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CONTENTS.

1. EASTERN IDEALS OR WESTERN IDOLS—WHICH?
BY M. U. MOORE, M.A.
2. MENTAL TREATMENT OF PHYSICAL AFFECTIONS
DR. I. DAVID B.A., L.R.C.P. & S. (Edin) L.F.P. & S. (Glas)
L.M. (Dublin)
3. LAWLESSNESS OF THE SINGALESE IN KALUTARA DISTRICT—
A FABRICATION. BY ALFRED E. ROBERTS
4. PARALLEL FROM HISTORY
5. A MODERN-DAY SLAVERY MRS. GRACE HUMAN
6. A STATE-AIDED GOD "ALTER EGO"
7. EDITORIALS—PROEM—THE ENGLISH IN CEYLON—SIR HUGH
CLIFFORD—THE AMENDMENT OF THE CRIMINAL PROCEEDURE
CODE—OUR CONTRIBUTORS.
8. SNIPPETS
9. REVIEWS
10. THE UNBEATEN PATH
11. COMING HOME TO ROOST

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The Searchlight.

(A BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, RELIGION, &c.)

VOL : I.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 1.

Eastern Ideals or Western Idols—Which?

BY

M. U. MOORE, M.A.

you are a trouble maker

MANY minds have been engaged on the problem of civilization and human progress, and with surprisingly contradictory conclusions. To some, civilization,—and by civilization I mean modern Western civilization—is only another name for progress; to others, that civilization, instead of making for the betterment and increased happiness of human life, is the very antithesis of real progress. To some (people, for the most part, who are in a position to utilize its appliances in order to protect themselves against the shocks and ills of life) the history of civilization has been an uninterrupted triumphant progress: to others (less fortunate in that they are debarred by circumstances from any such participation), its history is only marked by the mangled bodies of its victims.

Now when such radically divergent opinions are entertained we may be reasonably sure that neither of those opposing views is exclusively true; and that here, as elsewhere, the truth lies between. But while it may not be possible to give an unqualified answer to the enquiry as to whether civilization makes for the increased happiness and betterment of life, it is still possible, I think, to clear our thoughts on the matter by an attempt to understand some of the factors involved. It has been said, and not without good reason, that to understand the nature of a problem is to be already half way to an answer, and if in what follows we can reach some appreciation of the main issues concerned, at least the ground will be cleared sufficiently to enable us to perceive the direction in which we are travelling, instead of proceeding more or less at random as most of us at present do. Especially is such an investigation pertinent in the case of a race who find themselves confronted with new and alien modes of thought and culture, conformity to which means the recasting of many conceptions which formerly were accepted without question, and the remodelling of many customs and modes of life which have

behind them the weight of long tradition. In this Island of Ceylon, where East and West are brought into closer touch than anywhere else on the surface of the globe, the shock between the old civilization and the new must be of a more pronounced character than elsewhere. What is to be the upshot? We cannot tell. But while the issue remains doubtful, and so many are sitting, on the fence, they—the sitters—might be occupied to worse purpose than in an enquiry whether this wholesale adoption of Western civilization is, after all, the one thing desirable, and whether it is not just possible that local and traditional methods may not be better suited to the requirements of the people at large. If that civilization is not altogether a complete and conspicuous success in its own domain, is it likely that it will prove such under alien conditions? Is it even possible that it can be transplanted and flourish in a foreign soil? These are questions which well may give us pause. But prior to all such questions comes the question with which I started, does it conduce to the betterment of the people as a whole? has human nature under its sway changed for the better?

There are not a few thinkers who stoutly affirm that human nature is the same essentially as it was two thousand, five thousand, years ago: what *does* change, these people assert, is not human nature, but merely the environment. If this is so, all that civilization means is an increased store of experience, and progress or retrogression a gain or loss in that store. This extreme view seems to me unwarrantable. The difference between the highly civilized man and the savage cannot be adequately accounted for on such grounds. What differentiates the one from the other is not that the former is subject to the play of a much wider and more complex range of stimuli than the latter, but that the civilized man has developed the power to respond to those finer stimuli which awaken no response in the savage. This ever-increasing power of response to stimuli from without is what we mean when we speak of growth or progress; and it is obvious that the forth-putting of such power presupposes, and is tantamount to, a change in human nature, and would never come about if our nature were incapable of change.

Assuming therefore that human nature is capable of change, and does change in response to a changing environment, we have to ask what is likely to be the effect upon man of the stress of those conditions which make up what we understand by civilization?

To an enquiry of such a general nature only a tentative and approximate answer can be attempted, and it is clear that that answer will depend on what we conceive to be the most prominent characteristics of modern civilization.

They appear to me to be two in number:—

(i.) A most astonishing advance in scientific knowledge, and the control of material forces coupled with a corresponding decay in religious faith, when that faith makes demands upon us which conflict, or seem to conflict, with the

uniformity of natural laws. These two factors, leading, as they naturally do to an increased concentration on sensuous life, have resulted in :—

(ii.) A feverish activity of life, which finds expression, for the most part, in a great spread of the spirit of commercialism, in which wealth is pursued, and acquired, on an unprecedented scale, only made possible by the employment of those forces which science has placed at our disposal. This intense pursuit of wealth carried on, as it is, by means of a cut-throat competition in which the weaker are trampled underfoot by the stronger, and the simple outwitted by the cunning, leads naturally to its concentration in comparatively few hands, and the reduction of the great majority to a state of absolute dependency on its possessors : so that side by side with lives of inordinate wealth and ostentatious luxury are found lives of desperate poverty and unutterable wretchedness.

Such, very briefly, the outward characteristics : and now as to their inevitable effects on human nature :—

(i.) The first, and the most important effect indeed is a much greater degree of intellectual and mental intensification, which is, however, gained at an enormous cost of physical degeneration and organic wear and tear. The advance of science has prompted the first; the second mental intensification is the outcome of severe competition. We need not stop over the former, but the latter demands a little more attention. If life is more strenuous under modern conditions, the struggle is a struggle of mind against mind ; and this naturally results in a sharpening of the mental faculties, and the evolution of mental powers, which, under those exciting conditions, are developed more quickly than they would be if the struggle did not exist, or were not so sharp. This is a fact we should not fail to note. Degrading as this spirit of competitive commercialism is at first sight, under its stress mental and psychic qualities emerge, which are vitally necessary for growth, and which by some means or other—but not necessarily by this means—must be acquired or that growth will be checked. Take the case of a man whose one great object in life is to amass money. “What an unlovely life,” you say. Yes, that is true : but remember that that same man, if he is to succeed, has to devote himself unsparingly to his business, and in that business he develops concentration of mind, readiness of resource, and strength of will. Nor is that all. He must get up early and go to bed late : he must practise rigid self-denial in the way of pleasure, and lead a fairly clean life, or, under present conditions he cannot hope to prosper. Such a man may often therefore evolve more rapidly than many other kindlier natures, who are taking life as it comes and letting things drift. For the powers that are evolved are inherent in the life (soul, self) and not in the form, and therefore persist when the form is destroyed by death ; and when that man comes back into incarnation he brings those powers with him. You have but to change the *object* of his search and in such a nature you have the beginnings of the material which go to the making of a seer or a saint.

According to this view then this era of competitive struggle is a phase, or stage in evolution—a necessary stage perhaps but a temporary one. It will give place ere long to a “new order,” richer and fuller by the mental quickening which has preceded it. Terrible as are the miseries it involves, this is one side of the medal only. There is the other side as well, and if we “sow in tears, we may also reap in joy.” And this brings me to the second effect which, I think, is worth noticing.

(ii.) While life was never probably so intense and strenuous as it is to-day, it was never probably so “grey” an affair as it now is at least as far as the majority are concerned, and this “greyness” naturally reacts upon the mind, causing people to take a more or less desponding view of life. This pessimistic out-look is moreover, enormously intensified by the decay of religious faith, which I have mentioned above as one of the main characteristics of modern civilization. No one who is at all conversant with the literature of the last fifty years can fail to detect an underlying note of pessimism. It crept in when the idea of evolution, as opposed to special creation, took the place of the teaching given by the Churches. Do not let me be misunderstood. The evolutionary doctrine is true of course: no thinker seriously questions it for a moment. But being a partial and one-sided study, concerned only with the evolution of *form*, and taking no account of the other side of evolution, the evolution of the *life* (soul, self), it naturally failed to explain the riddle of life. The evolution of form alone is teleologically meaningless, because apparently purposeless,—a process directed to no ultimate end, since, sooner or later, it is destined to be ruthlessly swept away. But when that process is seen to be a process subservient to the evolution of life, the bettering of the instrument in accordance with the ever-increasing needs of the agent (the evolving life), its seeming purposelessness disappears, and we begin to identify ourselves with the life that endures, and not with the form which perishes when its work is done. As soon as the churches of the West modify their teaching, as they are beginning to modify it to-day, in accordance with the teaching of science, and abandoning the hopeless attempt of trying to ridicule and dethrone the great doctrine of evolution, supplement that scientific view with a teaching of their own on the lines indicated above (familiar enough already to students of Eastern thought), faith will revive, and that part of the grey gloom of life which is due to the loss of religious faith will disappear. But the effect would not stop there. With the revival of faith, a faith of joy and sweet reasonableness the nightmare of commercialism would gradually give place to healthier and brighter conditions, present economic conditions would be largely modified in accordance with a purer altruism, art would revive, (for religion and art are ever close allied), life would cease to be the gloomy thing it is now, and England would once more become the “Merry England” which once it was; for, certainly, no one would dream of applying that name to it to-day.

And now as to the conclusion to be drawn. If the view I have taken is correct, in spite of the fact that it does not, of course, pretend to be anything more than the crudest and more cursory of estimates, it will be seen that the question whether modern civilization conduces to human happiness or betterment is one which does not admit of a decisive answer either way. Clearly if it is a temporary stage, and one whose reign is not yet over, one will have to wait, till its time is run out before the net result, the balance of loss or gain, progress or retrogression, could be fitly estimated.

“Every age

“By being beheld too close, is ill discerned

“By those who havenot lived past it,”

and we, who are its cotemporaries, are scarcely in a position to measure it aright, or judge of the quality of the harvest before the grain is ripe. That may not be, perhaps, so long as we think. We appear to be on the eve of some great change, though none can tell what shape that change may take. It is becoming apparent in more than one direction that we are face to face with a deadlock which makes further progress on the old lines impossible. Everything points the same way. The hurrying rush of modern events, the intolerable burdens which are being laid upon the people, the constant menace of war, above all the chaos of opinions, social, economic, religious, all these are signs of the changing times, of the passing of the old, of the birth of the new.

It might be wiser, therefore, for those Eastern people, who are so ready to fall in with Western ways and methods, and to throw over the traditions of their own past as though that past were only

“A record

“Of degradation, ugliness and tears,

“Fit to erase,”

to pause awhile before they commit themselves wholly to Western ways of life, and modes of thought, before they renounce their own Ideals, the treasures which their founders have left them, for the material Idols of the West. The East has much to learn from the West, of course, much of science, of organisation, of educational training, of energetic discharge of duty. The West has much to learn from the East in the domain of religious and philosophical thought, in those matters which pertain to the depths, and not to the shallows of life. Is it too much to hope, as far as the Eastern people are concerned, that they will cease to imitate blindly, and often to their own undoing, what is supposed to be distinctive of Western culture, but which is frequently nothing of the sort, and, while preserving their own ideals, incorporate with those ideals what is alone of real value to them in Western thought and methods.

M. U. MOORE.

Mental Treatment of Physical Ailments

BY

DR. I. DAVID B.A., L.R.C.P & S (Edin) L.F.P. & S, (Glas) L.M. (Dublin)

“NOT a thought”, says Dr. Moore, “not an idea not an act of will, not an affection or a feeling of the mind, can be excited without positive change in the brain, and thence in the blood and the secretions; for every variation in the state of the whole or any portion of the nervous system is, of course, accompanied by a corresponding change in those organs and functions which it furnishes with energy, so that the mind and body are in a constant course of action and reaction on each other as long as life and consciousness continue”.

Each year physicians are awaking to the fact that they cannot treat disease apart from the man or the body apart from the mind. They are beginning to perceive that they can exert no small influence upon the minds of their patients, and, through the mind, upon their bodily processes; that there are several diseases produced by the mind, and that those mentally produced can also be mentally cured.

Medicine for the mind has existed for ages. Quacks in all countries practise one form or another of psychotherapy, and their success depends more on the mental influence they actuate than on the material agencies they adopt. Faith-healers, “Divine-healers”, “Christian Scientists”, devil-dancers, *et hac genus omne*, have readily “availed themselves of this marvellous force and directed it to form about them a cult of psychotherapeutic philosophy and pseudo-science. It is surprising what little attention is paid by the medical profession at the present time to psychotherapy. Medical men in this country, where the quack is so conspicuously abroad, appear to ignore the study, much to their own disadvantage, it would seem, and to the secret delight and obvious benefit of the ‘cure-workers’. Curiously enough, the part played by the mind in medicine is often better appreciated and seemingly more widely recognised by the laity than by the profession, who refuse to consider the subject probably from a mistaken notion that it is not in keeping with the ethics of the profession. Psychic treatment, they imagine, is the peculiar art and craft of the *vederala*, the stock-in-trade of quacks, with which there should not be the semblance or the suspicion of their acquaintance or association.

It may be somewhat astonishing to be told, but it is nevertheless a matter of common experience, that a well-known London

physician not infrequently prescribes some harmless nostrum of sweetened water, but no one would on that account venture to suggest he was a quack, or deny the success of his treatment, which upon purely scientific grounds, however' could be readily established to be physically inert and devoid of therapeutical effect.

Hypnotism has proved beyond doubt that the subconscious mind, mentally stimulated, can produce inflammation and other pathological processes. The "Lancet" (June, 1883) says:- "A full recognition of the value rightly attaching to the mental treatment of physical ailments will improve the usefulness of the physician, give him a higher place in the affections of his patients and materially assist in promoting their return to health when suffering from very various diseases, functional or organic". A few cheery words of comfort and hope may help where an infinite amount of drugs has served no useful purpose. May not this be the clue to much that is perplexing to us in regard of the success of some physicians whose knowledge of medicine is by no means profound?

But to return to the subject of this paper. The mind acts upon the body in two ways, consciously and subconsciously, That portion of the mind lying beyond the region of consciousness is known by several names, such as subconscious mind, unconscious cerebration, nature, and so on. Dr. Schofield who has written several books on this subject prefers to call it the 'unconscious mind'. Conscious efforts to reach and affect the body through the mind are not always successful. The conscious Will can scarcely affect the body by any direct effort, but it can, through the medium of the unconscious mind. The subconscious WILL, however, has extensive powers, and through the medium of its operation, is capable of producing changes, functional as well as organic. The new psychology no more considers mind synonymous with consciousness. Our numerous presentations, sensations and volitions belong to our psychic life, and the field of unconscious mental action is far extensive than that in consciousness. Still, there does not appear to exist any sharp line of demarcation between the two provinces, for unconscious presentations instantly become conscious and lapse again into unconsciousness when attention is momentarily bestowed on, or withdrawn from, them.

For the successful mental treatment of physical ailments, the physician and the patient must be in a subconscious state. There are on record interesting instances of diseases developed through the mind. Trousseau fell a victim to the organ which was his special study — the stomach. The theory in this case is that the mind continually fixed on any one part of the body naturally alters

the nutrition of that part, and renders it a predisposing factor to disease. For the same reason, an ordinary case of colic may, by the influence of the patient's mind, turn into a case of appendicitis. Indeed, the increase of this disease in recent years may be accounted for in this way; or, again, a part of a muscle may get contracted, or a portion of the bowel distended, in exact simulation of a tumour. Swelling and redness of a joint, or entire loss of sensation, and even paralysis, of some part of the body may occur in this way. Anaesthetists have come across subjects who became anaesthetised the moment the mask was placed over their face and they were told to breathe deeply and go to sleep and before there was time for the drug to produce any effect.

Dr. Charles P. Childe, in an address on certain latter-day intrusions of the surgeon on the abdomen, delivered last year before the Southern Branch of the British Medical Association at Portsmouth, said in reference to ulcers of the stomach, that in a certain proportion of these cases where the history was very definite and included all the classic symptoms of gastric ulcers, as set forth in the text-books, the surgeon would be disappointed to find no ulcer. This was especially apt to happen in young women. He could give no reliable diagnostic help in such difficult cases. It might be that after conversation with the patient, the medical attendant would have some suspicion of neurosis, difficult to define in words. He went on to remark:—"The exploratory operation no doubt cures some of these cases for a time, at least, by *suggestion*, as I myself have witnessed in two instances."

In the affection known as hysteria, which is a common ailment in this country, we have numerous instances of the mind controlling the body and producing morbid changes in its functions. Faulty methods of education, physical and mental, contribute largely in developing the tendency to hysteria. The encouragement, by undue indulgence, of personal vanity, selfconsciousness and want of self-control, is often observed to be a fruitful cause of hysteria. When a little girl is allowed to grow up to young womanhood with erroneous notions of her relations to others, accustomed to have every whim gratified and abundant sympathy lavished on her in all her imagined woes she naturally develops a moral organisation unfitted to withstand the cares and worries of her daily round, and her active mind being ill adapted to subserve the functions for which it is formed, is easily disordered and reacts abnormally to the ordinary stimuli of life.

Several forces affect a patient's mind in lessening, and sometimes even in curing his disease, apart from the effect and influence of the treatment to which he is subjected. They include hope, the assurance of recovery, the consciousness of improvement, the sympathy

and solicitude of friends, the devotion and ministrations of the nurse, and the whole-hearted attention of the doctor. The mental calm and resignation which comes to all sufferers by simple lapse of time, when remedies have produced no perceptible effect, may also be instanced as a conditioning factor. It is therefore the duty of every medical man to inspire his patients with fortitude and cheerfulness. Coleridge considered he was the best physician who inspired most hope. A good physician persuades his patients that the case under his care has his whole attention, that he thoroughly understands every detail of the complaint, and takes a hopeful view of it.

A recent remarkable instance of mental cure may be mentioned as showing the powerful impression produced on the mind by public opinion and popular delusions. Before the electric light baths were used by our late King and believed to be the secret of his wonderful health, they attracted little attention. As soon as royal patronage was bestowed on the treatment, however, the baths were crowded with eager patients, a great many of whom actually obtained relief. In these baths, electricity has really no therapeutic value, but its success depends on its popularity and psychic possibilities. In heart-disease, the most important indications are rest and hope. Hope gives the patient a sense of *bien etre*, which may help to re-establish the failing compensation of the organ; but despondency would depress and do positive hurt. The "Lancet" records a case of a woman who had tried every known remedy without avail and was at last cured by a medical man who prescribed pure water, and ordered an experienced nurse to be in attendance on her. Dr. Byrom Bramwell, at a meeting of the British Medical Association, in an able address on "Mistakes", said:-

"The composition of medicine which is prescribed in some cases is of little or no consequence. Distilled water given hypodermically is often very efficacious. The main object of the medicine is to keep up the mental effect produced by the favourable and confident opinion of the physician, and to impress the patient that something active is being done to cure her".

The potency of many patent medicines is in the effect they have on the mind. The "British Medical Journal" has some striking observations in its serial article on the composition of certain secret remedies. The following brief excerpt is of interest:-

"Obviously, anyone buying a remedy of this kind wishes to obtain a definite result.... In practically every case, the medicine first sent is accompanied by a recommendation of some "stronger" preparation, which is sure to be successful if the first one fails, as, of course, the vendor usually knows it is likely to. The disappointed purchaser is thus worked on to try the stronger preparation for which a higher price is charged, and in most cases a "still stronger" (at a still higher price) is held in reserve. In this way, a nostrum which is advertised at a low price, such as 1s, 1½d. or as a "free sample" serves as an

introduction for a means of extracting from 5s. to one or it may be several guineas."

It is not uncommon to find, however, these self-same patent panaceas producing the desired results through the exercise of faith on the part of the patient.

Dr. Hutchinson, author of the work, "Patent foods & Patent Medicines" recently delivered himself of some interesting remarks at the London Hospital on this subject. He said that the upper classes, the so-called cultured classes, believed in patent medicines and quackery to an extent almost incredible. Having carefully analysed and determined the chief ingredients in the patent medicines which flooded the country in recent years, he came to the conclusion that it ought never to be possible for a patent medicine vendor to say with truth that he had succeeded in curing a case where a qualified doctor failed. In other words, Dr. Hutchinson sought to say that professional men did not pay sufficient attention to the treatment of cases that came under them, and thereby opened the door to, and gave scope for, the practice and propagation of quackery. Empirical remedies, be it noted are profoundly psychic, and quacks thrive because those remedies are not without effect in many cases. This the qualified practitioner cannot, alas! deny, though he may deplore. Thus, the fact emerges that the arrest of quackery lies to a great extent in the hands of the medical men themselves; and the scientific education of medical men in mental dynamics, and the wider spread of Western methods of treatment under qualified medical men who have had proper scientific training...not "practitioners" who have been indiscriminately recruited from ranks inept for such work and registered under the new Ordinance...should speedily result in empirics finding their occupation gone, and the public protected against the risks of unskilled treatment.

On a future occasion, it may be possible to consider the special aspects of this interesting question, which the limits of time and space now make impracticable.

I. DAVID.

[We expect to publish the next article in the next issue.—Ed]

Lawlessness of the Sinhalese in the District of Kalutara, A Fabrication

BY

MR. A. E. ROBERTS.

MAN is by nature an animal, belonging to the class of placental mammals. It is sometimes called the rational animal, evidently to distinguish it from the other animals of the earth. But this rational

animal, when inflamed and infuriated by anger, becomes so irrational and so cruel, that his affinity to the brute creation becomes at once apparent and obvious, becomes at once manifest.

We have recently heard of two instances of this tumultuous out-burst of passion, this uncontrollable storm of emotion on the part, not of the "uncivilized" Sinhalese, not of the "unbred" Moor, not of the "unmannered" Tamil, all of whom, the "civilized" European calls "Niggers," but of two "urbane" Englishmen, the one a Civil Servant of the Colony, and the other a planter from the Meddagedara Estate of Benthota. The first was a most aggravated case of unblushing audacity, and brazen impudence, of which only a European is capable. It arose in this wise. The Civil Servant was travelling to Galle in the first class compartment of a railway train. At Kalutara, a highly respected Burgher lady, the most highly respected in that town, and well advanced in years, most innocently entered into a first class carriage as usual, but, unfortunately for her, the compartment into which she entered happened to be the very one in which His Highness the Civil Servant was travelling. Her entrance into the carriage was a signal for immediate hostilities. The Civil Servant, with enormous incivility in an instant sprang upon her like a tiger, and showered kicks and cuffs upon her. The petrified lady was struck dumb by this brutal, unprovoked and unexpected on-slaught. The suddenness of this violent onset naturally stunned her. Having been born of a highly respected Burgher family, accustomed from her young age to receive deference from all alike and used to the receipt of kicks and cuffs from no one, not even from her husband, who, had he been alive, would, have, with a single look of his consuming displeasure, blasted that disgraceful bully, that ruthless ruffian, who dared to raise his hand, and strike a helpless old lady, too infirm to defend herself against aggression; she naturally expected the simple respect due to a woman. She avoided the "Third Class" from a latent fear of molestation from that grade of passengers, who generally select that class for travelling. She was wrong there. She shunned the "Second" from a desire to eschew the company of those who seek that class for locomotion, a desire, the delicacy of which forbids expression. She was in error there. She courted the "first" because she thought that there she would be perfectly secure from personal violence and insult, from a set of men who generally travel in that class, and in whose code of ethics, the respect for women is a well recognised canon. She was immensely mistaken there; for, by seeking their company, she chanced upon the very danger she took so much precaution to avoid, a danger which she would not have encountered at all, had she travelled in any of the two classes she rejected. When she, in her innocence, entered into the compartment, with all hopes of a safe and pleasant journey, she never bargained to meet in that compartment a veritable "white polonga" from whose unreasonable venom, she was destined to suffer. Let us pause for a moment and reflect on her case. A feeble old lady enters a common railway carriage, not reserved for any-body. A young Englishman, a *Civil Servant* of the Colony, who happened to be in

that carriage, resents her entrance, pounces upon her and gives her a kicking. Could human flesh put up with such an indignity? Was not that circumstance calculated to make criminals of her relations, of her clansmen, of Dutch Burghers, of her countrymen, be they Sinhalese, Burghers or Tamils? These petty despotisms try the patience of men, and the repetition of them would drive them to acts of retaliation.

What could have possessed this servant of the crown, paid to be civil, to have betaken himself, to the perpetration of so cruel a deed, it is difficult even to conjecture. No one attributes offensive behaviour to the feeble old lady. She was incapable of such conduct. No body imputes to her unseemly conduct devoid of all propriety. Her breeding repels all that. Where then must we look to find out the cause of this ferocious aggression? It is to be found in the swelled head of the Civil Servant, who thought that her entrance into the carriage, consecrated by his sacred presence, was an insult to his dignity. What an idea! Has the government punished the Civil Servant for his nefarious act? For not raising his hat to an Englishman of Nuwara Eliya, the late Dr. Charles de Silva's brother was dismissed from the Public Service. For trivial offences like this other men of Ceylon have been similarly treated; but for kicking an old lady the Government offered him a premium and promoted him from a Police Magistracy to the Bench of the District Court. This is the justice which our rulers here mete out to Englishmen when they are guilty of acts of violence on the people of this country, and yet they speak of lawlessness among the Sinhalese people. It is a pity that such men should escape punishment but public odium would pursue him through Ceylon, as long as he lives here, and across the Indian ocean, over the Mediterranean, to England when he goes away, and hand him down to our posterity as a man worthy of their execration. The people of Ceylon always pardon their enemies, but this Civil Servant never. The insult offered to the old lady is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated, and forgotten.

The second instance of brutality is by a planter named P. H. O. Ash, the Superintendent of Meddagedara Estate, Benthota. The guilt of that "uncivil servant" of the crown, consisted only in kicking and cuffing an inoffensive feeble old lady of great respectability, for having presumed to enter into the railway carriage in which that great man was travelling, but the offence of the Meddagedara Planter contained in dragging an innocent carter out of his cart and knocking his teeth down his throat. What was the cause of this dastardly act? Judging from the seriousness of the crime one would naturally expect that the circumstances that led to the commission of so cruel an act must have been provoking in the extreme. We are mistaken here. The offender has allowed us no room for doubt or conjecture as to what it was. He has himself published his exploit, of which he does not seem to have been ashamed at all, in the only newspaper that is not ashamed of such acts, the "Times of Ceylon." What then was

the cause that impelled the Benthota Planter Ash to commit so grievous a hurt on a harmless carter? It was his simple indulgence in an innocent act of laughter at the sight of the plight of Mr. Ash on his bicycle. Is this what the Editor of the local Times calls "lawlessness"? If Mr. Ash and the Editor of the Times would characterise a carter's laughter at a cycle rider's sad plight as an act of lawlessness, what name would they give to a planter's act of knocking a man's teeth down his throat, coupled with an avowal of a blood-thirsty desire to commit manslaughter also? Which is lawlessness, the carter's laugh, or the planter's offence? To characterise the former as an act of lawlessness or to describe the latter as a deed of pacific obedience is to confess openly an utter want of simple acquaintance with the ordinary meaning of common English words, a literary sin, of which both Mr. Ash and the Editor of the Local Times stand convicted.

It was most providential that the carter did nothing beyond indulging in a simple titter, and if for a simple titter a man could have proceeded to such painful excesses, what would he have done for a slap on the face? Why, he would have committed murder.

The time within which this rude man could be brought to experience the justice of our penal laws, which he has so outrageously violated, has not yet passed away. To bring such offenders to justice is a duty cast upon the "Officers of the Peace" of the district, in which the offence was perpetrated, and should they in the discharge of that duty, drag Mr. Ash to Kalutara and place him in the dock of the court of the Police Magistrate of that town, a gentleman whose reputation has suffered at the hands of that volcanic planter, whose unruly tongue is destined to cause as much harm as his ungentle hands, he would find that Officer of Justice acting a role, infinitely different from the insulting one which he had suggested for his adoption, and instilling into him the salutary lesson that the existing laws of the country must be respected and that a flagrant violation of them must be punished with condign castigation, be the offender who he may.

Mr. Ash says that he was a police officer in the Transvaal country of South Africa, where the natives are taught to behave. Judging from the cruelty of the treatment which this whilom policeman of the Transvaal accorded to the Benthota carter for the trivial act of indulging in a laugh, we could well imagine the nature of the acts which the policemen of that country are in the habit of perpetrating, upon the poor Basuto there. Oppression and outrage form the salient factors of the conduct of the European towards the natives of Countries other than Europe. Some of their doings fill us with positive consternation. Is it possible for human beings to be guilty of such frightful atrocities? The historical annals of no country on earth have afforded a parallel to the deeds of horror which the civilized white man of Europe and America has perpetrated upon the innocent aborigines, of Peru. What an appetite some of the natives

of Europe exhibit for inhuman acts! The enormities which the Australian squatters practised upon the native inhabitants of that country, the barbarities, which the Englishmen of Transvaal perpetrated upon the Basuto there, the cruelties which the Italian soldiers inflicted upon the women and children of Tripoli, the horrible massacre of the peaceful Azties at Xaragua, in Hispaniola, by Ovando, the Spanish governor, and the sad fate of Anacaova its beautiful queen, all these in their horror pale to utter insignificance, when compared with the appalling acts of enormous crime practised upon the inoffensive Aztecks of Peru, by the civilized American and the polished Englishman. The doings and professions of Mr. Ash discover a peculiar aptitude for the commission of acts of ferocity. It is a great pity that this ex-policeman of Transvaal ever came to our country to initiate our countrymen into the acquisition of an inhuman appetite for the commission of crime at the very mention of which humanity shudders. Let him retire to the Transvaal from which he hails, or go to Peru. In those two countries he is sure to find occupation congenial to his tastes and propensities.

The great mistake Mr. Ash committed was to put the civilized Sinhalese man on the same footing with the barbarous Hottentot of South Africa. This ex-Police Officer does not seem to know aught of the glorious civilization of the ancestors of the Sinhalese man. Had he known that some three centuries before the Christian era, when the ancestors of the present day Englishman were degraded savages running wild with painted bodies, without a vestige to cover their nakedness; when the forefathers of the modern Dutch and Germans were barbarians without a ray of enlightenment, when the progenitors of the Portuguese of the 20th century were brutes of a similar complexion, the forbears of the Sinhalese man were most highly civilized, a civilization which existed twenty three centuries and with which Greece and Rome alone of the Western nations could compare, and a civilization founded upon the *ahimsa* philosophy of *sakyamine*. Being an heir to such a civilization, the Sinhalese man is polite in the extreme. We defy anybody to mention any nation to surpass the Sinhalese man in courtesy and kindness, in hospitality and mildness. From the brutal atrocities which the civilized White man of Europe has perpetrated upon the poor, innocent, inoffensive, defenceless people of other countries his mind recoils in disgust and alienation. His ancestral civilization had been passed upon lines *toto coelo* different from those upon which that of the West is founded. The former was a result of immense mental culture, but the latter is the outcome of sheer physical development, in which mental culture had little or no concern. But with all his kindness of heart, the Sinhalese man has earned an ill-reputation of appealing to the knife at the slightest provocation, a trait, which the rigorous legislation of years has not tended to curb a whit. Had Mr Ash known ought of the historic fact of the Sinhalese man's civilization or the physical fact of the Sinhalese man's anger when roused by injury and insult, he would have

let the carter alone. That cruel act of Mr. Ash has rightly roused the righteous indignation of the whole Sinhalese nation. A Sinhalese man will not tamely submit to the kicks and cuffs of anybody. The European planter has to wait long before he can expect such passive resignation from the Sinhalese man. The methods which Mr. Ash adopted to teach lessons of behaviour to the Sinhalese man might perhaps answer in the Transvaal Country, or in the back grounds of Peru, but they are destined to experience defeat here. The policeman of Ceylon has earned a great notoriety for deeds of cruelty. We have for sometime past been under the mistaken impression that it is only policemen of Ceylon that indulge in the Procrustean past-time of cudgelling men taken into their custody, We must apologise to the policemen of other Countries, particularly to those of Transvaal for the wrong we have so unwittingly done them, in having supposed humane conduct a possibility within the practical ethics of the policeman of that remote Country. The iniquitous behaviour of one of their whilom confreres answering to the name of Ash, now living at Meddagedere Estate, in Bonthota, towards a Sinhalese carter, has made it abundantly clear that pity, fellow feeling, forbearance, and obedience to law, are all unknown factors in the moral code of Transvaal Policeman. Mr. Ash seems to have been evidently brooding upon some wrong done either to himself or to some other European. Constant reflection upon this injury seems to have filled his mind with the spirit of revenge and at the first opportunity his pent up indignation burst forth in an effervescence of rage, which he vented upon the first Sinhalese man who had the audacity to laugh at the ex-policeman's troubles. What a pitiful exhibition of temper!

We have been taught to believe it as a fact established beyond a doubt, that of the human beings that inhabit this planet none are more humane than the White inhabitants of Europe. Recent events have, however, shaken our belief in such myths to its very foundation. The bare mention of those brutal and appalling atrocities which the Europeans and the Americans of Peru perpetrated upon the inoffensive people of that country have filled our minds with ineffable horror. No pen, conceding to it the utmost perfection of human intelligence, can ever pretend to give more than a faint idea of those frightful revolting deeds of crime, unparalleled in history for their enormous wickedness. The people of Abyssinia, for some cryptic inexplicable reason, paint the Devil in white. Has circumstance any root in the frightful iniquities which the European friend have practised upon the black man? It is the only apparent reason for the Ethiopian's act. If a common refusal or a failure to produce rubber could coerce the European to the commission of such frightful deeds of iniquity, what would be the character of the punishment which a black man would bring upon himself, for any crime committed by him on the "white man" It is terrible to think of it. No act of cruelty, which the black man has ever perpetrated upon the White man, could ever, for one transient moment,

be compared with the savage brutality, the demoniacal ferocity of the fell deeds of the White friends of Peru, settled down there in quest of rubber.

That is the place for Mr. Ash. In the back grounds of Peru, he could give untrammelled exercise to his fists, and with ease and impunity knock the teeth of the inoffensive Aztecs of that Country down their throats. But here in Ceylon, such pastime would be attended, with considerable inconvenience. A man who commits such offences stands a chance of being prosecuted and punished for transgressions of the established laws. The White man here has not yet dared to practise such inhuman atrocities on the Sinhalese man as he has done in Peru. Besides the danger arising from such violations of the law, the Sinhalese man is not likely to submit tamely to such indignities. Being the heir of a civilization hardly surpassed by any that had appeared before, or graced the world since, the Sinhalese man is naturally a proud man. Let Mr. Ash take care how he attempts such exploits again. They may lead him to destruction.

It is with pain that we observe daily the growing racial antipathy between the Eastern and the Western people. What was once a trivial foolish dislike has now grown to be a positive implacable hatred. This racial odium, while it has, on the one hand, completely effaced all sense of justice of the White man, in questions affecting the black man's interest it has, on the other, entirely eradicated from the mind of the black man, that respect which the white man's pristine fairness and uprightness had engendered. The European has seen it, and he resents it, and he in his anger, essay to regain by war what kindness and justice alone could redeem: Here was the initial blunder of Mr. Ash, and we are sure that now no man regrets the incident more than Mr. Ash himself.

The cause which has led to the unfortunate racial hatred is not far to seek. It is to be found in the false deceptive idea, which the fair exterior of the Western man leads him to entertain, that the Western man is superior to the Eastern man in every conceivable respect. At this absurd idea, the Eastern man, naturally scoffs. It is perhaps a physical fact that, as a general rule, the physique of men born in temperate zones is more hardy and capable of enduring greater fatigue than that of the man born in the torrid zone; but the question is not whether the physical frame of the European is stronger than the constitution of the black man of the East, but whether the former is superior to the latter in point of intellect? That question can have only a negative answer. The Western man's mind is so far from being superior to that of the Eastern man's that it can hardly claim even an equality with that of the latter.

The growing spirit of independence amongst the Easterns is a source of great solicitude and anxiety to the Europeans. It is wrong to attribute such a spirit to pride, and insubordination. It is nothing else than the tendency of the restless age in which we live, a tendency which it would

be folly to try to restrain by artificial trammels. It cannot certainly be repressed by the means adopted by Mr. Ash, savage pugilism. If the native Sinhalese man of the district of Kalutara has assumed an attitude of hostility towards the European planter there, then indeed it is a departure from his customary regard towards the latter. What is the cause of this sudden change from respect to insolence? Does that circumstance find a root in arrack or radix in toddy? We doubt it very much. We ascribe it all to an undignified, insolent overbearance on the part of the planter towards the Sinhalese man, who resents it. The South African aborigin might perhaps think nothing of such rudeness, but it is highly distasteful to the Sinhalese man.

If Mr. Ash thinks that by such acts of open violence, of which he is guilty, he could curb the proud spirit of the Sinhalese man, and exact that respect for him which the Englishman's dastardly acts are making the Sinhalese man forget fast, he is much more mistaken than Alibaba's brother Cassim, who stood crying "Open barley" "Open wheat" to the cave's door, which opened only at the pronouncing of the mystic words "open Sesame." Cassim fully wrought his ruin, and the persistence of Mr. Ash in the perpetration of similar cruelties might lead him to share a similar fate.

In this age of progress and enlightenment, the cruel act of which Mr. Ash stands guilty on his own admission, is a disgrace to him, and is calculated to lower him in the estimation of the public. It makes them pay him no greater regard than they vouchsafe to an irrepressible, ferocious-bully. People respect the peaceful man, who offends none, who respects all, and who never interferes with other people's rights and privileges. The nature's favourite, the man who boasts of his physical strength, the man who flares up at the slightest offence, the man who knocks innocents people's teeth down their throats, the public generally wish to hang by the neck, or astrocise from civilized society.

From what we have stated above Mr. Ash might derive a very profitable lesson for his future guidance. Let him only recall to his mind the philosophers' behest "Do not do unto another what is distasteful to thy self," and he becomes at once a gentleman, a favourite of society.

ALFRED E. ROBERTS.

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A Parallel From History.

[THE following extract is from a speech of Mr. John Bright M. P. on "India" delivered before the House of Commons on the 24th June 1858. We need not say that the "Times" referred to is not the local Paper of which Mr. Ash is an esteemed correspondent. Every one knows that "The Ceylon Times" is incapable of such a sensible, generous and gentlemanly action. —Ed]

“Mr Russell of “The Times” says: ‘I went off to breakfast in a small mosque, which has been turned into a *salle à manger* by some officers stationed here, and I confess I should have eaten with more satisfaction had I not seen, as I entered the enclosure of the mosque, a native badly wounded on a charpoy, by which was sitting a woman in deep affliction. The explanation given of the scene was that—[the name of the English man was left blank, thereby depriving the poor fellow of the privilege of being handed down to posterity as a — never mind] had been kicking two of his bearers (or servants) and had *nearly murdered them* (The italics are ours—Ed) This was one of the servants, and, without, knowing or caring to know the causes of such chastisement, I cannot but express my disgust at the severity—to call it by no harsher name — of some of our fellow countrymen towards their domestics.’

“The reading of that paragraph gave me extreme pain. People may fancy that this does not matter much; but I say it matters very much. Under any system of government you will have Englishmen scattered all over India, and conduct like that I have just described, in any district, must create ill-feeling towards England, to your rule, to your supremacy: and when that feeling has become sufficiently extensive, any little accident may give fire to the train and you may have calamities more or less serious, such as we have had during the last twelve months. You must change all this if you want to keep India. I do not now make any comment upon the mode in which this country has been put into possession of India. I accept that possession as a fact. There we are; we do not know how to leave it and therefore let us see if we know how to govern it. It is a problem such as, perhaps, no other nation has had to solve. Let us see whether there is enough of intelligence and virtue in England to solve the difficulty. In the first place then, I say let us abandon all that system of calumny against the natives of India which has lately prevailed. Had that people not being docile the most governable race in the world, how could you have maintained your power for 100 years? Are they not industrious, are they not intelligent, are they not — upon the evidence of the most distinguished men of the Indian Service ever produced—endowed with many qualities which make them respected by all Englishmen who mix with them?

I have heard that from many men of the widest experience, and have read the same in the works of some of the best writers upon India. Then let us not have these constant calumnies against such a people. Even now there are men who go about the country speaking as if such things had never been contradicted, and talking of mutilations and atrocities committed in India. * * * Whether I were a native of India, or of England, or of any other country, I would not the less assert the great distinction between their position and ours in that country, and I would not permit any man in my presence, without rebuke, to indulge in the calumnies and expressions of contempt which I have recently heard poured forth without measure upon the whole population of India.

A Modern-day Slavery.

BY

MRS. GRACE HUMAN,

I think it may interest some to know what the beginnings as well as the later developments of that movement against the vilest form of modern slavery ever known, the traffic in young girls, which in Colombo has now gained notoriety and momentum under the name of the "Reclamation Road Campaign."

Well, it began in prayer. Most movements for humanity do begin that way.

At that time, five years ago, I used to go daily in the early morning to read with a missionary friend. After our reading we used to talk. On one of these occasions she told me she was much troubled by the account her Bible-woman gave her of the temptations young Sinhalese girls were exposed to in Colombo. She said "I wish we could do something. Will you pray with me for the purity of Colombo." On that, we discussed what she exactly meant by purity. When we had agreed that we both meant by it real love, as opposed to lust, I promised that I would pray. From that day we both prayed, each in our own house, for that one thing—the purity of Colombo. Soon after, a book on India, written by Miss Carmichael, was lent me. I forget its name, but those who have read it will know that it gives a terrible history of the way little children are dedicated to a life of prostitution in the service of the Hindu Temples, and how countless other little girls are sold in infancy to women of ill-fame to be trained in their own vile trade. The book made a powerful impression on me. I began to ask myself "If these things are done in India, so close to Ceylon, is it likely that Ceylon is quite free from them?" I talked to my friend, and we began to make enquiries. At first these seemed to lead nowhere, and my friend, unhappily for me, left for England. But not long after, I got a message from the Salvation Army Rescue Home, telling me that if I cared to call there, a worker might be able to give me the information I was seeking. I went. I found her to be a Tamil lady who with her husband was doing excellent work in the Pettah by teaching the poorest of the Tamil street-children. She told me that in a road close to where they lived, children could be seen nightly in the houses of ill-fame: and she offered to take me there, to see for myself. This road was Reclamation Road. I did not go that night, but I went many times later with missionary friends; and there in the big up-storey houses, the "permitted" houses where the foreign prostitutes live, we saw the children, that is young native girls from 10, 11, and 12 years old, powdered and tricked out in short white skirts. We saw also their visitors who for the most part were European men.

Little by little, we learnt a great deal about these places and their inmates. We learnt that these houses had been established a great many years, and that a regular and constant traffic in innocent village girls was carried on for their supply. But we did not learn, then, that these houses were actually permitted by the police and Government. Indeed I thought that we had only to draw the attention of the head of the police to their existence for them to be closed immediately. For not only was there this traffic in children—an evil that I thought every man would do his best to stop—but my lawyer friends had shown me ordinances which proved that brothels were illegal, and that to keep them was an offence against the law. So, as soon as our Vigilance Society was formed, I thought that its immediate action should be to interview the Inspector General of Police and to demand that all these long established houses in this particular Road should be closed. However, I had to be patient. Some of the older men in the society advised waiting until information as to the procuring of the girls from the villages could be obtained: and I was instructed to visit some villages in the south from which they were reported to come. I went: but only at one village could I get definite information that girls had been procured regularly, and had been sent down in batches, time after time, for the use of these houses: and in that particular village the trade had already ceased, I came back, and urged that there should be no further delay; and one of our members, a prominent Englishman, soon after, saw the Inspector General of Police. What was my amazement and consternation to learn that though the Inspector General of Police knew that keeping these brothels was an offence against the law, and that their existence depended on a continual supply of young girls, yet he refused to shut them on the grounds of their being “a necessary evil”!

I need not insult those who read this, by assuring them that this is not true. They will know that God did not make this world nor man's nature so vile, that prostitution, brothels and the ruin of young girls are a necessity.

This was the first check that we received. The history of the following years until the present one is almost a repetition of the same efforts and the same check. We sent a memorial signed by all the leading Christian ministers, including the Bishop and Archbishop of Colombo, and by all the most prominent public men except Government-Officials, asking for the closing of these houses—We sent it first to the Inspector General of Police, later to the Governor—All in vain. We received the same answer “this is a necessary evil.”

I confess that I almost despaired, and I believe that others in our society were discouraged. There seemed such a vast power arrayed against us—the Government, the police and all that concourse of men whom we had seen, night after night, gaily going into these houses taking it all as a matter of course. We saw it was no good trying to move Government. We must take action ourselves. We determined to prosecute one of the worst of these brothel-keepers—a man called “Chara.”

While we were in process of preparing for this, getting with extreme difficulty the necessary legal proofs, raising money, and seeking the help of lawyers and proctors Mr. John Cowen from Calcutta came to help us. This man is a devoted soldier of Christ, and his coming changed the aspect of everything. He started the campaign from a new stand-point altogether. He told us that the power of Christ was greater than the power of any Government: but that to gain the power of Christ, we must ask for it—we must pray. And, as the movement had begun in prayer, so it renewed its strength by prayer, courage came back to all of us, and we found what we had been blind to before, that there were many ready to join and help us. Direct action was advocated by Mr. Cowen and as all readers of the "Christian Watchman" or the "Morning Leader" already know, "pickating parties" of Y.M.C.A. men and others were formed to patrol Reclamation Road every night. Men visiting the brothels were warned and persuaded against entering them "There are children here" they were told, a fact that we hope and believe has ceased to be a fact any longer, at any rate for the present. The very young girls seem to have been sent away by the keepers—where we do not know—and their places not re-filled.

All else that I could tell you can be learnt much more effectively, week by week, in another paper. Enough that we are making head-way, that the police at last are taking action, that the houses at last are beginning to be closed. Much, the greater part still remain to be done—The three worst and largest of established brothels have not been touched. But our encouragement is this, that through the power of Christ what had seemed immovable at last has begun to move. In his strength we shall go on, till the permitted brothel and the permitted traffic in young girls which is its necessary outcome have become nothing but an evil memory. We ask for your prayers.

GRACE HUMAN.

A State-Aided God.

The Searchlight of Truth on Christian Faith and Practice.

“THE religion of one age,” says Emerson, “is the literary entertainment of the next.”

Nearly twenty centuries have now sped by since, according to a favourite children's hymn, an angelic host, fluttering over an inn in Bethlehem of Judæa, heralded the glad advent of the Messiah, and brought to slumbering shepherds the message of peace and goodwill among men. The first part of the prophecy was duly accomplished when, in the fullness of time, Jesus came, and, by precept and example, pointed the way to a better and more perfect life. After a brief ministry, however, a career, full of purpose and

promise, destined to change the heart of the world by the lessons it preached, closed sorrowfully on the cross, through the devices of cruel men whose wickedness received a sharp rebuke from the teachings of the sinless Jesus. But the shameful death only served to wreath the hero with an ineffable glory, whose lustre has reached down the ages and proclaimed him to be the eternal Light of the World.

After his death, designing people, anxious to exploit popular credulity and reap a rich harvest from the imposition, built a system of thought based upon his tropes, rather than on his principles, and gave it the name of Christianity. "Peace and Goodwill" was the essence of the religion of Jesus; but the new cult went forth on its mission with sword unsheathed and arrayed in all the grim panoply of war. The cross was the dread image and symbol of its doctrine; and tens of thousands of good men and true who reproached the fetich or sought to purify the faith of its pestiferous accretions, suffered the most exquisite torture, and though, some were able in the end to escape death, many there were who perished rather than let their lips be traitors to their conscience.

The history of two thousand years of the progress of the religion does not still quicken in us hopes of the immediate fulfilment of the second part of the celestial prophecy; and these somewhat methodless musings venture to furnish a forecast of the future by indicating how, at the present time, beaten back by the tide of progress restrained by scientific inquiry and research, and checked by the forces of a new and humaner civilisation, the superstition has shrunk into a religion 'established by law,' abated to the pathetic limits of a state-disciplined institution, and how, even thus atrophied, it discloses a frequent sully in practice of the motives claimed to influence its missionaries and representatives. The logical conclusion which emerges from these considerations is not discussed, but is left to press itself upon the minds of those who, while justly acclaiming our constitution as the highest ideal of practical politics, have still been misled into thinking that its excellence has anywise resulted from its consonance with those great and lofty principles on which the structure is alleged to rest.

II.

It is at once the charm and singularity of the Christian religion that it differs from all other religions in the enjoyment not merely of the espousal and support of Royalty, but also of its distinguished and gracious suffrage. Islam has its spiritual head in the Caliph, who, picturesquely enough, styles himself "Commander of the Faithful;" but Christianity, or more precisely the conception of it entertained by the Established Church, vaunts a superior patronage. Its destinies are controlled by the Sovereign of the British Empire, who is required to combine with his high and responsible office the trusteeship of the Protestant religion in order to render his succession constitutional, and so becomes in respect of it the approved and authorised "Defender of the Faith".

The title at first seems to have been little more than honorific, and as a matter of history, was conferred by Pope Leo X, in the twelfth year of his reign, on Henry VIII for a treatise, *Assertio, Septem Sacramentorum*, which the latter wrote against Luther, in defence of papacy, pardons, and the seven sacraments. The original volume is said to be at the Vatican, and contains an inscription in the King's handwriting: *Anglorum rex Henricus Leoni X mittit hoc opus et fidei testem et amicitiae*; whereupon the Pope issued a bull accrediting Henry *Fidei Defensor* and commanding all Christians so to address him. The precious document conveying this privilege is dated the 11th of October, 1521, and contains the signatures of four bishop-cardinals, fifteen priest-cardinals, and eight deacon-cardinals, in addition to the Pope's own seal, so that it must not be supposed we are speaking of it without appropriate solemnity and a becoming sense of its weight and authority.

When Henry renounced and broke with the papacy, however, Pope Paul III deprived him of the designation: but parliament, in 1544, confirmed the title of "Supreme Head of the Church on Earth," to him, and it has since been used by all his successors on the English throne. British monarchs in token of this ecclesiastical office take an oath upon accession promising to "maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law," and to "preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship discipline, and government thereof." Until recently, this pledge of communion with the Protestant religion used to be garnished with loud and vehement anathemas against other religions in general and the Roman Catholic persuasion in particular; but insistent public opinion has succeeded in purging the declaration of an undeserved affront to a very large section of loyal British subjects who are adherents of the proscribed faiths, and whatever alarm and disappointment Protestant Alliance Associations may feel with the mildness of its terms, the oath in its modified form contains no sentiment which can justly be regarded as exceptionable.

But the strange fact remains that, conferred originally for one reason, the designation has now come to be employed for another, and that far from being the champion of popish rights and institutions, the sovereign of England is at the present time the acknowledged head and front of the Protestant movement, which is aimed at the gradual repression and final overthrow of papacy in the world. How far success has advanced this ambitious project to free Catholicism of its abuses, is a question of absorbing interest to students of comparative theology, and a cursory survey of the positions of the two parties at the present time would appear forcibly to illustrate the saying, "Truth is a good dog, but when it barks too close to the heels of an error, it is apt to get its brains kicked out." The situation, indeed, suggests the inevitable reference to the young redoubtable who attempted to catch a Tartar; but that is quite another story.

To return to our subject, then, it is noteworthy that a title derived primarily and essentially from Romish sources, and earned by vindicating Romish pretences and practices, now gathers force and meaning from being directed against those very claims and arrogances which were once upheld, favoured, fostered, and fought for. Be that as it may, we are concerned here only with the ethical and spiritual, as distinct from the political and parliamentary, significance which attaches to it, and to that end it will be interesting to discover what practical relation the designation bears to the moral governance of those to whom the control associated with it in other respects applies.

Now, although it is common knowledge that the Church of Rome claims that its head is personally invested with all the powers enjoyed by the universal church, and possesses the same authority and infallibility in supreme pronouncements on matters of doctrine as the whole church, it is not generally understood that the British Parliament closely simulates the Pope in this regard, and arrogates to itself much the same right in defining and interpreting articles of faith; and the teachings of the Church of England, as at present embodied in the Book of Common Prayer, or hereafter to be altered or varied, have to be ratified by act of Parliament before they can become a part of the orthodox doctrines and formularies of public worship.

There is, also, another feature which establishes a still closer correspondence between the British Sovereign and the Roman Pontiff, for despite disestablishment, the personal relation of the Crown to the Church and of the Church to the Crown in Parliament, involves certain rights and restraints which the Sovereign may exercise in regard to nominating bishops, sanctioning acts of convocation, and maintaining jurisdiction over the teaching, worship, discipline, and administration of the Church.

It will be readily granted that, from a purely theological point of view, the idea of a spiritual authority deciding questions of episcopal succession and defining doctrines concerning faith and morals, is more compatible with reason and sentiment than that of a secular body of divergent and conflicting persuasions legislating on the internal administration of a sectarian church and the interpretation of its solemn rites and dogmas. It is also more in conformity with teaching that the selection of bishops and other officers should be controlled by an apostolic college or conclave, than by royal assent or the will or favour of the Sovereign. But the reduction of statesmanship to a fine art has made it possible for ecclesiastical offices to be in the gift of the political party in power, and the King, by delegating the authority vested in him, may make and unfrock bishops and other dignitaries without any reference to those principles of succession which have been enjoined by scripture and confirmed by the history and traditions of the church. So that, by an anomalous situation, the Sovereign is sometimes called upon, as Defender of the Faith,

to exercise prerogatives extraneous to the temper and tenets of the faith he defends, and it will presently be shewn that where his Majesty does not directly employ the privileges assured to him, his ministers may, without apparent restriction, attach his assent and pleasure to legislation opposed to the spirit and essence of the faith he is pledged to protect and propagate.

III.

The dispassionate thinker is apt to regard the regulation of hierarchical matters by civil law, interference in the control and disposition of ecclesiastical offices, and the assumption of exegetic powers by a secular authority, as an infringement upon the time-honoured rights and liberty of the church, and a menace to its integrity and spiritual autonomy. From a political point of view, the undesirability of such a relation, apart from its inexpediency, must be quite evident when it is considered that the practical effect of the union of Church and State is the endowment of a particular cult out of the common funds of the community and at the peril of its peace and harmony.

Where, however, all the units of a nation subscribe to the same creed, the incidence of the subsidy may not be felt so greatly as where it operates in favour of the religious beliefs of an insignificant minority, and in an Eastern country, where there is always a clatter and clash of faiths, the privileged position occupied by any religion must induce a certain measure of unsympathy and bitterness in the minds of members of antagonistic faiths. It may also incite a sharp criticism of the propaganda which such an organisation attempts to carry out at the expense of the public exchequer, and the natural inference which might be drawn from an impartial consideration of the subject, in reference solely to state finance, would be, that the consolations offered by the religion in question were not in themselves sufficiently agreeable to the reason or compelling to the emotions to ensure its maintenance and perpetuation without the intervention of adventitious aids.

If this view of the matter as applied to Christianity is considered unreasonable, then the alternative presented is clearly that its establishment by law has not been prompted by a desire to enforce it upon those outside its pale, but has proceeded from a sincere appreciation of its doctrines, and a firm conviction in their suitability as a basis for all equitable legislation and beneficent government. The question then arises: Admitting, and emphatically asseverating, that the dispensation under which we live is the best and wisest of all conceivable dispensations, have the transactions of government, which sets itself up to represent essentially Christian modes of thought, implied, at all times, the pursuit of those considerations which are reputed to be the basic principles of all its action?

If the answer to that inquiry be in the affirmative, it will be interesting to learn from what portion of the Christian scriptures our legislature has

been able to derive justification for its extraordinary insouciance to, and connivance at, the innumerable vices which disgrace our public life,—immorality, intemperance, and all the other corruptions which beset our social state, which sap up and destroy the forces which make for purposeful and economic citizenship? If, however, the reply be in the negative, it will still be interesting to know what object is intended to be achieved by allowing the shams and hypocrisies which now affect the disguise of religion,—and a religion established by law, forsooth,—to obscure the real purposes of Government by the specious implication that all its law and authority are primarily designed for the moral advancement and spiritual progress of the people, and only as a matter of secondary importance, for the exploitation of the resources of the country.

The matter is of more than academical interest, because there is a popular belief that the Christian religion and our precious bureaucracy are synonymous terms; that a colonial governor is necessarily an incarnation of the deity; that every legislative enactment is a manifestation of the divine energy; every amending ordinance, a piece of inspired and prophetic writ; and the public service itself, a sacerdotal institution into whose hands has been entrusted the torchlight of knowledge to reclaim unregenerate humanity from the error of its ways. But except that it approximates Providence in its utterances being generally oracular, its attitude inscrutable, and its ways quite mysterious and past finding out, Government has no better title to a celestial inheritance than a plain, unwashed Britisher has to a solar ancestry. To the best of its ability, no doubt, it tries to conserve the interests of the heterogeneous masses committed to its keeping; but the path of progress has always appeared to lie along the line of least resistance to its financial returns, and political, rather than humanitarian, considerations seem invariably to have set the pace and determined the course.

A concrete example may elucidate the distinction involved. A public house, admitted on every hand as the most potent of all imbruting and locusting agencies which curse existence, is permitted to sell intoxicants to be consumed sometimes on the premises, and sometimes not, Government itself producing and providing the supply. This regulation in the method of distributing its manufacture, which merely affects the stamp duty payable by the licensee, is the only extent to which Government will go in the control of the liquor trade. It may be perfectly sound politics; but the point is, is it even partially sound morality? The abolition of the licensing system, which gives a legitimacy to an unholy traffic, and countenance to a debasing, soul-destroying habit; the dismantlement of state-owned distilleries; and the energetic suppression of the vice, is the extent to which the thinking public asks Government should go in checking this hideous blight. It is demanded as a matter of common moral obligation to the people whose welfare it professes to be anxious to promote; but Government has to consider whether it will not be a piece

of unmitigated fatuitousness on its part to indulge a mere sentiment at the loss of so many millions of rupees to its coffers; for does not the possibility of impressing more "recruited" officers into its judiciary, who will relieve the tedium of a long trial by descending from the Bench and engaging in a friendly bout of catch-as-catch-can with a pet domestic ultimately depend on the exploitation of the accursed industry? And so Government contrives skilfully to adjust the matter between its conscience and the counting-house by having a dozen taverns down a single street for the sale of its distilled damnation, and one little police court round the corner, apparently to enslave the soul of the faltering one first, and oppress his body at leisure.

A brilliant scheme in this connection, not for the debasement merely, but the complete extirpation of the coloured man, is found in the *Transvaal Leader*, quoted in the *Review of Reviews*. Both the writer and the paper exemplify Christian principles and practices, and this is what their combined morality and reinforced Christianity produced:—"The white man drink and sinks; the native abstains and is thrifty, and he rises; ergo, the native must drink and sink—let his race die out. Give him liquor, and he will soon sink down to his original savagery". The laconic note which Mr Stead added was: "A more damnable doctrine was never enunciated in hell"! Yet, recent developments have shewn that the seed did not fall entirely upon stony ground.

IV.

"In the Name of God, Amen!" was stated by Sir John Pope Hennessey to have been the solemn invocation in proclamations relating to the control of brothel rents in lands where Christianity was the established religion, and prostitution, duly legalised, was a flourishing monopoly managed by a separate department of the public service. In those countries, where revenue is still farmed out of licensed houses of ill-fame, which stand as an eloquent monument to the state commercialisation of vice, the apostles of the new teaching mouth unmeaning platitudes about social purity and national uplift. Shelley wrote something very idyllic about how the "devil sate familiarly by the priest"; but here we seem to have practically a trades-union to foster the joint interests!

Then, again, the revenue from drink, opium and other narcotic poisons in the British Dominions is many hundred million pounds annually, and the Bible Society asks for further funds because it has already published the Bible in more than a hundred languages. These two facts, seemingly incongruous and disconnected, have a good deal of correlation, and unless it is suggested that the society consists of humorists, or indulges a passion for comic opera, one cannot understand the assurance with which it sets out its claims for extensive public support. If there is one language more than any other in which the Bible requires to be disseminated, it is English; and one race in more imminent need of its teaching and message than all others, it is the Anglo-Saxon.

That estimable lady, Mrs Jellyby, was so distracted by the 'call' she felt to convert the harmless people of Borriboola Gha, that she let her household go to rack and ruin in pious evangelical effort for their behoof. But the Bible Society transcends Mrs Jellyby, and appeals for funds to carry the 'glad tidings of great joy' into the hidden recesses of the universe when, within a stone's throw of its central offices, it will find more moral filth and crime and degradation and rottenness than can be raked up in all Asia. But such is its prodigious altruism that it ruthlessly flicks the crumbs to the famished children and feeds the fat mongrel with all the flesh and marrow!

While Dreadnoughts and Super-Dreadnoughts are being fitted out in martial array to maintain Britain's naval prestige, hundreds of people in India and Ceylon who have contributed their mite to the assured supremacy over land and sea which she now enjoys, are daily perishing from famine, pestilence, disease and disaster, or are being driven into hospitals and asylums for lack of means to keep their bodies and souls together. They have in their day yielded their strength to some now flourishing plantation, and the slender remnant of them who have not been turned into manure for the payment of an interim dividend, escape diseased and destitute only to die upon the wayside or putrefy on our pavements. A touch of drollery is imparted to the situation by the fact that out of the profits reaped by the companies a gouty priest is sometimes engaged to minister to such exiguous spiritual needs as a group of estates interplanted with tea and rubber is ever likely to develop, and sabbath after sabbath he intones one special prayer for the Royal Family, another for his Majesty's ministers, and and a third for the rank and file of suffering humanity *en bloc*!

The Right Hon'ble James Bryce, in an informative article in the *International Review of Missions*, stated:- "The work of bearing the white man's burden too often takes the form of filling the white man's pocket . . . Thoughtful men from non-Christian countries will sometimes tell us that they and their fellow-countrymen have, when drawn towards Christianity, been repelled by seeing how little influence it has over the conduct of its adherents." And Mr Stead in commenting on this protest wrote, "In spite of all that Government can do, the action of private white men often disgraces their Christian name . . . Everywhere the native has suffered; the white adventurer or trader has treated him as though he had no rights. . . . Let the gospel of Christ come to the non-Christian nations, not as a crushing force in the hands of their destroyers and exploiters, but as a beneficent power to make them feel that we and they are all the children of one Father in heaven". Alas, the hollow mockery of those words, "We and they are all the children of one Father in heaven"! It is a doctrine which the priest unctuously preaches from the pulpit, and constantly violates in the most elementary relations of life! "One of the worst lessons", says a writer in the *Indian World*, who is quoted with approval in the *Review of Reviews*, "that England has taught India, both morally and politically, is that colour is a crime:

Before the advent of the British, the colour-question never entered into any administrative, political or moral discussion." Nor is this strong expression of opinion unsupported by official testimony, for, in the case of *Wilson versus Paul*, in which a native ventured mildly to retaliate to a blow received from a European, it was reported in the *African Times* that the British, and what is of greater moment, the supereminently *Christian*, Governor of Nigeria said, "No provocation, however great, could warrant a black man striking a white man". But still, let the mellifluous cant continue—"We and they are all the children of one Father in Heaven"!

Far away in South America, according to Sir Roger Casement, British Consul-General at Rio-de-Janeiro, there still flourishes in this year of Grace, 1912, an atrocious trade in slaves, the horrible details of which have been made public by refugees from the Peruvian hinterland. The slave-masters are muscular Catholics, and the directors eminent Christian gentlemen—God save the mark!—resident in England, where also the headquarters of the enterprise are situated. Settlements of American Indians are besieged and attacked, and after the old and feeble have been slain, the younger and lustier members of the clan are captured, and under the coercion of the bullet, the machete, and the lash driven to gather wild rubber in those drear regions, still the undisputed haunts of prowling beasts and stinging reptiles. Any disposition to refractoriness is speedily checked by the simple process of mutilation, and the dismemberment usually extends from maiming a thumb or nose to depriving a person of an entire arm or leg. Further recalcitrance is effectively suppressed by plunging the unfortunate in pitch and tallow and burning him in the presence of his fellows, to whom the demonstration is intended to serve as an object-lesson,—and, doubtless, a devillishly luminous one it must be!—while in the lurid glow cast by the expiring human tapers, sit the slave-masters piously telling their prayer-beads for the night and meditating fresh brutality for the morrow.

The God who considerately keeps sparrows from falling, feeds ravens, fertilises lilies, and numbers all our hair, is singularly averse from protecting hundreds and thousands of precious human beings from wanton barbarity. No Christ condescends to look upon that awful spectacle of suffering, to hearken to the shrieks of agony of the consuming creature or the stifled groans of, perhaps, a brother or sister, unwilling witnesses to the diabolical display. There is only the studded dome of heaven above to mock the eye of the sufferer, and the wild vast around to echo his pitiful cry. The flesh fizzes and the fire starts anew as the violent prairie winds come in spasms through the trees; but ere the tender flame of life expires, a sudden calm settles on the brow of the dying one, for the shades of the past are calling to him from out of the silence, and his soul rushes forth in answer,—and is at peace.....

Presently, the brutal carnival is over, and the masters repair to their tents, amply satisfied with a day's work well done; and the slaves steal wearily into their camp, leaving the charred remains to crumble

slowly to the ground. A silver crucifix half hidden in the turf and touched by a roving star which makes the enveloping gloom the more intense, sheds a pale light upon the tragic scene, and the sad eyes of the figure nailed to it cast a look of infinite compassion and mute sympathy on the smouldering forms around. Who knows but that in the deepening shadows there is, perchance, a subtle communion between the great World-Soul and those sad spirits that have lately burst their prison cells, perfected by suffering to inherit their due rewards. For whatever limitations the priest may interpose and the church prescribe, no one will begrudge these luckless men the compensations of a life which to them was one weary travail through a vale of tears.

But some distant day, when the Religious Tract Society fastens its attention upon Latin America, we must not be surprised to find the story of the Putumayo rubber gatherers told in another light, with the Bible looming largely in the chequered history of the country, and these same slave-drivers whom we now abominate, held up to our view as the pioneers of the new Peruvian civilisation, and shining exemplars of moral development amid scenes of the darkest heathenism, ignorance and inhumanity. For such are the strange fantasies which the whirligig of time oft produces!

V.

Despite the fact that every unprejudiced student of affairs has regarded the ecclesiastical movement as reactionary in its tendency and antagonistic to progress, there are some who cherish the pious belief that Christianity is the cause of all human enlightenment, and that before the advent of its founder, the world was plunged in the abysmal depths of crass ignorance, superstition, and savagery. "It is perhaps by surveying India," says Sir Alfred Lyall (*Asiatic Studies*, I, 2), "that we at this day can best represent to ourselves and appreciate the vast external reform worked upon the heathen world by Christianity, as it was organised and executed throughout Europe by the combined authority of the Holy Roman Empire and the Church Apostolic." The reference to Europe may be disposed of in one sentence; for whatever the grandeur of its civilisation at the present day, chroniclers have shewn beyond all doubt that culture was driven into its brains at the point of a Moorish lance, and the period during which the Christian religion obtruded most upon public attention is the period which annalists have execrated for all time as the Dark Ages of history.

Many volumes, indeed, would need to be written to enumerate even a fraction of the crimes which, under religious fervour, Christian fanatics committed in the centuries when the faith was at its zenith and the State had resources to enforce it with the sword. Not only did pious and earnest minded Christians fall foul of other religions, but they also persecuted learning, killed scientific thought, and opposed every human and humane movement which tended to emancipate the people from the thralldom of ignorance, superstition, and idolatry.

A thousand instances might be cited of the hostile influence which Christianity exerted on culture and refinement, but half a dozen should suffice to refute the pernicious heresy that its exponents lent any encouragement whatever to measures calculated to uplift the masses and impart to them the knowledge which a corrupt and bigoted priesthood sought jealously to guard as the special monopoly and mystery of the Church. The examples of Christian opposition to progressive effort are chosen without deliberation as they occur to the writer, but those interested in the subject will find much food for thought in the records of the Inquisition, the reports of the Congo atrocities, the Russian massacres, the Opium War with China, and other typical Christian transactions duly chronicled in sacred and profane history. But individual cases are not less interesting,

Galileo, for instance, was imprisoned for daring to believe that the earth moves round the sun and not the sun round the earth! Virgilius was compelled to retract his assertion that there are other worlds besides our earth, and other suns and moons besides those which belong to our system! Peyrere was clapped in irons for his theory of Pre-Admitte man! Bruno was burnt alive for holding that matter originated all things! Roger Bacon was imprisoned for "diabolical knowledge", chiefly on account of his chemical researches, and a telescope invented by him was pulverised because it was the "Devil's eye"! Dr John Dee had his house broken into by a mob, and his valuable library, museum and mathematical instruments destroyed because, being a layman, he was so clever that he "must have been allied with the devil"! Gerbert, who introduced algebra into Christendom, was accused of dealing in the black arts and visited with condign punishment! The charge against him was that he dealt with strange combinations of letters, which represented unknown quantities, and had tried to establish that A was equal to B, or something equally dreadful. Dr Faustus, a German philosopher, was also accused of "diabolism" for his wisdom so far in advance of his age! Grosted was in like manner accused because of his learning and researches, and the Pope ordered that the bones of the too-wise Bishop should be disinterred and incinerated as they polluted the very dust of God's acre! Andrew Crosse was shunned as a profane man on account of his electrical investigations; and so was Colenso, in recent times, for his contributions to the 'higher criticism' of the Bible. Geologists and biologists have had the same battle to fight, and in practically every department of human endeavour it has been the common experience, that no discovery, invention or research, tending to weaken the influence of the priesthood upon the ignorant masses, or destroy their mendacious theories, was suffered to escape the charge of diabolical consociation. If Marconi had lived two hundred years ago he would assuredly have been hamstrung on his own telegraph pole, and as for Thomas Alva Edison and his impieties, even the torments of the Inquisition would not have been deemed adequate expiation for his many offences.

Two thousand year ago, under pagan rule, public scribes could freely

fix on waxen plates the fervid eloquence of Greece and Rome; but until less than two hundred years ago, under a Christian and professedly civilised dispensation, shorthandwriters in Great Britain could not practise their profession openly without being condemned to death and burnt as sorcerers!

The explanation for all this is that, promulgated by fishermen, artisans, and plebeians, whose own limitations induced in them a hatred and abhorrence of culture and learning in others, Christianity has throughout the ages been the arch-enemy of progress, and civilisation spread only in proportion to the measure in which its pestilential influence was restricted. Little more than a century ago, for example, in hyper-Christian France, the fanatics of the Revolution developed cannibalism, and under the shelter of venerable cathedrals and ancient cloisters, slew, roasted and devoured the victims of the old order who fell into their hands. "Revolutionary Marriage"—in which thousands of men and women were stripped, bound in couples, and drowned—and "Revolutionary Baptism"—in which boats freighted with about two thousand children each were sunk in the Seine—were the acts of men imbued, permeated, saturated, overwhelmed with seventeen hundred years of Christian teaching and inculcation.

And then, what of the religious persecutions which Christianity fomented, both in Catholic and post-Reformation times? Shelley, in reviewing the matter, says:—"The spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men (Jesus) has been propitiated with myriads of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to his innocence and wisdom; sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture". In the light of these facts, Byron expressed no more than the plain, unvarnished truth when he wrote:—

'Christians have burnt each other quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did'.

VI

There is a classic story of how a Zulu chief once visited England, and fascinated and thrilled by the strange environment in which he suddenly found himself, asked Queen Victoria, among others, in his simple, heathen unsophistication, the secret of the growth and development of the wondrous fabric about him. The good Queen replied with exalted pride, "The Bible" and pointing to a copy, her Majesty added, "It is this book which has made our Empire great. The Bible is the foundation of all our greatness".

What the Zulu himself thought at the time is not recorded, but if we could suppose him to have stayed in England and continued his study of her civilisation, he would assuredly have discovered from the page of history that, far from the Bible having been the source of England's greatness, its connection with the constitution was the one blot upon her escutcheon, staining it with the blood of noble martyrs and heroes—Tyndale, among them, who translated the New Testament into English—who died to ensure for posterity what they could not secure for themselves—

liberty of thought, speech, and conscience, religious tolerance, political equality, and just rights in all matters. He would have learned that the beginnings of the Empire, now so great and vast and benevolent, were laid in "tyranny and force, in the feudalism of the soldier and the bigotry of the priest" and that "the ideas of justice and humanity have been fighting their way like a thunderstorm against the organised selfishness of human nature".

As Wendell Phillip observed, "Government arrogates to itself that it alone forms man. Everybody knows that Government never began anything. It is the whole world that thinks and governs." And since the whole world does not squint through the chink of the Christian scriptures, but is guided by principles of morality and righteousness, which are not the especial legacy of any race or creed, but are the common inheritance of all men who have shaken themselves free of the shackles of ignorance and superstition, it would appear to be as logical to trace the greatness of the British Empire to the Bible as it would be to father upon Christianity the invention of the talking machine, of wireless telegraphy, and the aeroplane, or the discovery of the North Pole, of radium, and the bacillus of the sleeping sickness. If these things have not resulted from Christianity, if the processes of thought and effort necessary for their effectuation have not been inculcated by Christian doctrine and practice, no more can the present position of the British Empire be deduced from the influence which the Bible and Christianity are said to have exerted. Rather is it not the Maxim repeater and the armoured cruiser which have made England what she is to-day? Nobody has still ventured to suggest that the Bible inspired the construction of these lethal instruments and deadly armament. And yet, such a theory will not be altogether fantastic, for Christ himself has said, "Think ye, I have come to send peace on earth? I have not come to send peace, but a sword", a confession which stultifies the token and promise of joyous halcyon days given by the angelic host, and repudiates the pacific intentions commonly attributed to the Christian religion.

But let us hark back awhile to the profoundly interesting picture of the venerable Queen, the Holy Bible, and the enraptured chief. What feelings of subdued awe and restrained enthusiasm must have surged in the African's breast as he stood contemplating the precious book pointed out to him as the key to the whole astonishing situation, the potent influence which had wrought the wondrous change around him, and the talisman which was to transform the entire world out of all historical recognition! Then, let us suppose the conscience-stricken Zulu, with his weird, inchoate notions of Christianity, standing in front of the gruesome avenue of flaming corpses in those far Western wilds, watching the slave-drivers at their orisons, the Bible in their hand and the devil in their eye, good, earnest Christian masters, propitiating high heaven with the distinct, though scarcely savoury, smell of human burnt offering. And as he looks upon that brutal scene, and gathers its full force and meaning, imagine how far the conviction would deepen

in him of the Bible being a likely incentive to any people's morality, let alone its inspiring great achievements, building up empires, civilising nations, and humanising the world.

It is pitiful, when one comes to think of it that the God of the Established Church, under the aegis of the most powerful political domination the world has seen, with all the resources of the vast empire over which he specially presides, and which, in turn, is specially pledged to support his ordinances and institutions, has been unable, without the fortuitous aids of the law, the police, and the penitentiary, to stem the tide of sin and suffering which flows from Christian lands, as the direct result of Christian practice, or to vindicate the attributes which the sad twilight of popular imagination ascribes to him, of infinite love and solicitude for all humanity without respect to rank, race, or religion.

But, after all, it is not God who is unjust; his elect ministers and agents, it is, who render him an injustice. It is they who, having

Robb'd the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in,

preach on the one hand the flattering doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, of divine justice and wisdom, vengeance and power, and on the other exhibit him as a passive and rather complacent spectator of the most revolting, unspeakable and unthinkable barbarities ever perpetrated in any God's name or accredited to divine honour and glory.

If we were told at once that the God of the Christian conception worked by caprice, and not with the help of the State or through the manipulation of popes, primates, potentates, and principalities, we should cease to feel surprise at some of the ungodly things which now pain and shock us. But as matters are, we have the pathetic spectacle before us of a State-aided God, unable to manifest himself except with the assistance of officious intermediaries, sensuous rituals, and high-vaulted cathedrals.

Time was when the Almighty took things into his own hands, and did pretty much as he liked, raining down brimstone and sulphur, inflicting plagues of lice and locusts, snakes and emerods, slaying the first-born, sending famines, floods, and fiery chariots, archangels, she-bears, earthquakes, and deluges, to remind his chosen people of his existence and loving-kindness. Those were the days when whales had a partiality for fugitive prophets and asses spoke in the Hebrew tongue, when the sun stood still on Gibeon and the moon floated over Ajalon, and incipient suffragettes were unceremoniously turned into pillars of salt. But when the British Government came upon the scene, it would appear that it was able to restrain him from such distressing fulminations and undignified outbursts, and now the Christian God is so mild and passive that he may safely be regarded as a negligible factor in the cycle of human progress and change.

But what a plight for an Omnipotent God!

Lenvoy.

The following stirring missionary hymn was published in the Christmas number of *Truth*, and may fittingly conclude these reflections. It is a metrical chronicle of the neo-Christian invasion of modern times, and gives a measured recital of the incidents of its progress. The ordinary psalter provides other words for the tune. The Church may, therefore, repudiate this version; but will it reject the sentiments ?

Onward, Christian soldiers !
 On to heathen lands !
 Prayer-books in your pockets,
 Rifles in your hands.
 Take the happy tidings,
 Where trade can be done,
 Spread the peaceful gospel
 With a Gatling-gun!

Tell the wretched natives
 Sinful are their hearts,
 Turn their heathen temples
 Into spirit marts ;
 And if to your teachings
 They will not succumb,
 Substitute for sermons
 Adulterated rum.

Tell them they are pagans
 In black error sunk,
 Make of them "good Christians,
 That is—*make them drunk !*
 And if on the Bible
 Still they dare to frown,
 You must do your duty,
 Take and *shoot them down.*

When the Ten Commandments
 They quite understand,
 You their chief must hocus
 And annex their land ;
 And if they misguided
 Call you to account,
 Read them—in *their* language
 The Sermon on the Mount.

If, spite all your teaching,
 Trouble still they give,
 If, spite rum and measles,
 Some of them *still* live—
 Then, with purpose moral,
 Spread false tales about,
 Institute a quarrel,
And let them fight it out !!

ALTER EGO.

Editorials.

Proem

IT is usual when a new journal is started, to begin with a sort of introductory explanation of its aims and objects, so as to enable its readers to form some idea of what they may expect, as a return for their kind patronage.

We propose here, to state in as few words as possible, what the main objects of "*The Searchlight*" are: but we wish it clearly understood at the very outset, that, what we express here will, in no wise, limit the scope of this magazine.

Our chief concern is the welfare of the Ceylonese as a body, without caste or creed. We are bound by neither; and, we shall devote ourselves whole-heartedly to the service of the entire community, and do the work we have undertaken without fear or favour

Perhaps it will be our painful duty, in the fulfilment of our mission, to question and expose many practices of a doubtful character. However painful the work might be, and whatever it might cost us, we shall neither shrink nor falter, but do our duty with the boldness and fearlessness of "the Morning Leader."

The poor and oppressed will find in us a voice, which, all who have ears, will, at least, be forced to hear. The rich and powerful will find in us a warm helper and supporter, so long as they are just and righteous. Whoever that has a grievance to be righted is always welcome to have his case laid before the public through the medium of this paper: none will be allowed to violate the right of others with impunity—without having the public attention directed on him and his shady practices exposed.

The worshippers of Jehovah and Zoroaster, the followers of Buddah and Mohammed, the Catholic and the atheist will, without any distinction be accorded a fair and impartial hearing. Philosophers of every School, Scientists, whatever their branch of study, literature light and serious, will alike occupy our attention. In short, whatever that tends to the betterment of the masses, and whatever will amuse and instruct them, will meet with the sympathy and support of "*The Searchlight*."

Englishmen in Ceylon.

It is a very regrettable state of affairs, but nevertheless true, that the relations between the White Men in Ceylon and the "Natives" are daily becoming more and more strained. We do not say that this is due entirely to the fault of the White Men, nor do we blame them indiscriminately. Both parties are to blame; but the foreigner undoubtedly

is the chief aggressor. All right-minded and honest Englishmen admit that the "Natives" treat them with the utmost respect and kindness. They know how to appreciate such treatment, and in return, they, too, treat the "Natives" with civility and politeness. Of necessity the most cordial relations exist between them,

Of late, however, the "Natives" owing to the low, vulgar behaviour of a few cads who call themselves Englishmen, have begun to look with suspicion upon all persons who come here from England. "As ill-mannered as an Englishman" is as much in vogue now, as "as honest as an Englishman" was a decade or so ago. This indeed, is a very painful matter to us. We feel as much for the reputation of the British as they themselves do. We know, and this we are proud to confess, that the future of Ceylon lies entirely in their hands; and we are confident that they will never give us reason to regret the large trust we place in them.

The British Empire is not composed of Englishmen alone. In fact, the Asiatics far supersede the Englishmen in point of number. We look upon His Majesty King George V as our own. We are proud to be members of the grandest Empire the world has ever seen or ever will see; and we also know that the British Empire can retain the proud position it occupies to-day only by the help and co-operation of the dark races. Every un-English White-man is a danger to the peace of the whole Empire; for every time a single dark man is ill-treated and molested, a thousand "Natives" are inspired with contempt and hatred towards the whole English nation.

In days gone by, when travelling was expensive and more difficult, the Englishmen who came to Ceylon were educated and intelligent, of good breeding and refined manners. The low ill-mannered fool was exceedingly rare or was never found in Ceylon at all. We had only English gentlemen who appreciated their own responsibilities and sympathised with and encouraged the Natives in their aspirations.

At present things are different. Travelling is very much easier, safer and cheaper. Every criminal and villain from the streets of London, who finds England uncongenial, goes out a fortune-hunting to the Colonies. If he is penniless he works his passage out; and once in a Colony, no matter how or why he came, he begins to make himself a man of some consequence. Moreover, Englishmen are imported into the Island indiscriminately and on every slight pretext. Amongst them we often find the low-bred blackguard and the perfect idiot. They come here, as all such people do, with very high opinions of themselves—very exaggerated views of their own importance. They kick like asses and behave like cads. They have nothing to lose having had no reputation nor position in England. They play the fool and return to the slums of London. Who really suffer by their vulgarity are the noble and generous English gentlemen; for, once a

Native, particularly the uneducated, loses his respect for any Englishman he is very reluctant to trust and respect another thereafter. It is no doubt a mistake and a very silly one. What the Natives should do is, not to condemn all Englishmen for the faults of a few; but whenever they come across a fool or a villain, to take him by the neck and lay on him in such a manner as he will not forget in haste.

Mr. Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, wrote somewhere in 1812: "The only way to please John Bull is to give him a good beating, and such is the singularity of his character that the more you beat him the greater is his respect for you, and the more he will esteem you. This is true. The villain, the idiot and the bully are cowards and they do not like to be treated in the same way as they would treat others."

We sincerely regret that every irresponsible idiot and unscrupulous adventurer should be allowed to go about the Empire sowing discord and distrust where there is perfect harmony and unbounded confidence. Cannot something be done to safeguard the prestige of the British in this Colony? Why not compel every White man who comes to Ceylon to bring with him a certificate of good character and good breeding from some responsible English gentleman?

Notes & Comments.

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD—The news that Sir Hugh is leaving us as Governor for "The Gold Coast" has come to us as a very happy surprise. Of course, we knew that he must go some day; but that he should be called away at the very moment the Ceylonese were earnestly wishing for his departure is more than we ever hoped for. Whatever the reasons are for his sudden promotion—and with these we are not in the least concerned — his promotion is decidedly a gain for Ceylon, and was received with the utmost satisfaction right through out the Island. A solitary person here and there may mourn his loss; but those Ceylonese who have no need for his voluntary and useless evidence in our courts of Law, and those to whom the interests of the permanent population are dearer than a C. M. G in-expectation, feel no touch of regret.

He may be a clever writer of short stories. We have had proofs of that on more than one occasion; but as an administrator he is an utter failure.

At the very commencement the Ceylonese had some regard for him as a debator; but his performances at the recent sittings of the Legislative Council have cleared their minds of that mistaken impression. A Colonial Secretary who has nothing but ordinary sarcasm and senseless ridicule with which to meet the sensible arguments of the Educated Ceylonese Member,

the Hon'ble Mr. P. Ramanathan, K.C., C.M.G., a gentleman of refinement, culture and vast experience, must necessarily fail to impress upon the Educated Ceylonese that he is either a keen debator or a wise administrator; and what is far worse is, he fails to inspire the uneducated people with that confidence in the Government, and that respect due to his Office, both of which are absolutely essential to the proper management of an Eastern Nation. His presence here is only calculated to do harm both to the governing and the governed.

As for his coming back to Ceylon as the Governor of this Colony, the very idea is unthinkable. We sincerely hope that no such misfortune will ever befall our people. We want a Governor who is a wise and sympathetic administrator—not a story-writer merely. Sir Hugh has been weighed and found wanting. We have had enough of him for ever. Ceylon will never feel the loss of his services. It is the services he has rendered that give us trouble. However, we hope, that under abler and wiser administrators, we shall be able to undo what is already done by Sir Hugh Clifford.

THE STATION HOUSE OFFICERS—Of the many administrative blunders, which is the chief characteristic of the present *regime*, one of the most serious is the Amendment of the Criminal Procedure Code of 1898, by which the Station House Officer is vested with authority, which, judging by his past record, he will never use with sense or moderation.

The Ceylonese gentlemen in council, both elected and nominated, were opposed to the amendment only with regard to this matter. They understand the state of the country, and the ways of its inhabitants very much better than all the Inspector-Generals of Police that ever came to Ceylon taken together. But, of course, the Government must side with its Officers, right or wrong.

Sir Hugh rose, after a brief consultation with his Excellency the Governor, to protest in all solemnity against the sweeping condemnation of "the petty tyrant," by the Hon'ble Mr. P. Ramanathan. He ended his solemn protest with "*Many* of them no doubt will make mistakes &c" That is exactly our point. Many of them *do* make mistakes, and these very serious ones. They are youngmen, most of them, unmarried, inexperienced, ill-paid with very little sense of their responsibility, and little or no knowledge of the proper use of authority.

The question is not whether the Station House Officer is a good Servant of the Crown. Almost all Ceylonese are, we have not the least doubt. The point at issue is whether it is safe and wise to place so much authority in the hands of half-educated, inexperienced youngmen? Is there any necessity whatever for the vesting of the Police Officers with such power? Under existing circumstances the answer is decidedly in the negative. But one blunder leads to another; and who can say how things will be when the Excise Scheme is working in full force! The Government is not entirely without foresight, it must be admitted.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS—We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our contributors; but, we can promise this much to our readers: we shall always try our best to get the most cultured writers, both eastern and western, to help us in our work.

A magazine of this kind must necessarily tolerate the most diverse, and at times diametrically opposed, views. We place ourselves within no narrow limits. Our aim is the Truth, and we are not in the least concerned as to how it comes to us or whence. All are welcome to express their views and opinions. We sincerely trust, however, that nothing published herein will give the least offence to any religionist. The world is broad enough for all religions.

Of the contributions that appear in this number, we wish to draw the special attention of our readers to Mrs Grace Human's, Mr Moore's and "Alter Ego's."

Ceylon is the purer for the presence of Mrs Human amongst us. She is a Christian of the Christians—one dearly loved and respected by all,—particularly the "natives" for whom she is doing so much. All she asks of the Ceylonese are their prayers and we are sure that every good Christian will respond to her call in all earnestness.

Mr Moore requires no more introduction, then does Mrs Human. He is one of those cultured European gentlemen—a pride to England and a blessing to Ceylon. His contribution to this number is worthy of the most careful perusal, and we publish it with the greatest pleasure. We expect to publish some more articles from his pen in our subsequent issues.

"Alter Ego," however, requires some sort of introduction, since he contents to keep himself under the shelter of a "pen name." He is a well-known writer whose contributions have very often graced the pages of the local News Papers. One read them almost daily during the Election days. His poignant sarcasm, combined with his entertaining wit and humour, and couched in such elegant language, compelled his opponents to read his writings as an intellectual treat, even when they wished in secret "to wring his neck for him." In his able and interesting article published in this number he points out in a forcible and striking manner how political and administrative blunders (intentional and otherwise) were and are made in the name of God. He has the peculiar style of impressing upon the reader the truth of an intricate question, by dressing "mistaken notions" in a funny and hedious garb. All he says to point out the folly of the senior Sinhalese nominated Member's comparison of our Governor to God is, "there is a popular belief.....that a Colonial Governor is an incarnation of the Deity." No further comments are necessary and what erring incarnations of the Deity do most of our Colonial Governors make!

Yet another point. The allusion to a "bout of catch-as-catch-can with a pet domestic" is not likely to be fully appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the ways of our "civilians" here. As an illustration of what "Alter Ego" means we wish to instance out the case of a certain Police Magistrate who suspended the work of his Court to indulge in a game of Tennis with his Servant "boy."

His contribution to this member is very comprehensive and touches upon various matters, amongst them many a question of local interest. There is no doubt that "A state-aided God" will be read with the utmost pleasure even by those who do not quite agree with all he says.

"Felix" in his "unbeaten Path" is very harsh on the unoffending and servicable priests. The whole world owes a large debt to these good men, who sacrifice their lives in the service of others.

Though Felix's remarks are not in certain instances unmerited, yet such a wholesale condemnation of them is unreasonable and wrong.

Snippets

The Study of the Vernaculars.

ACTING, as I am, as Mr. Fraser's representative, I feel that I must say, as I am sure he would have said, something about policy. "Policy" is a word Mr. Fraser is fond of, and the thing which I want to speak about is something on which my views are almost

DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED TO THOSE OF MR. FRASER,

and that is, the pushing of the vernaculars to the detriment—as I think—of other studies. (applause.) I have no objection whatever to the gentle recommendation of the Education Commission with regard to the vernaculars for the lower part of the school, though even there, I think, the vernaculars might be encouraged by financial help rather than by making compulsory what is not wanted. (Hear, hear, and applause.) But as I am, as in matters of Tariff Reform, a whole-hogger and as I believe in having Free Trade within the Empire and the high wall of protection all around it so I am a whole-hogger with regard to the English language. (Loud applause) and I feel that the true policy which we could follow in Ceylon is to endeavour to make English the vernacular of the country, (Applauses.) I should be very glad if more vernacular schools could grow into Anglo-vernacular work, so that the time will come when English would be recognised as the medium of communication, not only in the cities and amongst the upper-classes, but also right through the country. (Hear, hear.) It seems to me that it is quite a fallacy to compare ourselves with India and to say that India is Ceylon writ large and Ceylon is India writ small. It seems to me that in the matter of population and many other things, India is entirely different from Ceylon, and I don't think that we in Ceylon should be wise in being guided by what is found to be best on the neighbouring continent. (Applause) Some people fear that if English became the language of the country, it would mean the

DENATIONALISATION OF THE DIFFERENT RACES

here. But would it? It seems to me that always in this country the strongest nationalists are those who know English best and not the villagers who do not know English at all. (Applause.) Again, it is said, "If you make English universal we should get no one to do the manual labour of the country." But I do not think that will be so. It is so at present, because the knowledge of English is confined to a few, and those who know English find that they can make more money in occupations other than manual labour. A knowledge of French in Mauritius does not hinder the coolies there from

doing manual labour, and we find that Mauritius coolies who come here to this Island talk French, and I do not think that if English were made universal here, it would be regarded as a disqualification for the humbler walks of life. (Applause.) But you may ask me, why? Why trouble about it? Why try to make English the language of Ceylon? And I answer, because, as far as I see, if Ceylon is ever to have anything that can be called a political life, if it is ever to have real representative institutions, it must be by the Ceylonese people having some one strong bond of union. (Loud and prolonged applause.) And for the last twenty years, I have felt that the only one strong bond of union which we can have here is the English language. (Renewed applause.) No other language can become the language of Ceylon. (Hear, hear.) The native languages cannot possibly be so, for the Sinhalese would never be willing to give up Sinhalese and take to Tamil; nor would the Tamils be willing to give up Tamil and take up Sinhalese. But just as the Burghers have given up their own language and adopted the English language, so, I believe, that the best thing in the world for the island and

THE ONLY REAL BOND OF UNION

that is possible is the English language. I should look at it from a democratic point of view. I believe that there is nothing else which will give every man his rights to rise and to show the ability that he has in him than the English language. Look at it from an imperial point of view—I believe that it is only when we become an English speaking country that the various peoples of Ceylon can be weld into one harmonious nation, a strong little unit in that commonwealth of nations which governs the British Empire. (Applause.) I know that many people do not agree with me in this but I feel very strongly about it; and I am glad to have this opportunity on the eve of my departure from Ceylon to express my opinions. I have expressed them privately to many people, but never before had I the opportunity or have I taken advantage of the opportunity which persons in public life have to say what I think on this subject.—*Mr. Napier Clavering.*

British Justice

British Justice is justly noted for its purity, and in no part of His Majesty's dominions is justice administered in a purer form than in our Courts of Law. I am sure you will agree with me that the people of this country have the greatest confidence in the efficiency and the integrity of every tribunal in the Island from the highest to the lowest.

—*Francis de Zoysa*

Law Students

It is true that I have always taken a great interest in the Law Students, for I know they will in the future play a large part in the destinies of Ceylon. Some of them are distinguished to shine on the Bench. Many of them will occupy leading places in one or other of the branches of our profession. All I hope will earn an honourable livelihood

in an honourable profession. But the influence of the Law-Students will go a great deal further. If we turn now and look at the world outside us, we shall find lawyers playing a large part in the government of the world.—*Lascelles C. J.*

Students and Politics

What is our main object in studying law, but to develop that public spirit which can only be shown in the political field? Every eminent politician in England passes out as a Barrister before he enters the field of politics; and no lawyer is worthy of his name if he has not the courage of his political convictions, and is only anxious to fight shy of politics. Political training makes a complete man. It gives you a sense of independence; it gives you a consciousness of your birth-right, and no man should be afraid and fight shy of politics or to exercise his birth-right or his independence.

H. A. Jayewardene.

English Education.

THE time is fast approaching when English will be the language of our Island—the language spoken in the mansion and in the hovel, by the lawyer and the labourer. We hail the day with delight for more than one reason. We are living in a highly utilitarian age where the merely artistic is of little value. We cannot ignore this fact without getting very much behind the times. Mistaken ideas of patriotism and a burning anxiety to stay, if possible, the firm hand of “The-survival-of-the-fittest” that is steadily and surely thrusting our languages into corners and villages, have compelled many a well-meaning person to advocate compulsory vernacular education: but wherein, I venture to ask, is the necessity for such *compulsion*? What good, what benefit is there to be derived from the cultivation of a pure and classic Sinhalese diction? By all means let the vernaculars be taught as secondary languages, but make English compulsory in every school throughout the Island. English is the language of our Courts of Justice and the language of our Government. If the “peasantry, that section of the community which had been unjustly despised,” as Voltaire has it, is to be roused into a keener sense of its duty it must be able to understand and appreciate things that are taking place both in and outside our little Island; and these questions are best discussed in the English Press. The object of all true civilisation is the uplifting of the masses. The condition of the masses cannot be ameliorated so long as they are cut off from their more fortunate brethren. To keep them ignorant of the English language is to form a community of them, distinct from those who are educated along Western lines, and whose modes and conditions of life are very different. A knowledge of English will help our people to keep pace with the march of time. This, and this alone will save them from moral degradation and utter extinction, in the long run.

Perhaps there are some who think it impossible for a Nation to survive its language; but, history is full of examples. No one denies that there are noble ideas and high ideals worthy of imitation in our classic books; but, is it worth while wasting all our time, sacrificing Shakespeare and Tennyson, in unravelling the subtle intricacies of Sinhalese Grammar? And how many are there who can appreciate a classic Sinhalese book, and how many who can spare the time to master such a language? English is so simple; and the simple is the best suited for the age. Moreover there are English translations of almost every Eastern book of note. No doubt, the beauty of the original is lost, the pun, the shade of meaning, the suggestiveness of diction. It is only the beauty of language that is lost, but the idea and the ideal are there. Classic English is as beautiful as classic Sinhalese and infinitely more useful and more profitable: and since it is destined some day or other to be the language of the Island, I see no tangible reason whatever for shutting it off from the village schools of the present days. The first rule of progress is to anticipate and prepare for those that must come after us. To cling to the old order, when, by its very constitution it is unfit for modern days, and to fight against what must be, instead of preparing to accommodate ourselves to it, is an act of national suicide.—*Felix*. in "*the Ceylon Independent*"

The essential function of education in Ceylon is that it should equip the pupil with a sound knowledge of English. Any subject learned at the expense of English can result only in disaster to the pupil's education. Knowledge of a variety of other subjects may be desirable, according to the requirements of each; but knowledge of English is indispensable for the requirements of all.—*The Morning Leader*.

The Marvellous Mathematician.

THE BOY PRODIGY FROM MADRAS.

Arumogam, the marvellous Tamil lad, who solves the most complicated mathematical problems by intuition and answers the most abstruse questions almost instantly after they are asked, has just arrived in Colombo from Madras and is staying with an Indian Brahmin in the Pettah. He has astonished some of the greatest mathematicians on the neighbouring continent and provoked the wonder of the leading people of the Madras Presidency, including the present Governor of Madras. Most of the high officials have very kindly given him their appreciations of his marvellous faculty, in writing. The boy unfortunately speaks no English, being the son of a very poor

weaver, now deceased, and burdened with the maintenance of two sisters and a widowed mother. He has come here on a special invitation from a leading Colombo financier, and was yesterday surrounded by a large number of Chetties, each of whom addressed complicated posers, to be instantly answered correctly. Finally, one of those present hunted up a "class-book" of Arithmetic and stated to him a number of sums and problems, with the result that the boy gave the correct reply each time before the questioner could turn to the end of the book and verify "the Answers." The boy is accompanied by an English interpreter, and the only interval between the question and the answer is usually that taken by the interpretation. An effort is being made by those, who have already tested the boy's astonishing powers, to procure for a Colombo audience the pleasure of a public exhibition, and we understand, that shortly a public demonstration will be given, possibly at the Public Hall, which will probably be crowded and the seats bespoken beforehand by the Chetties in Colombo, who are wild with excitement over the little prodigy. The boy will probably spend a fortnight or three weeks in Ceylon, and we look forward to one or more interesting exhibitions. Considering his extreme poverty and the fact that he has already a family to support, we hope that an effort will be made by those who appreciate his powers to give the lad a handsome presentation to enable him to pick up sufficient English and proceed to Europe, if possible, where his talents are sure to bring him a fortune.

—*The Morning Leader.*

[In the next number we shall give the names and feats of other marvellous mathematical prodigies, some of them very much younger than Arumagan.]

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Review of Books Magazines &c.

The Young Lanka

IT is with a touch of regret we note that this useful periodical is degenerating into a mere "novel magazine," composed of stories of very little interest and still less merit. There are hardly half a dozen articles of serious importance in the last number. "Students and politics" is a thoughtful contribution. "Be British" "Marie Corelli and her message" and "The heart of Lanka" are others that deserve perusal. "The Idlers outlook" is very pleasant reading—but it should be less personal. The continuation of "The Hope of Lanka" is interesting. Of the poems "Dreams of the Future" and "A Sea-side Reverie" are tolerably

good. The rest of the contributions should never have been published. "The Young Lanka" is a useful Magazine and we trust that the Editor will do his very best to give us a very much better Number next time.

"THE NATIONAL MONTHLY" for July is splendidly got up. It opens with "The Outlook" by our respected patriot, Mr. C. E. Corea. On the much discussed questions: "whether or no "The Governor is the King's Representative" he writes: "The Privy Council in the case of *Hills vs Bigge* laid down, in unambiguous terms that 'the Governor does not even represent the Sovereign generally, having only the function delegated to him by the terms of his commission and being only the officer to execute the specific powers with which that commission clothes him.' In *Musgrave vs Pulido* the Privy council ruled that the governor's authority is derived from his commission and limited to the powers thereby expressly or impliedly entrusted to him. Whenever, therefore, the governor's power or dignity is called in question the decision must rest entirely on "the construction and strict application of the commission." That the Attorney General could not find any authority for the proposition submitted for his decision within the Governor's commission leaves the claim of the President of the Council to the respect due to Royalty, resting on no surer foundation than the delusions of villagers, referred to by Mr. Booth." "Irrigation in the North Central Province" by the Revd. A. M. Walnesley M. A. makes very interesting reading. "Capital, Expert knowledge and Protection in Industrial Development" is another well-written article and should be read by every person interested in the Industrial Development of the country. The rest of the contributions too make very interesting and instructive reading. We wish, however, to draw special attention of the readers to "The duties of a young man to his nation" by Mr. F. L. Woodward M.A.

The Unbeaten Path.

TO be hustled into an already over-crowded world, without one's convenience or inclinations being consulted, is not the best thing that could happen to one. I am here, not because I wanted to be here, but because I could not help it. Had my pleasure been consulted before my birth, I should have declined the honour with thanks. There was a time when I did nothing but bemoaned that most unfortunate incident of my life—my birth. Often have I prayed the Gods to remove me from this monotonous world, and make me cease to exist, or place me in another more interesting and more sensational. But now I know better. Life has

its sensations if one only know where to look for them : or, if there be nothing to interest me, I'd provoke the Gods into game at "Hide and seek" With the Gods for playmates, and the universe for a play-ground, life could not be dull. It is however, not necessary to provoke and tease the Gods just at present. I can leave them entirely alone, and amuse myself otherwise.

Life has no charm for those who go along the beaten tracks, where so many other people go. Moreover, the highwaymen and pick-pockets that infest the high road of life are a danger and a menace. The ill-mannered idiot, who, instead of minding his own affairs, comes a-monkeying about things he is not concerned in, is a nuisance. But the most intolerable of all are the "bully" who persists on treading on one's toes, and the villainous coward, who delights in throwing mud from behind, with intent to provoke one into a street quarrel. Add to all these the dust of ages in the form of convention, custom and creed, and those nasty, clamouring, brawling priests, those *pariah* dogs of Heaven, and you will understand a little of why I have decided to strike out a path for myself. I dare say, that the path I have decided to strike out for myself, would not be altogether free from risks and adventures ; but they are risks and adventures of a very different and healthy character. They are the things that give a thrill to life, and relieve one of life's tedious monotonies. In such, I delight.

Life is a search for the beautiful—the sublime ; and though we never find it in its entirety on Earth, or rather, have not found it yet, there is many a flower of beauty along the unexplored paths of Life. The high-road is dull and dusty. No flowers blossom in conventional air. "The Gate called 'Beautiful'" does not lead into the orthodox Heaven of the Christians—that Lunatic Asylum of God—but into the open fields of the boundless Universe. One need not go far in search of this "Beautiful Gate." We are, all of us, born on its threshold. One needs but the courage to enter. The fact that only a few have seen the "Beautiful Gate," and a fewer still have ever dared to venture therein, is no reason why I should avoid it. Other people need not bother their stupid heads about my whereabouts. Each man should mind his business ; and that is just what most people cannot do. They want to please everybody, and everybody to please them ; with the result that nobody is pleased and all are at constant strife with one another. I am here, not to satisfy the world, but myself. If, by pleasing myself, I please the world, I should be happy : if I fail to do so, I should not be sad.

Of course, society has done much for me at a time when I could hardly have done anything for myself. The Penal Code is a "Rock of Refuge" for each separate individual. I should be grateful to society for that.

There are people who thank God daily for protecting them and their property from danger ; but, whenever they are wronged, they appeal to society for vengeance.

I thank society for the peace and quiet I enjoy. In the morning I sing: "I think thee, O Society, for another night of peace and rest. Thy police-men guarded my gates lest any burglar should enter. Thy civilisation has driven the beasts of prey into wilds and jungles." At night I retire to bed with the full conviction that, whoever dares to do me harm by night will swing for it by day. The only thing I respect in society is its laws. Its silly Conventions, I detest. Or rather, it has framed only the laws. Conventionalities and creeds were formed, and are supported by narrow gangs of idiots.

Nothing that has not a legal right to bind me, shall ever bind me, unless it pleases me to be bound. For, every bond is a limitation and every limitation is an enemy of the soul. Even legal bonds are detrimental to the free development of the soul; but they are essential for the maintenance of peace and order. Otherwise, the weak would be unprotected in the Holy War of each against all, and Nature's darling child, the strongest, would not respect the rights of others. Whether or no Society has often erred, and whether or no it has a right to the place it holds to-day, are none of my business. But this I know. It has a right to guide and control my actions, in so far as they directly effect my relation to its other members. But those actions of mine which effect me directly, and others only through me, I have a right to perform, without any interference from any one, to my entire satisfaction. I recognize the rights of others to manage their own affairs, and I claim the same privileges.

Talking of people who trouble themselves about matters not their own, I am reminded of those most detestible objects of Creation—the Gossips. I hate a gossiping woman; and to my thinking there is nothing more contemptible, more lothesome in the whole universe than a gossiping man. The swine that wallow in the mud and the viper that stings in the dark are in comparison noble. Usually a gossip has no character of his own, so he delights in throwing mud at others. He is afraid that unless he draws the public attention to the failings of another, the Public would begin to detect blots in his own character. It is merely a trick resorted to by villians—a cloak wherewith to cover their villiany. I invariably question the credentials of one who speaks ill of another: for, none but the sinless should be allowed to cast a stone at the sinner.

The Priests are about the greatest gossips in the world. It is a part of their profession. It is reported that Christ once told his mother: "Know you not I must be about my Father's business." The priests have changed those words to suit the times. Their motto is: "Know you not I must be about another's business," and they set about it with a vengeance. But Priests are not the only gossips. There are others—oh, quite a number of them. It is useless attempting to stop a gossip's mouth." It is time and labour wasted. The wisest thing is to ignore them—treat them with utter scorn and contempt.

Some persons assume a very sanctimonious air when they talk ill of others. They are rogues. Some adopt a sympathetic attitude. They are hypocrites. Others doubt that Mr. so-and-so would have done such-and-such a thing, but they have it from a reliable source. They are masters of the art. The rest are plain, blunt scandal-mongers and perfect idiots. All, all are Gossips—bloodhounds of Hell.

FELIX.

Coming Home to Roost.

The people and the press are agreed, with remarkable unanimity, that the new Station House Officer is a failure and a menace. The discussion which followed Mr. RAMANAHAN'S timely protest in Council against the the insidious effort on the part of the present Administration to enhance the powers of the minor officer of the Police for mischief has centred largely and vigorously upon this point. It is recognised that the Station House Officer was created for the special protection of the villager, and that he has turned out the villager's most special curse. He was meant to keep order in the villages; he has been found to be himself the originator of unsettlement. He was introduced in order to protect the villager from the petty greed and tyranny of the headman: he has become himself the villager's worst tyrant and oppressor. He is generally without self-restraint, removed from the supervision of his superior officers, and master of the situation wherever he is placed. His constables are men of worse appetites than he and, since he plays into their hands by using them as the instruments of his own misdeeds, their power for evil is even less curbed than his. Station House Officers have been tried in our Courts for offences which all men designate as infamous and which in a Police Officer deserve a far sterner name. The Inspector of Police is generally, not always, a man of greater education and larger prudence. His operations are subject to a closer supervision and he usually applies himself to his task with a larger sense of responsibility. But the Police Inspector is far from attaining to that state of efficiency which Sir HENRY BLAKE so earnestly desired. His faults are not the faults of the Station House Officer, only because they are different though scarcely less serious. It is said that the three enemies of man are the World, the Flesh and the Devil. All Police Officers have a resident Devil with them, more of less—generally less—bridled. The difference between the Inspector and the Station House Officer appears to be that, in the case of the Inspector the Devil is associated with the World, while in that of the Station House Officer the Flesh is the predominant partner in the combination, It is so in India, and since Ceylon took on Indian Inspectors General it is becoming every day more so here. It is not a question of race or religion. some of the worst offenders are to be found among the young striplings imported from England and placed at the head of the Ceylon Police,

There is little practical good in the mere recapitulation of the vices and defects of the Police. It is more useful to consider how these things may be improved. They will not be improved by enhancing the legal power of the Police for illegal deeds. That is probably why the Government tried to introduce the amendment which MR RAMANATHAN so effectively and convincingly opposed. But they may be removed by reviewing the circumstances which have produced the new tendency. And in this respect the situation of the Inspector and the Station House Officer is the same. The crux of the problem lies in the scale of salary and the prospects of promotion. It is

idle to expect a well-born and well-bred lad, of good family and good education, to forego other attractions for the unremunerative one of a Police Officer, unless the advantages offered are considerable enough to counteract the allurements of professional life. It is irrational to imagine that a lad just out of school should prefer the Police to the Bar or to any of the other callings open to young talent, unless the Government will make it worth his while to prefer the Police. In one word, sons of gentlemen will join the Police and comport themselves as gentlemen, only if the Government will care to attract gentlemen into the force with commensurate rewards. From the point of view of the Government, however, it is indispensable that the Police Officers should be gentlemen. Else they develop, almost of necessity, the vicious traits which discredit the Force and incur the resentment of the people. Sir HENRY BLAKE perceived this fact and resolved—so at least he informed the Secretary of State—to enlist sons of gentlemen as his Station House Officers. He tried his best to get good men on bad salaries, for Rs. 40 a month, which is the salary of a Station House Officer, is indisputably a very poor salary in Ceylon. But he sought to make up for the poor pay by bright prospects. As he put the attractions, the youngster joining the Force as Station House Officer might count upon rising through the successive grades of Surgt.-Major, sub-Inspector, and Inspector some day to clutch at the honourable responsibilities and desirable emoluments of the Assistant Superintendent and eventually Superintendent of Police. But that prospect has been frustrated.

The new Administration has filled posts of Assistant Superintendent with lads recruited in England by an examination from which the Ceylonese are rigorously excluded. Why Ceylonese are excluded, no one knows. Perhaps Mr. RAMANATHAN will inquire, just as Mr McCALLUM SCOTT has inquired in the House of Commons. These persons, who are enlisted as "Probationers," are soon confirmed as Assistant Superintendents of Police. They are young, often much younger than the Station House Officers whom they command. They do not understand the country. Their appetites and, in some cases, their capacity for self-restraint are not materially different from those of their Ceylonese subordinates. But they block for ever any chance of promotion for the Ceylonese Officer. It is absurd and it would be too grossly insincere for any official—even the Colonial Secretary—to pretend that a Station House Officer could, in the present circumstances, rationally aspire to occupy the post of Assistant Superintendent of Police by any amount of good work or vigilance or energy. The utmost that these lads can hope to gain is an appointment as Inspector of Police. That position, as the ultimate goal of legitimate ambition, is not good enough to attract sons of gentlemen into the Police. The salary of a Police Inspector is seriously inadequate to his bare needs. That of the Station House Officer is apparently not even meant to be adequate. The truth, then, is that the Government expects Ceylon lads to

develop the virtues, incorruptibility and personal self-control of the best Police Officers in England, on an inadequate salary, without any reasonable prospect of receiving anything better. What is the result? It is what the country finds by sorrowful experience. The Station House Officer, having no inducement to maintain a high level of personal purity and official efficiency, finds compensations either in corruption or in illicit pleasures. The Police Inspector combines a little more prudence with the same purpose. The Police are corrupt, untrustworthy, unrestrained, tyrannical wherever they dare to be, and generally as a force discreditable. But whose fault is that? The Government can have a better Police Force if it will tomorrow stop importations from Europe and secure a better class of local Officers with a scale of salary and definite prospects of promotion such as will attract a better class. The Government declines to pay for good men and gets bad men. Is it not clear that the remedy lies in pressing the Government to adjust its policy better to its requirements?

—“*The Ceylon Morning Leader*”

[We are thankful to the able Editor of “*The Morning Leader*” for his kind permission to reproduce the above in our magazine. The mistake the Government is about to make is a very serious one. Every one, excepting the Government Officials—in Ceylon, is opposed to the vesting of the Police Officers with such large powers. All the local papers—the “*anti-native Times*” included—are loud in their protests against the proposed blunder. The different Law Societies are meeting to discuss the matter and petition the Governor. The people are alarmed and are waiting in breathless expectation. “What will the Government do?” they ask—but who can say. Once the local Government Officials take a thing into their heads the protests of the people are useless. The Excise Scheme affords a good illustration.

Our only hope now lies in the Hon’ble Mr. RAMANATHAN, The Morning Leader, and a very few public spirited gentlemen. Let the Government, if it is so inclined, pay no heed to our legitimate demands—but we will clamour. If they will not hear us when we reason, they must hear us when we shout. The Hon’ble Mr. Rosling may be bored to death by the long speeches of the Ceylonese member. No one thought that worthy European member capable of appreciating anything sensible—least of all a sensible speech. He, too, makes speeches at times. Fifteen minutes are quite sufficient for him to deal with any hard question. He is so clever, although the Trinidad Paper puts him down amongst the famous “*unfortunates*.” Our readers must not run away with the idea that Mr. Rosling is incapable of making a sensible and connected speech of more than fifteen minutes duration. No doubt he has not made one yet—but that does not prove his inability. For a matter of that he has not made his sensible “*speech-of-fifteen-minutes*” either, but some day he means to do it. For the date look in the Greek Calends.

This much however, must be admitted. He manages to squeeze into ten lines more “*silly rot than Mr. Ramanathan can into a thousand*.” How very clever!—Ed “*Searchlight*”]



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