greatness I leave to be guessed, but I write that his singleness of purpose, nobleness of aim, loftiness of aspiration, and goodness of character may commend to others the example of a life consistently lived and courageously closed.

*O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind.*

*I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest, not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.*

CHAPTER III

THE MESSAGE OF SORROW

*That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more
Too common? Never morning were
To evening, but some heart did break
Tennyson*

The commonness of death is the platitude of consolation. It has been so before and since the writing of Hamlet. But human nature has always found it hollow and unsoothing, else the world were not a vale of tears. Of all the conventionalities of comfort, none is more unconsoling than this of the commonplace. Men have been blunted by familiarity against realising the very existence of many things which they call common, but nothing from the days of the first man has made men not feel smitten and stricken before the presence of death. The resurrection itself of Christ, in spite of its intense historicity, has not sufficiently familiarised the sons of men with this dread mystery so as to disarm sorrow. Christ's victory over the grave, and the believer's certain hope in the glorious resurrection of his own body, have only sanctified grief and robbed it of despair.

Sorrow is natural and proper in all bereavement. It is most fitting when the blow that causes the loss is severe. It were to slight the purposes of Providence to count a great loss among the commonplaces of life, meaningless and messageless.

*I will not say 'God's ordinance
Of Death is blown in every wind':
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.*

The death of Chellam was no common chance. It was the taking away of a noble mind. The blow came heavily on Tennyson, he was sorely smitten. He was too stricken to be able to attend his friend's funeral. From the crushed heart of the mourner was wrung the grief-red wine of the In Memoriam. Come all ye that mourn dead, taste and see how sweet it is. It is intensely human. It is the first great outcome of that great grief. We need hardly ask if the poet's sorrow brought him any other message beyond the one commissioning him to give to the world the sublimest elegy in the English language. Surely the poet's sorrow was full of messages searching, chastening, heart-cleansing, uplifting and ennobling. Many a chord of his heart was touched into tune by the fingers of sorrow. Oh ye that love to listen to his great music, hear ye not his many melodies of faith, hope,

love, joy, certainty, peace and the grand paean of the larger hope? As to the poet, so to everyone sorrow has its messages. It chastens. It ennobles. Its supreme service is disciplinary. To me, and to all who mourn my friend, the message is the same, the message of a great sorrow, designed to be felt as great, remembered as great, and acted upon as great, and its effectiveness depends on one's sense of conscience.

It will ever be a question, whether men abuse more their sorrows or their joys; but no earnest soul can doubt which of these abuses is the more fatal. To sin in the one case is to yield to a temptation, to sin in the other is to resist a Divine grace. Sorrow is God's last message to man; it is God speaking in emphasis. He who abuses it shows that he can shut his ears when God speaks loudest. Therefore, heartlessness or impenitence after sorrow is more dangerous than intemperance in joy; its results are always more tragic. Now Isaiah points out that men's abuse of sorrow is twofold. Men abuse sorrow by mistaking it, and they abuse sorrow by defying it'.

Smith's Isaiah

Chellam's message to those for whom it was specially meant, had voiced itself a couple of months before it was heard at its loudest, and with tragic emphasis. He had always longed to see those he held most dear, out and out Christians. He was very anxious about his mother. She was not till long after her great loss, even formally a Christian. To a niece of his, Miss Jane Joshua, he wrote from Oxford

I have felt very sorry about those of our house..... I really cannot see how I can remedy it. It is all through want of true Christianity....I wish that your sisters live the true Christian life and...be an example to others. Nothing is so convincing to people of the truth of the religion of Christ, as the lives of Christians. It is easy to stand up and preach, but to live the life of Christians is difficult.

This was in December 1899.

From his bed of sickness in London he wrote to his brother, the Maniagar, at Tellipalai on May 21, 1900:

During the delirium I had a curious dream in which all of our household bore a part. I hope to tell it to you some day.....Mother writes me a letter which is full of trust in God's goodness. This is, I am afraid, a feeling that comes over our house when someone is dying. A voice from the jaws of death is always heard. I hand on the message. It comes to you now as a voice from the jaws of death. I tried to speak to mother and others many times -but then I was not dying, nor was anyone else.

His heart yearned for his mother's salvation. He was terribly uneasy on her account. He interpreted his sufferings as one eloquent appeal from God to all he loved. He was content to suffer. On June 29, 1900 he wrote to his mother:

I trust, dear mother, that you and others dear to me, understand by now the deep significance of my illness. Its purpose is the glory of God. [S. John xi. 4]...God has been very gracious to our house, His mercies have been many. Forgetting all faults, He offers you this opportunity, He calls you through me. Harden not your hearts. Taste and see that the Lord is God. As for me, my hope is in my God.

There is no doubt as to the good effect of these impressive messages upon the hearts they were meant to move. One must make large allowances for the mother whose soul a sword had pierced through and through, and when all is said and everything is taken into account in the light of her most pitiable situation, the verdict must decidedly be in her favour. There was undoubtedly going on in her mind for five long months of severe tribulation, a desperate struggle for the mastery between opposing forces. By August 1900 she had commenced to yield to the Stronger than she, to the Mightier than man. But it was no complete capitulation. Crushed in spirit, broken-hearted, contrite, she openly surrendered her stormy soul to God a few weeks before her darling son's death, at Tellipalai Church. She was not ashamed of the saving Name of Jesus, and into it she was duly baptised. It was a great act of trust, the unconquered took refuge in the Rock of Ages. It was an act of hope, it was a prayer for the life that lay in danger -there was a mental reservation in the solemn act, it was no complete surrender, it was conditioned in hope. Desperate moods prompt us to offer grand bribes to God - may the Merciful pardon us, may He abundantly pardon her. To her eldest son -to whom since the writing of the previous pages, sad necessity has made me devote the second part of this book -the mother wrote on the 29th of August 1900, not knowing that on that very day the blow had fallen:

I am in no way impatient. I am naturally anxious. I am not unbelieving. On the day that Chellam left home for England, I had cheerfully committed my darling boy to the care of the All-Gracious. I am only eager to know, as a mother well may be, all that is possible to know about my child.

Perhaps she had not fully surrendered even on the date of this letter, or had only made up her mind on conditions. But the Victor had a precious hostage -and He declared it forfeited. Unconditional and complete surrender was wanted. Long had the stronghold been proof against the forces of the love of God, and at last the Conqueror effected a bleeding breach in the stormy citadel of the mother's heart. It is movingly pathetic that on the very day the mother penned her letter of trust and cheerful resignation, however conditioned by hope or hedged about by the limitations of love, perhaps on that very hour, the spirit of her son, pleading to the last for her and hers, winged its flight into the Great Peace. The words of Tennyson again occur to me:

O Father, wheresoe'er thou be

*Who pledgest now Thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half Thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.*

*O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor -while thy head is bow'd
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.*

Not to the mother only, whom none may judge harshly, smitten as she is with blow upon blow grievous and hard to bear, but to all of the household of Chellam - nay, even to all, anywhere, similarly situated - may the message of sorrow be unto repentance and peace and joy.

CHAPTER IV

“IN FAVOUR WITH GOD AND MAN”

*“Best seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind.*

*And thus he bore without abuse
The grand, old name of gentleman.”*

Tennyson

Chelvanayagam Barr Kumarakulasinghe was born at Tellipalai on March 5th 1880. His father was the late Mudaliar Joseph William Barr Kumarakulasinghe, a Tamil poet and scholar whose name finds worthy mention in Arnold’s Galaxy. I do not believe in the distinction of gentle birth, unless life is influenced by such gentleness. Chellam’s claims to noble parentage, high in the social sense, were well warranted by the nobleness of his character. “A mountain stream that ends in mud methinks is melancholy.” It is a common failing among men whose lives are light as vanity, without a featherweight of redeeming merit, to rejoice in the glory of a long burnt out star of an ancestral past. High lineage in such cases is only a matter for regret that the last link of a golden chain should be of a baser metal. Where, however the life lived, and the character enshrined in that life are notable in duty and in love, we may well allow the claims of lineage, seeing that evolution has not erred in the making of a man. Give me a man who is noble, he is his ancestry.

Chellam was the youngest of nine children. In his life time one of his sisters, Mrs. Saktivelupillai, died at a lamentably young age. I remember the day at Dehiwela, when the said news came from Jaffna. Chellam was then preparing for a reading prize at the Royal College. He had thoroughly mastered Tennyson’s *Guinevere*, the passage which describes the Queen’s penitence, and there was such a naturalness and beauty with which he read the concluding lines of the Queen’s soliloquy:

*It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:*

*It would have been my pleasure had I seen,
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, not another.*

It seemed sure that he would have distinguished himself at next day's contest - but the death of a sister, one to whom he was most attached, came between. His eldest brother survived him, having seen his best efforts on behalf of Chellam blooming to success, and the blossom fade in its prime. Great gladness was his and great sorrow. The other brothers and sisters are alive. Mr. R R B Kumarakulasinghe is the Maniagar of Valigamam North, Mr. S S B Kumarakulasinghe is the Kachcheri Mudaliar of Trincomalee. Mr. A B Kumarakulasinghe is the assistant to the Kachcheri Mudaliar at Batticaloa. Of the sisters, the eldest is the wife of Dr. Joshua at Trincomalee, another is the wife of Mudaliar Muttiah of Kayts, and the youngest is the wife of the present writer. Chellam's father died on the 14th of August 1883, at Tellipalai, leaving a large family of nine children and his widow, and the family properties heavily involved. It was the patience, considerateness, and self-denial of the eldest son, K C B Kumarakulasinghe Mudaliar, on whom naturally the burden of the whole family devolved, that restored the properties to the family free and unencumbered, placed the brothers in positions of trust and competence, and suitably married out the sisters. The eldest had been married in his father's life time.

In 1890 Chellam was taken to Colombo by his eldest brother and put in the Royal College. He won one of the Cambridge Local exhibitions for three years. After passing the London Matriculation in the first division in June 1897, he continued for some time in the Royal College, and then joined the Wesley College, where in 1899 he won the university scholarship. In October 1899 he joined Oxford.

At Manipay, Jaffna, a week before leaving for Oxford, he told me that the Ministry was his choice, indeed he had told me so all along. I have been blamed for not dissuading him from the idea, when he took from me Van Der Hooght's Hebrew Bible and Mason's Hebrew Grammar. At Colombo, he was dissuaded from making the Ministry the aim of his life -the Hebrew books were left behind for me. Has there been joy over the change? Though the Civil Service was chosen for him, I know that he hankered after Christ's Service -and the Lord has most unmistakably spoken in the emphasis of sorrow that He would have the best, and who had dared to say Him nay?

The following is from a letter written to him by Mr. Harward, then acting director of public instruction:

"While congratulating you on your success and the great aid you have now obtained towards gaining an education such as falls to the lot of few among your countrymen, I must not neglect to warn you against the many temptations you will meet with at the University. You will, I trust, steer clear of all these, and take every advantage of opportunity afforded by the generosity of the Government".

From the accounts given by the Dean of Merton College, Oxford, and many others it was evident that young Kumarakulasinghe followed Mr. Harward's advice, and led a very exemplary life. The Rev. W. Bradfield, Wesleyan Minister, Merton, thus wrote on September 5th 1900 to Mudaliar K C B Kumarakulasinghe, of Chellam, who had grown in grace and wisdom and in favour with God and Man:

“As the Superintendent Minister of the Oxford Circuit, I am charged with the pastoral oversight of Methodists who come to this University. And so when your brother came to Merton College last October I had the pleasure of welcoming him to a society class for University men which is held at my house on Fridays. He attended the class regularly, and also joined a Mission Band of his fellow members, and assisted them in evangelistic work in the city and in the villages round about. He won the sincere affection and esteem of us all by his unfailing geniality and kindness, and it was a matter of very deep regret to the whole class when we learned that he was too ill to return for the Easter term.

Since then I have visited him from time to time as I have been able to go to London, and through his illness I found always the same bright, cheerful, uncomplaining disposition, and I found too a simple piety and an unaffected faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and a manifest growth in grace which was noticed by those about him as well as by myself.

It was a great personal grief to me, on returning from my holiday, to find a summons to officiate at his funeral. When my class comes together again next month I know that we shall all miss him and mourn over the premature end of a career that promised so much, and as well as over the loss of a welcome and loveable comrade and friend.”

The Rev. H Highfield, Principal of Wesley College, Colombo, thus refers to Chellam at Oxford in the college report for 1900:

“One recent Wesleyite, our last Ceylon Scholar, C B Kumarakulasinghe, entered at Merton College, Oxford in October of 1899, and quickly won golden opinions from his tutors and the authorities of the College. The Senior Fellow and Tutor, Mr. Scott, writes of his gentlemanliness and most likeable qualities and says his only fault was that he would work too hard. The severity of the English climate tried him greatly and in April he had a bad attack of pneumonia, which developed into rapid consumption, and he passed away in August. Whilst grieving over what, humanly considered, is the cutting short of a most promising career, and offering his bereaved relations our most sympathetic condolence, we rejoice to be able to record the Christian fortitude and patience shown by him in his illness, and the true faith in Christ, expressed most clearly, as the end, which is also the beginning, came.”

Chellam was a gentleman born, truly his descent was noble. None said a bad thing of him in his country, and in England he lived and died, loved and lamented, God's gentleman.

CHAPTER V

TASTES, IDEALS, CHOICES

*I see myself an honoured guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest.
Tennyson*

*We needs must love the highest,
when we see it.
Tennyson*

Writing as I do some years after the death of Chellam, I claim to be credited with a fair share of judgment in saying anything of the dear dead, especially by way of praise. Grief has grown old but time has not made it less true than at the first, it has so mellowed it with other befallings, other sorrows, that in place of the pain that prostrates there is a severe calm. The heart still aches, but tears no longer blind the eye to discernment -my grief is rainbowed with hope. I can afford to write with discrimination. With long use the tears are dry:

*But what of that? My darkened ways
Shall sing with music all the same:
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.*

Let love, praise and judgment watch over love.

* * * * *

Literary companionship is rare in Ceylon, particularly among the Tamils. Fresh from college where I had learnt to love the excellencies of literature, English and Classics, I was in danger of resting content with what I credited myself with

knowing, when I had the good fortune to come across young Barr -by that name I knew him first -in the society of Oliver Goldsmith. That author's Citizen of the World was then attracting the young Royalist's attention. We read the essays together, he with the enthusiasm of first love, and I with the soberer joy of renewing an old friendship for the style and thought and sedate wit of Goldsmith. Literary appreciation is the bond of literary companionship. Chellam was a keen lover of the artistic in literature. It is a pleasure to read, discuss or be questioned by such a person. He was one that did not accept opinions of others as final, he was inclined to go behind even ex cathedra utterances of accepted critics. He formed his own conclusions and tested them in the light of other men's learning,

Being naturally musical he loved to read aloud long selections from Shakespeare, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Shelley, Pope, Longfellow, Rosetti, Morris, Ruskin, and Hooker among others. He would go into ecstasies as his ears would catch the rhyming cadence of this or that writer. This joy was infectious. I owe much to him for familiarising me with the wealth of thought and grace embedded in the archaic style of Spencer. I was a sore trial to his temper, which at times would burst out into wrath, by my speaking somewhat irreverently of Pope as a sententious jingler, and of Milton as an uncouth Latinist. Warmly would he espouse the cause of these writers and, in spite, declare war against some books and men, especially the late Laureate of my particular praise. Then we would proclaim an armistice and restore Pope to his pedestal, Milton to his eminence and Tennyson to his throne. The In Memoriam we read together at least once a week regularly from 1895, pausing and pondering over its light and shade, sorrow and song. In many a nook and corner so congenial to literary quiet in Mount Lavinia and Dehiwela -places to me full of affectionate association rendered doubly dear by the memory of the first of the Barrs, and of the last -long hours we would spend, poring over stanza upon stanza of that sublime elegy, the silence of the pauses in our study, thoughtful and even sad, being more full of speech than the mouthing of the words melodious. I remember one such silence, fateful and foreboding, after reading of that "shadow"

*Who broke our fair companionship
And spread his mantle, dark and cold
And wrapt the formless in the fold
And dulled the murmur on thy lip
And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste
And think that somewhere in the waste
The shadow sits and waits for me.*

Little did we then know how soon the shadow was to come between us, and less do I feel able to guess how long the shadow may have to sit and wait for me.

I cannot understand, except on the supposition of inherent talent, how remarkably fast he had grown to love the study, not merely the reading of the masters of

English prose and verse, of Latin thought and fiction, or of the grandeur of Greek. He was able to quote and criticise and mark the beauties of form and substance. He was a voracious reader, indeed his reading was at the expense of proportionate physical recreation. It was this one-sidedness of culture that finally cost him his life, which began so full of promise and so rich in service.

He was a lover of the beautiful in nature and in art. His love of landscapes, flowers and animals was not less passionate than his love of the exquisite in literature. The cult of the beautiful he ardently pursued, pure-hearted enthusiast that he was. The rhythmic swing of *Hiawatha* pleased his ear, and the martial tread of the *Iliad* delighted him. He would be a critic with Horace, a satirist with Juvenal, and philosopher with Lucretius. *“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report”* -this was one of his favourite texts. And it is but giving him his due to say that his catalogue of aspirations and attainments was comprehended therein.

Humour he never despised. He appreciated a good joke and laughed most heartily. Twice he had read the *Pickwick Papers*, and was well up in the literature of *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey & Sons*, and the other chief works of Dickens. He was the type of a jovial, healthy-minded student, full of joy in the common things of life, and yet filled with lofty ideals.

The religion that he professed was a cheerful Puritanism. He believed in his favourite utterance that a constant reader of penitential literature was a moribund Christian. Devotionally he would read the Bible very regularly, and praying was a part of his daily programme. There was something not of this earth in his singing of religious songs, that to this day those songs have remained in the hearts of those that heard him most and loved him best, full of affectionate and spiritual remembrances. One more than any other I ought to mention here. In his singing of it, it was not the beauty of the plaintive simplicity of words, nor the exquisiteness of the music, nor the appeal of his sweet voice, that set the words to throb and thrill with life, but it was the flow of the soul in its longing to be away from scenes of the earth, earthy, elsewhere.

I give a few lines in the Tamil without spoiling the force of the words by a translation

I had often tried, and I believe succeeded, to persuade him to appreciate the remarkable moderation of the Church of England. He was not averse to the simple ritual of the morning and evening services, and at Dehiwela he loved to attend the services conducted by the Rev. A Weerasingam, sometimes in his brother's house, sometimes in the church.

Mr. Weerasingam was a severe ritualist in those days, and he conducted the services in the Mudaliar's house in full canonicals, the congregation consisting of the Mudaliar, and his brothers and sisters and myself. The prayer book was read right through, including all the collects, but nothing that was done by way of form ever seemed in the mind of Chellam to make the service less spiritual than what he took it to be. By close association with Wesleyans, particularly those of Wesley College, and in the exalted Puritan atmosphere of his brother's household, he easily gravitated towards Wesleyanism, which seemed a safe half-way between the extreme non-conformity of the Salvationists, and the rigorous ritualism represented by stern, well-meaning Mr. Weerasingham.

In Oxford he was commended to the care and companionship of the Wesleyan Clergy of Merton. He was a worker with a band of lay helpers who went about the neighbourhood of Merton doing good. In his last illness, he was very kindly visited by many good and tender-hearted Wesleyan ministers, and at his grave his mortal remains were laid to rest to the touching utterances of the burial service as read by a Wesleyan minister. As he lived, so he died.

Of religious books he was fond of reading may be mentioned next to the Bible, the writings of Dean Farrar, with whose *Eternal Hope* his tender soul was very much in accord, and how many are there who can read those grand sermons without feeling that there is something strongly appealing to the heart and consciences of men and women? He believed in religion as a passion, quite particularly so in the manner of the Hindu saint poet Thayumanaver, whose melodious verse both he and his eldest brother were very fond of reading and repeating.

I remember that a few hours every Sunday we set apart at 67 Dam Street, Colombo, for reading Thayumanaver with a Hindu pundit who was a very devout and learned man. Chellam in his last days in London was much impressed by the ministrations of Major Musa Bhai, a dear friend of the family. His faith, there is no doubt as may be gathered from his letters and the letters of his friends to him, was greatly strengthened as the course of his life was fast coming to a close. He had latterly, a few days before his death, even submitted to faith healing, having been anointed by Mrs. Baxter. It is distressing to speculate as to how far the attempts at faith cure had raised hopes in him, so sadly to result in fearful disappointment. In summing up the many points of his religious life, it may justly be said that his life was one of sustained prayerfulness, humble trust, and practical goodness. It was a life all along calmful, without outburst of real or fanciful exaltations. There was such steadiness and such simplicity in his trustful relationship to his God, as undoubtedly gave him

courage during his long and painful sufferings, constantly to remember that he was in the hands of One who doeth all things well.

CHAPTER VII

CLOSING DAYS

God's finger touched him and he slept

'Homeleigh' in Highbury, London, was the place in charge of Mrs. Jecks where young Kumarakulasinghe was touched by the finger of God and he slept.

There were with him in the same residence, Mr. Holsington, Mr. E. B. Redlich and Mr. R. F. Honter, all of Ceylon, the last two his fellow students at Wesley College, Colombo. On the 10th of April 1900, Mudaliar Kumarakulasinghe received a telegram from London informing him that Chellam was dangerously ill. It seems to me best to narrate the events that followed in order as set forth in letters written from London.

The first letter is from Mr. Holsington, dated 10th April 1900.

10th April 1900

Dear Mr. Kumarakulasinghe,

Although away from Homeleigh, I think I ought to give you an account of Chelvanayagam and about his progress. Last Friday when I wrote to you, he had passed over the most trying part of his illness. On Friday he fell into a sort of delirium. He said all sorts of things which are not worth repeating. His senses were mostly in Jaffna, and frequently he used Tamil to convey his thoughts. He spoke about Mr. Tambyah and his wife, and asked me if they had gone to Manipay.

Later on Saturday night he went into a quiet sleep, and awoke on Sunday night, but only to go into a sort of semiconscious state frequently. He did not speak to us coherently.

On Monday he woke once again, fully aware of all that had happened, and quite himself once again. He talked to everyone quite coherently.

I went up to him and sat with him for about an hour. I told him that he has begun to rally, and the only thing now is to be perfectly still, think very little, and get strong. He asked me about the number of days he has been in bed, and about any letters from you. He asked me

also if I had written to you and told you about this illness. Mr. Goodheart had to be called in a second time for a consultation when Chelvanayagam was delirious. He expressed the opinion that there is no reason why he should not recover.

During this week he has been rallying bit by bit. There is every chance of his getting better. I hope he has no breakdowns. He has very good nursing. Altogether, with the two nurses attending on him, there are five that look after him daily; with all this care and comfort, with the prayers that are continually being offered for him, I am sure he will rally. God bless him. I close.

I am,
Yours sincerely

R Holsington.

Homeleigh
15 Aubert Park
Highbury
London

Wednesday
April 11th, 1900

Dear Mr. Kumarakulasinghe,

A telegram despatched to you yesterday would have informed you of your brother's serious illness.

It was last Sunday night when serious symptoms showed themselves, and he had to go back to bed. The Doctor was sent for, and he [Dr. Tait] has been in constant attendance since then, and a special nurse has been engaged.

I had better give an account of the events which seem to have contributed to leading on to his illness.

Your brother since he came to England has been under the impression that his studies would be all his thought and attention. His constant study, the continual strain on his system, absence of some slight recreation, have told on him. From what your brother told us here, we gather that during the last Christmas vacation he spent eleven hours a day at his work. One must recollect that after a hard term's work, he was not doing a sensible thing. He came down to Homeleigh for a few days in January, and we spoke to him about his constant study.

This vacation spent at Oxford must have told heavily on him. It meant very little fresh air; it must have been very injurious for him to have always been breathing into his lungs the air of his sitting room; and this fact must be coupled with the bending attitude assumed in studying.

Early in January, after a few days spent at Homeleigh, he went up to Oxford. He was up there till March 21st, when, after a great deal of hesitation, he came down here for the vacation.

Mrs. Jecks, one of the ladies in charge of the missionary home, was greatly concerned about your brother's health. She spoke to him very strongly on the subject, but he would not listen. He thought that his studies must not be stopped. Matters reached a crisis a fortnight ago. He was in the habit of reading very hard in his bedroom, and one night while he was poking his fire, he felt a pain in his chest which seemed to render his whole body quite incapable of motion for a few minutes. He told this to us next morning. Mrs. Jecks, on hearing about this, again spoke to your brother. She said that his policy was wrong and foolish, and that if he continued to go on the same way, she would not hold herself responsible. After some difficulty she persuaded him to go to see Dr. Tait. Your brother was unwilling to do so for he feared that the doctor would stop his study.

Mrs. Jecks, Miss Dutton [the other lady in charge], Mrs. Arnold, Honter, Holsington, myself and the others, made every effort we could to prevail upon him to stop his work, but all to no purpose. His strong point was that he knew best, and that in his opinion he must study. I wish you to grasp this fact thoroughly. He absolutely refused to be guided by advice given him. It is no use my trying to hide the true history of his case, for it would do no good. He was constantly warned of the risks he was running, and many of us warned him that he was ruining his health and imperilling his life. If by the time this letter reaches you, you have not heard that his illness proved fatal, it will be due to God's goodness, and the care and attention bestowed upon him. We are not sparing any effort or expense in caring for him, and what the ladies here are doing for him is as much as they would do for their own children. You will probably understand what this means when I say that ordinarily the work to be done is as much as three ladies with the help of three servants can do.

Well, to go on with your brother's illness. Last Sunday night, after we had prayers, your brother was sitting in the drawing room with all of us, suddenly he had a fit of coughing and went out. He came back in about two minutes and called for Mrs. Jecks. She went to him and found that he was coughing out blood. The Doctor was sent for, and he saw the case was serious. Next morning, Dr. Tait turned up, and no sooner did he see your brother's condition than he rushed away for a specially trained nurse. Immediately we all felt that our warnings to him were only too true. The Doctor came about four or five times that day. On Tuesday he did not seem to get better. Dr. Tait thought it advisable to have a consultation, if Mrs. Jecks thought it would not be too great an expense. She said that she was quite willing to spend any amount, even all she had. The same night his temperature was at 105 degrees. Your brother was very bad, and the Doctor could not move him to make an exhaustive examination.

Dr. Mylvaganam, formerly of Jaffna, came here the same night at Dr. Tait's request in order that he might give any information as to your brother's health in Ceylon.

The consultation was held this afternoon. Dr. Goodheart was the consulting physician. Their opinion was that the case was critical, but not hopeless.

This is as much as I can tell you about the history of the case. The ladies here are doing all what they can, spending hours in the sickroom in order to give the nurse a few hours for some sleep.

Mr. Musa Bhai has been here to see your brother very often. He comes daily, and spent a night here.

Patient is a bit better. He has had a good night, temperature lower.

I shall be glad to hear from you in reply. We are doing all we can for your brother.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely

E.B. Redlich

April 12th

Dear Mr. Barr,

I am simply adding a line to confirm all that Mr. Redlich has said, and to send you my deepest sympathy in this time of anxiety. I feel for you most deeply, and trust our Heavenly Father, the God of all comfort, may help and sustain you.

All is being done for your dear brother that can be done, and I trust God may yet raise him up. When I am writing this there is a slight change for the better, and of course we can only wait God's time and way. You may all rest assured he is among those who love him. The Lord bless and keep you all.

Yours in Christ

Grace Jecks.

Homeleigh

April 12th 1900

Dear Mr. Kumarakulasinghe,

Your brother and I were friends together at Tellipalai 12 years ago. It is wonderful, we said only the other day, that once again after so many years, our paths in life should meet again in England. Happy though our revival of friendship and acquaintanceship had been, and

happier still the thought of a long friendship here in England, I must admit that I am completely thrown out of focus by this unexpected event, your brother's illness.

Chelvanayagam fell suddenly ill last Sunday night. After prayers we were sitting and discussing various things together in the drawing room, when suddenly your brother had a fit of coughing, and went up to his room. He came back in about five minutes, and opened the door and said, "Mrs. Jecks, I want to see you." Mrs. Jecks was in the midst of singing, and she stopped abruptly and went upstairs. Meanwhile I had guessed that Chellam must have been coughing blood. Soon we learnt that it was but too true. Mr. Honter ran for the Doctor, and I went up to Chellam's room to put his mind at rest. I found Chellam very uneasy, very much disturbed in thought. I asked him to undress and go to bed, which he did without much pressure. I sat with him for a time and endeavoured to take away his thoughts from himself. I think I succeeded in doing so by taking him back to Jaffna, by quoting him some hymns and lyrics, and some humorous events connected with them. Time passed by rapidly, and the Doctor was soon announced. He could not do much in the way of examining Chellam's lungs as he would have brought on his cough. And so for ensuring a good night of rest he injected morphia in his hand.

Chellam had a good night and when I went to his room early in the morning he was already awake and said he felt better. But soon afterwards he had another fit of coughing and brought out much more blood. The Doctor came in soon and ordered a special nurse, and forbade us to go up to his room. We learnt by this that Chellam was in a dangerous condition.

Towards the afternoon when his temperature grew to be 104 degrees, Mrs. Jecks thought it best to telegraph to Musa Bhai, who was taking a mission at Buckingham Gate congregational church. We did not get any reply to the wire, and hence we had to send Honter to bring him over to get his advice also. He came over at about 9 o'clock at night, and as the doctor had forbidden us all to get to Chellam's room, he had to stay here the night. We had a special time of prayer for your brother.

On Tuesday morning Chellam was much better. The temperature had gone down, and also the haemorrhage had not reappeared after eleven the previous morning. Mr. Musa Bhai went up to his room and found him better, sat with him for a while, and returned.

After lunch there was a rise of temperature, and consequently a greater anxiety was felt for him. The doctor also felt his position, and announced that he would like to have a consultation. He placed before us three names, and suggested that if it was for himself, or for any one of his friends, he would certainly prefer Doctor Goodheart. Mrs. Jecks said, "We want to do for the boy our best, and we will have the best doctor for him", and so the matter was settled. Later in the day Thuraisingam was here and suggested that Dr. Mailvaganam should be able to do something for Chellam as he knew the peculiar forms of disease in Jaffna, and knew to treat them better. An English doctor did not know them quite as well. Two of us were soon despatched to bring him in with the consent of Dr. Tait. When he came Barr's temperature had gone up to 105 degrees, and also the haemorrhage had returned. Dr. Mailvaganam went up to see Chellam, cheered him up a bit and then came back. It was now desirable that we should telegraph to you the condition of your brother, although we knew the

shock it would produce, yet we knew that our duty should be done. The wording of the telegram was discussed in detail.

Chellam knows the danger he is in, and seems anxious. Consequently I do not wonder, nor does any one. It has come so suddenly, and it would have given the shock to any one. He does not know all the dangers that attend his illness. He does not know of our anxieties, and all the gloom that his illness has cast over Homeleigh.

Yesterday morning his temperature stood at 104 degrees till about 10 o'clock. The consultation took place at half past two. Dr. Goodheart came in punctually and Chellam was specially pleased with him, and to the nurse he said afterwards "He is the best doctor in London." The doctors, after a superficial examination, owing to the condition of the patient, have declared his lungs clear. His case they have declared not hopeless, but that it would be more hopeful if the patient had been more used to the climate. Quinine has been prescribed to bring down the temperature. Last night when I went up to see him, and to be with him for a while, I noticed that he was much quieter, and his breathing much more regular. He did not speak at all. I held his hand and stroked it for a long time. Later on when the doctor came he found that the patient was a little better, the temperature half degree lower [102.5], and also his pulse had gone down. Needless to say it made us feel very glad. This morning there is further good news. The temperature had gone down yet further, and his pulse also; and he has had a very good night. We are all of us feeling a little more at ease. We hope and pray for the best. God bless and raise him up.

This brings me up as far as today, as you would very much care to know of all he has suffered during these three or four days, I have dwelt thus at length on this point. After all, when I think of it, how little can I write of the care and love with which he is at present surrounded. In a strange land, among strangers, to be taken care of in a way as if he had been at home amongst his loved ones, passes my expectation and makes me lift up my heart to thank God for a home like this. You would wonder more when I tell you that very nearly Chellam was not seen this vacation. Owing to his peculiar fascination for study, and a sense of duty, he had determined to go elsewhere, but in answer to prayer he has been brought over here. How marvellously he had been guided! I dare say he would have described in detail the several members of this home. I do not want to attempt anything of that kind. In Mrs. Jecks, he has truly a person with the heart of a mother. She has been more than a mother to him during the time he has been here. Time would not permit me to describe in detail of the care and love she has shed around his path, which Chellam during these days fully realizes. Each spare moment you find her up in his room consoling him, speaking tender words of sympathy to him, doing all in her power to help him. But it is not in outward acts that you see all that is being done, but when you hear the prayers that are ascending every day for him, and the passionate appeal for his recovery, you will certainly say, here is indeed godly love. I have said this to put your mind at rest as to whether Chellam is being cared for well or not. Many questions would rise in your mind when you hear of his illness, and I have been trying as far as I can to do my best to answer them.

On one point I have been quite silent. It is the cause of his illness. Perhaps I feel others would be touching on this point and I need not recapitulate them. Chellam has been very

careless of his health. From the time I knew him he always looked a serious youth. He has not seriously developed his body to stand this climate.

I wish he had listened to our advice and taken to out-door pleasures. Bending over books all day long is detrimental to the healthiness of body as well as of the mind. I have myself asked him, "for my sake, Chellam, come out and have a walk in the fresh air." But no, he would go up to his room once again to run through so many lines of Vergil.

I have done. Excuse my lengthiness. I did not intend to write so much as I have done. The doctor has been here this morning, and considers his case more hopeful.

I close here with every prayer for his recovery.

Yours very sincerely,

Robert Holsington".

Subsequent events may be given in summary as follows, giving space and prominence when the narrative requires greater fullness:

1900 April 14: Consultation. Slight improvement. Word "hopeful" wired to brother.

1900 April 23: Pronounced not out of danger. Very weak. Brain greatly overworked and spine consequently affected. Callers: -Mr. Musa Bhai, Dr. Nell, Messrs. A Tampoe, C Wijekoon,, S. Thurasingam, Rev. Murphy.

1900 May 9: Rev. T. Moscrop [of Ceylon] writes to Mudaliar K. "doubt his being able to work for a long time to come. He will need to take a thorough change and rest before going back to Oxford, even if the medical report is favourable."

1900 May 10: Mrs. Jecks - Since writing to you last Friday, I am grieved to say your brother Chellam's complaint has taken a turn for the worse. We were hoping that the disease was being arrested, but his temperature is keeping up and his being still gradually getting weaker. Sir Douglas Powell, a great authority on the chest, was called in, and he pronounced the case hopeless. As far as human skill can see, he said, he might linger for some time, or he might sink rapidly, and advised me to cable for you, which I did; all is being done than can be. Chellam is very bright, and he does not yet know that he will never go back to Oxford. The doctor will not allow him to be worried in any way that can be avoided. Dr. Nell of Colombo saw Sir Douglas Powell, and I believe he has written to you.

I cannot tell you how grieved we all are both for you and his mother. May the Lord comfort you in this great sorrow. We cannot understand God's dealings, but we know He doeth all things well.

We have learned to love your brother very much, and always spend a good part of the day in his room. He likes me to read the Bible with him and pray with him, and we both talk together of Ceylon and all his dear ones. He often mentions the little niece who calls him Uncle Winkle. He was so pleased with the photographs which came this week.

I will keep you informed of him, but of course when this arrives at Colombo you may have come to England.

With kindest regards, and deepest sympathy.

*I am
Yours sincerely
Grace Jecks*

1900 May 11: Mr. E. B. Redlich writes: Dear Mr. Kumarakulasinghe, Your brother has taken a turn for the worse; this is painful information to give you all. There are no hopes of his recovery.

Dr. Tait was not quite pleased with your brother's condition last week, and so he advised that Sir Douglas Powell should be brought in consultation. They examined your brother and found that acute tuberculosis had rapidly developed and this has been spreading the last few days. Mrs. Jecks cabled you to come immediately, for we are in hopes that if you can come you may be in time to see your brother. All here do feel for you and your people. It is very hard but we cannot complain.

I should tell you that Sir Douglas Powell said that your brother could not be in a better place. The room, the surroundings and the attention, all met with his approval, so that you have an authoritative statement from a stranger as to how your brother is situated. I have very little to add. Whatever is needed will be done.

With heartfelt sympathy to all at home.

1900 May 22: Mrs. Jecks, after writing she was expecting the Mudaliar in London. Dear Mrs. Kumarakulasinghe. I thank you very much for your letter and the kind expressions of confidence contained therein. We have done all that is within human power to help your dear brother. But all seems in vain. The best advice that London can afford has been had, and no expense spared, but the tuberculosis has developed so rapidly that he daily is becoming weaker. By the doctor's orders all that would worry or distress him has been kept from him, and I am trusting that your husband may be here now on his way for I do feel if only some of his men were with him it would be such a comfort to him. I know our Lord and Master can do all things and even now can arrest the disease if He will. My only hope is in our God. I should have cabled again, but am waiting to hear if Mr. Kumarakulasinghe is on his way or not. We have to be most tender with the dear boy. I never mention to him about his condition. I

think it would not be kind now. I had seen to his getting sufficient real warm underclothing, when he came over in October before going to Oxford. In that way he was well provided for.

A friend who was here had a camera, so he took Chellam's photograph for you and which I am sending by this mail. I know you would like to have it.

What can say to you all in this great sorrow, words are so poor. I pray the God of all comfort to comfort you all as He alone can.

*With kindest regards
I am yours sincerely
G Jecks.*

1900 May 31: Mrs. Jecks writes regretting the Mudaliar's inability to leave Ceylon to see his brother: "I cabled to you as Sir Douglas Powell the consulting physician said if you wished to see your brother you ought to come at once."

1900 May 31: Rev. E.M. Weaver [of Ceylon]. He seemed very bright and cheerful during my short stay. I made the visit very brief and tried not to excite him, lest his coughing should come on. He has not yet been told the doctor's verdict as to his disease. The friends about him are very kind, and seem to be doing their best to keep him cheerful. I heard about his life and work from Rev. Bradfield of Oxford some months ago, before he was taken ill. He spoke very highly of his Christian character and earnestness. I do not think there is any need for anxiety about the state of his mind and heart, though I think he should know the truth about his condition so that he might face the future courageously and with a collected mind. He is however in the hands of exceedingly kind Christian friends, and I am sure that they will do all that is possible for him both materially and spiritually.

I need not say how deeply sorry I am that this should have overtaken your brother in England, so far away from you all. It is possible that he may rally and be able to bear the voyage back, but the doctors do not give any hope of this. I think you should be prepared for the worst news, as by this time you doubtless are. It will be a pleasure to you to know that he has won the regard of a great number of friends in England, and that his life at Oxford has been one of steady hard work -too hard, alas, for there is no doubt that over-study has had much to do with his breakdown.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE SICK ROOM

Between the date of the first symptom of his terrible disease and the close of his pain by release from the body, he was in the sick room at “Homeleigh”, alternating between hope and fear. While his body was so much wracked by the anguish of his treacherous malady, his spirit was gradually gaining strength and grace. His soul yearned for the salvation of his kith and kin. In proportion to his being purified by pain, refined like gold in the furnace of affliction, there grew up in him a great desire to see the dear ones in distant Jaffna enjoy the peace that passeth understanding. His letters are full of an affectionate solicitude for the welfare of those he loved. On the 21st of May 1900, just after he had a favourable turn in the progress of the disease, he writes to his sister [Mrs. Tambyah]

Much has been done for me by Dr. Goodheart and Sir Douglas Powell, but more by the prayers that have gone up to heaven on my behalf from this place, from your house, and my brother's house. Let your Christian life be exemplary.

To me he wrote on the same date:

I hope you are getting on professionally, and, what is more, that you are growing spiritually. Please don't think me narrow minded when I say that mere theological studies have never been helpful to the higher life, to rise nearer to God, and my prayer for you both is not that you may know about your religion, but that you may have the joy and the profit of it.

On the same day he writes to his brother, the Maniagar, very hopefully as to the future, and setting forth a lesson in spiritual experience forty three days after his first attack:

I should have been very sorry and heartbroken to find all my work stopped in this way, had I not the assurance that God orders all things rightly and for our good. Our eldest brother is a man of prayer, and I feel that the good God will not disappoint him.

His next letter to his eldest brother. dated 25th May 1900, breathes trustfulness:

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform - I can leave my future safe in His hands - I think I shall require more absolute faith in Him.

The photograph given in this book, taken in the sick room by a friend, accompanied the letter.

On the 15th of June, he writes again to the same brother:

I have received your letters regularly. There has been only one single letter from Jaffna. But Mr. Tambyah writes pretty often. I am progressing well, and today I am especially well.

This seeming progress was only a slow marching towards the end. Faith however never flagged or failed:

My faith is growing stronger and stronger, and about two or three days ago I had a message from the Lord that His hand is already on me. So I am trusting and waiting patiently for the manifestation.

The hand of the Lord was truly upon him, and the manifestation was undoubtedly awaiting him, but not in the manner he then knew of. In his letter he is solicitous about his kith and kin:

I desire to know where people at home in Jaffna are standing spiritually. If my sickness has brought them to the feet of Christ, I shall be thankful to God for this affliction.

This message of the living is now the message of the dead. May those who loved him alive, and lamented him dead, hasten to hear his voice speaking thus across the years.

The Mudaliar, by reason of his extreme evangelical associations, had suggested to Chellam the anointing by Mrs. Baxter. In reply he says:

About anointing, after much prayer I have come to the decided conviction, no.

On the 29th of June he writes to his eldest brother:

I received your letter and sister-in-law's yesterday, and was very glad to hear of brother Singar's conversion. I think God has a purpose in laying me on the bed of sickness, and He will not raise me until it is fully accomplished. I hope and pray our mother, and others who do not know Him, might see how merciful and good He is, and come to Him.....We that have believed do enter into His rest. This verse describes the state of my soul.

In the name of the dear dead, let me plead with the living whom he loved that His words may be heeded, that in all God's dealings a great purpose may be seen.

His next letter dated 4th July is written in a feeble hand showing clearly to the uncomplaining sufferer that the end was not far. However, despite the slowly

gathering clouds of evening, the vision of faith is undimmed, a faith standing firm in complete surrender of his will to God's:

You have tried to be as faithful as possible to me. Self-will and conceit I did have, and I am sorry I have often showed them to you, but thank God He has brought my will in submission to His own, and my conceit, if it has not vanished, is fast vanishing.

As in all his letters so in this there is an affectionate message of love and remembrance to all to who he owed those duties of courtesy and kindness. There are messages to all his relatives individually, to the servants, and frequent mention is made of Agil and Thamby.

On the 12th of July he writes:

I am writing to Mr. Vedanayagam. I was very much touched by his pleading with me that I may stand fast in the faith.

The disease was making rapid strides, and the doctors were giving medicines merely to soothe more than to save. In the last letter he writes:

I am close to God now. I think this is a grand opportunity to bring mother to Christ. Mr. Tambyah says she is very near to it. I hope you are praying for her, and a letter from you to her would be very good. Instead of justifying themselves, if our people would only confess that they have fallen short of the glory of God, He would never reject them. I am trusting in God for everything.

Among his papers, now in my possession, is a pencil draft of a few resolutions dated July 21, 1900. They were written at a time of much physical weakness and suffering, and, there can be no doubt, of hope of recovery. That there was such a hope not only in Chellam's mind but in the mind of others too, cannot be denied. Yet it is noteworthy that in Chellam's it was akin to a trustful confidence that in life or by death he was in the hands of God:

1. *That I may rejoice in the Lord.*
2. *That I may feel His presence always, especially in times of weakness and suffering.*
3. *That I may love all and take interest in the welfare of their souls*
4. *That I may count all things lost for Christ, and set the glory of God as the only object of my life.*
5. *That I may not count service for the Lord sacrifice but privilege*

Early in August he was weaker than before. He was conscious of the fact. He was also conscious of the hand of God in all things. To his eldest brother he writes:

Physically I am about the same. But I am in the Lord's handsI am weak. It is difficult to fight the evil. But God is very gracious. I have consecrated myself wholly to God. He will guide me, I feel sure.

More and more trustfully he writes, the closer he drew to the end of his career. On August 15, 1900 thus:

I have been weak all along, but God graciously granted more strength and better sleep, and taught how I should walk with regard in the details of life. He gave me this word which I value very much, "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." I am trusting the Lord. It is evening time.

Did he know that in the morning of his life he was nearing eventide, at high noon it was getting dark? Perhaps not. On August 17 1900 he writes to his sister [Mrs. Tambyah] hoping for a speedy recovery, a letter full of courteous and considerate remembrances of men and things. A letter of August 24, 1900 is a triumph of spirit over suffering. The writing is very shaky, unsteady and feeble. The letter is pathetic from the point of view of the great bodily suffering it discloses; it is at the same time a song of joy of one climbing up the golden stairs:

Spiritually I am brightened, asking my God for growth. Physically I am very weakThe best thing is to commit everything to God. I am trying, with God's help, to rest in the Lord and wait faithfully for Him.

This was his very last letter, written five days before his death.

CHAPTER IX

THE END

*In the distance the clouds break away
The gates glowing portals I see*

.....
*I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort over dark Galilee
And wait for the signal to go to the shore
To the ship that is waiting for me.*

-Bret Harte

On Wednesday the 20th day of August 1900, at 10 a.m. at 'Homeleigh', Chellam breathed his last. He was prepared for the end. A friend and eye-witness wrote:

He died in the Lord, for only a few days before his death he told Miss Dutton that if God should call him, he would say, "Thy will be done".

Another writes, his end was wonderful:

It was striking that after a period of storm and gloom, his soul should have passed to his Maker with the first bright rays of the morning sun.

Mr. Honter, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, then staying at "Homeleigh", bears this witness in a letter to his father:

I went to his room soon after the doctor had been in, and there on the thin, pale, lineaments of his face was an expression of the calmest peace. He had really fallen asleep in God. Mrs. Dutton, who was with him in his last moments, says that his eyes seemed to shine with an intense glow that was not earthly, as he lay gasping out his last life breath. It must have been the dying Christian's joy of soul at a happy release, to go into the presence of the Father.

It is a source of no small comfort for those who still mourn Chellam's untimely end, that in God's purposes the end after so much suffering was seasonable. Let Mr. Honter speak:

Those five months however have been a wonderful time to him. For it was then that Barr began to realize more and more the wondrous indwelling of the spirit of God in him. Some of the spiritual struggles he experienced were of the intensest character. He passed through the fire and came forth refined and fitted for the King's House. God's inscrutable providence is neither to be questioned nor analysed, but we must infer from things seen. Long had Barr clung tenaciously to the hope that he would be healed by God's grace. In moments of extreme weakness and pain his faith in God never faltered. The supreme test of all came on Tuesday [August 2nd 1900]. Miss Dutton said, "Mr. Barr, suppose God should not see it fit to restore you to health and strength?". In a low, but steady voice came the thrilling response, "His will be done."

"Christianity," continues Mr. Hunter, "can rise to no loftier heights in frail humanity. The glorious hopes of youth, the ardent delight of life itself, everything will be nothing to the Father's will. When a man of restless ambition, tried capacity, of high idealism, is content to say, with patience and humility, "Thy will be done," don't you think the summa crux of his higher life is passed? God took him when he had made him ready."

An account of his closing days, what he said and did, how it fared with his body and soul, has been very kindly furnished by nurse Miss Cearn, his constant attendant. I give it here:-

"Dear Sir,

Before this reaches you, you will have had news of the 'home going' of your dear brother, but I thought you might like a few particulars of his life and words, during the last days before his departure to be with Jesus.

We do not understand as yet God's dealings with us in the taking of him, but we know it must be right, knowing as we do that He does all things well.

You will remember I wrote to you on Friday August 24th, and enclosed it with Mr. Barr's letter of the same day. I told you the doctor's verdict that the right lung was seriously affected and that he was breaking up fast -and I felt that unless God worked marvellously, he would not be with us long -and I felt too that the Lord would not allow him to get worse and worse if He meant ultimately to raise him up, -for I have seen this fact with regard to God's dealings with us for many years past, that He never wastes anything and He would not now waste the manifestation of His strength to him -I mean that He would not allow him to come yet lower physically and then have to build him up.

On Saturday he was weaker. I read to him our Y.M.C.A. text and also the Revised Version of it, Jude 24 "Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" etc.

He listened and enjoyed, it as indeed he always did the reading of God's Word.

In the afternoon a friend of his from College called and saw him for about ten minutes. Then Mr. Musa Bhai came to see him [how he had looked forward to his coming!] so that when Miss Winkler came later in the day, he was too tired to see her.

I think perhaps he had his first impression of going home on Saturday evening, for he said to me, 'Nurse if the Lord should take me' and then his breath coming so quickly stopped his further talking for that time. I was rather uncertain at the time if he said "take" me -or "if the Lord should touch me", but as the next thing he said was to ask me if he could have a light in his room all night, a little light, which of course he had, I think my first idea was right, and I was with him nearly all night. From 10 p.m. Saturday to 2 a.m. Sunday he slept, but after that was restless and dozing all the time.

When awake he was moaning. I asked him, 'Can I do anything for you to make you easy?' he answered, 'Only pray for me' which I did -and later on, the same morning, when I had, in a few words asked the Lord to be pleased to ease him and give him sleep -he said 'Is that all you can say for me?' 'No' I said, 'but take this first, you will be better able to pray in spirit' -and I gave him some nourishment. Then we had a real good time in the presence of our Lord -one of those times when one's soul sees Jesus and the beauty of His grace and forgets all else -I thanked the Lord that we were His children -redeemed by the precious blood, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit -and praised Him that through the riches of His grace He had made this known to us by the same Holy Spirit, and that we were heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.' He responded 'Praise God' during this.

This seemed to calm him wonderfully and lulled him into sleep, and he had an hour or two of good sleep.

But that was the beginning of the four bad nights -and he was not left at all, day or night, after Saturday, and we had many precious times in the quiet of the night -though at times he would be talking unconsciously.

On Sunday morning I helped him to get up and he sat as usual in his sofa-chair -which we wheeled to and from the bed-side. In the afternoon he lay down again in bed and stayed there. Then the rest of the day after tea, the sound of singing came up from the dining room below and he expressed a wish -again- to hear some singing. So Mr. Redlich kindly offered to come up and play some hymns on the piano in the sitting room, on the same landing as his bedroom. We sang from No. 44 New Songs and Solos 'I would not ask for earthly store' -

The last verse was specially appropriate though we did not know it at the time. I give it here.

*And when at last my labour o'er
I cross the narrow sea
Grant, Lord, that on the other shore
My Soul may dwell with Thee
And learn what here I cannot know
Why Thou hast ever loved me so".*

He said to me 'I can't sing them but I like to hear them -I feel that I could sing if I had the breath -I should love to sing' -He seemed as if he longed to praise. On Sunday afternoon too, Miss Winkler came, Mrs. Baxter's friend, and she had had a remarkable experience. Since the previous afternoon when she called, she told us how ill she had been, it seemed as it were a sudden smiting of Satan -she thought she was taken for dead, and telegraphed for Mr. Brodie -one of the Bethsham workers -who was away in another part of London -God wonderfully raised her up and she walked straight from her couch to this house. She felt that God would have her come, as He had laid the burden of Mr. Barr's condition so much on her heart, and that it was merely Satan trying to hinder her, who probably was. Her talk was most helpful. I was with Mr. Barr nearly all the time but left them, at the close, for a few minutes. Her whole subject was on this, the sudden coming of the Lord for His children and this verse had been forcibly applied to her in the morning, when she was suffering such agony. 'Surely, I come quickly' and she thought it meant coming in death to her, and the point was, her willingness to go: was she willing? And after a moments hesitation, she could truthfully say she was. This seemed to be the lesson she was to pass on. She told me that she asked Mr. Barr, that if God should want him to go to Him, would he be willing? He answered, 'Yes, I am willing to do my God's will'. That was beautiful, was it not? I do not think any of us know how deeply God was teaching him in these last few days, in such a gentle loving way which is just like

Him. His spirit was woven and inter-knitted with the reality of God As far back as two weeks ago, he said to me on two different occasions 'I know I do not live near enough to God. I must have some quiet time.' Then we arranged to have a quiet time directly after his breakfast, I leaving him after the reading of a few verses and prayer, that he might be alone with God. Sometimes he went off to sleep during the reading or prayer, which was the best thing he could do -then I left him.

Monday was the last day he got up, then I helped him into his wheeled chair -he was very weak indeed, and his cough ceased which was a bad sign.

I read to him the usual Y.M.C.A. reading for the day, Matt.24.32-51. The text verse for the day was, Watch ye and pray always Luke 21.36. After reading the 41st verse, 'one shall be taken and the other left' he asked me, what does that mean? I told him a little -after that he lay back again, apparently contented.

At tea time he said to me, "I want to ask a favour nurse, that you will sing to me after tea?" I said, "Oh yes, we will have some singing", and so Mr. Redlich came up again -he had so kindly offered to come up any time and play when Mr. Barr could bear the noise of the piano. And he wanted us to sing

*Rock of ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee*

which we did and after that,

Jesus Lover of my soul,

and then said "I should like

*O God our help in ages past
Our Hope for years to come
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.*

We sang those three, and I think that was all. He was tired and I put him to bed early, soon after six. We sat quietly together then till nearly eight, and he dozed and woke up somewhat refreshed for his supper. After that I found a hymn. No. 208 in Consecration and Faith, and said I thought he would enjoy hearing a verse or two of it read. This was the first verse

*There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine
Reserved for all the heirs of grace
Oh, be that refuge mine*

Through the night he was restless -and frequently prayed short sentences like prayers -such as "O Lord help me". We were both glad when the morning dawned. He seemed better during the day [as in most of the cases]; he had letters and opened them and tried to read them after breakfast, but could not finish them and asked me to read them to him. I read him parts of

them. This was Tuesday morning. Two letters were from Ceylon, one from Mr. Musa Bhai, and one from an English friend. When I was feeding him with a spoon at dinner time, I said "I shall have to do it this way for a few days" -as of course he had usually sat up and eaten his dinner in a proper fashion. He said, "For a few weeks I think", and later in the day when I was giving him some Brands essence in a teaspoon, I coaxed him to take it, saying, "it will help to make you better." But he said, "I shall never be better nurse". I said to him, "Do you feel like that?", and he gave a slight turn of his head on the pillow meaning assent. We always tried to save him uttering more words than were absolutely necessary as we know the effort it cost him. He wanted to see Mr. Redlich all day, but he was gone out before he enquired for him.....He spoke his name several times during the day, also "Honter" and "Musa Bhai", and during the last night, Tuesday night, Mr. Musa Bhai's name came over more than once, also that of "Agil"....and "my brother". He told me on the day before [Monday] that he had many bad dreams about his friends, in one that all his brother's house lost their faith, and in another that Agil was hurt, killed. These things troubled him on Tuesday night, and the only comfort was to pray aloud beside him, telling God all about it, and reminding him that He was stronger than the evil one. Of course much that he said, was while he was unconscious, but these things troubled him, conscious or unconscious during the last day and night. But towards the dawning of the morning, Wednesday, he was quite conscious, and uttered such a heartfelt little prayer, clasping his hands together and praying, among other things, that God would pardon him if he had believed wrongly, for Jesus Christ's sake. This was so touching, and, perhaps on that account, I remember that one sentence.

I gave him nourishment regularly, at every two hours during the night and morning, and at one of such times, he said "I am good, I take what you bring me"...."Yes", I said, "you are good.....you are getting better in this line".....By saying he was good, he was thinking of the times when he had not been good -one of the greatest difficulties in the nursing of him has been to get him to take food; but latterly that was easy to be understood, his throat being in such a bad state.

The last thing he took was at about 8.30, which was yolk of an egg beaten up I warm milk....except water, which he asked for at about 9.15 a.m., and soon after that the moaning ceased and I called Miss Dutton up to see him, and together we watched while he breathed his last, and the spirit returned to God who gave it -he passed quietly and peacefully away, there was no difference in him than there had been all the night and the day previous, except that the moaning ceased.

I must ask you to excuse the many references to myself, but I hardly know how to write it otherwise. It has been a privilege to nurse the dear one just gone from us.

With Christian sympathy, believe me.

Yours very sincerely,

[Nurse] A.M. Cearn."

CHAPTER X

K.C.B.K.

*The flower hath faded, and the tree
Hath fallen low; its place is bare;
A sadness fills the very air -
The sadness of a memory.*

Among men of his age I have not come across one who, calm beneath the crushing weight of such cases as his, faced duty with such devotion as Mudaliar K.C.B. Kumarakulasinghe.

In 1883, upon the death of his father, he, as the eldest son, was called upon to bear the burden of the care of his brothers and sisters. The family properties at Tellipalai were all heavily encumbered without the least chance of redemption. The duty of not merely retrieving the property reputation of the family, but also of averting the calamity of destitution, was his. He felt it also while grief from the untimely death of his distinguished father was still fresh in his mind. He felt called upon to make sacrifices. He began by giving up his law studies which he had begun in 1881 after a thorough educational course at the Colombo Academy, and ever since then his whole life was one long spell of self-denial and service. In 1884 he was appointed, through the sympathetic interest of Mr. Elliott, Government Agent, on his behalf, interpreter to the Paddy Commutation Commissioner, Batticaloa. From there, by his steady, purposeful application to work, his untiring industry, and his suave, genial ways, he speedily rose in 1887 to be the Chief Tamil Interpreter to Government. On May 24 1893 he was invested with the rank of Mudaliar of the Governor's Gate, the highest titular honour within the reach of a [Tamil] native chief. The emoluments of his office did not go to fill his coffers. The family lands were redeemed, the brothers and sisters educated and provided for, and all duties as the head of a family dependent on him, were faithfully fulfilled. His younger sisters were comfortably married out, and three of his brothers were put in positions of trust under Government.

Upon his youngest brother Chellam he ungrudgingly spent his love and wealth, to give him that education and training which finally fitted him for an English University career. In addition to the scholarship that kept Chellam at Oxford, there was need of good sums of money every week on various accounts. The eldest brother spent liberally. Alas, the golden promise slowly maturing into fulfilment under so much care and toil and much spending was, in the life time of the Mudaliar, doomed not to reach fruition. Chellam's death was a severe blow to the Mudaliar, who, to his dying day, ceased not to feel bitterly the pang of his great grief, great disappointment. He had hoped for much. Hope was cruelly crushed within him. By day and by night the shattering of the bright visions with which he had surrounded the promises of his youngest brother's career was an ever-present sorrow. He survived Chellam by three short years of sorrow. Upon his death, deeply lamented by all classes of Ceylonese, the following Gazette notice was issued by Government:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR desires that public expression may be given to the regret caused by the death of Mr. KANAKANAYAKAM CHARLES BARR KUMARAKULASINKAM Mudaliar of the Governor's Gate, Tamil Interpreter to the Governor and Chief Tamil Translator to Government. The late Mr. Kumarakulasinkam entered the Public Service in 1886 and by his personal character and loyalty to Government did honour to the community to which he belonged, and has left behind him an example which His Excellency trusts will serve as an encouragement to younger generations of his countrymen.

*By His Excellency's Command
EVERARD IM THURN
Colonial Secretary*

*Colonial Secretary's Office
Colombo, June 9, 1903*

The Mudaliar was the eldest son of his father. The following reference to him is from Sir Roper Lethbridge's Golden Book of India and Ceylon.

Kanakanayakam Charles Barr Kumarakulasinghe Mudaliar of the Governor's Gate, born February 2 1862, belongs to the Kumarakulasinghe family of Jaffna. One of his Ancestors received the title "Trumarupuntuyya Kumarakulasinghe Mudaliar" from the Dutch Government in 1765 in recognition of his position as a direct descendant of the ancient kings of Jaffna.

His noble appearance, manly bearing, and sustained dignity were such as rendered the historicity of the Dutch recognition authentic. Apart from, and independent of, such attestation, well founded or legendary, the intrinsic nobility of his character was royal enough to command universal simple faith worth more than royal lineage. Ready to render assistance to any one in need, to go out of his way to help those in difficulties, to give counsel, comfort and material aid, he was ever accessible to many and many a man, in whose love his memory is enshrined to this day. He missed no opportunity to do good. His life was actuated by the basic

principles of self-denial and service. Reference has already been made to his self-denial in respect of his brothers and sisters.

After doing all for them, he chose a wife for himself, in the person of Orrie Emma, daughter of the Rev. Levi Wood of America. His wedded life was a happy one. A daughter and son added joy to joy, and, after his death, another, the very image of his likeness, was born. But nowhere in a single family have the ways of God been declared, with such awful emphasis, not to be the ways of man, as in the tragic suddenness of the fate of the three children in May 1906. A broken-hearted mother, so smitten with desolation of spirit, is the sole survivor of the wreck of a family.

The Mudaliar's faith, so strong in suffering, so triumphant under trial, was his always. His reliance upon God was so unworldly as to be deemed to be unwise. He took no thought for the morrow. His religion was evangelical to the extreme, and his active service in the Master's work, begun in 1889, was unremittingly carried on with such ardour as once early made him forsake all -his high official position and the fascinating prospects of it -and follow in the wake of the Great Renunciation.

The Mudaliar was a man of great culture, well-informed and much read. In his latter years his reading was almost exclusively limited to the literature of religion and devotion. The saints of Hinduism, especially Thayamanavar, were closely studied by him, he bringing to bear upon the understanding and appreciation of their writings, his close acquaintance with Eastern and Western modes of thought. The study of religious and devotional literature led to practical results in him, steadying and stimulating the religious life which he began with his conversion in 1889. It bore fruit in another way. The poetic talent which he had inherited from his father, he put to the sacred use of devotion. His translations of English hymns, and original compositions in Tamil, are a worthy addition to Tamil Christian hymnology.

That a life so useful, so helpful to others, so worthy of the glad service for Christ, should have been cut short at the early age of forty two, is one of those mysteries which time cannot explain -and the sad sequel is more mysterious.

*I want these flowers for a crown
Where they will never fade, nor taint
Of earth can touch them, but will be
Immortal in no crown of saint
But in the glory of my God.*

Mrs. Kumarakulasinghe left her native land a maid alone, and when, after many years, she went back in 1906, she was destined to reach it a widow, as alone as before, nay, with a loneliness more intensely lone. The children contracted scarlet fever on board while crossing the Atlantic. The youngest was buried at sea, and the other two ashore at Brooklyn. It was a sad, very sad, sudden desolation, sweeping away into the unknown all that a widow was left for a season to love and to live for.

The mother's feelings are best given in her own words in an article in the Free Methodist, September 25, 1906.

Agilanda Catherine came to us a wee mite of a thing, but she developed into an ordinary sized girl, with large, dark eyes, dark curls, and always a very womanly mien.

Charlie, for he was named after his father, was a bright, fat baby, but when he was a year old he had a very serious sickness which left him never as strong again after that. He had a fine intellect though, and at seven years of age had so far advanced in his studies that he could do difficult sums in long division; and if he once tackled a sum he would not give up until it was finished correctly.

Willie was our baby, and he came a little while after his father's death, and was truly our joy, the children's as well as mine. Of a bright, happy, lively disposition, intense in everything that he did, and with a great kind heart, he seemed to be just what we needed in the home, where sorrow of his father's departure was still so keenly felt. Truly he was a gift of God to us, my darling, happy baby.

But just as they seemingly had become the most to me [and we were everything to each other], that ruthless destroyer, shall I say -no -reaper, garnered them in and in one short month my precious treasures were no more, no more to be seen by me on earth; though beyond my conception, I believe, happy, radiantly happy. But oh, the empty mother's arms!

Oh my baby, my precious little boy! How he used to wake out of his sleep and say, 'Mamma, I love you'; but the Father has them all. I wanted them, but they are delivered out of this present evil world. My baby boy lies in the waters of the Atlantic; but the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. How they suffered, but I wanted them still. Now they are gone, I thank God that they are better off. Though they were my own children, I must say that they were exceptionally intelligent and good. It was the father's intelligence they inherited. But they live and move and will go on progressing to all eternity. They got a good start here only to be continued. My darlings, all, all gone Oh, may my life be for the rest of it 'Thy kingdom come.' I do not say it selfishly, but they will come with the King.

Before dying my Thamby-boy [the second child], who had reached his eighth birthday four days before, asked me 'Mamma, may I go and play with baby [baby had gone before him]? 'Yes darling,' I said. Then he said, as if addressing his brother, 'You go first, I will go second, and Agil [his sister] will go third. And it was. A little after, I wrote on a piece of paper, 'Do you like to go to be with Jesus, and the angels, and papa?'; and with full consciousness he said cheerfully, 'Yes, I like to go, mamma; do you like it?', for he never wished to do anything unless he thought I liked it. I could say nothing. My Agil [Catherine] asked for a piece of paper and wrote, 'I love Jesus more than tongue can tell.' I wrote, asking, 'Do you like to live or do you like to go to heaven?' She wrote, 'I like to do what God wishes'; and another time, 'I would like to stay with you as long as I can, do you understand, mother dear?', and so this lonely place of suffering [and God only knows what agony of heart I have passed through, not so much since, but before they went] has been a Bethel to me. My heart bleeds still, but I know that God makes no mistakes. I look through the cloud to Him and I see His face.

And I can echo, Oh, the empty mother's arms, but I know they are taken from the evil to come. It was my daily and nightly watch that the enemy should not sow tares in my field of wheat. AND HE WAS NOT ALLOWED TO DO IT. How much I loved them I only now know; and that love draws me as with an irresistible attraction to heaven. * **

What does God mean by all this -Chellam's death at a time when life was so full of promise; his brother's when he was yet sorely needed on earth; that of the three dear little innocents, in their second, eighth and tenth years, when they might have been left to live to keep alive their father's name and be the sunshine and solace of the latter days of their mother's widowhood? We know not anything -we only know that the Loving Father doeth all things well. To Him be praise, praise though our eyes are tearful, and our hearts are heavy.