

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO THE FORCES OF EVIL.

BY CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.

Ye forces striving to dethrone,
At every stage, the righteous will,
To men of old as devils known,
'Tis meet to call you devils still.

How often have I turned and flung
My precious burden to the ground,
To foil a fierce attack that wrung
My strength from many a lasting wound!

And not in bold attempts alone;
Of fair allurements oft pursued,
To learn what first I should have known!
They glittered only to delude.

But conflicts hard have made me strong;
Less often than before, I stray;
Despite your schemes, infernal throng,
My soul has journeyed on its way.

My soul shall find its rest at last,
Within the realm of truth and right;
But ye, when all my toil is past,
Must wander through the endless night!

THE MUDALIYAR HEWAVITARNE.

Among the picturesque figures seen at the non-Christian delegation to the Religious Parliament of 1893, the Anagarika Dharmapala was one of the most striking personalities, and many of our readers have met him repeatedly and heard him lecture. He is at present in Colombo, Ceylon, and the latest news from him brings the information of his father's death.

Mudaliyar Don Carolis Hewavitarne was one of the wealthiest Singalese business men, who started life in poverty but overcame all difficulties by his ability as well as his honesty in business dealings. Mr. Don Carolis, as

he was first called, came to Colombo from his native town Matara, (where his brother was High Priest of the temple) at the early stage of eighteen years. With his limited means he started a commission business in a small way, supplying eatables and other merchandise to the people of Kandy and neighboring districts. He acted at the same time as an express agent for forwarding goods along the line of his business. He soon acquired the reputation of a reliable man, which formed the basis of a new enterprise in building up a furniture business. The beginning of his new venture was hard for he had many rivals, but most of them failed, and he succeeded not only in maintaining himself, but also in making his firm the best known all over the whole island. He started a manufactory of his own, improving the traditional methods of manufacture, invented new designs, and established business connections first with the Straits, then with Japan, and finally with Great Britain and the United States. In time he amassed a fortune which made him one of the wealthiest business men of the island.

A predominant feature of the late Mudaliyar's life was his devotion to his faith. He was a staunch Buddhist, and the founder of the Maligakande Vidyodya College. It was on his invitation that High Priest Sumangala came down and settled at Maligakande, taking sole charge of the institution. He was, moreover, a large-hearted, open-handed man. His left hand knew not what his right hand gave, but he was ever giving. The poor, the sick and the needy found in him a ready and a cheerful benefactor. His munificence, in spite of himself, eventually came to the notice of the Government, and he was honored with the rank of Mudaliyar—an honor he richly deserved.

The Anagarika Dharmapala is his eldest son. His second and third sons, Simon and Edmund Hewavitarne, are in charge of the business built up so laboriously by their father, the traditions of which they creditably maintain: while the youngest son, Dr. Hewavitarne, has just returned from Europe and set up in private practice.

The Mudaliyar was cremated, according to Buddhist rites, in the presence of 150 yellow-robed Buddhist monks, among them being the Right Rev. Jinavaravansa, briefly called the Prince Priest, who is a brother of the King of Siam, and renounced the world for the sake of devoting himself to a religious life.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A JAPANESE SUICIDE.*

BY HARRIS LEARNER LATHAM, A.M., S.T.M.

I am done. I have lived these one and twenty years in this world and among all my acquaintances I have found friends but one or two who see the meaning of my words and sympathize with the anguish of my soul. I have sought to know the secret of existence, to solve the riddle of life and discover my destiny. Among the philosophers I find only discontent and discordant opinions. The teachers who have pretended to guide me are unanchored buoys; their voices are but fog horns sounding only in clear weather.

* The young man to which I have reference committed suicide some two years or so ago by throwing himself over the falls at Nikko. His reasons for so doing were mentioned in a farewell letter which he composed. It was brief but contained the gist of what I have in my sketch. The facts appeared in the English and Japanese newspapers of the day. Any one who read these accounts will recognize the allusions at once. I do not wish to claim too much for what I write as I am relying entirely on memory.