

A Great Lover of

Rev. W. S. Senior, Sainly Character and Scholar

The Rev. W. S. Senior spent the greater part of his life in the service of this country and his comparatively early death was due to rigorous tropical conditions undermining a not very robust frame.

One of his greatest desires, namely, to see Ceylon and some of his numerous friends before his death, was gratified when he was able to spend a short holiday in the Island two years before his death, (in 1886) already a very sick

Honour Moderations (Ed. *Intermediate examination*) and a *Second Class in Greats* (Ed. *classics or philosophy*).

One of a Brilliant Band

When the Rev. A. G. Fraser was looking round for talent in the English Universities which he could enlist into service at Trinity College, Kandy he came across Senior who formed one of a brilliant set of men, including the late Dr. Kenneth Saunders from

dentia. Of course he was a poet, in the opinion of good judges the best English poet Ceylon has produced — for though he wrote when at Marlborough and Balliol, his best work was done in Ceylon and for Ceylon. A book of his verse was published in Ceylon under the title 'Vita Magistra,' (1837).

Made Trinity's Reputation

Trinity emerged as a Ceylon public school with a scholastic reputation with the appointment of Mr. Senior. His earliest students included two University Scholars, Mr. L. M. D. de Silva, K.C., and Mr. J. L. C. Rodrigo, who succeeded him as Classical Lecturer at the University College. Many of his pupils adorned various walks of life but several times that number cherish the memory of a beautiful character.

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Mr. Senior's interest in educational work prompted him to accept the post of first Registrar of the University College and Lecturer in Classics, but the material aspects of office and security had no appeal whatever to a man of his fine sensibilities.

Some of his decisions at the important cross-roads of

Archival notes

We reprint this inspirational piece by H. A. J. Hulgalle written on the 28th of February 1938 about Rev. W. S. Senior. This was Hulgalle's tribute to his teacher at Trinity College Kandy. W. S. Senior had been the Vice Principal of Trinity College. Recently the old boys of Trinity College are forming a Trust to maintain the graveyard of St. Andrew's Church Haputale where the ashes of W. S. Senior, his wife and son lie.

man who knew that the end was not far off.

Walter Stanley Senior was the son of a clergyman. He had his early education at Marlborough, a school to which he was deeply attached to and about which he wrote both in prose and verse. From Marlborough he won a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford. He took a First Class in Classical

Emmanuel College, Cambridge. N. P. Campbell, also a Balliol man, who was recognized as a great scientist, and J. P. S. R. Gibson, later Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

Senior was a fine classical scholar with a remarkable gift for conveying his own enthusiasm for the best in literature to those who were privileged to be his stu-

Ceylon



his life could only have been taken by one who never lacked the courage of his convictions. A career in Government Service with the prospect of a pension before him were no deterrents to the simple notion that he would like to live with his wife and children. But always there was at his heart-strings a tug towards the land of his adoption.

Ashes for Ceylon Churchyard

In a letter to a friend,

written a few months before his death, he said: "The idea has come to me that I should like my ashes, for I contemplate cremation rather than burial, to be interred in St. Andrew's Churchyard, Haputale."

Mr. Senior was married to a daughter of Bishop Poole, besides his wife, he had two sons one of whom is a member of the African Civil Service, and two daughters.

Farewell to Lanka

Mr. Senior's last poem — was typical of his love of Ceylon. In it occur the lines:

*I pass, but Thou, for ever
Thou remainest.*

*Lord yet to-be of all the
love of Lanka,*

*Blood from her heart,
high Wisdom of the ages.*

*O Star, O Sun of all the
magi distance.*

*All the green palm-lands
setting into Green.*

*All the far dream-blue di-
dents of mountains.*

*All the lone notes of pel-
can and egret;*

*Kingly stripped Nataraj
Wesra watching.*

*Silver itself Mahinda's
ridge of silver.*

*All the high rocks, the for-
est-rain rising.*

*Storied and still, through-
out a marvel-isle from*

*Trincomalee to
Tissamaharame.*

*Kindling all these, by
these to passion kindled.*

*Deep to their deep, a death-
less Music calling.*

*Mould thou the songs that
mould a noble people.*

*Peace shall be Thine; but
mine is holy torment.*

*Knowing I know not half
the love of Lanka*

Land of heart's longing.