

Vol. 2

Contents

APRIL 1926

	PAGE	
SATYAGRAHA IN SOUTH AFRICA		Literature—(contd.).
By Mahatma Gandhi	... 249	Literature and Living
WOMEN IN VEDIC AND POST-VEDIC TIMES		By A. Rama Iyer
By The Hon. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer	... 253	Literary Speculations
THE UNDERSTANDING OF GANDHI—III		By A. Rama Iyer
By G. Ramachandran	... 258	Philosophy and Religion :
HISTORY AND EMOTION		Intelligence in Expression
By D. R. Acharya	... 261	By Prof. K. Sundararamaiyer
ANCIENT AND MODERN CHINESE ART	... 263	Hinduism
REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS		By L. V. Ramaswami Aiyar
Biography :		Life Transcendent
The Apostles of Navavidhan		By Lala Kannoomal
By A. Rama Iyer	... 266	Science :
Lincoln the Freethinker		Science and Statesmanship
By A. Rama Iyer	... 266	By M. R. Ramaswami Iyer
Economics :		Miscellaneous :
The Soil and Civilization		How to Interpret Dreams
By K. C. Ramakrishnan	... 266	By Lala Kannoomal
Education :		Subodha Samskritam
The Aims of the Travancore University		By A. Rama Iyer
V. Narayanan	... 267	The Story of my Experiments with Truth
History :		By M. K. Gandhi
Rise of Christian Power in India		WHAT THINKERS THINK
By Phanindranath Bose	... 269	A Thought for the Month
Literature :		Towards Unselfishness
Humour?		Life and Luxury
By James H. Cousins	... 270	Is Life to be Sacrificed for Luxury?
The Call of Nirvana?		The Gospel of Greed
By A. Rama Iyer	... 271	The Right View of Life
		The Light of Buddhism

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Current Thought

That which exists is One :

The wise name It variously

—RIG VEDA

VOL. II

APRIL 1926

NO. 7

Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XIV

DEPUTATION TO ENGLAND

IN the Transvaal itself we took all neces-
sary measures for resisting the Black Act
such as approaching the local Govern-
ment with memorials, etc. The Le-
gislative Council deleted the clause affecting wo-
men but the rest of the ordinance was passed
practically in the shape in which it was first
drafted. The spirit of the community was then
high and having closed its ranks it was unani-
mous in opposition to the ordinance. No one
therefore was despondent. We however still
adhered to the resolution to exhaust all appro-
priate constitutional remedies in the first instance.
The Transvaal was yet a Crown Colony, so that
the Imperial Government was responsible for its
legislation as well as its administration. There-
fore the royal assent to measures passed by its
legislature was not a mere formality, but very
often it might so happen that the King, as advised
by his ministers, might withhold his assent to
such measures if they were framed to be in con-
flict with the spirit of the British constitution.
On the other hand, in the case of a colony enjoy-
ing responsible government the royal assent to

measures passed by its legislature is more often
than not a matter of course.

I submitted to the community that if a deputa-
tion was to go to England, it was as well that
they realised their responsibility in the matter
still more fully, and with this end in view I
placed three suggestions before our Association.
First, although we had taken pledges at the
meeting in the Empire Theatre, we should once
again obtain individual pledges from leading
Indians, so that if they had given way to doubt
or weakness, they would be found out. One of
the reasons advanced by me in support of this
suggestion was, that if the deputation was backed
up by Satyagraha, they would then have no fears
and could boldly inform the Secretary of State
for India and the Secretary of State for the Colonies
about the resolution of the community. Secondly,
arrangements for meeting the expenses of the
deputation must be made in advance. And
thirdly, the maximum number of members should
be fixed. I made this last suggestion in order to
correct the current misapprehension that a large
number of members would be able to put in more
work and to bring this idea into relief that the
members should join the deputation not

because it was an honour to them but with a single-minded devotion to the cause. The three suggestions were accepted. Signatures were taken. Many signed the pledge, but still I saw even among those who had orally pledged themselves at the meeting, there were some who hesitated to sign it. When once a man has pledged himself, he need not hesitate to pledge himself hundred times. But yet it is no uncommon experience to find men weakening in regard of pledges deliberately taken and getting perplexed when asked to put down a verbal pledge in black and white. The necessary funds, too, were found. The greatest difficulty however was encountered in selecting the personnel of the deputation. I was to go, but who would go with me? The Committee took much time in arriving at a decision. Many a night passed, and we had a full experience of the bad habits which are generally prevalent in associations. Some proposed to cut the gordian knot by asking me to go alone, but I flatly declined. There was for all practical purposes no Hindu-Muslim problem in South Africa. But it could not be claimed that there were no differences between the two sections and if these differences never assumed an acute form, that may have been to some extent due to the peculiar conditions in South Africa, but was largely and definitely due to the leaders having worked with devotion and frankness and thus given a fine lead to the community. My advice was that there must be a Musalman gentleman going with me, and that the personnel should be limited to two. But the Hindus at once said that as I represented the Indian community as a whole, there should be a representative of Hindu interests. Some even said that there should be one Konkani Musalman, one Meman, one Patidar, one Anavala and so on. At last, all understood the real position, and only two of us, Mr. H. O. Ali and myself were duly elected.

H. O. Ali could be considered a semi-Malay. His father was an Indian Musalman and his mother a Malay. His mother tongue, we might say, was Dutch. But he had been so well educated in English that he could speak Dutch and English equally well. He had also cultivated the art of writing to the newspapers. He was

a member of the Transvaal British Indian Association and he had long been taking part in public affairs. He spoke Hindustani too freely.

We set to work as soon as we reached England. We got printed the memorial to be submitted to the Secretary of State which we had drafted in the steamer on our way to England. Lord Elgin was Secretary of State for the Colonies and Lord (then Mr.) Morley, Secretary of State for India. We met Dadhabhai and through him the British Committee of the Indian National Congress. We placed our case before it and signified our intention to seek the co-operation of all the parties, as advised by Dadhabhai. The Committee approved of our policy. Similarly we met Sir Mancherji Bhavnagari, who also was of much help. He as well as Dadhabhai advised us to secure the co-operation of some impartial and well-known Anglo-Indian who should introduce our deputation to Lord Elgin. Sir Mancherji suggested some names, too, one of which was that of Sir Lepel Griffin. Sir W. W. Hunter was now no longer alive; or else on account of his deep knowledge of the condition of Indians in South Africa he would have led the deputation himself or induced some influential member of the House of Lords to do so.

We met Sir Lepel Griffin. He was opposed to current political movements in India, but he was much interested in this question and agreed to lead the deputation not for the sake of courtesy but for the justice and righteousness of our cause. He read all the papers and became familiar with the problem. We likewise interviewed other Anglo-Indians, Members of Parliament, and as many others of any importance as were within our reach. The deputation waited upon Lord Elgin who heard everything with attention, expressed his sympathy, referred to his own difficulties and yet promised to do for us all he could. The same deputation met Mr. Morley who also declared his sympathy and whose observations in replying to the deputation I have already summarised. Sir William Wedderburn was instrumental in calling a meeting of the Committee of the House of Commons for Indian Affairs in the drawing room of the House and we placed our case before them too as best we

could. We met Mr. Redmond, the then leader of the Irish Party. In short, we met as many members of Parliament as we could, irrespective of the party to which they belonged. The British Committee of the Indian National Congress was of course very helpful. But according to English customs men belonging to a certain party and holding certain views only would join it, while there were many others who had nothing to do with the Committee but yet rendered us all possible assistance. We determined to organise a standing committee upon which all these could come together and thus be even more useful in watching over our interests and men of all parties liked our ideas.

The burden of carrying on the work of an institution chiefly falls upon its Secretary. The Secretary should be such, that not only does he have the full faith in the aims and the objects of the institution, but he should be able to devote nearly all his time to the achievement of these aims and has great capacity for work. Mr. L. W. Ritch, who belonged to South Africa, was formerly articled to me and then a student for the bar in London satisfied all the requirements. He was there in England and was also desirous of taking up the work. We therefore ventured to form the South Africa British Indian Committee.

In England and other Western countries there is one, in my view, barbarous custom of inaugurating movements at dinners. The British Premier delivers in the Mansion House on the ninth of November an important speech in which he adumbrates his programme for the year and publishes his own forecast of the future, and which therefore attracts universal notice. Cabinet ministers among others are invited to dinner by the Lord Mayor of London, and when the dinner is over, bottles of wine are uncorked, all present drink to the health of the host and the guest, and speeches too are made while this merry business is in progress. The toast for the British Cabinet is proposed, and the Premier makes the important speech referred to in reply to it. And as in public, so in private, the person with whom some important conversations are to be held is, as a matter of custom, invited to dinner, and the topic of the day is broached either at or after

dinner. We too had to observe this custom not once but quite a number of times, although of course we never touched meat or liquor. We thus invited our principal supporters to lunch. About a hundred covers were laid. The idea was to tender our thanks to our friends to bid them good-bye and at the same time to constitute the Standing Committee. Here too, speeches were made, as usual, after dinner, and the Committee also organised. We thus obtained greater publicity for our movement.

After a stay in England of about six weeks we returned to South Africa. When we reached Madeira, we received a cablegram from Mr. Ritch to the effect that Lord Elgin had declared that he was unable without further consideration to advise his Majesty the King that the Transvaal Asiatic Ordinance should be brought into operation. Our joy knew no bounds. The steamer took about a fortnight to reach Cape Town from Madeira and we had quite a good time in it during these days and built many castles in the air about the coming redress of many more grievances. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. We shall see in the next chapter how the castles we had laboriously built toppled down and passed into nothingness.

But I must place one or two sacred reminiscences on record before closing this chapter. We had utilised every single minute of our time in England. The sending of a large number of circulars, etc., could not be done single-handed, and we were sorely in need of outside help. Money indeed does bring us this kind of help, but my experience ranging over forty years has taught me that assistance thus purchased can never compare with purely voluntary service. Fortunately for us we had many volunteer helpers. Many an Indian youth who was in England for study surrounded us and some of them helped us day and night without any hope of reward or fame. I do not remember that any of them ever refused to do anything as being beneath his dignity, be it the writing of addresses or the fixing of stamps or the posting of letters. But there was an English friend named Symonds who cast all these into the shade. Whom the Gods love die young and so did this benevolent

Englishman. I first met him in South Africa. He had been in India. When he was in Bombay in 1897, he moved fearlessly among the Indians affected by the plague and nursed them. It had become a second nature with him not to be daunted by death when ministering to sufferers from infectious diseases. He was perfectly free from any race or colour prejudice. He was independent in temperament. He believed that truth is always with the minority. It was this belief of his which first drew him to me in Johannesburg, and he often humourously assured me that he would withdraw his support of me if he ever found me in a majority, as he was of opinion that truth itself is corrupted in the hands of a majority. He had read very widely. He was private secretary to Sir George Farrer, one of the millionaires of Johannesburg. He was an expert stenographer. He happened to be in England when we were there. I did not know where he was, but the noble Englishman found us out as our public work had secured for us newspaper advertisements. He expressed his willingness to do for us anything he could. 'I will work as a servant if you like,' he said, 'and if you need a stenographer, you know you can scarcely come across the like of me.' We were in need of both these kinds of help, and I am not exaggerating when I say that this Englishman toiled for us day and night without any payment. He was always on the typewriter till twelve or one o'clock at night. Symonds would carry messages and post letters, always with a smile curling round his lips. His monthly income was about forty five pounds, but he spent it all in helping his friends and others. He was about thirty years of age. He was unmarried and wanted to remain so all his life. I pressed him hard to to accept some payment, but he flatly refused and said, "I would be failing in my duty if I accepted any remuneration for this service." I remember that on the last night he was awake till three o'clock while we were winding up our business and packing our things. He parted with us the next day after seeing us off in the steamer, and a sad parting it was. I have often experienced that benevolence is by no means peculiar to the brown skin.

For the benefit of young aspirants after public work, I note down the fact that we were so punctilious in the keeping of the accounts of the deputation that we preserved even such trifling vouchers as the receipts for the money spent in the steamers, upon, say, soda water. Similarly we preserved the receipts for telegrams. I do not remember to have entered a single item under sundries when writing the detailed accounts. As a rule sundries did not figure in our accounts at all, and if they did they were intended to cover a few pennies or shillings the manner of whose spending we could not recall at the time of writing the accounts at the end of the day.

I have clearly observed in this life the fact that we become trustees or responsible agents from the time that we reach years of discretion. So long as we are with our parents, we must account to them for moneys or business they entrust to us. They may be sure of our rectitude and may not ask us for accounts, but that does not affect our responsibility. When we become independent householders, there arises the responsibility of our family. We are not the sole proprietors of our acquisitions: our family is a co-sharer of them along with ourselves. We must account for every single pie for their sake. If such is our responsibility in private life, in public life it is all the greater. I have observed that voluntary workers are apt to behave as if they were not bound to render a detailed account of the business or moneys with which they are entrusted because like Caesar's wife they are above suspicion. This is sheer nonsense, as the keeping of accounts has nothing whatever to do with trustworthiness or the reverse. Keeping accounts is an independent duty, the performance of which is essential to the clean work, and if the leading workers of the institution which we voluntarily serve do not ask us for accounts out of a sense of false courtesy or fear, they too are equally to blame. If a paid servant is bound to account for work done and money spent by him, the volunteer is doubly bound to do so, for his very work is a reward to him. This is a very important matter, and, as I know that this is generally not sufficiently attended to in many institutions, I have ventured to take up so much space here in adverting to the subject.

Translated by V. G. DESAI.

(To be continued.)

Women in Vedic and Post-Vedic Times

BY THE HON. SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI IYER

ABOUT a couple of years ago, I was requested by some of the students of the Women's College to speak to them on the position of women in Ancient India. It therefore became necessary for me to collate the various passages in the few sacred and secular writings with which I was familiar for the purpose of arriving at a conspectus. I was also greatly assisted by my friend, Mr. G. R. Josier of Mysore, a very well-known student of Sanskrit, and I was directed by him to many sources of information which were unknown and would have been unavailable to me but for my friend's kindness. I have now ventured to address the members of the Presidency College Sanskrit Association on the subject of Women in Vedic and post-Vedic literature, not so much by way of an exhaustive treatment of the subject, for I have neither the time nor the equipment to fulfil that object, but in order that I may perchance be able to combat some prevalent notions about the place of women in our ancient society and also because I may thereby succeed in stimulating further enquiry into a region which has not been much surveyed.

Even careful students of our institutions have fallen into serious error in regard to this topic by concentrating attention on accidentals. When Panini wrote his wonderful book which is not only a grammar but an encyclopaedia and implicitly a history of current thought and chronicle of pristine society, the existence of such words as *Kathi* and *Bahvrichi* testified to the fact that women studied the *Katha* branch of the Vedas and that there were some who had studied many hymns of the Vedas. The definition in Panini of the word *Pathni* in which he correlates *Pathi* and *Pathni* by saying that the word *Pathi* takes the sound *na* from the sacrificial relation of husband and wife indicates the common rights and duties of husband and

wife in what was undoubtedly one of the most important of the daily acts of ancient India, the Vedic sacrifice; and indeed in the further definition of *Pathni* occurs the expression *Dampathyôhoh Sahâdhikârâth*, the equal rights of man and wife. During the course of a Vedic sacrifice, it is also provided that mistakes in recital should be rectified by the wife of the sacrificer—mistakes either in expression or pronunciation. Obviously this involves not only the careful watching by the wife of the sacrifice but previous study of the hymns. Notwithstanding such passages, large generalisations have been made by later Indian law-makers and writers which have been further amplified by European scholars and lawyers and prejudiced deductions made from stray expressions like *Asooryam pasya* occurring in Panini as a synonym for a King's wife, namely, one who never sees the sun; and the term *Avarôdha*. Such scholars forget for instance that in Rama's famous statement to Vibhishana he states that neither houses nor vestments, nor enclosing walls are the screen *Avarana* of a woman but her own virtue. He proceeds: in calamities, at marriages, at the Swayamvara and at sacrifice and at assemblies (*samsathsu*), he says *sthrinâm darsanam Sârvâlôwikam*. It is not remembered how natural it was considered that Sakuntala should appear in the public court of King Dushyanta; how Damayanti travelled about by herself and how in the Uttararama Charitha, descriptions are given of royal ladies visiting the hermitage of Valmiki. Students of our literature know that it is taken as an accepted fact that women were present during the enactment of dramas, that they freely visited temples of gods and indeed in the Mahabharatha, when apparently the beginnings of restraint were discernible, it is stated that *Andorithâhah kila pura Sthriyââsan Kâmachâra Vihâravijah Swathantrâh* namely, that they

went about uncovered at their free will and enjoyed complete liberty. A shrewd student of Indian literature though an unflattering critic of our social systems, Sir Monier Williams, referring to the descriptions of Kaikeyi, Kousalya and Mandodhari in the Ramayana and of Droupathi and Damayanti admits that these engage our affections and intellect far more than Helen or Penelope and he specifically adverts to the touching instance of wifely devotion exemplified by Gandhari who, out of sympathy for her blind husband, never appeared in public without a veil over her face.

In the Vedic days not only did women proudly proclaim that they were daughters of the Aryas and take part freely in the social life of their time but they indeed assisted in the composition of some of the hymns. In the beginning of many of the Rig Veda hymns the name of the muse and the name of the composer are generally mentioned. Thus, in the fifth chapter of the Rig Veda one of the hymns is stated to have been composed by a woman called Viswavara born of the race of Athri. Another composer was the famous Lopamudra, the wife of Agastya. The story of Lopamudra has been narrated as an example for all women in the Ramayana and evidently she was both a great scholar and a pattern of connubial conduct. Lopamudra composed the 179th song of the Rig Veda whose muse was Rathi. Another hymn owed its authorship to Ambhri's daughter Vak and it has been asserted that this hymn contained the nucleus of the later Vedanta philosophy. Not only did women take part in the composition and chanting of songs but in later days when the comparatively simple though loftily conceived invocation of the gods was succeeded by subtle philosophical speculation and dialectical dexterity, Indian women played a prominent part in the intellectual upheavals of the age. In the Brahadaranyaka occurs the great story of Maitreyi and at the risk of repeating what is perhaps known to every Indian student, I shall give the story in the words of the Upanishad itself, using the translation contained in the *Sacred Books of the East*. Yagyavalkya had two wives, Maitreyi and Kathyayini. Of these Maitreyi is stated to have been conversant

with the Brahman but Kathyayini possessed such knowledge only as women generally possessed. Maitreyi was the daughter of the great pandit Mitra who took a delight in the education of his daughter from early childhood and after her mind was fully cultivated she was married to the great Yagyavalkya. After some years of wedded life, Yagyavalkya desired to pass from the stage of the house-holder to that of the recluse. He divided his wealth into two portions and asked each of his wives to take one portion. Kathyayini took her portion but Maitreyi would not and started a discussion with her husband about the nature of wealth and second Adhyaya of the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad contains an account of the discussion. It commences with these words: "My Lord, if this whole earth full of wealth belonged to me, tell me should I be immortal by it". "No," replied Yagyavalkya, "like the life of the rich people will be thy life, but there will be no hope of immortality by wealth". Maitreyi said, "what should I do with that by which I cannot become immortal" and then begins that wonderful dialogue, "verily, a husband is not dear that you may love the husband but that you may love the self, therefore a husband is dear. Verily a wife is not dear that you may love the wife but that you may love the self, therefore a wife is dear". This dialogue fills us not only with supreme wonder at the unclouded philosophic vision of the ancients but it demonstrates that these altitudes were a familiar region to the woman of a Rishi household. Not only so, but in those days there was a Vedic school established by the King at which Maitreyi was one of the teachers. In the Brahadaranyaka is also contained the mention of one greater even than Maitreyi, namely, her aunt Gargi. King Janaka Vaideha who from time to time invited scholars from all over the country for the purpose of elucidation of difficult problems on one occasion assembled savants from all over the then known world and they engaged in a philosophic disputation. Brahmanas of the Kurus and the Panchalas had come there and after an Aswamedha sacrifice Janaka Vaideha wished to know which of the Brahmanas was the best read. So he enclosed within an enclosure a thousand

cows and ten pieces of gold was fastened to each pair of horns. Janaka spoke to them, "Ye, venerable Brahmanas, who among the wisest let him drive away these cows". Then those Brahmanas durst not do so but Yagyavalkya said to his pupil, "Drive them away, my dear". Then rose Gargi and put him a series of questions beginning with those words, "Everything here is woven like warp and woof in water, what then is that in which water is woven like warp and woof." "In air, oh, Gargi", he replied, "and the whole cosmogony is exhausted" until finally Yagyavalkya says, "Oh, Gargi, don't ask too much". It is stated that after the great discussion between Yagyavalkya and Gargi the whole Royal Court rang with Gargi's praises and she was given the title of the Queen of the Dialecticians. There is another scholar whose name occurs in ancient Indian literature and that is Devabooti, the daughter of one of the Manus. Though she was born in the royal family she, of her own will, married an ascetic, Kardama, so that she may not be disturbed in her studies. Kardama himself was not very anxious to enter the matrimonial state but seeing Devabooti's yearning for learning and touched by her love for the things of the spirit, he consented to adopt Grahasthasrama. It is stated that sitting at the feet of her lord, Devabooti studied abstruse problems of philosophy and born of Devabooti and Kardama was Kapila, the author of the Sankya system. We learn that Devabooti herself was the first teacher of Kapila and gave that direction to his intelligence which made him evolve the foremost of the Indian systems of philosophy.

I shall not dwell longer in these very early times of our history but shall pass on to the Buddhistic age. The Buddhist system of life and philosophy from the beginning gave a great impetus to women's education and general progress. Buddhist women were entitled to enter monastic life. Many of them were well educated and a number of them performed pilgrimages to distant lands for the purpose of spreading their faith. A cousin of the great king Asoka Sangamita, went to Ceylon and founded a school of philosophy there and it is stated that many women of Ceylon were thus made proficient in

the arts. Sangamita's life and work are fairly well-known but what is not equally known is the story of Bharathi, wife of Mandanamisra. Mandanamisra and the great Sankaracharya were contemporaries and were both profound scholars. Sankara, it is narrated, took a vow that if in Sastraic discussion he should be defeated by Mandanamisra he would become Mandanamisra's pupil. Mandanamisra similarly declared that if he was defeated by Sankara he would give up family life and learn at the feet of Sankara. In the great intellectual struggle that followed, both of them without hesitation chose as their arbitrator and referee Mandanamisra's wife—a choice which demonstrated at once her marvellous attainments and the respect that every one had for her impartiality. After the argument rose to its supreme heights and closed Bharathi adjudged her husband to have lost his case and according to his vow the husband gave up family life and became the disciple of Sankara and so did Bharathi. There is a legend that Bharathi was an incarnation of Saraswathi, but however that may have been it seems to be pretty evident that Bharathi was a great auxiliary of Sankara in his great Digvijayas. The story of Bhaskaracharya's daughter, Lilavathi, is very familiar to Indian students. She became a widow early in life and the father thereafter educated her in philosophy and mathematics and the book "Lilavathi" bears witness to her accomplishments and to the deep respect in which she was held.

Varahamitra, the great astronomer, was the student of a woman named Khana who appears to have learnt the rudiments of astronomy from the autochthonous races in Ceylon and subsequently developed the science. Finally, after both of them had completed their researches, they married each other and lived in the house of Varaha, one of the nine gems of Vikrama's court. There are many stories told of Khana's knowledge of astronomy. One evening Vikrama wanted to know the number of stars in the evening sky. He asked his court astronomer Varaha who felt perplexed; but at once the daughter-in-law gave the answer. The King was amazed and asked Varaha what the method was by which the computation was made. The astronomer had to confess that it was the

daughter-in-law who made the calculation and thereupon, it is stated that Vikrama made her the tenth gem. During the time of Bhoja of whom it is sung *Adhyadhārā sadādhārā saddāmbā Sarasvathi*, two women attained great fame as poets one of them being the wife of a potter and the other the wife of a forester—this fact proving that learning and culture were not the properties of any particular caste or community. In the Mahabharata we hear of one Sulabha the daughter of King Pre-dhana who not being able to find one equal to her in learning remained single. In the Skanda Purana there is the story of a woman called Malayavati who studied as a pupil of Durvasa and became proficient in many branches of learning. It is also conceded that another Malayavati the wife of the great Emperor Salivahana was one of the greatest exponents of the science of grammar. In the Kathasaritagara we hear of the many accomplishments of Suryavathi, the wife of King Anantadeva. In the Bhakthivijaya we read of women being not only poets but being versed in chemistry, astronomy and the science of metals.

Turning now to the dramas, the 6th Act of Malathi Madhava contains a discourse by Malathi which amply proves that she was both a scholar and a philosopher. From the same drama we see that Kamandika is stated to have been proficient not only in Buddhistic but in Hindu law. What is more important is the statement made in the same play that she was a fellow pupil with the minister Devaratha. Kausiki in the same play had acquired the title Panditha. Scholars familiar with Buddhist and Jain literature tell us that there were many women who attained great eminence in the arts and sciences during the medieval period of Indian art. In the Uttararama Charitha we find mention of a woman ascetic who went forth from Valmiki's hermitage in order to study the spiritual interpretation of the Vedas. When the Chinese traveller Huen Tsang came to India, he says that he saw the Emperor Harsha's widowed sister Rajeswari discussing freely and with ease philosophy and problems of manners and conduct with many pandits, thus proving not only that women were

allowed perfect freedom of study and discussion but also that widowhood did not entail the terror which at a later date became associated with it. Of course, throughout our literature, apart from chronicles of learning and scholarship, there are numerous examples of the important parts played by women in the affairs of the world and of courts and in the nurture and education of their children. Thus, for instance, Gandhari, the mother of the Kauravas, is stated in the fifth book of the Mahabharata to have instructed her sons in the duties and obligations of kingship. Satyabhama's secular fight with Kubera which earned for her the applause of Sri Krishna may be taken as an indication that even the martial arts were not supposed to be above the ken of women. That women were allowed to practise the most rigid of penances is obvious from the Fourth Book of the Ramayana which refers to Prabhavathi's great penances and gives an account of Sabari's life. The conversation between Sabari and Rama in the Third Book of the Ramayana is one of the most inspiring passages in that immortal epic. The story of Kalidasa's wife is also extremely instructive. She was a very learned girl who used to examine and discomfort every one who came to ask her hand in marriage. She refused so many that in sheer vexation her father gave her in marriage to a good looking plough-boy Kalidasa concealing from her his utter lack of education. Her reproaches on discovering the truth sent him on a self-imposed pilgrimage in quest of learning and he returned by the grace of the Devi an accomplished man of the world and scholar and became one of the great poets of the world. Bhamati, wife of Vachaspathimisra, is the author of a commentary on Kalpatharu. It was so erudite that Vachaspathi himself has named one of his works Bhamathi after her. Madwacharya's sister, Kalyani is the author of many works which are now in existence.

In the medieval times too, women have distinguished themselves in the field of literature and learning. As late as the 14th century Lakshmi Devi, the grand daughter-in-law of the king Narasimha, wrote a law book named Vivadachandra which is now

treated as authoritative in the Mithila country. It is perhaps not difficult to perceive why the women of the Mithila country have higher rights under the law than the other women in India. Mithakshara which governs the life of men inhabiting the greater part of India including the Madras Presidency has a commentary called Balambhatta. This contains a fierce criticism of Nanda Panditha's legal theories and was the work of another Lakshmi Devi who must have lived in the latter part of the 17th century.

After the 18th century we do not read many accounts of the work of Hindu women in fields of literature and of philosophy but of course we have had many instances of great queens like Ahalya Bhai who have administered states with conspicuous success and have made for themselves an imperishable name. Lack of time forbids me to do more than refer in passing to the accomplishments and the learning of women in the Moghal court where notwithstanding the custom of seclusion, purdanashins were able to perfect themselves in many sciences and arts. We hear of one princess in the Moghal court as a most accomplished rider and horse-woman. The daughter of Aurangazib was a scholar and poet and indeed the tradition of poesy has been continuous in the courts of the Mussalman and Moghal nobles. Indeed, it may be said that throughout our history until very recent times it has been the case that the maxim of the Sastra was that girls also should be permitted and trained and educated with care. *Kanyāpyēvam pālanti śikshaniyathiyathnathahah.*

That the education of women was not merely in ornamental but also in the practical aspects of life is indicated in the dialogue occurring in the one Bharata between Droupathi and Satyabhama where it is emphasised that the housewife must look after the expenditure of the family, draw up the budget of the household and must keep in mind extraordinary items of expenditure and be prepared to meet them.

Summarising the results of these observations, do we not find that Aryan women had the entree into all the branches of learning, that they were scholars, vedic teachers, exponents of sastras, participants in Yoga and the sacred duties. Not

only so, but they were honoured in royal courts, there were text books on the law written by them, they were charioteers and warriors, were poetesses and councillors. The Indian ideal has not been very different from the one adumbrated in the words of Tennyson in his great poem of feminine revolt against dependence. "A woman's cause is man's. If she be small, slight natured, miserable, how shall men grow" and the Indian polity has at least in its earlier days remembered and put into practice the maxim *Vidyāvathi dharma-parākulasthriloke nardnām ramaneeya rathmam.*

If I have chosen only Sanskrit literature, it is on account of my comparative unacquaintance with the Dravidian cultures. It is, however, well established that in the Dravidian country, women enjoyed even greater freedom in recent times than in the north and not the least notable contribution made by the intensely religious and yet practical minded Dravidian genius to the sum total of the world culture, is that made by a woman.

It is not as a mere phase of chivalry but as a result of profound speculation that power and knowledge have been typified in the symbol of "Sakti" under the titles "Crea sakti and Gnana sakti". Although I do not propose to deal at length with the implications of the doctrine of Sakti and Deva, the fact that the Devi's name is always placed first as in the phrases "Seetha Rama", "Parvathi-Parameswara", I advert to these ideas for the purpose of establishing my thesis that the feminine in life and outlook has never failed to receive that respect and reverence in India which is its due in the scheme of things. May I conclude with an extract from one of the writings of that great Tantric scholar and true lover of India, Justice Woodroffe, who went by the pseudonym of Arthur Avalon:

"Your doctrine of Sakti will revivify yourselves who have faith in it and give to the ignorant and to others whose activity is ill-directed the religious and metaphysical basis of which they now stand in need. When India is to be drawn into the world's vortex, this is the moment to act. Is that action to be based on principles which are foreign to you or to your ancient peoples? Can and will you justify what is of best in your own?"

The Understanding of Gandhi—III

BY G. RAMACHANDRAN, SANTINIKETAN

I wrote in my previous article that Mahatma Gandhi while identifying himself with the political aspirations of his people refused to follow any current mode of endeavour to realise those aspirations but that he created his own moral and spiritual method. He did not for a moment accept the way of the violent revolutionary who held that the path to freedom lay through violence and blood. Secret assassinations and brutal murder, daylight dacoities and violent plunder,—all these were legitimate and valid in the poignant gospel which the revolutionary preached.

Mahatma Gandhi while saluting the courage and spirit of sacrifice of the revolutionary patriot, confessed and unhesitatingly proclaimed, that he loathed as unclean and impure his gospel of secrecy and murder. And no wonder, for with him as he has himself said, *ahimsa* is the first and the last article of 'faith'. He also held, that the revolutionary gospel ran hopelessly counter to the genius and instincts of his people. As a practical man he also saw, that under the prevalent circumstances in India, a violent revolution was perhaps the longest road to emancipation. On the one hand was the Government which with an annual military budget of several crores kept in constant readiness a most efficient and magnificently equipped army and on the other hand was the people, cleanly, deliberately and systematically disarmed. He therefore had no hesitation at all in rejecting the gospel of violent revolution.

There was another gospel, which was as full of milk and water, as the revolutionary gospel was full of blood and violence—the constitutional gospel. It was hopelessly inadequate either to face straight and true the vast tragedy of national humiliation, or solve the problem of national

helplessness. The advocates of this gospel pinned their faith in ceaseless petitioning and in constantly playing the "good boy" with an occasional if impotent show of temper. As Lala Lajpat Rai wrote the other day this method had never a chance. When the Punjab tragedy with its bitter shame coupled with the Khilafat wrong opened the eyes of Gandhi, he immediately knew that the gospel of the pious constitutionalist was utterly inadequate and futile. He rejected it too, though in so doing he lost the sympathy and co-operation of many of India's most illustrious statesmen. He parted company with them at the Special Congress of Calcutta with regret and yet firmness. He had seen a vision and had shaped a programme in the light of that vision and not for all the world would he prove untrue to it. What was this vision? And what the programme? If only we can understand both these we can also easily understand the claim that Mahatma Gandhi himself has made that he is a practical idealist. For, the vision was the same great vision that Buddha saw in the dim twilight of history, a vision of unutterable compassion and love and the programme was such that if fulfilled aright it would bring with it the light and beauty of that love and compassion. Mahatma Gandhi had seen as no one else did, the "lamp of life" slowly burning itself out in the millions of little cottages of India. He saw the slowly dying flicker and knew why the lamp was going out. He knew that under cover of a deceitful glitter, subtle and relentless hands were year after year snatching away food from the mouths of the poor millions. He saw with a beating heart that the foreigner 'did the job' and carried on his exploitation in a thousand ways directly under the eye of the government; nay that the government itself was mainly perpetuated just

to help this bleeding process. He knew too, though of the history of economic relations between England and India to be convinced that even more urgent and fundamental than political salvation was economic salvation though of course none saw better than he that both these were intimately mixed up. And it was just because economics and politics were thus inseparably mixed up that he found out that he could not afford to avoid politics if he wanted to achieve economic salvation. None was less in love with politics than he and yet he dared not shun it. But economic salvation could never mean for this lover of Ruskin and Tolstoy the substitution of brown, for white exploiters. The capitalists of Bombay or Ahmedabad were in his eyes as much exploiters of his people as those of Manchester or Liverpool. Economic salvation for India therefore meant for Mahatma Gandhi emancipation of the masses from exploitation both from outside and inside. And when the problem of an adequate solution pressed upon him. But he knew enough of the life of the villager to realise that what was needed more than anything else was the revival of cottage industries and perhaps in Kaira and Champaran where he had been in most intimate touch with the masses, he found out that the most important of the cottage industries was 'spinning'. He found out that till just a few decades ago the spinning wheel was in every home enabling the worker, especially during the seasons when there was no work of cultivation, to earn a few more rupees as addition to his scanty income.

Also, when the spinning wheel thus hummed in every village home, the weaver's shuttle too was kept constantly busy. Beside spinning and reaving, there were of course many more cottage industries flourishing. From among all these, Mahatma Gandhi found out that the spinning wheel alone had almost completely vanished while the rest continued, at least to make a pretence of existence. This must have set him thinking. And the more he thought over it the more the truth must have come home to him that the disappearance of the spinning wheel synchronised more or less with the growing poverty in the land. Once this

conclusion was reached he easily went forward to discover that the revival of the spinning wheel was the only way out, *under the prevailing circumstances*. We shall have occasion to discuss in full detail the significance of this discovery in a later chapter but here it is enough to state that this was Mahatma Gandhi's position with regard to the economics of the Charkha. It might also be added that in the revival of the spinning wheel Mahatma Gandhi saw not merely a way out of White and Brown exploitation as far as clothing was concerned but he also had the faith that this revival would influence the revival of other sister industries for he hoped that the adoption of pure 'home spun' would materially revolutionise the national taste. There was according to Mahatma Gandhi's diagnosis of the Indian problem another factor mainly responsible for India's slavery. This factor was social chaos. The excesses of caste and a system of education which he characterised as unmitigated evil were according to him the two most glaring causes for this chaos. The first led to the shameful tragedy of 'untouchability' and the latter to utter national emasculation and demoralisation. He was convinced, that unless the national programme not merely took into consideration these factors in the situation but also without any delay set about to define remedies, there could be no salvation for the country. He did not ignore also another vital factor in the social condition,—the growing vice of drink.

The Amritsar tragedy and the fearful humiliations that followed only helped to convince all the more, this apostle of Ahimsa that it was his urgent duty to place before the country a programme which while offering battle to injustice and arrogance would so conduct the battle that the nation would evolve more and more strength from within, at every forward step it took. Of course with him it was an essential condition that the battle must be a non-violent one neither inspired by hatred nor thirsting for mere revenge.

And this was exactly what he did. At the special congress at Calcutta he placed before the country his programme.

It was the Non-co-operation programme. In this programme was enshrined the Gandhian gospel of national self-redemption;—nay it had in it, though not in the particular forms advocated, but in the deeper implications involved the gospel of real world redemption. This is perhaps a bold claim to make but it has to be made even though it has not been possible, sufficiently long, to work the programme even in India. But to the extent it was worked, the nation unquestionably moved towards self-redemption. But this is anticipation at this stage. And, this is also just the place to define briefly the programme.

It was a programme that aimed at evolving strength from within in every sphere of national life, economic, cultural and social. The spinning wheel was to be put in its old place of sanctity in every home, the vernaculars were to be enriched and developed, Hindi was to be dignified as the common language for inter-provincial intercourse, national schools and colleges were to be reared side by side with the revival of village panchayats, communal amity was to be zealously fostered, untouchability and the drink evil to be done away with and after vigorously prosecuting this constructive programme if necessary to start mass civil disobedience involving non-payment of taxes. To this positive programme was added a negative one, the boycott of foreign cloth, of Law courts established by the Government, Government Universities and the newly established Legislative Councils. To this was of course also added as the most important item, the boycott of 'drink'. This negative programme was to be carried on if necessary by peaceful picketting of shops where foreign clothes or liquor were sold. It is not necessary to go into greater details at this stage. But it is necessary to add that the greatest stress was laid on the revival of the spinning wheel and the abolition of 'untouchability'. All these are well-known facts but what is not realised often is the wonderful dynamics and consistency of the programme. On the face of it, it looks like a non-political programme but no programme if effectively carried out could be more politically potent. It essentially meant a vast

national strike wisely supplemented by a course of nation building constructive work. And the political movement was so powerful after 'Punjab' that the national mind was captured and turned at least for a time into a powerhouse, feeding a vast process of national activities of first rate importance.

It certainly has to be admitted that the Non-co-operation programme demanded sacrifice and courage at every step. It was an exacting creed. For political workers, to keep away from the enthusiasms of exciting election campaigns, for lawyers to cease practising, for students to leave their colleges, for a whole nation to be contented with only coarse homespun—all these were not easy. Add to this the abolition of drink and untouchability and we at once see that unless the nation was prepared to dare and suffer, the Gandhian gospel of national redemption would be futile. But the nation was so prepared and in the Calcutta Congress it was the people who rose to accept amidst deafening acclamations the Non-co-operation programme even though many illustrious leaders held aloof from it. More, the programme had behind it a spiritual Titan with a mighty will and a wise purpose. And for the two years that followed the people strove and suffered as they never had done before. Mahatma Gandhi's leadership was without a question the greatest asset to the movement and in fact he led the country to within an inch of success. Then came Chauri-chaura and Mahatma Gandhi found that a halt was necessary if the whole programme was to be saved from the tragedy of growing national violence and, with a spiritual strength unequalled in history, he did cry halt. He quickly and with an unerring grasp of the situation resolved, that civil disobedience was impossible in an atmosphere of violence and so he demanded that the nation must discipline itself more, before the last step was taken. A little after he made this resolution the door of the prison cell closed behind him. What followed after is now a matter of history. And today this programme has been set aside by those who are men of little vision. But even they confess that they have set it aside only because the people are not ready for

it and not because the programme itself is wrong. But it has to be confessed that there is a good deal of self-deception involved in this plea. We shall see later what this self-deception is. A proper and dispassionate study of the situation, from the time of Mahatma Gandhi's imprisonment to the time of the triumph of the Swaraj party, would reveal the fact that those who then took or aimed at taking the leadership of the country were more to blame than the people.

The educated classes could not sustain their original enthusiasm nor fully realise that Rome was not built in a day. The masses were perhaps more true and firm and at the Congresses held when the leader was in prison the people tried again and again to stand firm. As we are

not concerned, more than what is just necessary with any purely political controversy we must not linger any more over this question but must go on to discuss at length the deeper and the permanent implications of Non-co-operation. For even though it has been set aside to-day there is no question that the country must come back to it one day or other for there is no other way. Of course the programme need not be revived in every detail but in its essential implications it is the only programme. And therefore is it all the more necessary that we endeavour to learn its purposes and plans thoroughly and well.

It is man's precious privilege to "Hope, till hope creates out of its own wreck, the very thing it contemplates."

History and Emotion

BY D. R. ACHARYA

Every action is the outcome of a complex creative process of the mind and the heart. From the point of view of psychology every action originates from a desire however faint it be. We often mistake thought to be the origin of an action while in reality even the thought owes its life to a deeper origin (*i.e.*) the innermost recesses of the heart wherein burns the subterranean conflagration and melts down its contents into the lava of emotion. That bursts out when the heart can contain it no longer and like an earthquake the whole heart quivers and the effervescent lava of emotion bursts forth.

The mind of man is more receptive than creative. We would even go the length of saying that the human mind is never creative. It is indeed the heart, the subterranean fire of emotion that gives birth to new sparks of desire lends new color to old desires and creates a whole world of fresh longings and aspirations. Liking grows into desire and longing. Again our longings before they appear above the plane of consciousness lie dormant in the womb of the unconscious depths of the heart. Before the desire

floats upon the conscious surface of the heart it goes through all the stages that matter in Darwin's theory undergoes from the original nebulous state. The relation between desire and thought is very subtle and often imperceptible. The thought faculty of the mind cannot operate without the stimulus of desire which the original emotion embodies. Thought is only the well shaped product of the raw material which the emotion supplies. The mind can rightly be compared with a machine that takes in the raw cotton and gives out the beautiful fabric ready for wear. Thought and desire are essentially the same even as the woven fabric and the raw cotton are not essentially different.

Now then History is a beautiful illustration of the working of the human heart and the mind and how the desire develops into thought which in its turn culminates in action. All human actions being the outcome and consummation of human emotion, history pictures to us the working of various emotions that give birth to varied human action. Before we go farther we shall see what a great part the emotion plays in

our lives and how it rises above the intellect in its approach to truth. Though both the emotion and the intellect have, each in its own way, the power to discover truth, yet in every age the one or the other has greater appeal for men's hearts and influences their lives. Again according to the temperament and the psychological peculiarities of each man he chooses either the intellectual or the emotional method of realisation—Gnana Sadhana or Bhakti Sadhana.

As Æ put it somewhere 'the age of intellect is at a suspense.' Now a higher appeal moves our sympathies and passions. That appeal emanates from the profound depths of the heart, i.e., the wave of emotion that surges to the cadence of truth. There is a certain boundary beyond which the ray of intellect cannot penetrate, but the unaccountable and almost instinctive heaving of the soul at once makes it out as truth. A keener insight into truth of spiritual import is an impenetrable mystery to the intellect whereas to the genuine emotion it is an unquestionable compelling force. This (what we would call) emotion test of truth is at once the best and the only defence of history. We write the history of our past and of our own times and we read it. Then are we no better than the little children that make their own toys and speak and play with them?

Here is the true meaning of history and our knowledge and study of it interpreted in terms of spiritual emotion which creates a world of ideals out of facts and receives their benediction. The world it creates is as real and palpable to the genuinely emotional folk as the world of facts is to men of doubting reason. It is we, our imagination and our emotional susceptibilities, that make our world and read our own spirit in it. The world as an objective and immutable reality is an untruth and a morbid illusion. This is the truth, against which all philosophy breaks its head! But history represents it and proves its unquestionability by the overpowering appeal it makes to the higher faculty of imagination and deeper emotion. To take a few instances to illustrate this fact, who can read through the history of ancient Indian life, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana (the noble

personages that walk the stage of our imagination with independent and bold hearts beating for truth and justice only and with profound confidence in their spiritual destiny)—who, that feasts his mind's eye upon such a scene, can think them unreal while all through he feels their soul-elevating spell upon him? During those moments he is not a man attended with the frailties and limitations of ordinary men; but he is a hero measuring his soul's stature with those great men of history and every moment feeling nearer to them. Can any one without injustice to his own higher emotions and suicide to his aspirations call that world and those moments he lived therein an illusion and a self-deception? A worse suicidal act of the human heart and its emotions cannot be imagined than such an attitude towards history. Whatever the truly felt emotion recognises and the higher faculty of imagination creates is true—a hundred times more true than the matter-of-fact world we see and feel with our commonplace senses, which is liable to change and which defies our controlling hand.

From this world of facts to the world of imagination emotion is an ascent from servitude to freedom—Freedom to create the steps to reach our ideal and to feel the ecstasy of knowing the higher potentialities of the soul.

We cannot ignore the workings of our own inner spirit and deeper feelings and set aside their claims for genuine creation and perception. They are as real as our physical eye and the skin, nay more real since they can be, by persistent practice perpetuated for all time. We are there our own rulers. Would men prefer a state of hopeless servitude to every changing matter to an ever lasting spiritual life wherein are no shackles of time and space, nor the wants of physical existence. The inspiration of history is an undoubtable element in the spiritual development of a people or an individual and to fully recognise this truth is to truly understand history. Unless we recognise not only the visible social and religious phenomena but the deeper significance of the spiritual emotions that are responsible for them and which inspire the life of a people, we cannot understand the ideals that guide them and determine their peculiar individuality.

Ancient and Modern Chinese Art

[We find a galaxy of artists in China from the very ancient times. Chinese scholars wrote many books on the theory and the technique of art. They had even Encyclopedias on this particular subject. Students of Chinese art should be thankful to Mr. Raphael Petrucci for his monumental work "Encyclopedie de la Peinture Chinoise," which is a French translation from the original Chinese. The following article is translated from the French. We can understand from this, that the Chinese ideas on art, more than two thousand years ago were just the same, as those of the people to-day.....M. G.]

Elementary statement of the teaching of painting by the master of the house Ts'ingtsai.

Lao Tsze said: As regards what is to be studied in painting, some prefer complexity, while others simplicity. Complexity is bad, simplicity is also bad. Some prefer ease, while others difficulty. Difficulty is bad and ease is equally bad. To have method is considered by some as noble, while by others it is not. Not to have method is bad, again to rest entirely on method is still worse. One should at first observe one rigid principle, then penetrate intelligently into all changes. The end of possessing a method should be as if there was no method (1). It is like letting fall colours, from Kon-Tch'ang-K'ang. The flowers are brought to life by the movement of his hand. The Cheng-houang (2) of Han Kan is of unique excellence. He prayed before he painted and then genius appeared. Consequently to have method is possible, while not to have it is also possible. One should first bury the brush and form the tomb: (3) (Ink stand of) Iron should be rubbed till it becomes sediment (4). One must sketch water for ten days, and draw rocks for five days. The landscape of Kia-ling, which Li Sseu-Lian has painted took several months to be completed. Wou Tao-Yuan had finished it in one evening (5). It may be then said, that it is

difficult and also that it is easy. But one should bear in one's heart, the divinities of five peaks, (6) not to keep before one's eyes the whole figure of a bull (7). One must study ten thousand volumes and march ten thousand lis (8). One should pass beyond the rules laid down by Tong and by Kiu; enter directly the reception hall, and the chamber of Kou and of Tch'eng (9), to be like Niyunlin imitating Youtcheng (10), the mountain seemed to fly high, the jet of water sprouted up, and he painted the limpid water, and the deep forest: to be like Kouo chou—Sien, who lets go the kite string. By a single brush-stroke, he represented several changes of space. He could make towers and storied houses, hairs of bull and threads of silk. Then only complexity is possible, and simplicity is also possible. But if one wishes not to have method in the end, certainly it is at first necessary to have method. If one wishes ease, it is at first necessary to acquire difficulty. If one wishes simplicity and severity of brush, it is at first necessary to learn complexity and full blaze of colour.

Is it then possible to neglect the six necessities, the six superiorities, the twelve things, which must be dispensed with?

COMMENTARY.

This introduction of Lao Tsze with regard to principal rules of Chinese aesthetic raises a general question. It should be admitted that it is treated here with a rare understanding and a real sense of beauty. From the outset, the Chinese author lays down the subordinate character of technique and superior value of inspiration. But also from the beginning, he shows that inspiration is of no value to him, who not having sufficiently mastered the technique of his art, is deprived by that very fact of the means of expressing himself. "One should at first observe a rigid principle, then penetrate intelligently into all the changes." Leonard also in

his treatise on painting insists on the necessity of studying the world of forms by grasping the problems, which present themselves by looking first of all into the means, by which the painter should express himself. "We know clearly that sight is one of the most rapid things possible," said he "and, in one moment it perceives an infinity of forms. However, it comprehends one thing only, at a time. For example: You, reader, if you cast a glance at the paper, covered with writing, you will judge immediately, that it is full of letters, but you will neither know, at the moment, what those letters are, nor what they mean. Consequently you must read word by word, line by line, if you wish to know, what those letters mean. Similarly, if you wish to arrive at the summit of an edifice, you must ascend step by step, otherwise it will be impossible for you to arrive at the summit. And I say that, it is in this way, that nature leads you for this art. If you wish to know forms of things you will begin by their peculiarities; do not go to the second, before you have well fixed the first, both in mind and in practice. If you do otherwise, you will lose your time and lengthen your study. Remember that you must learn to be precise, than to be clever. One of our artists, who knew the best technique of Western art, and whose mind could conceive the highest works, which he realised, finds himself here in agreement with Chinese aesthetique. Undoubtedly technique is only a means, but it is an indispensable means, it is the element of the particular language, which painting constitutes; To disregard or to neglect it one is to lose one-self, in the inextricable difficulty, in a blind alley. That is why "One must at first observe one rigid principle. But once this method is acquired one should dominate it, in-order to forget it. And it is in this that true mastery consists. "Not to have method is bad but again to rest entirely on method is still worse. It is to rest in the academic coolness of a tradition, which is vivified by no inspiring breath. "The spirit of the painter must continually be transformed in as many ways as the images of chief objects, which appear before him" said, Leonard. "One must penetrate intelligently into all changes" said

Lao Tsze. By this price only, the painter can conquer that profound knowledge of things which holds up before him, the essential structure, and which permits him to evoke them with a revealing aspect of his own vision. He reflects then something of his dreams under forms, by which he expresses himself. He separates what he seems and understands, not with his physical eyes, but with the subtle sense of his soul and he reveals to men, a fragment of this mysterious and formidable phenomenon, which is beauty. Now he is no longer the prisoner of technique; but he has forgotten the learnt methods. They have become in him a second nature as it were, which modify with the forms, which he himself evokes, the impulses of his mind.

But the grandiose simplicity, which through a crushing toil leads to a childlike simplicity is possible only after a long effort. He must have traversed the technical difficulties, he must have discovered, behind the multiforms of appearances the essential principle, in short he must have reduced complexities under which the world presents itself to a real and profound simplicity, which governs them. Who can ascend to such a height, if he is not a superior being? What the genius of Leonardo Da Vinci has been able to formulate in the history of European painting is also the principle, which has directed the masters of Chinese aesthetique. And this shows us, from the very first pages that in spite of the differences of formulas and technique, the art of the Far East is based on thought as vigorous and on a vision of the world, as powerful, as that which rules the masterpieces of Western art.

NOTES

1. Compare the English saying, "True art is conceal art."
2. Hankan was famous among Chinese artists for drawing goats. "Chin-Houang" is a picture of four goats of red colour drawn by the artist.
3. That is to say: It is necessary to use many brushes such that when thrown and accumulated, they form a mass like that of a tomb.
4. The stick of ink, rubbed against the iron of the saucer, must have to be so constantly used that the metal reduces to sediment. In other words, it is necessary to labour much.

5. Once the Emperor Huan Tsong asked two artists to draw a painting each on the wall of his palace. The artist Wou Tao-Yuan went to see the sight of the river Kain Ling, but returned without taking any sketch. He finished in one day the sights on both the banks 300 li long. To draw that landscape the other artist took several months. The Emperor saw the two pictures done by these two artists and said that both were good.

6. These five hills are situated in the centre and the four directions, namely, East, South, West, and North. Deities rule over these five hills. These presiding deities are supposed to have influence on the fate of men. So in order to satisfy them there is a custom of offering sacrifice to the five hills.

Artists must please them so that they may get freedom from bondage to technique and achieve success in their work.

7. It alludes to the story of prince Houci and his cook. The cook was chopping a bull. The stroke from his hand, his shoulder, the pieces of flesh and the knife were all moving in one rhythm. The king said "Well done! I see you are very clever in chopping flesh."

The cook said, "Emperor! In earlier days I used to see before me the whole figure of the bull, now I see only a part of it. First I saw with my external eyes, now I see with my inner eye. I never change my knife, because I know thoroughly every part of the bull, and also the exact place, where the blow should be made. When the chopping is finished, I look all around with a feeling of victory and keep aside my knife carefully." When the cook finished, the king exclaimed, "Bravo! yes, now I understand how I am to conduct my life."

All artists must work according to this principle. He must know the technique well and his work must come out of itself.

[The forgoing story reminds us of the story of Arjuna at his test of archery. When asked by Drona, his Guru, what he could see Arjuna answered that he could see only the eye of the bird. M. G.]

8. An artist must read many books and travel in various countries. Thus he will be able to know about the criticism and the history of art. He must study the exact form in nature, which will facilitate his knowledge.

9. That is to say the artist must be perfectly conversant with the art of Kou Kai—Tche and Seeh-Siao, and know the secrets of their technique.

10. That is Wang Wei—the famous artist of China, who was born in 699 A. D. and died at 759 A. D. He

was a poet of a very high order also. He made many changes in Chinese art. Particularly the art of landscape painting was much influenced by him. He wrote about art. He had contributions on composition, lineal perspective and aerial perspective of painting. He is the inventor of painting in black and white. He founded "L' ecole du sud", that is, the school of the south. The other name for this school is the literary school, which shows that the artists of this school were not only artists, but were scholars, philosophers and poets too. In addition to landscapes, Wang Wei drew many pictures based on Buddhist subjects.

Translated by M. G. GUPTA

SOME CHINESE PROVERBS

The carrying out of a kind feeling is sufficient to protect all within the four seas. By not doing so one may not be able to protect his own four limbs. (Mencius.)

The coat of mail and helmet are what give rise to war.

A single general's reputation is made of ten thousand corpses.

However much in the right one may be, it is no good reasoning with a soldier.

It takes little time to administer a rebuke, but it takes a long time to forget it.

When you begin to quarrel about a matter, how do you know that you are not in the wrong?

By fighting you never get enough; by yielding, you get more than you expected.

To yield does not mean that I am weak, but that I am restraining myself, however others may rage.

RESIST AGE

"By exercising one's intelligence, I believe it possible to become truly ageless. Just so long as your mind is fixed upon the future, just so long as you possess some unrealised ambition, or cherish some goal upon which you are concentrating every power that you possess, you are resisting age, no matter what your years may total in the counting. Age begins to defeat you only when your mind retreats into the past instead of advancing into the future."—MARY GARDEN.

Reviews and Notices of Books

BIOGRAPHY

The Apostles of Navavidhan

THE APOSTLES AND MISSIONARIES OF THE NAVAVIDHAN. The Brotherhood, 7, Ramanath Majumdar Street, Calcutta. Rs. 3.

The Navavidhan (New Dispensation) is the branch of the Brahmo Samaj founded by Keshab Chandra Sen. In this volume we have brief soul-stirring accounts, with beautiful illustrations on art paper, of nearly thirty leaders of the movement, beginning with Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Samaj, Mahari-shi Devendranath Tagore, the *Pradhan Acharya* or Chief Minister of the Adi Samaj, Keshab Chandra Sen, the founder and *Acharya* of the Navavidhan, and Pratap Chandra Majumdar, his worthy lieutenant in the cause. A movement which is capable of evoking such devotion and self-sacrifice as is commemorated in these pages, must surely have great potentialities within it, and deserves to be studied with due reverence by all right-thinking men.

A. RAMA IYER

Lincoln the Free Thinker

LINCOLN: THE FREETHINKER. By Joseph Lewis. The Lincoln Publishing Company, New York.

In this pamphlet, the author seeks to refute the claim made by Christians that Lincoln, the illustrious President of America, was a devout Christian. He shows how evidence has been fabricated for this purpose: and he has no difficulty in proving, from the testimony of Lincoln himself as well as of his intimate friends, that he was a Freethinker, in the sense, that he never believed in the Bible as a divinely inspired book and never belonged to any church. Slavery being an essential element of Biblical Christianity, no believer in the Bible could have signed the Emancipation Proclamation. It is a deliberate and malicious falsehood that his favourite books were

the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for he drew his inspiration from Paine's *Age of Reason*. In the familiar picture entitled *Lincoln Reading the Bible to his Son*, he is really examining a picture album! Nowhere in his writings have we a single reference to Jesus. The Christian world claims an absolute monopoly of great men, but Lincoln was simply a great humanitarian who belonged to no sect and professed no creed.

A. RAMA IYER

ECONOMICS

The Soil and Civilization

THE SOIL AND CIVILIZATION: Milton Whitney. D. Von Nostrand Co, New York. \$ 3.00

The authoritative character of the work is unquestionable; the author is the Chief of the Bureau of Soils of the stupendously organised Department of Agriculture of the United States. Consistent with the aim of this series, Whitney has striven to elucidate to lay readers the most modern concept of the soil, as a living, functioning organism instead of the dead, inert material it was taken to be by the narrow specialist in Agricultural Chemistry from the time of Lejbeg onwards. The teachings of experts in the 19th century had such a tremendous effect on modern farmers that some of the old wholesome practices of their forefathers acquired by centuries of keen and constant observation and rule-of-thumb experience were set at naught and reliance came to be placed exclusively on supplying 'plant food' to the soil in the shape of chemical and some faddist fertilisers, which have been responsible for some of the 'tragedies of the soil', subjected to a single continuous money crop system.

The author makes a very convincing plea for a much more comprehensive and synthetic, in addition to the erstwhile detailed and analytic, study of the soil which he portrays as an animate

being (with its own circulatory, respiratory and excretive systems!) influenced by and influencing plant and animal life—especially the innumerable micro-organisms—climatic conditions, methods of cultivation, etc. After describing at some length the various soils of the United States with their peculiarities—one yearns for a similar analysis of Indian soils—he speaks of the role of fertilisers in both the ancient and modern systems of agriculture. He does not deny the value of concentrated, artificial fertilisers in the modern competitive world, but he urges that their application to be effective in the *long run* must be decided by various factors besides the deficiency of 'plant food' in the soil. Whitney is convinced that there need be no depletion of fertility at all if the soil be carefully handled by farmers having an intimate knowledge of their lands, of crop adaptation, crop rotation, proper ploughing, irrigation, drainage, etc. He examines at length and refutes the prevalent notion of the inevitability of soil exhaustion in older countries owing to long continued cultivation of land. That the soil in the oldest of lands may be kept in excellent condition for an indefinite period and be made to produce as much as, if not more than, the much lauded virgin soils of new countries is proved by the author from copious extracts from the great writers on such countries as China, Japan, and Italy. In fact, the longest and the most interesting chapter is devoted to the historical development of agriculture in the oldest countries of the world. In some of these no doubt,—e.g. in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Spain—, agriculturists once prosperous have perished; but our author affirms that this is surely not due to deterioration of soil by continuous cropping but to the destruction of forests, irrigation systems, and general misrule by the nomadic conquerors of these lands.

Indian readers would naturally be surprised at the omission of the treatment of agriculture in India, surely one of the old countries famous for their systems of agriculture, specially as India is reported to be the original home of rice, sugarcane, cotton, etc. Dr. Voelcker, however, attempted this task 30 years ago; and showered encomiums on the methods of careful cul-

tivation practised in many parts of India. None can ignore the work accomplished by the modern State Departments of Agriculture in increasing the yield of crops and improving their quality. And there are ever so many fields awaiting patient and intelligent research. But our author is not tired of warning the specialists against rushing to one-sided conclusions and teachings which may lead to the abandonment of some of the old well tried methods. The keynote of his teaching is that the *static* conception of soil should give place to the *dynamic* conception of it. Soil and plant life must be studied as a whole with their inter-relations just as the physician of the new age has begun to study man as a whole and not merely his particular ailments. Whitney has set before research workers a severe—but to the true scientist an intensely attractive—ideal which we hope is or will be followed in this country also.

That a dry-as-dust—in fact dusty!—subject of soil is made to read like a romance, speaks volumes for the author's literary ability and devotion to his subject, withal, he does not sacrifice precision to attractive style.

Only if he had avoided the excessive repetitions of certain statements, indeed in excess of the requirements of teaching a lay public, the use of unnecessary and strained similes to explain certain obvious truths, and the glorious digressions into political conditions irrelevant to his subject, the size of the book could have been reduced by at least a third and the price of the book brought still lower and so within the reach of a wider circle of readers. But even for its present price, it must be said to be uncommonly well got up and sumptuously bound which reflects great credit on the public spirit of the Publishers and well befits their scheme of the Library of Modern Sciences.

K. C. RAMAKRISHNAN

EDUCATION

The Aims of the Travancore University
REPORT OF THE UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE
Travancore 1923-24. Government Press, Trivandrum, 1925.

The Committee reexamine the recommendations of its predecessor contained in an *add interim Report* (1919) in the light of subsequent changes and of the debate in the Travancore Legislative Council on the University Bill. The advantages of a compromise between the competing types of a unitary and an affiliating type of University are explored. The Committee had definite instructions not to run counter to the idea of locating the head-quarters of the University within the State. The Committee had four sessions; the first session prepared a comprehensive questionnaire and generally discussed the already available material; subcommittees were appointed to report on particular topics; the second session discussed these reports and the members visited Ernakulam and Alwaye and conferred with the representatives of Cochin and British Malabar about the Pan-kerala University. In the third session resolutions were passed; after a discussion with the principals of Travancore college and after local inspection a draft report was prepared. The fourth session settled the terms of the Report. From all this, it will be seen that the Committee has done its work in a thorough manner.

The Report makes very interesting reading. The history of education in Travancore is told us in a succinct manner; the Committee's views on the question of vernacular education are thus summed up: "We recognise that a proper grounding in the vernacular, the capacity to appreciate the good things in the vernacular literature as well as to use it effectively in writing and in speaking, and the power of appreciation of national literature are things to be ensured for every one of our students, not only in the secondary school but in the higher stages also. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that English is now the language of civilised life for a greater part of the world, that it is the official language of the state and of the empire, that it had become a bond of intellectual and cultural fraternity between the East and the West, that it has opened to our people the treasures of western science, literature and thought, and that historically it had brought great benefit to our country and has contributed to the evolution of our national life. As observed by the Calcutta

University Commission, our system of education has to be bilingual like that of many nations of the world, and there should be no difficulty in frankly recognising this position and making simultaneous provision for the cultivation of the mother tongue and of English.

An arbitrary age rule for entrance into the University is considered and dismissed as likely "to press hard in exceptional cases and to evasion" and a regular and periodical inspection of health and physique of students in schools is recommended instead. The question of coeducation of boys and girls is considered and as difficulties arise mostly in the intermediate stage represented by the higher classes of the high school and the Intermediate classes, addition of more institutions with these classes and provisions of adequate residential accommodation for girls are recommended.

The evolution of the University question is traced in a separate chapter, the aims of the proposed University are considered as also the different types of University, the area of the proposed University and its location, its constitution and general features. Throughout, an eye has been kept on what is practical as the chapter on the financial aspects of the proposal "shows. At the same time, the ideals of University education, as laid down by eminent specialists and by various University Commissions have not been lost sight of. The aims of the University laid down are: (1) to advance knowledge by teaching (2) to extend the bounds of knowledge by research, (3) to do both by publication (4) to create an atmosphere of disinterested pursuit of learning (5) to adjust learning to the practical needs and to the progressive movements of the country. And the committee recommends the federal type of University where the colleges are located as far as possible in the same centre; and if there is to be a pan-kerala University, the Committee suggests that there may be an University centre in each of the three states; Travancore, Cochin, and British Malabar. The Committee suggests the formation by or for Travancore a University to begin with which would at the same time keep its doors open for Cochin and Malabar to

become partners if they so desire later on. The inclusion of Tamil and of the Tinnevely District in the University is favoured as the inclusion might ensure variety of culture and variety of interests both desirable in an academic foundation; but in view of the absence of a popular demand from Tinnevely the recommendation is not made.

The Committee recommends that the University, with its head offices, be located in Trivandrum, whatever be the type chosen for it; and, in so doing, they consider the feasibility of other proposals and discuss the relative advantages of town and country locations. But the objections to Alwaye are not convincing and one wishes that Alwaye is at least added as an additional centre of the University to start with, so as to facilitate Cochin and British Governments' co-operation at a later stage. The capital non-recurring expenditure to be spread over a period of years is only a modest sum of 3 lakhs of Rupees; and we hope that the endeavours of the commission would not have been in vain and that the Travancore Government, always generous in the matter of education and social service will act immediately on the report. To the report is appended a dissenting minute of Mr. K. Parameswarn Pillai and a note by Mr. Hodgson who left Travancore before the Report was ready. The latter is opposed to locating the University at Trivandrum and the former insists that from the commencement the University should embrace Travancore, Cochin and Malabar.

V. NARAYANAN

HISTORY

Rise of Christian Power in India
RISE OF THE CHRISTIAN POWER IN INDIA. By Major B. D. Basu I. M. S. (Retired) Vols. IV. and V. Published by R. Chatterjee, Calcutta, Rs. 5/- each.

It is well-known that the English came to India at first as traders and gradually got the idea of founding an Empire in India from the French. The English, therefore, looked upon India as the means of obtaining immense profit. Whenever they had to carry on any war in India, they

managed to meet all the expenses of those wars against Indian princes from India. James Mill had observed that if India affords a surplus revenue which can be sent to England, thus far is India beneficial to England. Major B. D. Basu in his *Rise of the Christian Power in India* remarks that only did India pay for all the wars which enabled the British to establish their empire, but all the surplus revenue of India was drained out of the country to pay dividends to the Christian merchants constituting the East India Company.

We have already reviewed the first three volumes of *Rise of the Christian Power in India* in terms of highest praise. The last two volumes are as interesting and instructive as the previous ones. These five big volumes will keep Major Basu's name as a great historian. In the last two volumes, the author carries his story still further. In the Fourth volume, he begins from the rule of the first Lord Minto and ends in volume five with the sepoy mutiny and the Queen's proclamation. The five volumes all together give the detailed story of the foundation of the British power in India and the gradual penetration of the British power throughout the length and breadth of India.

In discussing the administration of the Marquess of Hastings, the author comes to the question of cotton manufacture in India. We know that 'before the establishment of British rule, India was the greatest manufacturing country in the world'. Her cotton fabrics used to find their way in many countries of Europe. The European nations came to India to trade with her and to get her cotton goods at a cheaper rate. It was by destroying this cotton manufacture of India, observes our author, that England succeeded in raising money to overcome Napoleon. To achieve this object, England forbade the importation of India's cottons into England, and by forcing the East India Company to lower the duties on English goods, she flooded India with English cotton goods. Thus England brought about the ruin of Indian cotton manufacture.

The last of the Peshwas has been often described as addicted to all sorts of debauchery, and

as a cruel sovereign. In defence of the Peshwa, our author remarks that the falsity of these statements would be evident when we remember the fact of the old age which he attained and the vigorous physical constitution which he always maintained—quite impossible for any man addicted to depauchery.

In volume five, the author discusses many topics such as the administration of Lord Auckland, of Lord Ellenborough, of Lord Hardinge and of Lord Dalhousie. The chapter on Lord Macaulay is very interesting reading. Lord Macaulay is known as a great writer in English literature. Lord Macaulay, who was a 'needy adventurer' came out to India 'to shake the pagoda tree and grow rich at the expense of the children of the soil.' While in India, he wrote his Minute on education, which has 'outraged the feelings of the people of India. His triumph over the Oriental school has been characterised as the triumph of a deliberate intention to undermine the religious and social life of India.

In these days when the people of India are clamouring for *Swaraj*, it is interesting to quote the opinion of Lord Macaulay on the Government of India. He said: 'We know that India cannot have a free government. But she may have the next best thing—a firm and impartial despotism.' If such be the opinion of Lord Macaulay, we have to exclaim—'Lord, save us from such friends.

One has to admire the critical method and the deep insight with which Major Basu carries on his discourse. All the five volumes are full of references and those who question the truth and authority of his statements (which may seem very revolting at the first instance) has to verify the quotations given by him. The English writers from almost the same materials, had given us a dark picture. Major Basu now presents the other side of the shield, basing his statements on the same materials. It is a pleasant reading, when we turn from the dark picture as painted by European writers to this able defence by Major Basu, who, however, is not blind to the defects of Indians. He, therefore, remarks that the Britishers could not have acquired political supremacy in India but for the help they received from traitors amongst Indians. It is really a problem why there were so many traitors in India. Our author observes that it has been lack of patriotism which to some extent accounts for it. With it also comes the want of fore thought, fore-sight and self-aggrandisement.

tors amongst Indians. It is really a problem why there were so many traitors in India. Our author observes that it has been lack of patriotism which to some extent accounts for it. With it also comes the want of fore thought, fore-sight and self-aggrandisement.

P. B.

LITERATURE. Humour?

THE COMIC MUSE. By J. C. Squire. Collins, London. 6/-

Mr. Squire tells us in the preface to "The Comic Muse" that his object in compiling the book was to include nothing that had not made him laugh, not merely smile. He includes Byron's "Vision of Judgment" in its entirety, and declares that he could not bring himself to reject "such a masterpiece of humour and dexterity." The poem is certainly dexterous. But that Byron's rhymed outpouring of bitter and brutal sarcasm on George the Third (however deserved) and on other persons of his time with whom he disagreed, should be called a masterpiece of humour, and have made a modern English poet of some influence laugh (not merely smile) is a matter of disturbing concern to those who look for balance in literary judgments. There seems to be some sinister weighting of the scales of poetical value when sarcasm and bad manners in verses on other nations and epigrams on dead people, which form the larger element in this anthology, are regarded as matter for laughter. Yet apparently this ingredient of scurrility, which etymologically is buffoonery, is a deliberately recognised quality, for Mr. Squire himself gives the book the sub-title of a "Book of Buffoonery." But surely it is asking something too much from persons of any degree of sympathetic sensitiveness towards their fellows, or of any degree of personal aspiration to decency of feeling and thought, to accept, as laughter-making, verses whose lampoonry (either in the ordinary sense of satire, or in the original sense of revelling in drinking intoxicating liquors) is insidiously destructive of literary sanity by presenting, as comic, subjects that are essentially tragic. Murder, suicide and sudden death put on horse collars for a jape.

Marriage and woman are rhymed off with a smirk that degrades. One gathers up a feeling of sorrow for the psychology out of which such a phenomenon arises. Perhaps the saddest thing in the book is the inclusion of the Rev. Cornelius Whur's poem entitled "The Female Friend," an innocent and sincere expression, in simple verse, of the quiet joy of comradeship between a man and accomplished woman. The compiler tells us that he has included this poem because it is "unintentionally comic." From this it would appear that verses jeering at relationships between men and women are eligible for the comic laurel in their own right; while verses of ostensible purity are only eligible if, in some way passing the ken of individuals of unpolluted imagination, they can be leered at with the aphrodisian suggestion which is so disastrous a portent in the modern literary atmosphere of Europe.

The book, as a book, is delightfully got up, and is very valuable to the student of English literature for reasons quite beyond its compiler's intention.

JAMES H. COUSINS

The Call of Nirvana?

THE CALL OF NIRVANA—A Drama in Five Acts. By Rudolf Broda. The Four Seas Company, Boston, U. S. A.

We read the following account of the play on the cover:—"The tragedy of a will to live, broken by the disillusion of the war catastrophe, and all the madness which it engendered. The hero aspires to unite the western endeavour for progress with the longing for spiritual perfection of his country, India. But all links break. He is about to surrender, to abandon faith in life—to accept death—Nirvana. But the call of service brought to him by a noble woman shows him that that call is stronger than the call of the Nirvana. He will live and serve." The contents of the book do not in the least justify the expectations raised by this summary on the cover. The author has been guilty of a capital blunder in laying the action in Benares, during August and September, 1914, and in distorting events still so fresh in our memory.

The hero is Dr. Sivaswami Krishna, Professor at the University of Benares. He marries an English woman, but it takes him 23 years to make the discovery that there is nothing in common between them! She leaves him on the outbreak of the war in 1914, to take up service as a nurse, but he refuses to give up their 18 year-old son, Methuen, whom it is his great ambition to bring up as an embodiment of his visionary ideal. He persists in retaining him, even after learning that Methuen is not his own son, and he even wins his case in a Court of Law. Methuen, however, determines to leave for the war along with the other English students of the University, and is wounded in a scuffle with Dr. Krishna. Then, a sudden world-weariness comes over the hero, at the apparent failure of all his cherished ideals, but he is somehow cured of it by his wife's sister, and they decide to live and serve.

This brief analysis of the plot does not in fact, expose all its absurdities. It is not too much to say that not a single character is real, and not a single incident probable. We can only smile at the profound ignorance of India displayed by the author. What shall we say of his solemn attempt to represent the Hindu students of the Benares University as rising in rebellion against the British power on the outbreak of the war? One wonders what object our author could possibly have had in writing this absurd drama. Its value as literature is next to nothing, while the mischief that it is capable of doing by its monstrous perversion of facts is by no means small. Perhaps the only redeeming feature is that this perversion is too crude to deceive even the most gullible of readers.

A. RAMA IYER.

Literature and Living

LITERATURE AND LIVING. By Lyman and Hill. Charles Scribners Sons, New York.

This is the first volume of a series of three Readers on a new plan, intended for American High Schools. Each book of the series is devoted to some particular aspect of the social function of literature. Thus, *Book One* contains literature interpreting the elements of community welfare; *Book Two*, literature interpreting work and

vocations; *Book Three*, literature interpreting civic life and civic obligations. The present book is divided into the following main sections each being divided in turn into a number of sub-sections:

- I. Making Homes
- II. Going to School
- III. Finding Enjoyment
- IV. Providing Safety
- V. Seeking New Homes
- VI. Making the Best of One's Self.

Here is an original plan, admirably adapted to show the intimate relationship between literature and living. Among the 165 selections in this book, we have poems, essays, one-act dramas, short stories, besides extracts from biographies, reminiscences, novels, tales of travel and adventure, and books about science and industry. A unique feature is the large proportion of selections from the pens of living writers. The exercises given at the beginnings and ends of lessons are fresh and concrete, and such as would develop the pupil's powers of thought and discussion, and give him an added zest for study. It is, indeed, a perfectly legitimate claim that the authors have made, that these Readers "will prove helpful in the cultivation of effective reading habits, that they will be a means of introducing boys and girls to the fascinating world of books, that they will facilitate the teaching of literature as an interpretation of life, and that they will contribute to the attainment of the goal of all true education—good citizenship". Although the book professes to be only a Junior High School Reader, it can be safely recommended even to older students of literature, in view of the variety and the high literary quality of its contents.

A. RAMA IYER.

Literary Speculations

LITERARY SPECULATIONS. By V. R. M. Chettiar, Trichnopoly. As. 6.

The author of these short sketches deserves to be commended for his literary enthusiasm, though one cannot help feeling that it is at present too ill-disciplined. He has been in too great a hurry to publish these effusions which (to quote from Keats, to whom the opening essay is devoted) reveal "great inexperience, immaturity, and

every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished". One can only smile at the author's naive plea for "immunity from the violence of the literary tribunal", immediately preceded by the claim to have "tried to imitate the inimitable Hazlitt". There are, however, gleams of promise, and we think the author capable of better work, provided he will practise more self-criticism and resist the anxiety to see himself in print all too soon.

A. RAMA IYER

PHILOSOPHY & RELIGION

Intelligence in Expression

INTELLIGENCE IN EXPRESSION. By Leone Vivante. Translated from the Italian. The C. W. Daniel Company, London. 10/6

Since Italy gained her unity and independence more than 60 years back, she has ever remained vigilant and vigorous, and has steadily and cautiously advanced in power, resources, territory, and status among the great states of Europe. Her sovereigns and statesmen have played their part warily and skilfully in the international arena of political and military strife. During the recent Great War, Italy remained neutral till the German Empire had begun to reel and to feel restive under the slow process of attrition,—approaching, however slowly, towards dislocation or even exhaustion—to which the Powers, allied and associated against her, subjected her national and Imperial unity, strength and sustaining power. It seemed indeed, at one time that she had made a blunder in casting her lot with the Allies. For, there was one short moment during which Italy seemed on the brink of destruction under the hostile and devastating rush of overwhelming German hordes. But, fortunately and in the nick of time, France was able to send adequate relief and reinforcements. The allied pressure, too, on the Western front assumed an aspect which foreboded the rapid and irresistible coming of the ultimate crack of doom. Giant America had just entered into the strife, and the first of an endless series of armies was coming into the arena of battle in the Western front. The Italian situation was saved. Since the war, Italy has continued her

plan and policy of cautious and continuous advance in area, power, prestige and resources; and her diplomacy, too, has always been a success.

It is no wonder, then, that in philosophy, her achievements and influence are equally important and noteworthy. The problems of thought are now in Europe assuming a new aspect and import, so that they might carry their appeal to men who wish to derive their inspiration for grappling with the realities of life and especially with the difficulties arising from the struggle of nations and communities with each other and their ceaseless efforts to advance their empire over the world of matter comprising air, water and earth. The Italian philosophy, too, of today is the outcome of efforts in thought which are in full consonance with the aspirations and advances of the intensely practical and successful Western mind intent upon applying the discoveries of science to the business of life and the exploitation of the world's resources. No longer are men willing to turn for light to a philosophy which deals with the old-world and world-old problems of the Creation of the world, the ultimate destiny of man, the nature of the Divine personality, the redemption of sin, etc., Even when these questions are taken up, they are relegated to a secondary and subordinate place in the discussion. Of course, the problem of reality retains, as it must, its place of pre-eminence,—but both the method of approach to it and its interpretation or solution assumes new forms according to the prevailing moods, exigencies, and aspirations of the busy men of the work-a-day world.

Signor Vivante is one of the ablest representatives of the new movement and trend of thought on the above lines in Italy. His new treatise, here taken up for review,—*Intelligence in Expression*—is a fine specimen of the new method and aim in philosophy, a solid and original contribution to the comprehension and propagation of the new spirit and content of philosophy in the West. His fundamental ideas and principles can be briefly stated, though he takes the rather unusual course of presenting and stating them definitely in his later Chapters, after dealing first with merely preliminary topics like thought and its expression in prose and verse, though in such

a manner as to lead to or illustrate this main thesis of his work and its development into a system. First, Activity is a principle original and endlessly identical with itself, and can be identified as always present. Hence it is the one reality, absolute and eternal, which philosophy is in search of. Secondly, the "actuating" of activity constitutes the principle of necessity,—i.e., of "liberty, vocation, effort"—and is implied and comes into being in every "act". Hence, "the absolute is temporal",—i.e., it can be identified in every act or effort and in every value resulting therefrom. The eternal, the reality, the absolute,—all terms synonymous with Activity—has no existence outside its "actuations"—its "expressions and individuations",—which co-exist or follow in space and time. Expression, or presentment, in any form is always in space and time. Thus arises the idea of necessity, which comes into being every time we act, and, therefore, is not self-existent. Necessity is thus not different from liberty, for it dwells at the core and essence of every act and effort, without which there is neither life, thought, nor value. Thirdly, every truth—being, in its essence, an "actuating" of Activity (or Reality), is true everywhere and always, and not, on that account, outside time and place. There is thus no "pre-existence" of truth independently of the *Phenomena of time and place*. Hence, "the concept of a Deity, or of an Absolute, or of a Relation, or Cause, which are conceived as extra-temporal" is simply "a poor imagining as compared with the conception of Reality here formulated. Fourthly without time (and space), the conception of reality is "not only impoverished, but destroyed". In fact, the two ideas of time and reality are one and inseparable. The traditional idea of time is a *Condition*,—i.e., as a co-existence or succession of mere phenomena apart from the "actuations" of Activity or Reality in individualised being or process is a mere conventional abstraction, a figment of the imagination, and entirely meaningless and unrealisable in practice. Fifthly, "the universal belongs to the thought of a given living individual at a given moment. "Each act, each thought, gathers up within itself everything of value in every time and place so as to present

itself as a focus transient in duration, but in infinite relation to the living experience of the individual, and without any limiting relation to any real or permanent entity which at best is but an illusion of the fancy. Sixthly, truth is reality—i.e., *activity in actuation*—so far as it is known—as experienced in a given moment of activity in the thought of a living person, subject to the necessities—values, forms, etc.,—then intrinsic to it.

We refrain from further developing the propositions forming Signor Vivante's Doctrine of Activity (or Reality), as they follow from those already set forth as above. It will be readily seen that the doctrine bears on the face of it the impress of an age in which intense and consuming activity is valued in all its forms for the momentary and immediate value it confers on the individual or the community. There is no regard whatever to any question or consideration bearing on the nature of the individual as a conscious personality, looking before and after, purifying itself from all tainting contacts of all kinds, broadening its outlook, and growing towards a Perfection which, when reached, shows itself as a perfect blissful and ever-pure Self, eternally free from all finite changes in time and place,—finite, because phenomenal and therefore unreal.

It is strange that Signor Vivante should call his work, *Intelligence in Expression*. It ought rather to have been named. *Activity in Expression*. It is because he conceives activity, expression and intelligence as synonymous, that he uses the words, *thought* and *action*, *consciousness* and *effort*, in such a way that any one of either pair can replace the other. Similarly, *liberty* and *necessity* are, as we have seen, for him convertible terms. But it is Intelligence, Consciousness or Experience as such, and its manifestation in the form (or forms) of Personality, that can alone invest the mind with its attribute of freedom and convert, too, human freedom, as it advances in its course of spiritual development, into the grace and love that converts man into a veritable deity and this "earth earthly" into Heaven itself. Mere energy and effort—Signor Vivante's "Actuation of Activity"—can only be *experienced*—if it is at all an experience worth the name—as mere-

ly mechanical pressure or movement, as the attribute of a collocation or combination of material particles and the unlimited reign of nature, "red in tooth and claw." Signor Vivante himself regards his Reality (i.e. Activity) as at each stage in its experience, either as *personal* or *impersonal*—for both mean for him the same thing,—as reached either by aiming at "an infinite identification with the real" or by a forgetting and limiting of the field and content of the unity" so as to form the momentary "Consciousness" of a person. Such personalisation or individualisation loses in truth even its own transient value as it changes from moment to moment in the very act of seeking for what is misnamed *eternal* and *universal* and finally loses itself in a whirlpool of overwhelming negation and despair, while perfection and peace are ever beyond reach and no help or grace is perceivable in any quarter which is capable of approach or access.

It is strange that Signor Vivante while he propounds his doctrine of Reality (Activity) in Chap V. of his work, declares in detail what he calls the "motive values" of Activity in the Chapter which precedes. These "motive values" which, he says are "inherent in Activity" are enumerated as (1) Individuation, (2) Universality (3) Originality, (4) a relation of external conditionality, "the intrinsic necessities of abstract thought." He says that each of these principles "receives innumerable names". He proceeds to mention all (or most) of them, without any attempt to point out the shades and differences implied in their connotation. In reality, however, they are but the limiting conditions under which his fundamental Principle of Activity gets objectified and concretised so as to satisfy the longing for a specialised and localised form of Personality, or at least of an Organism in which life expresses itself, so as to gain value in one of the forms in which it can bring an access of vitality or satisfaction. Signor Vivante says, "Diversity is intrinsic to the principle of Activity". The true reason for this is that activity is, *in essence*, non-intelligent, and only becomes intelligent when it has manifested itself in one of its many forms in space and time. If, as Signor

Vivante also says, "there is no philosophy which fails to see an original intrinsicity" and if "differentiation is intrinsic in activity", we can easily see that he contradicts himself. For, he has already spoken of his fundamental principle of Activity as one of "constant identity with its actuations." Hence we must hold that differentiation is not "inherent" or "intrinsic", but only *extrinsic and conditional*, as regards the core of his Principle of Activity. Signor Vivante says,— "Activity is always a forming *ex novo*." If constant "forming" or change is a necessity of its being and not merely conditional (or accidental, as we often incorrectly call it), it cannot be also essentially inherent, intrinsic, infinite, etc., but the reverse. It cannot also be essentially an Identity, as Signor Vivante claims it to be, in all its "actuations".

Signor Vivante claims that his "spiritual" or "immanentist" principle of Activity avoids the errors of the "theological" principle according to which everything takes place mechanically through an external cause, and of the teleologic principle according to which nature pursues certain ends and also aims at certain results. Signor Vivante says:—"Intelligence is not in its essence an adaptation of means to ends, or something of this kind; it is rather attempts and actuations of values." Here the essential weakness of Signor Vivante's philosophical—or rather, *non-philosophical*) Principle of Activity;—for its only gifts and gains consist in "attempts and actuations of values" which come into existence as mere matters of conditioned, accidental, unintended, or even unwanted happenings in the mechanical operation of a nature without an "intelligence" informing and sustaining it and capable of making steady and ordered progress on accepted and permanent lines of advance towards ethical and spiritual perfection. If, as Signor Vivante claims, his Principle of Activity "escapes the attack of sceptical and subversive theories", it is clearly because it takes its place also among them. The so-called "attempts and actuations of values" do not explain how the cognition of activity and value (or worth) in acts arises without any regard to their intrinsic character as tested by any given standards or to

the nature of their ultimate aim and purpose., To say merely, as Signor Vivante does (Chap. VI) that "a thought forms itself, and in acquiring consciousness, acquires faith in its own existence", amounts simply to the *ignoring*—if not also to the *denying*—of the origin of knowledge or consciousness and to make it simply synonymous with mere life or effort—i.e. "activity actuating itself."

In Chap VI Signor Vivante gives various arguments in explanation of his Principle of Activity which, he says, "admits of no substitute". We cannot enumerate them all here, but content ourselves with giving an example or two to show that even here he is by no means on firm ground. First, he tells us that "the conditions do not give that which is conditioned". But we have already seen that he holds that there is "no extra-phenomenality" outside time, space, and condition. If so, his Reality—i.e., Activity actuating itself in act and identical in, and identifying itself with, all the actuations—must be phenomenal and conditioned. Secondly, Signor Vivante says that every moment of consciousness, in its *forming*, is a consciousness that *its forming* exists just in so far as it is forming itself originally freely, not by imposition nor by derivation, but by an internal necessity". This means that there is no individual or agent, no thinking personality, apart from the action of effort forming itself into consciousness. If so, no consciousness or experience can exist except as a momentary, immediate, and *new* formation at each successive moment of "actuation", and there is nothing to differentiate him from the higher animals having also such momentary formations of consciousness, however inferior in quality to man's, in them and leading to various responses answering to external phenomena and stimuli. Thirdly, Signor Vivante holds that "we never perhaps come so near to the Knowledge of that which is origin, creation, novelty as in the feeling of *guilt*." But the feeling of innocence or approbation is equally a "Creation," and *known* as such. Fourthly, "inert being is not being; that which is, if it really is, is continually, through an unceasing *becoming*." What, then, is the difference between Being and Becoming? Being can only mean

inert becoming,—which is clearly meaningless, if not self-contradictory. We have no space for further comments on Signor Vivante's other propositions and explanations in this part of his work.

In Chapter VIII, Signor Vivante discusses the Concept. He says "Concept is activity", but this does not enlighten us. Nor are we better off when he explains that it is "the *infinite* of the expression", while the Principle is "the *infinite* of the individuation". Further, we are told that the Concept "has reference to the *material* without which Activity does not actuate itself, does not exist". This sentence is an entire stultification and abandonment of the whole theory of Activity as the Reality, sole and simple. What is this "material" spoken of as something without which Activity "does not exist."? It seems to be a reality more fundamental than Activity, and Signor Vivante ought to consider its claims, seriously before taking up his exposition of 'Activity'. Besides, if, as Signor Vivante holds, "the subject dies in the object, the act of knowing, we are landed in a form of pure materialism, and Signor Vivante's claim that his alone is a spiritual 'conception of reality falls to the ground. The so-called "New Idealism" of Italy, as interpreted by Signor Vivante in this work contains an interpretation of reality ably and attractively presented; but while it successfully aims at overcoming what has been aptly called "the peculiar obstinacy of the mind-body dualism" which alone is real and actual for the unenlightened mass-mind, it fails to grapple with the fundamental problem of philosophy in a manner which will help its ultimate solution for the man of thought, whether in the West or elsewhere.

K. SUNDARARAMAN

Hinduism

DER HINDUISMUS (HINDUISM: Religion and Society in Modern India)—with 43 pictures—By Helmuth Von Glasenapp—Privatdozent of Indian Philology in the University of Berlin Kurt Wolff, Verlag, Munich.

To write a comprehensive treatise on Hinduism aiming at anything like exhaustiveness is next to impossible. Hinduism has been

compared to a mighty *Ashwatta* tree sending its roots in ever-widening circles, which roots grow up into new trees, independent and self-existing but nevertheless bound up closely with the parent tree itself. Its endless extensions and manifold forms are so varied and complicated that they could scarcely be visualised as a whole though a unity pervades all through. Special works relating to the various aspects of Hinduism exist in plenty, but a dispassionately written comprehensive treatise surveying the inner and outer life of the Hindu which find expression and form in the Hindu religio-social system, has been wanting till now. Dr. Helmuth Von Glasenapp's attempt is to fill such a want and we have no hesitation in saying that he has succeeded much better than many a missionary suffering from religious bias, and many a politically-minded man labouring under racial or political prejudice. Dr. Von Glasenapp rightly recognises the limitations which even unprejudiced Europeans fell in understanding a vast religious system like Hinduism. Says he: It is difficult for the westerner to tread his way through the labyrinthine religious system that, in all its multifarious aspects, could be properly estimated only by a native born and bred to the system. Even when, in the future, difficulties will have been cleared and when Indology will have made not only the past but the living present also for the object of its research, there will yet remain a portion of this system closed to the thoughts of the West, on account of its foreign character. Those limitations have not stood in the way of Dr. Glasenapp's enthusiasm for research, impartiality of outlook or objective visualisation of the doctrines of Hinduism. Apart from these merits, the book has other features of excellence also. The classification of the themes follows a scientific basis as the arrangement shows; I The Fundamentals, II. The Object of Religious Thought, III. Religious Literature IV. World-perspective and Life-perspective in Hinduism. V Social Life and the Cult VI Creeds. VII. Influence of the West. The last chapter is especially interesting inasmuch as it deals with the various aspects and ramifications

of Neo-Hinduism, resulting from the influence of contact with the West ever since the time when Vasco-da Gama landed at Calicut. The new orientation of spiritual thought resulting in the formation of Reform societies like the Arya Samaj and the Brahma Samaj, the awakening of the national spirit evidencing itself in the form of a yearly political congress till ultimately it took shape in non-co-operation, the new All-India Hindu movements which have taken up the cause of Hindu rejuvenation and defence against the inroads of foreign religions, are all described in this last chapter with great impartiality of outlook and accuracy of detail.

There is, however, no attempt made by the author at distinguishing the essential features of Hinduism from the spurious elements which are too often mistakenly incorporated in the European conception of Hinduism. The excrescences and the super-layer of incrustations might at least have been indicated by the author. Another defect of the book is the inclusion of a number of spurious illustrations which travesty real facts. For instance, the picture of the Brahmin given as Frontispiece has its counterpart nowhere in real life in India. Similarly the pictures of Saraswathi, Krishna delivering his message to Arjuna, Krishna and Radha, Rama and Sita, are poor and inartistic, and give but a grossly imperfect representation of the intensely aesthetic conceptions they are supposed to reflect. We hope that in the next edition or in an Indian edition of the work these inaccurate illustrations will be replaced by better ones.

These defects apart, the work on the whole is a success. We have great pleasure in according it a hearty welcome.

L. V. RAMASWAMI Aiyar.

Life Transcendent

LIFE TRANSCENDENT By Olive Mercer The Science of Thought Press, Chichester, England.

It is a small book of some seventy-seven pages but full of noble pure, uplifting and inspiring thoughts. It explains the mysteries of life exposes, its ups and downs uplifts a drooping soul, nerves a broken heart, unfolds a vision of hope, points out

a moral path and elevates an aspiring soul to the heights where there is perennial joy and undiminishing bliss. There is not a page that is dull and insipid. Noble thoughts have been presented in the noblest of language. The young as well as the old will find such ample material not only for pondering over but for building up character and ennobling life. I would quote a few passages taken up at random to show not only the trend of the thoughts contained in the book but also the exquisiteness and elegance of the style in which they have been expressed.

"Ineffective and self-centred is the life that is but a phantasmagoria of dreams. Vision, untranslating into visible beauty, makes the life vague, unpractical, over-emotional. It takes resolution for a poet, when in the glow and light and fervour of his inspiration he must come down to cold black and white, to effort and exertion, if he would share with the world the beauty he has glimpsed. But who is worthy of illumination who will not bring down from the mountain the message to the multitude."

"Suffering awakens us, lifts us, brings us expansion of soul, makes us throw our inward powers outward to grip and wrestle and overcome and transcend. Pain reaches us only because we are not whole, not in harmony, not organised."

"Steer your own ship of fate be at your own wheel of life" "you are here to be a Captain the captain of your own soul. You came here to master the stars in their courses, why then be down under circumstance and let it master you, why let environment push you under and hamper and change the true course of your life."

"Men and women! what are they but souls, had we only eyes to see; what are they but spirits sent out into the world to learn their different lessons and to become conquerors of the world and of themselves."

From one end to the other, the book is a delightful reading. It deserves to be introduced into Secondary schools for rapid reading. For moral instruction of a high order, no other book would be more appropriate and opportune.

KANNOOMAL.

SCIENCE

Science and Statesmanship

THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE:

By Albert Edward Wiggam. J. M. Dent and sons, London and Toronto.

7/6

The modern age, whatever may be its other characteristics, is pre-eminently the age of science. Human intelligence has made such considerable progress in the field of knowledge that we are now able not only to understand many of the wonderful laws of nature but also to harness her infinite energy for our purposes. The future of scientific research also promises to be still more useful and entrancing because some of the recent discoveries have unlocked the gates of the Unknown and lifted a portion of the veil that covers the great mystery of existence disclosing the links between Life and Death, the animate and the inanimate and the fundamental principle of unity that pervades the whole universe. But all these discoveries will be of no avail unless they are judiciously used for the good of humanity. They have now placed in the hand of man numerous instruments with which to manipulate nature's laws and exploit her rich store house of power. Unless these instruments are properly controlled and worked so as to contribute to the cause of human welfare, science will have either advanced in vain or only given birth to numerous monsters of power and destruction. Thinking minds have already begun to look with dismay at the prostitution of scientific discoveries and inventions by the capitalist and the military classes purely for purposes of getting rich or manufacturing weapons of warfare. This sordid alliance of wealth and power is daily spreading all over the world, entrenching itself behind mighty empires and international leagues and seeking to bring the whole of humanity under a hegemony which will prove to be as dangerous as it will become unshakable. This rule of Satan has to be ended. Science has to be freed from the thralldom of wealth and militarism and given a more honoured and beneficent place in the scheme of modern

civilisation and human advancement. Further, there is also the other disconcerting fact of the blessings conferred by science in the shape of providing better facilities for a comfortable life, for increased food, improved clothing, shelter, wealth and transportation, etc. are not being judiciously used, with the result that these facilities are helping only to increase the rush and speed of life without improving its content or quality. If this aimless and furious movement is not arrested, and directed along channels of healthy activity, it will only end in chaos, bringing a veritable hell, instead of heaven, upon this beautiful world of ours and making it a place fit only for the children of the Devil to live in.

It is a realisation of this danger that has provided the inspiring motive for Albert Edward Wiggam to formulate in the book under review, a new Decalogue, a new Sermon on the Mount and a new Golden rule which is not intended to displace, but to supplement and successfully work out the old. Mr. Wiggam is not a believer in Cato's political and social philosophy that this world is "made for Caesar", but belongs to the school which holds that it is made for the common man. "Indeed", he says, "so far as science knows, this world was not made for anything. It simply is. It is simply here for this organic creature man himself, who is the outcome of the multitudinous but friendly forces to make it a congenial decent home to live in, love in, marry in, rear his children in and die in. So far, except in limited areas, and for brief moments for a few people, it has never been fit for any of these things. For most people, it has been merely a place to fight and freeze and starve in, with a snatch now and then of wine and poetry and song. It may always be so. It may be that man's only hope is 'to grunt and sweat under a weary load of life' on the bare hazard that another world will right the ills of this. But science is lighting the world with a different faith, a belief founded on knowledge, that this world, too, can be made clean and sane and happy. If man cannot clean up this world

with the stupendous cosmic engine of science now in his hands, he does not deserve another."

In these words we are introduced to the problem dealt with in the book and get a glimpse of the author's angle of approach towards the same, the stand-point from which he seeks to enunciate his new moral code which he claims to be more rational, scientific and flexible than the old laws given by Christ and his followers. The central proposition which the author puts forth is that the old Christian morality has failed because it was not based on scientific foundations and because it only preached an empty, abstract doctrine of righteousness, without telling men exactly how to observe it, how to understand and follow the will of God. What the world now needs, in the opinion of the author, is not, more of the "Spirit of Christ." He says, "the world is filled as never before with the spirit of Christ. Men are passionately eager to be good—to attain sweetness and peace and light. But they simply do not know how. What men lack is not the Spirit of Christ, but a technical method for putting it into effect." This technique of righteousness, Mr. Wiggam thinks, is supplied only by the discoveries of modern science. Scientific research has unravelled the laws of nature which are only the manifestations of the will of God. If His will is ever to be done on Earth, it is only through the instrumentality of science, that is through the use of intelligence in human life and relationships. That is the gospel of the new Decalogue, delivered from the new mount Sinai—the Laboratory. According to it the righteous man is simply the man who acts intelligently. The best man is the man who submits his conduct to the most rigid tests of critical analysis and objective experiment. "The whole ethical emphasis of modern life," we are told, "is rapidly shifting from the inner to the outer world, from the subjective determination of righteousness to the objective, from introspection to experiment. The effects of conduct are being referred back from the next world to this one." Therefore, as the scientist views the world, "the only way out of the eternal

triangle of God Man and the Devil is to discover with the instruments of Science new standards of conduct—to write a new scripture based upon the experimental and statistical use of intelligence which will enable the humblest man instantly to tell God from the Devil and thus throw his co-operation on the side of God."

It is the outline of such a scripture that the author has given us in this exceedingly interesting book, every page of which is profoundly instructive and thought provoking. The task which he has set before himself is the crystallisation of all the stupendous ethical meanings of modern science, the working out of the new Decalogue based on the real conscience—the conscience of Natural Law—in the individual, social, political economic and industrial spheres of life. The new dispensation revealed by science, Mr. Wiggam tells us, "is filled with warnings of wrath, both present and to come, for the biological ungodly, as well as with alluring promises for those who do his Scientific will." These warnings are described in the first five chapters of the second section of the book, the first section being of an introductory nature in which we are told of the ethical challenge of modern science and the failure of the old statesmanship. The whole book is written in the form of an address to "His Excellency the Statesman of the Executive Mansion", the direct form helping the author to make many a home thrust regarding the stupid follies and failures of statesmen all over the world.

The first grave warning which biology gives to statesmanship, in the words of the author, is that the advanced races of mankind are going backward; that the civilised races of the world are, biologically, plunging downward; that the civilisation of the present day is self destructive; killing those who built it; that the brain of man is not growing; that man, as a breed of organic being, is not advancing; that microbial diseases are chiefly the bye-products of our civilisation; that these diseases are apparently decreasing while, at the same time, man's incapacity to resist them is probably increas-

ing; that the great physiological diseases of the human body—heart-disease, diabetes, cancer, degenerative diseases of the arteries, liver and central organs—are increasing; that the functional neuroses, the diseases that affect man's mind and behaviour, are all increasing; that weaklings, paupers, hoboos and imbeciles are increasing; that leadership and genius—great men and first-class workmen—are decreasing. These statements Mr. Wiggam substantiates by references to the charts of American national biology. These can also be easily supported by statistics from the records of the other so-called 'civilised' countries in the world. The gravity of the danger pointed out, *i.e.* the decline in the physique and intelligence of the human race, is also enhanced by the rising tide of democracy. The clamour for more and more power for the masses, cannot be viewed without anxiety while fools are increasing and those responsible for their welfare are every day decreasing. In this section, Mr. Wiggam attacks the shibboleths, the sentimental nebulosities on which democratic liberal statesmanship is based, *viz.* that all men are created equal, especially in political wisdom and that God will raise up leaders unto the people. Mr. Wiggam takes his stand on the position that "all men are created unequal in all respects and leaders come not by prayer but by germ cells" and proceeds to show how, as a result of the "ungodly equalitarianism" of modern democracy, our statesmen have only helped to multiply economic injustice on the one hand, and absolutely enforced biological injustice on the other. And these two forms of injustice, we are told, have set up economic, social, educational and even moral and religious forces which are rapidly forcing our best blood to the biological wall.

The second warning of biology to statesmanship is that heredity and not environment is the chief maker of men, that it is essentially the man, who in the long run makes his environment, much more than the reverse. The social and political import of this warning is that nearly all the happiness

and misery of the world are due not to environment, but to heredity; that the differences among men are, in the main, due to the differences in the germ cells from which they are born; that social classes, which democrats wish to abolish by legislation, are ordained by nature. The author does not minimise the importance and influence of environment, education, or moral suasion, but only points out that heredity is more important than every other factor and that intelligence, energy and character are inherited. He says: "Nations are made and unmade at the marriage altar. No nation can live by heredity alone, nor by environment alone. 'Both are important but our statesmen and reformers commit a grave blunder when they proceed as though heredity, which is primary and basic to all else, mattered not at all.'"

The third warning of biology is that charity and philanthropy and our noble-hearted but, often soft-headed schemes for ameliorating the conditions of life, without at the same time improving the quality of life, have failed and will fail to improve the human breed and are, in fact, hastening its deterioration. The golden rule of conduct, which old world moralists are so fond of, we are told, will only wreck the race that tries it without science. Good hearts and pious intentions alone will not save the world. It should be supplemented by soundness of head as well. We should first pave it with intelligence and light it with wisdom. The millennium we are striving for is not for the weak and the unfit, the refuse of nature. What we should aim at is to improve the stock of the human race, prevent the stream of human misery at the very source and not merely provide stop-gaps in the middle of the current. The fourth warning is that medicine, hygiene, and sanitation will only weaken the race unless we up-build by scientific selection the health, energy and sanity that are already present in the stream of human protoplasm. Similar is the effect of morals, education, art and religion, which we are told, will not directly improve the inborn tendencies. That is the fifth and the last warning. This is because the children

are born not from the improved body-cells, but from the germ-cells which these processes do not improve. In the following striking passages Mr. Wiggam gives the result of all these warnings put together. He says:—

"It is a disconcerting reflection, yet we must face the fact, that the highest triumphs of science are mainly enlisted on the side of race-deterioration. And the whole sentiment of the people goes with it, because they cannot see beyond their present sympathy, or to-morrow's bread-and-butter. On the one hand, you have used the blessings of science to create strange and monstrous engines of war, which murder whole populations. And they are growing stronger and more monstrous every day. While on the other hand, the richest genius of the race and the tenderest emotions of the heart carry the starving, the feeble and the incompetent through to the hour when they can find no adventure except reproducing their kind.

"You even pass great legislative decrees—not laws, for laws, as Faguet, the French philosopher, has shown, are due solely to the slow growth of human custom, buttressed by the sanctions of human nature—decrees by which you do, to some extent, make men legally good. You think that you have thereby automatically made them morally good. You seem to imagine that a more numerous and more highly trained squad of police could guide men into the kingdom of Heaven. Men must learn that the kingdom of Heaven is not at the State Capital but within themselves. Everywhere we turn we see that science has created a world where wishes are horses and beggars do ride; but it tends to create a race which can only survive in a moral and physical nursery."

We think we have summarised in sufficient detail the criticism in the book of the aims and methods of modern statesmanship so as to make the reader realise that in its author we have a frank and courageous critic of the civilisation of the present day. He is a rebel against the cult of progress which stands for making the earth safe for fools, weaklings and other misfits whom nature by her rigorous process of selection weeds out of the world for

the common good of the race. He holds that, as it is, civilisation only amounts to defying nature at every step and substituting a stupid and suicidal process of artificial selection in the place of the god-ordained method of natural selection. "Vice and disease purify a race," he tells us. "Wickedness, folly, sin are all nature's methods of racial purgation." He does not want that the whole race should perish for the sake of those incompetent to continue their existence and from whose life the world stands nothing to gain, but everything to lose. He proceeds on the proposition that any standards of either individual or social conduct which bring organic disaster to the group are immoral, sinful and wicked. Anything that hurts life is wrong. Anything that ministers to life is right. And science is the only sure and safe guide for us in determining which ministers to life and which hurts life. Its greatest achievement is the discovery of the natural law and the duty of the statesman, as observed at the outset, consists in rigorously applying the natural law to life and civilisation.

Here we come to the constructive part of the book where the author gives us an idea of how to apply, in practice, the laws of nature, the light of science, to the main branches of human activity. He says that science demands, in this connection, three supreme necessities to be worked out. The first is the outcome of the application of the natural law to industry, the creation of an industrial order made for men, instead of using men to promote the industrial order. "This will restore aesthetics to industry and excitement to daily toil; it will apply science not merely to the making of goods, but so that the making of good goods, will make good men: in short, it will transform industry from a mere scheme of production to a scheme of life—a life of growing values, running to the brim with its satisfactions of all the old inborn instincts and inner demands of men." That is the Decalogue of Industry. The second necessity is the Decalogue of Democracy, the Socialisation of liberty on a scientific basis, the transformation of the universal demand for personal superiority into

a sort of aristo-republicanism. The third necessity of the application of the natural law is a new Decalogue of Science itself, i.e., the application of the scientific method and spirit, not merely to industry and politics, but to the whole individual and social life of man, to the end that he may discover and apply those ethical principles and that moral technique which will minister to his own racial success—his own progressive evolution.

The book, as its name implies, is devoted mainly to deal with the implications of the third necessity, the necessity for a New Decalogue of Science. Mr. Wiggam warns us that unless Science ushers in a new ethics, a new code of human life and conduct, it will prove merely to be a mechanical toy which, by and by, will explode and bury humanity under the ruins of the very civilisation which it has enabled man to build. He adds: "if this does actually come, it will be only because men have used science as a means of power, pleasure and profit without seeing its incalculable possibilities of spiritual and moral liberty, its industrial, educational and political solutions and its capacity to bring to mankind a new social salvation." He then goes on to formulate what he considers to be the ten commandments of Science. Space does not permit more than a bare mention here of the duties imposed by Science on statesmanship. They are the duty of eugenics, the duty of scientific research, the duty of the socialisation of science, the duty of measuring men, the duty of humanising industry, the duty of preferential reproduction, the duty of trusting intelligence, the duty of art, the duty of internationalism and the duty of philosophical reconstruction. Each of these duties suggest problems of profound interest and importance to the students of science, sociology, education, art, politics and philosophy. The author gives very valuable observations and conclusions under each of the heads enumerated above. But we should not lengthen an already long review by referring to them in detail but content ourselves with recommending the reader to go in for a volume of the interesting book which should certainly find a place in the library of every serious thinker. To

Indian students of current thought and sociology especially, Mr. Wiggam's views are of particular interest and value because the book presents in the new light of Science some of the cardinal principles and dictates of the ancient Hindu Sanatan Dharma. The ideals of socio-religious conduct and organisation promulgated by the Aryan Rishis and law-givers have found an unconscious advocate and supporter in Mr. Wiggam who might easily be ranked among the leaders of thought in the modern age. Some of the views propounded by Mr. Wiggam are no doubt open to serious criticism and are sure to evoke opposition among the school of thought which believes more in subjective spiritual progress and evolution of the human mind than in any objective perfection of the world of men and matter. We do not propose to enter here into any long defence of the author's position. But we would like to point out only to one answer that should silence such critics, viz., that, according to Mr. Wiggam, science should not, does not, exclude morality or religion from its scope. On the other hand, one of his main contentions is that without the aid of Science, without taking into consideration the laws of Nature, the ways in which God has really manifested His will in this universe, any religion is bound to fail in its attempt to save humanity or spiritualise men and women. Mr. Wiggam's conception of the function of Science, we think, comes very near the Hindu concept of *Dharma*. *Dharma* is not divorced from God or the goal of true religion, but directly leads to it. Even so, a proper understanding and interpretation of the New Decalogue of Science should lead us to the conclusion that the new Commandments promulgated in the book will only help humanity in its eternal pursuit of spiritual self-realisation and God-head.

M. R. RAMASWAMI, B.A. B.L.

MISCELLANEOUS

How to Interpret Dreams

DREAMS: AND HOW TO INTERPRET THEM. By a Physician, Cecil Palmer, London. 3/6

The book is divided into nine chapters. I. Introductory, II. The land of dreams, III. The

dream play; IV. How to interpret a dream; V. & VI. Different types of dreams, VII. Dreams involving sex-influence; VIII. Why dreams should be interpreted and IX. Some dream problems for solution.

The question is: Is dream a farrago of disconnected nonsense, a grotesque and bizarre jumble of meaningless rubbish? Western people mostly regard dreams in that light. It is, however, gratifying that an interest is being taken up in the subject by a section of people not over-prejudiced. For the last thirty years, new discoveries have been made in psychology and it has been satisfactorily proved that there are two minds or two aspects of mind, one conscious and the other subconscious. Dreams reside in the region of the subconscious mind, and pop up into the conscious mind when a man is sleeping and the functions of the mind all held in suspense. There are certain symbols by which dreams can be interpreted, for the way in which they appear is not quite intelligible to the uninitiated. There are various disguises in which dreams appear. The author mentions four of these by way of example.

1. Confusion of persons and places, substituting one for another or actually fusing two persons or characters into one.

2. Another is to have characters appearing at the same time who belong to different periods.

3. A third form of disguise is the dramatic nature of the Dream Play, which takes ordinary events of daily life and casts them into a blood and thunder melodrama.

4. Lastly, dreams are often played by symbolic characters and have a symbolic plot, so that some slight knowledge of symbols is needed to interpret dreams.

Through these and other means the author attempts to interpret dreams, and also to classify them but the classification is not so clear and illuminating as given in some of the Hindu works on dreams. In India interpretation of dreams has long been exalted to the dignity of a science. There are many books on the subject. "Shakeen Vasantraj" is one of the most recognised works on dreams and omens. According to the Hindu writers on dreams, dreams are divided into seven classes, each class having its own peculiar significance. Then there are divisions of *subha* (auspicious) dreams and *asubha* (inauspicious or evil) dreams. For instance, seeing a King, a Brahmin, a teacher, a white-apparelled woman etc., is auspicious. Climbing a hill, mounting on a white bullock, a horse, a lion or a state chair are all good. Mounting on a buffalo, an ass, a camel, a black bull and riding towards the south

are inauspicious and bad. Hundreds of examples of good and bad dreams are given in Sanskrit books.

The science of interpreting dreams in the West is simply in a stage of infancy while that in India has grown to its full height and has recently been neglected. The West is proud of the discovery of the subconscious mind where all impressions remain stored up and it is sometimes that some of them spontaneously express themselves in dreams. India had a thorough knowledge of this subconscious stratum of the mind in past ages and her philosophers have erected elaborate scientific theories on its basis. The Yoga system of Indian philosophy not only presupposes such a mind but makes it a basis for its thoughts. It devises means by which memories long lost and deep buried in the depths of subconsciousness could be revived and conjured up before one's vision as living pictures. Impressions or *Samskaras* as Indians call them, get buried into the mind and continue working out their course until they are eliminated off the chart by unremitting efforts and assiduous right-doing such as prescribed in the works on Yoga philosophy. The book under review is a handy volume written in the clearest of styles and well elucidative with illustrations. It would well repay perusal and provide material for thinking and instruction. Such books indirectly stimulate interest in Hindu culture and literature. Many a truth that lie imbedded invisibly in Sanskrit works, is brought out in a significant way and appreciated by the public.

KANNOOMAL

SUBODHA SAMSKRTAM. (Easy Steps to Sanskrit). By B. B. Kamat, B. A. B. Sc., 48 Robson Road, Karachi, Re. 1/-

This First Reader in Sanskrit is intended primarily for Sindhi students. It begins with reading lessons in simple prose, giving a continuous story of Sri Rama up to his marriage, with meanings of all words in Sindhi and Hindi. All words are written separately, lest the introduction of *Sandhi* at an early stage should scare away the beginner. But the *Sandhi* forms, together with the simplest declensions and conjugations, are given in the second part of the book, followed by a list of words and phrases translated into Hindi. The plan of the book is very pleasing, while the numerous illustrations add to its attractiveness. The long lists of *errata* however, form a serious blemish in a book of this kind which, we hope, will be removed in the next edition.

A. RAMA IYER

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

[Mahatma Gandhi is writing in *The Gujarati Navjivan* fragments of his autobiography entitled 'The Story of My Experiments with Truth.' 'Young India' publishes week after week an excellent English translation of these articles by Mahadev Desai, the true and talented disciple and Private Secretary of Mahatmaji. Thanks to Mahatmaji's waiving of his copyright in respect of the reproduction of the articles in periodicals, we are enabled to republish them month after month for the benefit of our readers.—Ed. C. T.]

INTRODUCTION

At the instance of some of my nearest co-workers I agreed four or five years ago to write my autobiography and also made the start. But I had scarcely turned over the first sheet when riots broke out in Bombay and the work remained where it was. This was followed by a series of events which culminated in my imprisonment at Yeravada. Sjt. Jeramdas, who was a fellow prisoner with me there, asked me to leave everything else and finish writing the autobiography. I sent him the reply that I had already framed a course of study for myself, and that I could not think of the autobiography before going through the course. I should indeed have finished the autobiography had I had my full innings at Yeravada. But there was still a year left to reach the task, when I was discharged. Swami Anand has now repeated the proposal, and as I have finished the history of Satyagraha in South Africa, I am tempted to undertake the autobiography for NAVAJIVAN. The Swami wanted me to write it separately for publication as a book. But I have no spare time. I could only write a chapter week by week. Something has to be written for NAVAJIVAN every week. Why should it not be the autobiography? The Swami agreed to the proposal, and here am I at the autobiography. But a God-fearing friend had his doubts, which he shared with me on the day of my silence. "What has set you on this adventure?" he said. "Writ-

ing an autobiography is a practice peculiar to the West. I know of no one in the East who has not come under the Western influence having written one. And what will you write? Supposing you reject tomorrow the things you hold as principles to-day. Or supposing you revise in future your plan of to-day? Is it not likely that the men who shape their conduct on the authority of your word, spoken or written, would be misled? Don't you think you would be better advised in writing nothing like an autobiography just yet, if at all?"

The argument had some effect on me. But it is not my purpose to attempt a real autobiography. I simply want to tell the story of my numerous experiments with truth and as my life is nothing but those experiments, it is true that the story will take the shape of an autobiography. But I will not mind it, if every page of it speaks only of my experiments. I believe or at any rate flatter myself with the belief that a connected account of all these experiments will not be without benefit to the reader. My experiments on the political field are now known not only to India but to a certain extent to the 'civilised' world. For me they have not much value, and the title of *Mahatma* that they have won for me has therefore even less. Often the title has deeply pained me and there is not a moment I could recall when it might be said to have tickled me. But I would certainly like to narrate my experiments on the spiritual field which are known only to myself and from which I have derived such power as I have to work on the political field. If the experiments are really spiritual, then there can be no room for self-praise. They will only add to my humility. As I reflect more and more, and look back on my past, my limitations are ever so much vivid to me. What I want to achieve, what I have been striving and pining for these thirty years, is self-realisation, i. e., to see God face to face, i. e., to attain *Moksha*. I live

and move and have my being in the pursuit of this goal. All that I do by way of speaking or writing and all my ventures in the political field are directed to the same end. But as I have all along believed that what is possible for one is possible for all, my experiments have not been conducted in the closet, but in the open, and I do not think that that fact detracts from their spiritual character. There are some things done which are known only to oneself and one's Maker. These are clearly incommunicable. Those experiments I am about to relate are not such. But they are spiritual or rather moral, for religion is morality. Only such matters of religion that can be tackled as much by children as by the young and the old, will be included in this story. If I can narrate them in a dispassionate and humble spirit many another experimenter will find in them provision for his onward march. Far be it from me to claim any degree of perfection for these experiments. I claim for them nothing more than does a scientist who, though he conducts his experiments with the utmost accuracy, forethought and minuteness, never claims any finality about his conclusions, and keeps an open mind regarding them. I have gone through deep self-introspection, searched myself through and through, and examined and analysed every psychological situation. And yet I am far from claiming any finality, or infallibility about the conclusions I have arrived at. One claim I do indeed make and it is this. For me they are absolutely correct, and seem for the time being to be final. For if they were not, I should base no action on those conclusions. But I have at every step carried out the process of acceptance or rejection and acted accordingly. And so long as my acts satisfy my reason and my heart, I must firmly adhere to the original conclusions.

If I had only to discuss academic principles I should clearly not attempt an autobiography. But my purpose being to give an account of various practical applications of those principles, I have given the articles I propose to write the title, *The Story of My*

Experiments with Truth. These will of course include experiments with non-violence, celibacy and other principles of conduct believed to be distinct from truth. But for me truth is the sovereign principle, and includes numerous other principles. This truth is not only truthfulness in word, but truthfulness in thought also, and not only the relative truth of our conception, but the Absolute Truth, the Eternal Principle, that is, God. There are innumerable definitions of God, because His manifestations are innumerable. They overwhelm me with wonder and awe and for a moment stun me. But I worship God as Truth only. He alone is Real, all else is unreal. I have not yet found Him, but I am after Him. I am prepared to sacrifice the things dearest to me in pursuit of this quest. Even if the sacrifice demanded be my very life I hope I am prepared to give it. But as long as I have not realised this Absolute Truth, so long must I hold by the relative truth as I have conceived it. That relative truth must, meanwhile, be my beacon, my shield and buckler. Though this path is strait and narrow and sharp as the razor's edge, for me it has been straightest and easiest. Even my Himalayan blunders have seemed trifling to me because I have kept strictly to this path. For the path has saved me from coming to grief, and I have gone forward according to my lights. Often in my progress have I had faint glimpse of the Absolute Truth, God, and the conviction that He is only Real, all else is unreal, is daily growing upon me. Let my world, that is, those who read this or who keep themselves in touch with me, know how the conviction has grown upon me; let them share my experiments and share also my conviction if they can. The conviction has also been growing on me that whatever is possible for me is possible for even a child, and I have sound reasons for so saying. The instruments for the quest of Truth are as easy as they are difficult. They may appear quite impossible to an inflated person, and quite possible to an innocent child. The seeker after Truth

should be humbler than the dust. The world crushes the dust under its feet, but the seeker after Truth should so humble himself that even the dust could crush him. Only then, and not till then, will he have a glimpse of Truth. The dialogue between Vasishtha and Vishwamitra makes this abundantly clear. Christianity and Islam also amply bear it out.

If anything that I write in these articles strike the reader as smacking of pride, he must take it that there is something wrong with my quest, and that my glimpses are no more than mirage. Let hundreds like me perish, but let the Truth triumph. Let us not reduce the standard of Truth even by a hair's breadth in judging erring mortals like me.

I hope and pray that no one will regard the dicta interspersed in the following chapters as authoritative. The experiments narrated should be regarded as illustrations in the light of which every one may carry on his own experiments according to his own inclination and capacity. I trust that to that limited extent, that is, as illustrations, they will be very helpful. Because I am going to conceal or to understate no ugly things that must be told. I hope to acquaint the reader fully with all my faults and errors. My purpose is to describe experiments in the science of *Satyagraha* and not at all to describe how good I am. In judging myself I shall try to be as harsh as truth, as I want others also to do likewise, and measuring myself by that standard I must exclaim with Surdas:

'Where is there a wretch so wicked and loathsome as I? I have forsaken my Maker, so faithless have I been.'

For it is an unbroken torture to me that I am still so far from Him who, I fully know, governs every breath of my life, and whose offspring I am. I know that it is the evil passions within that keep me so far away from Him, and yet I cannot get away from them.

But I must close. I can take up the actual story only in the next chapter.

I. BIRTH AND PARENTAGE

The Gandhis seem to have been originally grocers. But for three generations from my grand-father they have been Prime Ministers in Kathiawar States. Uttamchand Gandhi *alias* Ota Gandhi must have been a man of principle. State intrigues compelled him to leave Porbandar, where he was Diwan, and to seek refuge in Junagadh. He there saluted the Nawab with the left hand. Some one noticing the apparent discourtesy asked for an explanation which was thus given: "The right hand is already pledged to Porbandar."

Ota Gandhi was married twice, having lost the first wife. He had four sons by the first and two by the second. I do not think I ever in my childhood felt or knew that these were step-brothers. The fifth of these six brothers was Karamchand Gandhi *alias* Kaba Gandhi and the sixth was Tulsidas Gandhi. Both these brothers were Prime Ministers in Porbandar one after the other. Kaba Gandhi was my father. He was a member of the Rajasthani Court (now extinct, but in those days a very influential body for settling disputes between the chiefs and their cousins). He was for some time Prime Minister in Rajkot and then in Vankaner, and was a pensioner of the Rajkot State when he died.

Kaba Gandhi had four wives one after another. He had two daughters by the first two. The last Putlibai bore him a daughter and three sons, I being the youngest.

My father was a lover of his clan, truthful, brave and generous, but short tempered. To a certain extent he may have been even given to carnal pleasures. For he married for the fourth time when he was on the wrong side of forty. But he was incorruptible and had earned a name for strict impartiality in my family as well as outside. His loyalty to the State was well-known. An Assistant Political Agent spoke insultingly of the Rajkot Thakore Saheb, his chief, and he stood up against the insult. The Agent was angry and asked Kaba Gandhi to apologise. This he refused to do and was therefore kept under detention for a few hours. But when the Sahib saw that Kaba Gandhi was adamant he ordered him to be released.

My father never had the ambition to accumulate riches and left us very little property.

He had no education, save that of experience. At best he may be said to have read up to the fifth Vernacular standard. Of history or geography he was innocent. But his rich experience of practical affairs stood him in good stead in the solution of the most intricate questions and in managing hundreds of men. Of religious training he had very little, but he had religious culture that frequent visits to temples and listening to religious discourses make available to many a Hindu. In his last days he began reading the Gita at the instance of a learned Brahmin friend of the family, and he used to repeat aloud some verses every day at the time of daily worship.

The outstanding impression my mother has left on my memory is of her saintliness. She was deeply religious. She would not think of eating her food without her daily prayers. Going to Haveli—the Vaishnavite temple—was one of her daily duties. As far as my memory can go back, I do not remember her having ever missed the *Chaturmas**. She would take the hardest vows and keep them without flinching. Illness was no excuse for relaxing them. I recall her once falling ill when she was observing the *Chandrayana*† vow, but the illness was not allowed to interrupt the observance. Living on one meal a day during *Chaturmas* was a habit with her. Not content with that she fasted every alternate day during one *Chaturmas*. To keep two or three consecutive fasts was nothing to her. During one *Chaturmas* she had vowed not to have food without seeing the sun. We children would in those days be standing, staring at the sky, waiting to announce the appearance of the Sun to our mother. Everyone knows that during the thick of the rainy season the Sun often does not condescend to put in his appearance. And I remember days when at the sudden appearance of the Sun we would hurriedly announce it to her and

* An expiatory vow regulated by the waxing and waning of the moon.

† Lit. of four months. A vow of fasting and semi-fasting during four months of the rains. The Period is a sort of long Lent.

she would be rushing for a look at him, when the fugitive Sun would be gone having deprived our mother of her meal. "That does not matter," she would cheerfully say, "God did not want me to eat to-day," and resume her round of duties.

She had strong commonsense. She was in the know about all matters of State, and ladies of the Court thought highly of her intelligence. Often I would accompany her, exercising the privilege of childhood, and I still remember many a lively discourse she had with the widowed mother of the Thakore Saheb.

Of these parents I was born at Porbandar or Sudamapuri on the 2nd October 1869. I passed my childhood in Porbandar. I recollect having been put to some school. It was with some difficulty that I mugged up the multiplication tables. The fact that I recollect nothing more of those days than of having learnt in company of other boys to abuse our teacher, would suggest a strong inference that my intellect must have been sluggish, and my memory as raw as the raw cake which figured in the couplet about the poor teacher.

II. CHILDHOOD

I must have been about seven when my father left Porbandar for Rajkot to be a member of the Rajasthani Court. There I was put to a primary school, and I can well recollect my days there including the names and other particulars of teachers who taught me. As at Porbandar so here there is hardly anything to note about my studies. I could only have been a mediocre student. From this school I went to the suburban school and thence to the High School, having already reached my twelfth year by now. I do not remember having ever, during this short career, lied either to my teachers or to my school mates. I used to be very shy and avoided all company. My books and my lessons were my sole companions. To be at school at the stroke of the hour and to run back home as soon as the school closed,—that was the daily habit. I would literally run back, as I scarcely liked to talk with anyone. I was even afraid lest any one should poke fun at me.

There is an incident which occurred at

examination time in my first year at the High School which is worth recording. Mr. Giles, the then Educational Inspector, had come on a visit of inspection. He had set us five words to write, as a spelling-exercise. One of the words was 'kettle'. I had mis-spelt it. The teacher tried to prompt me with the point of his boot but I would not be prompted. It was beyond me to see that the teacher wanted me to copy the spelling from the neighbour's slate. For I had thought that the teacher was there to supervise us against copying. The result was that all the boys, except myself, were found to have spelt all the words correctly. Only I had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring the stupidity home to me, but without effect. I never could learn the art of 'copying.'

And yet the incident did not in the least diminish my respect for the teacher. For I was by nature blind to the faults of elders. I later came to know of many another failing of this teacher's, but my regard for him remained the same. For I had learnt to carry out the elder's orders, not to scan their actions.

Two other incidents of the same period have always clung to my memory. As a rule I disliked to do any reading beyond my school books. The daily lessons had to be done, because I disliked alike being taken to task by the teacher as deceiving him. I, therefore, would do the lessons but often without my mind in them. Thus when even the lessons could not be done properly there was, of course, no question of any extra reading. But somehow my eyes fell on a book purchased by my father. It was *Shravana Pitribhakti Nataka* (a play about Shravana's devotion to his parents). I read it with intense interest. There came to our place about the same time itinerant show-men. One of the pictures I was shown was of Shravana carrying, by means of a yoke, his blind parents on a pilgrimage. The book and the picture left an indelible impression on my mind. 'Here is an example for you to copy' I said to myself. The agonised lament of the parents over Shravana's death is still fresh in my memory. The melting tune moved me deeply and I played it on a concertina my father had purchased me.

There was a similar incident connected with another play. I had, about this very time, secured my father's permission to see a play performed by a certain dramatic company. This play—"Harischandra"—captured my heart. I would not be tired of seeing it. But how often would I be permitted to go? It haunted me and I must have acted "Harischandra" to myself times without number. 'Why should not all be truthful like Harischandra?' was the question I asked myself day and night. To follow truth and to go through all the ordeals Harischandra went through was the thing I learnt. I literally believed in the story of Harischandra. The thought of it all has often made me weep. My commonsense tells me today that Harischandra could not have been a historical character. But for me both Harischandra and Shravana are living realities and I am sure I would be touched as before if I were to re-read these plays to-day.

III. CHILD MARRIAGE

Much as I wish not to have to write this chapter, I know that I will have to swallow many such bitter draughts in the course of this narrative. And I cannot do otherwise, if I claim to be a worshipper of Truth. It is my painful duty to have to record here my marriage at the age of thirteen. As I see the youngsters of the same age about me and under my care and think of my marriage, I am inclined to pity myself and to congratulate the youngsters for their having escaped my lot. I can see no moral argument in support of such an unconscionably early marriage.

Let the reader make no mistake. I was married, not betrothed. For in Kathiawad, there are two distinct rites—betrothal and marriage. Betrothal is a mutual promise on the part of the parents of the boy and the girl to marry them, and is not inviolable. The death of the boy entails no widowhood on the girl. It is an agreement purely between parents and the children have no concern with it. They may not even be informed of it. I was betrothed thrice in turn though I do not know when. I was told that two girls chosen for me died in turn, and I infer therefrom that I was betrothed thrice. I

have a faint recollection, however, that the third betrothal took place in my seventh year. But I do not recollect having been informed of it. In the present chapter I am talking about my marriage of which I have the dearest recollection.

It will be remembered that we were three brothers. The eldest was already married. The elders decided to marry my second brother who was two or three years my senior, a cousin possibly a year senior, and me, all at the same time. In this there was no thought of our welfare, much less our wishes. It was purely a question of their convenience and economy.

Marriage among Hindus is no joke. The parents of the bride and the bridegroom often bring themselves to ruin over it. They waste their substance, they waste their time. Months are taken up in preparing for it—in making clothes and ornaments and preparing budgets for dinners. Each tries to beat the other in the number and variety of courses to be prepared. Women, whether they have a voice or no, sing themselves hoarse, even get ill and disturb the peace of their neighbours. These in their turn quietly put up with all the turmoil, and bustle, all the dirt and filth representing the remains of those dinners, because they know that a time would come when they also would be behaving no better.

Better, thought my elders, have all this bother at one and the same time rather than thrice over. Less expense and greater eclat. For money could be freely spent as it has to be spent once instead of thrice. My father and my uncle were both old, and we were the last children they had to marry, and it is likely that they wanted to have the last best time of their lives. In view of all these considerations a triple wedding was decided upon, and as I have said before, months were taken up in preparation for it.

Only the preparations gave us scent of the coming event. I do not think the event meant to me any more than a prospect of good clothes to wear, of drums beating, of marriage procession, rich dinners, and of getting a strange girl to play with. The carnal desire came in later. I could, if I wished, describe here the process of its

growth. But the reader should forego all curiosity on that behalf. I propose to draw the curtain over my shame, excepting a few details which are worth recording and which I am coming to later. But even these details have little to do with the central idea I have kept before me in writing this story.

So my brother and I were both taken to Porbandar from Rajkot. There are some amusing details of the preliminaries to the final drama—e. g., smearing on with turmeric paste all over the body—but I must omit them.

My father was a Diwan, but nevertheless a servant and all the more so because he was in the good books of the Thakore Saheb. The latter would not let him go until the last moment. And when he did so he ordered special stage coaches for him, reducing the journey by two days. But—? The fates had willed otherwise. Porbandar is 120 miles from Rajkot,—a cart journey of five days. My father did the distance in three but the coach toppled over in the third stage, and he sustained severe injuries. He came bandaged all over. Half his and our interest in the business was gone, but the ceremony had to be gone through. For how could the marriage dates be changed? I forgot my grief over my father's injuries in the childish revels of the wedding.

I was devoted to my parents. But no less was I devoted to the passions that flesh is heir to. I had yet to learn that all happiness and pleasures should be sacrificed in devoted service of the parents. And yet as though by way of punishment for my desire for pleasures an incident (of which later) happened which has ever since rankled in my heart. Nishkulanand sings 'Renunciation of objects, without the renunciation of desires is shortlived, try however you may.' And whenever I sing this song or hear it sung, this bitter untoward incident rushes to my memory and makes me ashamed.

Father put on a brave front in spite of the injuries, and took full part in the wedding. As I think of it, I can even to-day call up to my mind's eye the places where he sat as he went through the different details of the ceremony. Little did

I dream then that one day I would be subjecting my father's having married me as a child to severe strictures. Everything that day seemed to me right and proper, and pleasing. There was also the eagerness to get married. And as everything that father did then struck me to be beyond reproach, the recollection of these things is fresh in the memory. I can picture to myself even to-day how we sat on our wedding dais, how we performed the *Saptapadi*,* how the newly wedded husband and wife put the sweet *Kansar* † into the mouths of each other, and how we began to live together. And oh, that first night! Two innocent children all unwittingly hurled themselves into the ocean of life. My brother's wife had thoroughly coached me about my behaviour on the first night. I do not know who had coached my wife. I have never asked her about it, nor am I inclined to do so now. The reader may be sure that we must have been too nervous to face each other. We were certainly too shy. How was I to talk to her, and what? The coaching would not carry me far. But no coaching is really necessary in such matters. The impressions of the former birth are potent enough to make all coaching superfluous. We gradually began to know each other, and speak freely to each other. We were both the same age. But I took no time in assuming the authority of a husband.

IV. PLAYING THE HUSBAND

About the time of my marriage, little pamphlets costing a pice or a pie (I now forget how much) used to be issued in which conjugal love, thrift, child marriages and such other subjects were discussed. As soon as I came across any of these, I would go through them from cover to cover, and it was a habit with me to forget what I did not like, and to carry out in practice whatever I liked. Lifelong faithfulness to the wife inculcated in these booklets as the duty of a husband remained for ever imprinted on my heart. The passion for truth was, besides, innate in me, and to be false to her was therefore out of the question. And then there was very little chance of one being faithless at that tender age.

* Making seven steps round the sacred fire to complete the marriage ceremony.

† Possibly a purely Gujarati Custom.

But the lesson of faithfulness had also an untoward effect. 'If I should be pledged to be faithful to my wife, she also should pledge to be faithful to me' I said to myself, and the thought made me a jealous husband. Her duty was easily converted into my right to exact faithfulness from her and if it had to be exacted I should be watchfully tenacious of the right. I had absolutely no reason to suspect my wife's fidelity, but jealousy does not wait for reasons. I must ever be on the look out about her movements, and she could therefore not go anywhere without my permission. This sowed the seeds of a bitter quarrel between us. The restraint was virtually a sort of imprisonment. And Kasturbai was not a woman to brook any such thing. She made it a point to go out whenever and wherever she liked. More restraint on my part resulted in more liberty being taken by her, and my getting more cross. Refusal to speak with each other became thus the order of the day with us, married children. I think it was quite innocent of Kasturbai to have taken those liberties with my restrictions. How could a guileless girl brook any restraint on going to the temple or on going on visits to friends? And if I had the right to impose restrictions on her, had she also not a similar right? All this is clear to me to-day. But I had then to make good my authority as a husband!

Let not the reader however think that ours was a life of unrelieved bitterness. For my severities were all based on love. I wanted to make my wife an ideal wife. My ambition was to make her live a pure life, learn what I learnt, and identify her life and thought with mine.

I do not know whether Kasturbai had any such ambition. She was illiterate. By nature she was simple, independent, persevering and, with me at least, reticent. She was not impatient of her ignorance and I do not recollect my studies having ever spurred her to go in for a similar adventure. My ambition was therefore, I fancy, all one-sided. My passion was all centred in one woman, and I wanted it to be reciprocated. But even if there was no reciprocity there could not be all unrelieved misery as there was active love on one side at least,

I must say I was passionately fond of her. Even in the school I would think of her, and the thought of nightfall and subsequent meeting with her would ever be haunting me. Separation was unbearable. I would keep her awake till late in the night with my idle talk. If with this devouring passion, there had not been in me a passionate attachment to duty I would either have fallen a prey to disease and premature death, or have led a burdensome existence. But the appointed tasks had to be gone through every morning and lying to any one was out of the question. It was this last thing that saved me from many a pit-fall.

I have already said that Kasturbai was illiterate. I was very anxious to teach her, but lustful love left me no time. For one thing the teaching had to be done against her will, and that too at night. I dare not meet her in the presence of the elders, much less talk to her. Kathiawar had then, and to a certain extent has even to-day, its own peculiar, useless and barbarous *purdah*. Circumstances were thus also unfavourable. I must therefore confess that all my efforts to instruct Kasturbai in our youth were mostly unsuccessful. And when I was awakened, having thrown off the sleep of lust, I had already launched forth into public life which did not leave me much spare time. I failed alike in instructing her through private tutors. As a result Kasturbai can to-day with difficulty write simple letters and understand simple Gujarati. I am sure that had my love for her been absolutely untainted with lust, she would have been a learned lady to-day. I could then have conquered her dislike for studies. For I know that nothing is impossible for pure love.

I have mentioned one circumstance that more or less saved me from the disasters of lustful love. There is another worth noting. Numerous cases have convinced me that God ultimately saves him whose motive is pure. Along with the cruel custom of child marriages, Hindu society has another custom which to a certain extent diminishes the evils of the first. Parents do not allow young couples to stay together long. The childwife spends more than half her time at her father's place. Such was the case with us. That

is to say during the five years of our married life (from the age of 13 to 18), we could not have lived together longer than an aggregate period of three years. Scarcely would we live six months together when there would be a call to Mrs. Gandhi from her parents. Such calls were very unpleasant in those days, but they saved us both. At the age of eighteen I went to England, which meant a long and healthy spell of separation. Even after my return from England we hardly stayed together longer than six months. For I had to run up and down from Rajkot to Bombay. And then came the call from South Africa which found me fairly free from my slumber.

V. AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

I have already said that I was learning at the High School when I was married. All of us three brothers were learning at the same school. The eldest brother was in a much higher class, and the elder brother who was married at the same time as I, was only one class ahead of me. Marriage resulted in both of us wasting a year. The result was even worse for my brother. He gave up studies altogether. Heaven knows how many youths suffer the same plight as he. Only in the present Hindu society can studies and marriage go together.

My studies were continued. I was not regarded as a dunce at the High School. I always enjoyed the affection of the teachers. Certificates of boys' progress and character used to be sent to the parents every year. I never had a bad certificate. I even won prizes after I passed out of the second standard and in the fifth and sixth I had scholarships of Rs. Four and Ten respectively—an achievement for which I have to thank good luck more than my own merit. For the scholarships were not open to all, but reserved for the best boys amongst those coming from the Sorath Division of Kathiawar. And in those days there could not have been many boys from Sorath in a class of forty to fifty boys.

My own recollection is that I had not any high regard for my ability. I used to be astonished whenever I won prizes and scholarships. But I very jealously guarded my character. The least

little blemish drew tears from my eyes. Anything I merited, or seemed to the teacher to merit, his rebuke was unbearable for me. I remember having once got corporal punishment. I did not so much mind it, as the fact that I was considered to have deserved it. I wept piteously. That was when I was in the first or second standard. There is another incident of the time when I was in the seventh standard. Dorabji Edulji Gimi was the headmaster then. He was popular among boys, as he was a disciplinarian, a man of method and a good teacher. He had made gymnastics and cricket compulsory for boys of the upper standards. And I disliked both. I never took part in any exercise, cricket or football, before they were made compulsory. My shyness was one of the reasons of my aloofness, which I now see was wrong. I then had the wrong notion that gymnastics had nothing to do with education. To-day I know that physical training should have as much place in the curriculum, as mental training.

I may however mention that I was none the worse for abstaining from exercise. That was because I had read in books the benefits of long walks in the open air, and having liked the advice I formed a habit of taking walks which has still remained with me. These walks gave me a fairly hardy constitution.

And the reason of my dislike of gymnastics was my keen desire to serve as nurse to my father. As soon as the school closed, I would get back home and begin serving father. Compulsory exercise came in the way of the service. I requested Mr. Gimi to exempt me from gymnastics so that I may be free for this service but he would not listen to me. Now it so happened that on a Saturday when we had our school in the morning, I had to go to the school for gymnastics from home at 4 o'clock in the evening. I had no watch, and the clouds deceived me. Before I reached the school the boys had all left. The next day Mr. Gimi examining the roll found me marked absent. Being asked the reason for absence, I told him what had happened. He refused to believe me and ordered me to pay a fine of one or two annas (I now forget how much). I was convicted of lying! That

deeply pained me. How was I to prove my innocence? There was no way. I cried in anguish. I saw that a man of truth must also be a man of carefulness. This was the first and last instance of my carelessness in school. I have a faint recollection that I succeeded in the end in getting exemption from the fine.

The exemption from exercise was of course obtained, my father having himself written to the Headmaster that he wanted me at home after school. But though I was none the worse for having neglected exercise, I am still paying the penalty of another neglect. I do not know whence I got the notion that good handwriting was not a necessary part of education, but I retained it quite until I went to England. When later, especially in South Africa, I saw the beautiful handwriting of lawyers and young men born and educated in South Africa, I was ashamed of myself and repented of my neglect. I saw that bad handwriting should be regarded as a sign of an imperfect education. I tried later to improve my handwriting, but it was too late. I could never repair the neglect of my youth. Let every young man and woman be warned by my example and understand that good handwriting is a necessary part of education. I am now of opinion that children must first be taught the art of drawing before learning how to write. Let the child learn his letters by observation as he does different objects, birds, etc., and let him learn handwriting only after he has learnt to draw objects. He will then write a beautifully formed hand.

Two more reminiscences of my school days are worth recording. I had lost one year because of my marriage and the teacher wanted me to make good the loss by skipping a class, a privilege usually allowed to industrious boys. I therefore had only six months in the third standard and was promoted to the fourth after the examinations which are followed by the summer vacation. English became the medium of instruction in most subjects from the fourth standard. I found myself completely at sea. Geometry was a new subject in which I was not particularly strong and the English medium made it more difficult for me. The teacher

taught the subject very well, but I could not follow him. Often would I lose heart and think of going back to the third standard, feeling the packing of two years' studies in one as too ambitious. But that would not only discredit me, but the teacher who counting on my industry had recommended my promotion. So the fear of the double discredit kept my post. As, however, with much effort I reached the thirteenth proposition of Euclid, the utmost simplicity of the subject was suddenly revealed to me. A subject which required a pure and simple use of one's reasoning could not be difficult. Ever since Geometry became easy and interesting for me.

Sanskrit however proved a tougher job. In Geometry there was nothing to memorise, whereas in Sanskrit, I thought, everything had to be mugged up. This subject also was commenced from the fourth standard. As soon as I entered the sixth I threw up the sponge. The teacher was a hard taskmaster anxious, as I thought, to stuff too much into the boys. There was a sort of rivalry going on between the Sanskrit and the Persian teachers. The Persian teacher was temperate. Boys used to talk among themselves that Persian was very easy and the Persian teacher very good and considerate to the students. The 'easiness' tempted me and one day I sat in the Persian class. The Sanskrit teacher was grieved. He called me to his side and said: 'How can you forget that you are the son of a Vaishnava father? Won't you learn the language of your religion? If you have any difficulty, why not come to me? I want to teach you students Sanskrit to the best of my ability. As you proceed further, you will find in it things of absorbing interest. You should not lose heart. Come and sit again in the Sanskrit class.' This shamed me. I could not disregard the teacher's affection. To-day I cannot but think with gratitude of Krishnashanker Pandya. For if I had not acquired the little Sanskrit that I did then, I would have found it difficult to take any interest in our sacred books. In fact I deeply regret that I could not acquire more Sanskrit, as I learnt later that no Hindu boy or girl should be without a sound knowledge of Sanskrit.

I now think that in all Indian curricula of higher education there should be a place for Hindi, Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic and English, besides, of course, the Vernacular. This big list need not frighten any one. If our education was more systematic, and the boys free from the burden of having to learn their subjects in a foreign medium, I am sure learning all these languages would not be a task, but a perfect pleasure. A scientific knowledge of one language makes knowledge of other languages very easy.

Really speaking Hindi, Gujarati and Sanskrit may be regarded as one language, and Persian and Arabic also as one. Though Persian and Sanskrit belong to a different family of languages from Arabic and Hebrew, there is a close relationship between Persian and Arabic as both claim their growth through the same source, viz., the rise of Islam. Urdu I have not regarded as a distinct language because it has adopted the Hindi grammar and its vocabulary is mainly Persian and Arabic, and he who would learn good Urdu must learn good Persian and Arabic, as one who would learn good Gujarati, Hindi, Bengali, or Marathi, must learn Sanskrit.

VI. A TRAGEDY

I have said before that I had few intimate friends at the High School. Friends who could be called intimate I had two, at different times. One of the friendships did not last long, though I never forsook the friend. He forsook me because I made friends with the other. The latter friendship I regarded as a tragedy in my life. It lasted long. I formed it in the spirit of a reformer. This companion was originally my elder brother's friend who and he were classmates. I knew his weakness, but I regarded him as a faithful friend. My mother, my eldest brother, and my wife warned me that I was in bad company. I was too proud a husband to heed the wife's warning. I dare not go against mother's though, and was bound to respect the elder brother's. But I pleaded with them: 'I know he has the weakness you attribute to him, but you know not his virtues. He cannot lead me astray, as my company with him is meant to reform him. For

I am sure that if he reforms his ways, he will be a splendid man. I beg you not to be anxious on my score.' I do not think this satisfied them, but they accepted my explanation and let me go my way.

I have seen since that I had calculated wrongly. A reformer must not go into deep waters. He cannot afford to have intimacy with him whom he seeks to reform. True friendship is an identity of souls rarely to be found in the world. Only between like natures can friendship be proper and enduring. But friends react on one another. Hence in friendship there is very little scope for reform. I am of opinion that all intimacies are to be avoided, for man easily takes in vice, not virtue. And he who would be friends with God must remain alone, or make the whole world his friend. I may be wrong, but my effort to cultivate an intimate friendship proved a failure.

When I came across this friend, a wave of 'reform' was sweeping over Rajkot. The friend informed me that so many of our teachers were secretly taking meat and wine. He also named many other well-known people of Rajkot as belonging to the company. There were, I was told, some high school boys also among them. I was surprised and pained. I asked my friend the reason, and he thus explained it: 'We are a weak people, as we do not eat meat. The English rule over us, as they are meat-eaters. You know how hardy I am, and a great runner too. It is because I am a meat-eater. Meat-eaters never have boils or tumours, and if they chance to have them they heal quickly. Our teachers and other distinguished people who eat meat are no fools. They know its virtues. You should also do likewise. And there is nothing like trying. Try and find what strength it gives.' All this argument was not advanced at a single sitting. It represents the substance of a long and elaborate argument the friend was trying to hammer into me from time to time. My elder brother had already fallen. He therefore supported the friend's argument. I certainly looked feeble-bodied by the side of my brother and this friend. They were both hardier, physically stronger, and more daring. This friend's exploits cast a spell over me. He could run long dis-

tances and extraordinarily fast. He was an adept in high and long jumps. He could put with any amount of corporal punishment. He would often display his exploits to me and as man is always dazzled when he sees in others the qualities that he lacks I was also dazzled by this friend's exploits. This was followed by a strong desire to be like him. I could hardly jump or run. Why should not I also be as strong as this friend?

Again I was a coward. I used to be haunted by the fear of thieves, ghosts, and serpents. I dared not therefore stir out of doors at night. Darkness simply scared me away. It was almost impossible to sleep in the dark, as I would imagine ghosts coming from one direction, thieves from another and serpents from a third. I could not therefore bear to sleep without a light in the room. How could I disclose my fears to the wife sleeping by my side, now at the threshold of youth? I knew that she had more courage than I and I felt ashamed of myself. She knew no fear of serpents and ghosts. She could go out anywhere in the dark. The friend knew all these weaknesses of mine. He would tell me that he could hold in his hand live serpents, could defy thieves and did not believe in ghosts. And all this was of course the result of eating meat.

A doggerel of Narmad's to the following effect was very much in vogue amongst us schoolboys;

Behold the mighty Englishman
Rules over the Native small,
Because being a meat-eater
He is five cubits tall.

All this had its due effect on me. I was beaten. It began to grow on me that meat-eating was good, that it would make me strong and daring, and that if the whole country took to meat-eating the English could be beaten.

A day was thereupon fixed for beginning meat-eating. It will be difficult for many to see why a day had to be fixed for the beginning of the new reform. The Gandhis were Vaishnavas. My parents were particularly staunch Vaishnavas. They would regularly visit the *Haveli* (the chief Vaishnava temple.) The family had even its own temples. Jainism is also strong in Gujarat, and its influence is felt everywhere and on all

occasions. The opposition to and abhorrence for meat-eating that is to be seen in Gujarat among the Jains and Vaishnavas is to be seen nowhere in India or outside. These were the traditions in which I was born and bred up. And I was extremely devoted to my parents. I knew that the moment they came to know of my having eaten meat, they would be shocked to death. I was also knowingly or unknowingly a servant of truth. I cannot say that I did not know then that I would have to deceive my parents if I began eating meat. It was not a question of pleasing the palate. I did not know that it had a particularly good relish. I wanted to be strong and daring and wanted my countrymen also to be such, so that we might defeat the English and make India free—the word 'Swaraj' I had not yet heard. The frenzy of the reform blinded me. So completely I forgot myself.

VII. A TRAGEDY (CONTD)

So the day came. It is difficult to describe my condition fully. There was on the one hand the zeal for reform, and the novelty of striking a momentous departure in life. There was on the other the shame of hiding like a thief to do the thing. I cannot say which of the two swayed me. We went in search of a lonely spot on the river, and there I saw for the first time in my life,—meat. There was baker's bread also. I relished neither. The meat was as hard as leather. I simply could not eat it. I was sick and had to leave off eating.

I had a very bad night after it. I had no sleep, I had all sorts of nightmares,—now I would feel as though there were a live goat inside me bleating piteously, then I would start up, full of remorse and then again remind myself that meat-eating was a duty and cheer up again! And the friend was not a man to give in easily. He now began to cook various delicacies of meat and dress them neatly. And for dining, no longer the secluded spot on the river, but a State house with its dining hall, tables and chairs, about which the friend had made arrangements in collusion with the 'chefs' there. And this bait had its effect. I got over my dislike for bread, forswore my compassion for the goats and became a relisher of meat-dishes, if not meat itself.

This went on for about a year, not more than half a dozen meat feasts having been enjoyed in all. Because the State house was not available every day and there was the obvious difficulty about preparing expensive savoury meat-dishes every now and then. I had no money to pay for this reform. The friend had therefore always to find the wherewithal. I have never known where he found it. But find it he did, because he was bent on making of me a meat-eater. But even his means must have been limited, and hence these feasts had necessarily to be few and far between.

Dinner at home was of course out of the question, whenever I had the occasion to indulge in these surreptitious feasts. Mother would naturally ask me to dinner and want to know the reason why I did not want to come. I have no appetite to-day, there is something wrong with digestion, I would say to her. It was not without some compunction that I found these pretexts. I knew I was lying and lying to Mother! I also knew that if Mother and Father came to know of my having become a meat-eater they would be shocked to death. And this knowledge was gnawing at my vitals. I therefore said to myself: 'It is essential to eat meat, and also essential to take up food reform in the country. But deceiving and lying to father and mother is worse than abstinence from meat. In their life-time therefore meat-eating is out of the question. When they are no more and when I have found my freedom, I shall eat meat openly, but until that moment arrives I shall abstain from it.' This decision I communicated to the friend and have never since gone back to meat. The parents never knew that two of their sons had become meat-eaters.

I abjured meat out of the purity of my desire not to lie to the parents but I did not abjure the company of my friend. My zeal for reform proved my own pitfall and I did not even so much as know of it.

The same company would have led me into faithlessness to my wife. But I was saved by the skin of my teeth. The friend once took me to a brothel. He sent me in with necessary instructions. It was all pre-arranged. The bil-

had already been paid. I went into the jaws of sin, but God in His infinite mercy protected me against myself. I was almost struck blind and dumb in this den of sin. I sat near her on her bed, but I was tongue-tied. She naturally lost patience with me, and showed me the door, with abuses and insults. I then felt as though my manhood was injured and wished to sink into the ground for shame. But I have ever since given thanks to God for having saved me.

I can recall four more similar incidents in my life, and in most of them my good luck rather than any effort on my part saved me. From a strictly ethical point of view all these occasions must be regarded as moral lapses. Because the carnal desire was there and it was as good as the act. But from the common man's point of view a man who is saved from falling into actual sin is regarded as saved. And I was saved only in that sense. There are some actions from which an escape is a godsend both for the man who escapes, and for those about him. Man as soon as he gets back his consciousness of right is thankful to the Divine mercy for the escape. As we know that a man often succumbs to temptation, however much he resists it, we also know that good luck often intercedes and saves him in spite of himself. How all this happens,—how far a man is free and how far a creature of circumstances, how far freewill comes into play and where fate enters on the scene—is all a mystery and will remain a mystery.

But to go on with our story. Even this was far from opening my eyes to the viciousness of the friend's company. I therefore had many more bitter draughts in store for me until my eyes were actually opened by an ocular demonstration of some of his lapses quite unexpected by me. But of them later, as we are now proceeding chronologically.

One thing, however, I must mention as it pertains to the same period. One of the reasons of my differences with my wife was undoubtedly the company of this friend. I was both a devoted and a jealous husband, and this friend fanned the flame of my suspicions about my wife. I never could doubt the veracity of my friend. And I have never forgiven myself the violence of

which I have been guilty in having often pained my wife by acting on the information of this friend. Only a Hindu wife tolerates these hardships and that is why I have regarded woman as an incarnation of toleration. A servant wrongly suspected may throw up his job, a son in the same case may leave his father's roof, and a friend may put an end to the friendship. The wife if she suspects her husband, will keep quiet, but if the husband suspects her she is done for. Where is she to go? A Hindu wife may not seek divorce in a law court. Law has no remedy for her. And I can never forget or forgive my having driven her to that desperation. The canker of suspicion was rooted out only when I understood *Ahimsa* in all its bearings. I understood then the glory of *brahmacharya* and realised that the wife is not the husband's bond-slave, but his companion and his helpmate and an equal partner in all his joys and sorrows—as free as the husband to choose her path. Whenever I think of those dark days of doubts and suspicions, I am filled with loathing of my folly and my lustful cruelty and I deplore my blind devotion to my friend.

VIII. STEALING AND ATONEMENT

I have still to relate some of the failings of the days of and previous to the meat-eating period. They date from before my marriage or soon after.

A relative of mine and I became fond of smoking. We had no money. Not that we saw any good in smoking or were enamoured of the smell of a cigarette. We simply imagined a sort of pleasure in emitting clouds of smoke from the mouth. My uncle had that habit and when we saw him smoking we also thought we should copy his example. And yet we had no money. So we began pilfering stumps of cigarettes thrown away by the uncle!

But the stumps were not always available, and could not give much smoke either. So we began to steal coppers from the servant's pocket money and to purchase country cigarettes therewith. But the question was where to keep them. We of course could not smoke in the presence of elders. We scratched along for a few weeks on these stolen coppers. In the meantime we heard that stalks of a certain plant were porous and

could be smoked like cigarettes. We got them and began this smoking.

But we were far from being satisfied with these. Our want of independence began to smart. It was unbearable that we could do nothing—without the elders' permission. In sheer disgust we decided to commit suicide!

But how were we to do it? Where were we to get the poison from? We heard that *Dhatura* seeds were an effective poison. Off we went to the jungle in search for them and got them. Evening was thought to be the auspicious hour. We went to 'Kedarji Mandir,' put ghee in the temple lamp, had the *Dharshan*, and then looked for a lonely corner. But our courage failed us. Supposing we were not instantly killed? And what was the good of killing ourselves? Why not rather put up with the lack of independence? But we swallowed two or three seeds nevertheless. We dared not take more. Both of us fought shy of death, and decided to go to 'Ramji Mandir' to compose ourselves and to dismiss the thought of suicide.

I realised that it was not as easy to commit suicide as to contemplate it. I may say that whenever some one threatens to commit suicide, it has little or no effect on me.

The thought of suicide ultimately resulted in both of us bidding good-bye to the habit of smoking stumps of cigarettes and of stealing the servant's coppers for the purpose of smoking.

Ever since I have grown up I have never desired to smoke and have always regarded the habit of smoking as barbarous, dirty and harmful. I have never succeeded in finding out why there is such a rage for smoking throughout the world. I cannot bear to travel in a compartment full of people smoking. I get choked.

But much more serious than this theft was the one I was guilty of a little later. This one I committed when I was twelve or thirteen, possibly less. The other was committed when I was as much as fifteen. The theft in this case was of a bit of gold out of my meat-eating brother's armlet. This brother had run into a debt of about twenty five rupees. He had on his arm an armlet of solid gold. It was not difficult to clip a bit out of it.

Well, it was done, and the debt cleared. But this was more than I could bear. I resolved never to steal again. I also made up my mind to own it up before my father. But I dared not speak. Not that I was afraid of my father beating me. No. I do not recall his ever having beaten us. I was afraid of the pain that I would cause him. But I felt that the risk should be taken, that there could not be a cleansing without a clean confession.

I decided at last to write out the confession and to submit to Father and to ask his forgiveness. I wrote it out on a slip of paper and handed it to him myself. Not only had I confessed the guilt therein. I had asked adequate punishment for it, and closed with a request to him not to punish himself for my offence, and also pledged myself never to steal in future.

I was trembling as I handed the note to Father. He was then suffering from fistula and was confined to bed. His bed was a plain wooden plank. I handed him the note and sat opposite the plank.

He went through the note, and pearl drops trickled down from his eyes wetting the paper. For a moment he closed his eyes in thought and tore up the note. He had sat up to read it. He again lay down. I also cried. I could see Father's agony. If I was a painter I could draw a picture of the whole scene to-day. It is still so vivid in my memory.

Those pearl-drops of love cleansed my heart and washed my sin away. Only he who has experienced such love can say what it is. As the hymn says: 'Only he who is smitten with the arrows of love knows its power.'

This was for me an object lesson in *Ahimsa*. Then I could read in it nothing more than a father's love, but to-day I know that it was pure *Ahimsa*. When such *Ahimsa* becomes universal it transforms everything it touches. There is no limit to its power.

This sort of sublime forgiveness was not natural to my father. I had thought that he would be angry, say hard things and strike his forehead. But he was so wonderfully peaceful, and I believe this was due to my clean confession. A clean confession combined with a promise never to

commit the guilt again, and made before one who has the right to receive it, is the purest type of repentance. I know that my confession made my father feel absolutely safe about me and increased his affection for me beyond measure.

IX. FATHER'S DEATH AND MY DOUBLE SHAME

The time I am speaking of is my 16th year. My father, as we have seen, was bed-ridden, suffering from fistula. My mother, an old servant of the house, and I were his principal attendants. I had the duties of a nurse, which mainly consisted of dressing the wound giving my father his medicine, and compounding drugs whenever they had to be done at home. Every night I would massage his legs and retire only when he asked me to or after he fell asleep. I loved to do all this service. I do not remember having ever neglected it. All the time at my disposal, after the performance of the daily functions, was divided between school and attending on father. I would go out for an evening walk, only when he permitted me or was feeling well.

This was also the time when my wife was expecting a baby—a circumstance which, as I can see to-day, meant a double shame for me. For one thing I did not restrain myself, as I should have, whilst I was yet a student. And secondly that carnal lust got the better of what I regarded as my duty to study, and of what was even a greater duty *viz.*, that of devotion to parents—Shravana having been my ideal since childhood. Every night whilst my hands were busy massaging Father's legs, my mind was hovering about the bed-room—and that too at a time when religion, medical science and common sense alike forbade sexual intercourse. I was always glad of being relieved from my duty, and went straight to the bed-room after doing obeisance to Father.

On the other hand Father was getting worse every day. Ayurvedic physicians had tried all their ointments, Hakims their plasters, and local quacks their nostrums too. An English surgeon had also used his skill. As the last and only resort he had recommended a surgical operation. But the family physician came in the way. He

disapproved of Father going in for an operation at his advanced age. The physician was competent and well-known, and his advice prevailed. The operation was abandoned, and various medicines purchased for the purpose went to no account. I have an impression that if the physician had allowed the operation, the wound would have easily healed. The operation also was to have been performed by a surgeon who was then well-known in Bombay. But God had willed otherwise. When death is imminent, who could think of the right remedy? Father returned from Bombay with all the paraphernalia of the operation which were now useless. He had despaired of living any longer. He was getting weaker and weaker, until at last he had to be asked to perform the necessary functions in bed. But up to the last he refused to do anything of the kind, always insisting on going through the strain of leaving his bed. The Vaishnavite rules about external cleanliness are so inexorable. Such cleanliness is quite essential no doubt, but Western medical science has taught us that all the functions, including a bath, can be done in bed with the strictest regard to cleanliness, and without the slightest discomfort to the patient, the bed always remaining spotlessly clean. I would regard such cleanliness as quite consistent with Vaishnavism. But my father's insistence on leaving the bed for the performance of the necessary functions, only struck me with wonder then, and I had nothing but admiration for it.

The dreadful night came. My uncle was then in Rajkot. I have a faint recollection that he came to Rajkot having had news of my father getting worse. The brothers were deeply attached to each other. Uncle would be sitting near Father's bed the whole day and would insist on sleeping by his bedside after sending me all to sleep. No one had dreamt that this was the fateful night. The danger of course was there.

It was 10-30 or 11. I was giving the massage. Uncle offered to relieve me. I was glad and went straight to the bed-room. The wife, poor thing, was fast asleep. But how could she sleep when I was there? I woke her up. In five or seven minutes, however, the servant knocked at the

door. I started with alarm. 'Get up,' he said, 'Bapu is very ill.' I knew of course that he was very ill, and so I guessed what 'very ill' meant the moment. I sprang out of my bed.

'Do tell me what the matter is.'

'Bapu is no more.'

So all was over! I had but to wring my hands. I felt deeply ashamed and miserable. I ran to my father's room. I saw that if animal passion had not blinded me I would have been spared the torture of separation from my father during his last moments. I would have been massaging him, and he would have died in my arms. Now it was for the uncle to have the honour. He was so deeply devoted to his elder brother that he had earned the honour of doing him the last services! Father had forebodings of the coming event. He had signed for pen and paper, and written: "Prepare for the last rites." He had then snapped the amulet off his arm, and also his gold necklace of Tulsibeads and flung them aside. A moment after this he was no more.

The shame to which I have referred in a foregoing chapter was this shame of my carnal desire even at the critical hour demanding wakeful service. It is a blot I have never been able to efface or forget, and I have always thought that although my devotion to my parents knew no bounds and I would have given up anything for it, it was unpardonably wanting in that my mind was at the same moment in the grip of lust. I have therefore always regarded myself as a lustful though a faithful husband. It took me long to get free from the shackles of lust and I had to pass through many an ordeal before I could overcome it.

Before I close this chapter of my double shame, I may mention that the poor mite that was born to my wife scarcely breathed for more than three or four days. Nothing else could be expected. Let all parents and couples be warned by my example.

X. GLIMPSES OF RELIGION

From my sixth or seventh year up to my sixteenth I was at school, being taught all sorts of things, but not religion. I may say that I failed to get from the teachers what they could have

given me without any effort on their part. And yet things here and there I kept on picking up from my surroundings. The term 'Religion' I am using in its broadest sense—meaning thereby self-realization or knowledge of Self.

Being born in the Vaishnava faith, I had often to go to the *Haveli*, a Vaishnavite temple. But it never appealed to me. I did not like its glitter and pomp. Also I heard rumours of immorality being practised there and lost all interest in it. Hence I could gain nothing from the *Haveli*.

But what I failed to get there, I got from my nurse, an old servant of the family, whose affection for me I still recall. I have said before that there was in me a fear of ghosts and spirits. Rambha, for that was her name, suggested as a remedy for this fear the repetition of Ramanama. I had more faith in her than in her remedy, and so at a tender age I began repeating Ramanama to cure my fear of ghosts and spirits. This was of course short lived, but the good seed sown in childhood was not sown in vain. I think it is due to the seed sown by that good woman Rambha that to-day Ramanama is an infallible remedy for me.

Just about this time, a cousin of mine who was a devotee of Ramayana arranged for both of us brothers to learn Rama Raksha. We got it by heart, and made it a rule to recite it every morning after the bath. The practice was kept up so long as we were in Porbandar. As soon as we reached Rajkot, it was forgotten. For I had not much faith in it. I recited it partly because of my regard for that cousin, and partly because of my pride in being able to recite Rama Raksha with correct pronunciation.

What, however, left a deep impression on me was the reading of Ramayana before my father. During part of his illness my father was in Porbandar! There every evening he used to listen to Ramayana. The reader was a great devotee of Rama—Ladha Maharaj of Bileshwar. It was said of him that he cured himself of his leprosy not by any medicine, but by applying to the affected parts *bilwa* leaves which had been cast away after being offered to the image of Mahadev in Bileshwar temple, and by the regular repetition of Ramanama. His faith, it was said, had made

him whole. This may or may not be true. We at any rate believed in the story. And it is a fact that when Latha Maharaj began his reading of Ramayana, his body was entirely free from leprosy. He had a melodious voice. He would sing the *Dohas* (couplets) and *Chopais* (quatrains), and explain them, losing himself in the discourse and carrying his listeners along with him. I must have been thirteen at the time, but I quite remember being enraptured by his reading. That laid the foundation of my deep devotion to Ramayana. To-day I regard the Ramayana of Tulasidas as the greatest book in all devotional literature.

A few months after this we came to Rajkot. There was no Ramayana reading there. Bhagavata however used to be read on every Ekadashi day. I sometimes attended the reading, but the reader was uninspiring. To-day I see the Bhagavata is a book which can evoke religious fervour. I have read it in Gujarati with intense interest. But when I heard portions of the original read by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya during my twenty-one day's fast, I wished I had heard it in my childhood from such a devotee as he, so that I could have formed a liking for it at an early age. Impressions formed at that age strike roots deep down into one's nature and it is my eternal regret that I was not fortunate enough to hear more such good books read during that period.

I however got in Rajkot an early grounding in toleration for all branches of Hinduism and sister religions. For my father and mother would visit the *Haveli* as also Shiva's and Rama's temples, and would take or send us youngsters there. Jain monks also would pay frequent visits to my father, and would even go out of their way to accept food from us—non-Jains. They would have talks with my father on subjects religious and mundane.

He had besides Mussalman and Parsi friends, who would talk to him about their own faiths, and he would listen to them always with respect, and often with interest. Being his nurse, I often had a chance to be present at these talks. These many things combined to inculcate in me a toleration for all faiths.

Only Christianity was at the time an excep-

tion. I developed a sort of dislike for it. And for a reason. In those days Christian missionaries used to stand in a corner near the High School and hold forth, pouring abuse on Hindus and their gods. I could not stomach this. I must have stood there to hear them once only but this was enough to dissuade me from repeating the experiment. About the same time I heard of a wellknown Hindu having been converted to Christianity. It was the talk of the town that when he was baptized he had to eat beef and drink liquor, that he also had to change his clothes and that thenceforth he began to go about in European costume including a hat. These things got on my nerves. Surely, thought I, a religion that compelled one to eat beef, drink liquor, and change one's own clothes did not deserve the name. I also heard that the new convert had already begun abusing the religion of his ancestors, their customs and their country. All these things created in me a dislike for Christianity.

But the fact that I had learnt to be tolerant to other religions did not mean that I had any living faith in God. I happened to come across about this time *Manusmriti* which was amongst my father's collection. The story of the creation and similar things in it did not impress me very much, and on the contrary made me inclined somewhat towards atheism. There was a cousin of mine, still alive, for whose intellect I had great regard. To him I turned with my doubts. But he could not solve them. He sent me away with this answer: "When you grow up you will be able to solve these doubts yourself. These questions ought not to be raised at your age." I was silenced, but was not comforted. Chapters about diet and the like in *Manusmriti* seemed to me to run contrary to daily practice. To my doubts as to this also, got the same answer. With intellect more developed and with more reading I shall understand it better, I said to myself.

Manusmriti at any rate did not then teach me *Ahimsa*. I have told the story of my meat-eating. *Manusmriti* seemed to support it. I also felt that it was quite moral to kill serpents, bugs and the like. I remember to have killed at that age bugs and such other insects, regarding it a duty.

But one thing took deep root in me that—morality is the basis of things, and that truth is the substance of all morality. Truth became the sole objective. It began to grow more and more in magnitude every day and my definition of it also has been ever widening.

A didactic stanza likewise gripped my mind and heart. Its precept—return good for evil—became my guiding principle. It became such a passion with me that I began numerous experi-

ments in it. Here is that (for me) wonderful stanza:

For a bowl of water give a goodly meal;
For a kindly greeting bow thou down with zeal;
For a simple penny pay thou back with gold;
If thy life be rescued, life do not withhold.
Thus the words and actions of the wise regard;
Every little service tenfold they reward.
But the truly noble know all means as one,
And return with gladness good for evil done.

(Be Continued)

What Thinkers Think

A Thought for the Month

They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls.
But their spirit walks abroad.

Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thought
Which overpower all others, and conduct
the world

At last to freedom. —Lord Byron.

Towards Unselfishness

It is noteworthy that the keynote of the most popular musical plays of the West to-day is unselfishness. In one of them, as "Walrus" points out in *The Millgate Monthly*, the theme is—

I want to be happy,
I want to be happy,
But I can't be happy
Till I've made happy, too.

And in another, the phrase running all through the piece is—

I'm a little bit fonder of you
Than I am of myself.
I am.

Life and Luxury

The movement towards unselfishness or a feeling of brotherhood among the peoples and the classes is not surprising. The world became selfish when, on the advent of the industrial age, property accumulated with a small number of persons and these became debauched with luxury all kinds of which were within their reach, thanks to the wrong distribution of wealth which capitalism brought in its train. Today, however,

capitalism is beginning to provide its own cure. Over-production, unemployment, and all the evils which industrialism brought in its train are now clamouring for solution. The root cause, luxury, is being condemned on every hand and by leaders in every walk of life. Here is what the Bishop of Manchester has to say of the luxury that is rampant in the world among the well-to-do:

All forms of luxury and extravagance tend to produce unemployment. Foolish and ignorant people sometimes say that extravagance is good for trade. It may bring grist to the people engaged in a particular trade, and, of course, the sudden cessation of any luxury would cause dislocation and unemployment.

But all the money spent on luxury is withdrawn from encouraging the making of necessities, which always employs more labour for every pound spent on it than do the luxury trades.

That luxury is a form of constructive cannibalism is now becoming widely recognised.

Is Life to be Sacrificed for Luxury?

Shall the nations sacrifice life for luxury? Shall they not rather, recognising eternal values and preferring their standard to the monetary calculus, *live* instead of being drowned in luxury? That is the subject which Sir Henry Slessor, who was Solicitor-General in the Labour Government, addressed himself to in speaking at the sixth anniversary of the Indian Students' Union and Hostel in England recently. The London correspondent of a contemporary thus summarised Sir Henry's speech:

Sir Henry observed that from the slight study he had made of the Indian mind, he believed that the suggestion that content and nobility were largely within the spirit and not in material things would not seem so unfamiliar as it was to the more aggressive European nations. His argument was based on the conviction that our moral, mental and aesthetic capacities have in no sense developed in the same ratio as our power over physical nature. Since happiness and content consisted of an adjustment of the inner man with his outer nature, we were hopelessly at fault if we found such adjustment in "this increasing commotion and vulgarity which some people call progress."

Sir Henry sees no reason to assume that the process had reached its climax. Indeed it occurred to him that it was only a question of time before, under the great stress of the unnatural devices of scientific discovery, the poor little mind of man, which had failed to cope with the situation broke down altogether and the end of this great industrial civilization might very well be a universal lunatic asylum! Sir Henry Slessor does not believe that this disease of modern civilization can be cured by legislation. He thinks it can partly be cured by its own top-heaviness, forcing us back reluctantly to seek more normal methods of life; but fundamentally can only be cured by changing men's outlook: by ridding it from the false sense of values which produces these things.

Already the movement towards a better life has begun to gain ground even among industrialists. The great industries are trying to go away from urban areas and spread themselves on the more expansive countryside where the richness of life is ampler. The following excerpt from a newspaper illustrates the tendency in modern industrialism:

A railway official tells me that there is a marked and growing tendency nowadays to remove town factories into rural areas. It is an entirely unexpected and perhaps slightly cynical realisation of the stereotyped "back-to-the-land" slogan. My informant mentioned one well-known West End firm, who have recently bought hundreds of acres in Bedfordshire, with the object of erecting thereon not only a factory extension, but some 600 model houses for their workpeople. And this is only one of many instances of the same tendency. Within the next decade we may look, therefore, to see a thick dotting of factories over the rural area forty miles round London, mostly accompanied by garden-city suburbs for the workers. It may destroy some of the amenities of country life within that perimeter, but it should bring prosperity to many small towns, and add greatly to the health and well-being of our workpeople.

The movement is not altogether unselfish, but then it serves to show whither the wind blows.

* * *

The Gospel of Greed vs.—

The point which Sir Henry Slessor sought to bring home to his audience is elaborated well

by a writer in a recent issue of *The Times of India*. He writes:

I suppose I am in some ways a socialist—at least I hold the doctrine that no man should overwork himself and thus spoil his own life as well as very probably prevent some other decent and perfectly competent fellow having enough work to do. I know it is the practice to bestow praise on the hard workers. A series of short-sighted writers from Smiles on Self-Help onwards have nothing but admiration for the fourteen-hour-a-day workers who rise to great eminence and wealth and are known as successful men. It is all wrong. Such people, far from making success of their lives, have made a mess of them: not only that, they have by doing more than their fair share of work prevented others from getting their fair share of work to do. All of them are driven to it by greed of wealth or of power.

These are the two worst of all the non-criminal motives in the world: indeed they very often become criminal. Greed of money is all right for those who have none and must obtain it so that they and theirs may live decently in ordinary comfort. But when that is accomplished, greed of money becomes only a curse. As for greed of power, I see little of value in it. The desire to boss other people is inherent in some. It is their curse because it never ceases to grow, however giddy be the highest the aspirant may reach. "There is always room at the top" is a favourite and fatuous maxim placed for edification before youth by thoughtless teachers. It is essentially unsound for two reasons. One is that it is certainly untrue, and the other is that, even if it were true, one must remember that one can only get to the so-called top by trampling upon others, even one's friend.

All these unsound ideals spring from a wrong view of life. We were not sent into this world to fight with each other, to strive for greater wealth and power than others. We were not born so that we should say to this one go and he goeth, and to that one stay and he stayeth. It is a wrong conception of life and this world. Do not forget that it is more difficult for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. If the Kingdom of Heaven meant enormous wealth or the power of a dictator, then the saying would be a false one. But that is not the meaning of the Kingdom of Heaven. Nor does the phrase mean golden thrones, jewels, harps and angel's wings for the few, while the great mass of humanity is to be excluded therefrom.

I think I see the gradual growth of a better idea of the Kingdom of Heaven. People are beginning to learn that it means making the best of our span of life and getting to know as much as we may of the beauty and wonder of nature and of living. The treasure houses of nature are open to all, and the infinite beauty, pathos, comedy and tragedy of living are there for the studying. The man who is the slave of money or power can never find time to study and glory in these things and so the Kingdom of Heaven is shut out from his eyes. It may be that you are a businessman and that you are neglecting all other interests in the pursuit of money. You are incessant over your work. It is always in your mind even at meals. You dream of it. You may have all enormous success and your capital may be such as American millionaires are reputed to own—but what

yourself? You have altogether lost the real joy of living: your eyes, through disuses, are blind to the order and beauty of the world: you do not know what is beating in the great heart of humanity: you have made millions and nothing more and these millions are not the Kingdom of Heaven or anything like it.

I shall be told that millionaires are great patrons of the Arts. It is to some extent true, but for what reason? That their galleries may be full of the works of great masters, purchased at enormous prices and with all the pomp of advertisement, to show their stupendous wealth. That they may be able to hire great musicians to sing and play for themselves and their guests. But the eye that has been glued for years to ledgers, bank books, share lists, the rise and fall of commodities, is and must be but a poor mirror of beauty, whether it be of nature or of art. Great patrons of the arts no doubt! Yes! They must do something with their unwieldy wealth, and this at last is one way to show their less fortunate brethren that they have got it. When they die, it will not go with them, but will go to their children for whom it often more of a curse than a blessing.

The Right View of Life

The writer referred to above goes on to analyse the content of life and says:

There is a far better and mightier view of life than this and that is to make the ideal not wealth but real enjoyment of living and of nature. Once a man has obtained that competency which will enable him to live and move about in reasonable comfort among peoples where there are no over-rich to raise the absurd heights the standard of living, he must be content with that competency and proceed to spend his life in learning something of the wonderful world in which he lives and of the wonderful people among whom he lives. He need not wait till he attains the competency to begin doing this. In a world where one is allowed to work overtime and where therefore it is easy for all to do a fair day's work, there will be time in each man's day outside his work hours for him to enjoy and appreciate the wonders of living.

The days of great fortunes in individual hands and unemployment are nearing, though slowly, their end. Through what troubles the world must pass before such days are ahead, it is impossible to say, who knows? It may be that humanity may become more reasonable and realise that wealth and luxury are by no means the best rewards life offers. The initiative must come, if that is to be, from the rich and the educated and not from the discontented mob. For this the portents are not happy. When fur garters are sold at fifteen guineas a pair and fashionable women think nothing of paying a hundred guineas for a dress which she may wear perhaps three or four times—is it a wonder that the poorer classes are discontented and bitter? When wealthy men pay twenty thousand guineas for a race horse and ordinate sums to tailors and haberdashers so that they may be in the height of fashion, is it strange that the man in worn out clothes who can scarcely afford a tube fare growls at his lot? When lap dogs are sold for hundreds of pounds, what do you expect the pit hand with his lurcher to think about it? The truth is that unless the wealthy and fashionable are prepared to adopt a reasonable and sufficient standard

of living then only through anarchy and revolution shall we get to the quiet waters beyond. It is possible that there may be no great storms on the way, but only if the rich and the so-called leaders of society see the error of their ways in time. It is not without hope that some of the best of them already do so.

When once the true standard of living is reached: when wealth and power are deposed as false gods: when nature, the sea, the mountains, the rivers and the wonderful country sides are the delight and study of all: when owing to a reasonable standard of expense it will be possible for everyone to move about and see the far places of the earth: when overwork is as great a crime as idleness: when happiness shall be the ideal and not wealth—then we shall be approaching at last the true Kingdom of Heaven.

Who can deny that the *Times of India* writer is right?

* * *

The Light of Buddhism

Writing in the *Pacific World*, His Grace Count Sonyu Otani, brother-in-law of the Emperor of Japan and Chief Abbot of a Japanese Buddhist sect, points out how success in life is to be measured by the richness of the content thereof, by the perfection of one's personality through experience and action, and by the realisation that our personality is indeed the alter ego of everything that exists. His explanation of the doctrine of Nirvana according to that variety of Buddhism which he professes is interesting. He says:

The idea of Nirvana in Mahayana Buddhism is very active and positive—the state of limitless action of mind and body. This is to say, to perfect our personality to its extreme, to purify, and to beautify our character and finally to reach the zenith of Nirvana—one with Buddha.

When we are in that state of mind no passions abominable or any conduct regrettable can come to us, because we are enjoying the atmosphere of freedom from all. However, it does not mean that we are in the state of sheer quietude or cessation of action. On the contrary, it is an unceasing succession of action which knows no beginning and no end. At that stage LIFE begins to live and that is the great salvation of all living being, struggling generation after generation throughout the limitless length of time in the world of existence. Here arises the difference between Mahayana and Hinayana Buddhism the former being positive and active while the latter, negative and inactive.

In Mahayana Buddhism it is taught that all living things have the propriety of Buddha and that they can become Buddha. See the waves of the ocean? They may differ in shape according to the intensity of the wind, but they never lose the propriety of water. So it is true with human beings. Wise, poor and rich—they may differ, but they are all pheno-

menal expression of the propriety of Buddha. Every living thing has the dormant spirit of Buddha. Therefore, in Mahayana Buddhism it is taught that those who endeavour for cultivating the impersonalities and characters and attaining its summit can be led to the spheres of Nirvana-Buddhahood.

Having dwelt on the subject and clarified the idea of Nirvana I may be allowed to say that Buddhahood in Buddhism is different from the monotheistic idea of God in other religions which teach the division of human beings and God. In Buddhism, we insist that there cannot exist in the universe such a transcendental God apart from us. I hope that you would see the difference between Buddha which teaches that every living thing can be a Buddha and other religions which hold that human beings can enter the world of God, but they are not permitted to become God. Nirvana in Mahayana Buddhism is identified with the perfection of personality. Therefore, gradually perging yourselves from passions which make constant revolt against the truth you will attain Nirvana-Buddhahood.

Proceeding, Count Otano discusses the supreme ideal of Mahayana Buddhism which is a variety, in essence, of our own Vedanta doctrine. He writes:

The ideal of Mahayana Buddhism is not the salvation of one individual, but it is to initiate all living beings into the harmonious world of Nirvana and to purify the universe. Of course, it is difficult to realise this, but Bodhisattva's ideal in Mahayana Buddhism is to strive incessantly, step by step, sparing no time and no energy for the realization of the ideal. Our steps in life are to adapt ourselves to our surroundings materially and mentally and to improve not only one individual but also the society in which he plays a part; and we are to endeavor for the purification of societies. This is called Bodhisattva's Conduct. In rejecting the thought of yourself and in striving for the good of people you will feel the pulsation of Nirvana.

Now I will dwell on the idea of Self-extinction for a while. This idea of Self-Extinction is also permeated in all branches of Buddhism. It is to nullify the Self. In other words to annihilate individual existence and passions which arise therefrom. Self-Extinction in Mahayana Buddhism is very positive and active while the other is the contrary.

You may be assured that in Mahayana Buddhism we insist that there is no distinction between you and me. Therefore, Self-Extinction is identified with Greater Self. The organization of human beings is linked so tightly that an individual never can be taken away from it. So, independence of the individual is impossible in human society. Thus an individual life is the inseparable relationship in human society, and vice versa. Whether happy or

sorry incidents occur in our daily life, within or without, they affect that of other lives. Having thus discussed the subject I have to draw the conclusion that there is not any distinction between you and me. This is the reason that the idea of Self-Extinction exists.

So, the perfection of one individual life is not the sole duty of humanity. It must be extended to all other living beings. Then, each individual will see the flower of his personality blowing in splendor and brilliant lights thrown upon the perfection of Self.

When a member of a family is not blinded by his individual interests and thinks of his whole family, there comes happiness and prosperity to the home. When one is not driven by the thought of his country and race, and thinks of all other living beings, peace, happiness and prosperity are promised to him. This is the only one way in which an individual can enjoy peace and happiness. Thus to reject the thoughts which are enslaved by the Self is called "Muga Thought". Hence Self-Extinction is the creation of Greater Self.

In Mahayana Buddhism the deduction of the axiom "You and I are one" is extended, as philosophical principle, to the material and spiritual phenomena and eventually to the universe. From the point of view of morality we have friendship not only with human beings but also with all other living things. We face living being, always fostering the love of One-ness and the ideal, Equality of All, in our mind. Thus the idea of Self-Extinction in Mahayana Buddhism is the foundation of the activity of the personality toward the living in the universe. Upon this foundation we can stand firmly and can bravely begin all activities for ourselves and for all fellow beings. Thus, having dwelt on Self-Extinction I think it will give a more clarified idea if I call it Greater Self instead of Self-Extinction.

When I witness recent international movements for harmonious relationship among nations in regard to economics and politics I cannot but be happy, knowing that the thought of Greater Self of our Mahayana Buddhism is making its way into the mind of the people of the world and has bloom in splendour. I hope that the real value of this thought of Greater Self in a true sense will be realized in every corner of the world and happiness of humanity will be limitlessly promoted.

That is to say, whichever path we may tread along, we ultimately come to the position enunciated in the Rig Vedic verse which we have inscribed as the motto of this journal:

That which exists is one:

The wise name It variously.

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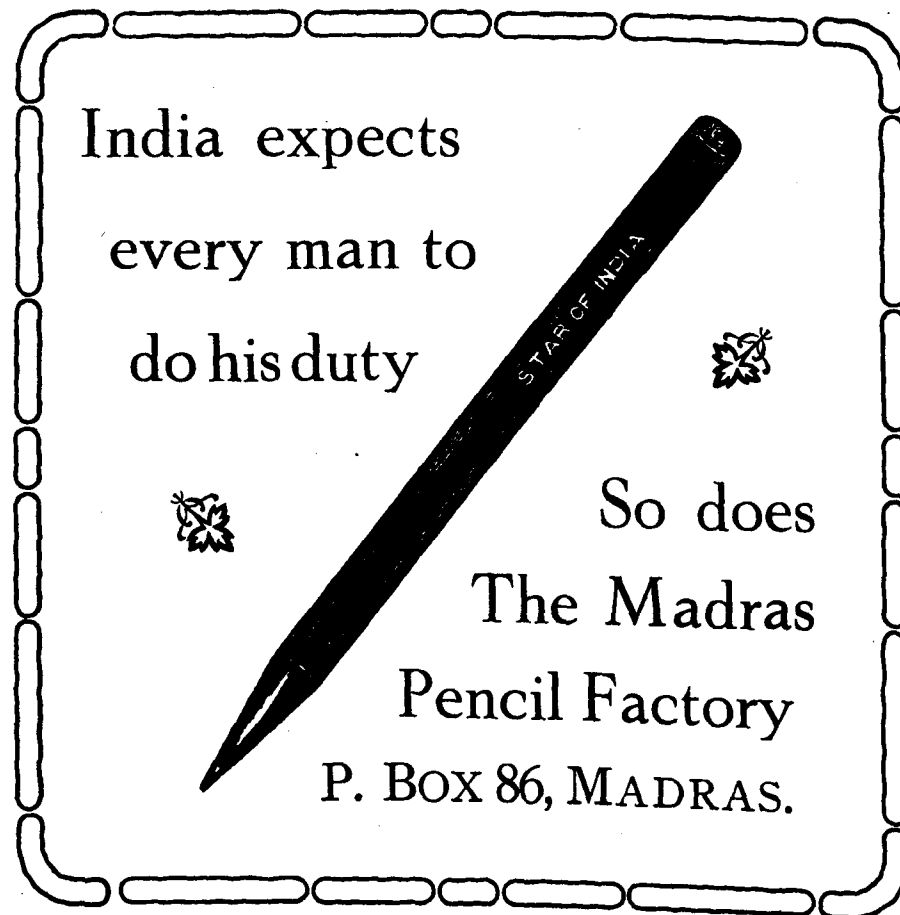
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Contents

Vol. 2

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	PAGE		
THE EARLY MYSTIC SONGS OF BENGAL		<i>Philosophy :</i>	
By Tapan Mōhan Chatterjee	... 305	How to Understand Philosophy	
A WATER COLOUR PAINTING		By Lala Kannoomal	... 331
By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya	... 310	The New Past	
ART AND NATIONAL LIFE		By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri	... 332
By D. K. Roy	... 312	Moslems and Missionaries	
"A SERVANT OF THE SPIRIT"		Missionary Work in India	
A Garland of Birthday Tributes to		Life of Jesus	
Romain Rolland	... 321	By Lala Kannoomal	... 333
SATYAGRAHA IN SOUTH AFRICA		<i>Science :</i>	
By Mahatma Gandhi	... 324	Science and Life	
REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS		By V. Narayanan	... 335
<i>Art :</i>		<i>Miscellaneous :</i>	
Ajanta and Bagh		Some Facts on French Journalism	
By Dr. J. H. Cousins	... 326	By L. V. Ramaswami Aiyar	... 336
Rupam		The Healing Gods of Ancient Civilisations	
By Barindra Kumar Ghose	... 326	By Lala Kannoomal	... 338
<i>Economics :</i>		Books in Brief	
Ethics of Capitalism		The Story of my Experiments with Truth	
By L. A. N.	327	By M. K. Gandhi	... 340
<i>Education :</i>		WHAT THINKERS THINK	
The Child : His Nature and Needs	... 328	A Thought for the Month	... 348
By M. R. Ramaswami		Some Reflections on Death	... 348
<i>History :</i>		Why Fear Death	... 349
Stories of World History		Death and Immortality	... 349
Prof. Phanindranath Bose	... 329	Immortality and God	... 350
<i>Literature :</i>		A Song for the Faithful	351
Historical Drama		The Wrath to Come	... 351
By V. Narayanan	... 330	BOOKS RECEIVED	... 352
"One Increasing Purpose"			
By G. Ramachandran	... 330		

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*That which exists is One :
The wise name It variously
—RIG VEDA*

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The Early Mystic Songs of Bengal

BY TAPAN MOHAN CHATTERJEE

THROUGH the ages, in joy and in sorrow,
man has cried out from the depth of his
heart :

"Oh, where is he whom my soul loveth?"

He feels he cannot stay at home but must go
out on a journey to seek him who possesses his
out. Therefore, in the middle of the night the
devotee opening his window looks out into the
dark to see if the man of his heart has come. He
penders the night awake to see his love's face in
the morning sun. The housewife when giving
alms looks closely at the beggar lest the Lover
come and go away unrecognised. In the midday
heat, the newly wedded bride playing her vina
under the shade of the trees, sings :

"Oh, come my love, come to my home!"

And when the soft moon is overhead and a
mysterious obscurity full of meaning covers the
earth, the soul cries out in agony :

"Alas! I have not the love of my love!"

In this eternal quest of man for the supreme
object of his adoration he suddenly realises that
as he longs for God, so God longs for him :

"What have I done, O sister, to merit such
fortune?"

Why does he come to me, who commands all?

He sits by me and crowns my hair with flowers,

Why does he that has all things come to play
with me?

What does thou want when Thou hast the
whole world?

Why hast Thou taken a beggar's dress?

What alms can I give Thee who owneth all
things?

Why hast Thou taken a beggar's dress?

What can be Thy need?"

Like the Psalmist he wonders :

"What is man that thou art mindful of him,
and the son of man that thou visitest him?",

and finally breaks forth in humbler strain :

"Oh, Friend, you are immeasurably kind;

Why do you love me, so worthless,

And cover me with your own glory?

Deep is your love, my friend,

It is touchstone that has made me all gold."

But the discovery of this love of God for man
cannot fill his heart with arrogance. This
resurrection of his personality cannot but make
him humble. For he knows all his value is
due to the goodwill of his well-beloved :

"O my beloved,

They say you love me, and pride fills my heart.

But why do I forget that it is you who have given
me my worth?

It is your own gift, my love.

Who can now take it away?
Your grace lends itself to me:
Your glory becomes mine.
And I, too, share the honour which is yours.
Ah, pride fills my heart, beloved,
But that too is yours my love!"

His soul becomes a smokeless flame and surrenders itself to God. He does not stop to think of himself for he becomes one with his love. Like a lotus-flower dedicated to the deity in a temple he dedicates his body and soul in the name of his love:

"O my life, my love,
I give this body and soul to you.
Let them lie at your feet.
I am fallen, they call me unchaste—let them!
But I rejoice because I have not forfeited your love.

Unto your love I give my body and soul,
Let them lie at your feet.
You are my life, you are my end.
You know well whether I am chaste or not,
But I only know your love and your two feet.
You are my virtue and my sin,
You are my honour and my name.
To you I give my body and soul,
Let them lie at your feet."

This eternal love of God for man expresses itself in every beautiful object in the world. God sends his own love to the mother's breast, to the lover and to the friend. The eternal Poet is ever weaving the magic webs of colour and sound to captivate the heart of man and draw him nearer. Because of that, the earth is constantly alert to make herself lovely, hiding the pain of her labor. Because of that, the sun showers his benediction on every creature, the wind carries fragrance from door to door, the birds sing, flowers blow, the moon and the stars give delight. All for man! A great festival is ever in progress. God sends his messengers to invite every one to join it: his play is incomplete unless all have accepted.

When man finds this secret his attitude towards nature and his fellow-beings changes. Everything becomes sacred to him: everything then is a means of uniting him with his soul's love. The world becomes dear to him because is God, whose body it is, is dearer still. Humanity

dear because through it, it stirs the well-beloved's breath. Woe to them who receive the Lover's message but do not seek him: and blessed are those who once make the attempt to see his uncovered face!

"Spring has come again
The river is full to its brim.
The trees stand listening,
And the bees are glad
To see the honey-heavy flower-cups.
My love has sent his message across the gold-sky,

Through the wind and the sun.
O, haste to me, my love.
My heart sings with expectant joy,
And I long for you to draw away the veil
And shew me your uncovered face!"

Man has always taken earthly symbols to describe things spiritual. The relation between God and man is understood as the relation existing between Father and Son, Master and Servant, King and subject. The Bengali mystic tells us that this relation is like the relation between lover and bride. The lover is ever wooing his bride, and the eternal bride is ever seeking her lover. What other relation can be more intimate than this in which the devotee, like the loving wife, gives all to God, holding back nothing, where every atom of his body and soul surrenders itself to love?

This attempt to represent the spiritual love of God and man in terms of human love creates in man a mood wherein he finds God closer to him, wherein he actually feels his presence, and enjoys all the ecstasy of such experiences.

A thousand and one things claim the attention of the bride. Her mind is engrossed in little things, wandering far from her heart's desire. Suddenly she awakes and finds a great lack in her soul. She feels that though in the midst of water she is exhausted with thirst.

The process of this awakening of the soul is different in different cases. Slightest things may be the cause of this great change. Sometimes the flight of birds, the murmur of a river; sometimes a quivering leaf, a ray of the sun or of the moon, a clear flame, a face, a dream, a word is sufficient to lift the mysterious veil revealing a new world of reality.

"It was a dark July night,
The rain dropped fast,
The wind wailed loud.
From the top of the distant hill,
Came the shrill voice of the peacock,
The lonely cricket chirped in the woods,
I feel asleep,
In my dream I saw my love stand by me.
Love filled my heart,
I felt his breath,
I heard his whispering voice.
I heard his breath,
But, alas, awakened, I lost his touch."

Every least thing is impregnated with this spirit of desire and behind all these the divine over is everlastingly playing on his magic flute. The soul that has heard the silent voice and seen through the veil has a special sense:

"When first I saw him my eyes were filled with tears.

I could not look at him.
But since then, day and night, I carry his dim face in my mind

And I cannot do my work.
What is in his name
That makes my body tremble with joy?
When he plays his flute under the restless shade of the Kadam tree

I cannot stay in my home."
She comes out, neither heeding nor fearing anything:

"Oh maiden, where are you going all alone?
Ah, her soul is in love.
She does not think of the dangers of the path,
But walks on all alone.
She throws down her jewels on the ground,
She takes off her gold-wrought mantle.
Alone she walks on,
Careless of the dangers of the path.
The night is dark,
But love holds his light in her heart,
The way is perilous,
But love is her sword.
Fear not, O maiden, but haste in search of your love!"

But the way is long and she becomes weary. Sometimes all her seeking is fruitless. Many a time her waitings and longings bring her nothing but sorrow. She laments:—

"I spent the dark night awake waiting for my love

But he did not come.
Oh! he is cruel.
I made that throne of flowers for him:
Its emptiness mocks me.
The smell of the dead garlands makes me weary,
I must go, I cannot stay here.
O my love, my cruel love, what pleasure do you find

In burning me with shame like this?"
She complains:

"Who says love is good?
I have wept my life away since I first loved him.
My friends are no friends now,
My parents are angry with me,
And when from them I turn to my love,
Alas, he too has abandoned me."

She realises how exacting the love of God is. She must have him alone and no one else. She must love him not for what his love brings, but because not to love him is impossible. Until such time, he eludes her:

"Whom shall I blame now, my friend?
With whom shall I be angry?
It is my own fault.
When I loved him I thought happiness would ensue,

But sorrow was all that followed.
It is my own fault.
I craved the bliss of love
But I have lost the bliss and have lost him too."

She compares his love with death:
"The love of my love is cruel as death.
I built a home thinking happiness would be mine,

But the hearth-fire burnt it down.
I thought I would bathe in the sea of delight
But alas, it was a sea of poison!
I sought moonbeams for coolness,
But the sun scorched me.
I wanted to soar above the mountain-tops
But fell down into the abyss.
I asked for one drop of rain.
But the thunder roared at me.
I had little, but I lost all.
While I was seeking wealth,
My love delights in making my shame apparent to all.

His love is cruel like death."
She has to pass through these dark hours of the soul to fortify her love. It requires great power to hold the supreme Lover. But a day

comes when the mists vanish, and there is nothing but sunshine. The bride-soul cries out in joy:

"Glad am I that I spent the night awake.
I see the bright face of my love.
My home is a real home again.
My love is mine.
The gods have taken pity on me,
And sent peace to my heart.
My life is once more my life.
My love is mine.
Let the Moon now rise.
Let the wind carry fragrance where it will.
Let love itself strike me with its cruel shafts.
What fear have I when my love is near?"

The eternal search then culminates in the eternal union. In the eternal union is eternal joy. The soul then transcends the normal world and our earthly metaphors and symbols come to an end.

A period of expansion generally follows a period of contraction. When the religion of the Brahmins became a mere form, and meaningless ceremonies took the place of devotion and worship, when rules of conduct were not made for man's use but man was subjugated to their blind yoke, Chaitanya came to carry his gospel of love from one end of Bengal to the other.

Chaitanya was born in a Brahmin family about 1485. In early life he experienced all the strictness of an orthodox Brahmin family, and began life as a teacher of Sanskrit. His fame as a man learned in theology, logic and grammar spread far and wide. Students from distant provinces came to him and called him master. But a change was taking place in the mind of Chaitanya. He perceived that there was no deep religious feeling in the lives of the students and men of his time. Though they observed meticulously the ceremonial worship and performed with extreme punctiliousness the smallest details of ritual, he found that they lacked the fulness of the inner life.

At the age of twenty-four he left home to preach his new creed of love and brotherhood. Humanity in all its forms was sacred and dear to him. He made no distinction between men of different castes and religions. Both Hindus and

Mahomedans came to him and became his disciples. Thieves, robbers, loose women, and unfortunate men found comfort and peace in his teaching, changed their lives, and became useful members of society again.

Like wildfire, Chaitanya's message of love caught hold on the spirit of man and a new life gradually unfolded its riches. Side by side with the religious life grew art, literature and learning, and before Chaitanya died in 1533 he had the satisfaction of seeing that the seed which he had sown was flourishing.

In his attempt to found his teachings on a literary basis, he had recourse to the lyric songs of Chandidās and Vidyapati and above all to the idylls of Jayadeva, who was the first of the Bengalis to give expression to this mystic mood of love.

Jayadeva wrote his famous Gitagovinda, the Song of the Cowherd, in Sanskrit, the language of learned people at that time, but every one realised it was Bengali disguised as Sanskrit to satisfy the conventions of that time.

This idyllic poem was the first to sing the divine love of God for man, narrated allegorically as the love of Krishna the Cowherd for the Princess Rādhā. They love one another, search for one another in their various moods, and find the ultimate completeness of love in each other.

As an expression of real poetic emotion this poem is not of great value. Jayadeva's power of characterising human emotions is limited. This may be due to his having had to use a classical language instead of the vernacular as the medium of expression. He borrows the rhetorical images and the stale metaphors of Sanskrit literature to embellish his poem, so that it remains a work of artificiality. Nevertheless, here and there, especially in the beginning where he describes the black-clouds covering the sky and the grey forest-land just visible in the darkness, little gems of great lyric charm exist.

But the real merit of this idyll lies in its music. There is not a single Sanskrit poem which can compare with the Gitagovinda for its melodious language. It is interesting to find what even meaningless words can do to hold man's attention. Even in our time, this idyll of Jayadeva's

is sung every day before the temple door of every shrine in India. What Jayadeva lost in substance he gained in form, and this was his real gift to posterity.

Chandidās and Vidyapati were contemporaries. Though Vidyapati was not born a Bengali, he is accepted as a Bengali poet. Both these men sang the same theme, yet no other poets are so far apart in the treatment of their subject.

Vidyapati was attached to the court of a King, and drew his inspiration from the queen herself, seated behind her carved stone curtain. He wrote in the polished language of the erudite, a language full of elaborate ornament. He sang of the joy of love and of the final happiness when love is consummated. There is very little of sorrow or of the longings of the searching soul in Vidyapati's lyrics.

But Chandidās was the poor priest of a half-ruined temple in an obscure village in Bengal. A village girl of humble birth used to keep this temple in order. Chandidās fell in love with this girl and all his poetic inspiration is due to her. In simple language burning with passion Chandidās sings mostly of the dark hours of the soul and the pain and suffering it has to endure to achieve its utmost desire. While Chandidās' love is the love of a woman serenely looking back on her girlhood, Vidyapati's feeling is that of a girl surprised at her own exuberant youth.

Chaitanya's followers made wide use of these mystic songs. They invented a new form of music called "Kirtana". Setting the poems to this novel music they went from village to village singing them from door to door.

The Vaishnavas, as the disciples of Chaitanya were called, tried to find a state of life wherein enjoyment of mystic sensations could exist without any corruption of the senses. They discovered that in the literary enjoyment of these songs they could achieve the desired effect. The devotee imagining himself the bride-soul everlastingly courted by the divine Lover shared the perfect bliss which is the culmination of all religious feelings. These songs together with the teachings of Chaitanya quickened the literary impulse of the people of Bengal. A number of poets came into being. Of these, Govindadās, Jñānadās

and Valārāmdās were the best known at the time.

We have only scanty material at our disposal to give an account of the lives of these poets. Most of them hesitated to furnish details about their personal lives, and in many cases wrote poems in the name of their religious instructors.

Govindadās shares many points of similarity with Vidyapati: Jñānadās is a mixture of Vidyapati and Chandidās: he has the depth of the latter and the perfect form of Vidyapati. His songs are by far the best of this period. Valārāmdās has not much originality. He is a writer of graceful verse.

The inspiration derived from these songs left such an influence on the mind of the people that long after the direct influence of Chaitanya had ceased to make itself felt, the songs of the divine love of God for man could still be heard when the boatmen rowed homewards on the river on moonlight nights, when the peasants returned at dusk from making their purchases in the nearest market town, or perhaps when a wandering singer passed from village to village entertaining young and old alike.

But like all things, this spirit gradually decayed. The glorious age of expansion was followed by stagnation. A host of worthless imitators appeared: their poetry was exaggerated and full of repetitions and represented a highly artificial and altogether meaningless life. It was an age of decadence.

The poetic spirit lay dormant, but was not altogether extinct. The literary impulse which was becoming slighter found expression in the folk-songs of the Vāuls. The Vāuls are a wandering religious sect. One can still see them, in their long yellow robes singing these songs to the accompaniment of their one-stringed instrument. To a great extent they succeeded in reviving among the people that old spirit evoked by the disciples of Chaitanya. Their songs are perfectly simple in diction without the slightest attempt at ornament, but rich in meaning and dignified in their utter simplicity.

Once more, a period of decadence followed. The spirit found a temporary but sordid home in the literary battles of the kaviwallas, a class

of professional poetasters patronised by the aristocracy of Bengal.

But out of the ashes the phoenix rises again. In our own times, we perceive once more the mystic mood and the same religious spirit,

though more intensified, and more universal in language, in the poems of Rabindranath Tagore, on whose art the old mystic songs of the Vaishnav and the Vaul poets had no little influence.

A Water-Colour Painting

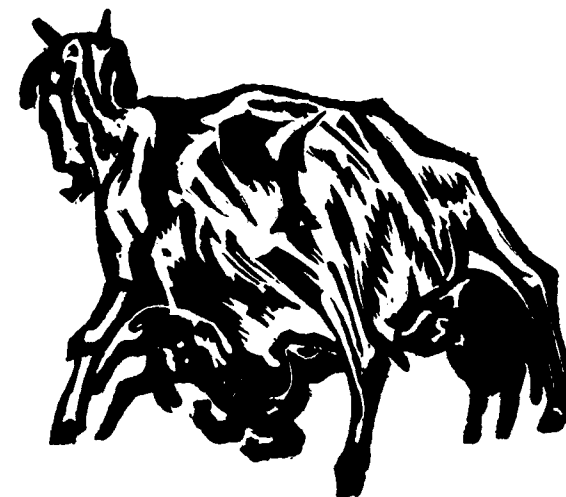
By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

Day after day
Through the long window bars
I have watched daylight slowly melt away
Into a dream of stars.
And I have watched grey squirrels run
(God's finger-marks upon their back)
Through bright woods in the sun,
A sudden sound of bird-wings crack
With the swift rhythm of a single wing
Deep in the deepest heart of everything.
O I have vainly tried to sing
In broken rhymes
More than a lakh
Of times

These multitudinous raptures which are one
When the last song of the last poet is done.
Across the heavens grows a deep
And vacant blueness like a sense of sleep.
There in the distant fields
An earth-brown peasant stands
While the shy earth in utmost silence yields
Her beauty to his hands.
And on the long lone sands
Of the far river-reach, pale water-birds
Flutter their wings and fly
Crying their hollow cry,
Half-sleepily the river calls the sky.
While evening shadows creep,
O how shall I
Sing such deep loveliness of things in words?

And yet in me
Without my knowing broods the mystery
Between the dark and light,
Between the day and night.
The long-necked water-crane with orange beak
Yon deep blue river-streak,
The pointed boat, casting a shadow on
A broken oar beside it, lies
Dreaming upon the shore from dusk till dawn,
The myriad jewelled splendour of the skies
All these have passed
Through the two little openings of my eyes
Into the heart of me
Changing into the vast
And paradisaal part of me

Why need I sing at all who hold
The old
Silence and light, music and flight in me,
Which all things come to seek :
The hoary headed mountain peak,
The pale gold morning gleam, the bright red evening streak
The wind which plays upon the lone harp of a tree,
The clouds enshadowed in a dusky stream,
All these discover
Their sustenance in me who am their Lover.



Art and National Life

MY INTERVIEW WITH ROMAIN ROLLAND

BY D. K. ROY

A HOTEL in Switzerland. A watering-place commanding a fine view of the lake of Beckenried. I had written to Rolland in May, 1921, that I had been so deeply impressed by his *Jean Christophe* that I was very eager to meet him. He had sent me a very kind reply according me a warm welcome at the hotel, where he was stopping then for a month to recruit his health.

I was three days at the hotel. My first impression of Rolland was that of a sallow, pale face with liquid green eyes, radiating gentleness and kindness. His personality however did not strike me in the beginning as did that of Russel or Aurobindo. His manners were almost shy and general demeanour characterised by the suspicion of a deep-seated languor, which comes often from repeated buffets of the world. His contact was however peculiarly soothing in its general effect.

When I told him what a long way I came from only to see him, a radiant smile lighted up his countenance. He bowed in the French fashion, but so gracefully and with such an evident sincerity of appreciation that one could hardly fail to be touched. His politeness first convinced me how even this superficial virtue could invest human dealings with a real charm, when married to sincerity, which is so foreign to European social intercourse. His smile was the sweet smile of acknowledgment of the sympathy of a fellow-being. It reminded me of a remark of his in *Clerambault*: "O besoin ! que l'on a de l'amour, les uns des autres." (How much does one stand in need of sympathy of others !)

I had the privilege of having his beneficent company every evening. He often played to me the Sonatas of Beethoven, his favourite composer who had inspired his great hero Jean Christophe. Whenever he spoke of the great German, his

tired face brightened up and his pale brow was flushed with an enthusiasm that did one's heart good to look upon.

On hearing some specimens of our music of Hindusthan—specially some of our classical tunes, like Kanara—he was much struck and assured me that it had a great future in Europe. Particularly since the last war, which has made Europe pause a little in her pretensions to a monopoly of wisdom, she has begun to suspect that Asia might after all give her points in some respects. Thus, he said, our music should be published in Europe. He also opined that, Western harmony having probably already attained its zenith of development, it was by no means improbable for European music to be influenced henceforward by pure melody. And in such an eventuality, he added, the Indian music would hardly fail to make increasingly greater impression on the Westerners.

That Rolland was a real connoisseur of music as an art was proved to me when he at once saw the beauty of our *Mindh* and likened it to wave-motion in its aesthetic effect. This was significant inasmuch as European music is singularly behindhand in this respect.

There was a Russian lady at the hotel who related to me a number of anecdotes as to how Rolland had been persecuted for his pacifism. Rolland told me himself that the boast of democracy as having conferred the boons of liberty, equality, freedom of thought and so on must not be taken too seriously. Free-thinking is tolerated by democracy only on paper, specially during the period of the stresses of the war, when it is perhaps even more necessary than in normal times. It is not stifled in peace-time merely because it is then deemed more advisable to ignore the same, rather than to give it an extra importance by suppressing it. Thus Rolland pointed out to me how

any could not publish their free opinions against the war, chiefly because they were guilty of having been comparatively unknown. Even his own articles, he said, were accepted only by second-rate journals, the more popular ones having condemned him unheard as a traitor to France.

Rolland has a delicate humour in conversation, a national heritage of intellectual France. He often laughed at the shallowness of men and things with an irony the flavour of which was often delicious.

Once, for instance, he related an anecdote to hold up to ridicule the much-vaunted regard for truth among the so-called responsible journalists:

"A Russian friend of mine", he said, "who had recently been to Russia, approached some French Academicians and asked them not to further ventilate the falsehood that the Bolsheviks destroyed all time-hallowed works of art. For he had seen their work recently in Russia, and however much they might be to blame on other matters, the charge of vandalism could hardly be laid at their door. The French Academicians laughed outright in his face. My naïve friend was a little taken aback at this unexpected reception of his sincere good-will, which prompted him to rectify what he had sincerely believed to have been a *bona fide* mistake on their part. So he persisted that he had seen with his own eyes that the Bolsheviks were trying to preserve the works of art and docket them in a way hitherto unknown in Russia. But the French worthies were adamant. 'No,' they asseverated with a virtuous indignation. 'No, we cannot believe it. For are not the Bolsheviks the filthiest vermins under the sun?' At last my friend blurted out, 'So then you seem to want the Bolsheviks to destroy the works of art in order that you may hate them all the more violently?' 'Yes,' came the unblushing reply from the august custodians of sacred truth."

* * *

I went to Switzerland a second time in August, 1922 to see Rolland once again before I finally sailed from Europe. It was on the 16th and 17th of that month that I had the privilege of a long conversation with him. I wrote down a full

account of the same directly afterwards, which I proceed to publish now.

I ought, I think, to make an apology before I begin. It is this: I have not tried to be scrupulously exact in writing down the report of Rolland's long conversations with me on these days. For not only do I feel it to be impossible, but I do not think it feasible either to give an adequate idea of the wonderful suggestiveness of Rolland's conversations by even writing down verbatim the words he uttered. I confess to having at places (though rarely) elaborated some favourite ideas of his by supplementing some of his remarks by his complete written expositions on the same heads. I do not however consider myself much to blame therefor. For Rolland himself wrote once to me: "Nobody can ever be said to have properly grasped the art of thought of another. He imbibes therefrom but what suits him, nay—what he needed beforehand—even inventing the same where necessary and leaving the rest to take care of itself". With this reserve, I may claim to have tried to be as accurate in my report as possible.

Rolland showed me round his little villa overlooking the beautiful blue lake of Leman. I saw in his shelf French translations of some Buddhist literature along with Hindu philosophical works such as the Gita, Upanishads, etc.

"I feel happy to see", said I, "that you take so much pains to be well-posted in our philosophy, particularly the Hindu philosophy. For I have found that although there are many students in Europe who know something or other of Buddhism, very few know anything substantial about Hinduism. The reason perhaps is that the former has been, unlike Hinduism, aggressive in its methods as well as outlook. I mean Buddhism has been distinctly missionary in spirit, while Hinduism has been perhaps the most exclusive religion on earth, as our great Vivekananda regretted".

Rolland told me in reply that the Hindu art as well as philosophy had ever been a source of inspiration to him.

We talked a little on Hindu art and then about art in general. I asked him what he

thought about the seeming self-sufficiency of art.

"It is a mistake", he said, "to demand from art what does not lie in its sphere. And as for the imputation of an over-weening egoism to the artist, I hardly think it to be applicable to a true artist. For has he not been known often enough to face personal hardships for the sake of his art?"

"But does not the supreme detachment of the artist from the miseries and sufferings of his fellow beings smack of callousness? Is he not for instance often rendered incapable of responding to the appeals of fraternal help that our brethren must constantly demand from us? I am often inclined to attribute the much-complained of spiritual isolation of the artist to his indifference to the most vital things in life."

"As for the charge of the artist's not contributing substantially to the alleviation of human sufferings round about him", said Rolland, "do you think that the creative endeavours of the artist have not given humanity substantial consolation in its sorrow? Formerly when I was not very well-off I could afford only the galleries of theatres and concerts. And I can tell you that I saw then with my own eyes how the faces of those hard-worked poor people about me used to light up whenever the music or the acting appealed to them. I do hold that one symphony of Beethoven is worth half-a dozen social reforms. Then again, the more downtrodden a community, the greater its spiritual need of art. Because the more overwhelming are the miseries from without the more fortifying becomes the consolation from within. This is no mere theorising for the sake of an antithesis; it is borne out by the history of human experiences. Take for instance Tsarist Russia. It is well-known how their arts and crafts flourished more and more with the ever deepening horrors of that tyrannic regime. How to explain this seeming anomaly? The reason was simply this: The more you try to crush the spirit of a people the more they thirst for the consolation of ever-new creations in art. Besides, one man cannot do everything. You cannot be a sailor, a mason, a carpenter and a humanitarian all rolled into one—no matter how

intense your desire to be tangibly useful to society. An artist can achieve best and accomplish most only what he is cut out for. It is no accident that mankind hit upon the instrumentality of division of labour for self-effectuation. If Beethoven were to suddenly appear before me to-day racked by the insoluble problems of human misery, I would only say to him: 'Brief is our span of life, sir. So make haste to give us what you have to give. Because, were you to be carried off to-day, the harm done to the world would be irreparable. For none can give us what you have been created to give.' This applies to each of us in his respective vocation in life.

"Do you not think however", I asked, that the down-trodden and the lowly may have a say in this matter? For can they not reasonably grudge us our unmerited luxury and joy of artistic activities at the expense of their unrelieved drudgery? For it can scarcely be denied that it is their hard labours that have afforded us so far the requisite leisure and immunity from the slavery of matter without which the tasting of the superior mental and spiritual joys becomes an impossibility. Thus, may they not take exception to their being made a sort of cat's paw for the advantage and advancement of a handful? And finally may they not demand with reason a better order of society for their well-being as well?"

"To be sure", said Rolland, "and that for a superior reason too. For, the present order of society is undoubtedly wasteful of hundreds of talents that might have flourished in more favourable circumstances. Every intellectual ought therefore to devote at least a part of his leisure hours to the endeavour for the removal of obvious social injustices. So far, agree. Only I am of opinion that he must not on that account give up his own special mission. A great painter, Carrière, used to say that every social injustice and iniquity hurt his aesthetic sense. There can be no true artist but will feel in the same way. For one of the deepest impulses of the artist to his creation lies in his realisation of unity in apparent diversity. But every oppression is a discord—an anachronism,

which cannot but be subversive of the best artistic inspiration that is possible to one."

"In that case"—I put in.

"In that case", he interrupted, "one is at once confronted by the root-problem, namely, what would you have him do? That a better order of society than the present one should be inaugurated as soon as possible,—nobody I think will seriously dispute. For to-day by far the great majority of men are shut out from the boon of leisure for self-culture. This is a sacred necessity to man, who is essentially a spiritual animal. Thus it is not as regards the diagnosis of the disease that we differ, nor about the necessity of its cure. It is only when we come to the mode of procedure to bring about the same that the difficulty really crops up, is n't it? My whole life has taught me this that the first duty of artist and the intellectual is to be true to their mission, namely, the culture of thought and creation. If he has any surplus time left thereafter he may devote it to the amelioration of social conditions—as Goethe used to do. He used to render such services to society during the lull in his inspiration requisite for creative work. When, however, the impulse to creation took possession of him, he found it impossible to attend to anything else."

"But for whom does the artist create? Is it not for a handful of privileged beings?"

"Not necessarily", said Rolland. "With every improvement of the social order more and more men get the leisure that is indispensable to the cultivation of art and thought. One can very well see which way the wind blows now-a-days. What do we find the modern tendency to be? Does it not lie in the direction of nationalising works of art and bringing the cultural assets of the few within the reach of a continually increasing number of men? Take for instance the steady increase in the number of free museums, art galleries, public gardens, public libraries, cheaper concerts, popular theatres, etc. Who can deny that this is a move in the right direction, affording opportunities as it does to a great many to enjoy the highest works of art? If only a few have been fortunate enough to taste of the joys of art, that is no more the fault of the artists than it can be said to be an inherent condition of the art produced. For the artist creates for

all times. Men will realise that more and more with the spread of culture.

"But is it not a fact", I suggested "that to the vast majority of men of to-day the best art is as good as meaningless? For it is surely the truly educated alone who can be said to appreciate art properly; and they constitute a minority—perhaps a microscopic one."

"What you say", said Rolland, "is true only on the surface. I must explain this to you at some length. I must however warn you beforehand that these views of mine are not consonant with those that obtain among the elite.

"I am definitely of opinion that real art must of necessity appeal to all but the half-educated. That is to say, really great art must needs appeal to the uneducated as well as the truly cultured classes. Only it does not move the half-educated who however feel cocksure that it is for them alone that great art is intended. The reason of the latter's failure to respond to the appeal of art is probably to be sought in the fact that the grinding-mill of our so-called modern education cures them most effectually of that freshness of spirit which is one of the first conditions of all feelings of exaltation. Thus they are unconsciously rendered incapable of deriving the right kind of inspiration from art.

"However that may be, truly great art appeals to the uneducated and the highly-educated nearly to the same extent, even though they may look at the identical art from different stand-points. You may not readily accept this theory of mine that the absence of culture does not render the generality of men incapable of responding to art*. I will therefore give you a personal instance as to

* Rolland has expounded the same idea while comparing how Wagner struck him in his young days with how he appealed later on. He writes:

"It is a mistake to claim that a deeper knowledge of a work of art intensifies that enjoyment of its contemplation. Its knowledge informs the enjoyment, but withal renders the same cold. For it dissipates the mystery. The enigmatic fragments of the concerts (heard in the days of my unsophisticated youth) used to assume the colossal proportions they did, by virtue of what the heart and the imagination added thereto. Now, however, we have traversed the paths too often.

We have learnt since to recognise the sovereign order and reason which once lay concealed behind the apparent delirium of the imagination. The heroes have showed themselves in full light. Every single wrinkle of their faces has now become familiar to us, with the result that we can no longer feel in their presence the same thrill of bewildered emotion of our former days."...Musiciens d'aujourd'hui.

how the absence of any education leaves the capacity for artistic enjoyment practically unimpaired. I was then a mere stripling, still in my teens and quite uncultured, musically. I loved popular music. But I used to derive about the same intense joy from the latter, as I derived later on from classical music. My point here is that the heart, unsophisticated by our so-called education, is still athirst for art, which can not unfortunately be said of the half-educated whose love of art is so proverbially banal and superficial. You may raise the objection that the uneducated will not be able to judge correctly of the difference between superior and inferior art. May be. But my principal point is that this is not to be put down to any incapacity on their part to respond to the evolved art. What is responsible is their forced preclusion from opportunities for self-culture which alone can serve to educate the tastes."

I was at the time much struck by this view of Rolland's, although it can not be said that it is quite original. For it savours distinctly of Tolstoyanism in so far as it defends even lack of culture. Rolland is however wiser and more satisfying than Tolstoy, in that he does not, like the latter, belittle the place of real culture in artistic appreciation. Rolland seemed to me to have tried to effect some sort of harmony between the too one-sided views of Tolstoy in art-criteria and the aristocratic outlook on art according to the accepted criteria.

When all is said and done however, it is difficult to maintain that Rolland is in the right, and that for the following reasons:

Truth being greater than idealism or optimism, one must base one's theories on the data of human experiences and not view truth or facts in the light of preconceived notions about the same. Now, it is an indubitable fact in the history of human experiences that one can not taste of a superior ecstasy unless and until one strives to acquire a capacity for its reception. Our Hindu philosophy also endorses this view. For it has repeatedly asseverated that no spiritual realisation is possible to one who has not gone through the requisite *Sadhana* (discipline therefore. The same applies to all realisations).

A man who has experienced a deep joy naturally wishes, if he is a humane man, that others may also share that delectable experience. Wish being often father to the thought, he is not infrequently led to make the mistake of thinking that the others are here and now entitled to every exquisite experience that he has learnt to take delight in after long years of conscious or unconscious training. The chief error of such a belief on his part lies in this that it is his idealism and kind heart which lead him imperceptibly to lose sight of the fact that all men are not born with equal temperaments or receptivity. Our Hindu philosophy perhaps goes a little farther than is justified in laying too great a stress on the doctrine of *adhikari-bheda* (that is, temperamental equipment that one is born with). It must nevertheless be admitted that although one's idealism would fain have it otherwise, one cannot help the conviction that this idea contains none the less a large measure of truth if not the whole truth. At all events this fact of our experiences has to be envisaged that there can be no superior delight but has to be striven for. Consequently, it is difficult to see eye to eye with Rolland when he says that the man in the street derives as deep a joy from a lofty art as those who have taken the pains to cultivate an informed and enlightened taste for the same. It seems to me that here it was Rolland's idealism which has led him unawares to hide out of sight an unlovely fact (namely, that of most men having always been more or less callous to superior joys) which hurt his good nature and responsive soul.

However that may be, Rolland seems to be right in emphasizing that there is something like a temperamental predilection for art or such mental joys, irrespective of culture, which is often lost sight of by educationists. Be it noted however that this point of view is curiously consonant with the doctrine of *adhikari-bheda* already mentioned, which was in fact, the corner-stone to the old Hindu institution of Varnashramadharma.

"You said just now," I said, "that the educated and the uneducated react differently to a lofty

art. May I ask you to be more explicit as to what you meant by that statement."

"Have you read Nietzsche's *Origin of Tragedy*?" asked Rolland.

"No, why?"

"Because if you did, you would find it easier to follow what I am going to say. However, I will try to illustrate as explicitly as I can. In that book Nietzsche has delineated two types, viz., Apollonian and Dionysian. The former are the disciples of Apollo and stand for pure intellectualism. The latter are the disciples of the Dionysius and stand for pure emotionalism. The outlook of each on life is but partially right. The correct view of life should aim at the harmonisation of these two attitudes. Most of the highly-educated want to look at art from the Apollonian angle of vision, i.e., from the intellectual standpoint only. In other words they want to enjoy art only by dissecting, scrutinising and analysing it. The uneducated on the other hand approach art with a view to react to it emotionally, passionately with no pre-occupation as to the necessity of solving its mysteries. The highest appreciation of art is possible only when the golden mean of these two attitudes is struck."

"Is it feasible?" I asked. "Yes", said Rolland, "that is to say—in the case of all true connoisseurs and artists. In the case of the born artist this power of harmonisation may be said to be almost instinctive. In Beethoven, for instance, one finds this happy harmony in an eminent degree, viz., the marriage of the intellectual appeal with the emotional. The emotional nature of the average man generally gets atrophied with his age. But a great artist must in his very nature retain his emotional fervour all through his life. For that is almost a *sine qua non* of his art. Wagner composed his famous 'Parsifal' when he was 63 years old, showing that the creative impulse in this great composer did not get dried up even at this age."

From the topic of Wagner who was so unqualifiedly condemned by Tolstoy, our discussion centred round the latter. I asked Rolland what he thought of Tolstoy's indictment against all so-called arts as being egoistic.

"Tolstoy", said he pensively, "was a strange

man. The reaction of his *grandes passions* committed him as often as not to the most regrettable extreme observations. He seems at times to have positively delighted in this kind of sweeping generalisations or rather condemnations, to be more precise. For instance, he once went the length of asseverating that our sole duty consisted in discussing only our very urgent problems; so much so that it is all but useless—according to him—to devote even a part of one's time or energy to the discussion of the planets and stars. His contention is that there are enough vital and more immediate problems to keep us busy for a long time to come. That even a man of Tolstoy's innate idealism should have unblushingly committed himself to such a short-sighted materialism in the realm of spirit only brings into bold relief the reaction he was suffering from against the vain over-intellectualism of his age*. One would do well, therefore, to take the inveighings of Tolstoy against art and science with a good deal of reserve. For when all is said and done it is hardly anything but a reactionary attitude towards life masquerading as humanitarian idealism."

I was impressed with the soundness of such large views of Rolland. Still I asked:

"Do you not think, however, that it is possible for us to sing the apotheosis of art and science not because of our conviction to that effect, but because of the consideration of self-interest behind it all? For do you not think that a life devoted to the study of art or science is on the whole a much more pleasant one than the vocations of most? For if you do, then you have to admit, I think, that there are grave risks of our falling liable to panegyriser art insincerely—that is, from the unconscious promptings of self-interest."

"I admit that there are grounds for your misgivings", said Rolland a little thoughtfully.

* See TOLSTOI EDUCATEUR by Charles Baudoin. He writes:—

"Sa religion est concrète, terrestre, humaine. Elle travaille la terre, elle a les pieds agglutinés à la glèbe. Elle s'inquiète peu de savoir ce qu'il y a au-dessus des nuages. Ce qui la sollicite, c'est le plus urgent; or le plus urgent c'est de savoir que faire ici-bas, tout de suite..." Tolstoy's pragmatism is thus always inclined to be much narrower than the accepted pragmatism formulated by William James,

"But if one thinks the matter over carefully one is likely to be convinced that it is not the ideal which is responsible for it at all. Because first of all, no true joy of art is essentially meaningless; and secondly no personal joy is exclusive in its very nature if it is sincere and deep. For the nature of life is such in the mysterious and wonderful scheme of things, that what brings deep joy to one can not but bring simultaneously inspiration to many others if not to all. For whoever tries to look deep could hardly fail to be struck by the suggestion of this unquestioned unity everywhere in life."

After the tea, Rolland took me to his library. He showed me many souvenirs, mementoes and such other interesting tit-bits. He showed me among other things the original letter which Tolstoy personally wrote to him in 1887. He addressed Rolland as *Cher frère* (dear brother) though the latter was then but an insignificant correspondent to him. It touched me to read the very first few lines of the letter. For he wrote thus:

"Cher frere.

J'ai reçu votre première lettre. Elle m'a touché le cœur Je l'ai lue les larmes aux yeux..." (Dear brother, I have received your first letter. It has touched me to the core. I have read it with tears in my eyes).

The thought of the old man having been moved to tears by the letter of an unknown boy thousands of miles distant reminded me of Rolland's remark uttered just previously, that a great artist must needs retain his emotional fervour by instinct as it were.

"What I find so touching about Tolstoy," I said, "is the reflection that he should have been so miserable over the miseries of others, when life was so lavish of its gifts to him. Hardly one in a thousand would, I think, have worried in his position about the sufferings of mankind."

"There is no doubt", said Rolland, "that Tolstoy was an extraordinary personality. To feel for the sufferings of others, however, is not peculiar to Tolstoy. This quality is more or less common among the Slavs."

The discussion next centred round idealism as a racial characteristic.

"I should like to have your opinion on one point Monsieur Rolland," I said. "For I have had differences on this point with some of my friends. They say that the Jews belong as a rule to a race of shop-keepers, and as such can never respond properly to idealism. I am inclined to put down their antipathy to the Jews to their having caught the contagion from the European Christians. For I can scarcely believe that such an intelligent race, which has contributed so much to Europe, can at bottom be so utterly matter-of-fact in their nature."

"C'est absurde," said Rolland with his characteristic French shrug. "It is an utterly worthless remark. For have not the Jews always come to the forefront in times of Revolutions? And what does that prove, pray, if not this, that they are at least as capable as most others of throwing prudent calculation to the winds in response to a call inspired by idealism? But it must at the same time be added that they are a distinct race".

We came to the topic of Mahatma Gandhi. Rolland said: "I intend writing a life of the Mahatma. I should like to ask you one question first of all. I am definitely of impression that Gandhi is a saint, if ever there was one. Do you not think so too?"

"I do", I said. "Somehow, I have always thought that our human temptations have hardly ever affected him deeply. I mean they seem to me to have hardly ever affected him so much as to cause him to be swerved from his chalked-out path. He appears always to have seen a clear way, where we are ordinarily so uncertain."

"He is a wonderful man", said Rolland with conviction. "Wonderful. His pacifism, *ahimsa*, life of purity and other manifold qualities have moved me deeply indeed. Only on one point do not see eye to eye with him, which is that his attitude is not international but nationalistic."

"He is not exactly a nationalist," I remonstrated, "I fear you have judged him a little wrongly in—"

"No, no," interposed Rolland. "I have not misjudged him. I can see what you are driving at. You want to make out that Gandhi is not a narrow nationalist, but a broad-minded one. I

have no doubt of it. I am quite convinced that this type of nationalism contains no trace of antipathy to the other nations. I feel that he is a nationalist only because he is convinced of the high destiny of the Hindu nation. He may be right for aught we know about Hinduism. Only I want to assert that it is not internationalism that he preaches." Then he smiled and said, "Next year, if I should go to your country I might be proselytised into this kind of nationalism; who knows?" But I persisted still unsatisfied.

"But he is not one of those who want to impose their will on that of other nations or religions."

"I know", agreed Rolland. "And besides, if all the nationalists of the world were to be of his type, we would surely have been infinitely better off to-day. Only that acknowledgment is not tantamount to asserting that Gandhi stands for internationalism."

"It may be", I said, "that Mahatma Gandhi's present preachings are but in a transitional stage. In the next phase of his ideologic evolution he may be one of the first to espouse the cause of large internationalism. For he says nothing now which runs counter to internationalism as such, does he?"

"I fear he does", said Rolland. "For does he not say that although he may love a Muslim like his own brother, yet this love shall never induce him to sanction a marriage between a Hindu and a Mussalman? I do not mean, mind you, to adversely criticise such views on his part. For, I am prepared to admit for the time being that there may be something in Hinduism—some great realisation unknown to us, Westerners, which may justify and even call for such exclusiveness in the matter of racial purity. Only I must still submit that it is anything but internationalism."

I had to be convinced. It has been more and more apparent to me ever since that Gandhi's attitude towards life is often neither cosmopolitan nor international, but conservative and sometimes orthodox. I did not know enough of his views then.

Our conversation reverted again to art. I asked:

"Should art be uplifting in its very nature? Or in other words, should art always have a moral value? I sometimes think it should, though the dictum of 'Art for art's sake' does not say so. But then must the mission of art be exhausted in supplying a mere ephemeral joy to the human soul?"

"First of all," said he, "it is well to be clear about one thing from the very start, namely, that no true joy is ephemeral. For every deep joy must of necessity elevate us by its very contact. But another fact must be equally borne in mind in this connection, which is that this feeling of elevation does not necessarily accompany the contact of bad art with a noble moral. Take for instance any didactic poem or novel of the commonplace, banal type. We will find that for all its moralistic effervescence, we are not a bit wiser after having made its acquaintance than we were before it. Take next some recognised work of art without any moral. You will find it breathing into you an invigorating breeze notwithstanding. One Malwida Von Meysenbug, who was a lady of the highest culture, has written in her reminiscences that once when she was spiritually shipwrecked, she saw the performance of Othello. And that, she adds, gave her a meaning to life: so much so that she saw beauties in life she never suspected before. Yet Othello can hardly be denominated a play with a moral:—just the other way about one should think"

"But then this remark", I put in, "smacks of oriental mysticism Monsieur Rolland! For the observation that Othello may give one a sort of inexplicable consolation for the tragedies of life is certainly a little mystic."

"What if it is?" asked Rolland with a smile.

"But then you Occidentals are not as a rule well-disposed towards mysticism!"

"True. That is, generally speaking, of course. I personally, however, am definitely in favour of mysticism. For I do feel that mysticism is a great gift of life. I for one would hardly look forward to living in a world in which all the mysteries have been solved for good and all. For I value mysticism as a perennial source of some of the most glorious thrills that are given to mankind's experience."

"A Servant of the Spirit"

A GARLAND OF BIRTHDAY TRIBUTES TO ROMAIN ROLLAND

The French monthly "Europe" dedicates the whole of its February number to the great thinker, in honour of his 60th birthday, and shows in a variety of essays, sketches, testimonies, from accredited writers of many western and a few eastern countries, the harmonious reactions, the wave of sympathetic echoes, the unrestrained current of reverence and love that this man and his works have roused among individuals and masses throughout the world.

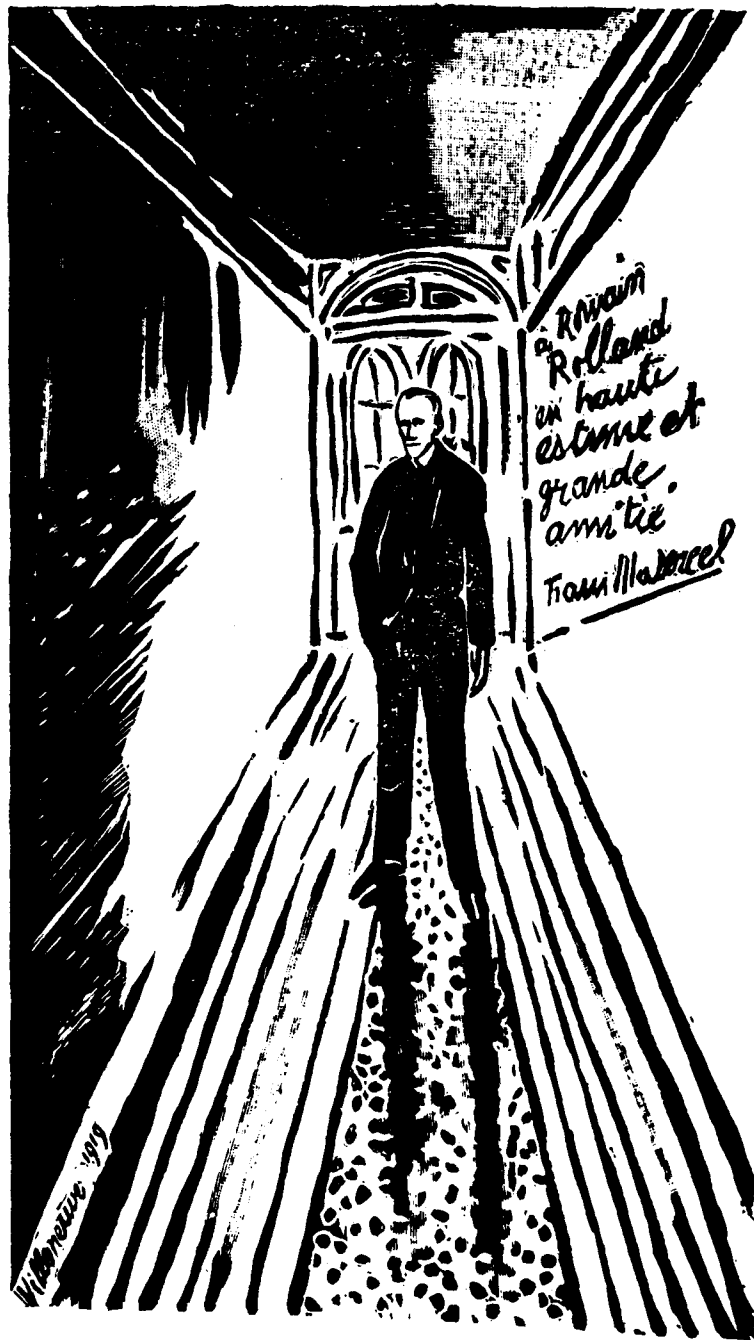
We regret not to see India represented in the list of contributors. But this abstention will be soon atoned for by the appearance of a still more copious and variegated publication to the same effect, a "Liber Amicorum Romain Rolland", which contains no less than half a dozen significant Indian names. But never mind the nationality of Rolland's admirers. This iconoclast, who is also a creator of new Gods, has shown us well and often enough, by the very love and hatred that a mere mention of his name provokes among his contemporaries the world over, that men when moved by love and trust, (or hatred and prejudice), can no longer be classified by this accidental abstraction, nationality, and that it is not language and latitude which make either admirers and sympathizers, or detractors and scoffers, of certain persons and things, but other deeper affinities.

The literary market is already encumbered with biographical and critical studies on Rolland, and I shall limit myself to reproducing a series of quotations, which show how the spirit of the master is reflected and refracted in the minds of some men of our times.

"The homage I bring to the radiant personality of Romain Rolland", says Henri Barbusse, "goes before all to his attitude during the war. It was the culminant point of a process of thinking and a destiny which were, by his own desire

and achievement, moulded and shaped each by the other. His role was then that of an isolated revolutionary. One must give—I know—a particular sense to this word or rather a general one, if it is to be applied to this *Just man*, and to those who had the glory to resemble him, the few who, in the middle of devastated Europe, have not, (to use Morel's word), 'bent their hearts, ...to this man who personified the refusal to iniquity, and stood as the image, the statues of Conscience. Such was Morel in England and Nicolai in Germany...These men do not belong to a group or sect. They were simply behaving like *men* to the very end. They were using the credit they enjoyed among intellectual circles, to make more audible their opposition to a storming world. The greatest of them, the admired author of 'Jean-Christophe' (does not this name resemble that of Jesus-Christ?) enjoyed a reverence which had even brought in official recognition. Well, all this he offered to the ideal of Justice, when it came to be martyred and distorted which is more..."

"Does one imagine," asks Alphonse de Chateaubriant, "what could have been, without that brotherly lamp, the horrible night of our despair in ourselves?...But was R. R's voice really the protest of an isolated man? No, he became in the heart of so many men, their own reason, their own intuition. They called, 'Romain Rolland' this part of themselves, which wanted to be saved, which longed to come back to the great Law of Life, Love; they called by that name their conscience, their sense of true reality, the rebellion of their spirit, their anticipated remorse...R. R. is a great Servant. None can be at the same time servant and master. Most of us are neither. Rolland is a servant of the spirit. He is absolutely, immensely incapable of disobeying it, and this incapacity makes him the



FRANS MASERERL IN *Europe*

freest man that our generation has known... He has called Gandhi 'the last knight'. He also is a knight and a Grand-Master with his crystal armour of an order of chivalry with eternal privileges, a knight who does not use a sword, because he is himself a sword."

Says Georges Duhamel: "I have met him on all the roads of this world. I am not referring to his works, which are everywhere, in every language... Nor Jean-Christophe, this hero and prophet, companion and friend of all the living generation. I mean a man whose name is Romain Rolland, a contemporary of ours, who thinks and acts, a man whom millions of other men like to refer to, in order to praise him or blame him, to question him in secret, to love him or even to hate him better... This great living glory which R. R. has conquered in our tottering century, he owes it to his immense literary labour as well as to the bold serenity he showed during the last ten years, and in which we must greet a new aspect of civic courage."

His most tenacious opponents, R. R. has found them in France. The narrow heart which is not the object of an intolerant, blind, exclusive, aggressive love, shall always fear that it is betrayed... Now, few men have done more in our times for the glory than he... "In Romain Rolland",—I have heard the phrase hundreds of times anywhere out of France—"in Rolland we recognize and salute the proud independence, the bold charity, the passion for truth which has made us honour France for so long..."

"In the eyes of the world," remarks Havelock Ellis, "France represents both human brotherhood and destructive militarism. It sometimes seems that the latter element is predominant in to-day's France. If so, we should honour all the more those Frenchmen who dare to support the rights of human solidarity as being superior to those of nationalism. R. R. appeared before the world in these last years, as the defender of this cause, and the representative of the most magnificent aspect of France."

"Two men," declares John Gould Fletcher, "have spoken in our times in the name of the ideal mankind is throwing to the wind. They have endeavoured to save the divine values that

mankind had partly realized in the past but that are dwindling away to-day. Among the shouts of the mob rushing to the abyss, their voice was not heard. These two men are Gandhi and Rolland."

Waldo Frank, the American poet, sees in Rolland "a man who has reached integrality, i.e., not an archaic unity, but a new Unity, made of the finest and the worst of our chaos. The unity you reach by excluding certain elements of this chaos, or returning to some charming reconstruction of the past, is as easy as it is vain. R. R. is not that sort, he is an integral man in a crumbling century, a man who has pervaded the life of his epoch and created a unity out of it by adhering to it, not by escaping it. The future will see this miracle in Rolland: an integral man in an epoch of chaos."

"The author of *Jean-Christophe*, says Manuel Galvez, the well known Argentinian writer, "knows that style is not an end in itself but a means. French people are exaggeratedly fastidious with regard to the elegance of style and the perfection of composition... Now, these things are not the qualities R. R. primarily searches for... Style is a means to an end, and composition a quality of mediocre importance... The lack of composition does not prevent some works like *Wilhelm Meister* or *War and Peace* to be great books... Life could afford at certain epochs of history to be contained entirely in a single book, such as the *Divine Comedy*. It could undergo then the normal limitations of classical composition. But how could one enclose in a single book the whole of our vast and complex modern life? And why should it be lessened, flattened, squeezed for the sake of that Classical prejudice? Classical composition befits a picture of small dimensions; but this Greco-Latin dogma can no longer accommodate independent novelists who aspire to express in their works the complexity, spiritual or objective, of modern life." Pointing out Rolland's masterful psychology, Galvez, quoting one of his friends, says insight into "My life consists of two parts, the time before and the time after I had read *Jean-Christophe*."

"In no age," says Maxim Gorki, "has intellectual and sensuous license assumed more dis-

ting forms than in our days. Never before have men abandoned themselves so passively and mechanically to the degrading influences of reality. Can you find in the past years, when men worked with more energy, with a greater tension of the intellect and the will, to find out new means of mutual destruction? . . . Rolland is the free man who in such days, . . . when multitudes wickedly rejoiced over Lenin's death, quietly and briefly said, 'Lenin is the greatest statesman of our century and the most disinterested'."

"It is not by a simple caprice," remarks Th. Lichtendorf (the Roumanian writer), "that Rolland places his hero in Germany. Over the river that has been the witness of an incessant and bitter drama, he tries to throw the invisible bridge of spiritual reconciliation . . . The day will dawn when the seed fructifies; other generations will gather the fruit thereof, but what does it matter." The goal will be reached, the old Rhine, this tragical barrier, will be freed of the antique curse that used to crush the life of the two then rival nations."

Lunacharski, the Soviet Minister of Education, tells how he was the first journalist to announce years ago Rolland in the Russian press as a great and promising writer. "The more the immense talent of R. R. unfolded itself before our eyes, the more seized with admiration I became. When the war broke out I was an admirer of R. R. . . . During the conflict his attitude inspired me with no lesser sympathy. He was both brave and consistent. . . When we met it seemed that we differed radically in many respects. . . When I told him that only a class struggle could stop this war and prevent future ones, he was horrified, and answered, using the very words of Tolstoi, 'Violence cannot be overcome by violence! . . .' I knew that our alliance with him could only be a very distant one. . . Our lines of action would only meet in a very general way and on certain particular planes. This was confirmed later on in the most manifest way. But the Marxists, disciples of Lenin, should know how to discriminate the champions of light from the servants of darkness. What matters it that the struggle of pacifists and cultivated men of France

like Rolland against the bourgeois reaction, should be, so to say, nothing but a struggle between different representatives of the old world? It is none the less a struggle between our direct enemies and the enemies of our enemies. Men like Rolland become the enemies of our enemies in so far as they are devoted to the progress of the real values of a truly human civilisation. I feel therefore I have a right to greet Rolland from the bottom of my heart, on the day when the best part of Europe will bring their homage to him, to greet him from the other camp, still with friendship and love."

From Mrs. Roland-Hulst, the Dutch communist (and poet of the highest rank), we gather the following remarks: "Art is a means of communication between men. This definition of Tolstoi, which cannot be applied to the main portion of our contemporary bourgeois art, can and must be applied to the works of R. R. All his writings are thrilled with the feeling and the intense desire of this communication, by his fervour in searching for certain truths that are of fundamental importance for human life, by a hatred of oppression in every form, by an absolute belief in the radiating power of love, by a faith in the destinies of mankind."

"In his study of Gandhi he has set up the radiant figure of the great Indian patriot, a figure which seems to be made of a nobler clay than that the ordinary man is made of, and animated by a purer and sweeter breath. From Rolland's book on Gandhi we gather a vision of new forms of struggle for the emancipation of oppressed classes and nations. These methods are higher and more humane than all the ones that had been used before; they are derived from the immense stores of strength that dwell in the inner soul of man; they are marvellously disciplined, and their blossoming in individuals could realize without violence and bloodshed the emancipation we have in view. We think that the men and groups who believe in the necessity of violence and are decided to use it, will be thankful to R. R. for having set up before them the figure of the great Indian leader, so similar to Lenin in certain aspects, so different from him in others. It seems to us that if the struggle of

the Asiatic peoples to shake off imperialism owes much to the Russian proletarian revolution, western communism on his side will only be able to fulfil its historical mission by seeing in their true light, the spiritual forces which Gandhi proposes as the instrument of the popular movement of India. It is not therefore 'from the other side of the barricade' that we greet Rolland, but from the middle of the arena."

The second part of the fascicule gives a fragment of a new play of Rolland, 'Easter in blossoms', which will appear shortly. It is the first of a cycle of dramas about the French revolution. Five or six others have already been staged or published. The most recent one, a "Play of Love and Death", is being played or about to be played by no less than 56 theatres outside France.

Let us give in conclusion of this very incomplete set of quotations a few more, from Rolland's own this time. They are taken from two articles which appeared some 25 years ago. The first was called, "The idealistic Poison"; the second was an introduction to a letter of Tolstoi, written in 1887, and published by Rolland in 1902:

"The human mind has shaken off the yoke of

State despotism, Church, Academy, University; but only in order to tie a thicker bandage over its eyes, to create a new master, and what master! This tyrant is Speech, this hollow abstraction in which we hide things, is the word, and we are its slaves. I strongly mistrust these words with capitals, Man, Art, the Individual, Nature, the Soul. Let us break these idols! I do not know Freedom, I only know free men... There is no worse enemy of idealism than sham-idealism which causes the former to be hated by those who love it best... Let us beware of the idealism and the idealists who are not in continual and intimate contact with reality. Be careful with the idealistic poison!"

"The products of true science and true art are the products of sacrifice and not of material advantages... A vocation can be known and proved only when the scientist and the artist sacrifice their peace and welfare to follow it... The highest science of the world is the science of how to live so as to do the least evil and the most good possible. The highest art is the art of knowing how to avoid evil and produce good with the least exertion possible."

(Transl. by F. Benoit.)

Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XV CROOKED POLICY

As soon as we landed at Cape Town, and more so when we reached Johannesburg, we saw that we had over-rated the Madeira cablegram. Mr. Ritch who sent it was not responsible for this. He cabled only what he had heard about the measure being disallowed. As we have already observed, the Transvaal was then, that is to say in 1906, a Crown Colony. Crown Colonies are represented in England by agents one of whose duties it is to instruct the Secretary of State for the Colonies in all matters affecting Colonial interests. The Transvaal was

then represented by Sir Richard Solomon, the noted lawyer of South Africa. Lord Elgin had disallowed the Black Act in consultation with him. Responsible government was to be conferred on the Transvaal on 1st January 1907. Lord Elgin therefore assured Sir Richard that if an identical measure was passed by the Transvaal legislature constituted after the grant of responsible government, it would not be refused the royal assent. But so long as the Transvaal was a Crown Colony, the Imperial Government would be held directly responsible for such class legislation, and as racial discrimination was a departure from the fundamental principles of

the British Empire, he could not but advise His Majesty to disallow the measure in question.

If the measure was to be thus disallowed only in name and if the Transvaal Whites could at the same time have their own way, Sir Richard Solomon had no reason to object to such an excellent arrangement. I have characterised this as crooked policy, but I believe it could be given a still harsher name with perfect justice. The Imperial Government is directly responsible for the legislation of Crown Colonies, and there is no place in its constitution for discrimination on the ground of race or colour. So for so good. One can also understand that the Imperial Government could not all at once disallow measures passed by the legislatures of Colonies enjoying responsible government. But to hold private conferences with Colonial agents and in advance to promise the Royal assent to legislation which is in open violation of the Imperial Constitution,—what is this if it is not a breach of faith and an injustice to those whose rights are thus pilfered away? Really speaking, Lord Elgin by his assurance encouraged the Transvaal Whites in their anti-Indian activities. If he wanted to do this, he ought to have told the Indian deputation so in plain terms. As a matter of fact the Empire cannot escape responsibility even for the legislation of Colonies enjoying responsible government. Even such Colonies are bound to accept the fundamental principles of the British Constitution. As for example no such Colony can revive the institution of legalised slavery. If Lord Elgin disallowed the Black Act because it was an improper piece of legislation, and he could disallow it only on this ground, it was his clear duty privately to have warned Sir Richard Solomon that the Transvaal could not enact such an iniquitous law after the grant of responsible government, and if it had any intention of doing so, the Imperial Government would be constrained to reconsider the advisability of granting it any such superior status. Or he should have told Sir Richard that responsible government could be conferred only on the condition that the rights of the Indians were fully safeguarded. Instead of following such straightforward procedure, Lord Elgin made an outward

show of friendliness to the Indians, while at the same time he really and secretly supported the Transvaal Government and encouraged it to pass once more the very law which he had vetoed himself. This is not the only or the first case of such tortuous policy followed by the British Empire. Even an indifferent student of its history will easily recall similar incidents.

In Johannesburg therefore, the sole topic of conversation was the trick played upon us by Lord Elgin and the Imperial Government. Our disappointment in South Africa was as deep as had been our joy in Maderia. Yet the immediate consequence of this deception was that the community became even more enthusiastic than before. Every one said that we must never fear as our struggle was independent of any help from the Imperial Government. We must look for assistance only to our own selves and to that God in whose name we had pledged ourselves to resistance. And even crooked policy would in time turn straight if only we were true to ourselves.

Responsible government was established in the Transvaal. The first measure passed by the new Parliament was the budget; the second was the Asiatic Registration Act, which was, except for an alteration in the date specified in one of its clauses, which lapse of time made necessary, an exact replica of the original Ordinance, and was rushed through all its stages at a single sitting on 21st March 1907. The disallowance of the Ordinance, therefore, was forgotten as if it was a dream. The Indians submitted memorials, etc. as usual, but who would listen to them? The Act was proclaimed to take effect from 1st July 1907 and Indians were called upon to apply for registration under it before 1st July. The delay in enforcing the Act was due not to any desire to oblige the Indians, but to the exigencies of the case. Some time must elapse before the formal sanction of the Crown to the measure was signified, and the preparation of the forms set forth in schedules and the opening of permit offices at various centres would also take time. The delay therefore was intended solely for the Transvaal Government's own convenience.

Translated by V. G. DESAI
(To be continued)

Reviews and Notices of Books

ART

Ajanta and Bagh

MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH. By Mukul Chandra Dey, Introduction by Laurence Binyon. Thornton Butterworth, London. 21/-

Students of Indian Art will thank Srijut Mukul Dey for this personal record of his visits to the classical origins of Indian painting, and particularly for the excellently presented illustrations to the number of almost ninety. The book is not intended to be a scholarly exposition. It is a working artist's reaction to the work of ancient artists of his own race. The reaction is enthusiastic, and brings the past vividly into the present. It makes us realise the truth of Mr. Binyon's remark in his preface! That "there is nothing really antiquated in those frescoes, they still radiate life." For this reason, Mr. Binyon says, "it is to Ajanta that the modern Indian artist rightly turns, or should turn...they show what the Indian genius could achieve on a grand scale in the past, and may achieve again." A very interesting element in the book is the author's analyses and speculations on the technical aspects of the frescoes. The accounts of his wanderings are a little hectic, perhaps, and hardly recognisable now as to certain fearsome details since official departments and motor transport have taken Ajanta and Bagh within their ken. But the touches of nature and humanity make a pleasant decorative border to the main theme. It has to be added that the chapter on Bagh needs much revision. Srijut Mukul's lamentation as to the caves is five years out of date. They are now cared for in the best possible way, cleared, preserved, fully copied, and a monograph on them will be published by The India Society, London, shortly, if it is not even now in the bookshops.

J. H. Cousins.

Rupam

RUPAM, October, 1925, contains among other things the reproduction of a head of Buddha from Sarnath on which Nanda Lal Bose has written a panegyric in prose very much in the style of Rodin on The Dance of Shiva. In this beautiful head the unknown artist has carved a soul held calm in Ananda—a wave of the divine bliss, as it were, poised in form. Only a master artist of very unique power and true creative intuition can combine so much depth and sublimity with such exquisite loveliness. Before these masters of Ancient India our present art-revival seems yet small—the first lisping, so to say, of the just-born art-soul of the nation. Except Abanindra and Nanda Lal none really can ever approach them in their power of creating new forms of beauty much less in expressing such fullness and serenity of repose. There are many among the modern painters of Bengal School who can design forms of etherial evanescent flower-like beauty of the emotional and more often sentimental type but very few of them can rise to this height of the deeply mysterious and divine.

The next is an article from the pen of the editor "On Some Rakka and Rhages Potteries" with as many as twentyone illustrations in it. There are three great Schools of ceramics,—the Greek, the Chinese and the Mahomedan. The art of Ceramics or painted pottery belongs to the realm of decorative art and each of these ancient Schools represent a type—a new mode of art-expression in that line. The Greek pottery gives the sense of nobility, harmony and beauty of line. The Chinese shows a vision of exquisite delicacy and rhythm of lines full of the real psychic touch and the Persian and Syrian ceramic gives more the impression of mass and power, of force, of colour and design than the other things. Fig. 1 containing a Sassanian motif of the 7th century is a fine example of this mass and power of design and also of colour. In some of the late examples the delicacy and softness of the Chinese

amic creeps in and beautifully mingles with the original vigour and force of design.

Then comes a long and illustrated article of Ramchandra Kar on "Ancient and Mediaeval Architecture of Kashmir". In judging Indian temple architecture Mr. Kar has followed the western critics rather slavishly and failed to enter into the true spirit of this phase of Indian Art. In the temple of mediæval Kashmir he finds simplicity and unity of design while according to him—"the majority of Indian temples which whatever their beauty in detail, present, when, viewed in aggregate, a rather jumbled up appearance". Like western critics Mr. Kar has, in taking a superficial and external view, sought an external unity of form and simplicity of geometrical design, while each type or design of Indian temples is, so to say, a spiritual whole giving a deep spiritual experience which cannot be caught without some power of intuition and depth of imagination. However intricate and colossal it has a unity and harmony all its own—an expression of sublimity and power of some thing above the physical belonging really to the supra-physical plane.

The miniature of Bishandas displays considerable power of portraiture which is pre-eminently a characteristic of Moghul Art. This issue of Rupam also contains Bireswar Sen's "Milk maid" in colour.

BARINDRA KUMAR GHOSE.

ECONOMICS

Ethics of Capitalism

ETHICS OF CAPITALISM: By Judson G. Rosebush. Association Press, New York: \$1.50

Here we have a good presentation of the economic and sociological aspects of the industrial situation to-day. Mr. Rosebush shows a commendable grasp of economic theory, and, as is evident from his "personal note" in the Introduction, is well qualified to speak on the subject both from his experience as a professor of economics and as one actively engaged in business.

There are seven chapters. In the first, he

analyses the parties to industry, which, he thinks, ought to be considered pentagonal. The analysis is logical and discriminating.

Industrial democracy is next taken up. Here the labour problem is viewed at closer quarters and the defects of trade unionism and socialism are pointed out. But it is well to bear in mind that the author's criticism of the labour unions is based solely on American experience.

Distribution of the social product is discussed in the third chapter. Various theories of wages are disposed of, and Taussig's definition is accepted as the most accurate and satisfactory one. "Group Profit-Sharing" is commended as a conclusive solution of the labour malady, though we find it difficult to share the author's optimism. This is followed by a statement of the theory of profits which is consonant with the progressive economic opinion.

It is in the fourth chapter that the author gives us hopes of making a distinct contribution to financial theory. After a flourish of biblical quotations and figures, Mr. Rosebush enunciates his "Productivity Theory" of taxation. The fundamentals of this theory is that "all national taxes should be levied on those who have funds to pay with in such a way as to produce the minimum interference with industry and maximum social benefit." On glancing through the elaboration of this "productivity" doctrine one familiar with the principles of public finance finds very little that is new or that has not been told us already by other writers.

Next, the reader is told why Mr. Rosebush turned a farmer. The reason was that he was convinced, as the reader would be if he pays attention to the facts mentioned by him, that agriculture offered in the United States is an almost virgin field for economic enterprise.

In the light of what have transpired during the last two years, the "Foundations of Permanent Peace" will be found to be interesting. Here, there is an acute analysis of the baneful effects incidental to the untrammelled exercise of the so-called power of sovereignty. The way in which the practices of other nations determine home conditions, such as armaments, is very well pointed out. Which of the two principles,

Imperialism as typified by the British Empire or Federation as embodied in the League of Nations, would succeed in the bid for the overlordship of the world is the next question dealt with. On taking stock of the defects of both these, the author finds that "On balance, the scales do tend to eventually show that the world peace is to come through an Anglo-Saxon imperialism," though he recognises that the fact must not mean the exploitation of mankind. In the same chapter is also an exposition of the relation of the tariff to the maintenance of permanent peace. The author would not have preferential tariffs but reluctantly agrees to protection. In this whole chapter we find that he has not laid proper emphasis on the *sine qua non* for success in such undertakings, namely, the probability of international agreement. The psychology of the various nations not only essential for reaching one, but also vital for its success in matters such as those laid down here, has been altogether ignored. Even for a matter of far less importance like Opium, in the tedious course of the Geneva Conferences, difficulties were created by the dominant states in the League. We can imagine what hope there would be when States are called upon to cease to exercise the five rights of Sovereignty which the author mentions. We can as well imagine the States agreeing to dissolve themselves.

In the concluding pages is elucidated the "Newer Ethics of Capitalism". After considering the main features of the strike in the author's own company, and Professor Commons' investigation the conclusion is reached that "the industrial world is ruled absolutely by philosophy, that is by impulses and notions which at any moment control mankind." "The fundamental trouble heretofore with this Capitalist-labour controversy has been its militancy, its total absence of the spirit of co-operation, and fair dealing all round. Our real need is that both the employer and the labourer should start anew by a mutual recognition of each other's obligations." The book closes with an appeal to educational institutions to furnish the personnel which is to place economic institutions on a plane in harmony with all moral doctrines.

Though little contribution is made to economic theory, those interested in making out the modern problems in the business world, will profit much from what this industrialist has to say.

L. A. N.

EDUCATION

The Child: His Nature and Needs

THE CHILD: HIS NATURE AND NEEDS,

A contribution of the Childrens Foundation, Valparaiso, Indiana, U. S. A. \$ 1

Modern statesmanship and public opinion in all civilised countries have begun to recognise that children form the most valuable asset of a nation and that on their proper training and culture depend national welfare and prosperity. This awakening has given birth to a considerable increase in recent times in the volume of both legislation and literature relating to child-welfare and the education of the rising generation. Governments in all advanced countries are evincing a more direct and intimate interest than they had displayed ever before in the promotion of the physical, mental, moral and social well-being of its future citizens. Investigation into the nature and needs of childhood, as well as the dissemination of knowledge relating to the proper education and up-bringing of children, is also proceeding apace in all progressive countries. As in other fields of national advancement, America is taking the lead in this sphere also. The Children's Foundation is one of the living embodiments of the great interest taken by the American public in the well-being of the nation's children. The trust was founded by Mr. Lewis E. Myers in 1921 having for its objects the study of the child and the spread of knowledge promotive of child-welfare. The first task undertaken by the Foundation was that of appraising the present day knowledge relating to the nature, well-being and education of children. The volume under review is the outcome of this study and presents its results for practical use everywhere by all those who are in immediate contact with children, fashioning their intellect, moulding their character, and influencing their physical development. It is a work of great value and importance to all teachers,

parents and guardians, in fact to all who have anything to do, directly or indirectly, with the care and training up of the rising generation. The trustees of the Foundation, we may note here, also invite the counsel and co-operation of all individuals, associations and institutions interested in the well-being of children.

The book is divided into 3 parts, the first describing the present status of our knowledge of child-nature, the second giving the present status of our knowledge of child-well-being and the third the present status of our knowledge of education. Each part is sub-divided into a number of sections, wherein experts in the sphere of child-life deal with particular problems relating to child-nature, well-being and education. The whole work has been ably conducted under the editorial supervision of Mr. V. O'Shea, Professor of Education in the University of Wisconsin, who in the course of his introduction to the volume explains the general out-look and plan of study adopted in the production of the volume. Prof. O'Shea points out that, in the past, there have been little attempts at coordination of the results of individual investigations into child-life, each student or agency confining attention on a particular aspect or problem. The primary object of those charged with the work of the Foundation, we are told, has been to coordinate, interpret and apply "the results of investigations relating to the development of childhood and youth which has been made in recent years and also the outcome of experiments in promoting the well-being and education of the young." "In the present volume," writes Prof. O'Shea "it has been the aim to sum up and apply what is known regarding the nature and the physical, intellectual, social and moral needs of childhood and youth. It has not been possible, of course, to treat all aspects of child-nature, and every requirement for the well-being and education of the young; only the more general aspects have received attention. It is anticipated that in the course other volumes will be published in which it will be possible to deal in much detail with the well-being and education of childhood and youth in the home, in the school and in society." The volume contains over 450 pages

and we have no hesitation in saying that it is a veritable mine of information regarding child-nature and needs. We heartily commend it to all lovers of children.

M. R. Ramaswami

HISTORY

Stories of World History

STORIES OF WORLD HISTORY By F. W.

Tickner, D. Lit., B. Sc. (Econ). The University of London Press, Ltd. London

It is rather difficult to tell the story of the whole world in a book of small compass. It, therefore, gave us much pleasure to go through the fascinating pages of this book written by Dr. Tickner in a simple and lucid style. He begins the story at the period when we had no history. 'For almost countless centuries men and women have been living and doing upon the earth. We have written records of things done in Egypt more than four thousand years ago, and for many thousands of years earlier than that, man was living and working and suffering upon the earth.' We get that interesting story in this book. The author divides the book into (1) the Early Ages, (2) the Classical period, (3) the Middle Ages and (4) the Modern world. Beginning with the Egyptian civilisation, the author comes to the Greek civilisation which inherited much from Egypt. The Romans got their civilisation and culture from the Greeks, whom they had defeated. Then he comes to the Middle Ages in Europe and the rise of Mahomedanism. With the renaissance and reformation, the author brings us down to the modern times. This is the account, as suggested from the European point of view. The book is well written and profusely illustrated and as such would be popular among the young readers. We have, however, one complaint to make. The author has neglected the stories of India and China and other Asiatic countries. If we are to trace the story of civilisation, we cannot omit China when we speak of Egypt. Again, when we speak of Greece, we can ill ignore the case of India. The history of China is as old as, if not older than, that of Egypt. The civilisation of India has as much a place in the history of the

world as the culture and civilisation of Greece. Of course, there is in this book, a chapter on some notable teachers, among whom figure Buddha and Confucius. But that is not sufficient. We believe that no story of world history can be complete unless it takes into account the history, both cultural and political, of Asia. The book, on the whole, is an excellent production and should be read by all young readers.

P. B.

LITERATURE.

Historical Drama

PENNSYLVANIA: A Historical Drama. By H. W. Bligh. The C. W. Daniel Co. London. This is a play for a people's theatre and portrays the bold experiment of William Penn in forming the colony of Pennsylvania. The play starts with the scene in Charles II's house when William Penn states his purpose.

Charles:

And what is yours? To lead a pilgrim band.
Across the ocean to a better land?

W. P., Such is my purpose, if I have your leave;

I long to see a land where all can live
In love and each have fellowship with each,
Unchained by custom, unconfined by bars
Of class, of rich and poor, of gentleman
And workman shut each in his separate sphere.

These are the cruel claims that fetter man
From love and knowledge of his human-kind
More than the thousand miles of waves that roll

The wide Atlantic thro' from pole to pole.

In lieu of payment of a sum of £ 16,000/-lent by his father Admiral Penn to the Treasury, William Penn, his son, obtains proprietary rights over a tract of land under the Crown to westward of the river Delaware in America. And Charles II says:

From hills and woods and upon your own family
We make the name of "Pennsylvania"

The site for the capital is chosen in the next scene and W. P. says "How can we better name it than 'Brotherly Love'—'Philadelphia'?"

W. P. is a maker of peace; the dramatist puts in his mouth all that is good, all that is praise-

worthy, all that makes for love and liberty. Says Penn, to the Red Indians:

"Friends, we thank you for the kindness of your welcome and the good feeling that lives in your words. I and my people wish to come and dwell among you in that spirit, even as we are all children of the Great Spirit that rules in the heavens and the earth, whenever my people meet with your people on the paths of the forest or the streams of the river, we would meet on the broad pathway of good faith: let no advantage be taken on either side, but all be openness and love. The Great Spirit that rules in the heavens and in the earth knows the innermost thoughts of men. He knows that we have come here with a hearty desire to live with you in peace. We use no hostile weapons against enemies; good faith and good will towards men are our defences".

A pact is entered into with the chief of the Red Indians and Penn buys from him the right to dwell there on equal terms. "And this great elm that has witnessed our peace we will mark and point out as a memorial of this day. And in future years when our children and grandchildren gather round us and ask of this elm, we shall recall this day and tell them how this treaty was made and they will pass on the story."

The play is withal full of human interest and we wish that similar plays exist to preserve and promote patriotism in our own land of hoary traditions.

V. NARAYANAN

"One Increasing Purpose"

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Hodder & Stoughton, London. 7/6

Hutchinson is an artist with a vision. He does not merely please but he elevates. In more ways than one "One Increasing Purpose" is the natural sequel to "If Winter Comes." In "If Winter Comes" the human mind was in dread-expectancy that the winter with its chill and gloom might come. In the present book winter has come and perhaps gone but spring is not far behind or is already close at hand. Sim is a type, the type that is coming, emerging, surely though slowly from the darkness that is vanishing. Sim is the type who can find that "God is after me." And every man who goes the way that Sim went

must not merely lose his own "Elizabeth" but must be ready to face what is worse even than death, the birth pangs of a new and coming birth. Elizabeth herself knew it and she stood and saw not only Sim vanishing but "a star come out".

"One Increasing Purpose" is a fine book of the decade and it is certain that it will have the same success that "If Winter Comes" had. It tells the story of a great purpose as only an artist can tell.

G. RAMACHANDRAN.

PHILOSOPHY

How to Understand Philosophy

HOW TO UNDERSTAND PHILOSOPHY:

By A. E. Baker M. A. Hodder and Stoughton, London. 2/6

This is a compendium of Western philosophy from Socrates to Bergson. Philosophy means the 'Love of wisdom'—a word first used by Pythagoras, who perhaps looked on philosophy as the pure religion which alone can cleanse the heart and assure it of salvation. The author, on authority not quoted, asserts that the Greeks were the first to produce philosophy. They owed little or nothing to any predecessors. To an Indian scholar, this statement sounds strange. India, from time immemorial, has been the home and nursery of philosophy. It emerges direct from the hymns of the Rigveda which is universally acknowledged to be the oldest book in the world. Centuries before civilisation dawned in Greece or other countries of Europe, India had her philosophers whose discoveries in the realms of truth still stand unrivalled and unapproached. In Europe, however, the first school of philosophy arose at Miletus in Ionia and its best known philosopher was Thales who flourished about 600 B.C. The chief question in philosophy was, what is the stuff of which all things were made? Thales said, it was water; Pythagoras said it was air and everything a specific number; Heraclitus said, it was change; Democritus said it was atoms; Parmenides said, the whole world was a delusion; Empedocles said there

were only four elements earth, air, fire, and water and believed that the universe was made from these. All these theories can well be matched with those of Indian philosophy which is infinitely higher and nobler than all these raw and crude theories.

Among the ancient Hindu philosophers, Sukacharya considered water to be the primary substance of the creation; Maitraya thought that fire was this substance, while Sankarshana-vatar held that the universe owed its origin to ether alone. In the *Chandogya Upanishad* we find various theories of the origin of the world. There were philosophers who held that all that is, is Vayu—air, while others were of opinion that beyond the body and its organs there was nothing, no soul, no principle of life that could be called independent. Lokayats believed there were only four elements—earth, water, fire and air and their Guru was Brehaspati. Kanada has laid down an elaborate system of philosophy based on the atomic theory, while, according to Non-vedantists, the whole world is a delusion pure and simple. The followers of the Sankya system were and are full-fledged Evolutionists. The Buddhist philosophers believed that it is only the ever-going on change which is the only reality in the world. In brief, there is no shade of philosophic opinion in the West, which has not its counterpart in Indian philosophy.

The book under review is, however, an aid to the study of Western philosophy. It gives much in a short compass. It is a *multum in parvo* of occidental philosophy and those who have no time or inclination to study the standard works on the subject would do well to go through this handy volume. It is useful both to the beginners and to the advanced students of philosophy in that the former will familiarise themselves in no time with the leading thoughts of the Western philosophy while the latter would find it a reliable resume of the works on philosophy they have already studied. I have no hesitation in recommending the book to all who have any interest in philosophy. Its perusal will amply compensate for the labour and time spent on it.

KANNOOMAL.

The New Past

THE NEW PAST: Edited by E. H. Carter M. A., Basil Blackwell, Oxford.

This is a very valuable book and brings before us by a few and brief sketches by various experts the results of modern researches in the realm of the reconstruction of the past of man. Mr. J. H. Breasted in his essay on *The New Past* draws aside the veil of Time and shows as "that age-long process by which the primitive forest of the stone age hunter has given way to the modern forest of factory chimneys". He says that civilisation was born at the south-eastern corner of the Mediterranean, and describes to us "the glorious Odyssey of human kind, disclosing to us man pushing out upon the ocean of time to make conquest of treasure unspeakable, of worlds surpassing all his dreams—the supreme adventure of the ages".

Mr. H. J. Fleure in his essay on "Some Orgins of Civilisation" pursues the same topic further and shows how man has thus gradually acquired increased power over the material world as well as an increased faculty for devotion to a distant aim". Equally interesting is Mr. W. J. Perry's succeeding essay on "The Diffusion of Civilisation". We must however demur to that self-deluded optimism which has prompted the statement: "The ferment of western culture is working throughout the world, and it would seem that as time goes on, the whole world will acquire a more or less uniform culture". "*In time all will be Europeanised*". He says, however that Europe "owed the whole of its culture in the beginning to the Ancient East". The truth is that there has been and will be an assimilation or osmosis of civilisation but that distinctive and great civilisations will neither bend nor break. Humanity being essentially one, the attainments of one race in the realms of science and industry and politics will be taken up and assimilated in various degrees by all. But in the realms of art and literature and philosophy and religion, the distinctive features will persist and though there may be external influence, there will be no wholesale adoption of outside ideas at least in the case of great peoples and cultures. The following passage from Mr. Perry's article, however,

contains a very important truth. "The degradation of culture as the result of diffusion is a phenomenon that is practically universal. Throughout the world in all times and ages, it is found that the arts and crafts of a centre of cultural diffusion are higher in standard than those of daughter settlements. This principle can be applied to any element of culture whatsoever. Whenever a fresh development takes place, it practically always reaches its summit in the place of origin".

Dr. Alexander Nairne's description of "The Biblical Record" follows next. He says well of Christ and his life and his gospel: "The failure of his gospel was its victory. The absolute morality of the Sermon on the Mount, his own unaffected perfection, the serene sacrifice of himself upon the Cross, brought a principle of simplicity into the hearts of men which was as nearly a new creation as anything within the conditions of history can be." The history of Christian Europe has been a record of sincere admiration for the gospel and of its modification to suit the needs of the flesh. Dr. Nairne makes the following frank confession: "There is difficulty in reconciling civilisation with religion. The puritan element in religion opposes the humanistic element in civilisation. The adaptations and expansion of the Sermon on the Mount are recurrent attempts to effect this reconciliation. And when the ruder discrepancies have been smoothed out a more subtle adjustment has still to be sought".

Mr. H. J. Rose's essay on 'Classical Civilisation and Modern Europe' reveals the operation of the other great force that has been working in Europe and through Europe in the whole of the modern world. The classical humanistic view of the world has been in the ascendant ever since the Renaissance.

The next chapter is Mr. J. W. Headlam Morley's "The Cultural Unity of Western Europe". It shows the blend of all the above factors—the Ancient Past and Judaism and Hellenism—into a mighty whole. The author shows how the fundamental concepts of modern Europe are law and territorial sovereignty. The essence of Law is the idea of the free man.

loudly does the author declare: "But Europe our own days has conquered the world, and by conquering the world has invented humanity; for the first time in human history the human race has become conscious of itself". But now has this been done? Has it been a loving cultural conquest? The author says: "Europe has imposed itself upon the world. The conquest of the world has been achieved by gunpowder, steam and electricity". This is a brutally frank and true statement. No doubt certain beneficial results have followed from this energy of Europe all over the world. But is such explosive energy the crown and summation of human endeavour? Will it be acquiesced in for ever by the rest of the world? Nay, will it afford permanent inward satisfaction to Europe itself?

Probably the only divine ray of hope is in the new League of Nations? But it is a ray having as yet neither light nor heat. In the next essay, that on "The Problem of Political Unity" by the well-known historical and political writer Mr. Ramsay Muir—he says: "The creation of such an organisation, not by dreamers and idealists, but by practical politicians, is a sensational proof of the rapidity with which we have moved towards the general acceptance of the conception that there ought to be some political organisation which will express the common needs and serve the common interests of the whole human race". The fact is that side by side with the process of internationalism, the forces of nationalism have been operative. The dream of self-determination has been as dear as the dream of a world state. The centrifugal force has been as potent as the centripetal force. Mr. Muir thinks that the British Empire is the point of reconciliation of both forces. The verdict of time will show if his advocacy of the British Empire is correct.

The remaining chapters also are interesting. Mr. George Unwin discourses on "Some Economic Factors in General History." Mr. Charles Singer speaks about "the birth of modern science." He says: "It is this note of the infinite world with endless hope for knowledge that marks off medieval from modern science.... Hope in the future is the spiritual gift that science has given to man." Mr. William Rothenstien's essay on

art and civilisation is very interesting. He says well: "It is not our appreciation of aesthetic qualities that matters; it is our knowledge of the human heart with which, after all, all religion, all poetry deals, and we must give the creative people of to-day a chance of setting down their own expression".

Last but not least is Mr. F. S. Marvin's essay on "Britain's Place in Western Civilisation". We had Professor Marvin with us recently at Madras and heard his elevating discourses. He says: "It is clear, therefore, that reviewing historically the growth of Great Britain and her place in western civilisation, we can and ought to maintain, without national arrogance, that the principles on which our own country and her sister nations have risen to peaceful power are those on which the world community, which has just been founded in the League of Nations, must proceed, if the same security, political freedom and peaceful alliance are to be maintained." The justifiability of this claim will depend on the status which India is allowed to get at home and abroad in the British Empire.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI.

Moslems and Missionaries

THE CALL FROM THE MOSLEM WORLD. Longmans, Green and Co. Ltd. London.

This is a comprehensive statement of the facts which constitute the call from the Moslem world to the church of England prepared by a commission appointed by the Missionary Council of the Church Assembly.

There are five chapters in the book *viz* (1) The World of Islam, (2) Open doors in the Moslem world, (3) The Church in the Moslem world, (4) The task of the Church and (5) The Cost to the Church. Statistical tables, Index, Bibliography and etc. form other features of the book.

The first chapter sets forth in brief the rise of Mahomedanism and then its expansion throughout the old world. It is an up-to-date account though very brief. The widespread influences of the Moslem religion have set the missionaries athinking and the rest of the chapters deal with the ways and means feasible to extend Christianity in the Moslem world and

to whittle down the spread of Mahomedanism. From the Christian point of view, the book is all right but from a Mahomedan standpoint, it is too aggressive to be ignored. It is a direct challenge to the faith of the Prophet. The Mahomedans number 235 millions throughout the world and it is contemplated in the book to reduce their number by conversion to Christianity. Whatever interest such books may arouse in Christian Missionaries who look forward to converting the whole world to their faith, they have no fascination whatsoever for non-Christians who would look askance at such propaganda. To the Hindu who is most tolerant in religion, the book would appear as so much labour and money misspent.

Missionary Work in India

THE CALL FROM INDIA. Longmans, Green and Co., London.

A commission was appointed by the Missionary Council of the Church Assembly to investigate the possibilities of pushing on Missionary propaganda in India, and the report submitted by it has been embodied into this book. It is a statement of the facts which constitute the call from India to the Church of England. The first chapter deals with India and its people, the second with the influence of British rule, the third with the early History of the Christian Church in India and the remaining five chapters describe how the intelligentsia, the caste people in villages, the aborigines and the outcastes of India have responded to the Gospel. There is an exhaustive bibliography and two appendices on things Christian.

An appeal is made to the Church of England for an extra expenditure of at least £ 20,000 a year and a non-recurring grant of £ 20,000 and an additional fifty missionaries qualified for mass movement work.

As regards Hinduism, the following passage on page 5 of the book is characteristic of the Christian angle of vision:

"Hinduism is in itself a bewildering medley of beliefs and practices, with no definite creed and no uniformity of rites and ceremonies. It embraces impartially agnosticism and devil

worship, the philosophic belief in one supreme, impersonal Being and the worship of millions of deities."

A more distorted, misleading and grotesque description of Hinduism it is difficult to imagine. How far it is consistent with true Christianity to vilify and despise other religions and exalt and magnify only its own doctrines and dogmas is for an impartial reader to judge himself. If there is a feeling of repulsion among the educated men of India towards Christianity, it is mostly owing to such grotesque misrepresentations of missionaries who carry on an indiscriminate propaganda for converting other people.

Life of Jesus

JESUS AND LIFE TODAY. By Gilkey. The Christian Literature Society for India, Madras. As. 8

The book contains seven Barrows Lectures delivered in India in 1924-25. The lectures are as follows—

- 1 Jesus and our own generation.
- 2 Jesus among men.
- 3 Jesus' life with God.
- 4 Jesus and the mysteries of life and death.
- 5 The Lordship of Jesus.
- 6 Jesus and the future.

The subjects of all these lectures have been treated in a masterly way. No pains have been spared to elucidate the matter as clearly as possible. An Indian who is not a Christian may not feel enthusiastic over what is said but there is little to criticise as far as the life of Jesus goes. It affords lessons of great ethical value and all right thinking men must acknowledge the greatness of Jesus in his moral teaching. It rises to the level of the gospels of Krishna and Buddha after whom he comes into the world with their noble and sublime teaching behind him. If there is no metaphysics in Christ's teaching, it is not his fault. He was born in a place far cut off from the centres of high thought of philosophical discussion. He lived among those who knew little of religion and its philo-

sophy while Krishna and Buddha were born in a country well and widely known for its high culture and philosophical thinking. No student would be worse for reading these lectures and understanding their moral value in the greater and brighter light of Krishna and Buddha's teaching.

KANNOOMAL

SCIENCE

Science and Life

SCIENCE AND LIFE. By Dr. Millikan (Nobel Prizeman in Physics 1923)—The Pilgrim Press, Chicago.

People who have heard of Dr. Millikan merely as the isolator of the Electron will be pleasantly surprised at the contents of this book. Dr. Millikan has the rare gift of expressing his original thought in simple language. And he is an example of the truth that Science is seldom divorced from Religion in the true sense of the word. In his lecture on "the Practical Value of Pure Science" he contends that the way men think is the most important and the most practical thing in human progress and illustrates his contention by referring to two great epochs in the history of the world. The one was started by Copernicus. Till his time, the earth has been the centre of man's universe and man's whole thinking was ego-centric. At the same time, his philosophy of life was a supinely fatalistic one. That little idea had not yet entered his mind, that he himself might have any real control over nature or that he had any responsibility for the shaping of human destinies. But Copernicus saw, even in the dim light of that shadowy age, that the foundations of real religion are not laid where scientific discoveries of any kind can disturb them. He realised that earth was one of a number of little planets rotating once a day upon its axis and circling once a year about the sun. The result of the bold enunciation of that truth, we see today. The second epoch is, as Dr. Millikan says, that in which we live. From the amazing progress of physics has come; more and more to the fore, the idea that man has himself the ultimate ability to control for his own ends many of the changes going on in this changing world. Man

now builds plants and fruits and even animals almost to suit his taste or needs. Two new ideas have come to stay: (1) the idea of possibility of progress, of continuous development, (2) the idea of man's ability to control and, in the Providence of God, to determine to a large extent his own responsibility for the kind of the external world in which he lives.

The Doctor points out the real superiority of a Man of Science over the military, political and social leader. These latter lose their sense of perspective and begin to regard themselves as holding a commission from the Almighty. "I have never known a great scientist to make that blunder", says the Doctor. Dr. Millikan then points out: "A discovery in science is not an isolated event. A science grows in the main as does a planet by the process of infinitesimal accretion. His story about the discovery of radium and of the nature of radio-activity is a good example of lucid exposition of an abstruse subject.

In this third lecture, 'Science and Religion' Dr. Millikan points out that there is actually no conflict whatever between science and religion when each is correctly understood. Science and religion are twin sisters who are effectively co-operating in leading the world on to better things. Science dominated by religion is the key to progress and the hope of the future. Science without religion may easily become a curse; while religion without science breeds dogmatism, bigotry, persecution and wars.

Religion, says the Doctor, cannot possibly rise higher than the stage of development of the people of whose ideals it is the expression. No modern thinking man is an atheist. Every one who reflects at all believes in one way or another in God—in that which is behind the mystery of existence and that which gives meaning to it. One of the greatest contributions of science to life and to religion is the discovery that progress is in general made by the evolutionary process. The four lectures that together make the book constitute a brilliant exposition of the thesis that Science and Religion go hand in hand at the present day and by their combination furnish the only hope for a paradise on earth.

V. NARAYANAN

MISCELLANEOUS

Some Facts on French Journalism
BEHIND THE GREEN-ROOMS OF
FRENCH JOURNALISM. By a Parisian
Chief-Editor (authorised German translation)—
'Deutsche Rundschau' office.

This is a book written by an anonymous Chief Editor of an important Paris journal who, out of the enormous fund of his intimate knowledge of the secret workings of the Parisian Press, has sprung upon the world startling revelations about the methods and practices of the super-journalists of Paris. The astounding revelations have evoked a chorus of protests from the journalists of Paris apparently not because of the untruthfulness of the charges contained in these revelations but because of the abominable indiscretions that have been brought to the light of day through the publication of this work of which so far no English translation seems to have appeared. The appearance of this work and the publication of a series of articles entitled "Les Corrects d'un ambassadeur" in the French monthly "Europe" have exposed many of the machiavellian tendencies that have guided the pre-war and post-war policies of the continental nations of Europe. We are told that the book under review has been translated by the Russian Government into Russian at state expense for being spread broadcast gratis. The book is divided into ten chapters:—(1) The founding of a French daily paper, (2) The constitution of the staff of a French daily, (3) Famous French Press-campaigns, (4) The Finance Press and the Revolver—Press, (5) The Czarist regime as a family friend, (6) The most prominent French dailies like 'Le Matin,' 'Le Figaro,' 'Le Temps' etc., 7 Well-known Parisian journalists like Clemenceau, Arthur Meyer, Gustav Terry, Leon Daudet, etc., (8) Propaganda before and during the war, (9) The Government and the Press, (10) Is there a possibility of improving the moral tone of Parisian journalism?

In these ten Chapters the author has vividly described how for the sake of unscrupulous propagation of untruths, both personal and national, the Parisian journals have been extending their services in return for gold! Says the author in

the first chapter: "There are about 70 daily papers in Paris—sixfold more than in London—five times more than in New York and four times more than in Berlin. Almost no one of these journals stands for a political party in general, but each represents the organ of a politician who pays for the music or arranges for the payment. Any man with a political ambition begins by founding a paper which then explains to the public what Mons. A, the future Richelieu, thinks about military expenditure, what Mon. A thinks about colonisation and what he thinks about Wagner and a thousand other things. After some time Mons. A becomes an ambassador and then, through the influence of his paper and of his mistress who convasses votes for him amongst the deputies, becomes minister."

The public of Paris remain blissfully indifferent to the thousand and one lies that are imposed upon them every day, and the papers unhampered by any public opinion promote and de-throne their favourites, over the heads of an unsuspecting public. And the French press makes money too in plenty; we rub our eyes in wonder when we read some of the methods adopted by the Paris press for successfully fleecing bankers, journalists and politicians. We are told that all the bankers keep themselves in touch with newspapers and make regular payments of what are called 'mensualities' or monthly payments as consideration for what is published on their behalf and for what is not published too. We are told that every year more than two million pounds are squeezed out by the papers from the Paris Foncier Bank alone. We have to remember that these 'mensualities' alone ensure the existence and safety of the banks which, but for these payments, could be blasted in no time by the papers. Another source of income for the papers is the hush money received from the politicians and other public men for suppressing scandals and intrigues (whether true or untrue) connected with their lives. And how does the public tolerate all this? "All these fictitious boostings exercise no evil influence over the reading public, because the Frenchman cares little for the truthfulness or otherwise of these reports. He does not care to investigate these;

him all this is only mere 'blague'—He reads the paper, laughs or smiles over it and forgets it the next moment"—who controls actually the policy of these papers? Not the editor as we expect, but the secretary to the Editorial office who works at the office for a period of ten hours, from midnight to morn like a Chinese coolie. This man who sleeps by day and never enjoys who is never able to feel the pulse of public life is the real feeder of public opinion!

In the fifth chapter the author demonstrates how the pre-war Russian Government under the Czarist regime which had so much to conceal and dissemble, found itself powerless against the inordinate demands of hush money that were made upon it by the Parisian press.

The chapter about the Parisian journalists and their methods contains short delicious pen-portraits of which the one on Clemenceau is particularly striking to Indian readers who already know something about this French 'Tiger'.

The eighth chapter is the most interesting of all, since the author here describes how the campaign of propaganda pursued by France during the war attained phenomenal success. Says the author: "The pen in these days was indeed mightier than the sword" "when lies are arranged and co-ordinated into a scientific system and doled out thickly and spread abroad as gospel truth with the help of calculated cunning and money; then indeed entire nations can be swindled and hoodwinked; we saw enough of this during the last war and would see it again in the next!" The author details the activities of the great French propaganda-machine 'La Maison de la Presse' and explains to us how it was able to successfully influence public opinion both within and outside France during the great war. "Propaganda is only a longer word for lies" says the author quoting an editorial from the American journal "Unity", "He who wished to do propaganda work has perforce to invent—not truth but semblance of truth!" The author concludes this most interesting of chapters with the following observations: "Probably the recent senseless war might have involved much less sacrifice of human blood, if it had been carried on exclusively with the pen, but we fear that wars could never

be ended once for all, so long as men, weapons and munition could never be destroyed and so long as human wickedness and the fanatic cant of lies remain inexhaustible."

In the last chapter, the author discusses if there is any possibility of improving the morality and the sense of fair play of these modern knights of the pen, "the so-called intellectual Proletariat, the standing army of newspaper-writers who lay down and regulate a corrupt public opinion and inflict more wounds upon peoples than the standing army of soldiers." The author concludes his book with the following words: "I should have prefixed to this book Montaigne's great motto; *Ceci est un livre de borne foi* (This is a book written in good faith). I have no desire to pander to sensation mongering or to class-hatred. My ardent wish is only to be an upright and anxious friend of France. What is the most urgent need of the day? To speak out the truth and the whole truth! To lay the finger on the wound, to cut out the diseased flesh, so that the body may be restored to health. Would my campaign have any beneficial result? He who thinks about results before-hand, will already have lost. I do not hope to receive the approval or applause of the press in my campaign, and applause I have neither sought nor expected, all my life. long.....what, then, is the remedy I would counsel the insertion of a paragraph in our criminal code which would condemn such public propagandists of lies with one to ten years of imprisonment. But then in such a case it may be objected that almost all our journals will cease to exist; but I could face such a possibility with perfect peace of mind. A press which does not live on perfectly truthful methods and on an income which could not openly be avowed to be honestly got, which lends its help for the promotion of private ambitions and the satisfaction of personal motives, conflicting with the general welfare of the people—such a press is a most dangerous enemy of civilisation, thousand times more dangerous than all that previous centuries had known. When such a press sinks into oblivion, the cause of culture and of the morning-light of real civilisation will only be helped onward!" This book opens our eyes to those con-

ditions in France which were responsible for driving away a noble soul like Romain Rolland from his native soil.

L. V. RAMASWAMY AIYAR

The Healing Gods of Ancient Civilisations

THE HEALING GODS OF ANCIENT CIVILISATIONS. By Walter Addison Jayne, M. D., Yale University Press, New Haven.

This is a well printed and well got up book. The author has taken much pains to collect material dealing with the gods, and their healing functions in the ancient civilisations of the world. The countries, the gods of which have been described in the book, are ancient Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, India, Persia, Greece, Rome. The gods of the Pagan Semites of the west and of the ancient Celts are also included. There are eight chapters in the book and each chapter is split up into two parts. The first part gives a general survey of the country and the people dealt with and the second part specifies the gods and goddesses worshipped with special reference to their healing functions. There are fine illustrations to relieve the monotony of dead matter.

The chapter on India relates that among the Aryans of ancient India, disease was considered a manifestation of the will or power of some supernatural being. It might be from the gods in punishment for sin, as in the case of leprosy caused by Varuna; or it might be due to a mere caprice of a malevolent deity. Allusions to passages in all the Vedas, and the subsequent literature pertaining to diseases have been given and the methods of healing them through mantras, prayers, magical incantations, etc., are indicated. The following are the gods mentioned with reference to their healing functions: the Adityas, Agni, Apah, the asvins, Brahma, Brihaspati, Daksa, Dhanvantri, Dhatri, Indra, the Maruts, Rudra, Sarasvati, Savitri, Soma, Surya, Varuna, Vata or Vayu and Bhaisajyaraja and Bhaisajyaguru. The part each of these gods plays in healing certain peculiar diseases is well described and the author seems to have made considerable research in this matter. Much of what applies to India,

applies to Greece—the mother of legendary gods and goddesses in Europe. Most of the Indian gods and goddesses appear under different names in Greek and Roman mythology and their healing functions are almost the same as the study of the book will show.

The subject of the book is approached strictly from a historical standpoint, all theories and controversial matters being avoided as far as possible. Facts, traditions and myths have been gathered from archeological studies, the works of classical authors and the treatises of authoritative commentators. The author has assumed that from the dawn of history, the healing art has been more or less intimately connected with religion. During antiquity the bonds uniting them were inseparable and for many centuries medicine was an integral part of religion. It was not till the nineteenth century that medicine, with other sciences, gained sufficient headway to break loose from ancient authority and tradition, and to find opportunities for unprejudiced investigation, experiment and adoption of new principles.

Speaking of Egyptian magic, the author writes that the power of this magic was boundless. The oldest pyramid texts describe that the magicians performed wonders. Devils were cast out, the sick were healed, life was restored, the corruptible body was transformed into the incorruptible, human beings assumed other shapes at will, and inanimate objects, becoming animate, obeyed commands and then returned to their normal state. The powers of nature were under the control of the magician. Wind, rain, rivers and seas obeyed; waters were separated and piled up on one side; the earth was rent; the sun was made to stop in its course; and all the mysteries of life, death and the future belonged to him who possessed the lore of the book of 'the double house of life'.

A very instructive introduction in the beginning and a very exhaustive bibliography in the end form the special features of the book. Those who are interested in the study of the ancient civilisations of the world, will find the book to be a very valuable aid to their studies. The lay man will find in it a storehouse of interesting

and weird legends and myths which were once believed in so implicitly.

The author is a fair-minded scholar and has tried to avoid all pitfalls into which western scholars generally fall when writing on the things that are Oriental. But he cannot be said to be totally free from all such defects. When he says that a part of the Rigveda was put together as late as 300 B. C., he is certainly in the company of writers who have not studied the subject from an isolated and impartial point of view. Judgments has brought the date of the composition of the Rigveda down to such a recent time.

On the whole the book is worth reading and will make a good addition to the growing literature on ancient religions, beliefs and traditions.

KANNOOMAL.

Books in Brief

REMARKABLE CASES OF HEALING. By Jean Silverlock. The Science of Thought Press, Chichester. 1.6

The cases of spiritual healing described in this little book are indeed "remarkable". Diseases pronounced incurable by doctors are healed, almost miraculously, by "spiritual treatment". Spiritual healing is, in fact, healing by faith,— "unalterable dynamic faith in omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent Love, ever ready and willing to respond to all human appeals for help and healing, whenever those appeals are made in perfect trust and assurance, undimmed by the faintest shadow of doubt or fear". "Curing" and "healing" are quite distinct things. Healing consists in making disease impossible by removing the root-cause of it, namely, the disharmony between man and his Divine source. "Until man realises that the cause of all his troubles is within himself, he can never do anything to remedy matters. His thoughts, his ideals, his attitude towards life must become transformed. When this change has been effected, he not only begins to repair his present life, but he creates a fairer and nobler life for the future". The book affords conclusive evidence of the dependence of the body on the mind

and the soul, and is bound to have a most beneficial effect on its readers.

A. RAMA IYER.

THE ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES OF LOVE. By Thomas Herne. Anglo-Eastern Publishing Co. Ltd., London).

This book is an attempt to reconcile Romance and Reality. To quote the author's words: "I give a sane ideal. I am not a cataclysmic evolutionist, but one who believes in sure and lengthy processes. Nor do I offer any new conception of love and life, but merely uncover that which is hidden from the many and forgotten by others. Realities are in this book fearlessly espoused in forceful language and the differences between man's ideals of woman and woman's own ideals are clearly brought out. The author points out: The only chance of a family being really happy is where the woman is more independent and is the comrade of man. Then she will be able to help her children morally, mentally, and financially. A family will be a happy one when the parents do not claim any rights over their children save the right to love them. A family will be a happy one when the parents think less of their children's duty towards themselves, and more of their own duties and responsibilities towards the children. Unhappiness, according to Mr. Herne, is the result of wrong and mistaken ideals and the spreading of such ideals without subjecting them to a rational criticism. The book abounds with brilliant passages which are quotable. We will give the reader a few illustrations.

"The crank is a person who is obsessed with the propaganda spirit to such an extent that he loses his sense of humour. The real reformer has a sense of humour; he merely puts his case, and gives others the chance of following him.

"For what is love if it be not an art that is learned—not a blind impulse leading to chads, or a sentimental sigh that is soon forgotten—a natural gift that life has perfected? Not unavailing, wasteful sacrifice, but discriminating sacrifice, with due regard for the personality, of either side. If love is not this—when love is not this—it is an illusion, a beautiful image in the

desert of our lives, born of a hunger of soul, the imagination of the mind; doomed to frustration because it cannot be realised, doomed to disappear, because it is not real.

"Truth and luxury cannot inhabit the same house, and a wrong idealism is a luxury for which, did we but realise it, we have all had to pay far too dearly—some of us with our lives.

"Until people can read a book with the critical faculty on the alert, find out its faults and its good points, there will be no appreciation of art.

Criticism does not spoil pleasure, it weeds out the worthless and gives a greater amount of pleasure and delight by discovering the rare and precious.

"The greatest enemy of criticism is a wrong idealism.

"By criticism, I do not mean the chance impressions of the ignorant, but the qualified opinion of the person who has cultivated the habits of analysis, comparison, and deduction."

V. N.

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XI

PREPARATION FOR ENGLAND

I passed the Matriculation Examination in 1887. It used to be held at two centres, *viz.*, Ahmedabad and Bombay, and the general poverty of the country naturally led Kathiawad students to prefer the nearer and the cheaper centre. The poverty of my family likewise dictated to me the same choice. This was my first journey from Rajkot to Ahmedabad and that too without a companion.

My elders wanted me to pursue my studies at college after the Matriculation. There was a college in Bhavnagar as well as in Bombay and as the former was cheaper, I decided to go there and join the Samaldas College. I went, but found myself entirely at sea. Everything was difficult. I could not follow, let alone take an interest in, the professors' lectures. It was no fault of theirs. The professors in that College were regarded as first-rate. Only I was so raw. At the end of the first term, I returned home.

We had in Mavji Dave,—a shrewd and learned Brahmin, an old friend and adviser of the family. He had kept up his connection with the family even after my father's death. He happened to visit us during my vacation. In conversation with my mother and elder brother, he inquired about my studies. Learning that I was at Samaldas College, he said: "The times are changed. And none of you can expect to succeed to your father's *gadi* without having had a proper education. Now as this boy is still pursuing his studies, you should all look to him to keep the *gadi*. It will

take him four or five years to get his B. A. degree, which will at best qualify him for a sixty rupees' job, not for a Dewanship. If, like my son, he went in for law, it would take him still longer, by which time there would be a host of lawyers aspiring for a Dewan's post. I would far rather that you sent him to England. My son Kevalram says it is very easy to be a barrister. In three years' time he would return. Also expenses would not exceed four to five thousand. Think of that barrister who has just come back from England. How stylishly he lives! He could get the Dewanship for the asking. I would strongly advise you to send Mohandas to England this very year. Kevalram has numerous friends in England. He will give notes of introduction to them, and Mohandas will have an easy time of it there."

Joshiji—that is how we used to call old Mavji Dave—turned to me with complete assurance and asked: "Would you not rather go to England than study here?" Nothing could be more welcome to me. I was fighting shy of my difficult studies. I jumped at the proposal and said that the sooner I was sent the better. It was no easy business to pass examinations quickly. Could I not be sent to qualify for the medical profession?

My brother interrupted me: "Father never liked it. He had you in mind when he said that we Vaishnavas should have nothing to do with dissection of dead bodies. Father intended you for the bar."

Joshiji chimed in: "I am not opposed to the medical profession like Gandhiji (my father). Our

astras are not against it. But a medical degree will not make a Dewan of you and I want you to be Dewan, or if possible something better. Only in that way could you take under your protecting wings your large family. The times are fast changing and getting harder every day. It is the wisest thing therefore to become a barrister." Turning to my mother he said, "Now I must leave. Pray ponder over what I have said. When I come here next I shall expect to hear of preparations for England. Be sure to let me know if I can assist in any way."

Joshiji went. And I began building castles in the air.

My elder brother was greatly exercised in his mind. How to find the wherewithal to send me? And was it proper to trust a young man like me to go abroad alone?

My mother was sorely perplexed. She did not like the idea of parting from me. And this is how she tried to put me off: "Uncle is now the eldest member of the family. He should first be consulted. If he consents we shall consider the matter."

My brother had another idea. "We have a certain claim on the Porbander State. Mr. Lely is the Administrator. He thinks highly of our family and Uncle is in his good books. It is just possible that he might recommend you for some State help for your education in England." I liked all this. I got ready to start off for Porbander. There was no railway in those days. It was a five days' bullock-cart journey. I have already admitted that I was a coward. But at that moment my cowardice vanished before the desire to go to England which completely possessed me. I hired a bullock-cart as far as Dhoraji, and from Dhoraji I took a camel in order to get to Porbander a day quicker. This was my first camel-ride.

I arrived at last. I did obeisance to Uncle, and told him everything. He thought it over and said: "I am not sure whether it is possible for one to stay in England without prejudice to one's religion. From all I have heard, I have my doubts. When I meet these big barristers, I see no difference between their life and that of Europeans. They know no scruples regarding food. Cigars

are never out of their mouths. They dress as shamelessly as Englishmen. All that would not be in keeping with our family tradition. But I do not want to stand in your way. I am shortly going on a pilgrimage. I have not many years to live. At the threshold of death, how dare I give you permission to go to England, to cross the seas? But I will not stand in your way. It is your mother's permission which really matters. If she permits you then godspeed! Tell her I will not interfere. You will go with my blessings."

"I could expect nothing more from you," said I, "I shall now try to win Mother over. But would you not recommend me to Mr. Lely?"

"How can I do that?" said he. "But the *Sahib* is a good man. You ask for an appointment telling him how you are connected. He will certainly give you one and may even help you."

I cannot say why my uncle did not give me a note of recommendation. I have a faint idea that he hesitated to co-operate directly in what was in his opinion an irreligious act, *viz.*, my going to England.

I wrote to Mr. Lely, who asked me to see him at his residence. He saw me as he was ascending the staircase; and saying curtly, "Pass your B. A. first and then see me. No help can be given you now," he hurried upstairs. I had made elaborate preparations to meet the *Sahib*, I had carefully learnt up a few sentences, and I had bowed low and saluted him with both the hands. But all to no purpose!

I thought of my wife's ornaments. I thought of my elder brother in whom I had the utmost faith. He was generous to a fault, and he loved me as his son.

I returned to Rajkot from Porbander and told them all that had happened. I consulted the Joshiji who of course advised even incurring a debt if necessary. I suggested the disposal of my wife's ornaments, which could fetch about two to three thousand rupees. My brother promised to find the money somehow.

My mother was however yet unwilling. She had begun making minute inquiries. Some one had told her that young men got lost in England. Another had said that they took to meat and

yet another that they could not live there without liquor. 'How about all this?' she asked me. I said: 'Will you not trust me? I shall not lie to you. I swear that I shall not touch any of those things. If there were any such danger, would Joshiji let me go?'

'I can trust you,' she said, 'But how can I trust you in a distant land? I am dazed and know not what to do. I shall ask Becharji Swami.'

Becharji Swami was originally a Modh Bania, but had now become a Jain monk. He too was a family adviser like Joshiji. He came to my help, and said: 'I shall get the boy solemnly to take the three vows, and then he can be allowed to go.' He administered the oath and I vowed not to touch wine, woman, and meat. This done, mother gave her permission.

The High school had a send-off in my honour. It was an uncommon thing for a young man of Rajkot to go to England. I had written out a few words of thanks. But I could scarcely stammer them out. I remember how my head reeled and how my whole frame shook as I stood up to read them.

With the blessings of my elders, I started for Bombay. This was my first journey from Rajkot to Bombay. My brother accompanied me. But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. There were difficulties to be faced in Bombay.

CHAPTER XII

OUTCASTE

With my mother's permission and blessings, I set off exultantly for Bombay, leaving my wife with a baby of a few months. But on arrival there friends told my brother that the Indian Ocean was rough in June and July, and as this was my first voyage, I should not be allowed to sail until November. Some one also reported that a steamer had just been sunk in a gale. This made my brother uneasy and he refused to take the risk of allowing me to sail immediately. Leaving me with a friend in Bombay, he returned to Rajkot to resume his duty. He put the money for my travelling expenses in the keeping of a brother-in-law, and left word with some friends to give me whatever help I need.

Time hung heavily on my hands in Bombay. I dreamt continually of going to England.

Meanwhile my caste-people were agitated over my going abroad. No Modh Bania had been to England up to now, and if I dared to do so, I ought to be brought to book! A general meeting of the caste was held and I was summoned to appear before it. I went. How I suddenly managed to muster up courage I do not know. Nothing daunted, and without the slightest hesitation, I came before the meeting. The Seth—the headman of the community—who was distantly related to me, who had been on very good terms with my father, thus accosted me:

"In the opinion of the caste, your proposal to go to England is not proper. Our religion forbids voyages abroad. We have also heard that it is not possible to live there without compromising our religion. One is obliged to eat and drink with Europeans!"

To which I replied: "I do not think it is at all against our religion to go to England. I intend going there for further studies. And I have already solemnly promised to my mother to abstain from the three things you fear most. I am sure the vow will keep me safe."

"But we tell you," rejoined the Seth, "that it is not possible to keep our religion there. You know my relations with your father and you ought to listen to my advice."

"I know those relations," said I. "And you are as an elder to me. But I am helpless in this matter. I cannot alter my resolve to go to England. My father's friend and adviser, who is a learned Brahmin, sees no objection to my going to England, and my mother and brother have also given me their permission."

"But will you disregard the orders of the Caste?"

"I am really helpless. I think the Caste should not interfere in the matter."

This incensed the Seth. He swore at me. I sat unmoved. So the Seth pronounced his order: "This boy shall be treated as an outcaste from to-day. Whoever helps him or goes to see him off at the dock, shall be punishable with a fine of one Rupee four annas."

CHAPTER XIII

IN LONDON AT LAST

I did not feel at all sea-sick. But as the days passed, I became fidgety. I felt shy even speaking to the steward. I was quite unaccustomed to talking English, and excepting Mr. Mazmudar, all the other passengers in the second saloon were English. I could not speak to them. For I could rarely follow their remarks when they came up to speak to me, and even when I understood I could not reply. I had to frame every sentence in my mind, before I could bring it out. I was innocent of the use of knives and forks and had not the gumption to inquire what dishes on the menu were free of meat. I therefore never took my meals at table but always had them in my cabin, and they consisted principally of sweets and fruits which I had brought with me. Mr. Mazmudar had no difficulty, and mixed with everybody. He would move about freely on deck, while I hid myself in the cabin the whole day, only venturing up on deck when there were but few people. Mr. Mazmudar kept pleading with me to associate with the passengers and to talk with them freely. He told me that lawyers should have a long tongue, and related to me his legal experiences. He advised me to take every possible opportunity of talking English, and not to mind making mistakes which were obviously unavoidable with a foreign tongue. But nothing could make me conquer my shyness.

An English passenger talking kindly to me drew me into conversation. He was older than I. He asked me what I ate, where I was going, why I was shy, and so on. He also advised me to come to table. He laughed at my insistence on abjuring meat, and said in a friendly way: "It is all very well so far (*i.e.* before we had reached Port Said) but you will have to revise your decision in the Bay of Biscay. And it is so cold in England that one cannot possibly live there without meat."

"But I have heard that people *can* live there without eating meat," I said.

"Rest assured it is a fib," said he. "No one, to my knowledge, lives there, but is a meat-eater. Don't you see that I am not asking you to take

The order had no effect on me, and I took my leave of the Seth. But I wondered how my brother would take it. Fortunately he remained firm and wrote to assure me that I had his permission to go, the Seth's order notwithstanding.

The incident however made me more anxious than ever to sail. What would happen if they succeeded in bringing pressure to bear on my brother? Supposing something unforeseen happened? As I was thus worrying over my predicament, I heard that a Junagadh Vakil was going to England, for being called to the bar, by a boat sailing on the 4th of September. I met the friends to whose care my brother had commended me. They also agreed that I should not let go the opportunity of going in such company. There was no time to be lost. I wired to my brother for permission which he granted. I asked my brother-in-law to give me the money. But he referred to the order of the Seth and said that he could not afford to lose caste. I then sought a friend of the family and requested him to accommodate me to the extent of my passage and sundries, and to recover the loan from my brother. The friend was not only good enough to accede to my request, but he cheered me up as well. I was so thankful. With part of the money I at once purchased the passage. Then I had to equip myself for the voyage. There was another friend who had experience in the matter. He got clothes and other things ready. Some of the clothes I liked and some I did not like at all. The necktie which I delighted in wearing later, I then abhorred. The short jacket I looked upon as immodest. But this dislike was nothing before the desire to go to England which was uppermost in me. Of provisions also I had enough and to spare for the voyage. A berth was reserved for me by my friends in the same cabin as that of Mr. Trimbakrai Mazmudar, the Junagadh Vakil. They also commended me to him. He was an experienced man of mature age and knew the world. I was yet a stripling of eighteen without any experience of the world. Mr. Mazmudar told my friends not to worry about me.

I sailed at last from Bombay on the 4th of September.

liquor, though I do so? But I do think you should eat meat, for you cannot live without it."

"I thank you for your kind advice, but I have solemnly promised to my mother not to touch meat and therefore I cannot think of taking it. If it be found impossible to get on without it, I would far rather go back to India than eat meat in order to remain there."

We entered the Bay of Biscay, but I did not begin to feel the need either of meat or liquor. I had been advised to collect certificates of my having abstained from meat, and I asked the English friend to give me one. He gladly gave it and I treasured it for some time. But when I saw later that one could get such a certificate in spite of being a meat-eater, it lost all its charm for me. If my word was not to be trusted, where was the use of possessing a certificate in the matter?

However, we reached Southampton, as far as I remember, on a Saturday. On the boat I had worn a black suit, the white flannel one which my friends had got me, having been kept especially for wearing when I landed. I had thought that white clothes would suit me better when I stepped ashore and therefore I did so in white flannels. Those were the last days of September, and I found I was the only person wearing such clothes. I left in charge of an agent of Grindlay and Co., all my kit, including the keys, seeing that many others also had done the same and I must follow suit.

I had four notes of introduction; to Dr. P. J. Mehta, to Mr. Dalpatram Shukla, to Prince Ranjit Singji and to Dadabhai Naoroji. Some one on board had advised us to put up at the Victoria Hotel in London. Mr. Mazmudar and I accordingly went there. The shame of being the only person in white clothes, was already too much for me. And when at the Hotel I was told that I should not get my things from Grindlay's the next day, it being a Sunday, I was exasperated.

Dr. Mehta to whom I had wired from Southampton called at about eight o'clock the same evening. He gave me a hearty greeting. He smiled at my being in flannels. As we were talking, I casually picked up his top-hat, and,

trying to see how smooth it was, passed my hand over it the wrong way and disturbed the hair. Dr. Mehta looked somewhat angrily at what I was doing and stopped me. But the mischief was done. The incident was a warning for the future. This was my first lesson in European etiquette, into the details of which Dr. Mehta humourously initiated me. "Do not touch other people's things," he said. "Do not ask questions as we usually do in India on first acquaintance; do not talk loudly; never address people as 'Sir' whilst speaking to them (as we do in India); only servants and subordinates address their master that way." And so on and so forth. He also told me that it was very expensive to live in a hotel and recommended that I should live with a private family. We deferred consideration of the matter until Monday.

Both Mr. Mazmudar and I found the hotel to be a trying affair. It was also very expensive. There was however, a Sindhi fellow-passenger from Malta who had become friends with Mr. Mazmudar and as he was not a stranger to London, he offered to find rooms for us. We agreed, and on Monday as soon as we got our baggage, we paid off our bills and went to the room rented for us by the Sindhi friend. I remember my hotel bill came to £ 3, an amount which shocked me. And I had practically starved in spite of this heavy bill! For I could relish nothing. When I did not like one thing, I asked for another, but had to pay for both just the same. The fact is that all this while I had depended on the provisions which I had brought with me from Bombay.

I was very uneasy even in the new room. I would continually think of my home and country. My mother's love always haunted me. At night the tears would stream down my cheeks and home memories of all sorts made sleep out of the question. It was impossible to share my misery with any one. And even if I could have done so, where was the use? I knew of nothing that would soothe me. Everything was strange—the people, their ways, and even their dwellings. I was a complete greenhorn in the matter of English etiquette, and continually had to mind my p's and q's. There was the additional incon-

venience of the vegetarian vow. Even the dishes that I could eat were tasteless and insipid. I thus found myself between Scylla and Charibdis. England I could not bear, and return to India was not to be thought of. Now that I had come, I must finish the three years, said the inner voice.

CHAPTER XIV

MY CHOICE

Dr. Mehta went on Monday to the Victoria Hotel expecting to find me there. He discovered that we had left, got our new address, and met me at our rooms. Through sheer folly I had managed to get ring worm on the boat. For washing and bathing we used to have sea-water, in which soap is not soluble. I however employed soap, taking its use to be a sign of civilisation with the result that instead of cleaning it made the skin greasy. This gave me ringworm. I showed it to Dr. Mehta who told me to apply acetic acid. I remember how the burning acid made me cry. Dr. Mehta inspected my room and its appointments and shook his head in disapproval. "This place won't do," he said. "We come to England not so much for the purpose of studies as for gaining experience of English life and customs. And for this you need to live with a family. But before you do so, I think you had better serve a period of apprenticeship. I shall take you there."

I gratefully accepted the suggestion and removed to the friend's rooms. He was all kindness and attention. He treated me as his own brother, initiated me into English ways and manners, and accustomed me to talking the language. My food however became a serious question. I could not relish boiled vegetable without salt or condiments mixed at the time of preparation. The landlady was at a loss to know what to cook for me. We had oatmeal porridge for breakfast which was fairly filling, but I always starved at lunch and dinner. The friend continually reasoned with me to eat meat, but I always pleaded my vow and then remained silent. Both for luncheon and dinner we had bread and jam and spinach. I was a good eater and had a capacious stomach; but I was ashamed to ask for more than two or three slices of bread, as it did not seem correct

to do so. Added to this there was no milk either for lunch or dinner. The friend once got disgusted with this state of things, and said: "Had you been my own brother, I would have sent you packing. What is the value of a vow made before an illiterate mother, and in ignorance of conditions here? It is no vow at all. It would not be regarded as a vow in law. It is a pure superstition to stick to such a promise. And I tell you this persistence will not help you to gain anything here. You confess to having eaten and relished meat. You took it where it was absolutely unnecessary and will not where it is quite essential. What a pity!"

But I was adamant.

Day in and day out the friend would argue, but I had an eternal negative to face him with. The more he argued, the more uncompromising I became. Daily I would pray for God's protection and get it. Not that I had any idea of God. It was faith that was at work—faith of which the seed was sown by the good nurse Rambha.

One day the friend began to read to me Bentham's *Theory of Utility*. I was at my wit's end. The language was too difficult for me to understand. He began to expound it. I said: "Pray forgive me. These abstruse things are beyond me. I admit it is necessary to eat meat. But I cannot break my vow. I cannot argue about it. I am sure I cannot meet you in argument. But please give me up as foolish or obstinate. I appreciate your love for me and I know you to be my well-wisher. I also know that you are telling me again and again about this because you feel for me. But I am helpless. A vow is a vow. It cannot be broken."

The friend looked at me in surprise. He closed the book and said: "All right. I shall not argue any more." I was glad. He never discussed the subject again. But he did not cease to worry about me. He smoked and drank, but he never asked me to do so. In fact he asked me to remain away from both. His one anxiety was lest I might become very weak without meat, and thereby be unable to feel at home in England.

That is how I served my apprenticeship for a month. The friend's house was in Richmond, and it was not possible to go to London more

than once or twice a week. Dr. Mehta and Mr. Dalpatram Shukla therefore decided that I should be put with some family. Mr. Shukla hit upon an Anglo-Indian's house in West Kensington and placed me there. The landlady was a widow. I told her about my vow. The old lady promised to look after me properly, and I took up my residence in her house. Here too I practically had to starve. I had sent for sweets and other eatables from home, but nothing had yet come. Everything was insipid. Everyday the old lady asked whether I liked the food, but what could she do? I was still as shy as ever and dared not ask for more than was put before me. She had two daughters. They insisted on serving me with an extra slice or two. But little did they know that nothing less than a loaf would have filled me.

But I had found my wings now. I had not yet started upon my regular studies. I had just begun reading newspapers, thanks to Mr. Shukla. In India I had never read a newspaper. But here I succeeded in cultivating a liking for them by regular reading. I always glanced over the *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph*, and *Pall Mall Gazette*. This took me hardly an hour. I therefore began to wander about. I would launch out in search of a vegetarian restaurant. The landlady had told me that there were such places in the City. I would trot ten to twelve miles each day, go into a cheap restaurant and eat my fill of bread, but would never be satisfied. During these wanderings I once hit on a vegetarian restaurant in Farringdon Street. The sight of it filled me with the same joy that a child feels on getting a thing after its own heart. Before I entered I noticed books for sale exhibited under a glass window near the door. I saw among them Salt's *Plea for Vegetarianism*. This I purchased for a shilling and went straight to the dining room. This was my first hearty meal since my arrival in England. God had come to my aid.

I read Salt's book from cover to cover and was very much impressed by it. From the date of reading this book, I may claim to have become a vegetarian by choice. I blessed the day on which I had taken the vow before my mother. I had all along abstained from meat in the interests of truth

and of the vow I had taken, but had wished at the same time that every Indian should be a meat-eater, and had looked forward to being one myself freely and openly some day, and to enlisting others in the cause. The choice was now made in favour of vegetarianism, the spread of which henceforward became my mission.

CHAPTER XV

PLAYING THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

My faith in vegetarianism grew on me from day to day. Salt's book whetted my appetite for dietetic studies. I went in for all books available on vegetarianism and read them. One of these, Howard Williams' 'The Ethics of Diet' was a 'biographical history of the literature of humane dietetics from the earliest period to the present day,' and tried to make out that all philosophers and prophets from Pythagoras and Jesus down to those of the present age were vegetarians. Dr. Mrs. Anna Kingsford's 'The perfect way in Diet' was also an attractive book. Dr. Allinson's writings on health and hygiene were likewise very helpful. He advocated a curative system based on regulation of the dietary of patients. Himself a vegetarian, he prescribed to his patients also a strictly vegetarian diet. The result of reading all this literature was that dietetic experiments came to take an important place in my life. Health was the principal consideration of these experiments, to begin with. But later on religion became the supreme motive.

Meanwhile my friend had not ceased to worry about me. His love for me led him to think that if I persisted in my objections to meat-eating, I should not only develop a weak constitution, but should remain a duffer; because I should never feel at home in English society. When he came to know that I had begun to interest myself in books on vegetarianism, he was afraid, lest the studies should muddle my head; that I should fritter my life away in experiments, forgetting my own work, and become a crank. He therefore made one last effort to reform me. He one day invited me to go to the theatre. Before the play we were to dine together at the Holborn Restaurant, to me a palatial place and the first big Restaurant I had been to since

leaving the Victoria Hotel. The stay at that Hotel had scarcely been a helpful experience for I had not lived there with my wits about me. The friend had planned to take me to this Restaurant evidently imagining that modesty would forbid any questions. And it was a very big company of diners in the midst of which my friend and I sat sharing a table between us. The first course was soup. I wondered what it might be made of, but durst not ask the friend about it. I therefore summoned the waiter. My friend saw the movement and sternly asked across the table what the matter was. With considerable hesitation I told him that I wanted to inquire if the soup was a vegetable soup. "You are too clumsy for decent society," he passionately exclaimed. "If you cannot behave yourself, you had better go. Feed in some other restaurant and await me outside." This delighted me. Out I went. There was a vegetarian restaurant close by, but it was closed. So I went without food that night. I accompanied the friend to the theatre, but he never said a word about the scene I had created. On my part, of course, there was nothing to say.

That was the last friendly brush we had. It did not affect our relations in the least. I could see and appreciate the love with which all my friend's efforts were actuated, and my respect for him was all the more for our differences in thought and action.

But I decided that I should put him at ease; that I should assure him that I would be clumsy no more, but try to become polished and make up for my vegetarianism by cultivating other accomplishments which fitted one for polite society.

And for this purpose I undertook the all too impossible task of becoming an English gentleman.

The clothes after the Bombay cut that I was wearing were, I thought, unsuitable for English society and I got new ones at the Army and Navy Stores. I also went in for a chimney-pot hat costing nineteen shillings—an excessive price in those days. Not content with this, I wasted ten pounds on an evening suit made in Bond Street, the focus of fashionable life in London; and got my good and noble-hearted brother to

send me a double watch-chain of gold. It was not correct to wear a ready-made tie and I learnt the art of tying one for myself. When in India the mirror had been a luxury permitted on the days when the family barber gave me a shave. Here I wasted ten minutes every day before a huge mirror watching myself arranging my tie and parting my hair in the correct fashion. My hair was by no means soft and every day it meant a regular struggle with the brush to keep the hair in position. Each time the hat was put on and off the hand would automatically move towards the head to adjust the hair, not to mention the other civilized habit of the hand every now and then operating for the purpose when sitting in polished society.

As if all this were not enough to make me look the thing, I directed my attention to other details that were supposed to go towards the making of an English gentleman. I was told it was necessary for me to take lessons in dancing, French and elocution. French was not only the language of neighbouring France, but it was the *lingua Franca* of the Continent over which I had a desire to travel. I decided to take dancing lessons at a class and paid down £ 3 as fees for a term. I must have taken about six lessons in three weeks. But it was beyond me to achieve anything like rhythmic motion. I could not follow the piano and hence found it impossible to keep time. What then was I to do? The recluse in the fable kept a cat to keep off the rats, and then a cow to feed the cat with milk, and a man to keep the cow and so on. My ambition also grew like the family of the recluse. I thought I should learn to play the violin in order to cultivate an ear for Western music. So I invested £ 3 in a violin and something more in fees. I sought a third teacher to give me lessons in elocution and paid him a preliminary fee of a guinea. He recommended Bell's Standard Elocutionist as the text-book, which I purchased. And I began with a speech of Pitt's.

But Mr. Bell rang the bell of alarm in my ear and I awoke.

I had not to spend a life-time in England, I said to myself. What then was the use of learning elocution? And how could dancing make a

gentleman of me? The violin I could learn even in India. I was a student and ought to go on with my studies. I should qualify myself to join the Inns of Court. If my character made a gentleman of me, so much the better. Otherwise I should forego the ambition.

Those and similar thoughts possessed me and I expressed them in a letter which I addressed to the elocution teacher requesting him to excuse me from further lessons. I had taken only two or three. I wrote a similar letter to the dancing-

teacher and went personally to the violin teacher with a request to dispose of the violin for any price it might fetch. She was rather friendly to me, so I told her how I had discovered that I was pursuing a false ideal. She encouraged me in the determination to make a complete change.

This infatuation must have lasted about three months. The punctiliousness in dress persisted for years. But henceforward I became a student.

(To be Continued) — Young India

What Thinkers Think

A Thought for the month

Whatsoever man craves for a longer space
To live, because his life's one little race
Contents him not, he cleaves to folly's side:
I see the mask of folly on his face.

For length of days shall bring there on more gain
Of joy, but plunge thee deeper into pain.

Pleasure?—thine eyes a vanished phantom seek,
If thou beyond thy fitting term attain.

Then, then draws nigh the last impartial friend,
When marriage hymns, nor dance, nor lyres attend
The Doom of Hades dawning up the sky,
With death for morning-star—and there an end.

Never to have been born—ay, that were best!
But once set forth upon life's hopeless quest
Of happiness, thy better part is this,
That whence thou cam'st thou soon return—to rest.

When folly-freighted youth too soon hath fled,
What sorrow-heavy stroke shall miss thine head?
What miseries are not wedded to thy lot—
Strife, envy, factions, battle slaughter-red?

Last scene of all—eld claims thee for its own,
Old age condemned in impotence, alone
On earth, unfriended, yea, and friendship-soured,
Crouching, a woe of woes, by thine hearth-stone

SOPHOCLES.

Some Reflections on Death.

To many thinkers Easter affords an occasion to think of Death—that tremendous fact of life and, to the man in the street, the evidence of life. What is Death? Shall we glorify it or ignore it? Is it a friend or a foe? Is it a fact or a fiction? What should be our attitude towards it? Shall we fear it and seek to fly it or face it as we face every day the other incidents of Life? To these questions Mr. Sydney Strong gives some suggestive answers in the Easter week number of *Unity* of Chicago. He writes:

The Christian world is now celebrating the events leading to Easter. It is an appropriate time to note that the treatment of death by Christians is generally a block in the road to faith in immortality.

We would refer to a few of the "stones" which must be removed from the mouth of the sepulchre before immortal love can emerge in glory.

Christians generally make more fuss over death than over life. Ten times more money is spent on funerals than births. In Australia there is a big legislation called the "baby bonus" which involves the payment of \$25.00 into the home upon the arrival of a new born child. This, even in Australia is looked upon by thousands as an astonishing piece of extravagance. An American Congressman suggested that it might be suspected of Moscowitis. The undertaking business must be an excellent one, judging by the capital and equipment invested. If as much thought were spent upon better burial as upon eugenics (praise the eugenics) all human life would be profited. By better burial is meant less paganism, less extravagance, less indecency, less hypocrisy. In death and funerals man indulges in so many forms of mortality; how can faith in immortality find easy root to sprout?

Universal cremation would increase faith in immortality, especially if the process were not commercialized by priests and merchants, as sorrow and death so frequently are.

Man is a strange creature. He builds extravagant monuments and mausoleums, thinking in his vanity that he is keeping alive a memory, or something, whereas the effect is exactly the opposite. He is by such actions only perpetuating mortality, never immortality. He also builds his biggest monument to death, e. g., to the biggest murderers of life. If a thousand men die on a certain spot, there is erected a big markingstone—not in warning, but in glory—or if perchance it be ten or twenty thousand, he calls it a "victory" and erects a monument where generations to come may worship. . . . To eliminate such strange inconsistency would be to raise the stock of faith in immortality a hundred per cent. It is a "stone" which needs to be rolled away.

Our idea is that man must treat death in a radically different manner in order to increase faith in immortality; for a living faith is rooted in life not in

death, in ethics not in creeds. This means, of course, that he must change his ways of cultivating faith. How can he expect to live at "a poor dying rate" and then enjoy a glorious final? The church services of Christendom, throughout the year, are generally gloomy and "lugubrious"—as someone once described in a London daily—and then the people, on Easter Morning, are asked to rise and shout for joy. . . . How can they shout for joy, without practice throughout the year? They have no voice. The general practice of Christians belies their professions. How can the "fear of death" be broken while nearly the whole year is spent in riveting the chains of death?

Think not of Death nor take any notice of it more than we take not notice any other incident in life—such is the advice of Mr. Strong.

Why Fear Death?

The reason is Death is not after all so bad a thing as to be scrupulously avoided at all costs. Sophocles' idea of Death as a necessary and welcome reliever of human sorrows is not altogether wrong. There are other reasons also why we should face Death with courage, hope, and good cheer. Mr. Strong says, for instance:

Death is a good thing, and not the "great enemy." Our children should be taught that death has as good a party to play as has birth. All attempts to keep the dead alive by building monuments, erecting shrines, writing biographies of the dead, organizing societies around the dead, should be discouraged, and this in the interests of progress and life. One may even question the motives of those who keep the dead alive,—we should at least question their good judgment. Those who do this generally have little part in the activities of the present.

The commercialization of sorrow in time of death is a blow also to faith in immortality. How can a clergyman teach faith in immortality, when he shows as keen an interest in the size of the "burial fee" as he does in the size of the "wedding fee?"

The projection of mortal social distinctions beyond the grave, by Christian people, does not rob "death of its sting" but instead adds to unbelief. We recall how our democratic soul (and rightly) was shocked to discover that a "non-conformist" could not have his "mortal remains planted in an Anglican churchyard, and that Roman Catholics would not have anything to do with Anglicans, when all were "dust"—and as for the Jew, the progenitor of Christianity, he had to go off by himself, to rest in peace in death. All this shocking projection of mortality beyond the grave of course reduces the supply of faith in immortality.

There is a beautiful cemetery in Melbourne, where the dead are all put to rest according to scientific social rules that might obtain at the reception of a new Governor-General. As you enter the splendid Gateway of this City of the Dead you notice that on the right repose the Anglican dead; a little further back, on the left the Presbyterian dead; a little further back, but in a good position (as a realtor or landscape artist would say), come the Methodists; then, each in their ecclesiastically social turn, come Baptists, Congregationalists, Adventists, Disciples, etc., and in

a quiet nook, of course, lie the Quakers. When we stood at the gateway, our mind went forward to the Day of Judgment, and we wondered whether Gabriel's horn would awaken each set in their order? and they would come marching out, in "correct" formation? . . . Such "worldly" social projection into the graveyards decreases faith in immortality. Or, go to France. A French cemetery is the dearest place in the community. And in America, our social sets go off by themselves to be buried. The flagrant, crude manifestation of materialism—among Angli- cans, Catholics (Greek and Roman), Protestants—in their attitude toward the dead is a "stone" big enough to prevent the emergence of faith in immortality. No wonder cremation makes such slow progress in the midst of materialists. We are not afraid of Marxian materialism, but are afraid of that materialism that masquerades under the garb of religion.

Whether the memory of the dead could be better kept by other monuments than those of stone is indeed a matter for argument. It all depends on the stage of development of the man who wants to keep up the memory and the community among whom that memory is sought to be kept up. Like idol worship, it has two sides.

Death and Immortality.

What Mr. Strong objects to is the practice of commemorating death which means commemorating lack of faith in immortality. It is not the stones, the monuments and the mausoleums that build up faith in the immortality of a great man, but his personality. "Jesus—the world's Best Man—has produced so much faith in immortality"—not because of the sepulchres erected to glorify him, but because of the memory his life and his example leave on the minds of humanity. "Gandhi—the best man in the world—in similar ways," says Mr. Strong, "produces faith in immortality." He proceeds thus to explain his position further:

It is their personality that was not made to die, that speaks immortality in every word and act. The more people know about persons like Jesus and Gandhi the more they have faith. Faith does not rest upon authority, nor creed, nor book, but upon the witness of a holy life. Faith does not arise out of meditation, nor from fasting, nor from pilgrimages, but from touching life, a life, the life, that awakens our deepest approval. When out of the background of an almost universal hope, one comes in contact with an immortal person, he "knows" enough of the future that forbids worry and produces reasonable expectations. When he touches a life like that of Jesus or Gandhi, he assures himself that it will take eternity to work out all there is in such a life. The popular taste for flowers, fuss and monuments disappears in the presence of immortal love. The face of a child carries in it intimations of immortality—even more the life of a man, whose activities have not degenerated from the "vision

splendid" into the "light of common day." It's the sight of an immortal life that produces faith in immortality.

One cannot over-emphasize the fact, that the greatest amount of mankind's faith in immortality has clustered around a life—that of Jesus. If there is any proof of another realm beyond, such a life as his is the best proof.

In order, therefore, to indulge a hope in immortality, it is urged that the power of the brute, the pagan, over us be reduced to the minimum—"the stone be rolled away"—and that the fellowship of the great souls of the race, past and especially present, be sought. If we wish to live let us cease consorting with the dead.

Immortality is life and it cannot be commemorated through the glorification of its opposite, Death!

Immortality and God

If man is immortal, should he care for anything else? He sees he is mastering his environment in a wonderfully rapid time and seems to ascend the staircase leading to Heaven with remarkable speed leaving behind him flights and flights of stairs day after day. What need has he then to think of morality and religion, of divinity and Godhead? A plausible question, but one which is little more than plausible. For, when one deeply ponders over the situation, one is intuitively made to exclaim, with Mr. Charles Dole, again in *Unity*, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Mr. Dole goes on to analyse the "achievements" of man. He writes:

Here is the vast central question of the Universe. Will science tell us that things make themselves? That the stars created themselves? That things conspired together to produce an Universe? That colonies of amoeba started off aeons ago by themselves to write poems and compose constitutions? Has science had the slightest success in investigating the mysteries of the origins of things? Where has science put up any negative over against that majestic challenge to the intelligence of the world: In the beginning, God?

We men do things, do we? Original things? Such as what? We have in mind a genius, an Edison, if one chooses. No one is so preposterous as to say that he made himself. Where did he get his inventive mind? The greater the genius, the more incredible that he could have fitted it up for himself. Take the case of the singer; what made the rare voice, the sense of the harmony, of the spiritual sympathy without which the most gifted singer must sing to empty hearts?

Does not the man, however, contribute the patience to receive discipline, the purpose to improve, the will

to succeed, the "characteristic gifts" of perhaps a long family of artists? This is to go deeper yet into the waters. Who makes the patience, the purpose, the forceful will, the integrity? Who creates a lovable character, or more subtle yet, the good will which opens the way to all hearts?

Has man then no more originating power of his own than the beasts and the insects? Has he nothing unique and inspiringly wonderful in himself that no other creature has? Let us watch him closely, or rather, watch ourselves, especially at such times as life most fully and effectively possesses us. At our best, we seem to be spectators of the Universe. Our minds are receivers of a colossal wireless system. We have monitions, warnings, and openings of light and thought. Besides this, we are citizens and actors and artists and creators in a fashion. Some of us even expect to produce life. But observe, the most brilliant of us does nothing and can do nothing except by way of imitation and enlightening suggestion caught from nature. Suppose even that a scientist actually set up a living creature in his laboratory. He would only be doing that in which he followed at every step the clue of that invisible mind in whose thought and skill he is a sharer.

We can only think in figures and likenesses. Do not the figures, however, such as offer themselves, make the impression that the characteristic and standing wonder about man is, that he is at the same time a spectator and an actor himself in relation to the splendid spectacle of the universe? In other words, he shares the spectacle like one who is at the beck and call of the management.

This idea seems at once to fit into and hinge upon that magnificent central proposition of thought, namely, the originating and creative life—at once illuminating thought and purposive power. The questioning mind in us seeks that which is and always was, and endures, beyond which no question can pass. The mind seeks for a resting place, and can somehow never be satisfied except in the consciousness of a kinship in the eternal. Man thus finds himself, at his utmost stretch of consciousness, a sharer in and with God. Man does things as a sharer in the doings of the Creative Life.

That is to say, immortality by itself is no consolation. If one is to lose himself in the endless cycle of birth and death, each one existence leaving unsatisfied desires and unsolved problems for the succeeding one, immortality in such a cycle is course which one would rather flee than a blessing one would prize. That kind of immortality has nothing to distinguish it from eternal damnation. Satisfaction lies in feeling oneness with God. Mr. Dole, proceeding, gives vent to the following reflections:

Is there any use or good in these almost overwhelming thoughts? Yes. Much good. In the first place, in the thorough purging of our minds of conceit, vanity, and pride, and those acts and gestures and disabling human contacts, wherein pride spoils our normal social relations and cuts us off

THE WRATH TO COME

The following article by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, which originally appeared in the "Guildsman," will, we think, be of interest to our readers:

The distinction implied in the slogan "workers by hand and brain" may help the Labour party to effect a political combination of the office with the factory, the clerks and secretaries with "the hands"; but it had better not be allowed to delude the men whose work can be carried on without soiling their collars into believing that their economical position is any stronger, or, indeed, half as strong, as that of the miner, the navy, or the steel smelter. Under the capitalist system the value of the employee is determined by supply and demand; and even the most complete trade or professional organization can do little more than secure him the top of his market. Anything beyond this can be attained only by making breaches in the system, and filling them up with more or less communistic institutions. Therefore it is important that the *soi-disant* brain worker should know where he is; for instance, whilst his pay depends on supply and demand, he should be able to answer the question "Supply and demand of what?"

Industry, under the capitalist or any other system, involves a prodigious quantity of routine work, and relatively very little original work. A century ago any routine work that involved reading, writing and arithmetic, had a scarcity value, because the mass of the population was illiterate.

In a still remoter time this scarcity was so much felt that a man who could read and write could "plead his clergy" if he was condemned to death, virtually telling the State that it could not afford to hang a man with so valuable an accomplishment. Many a gentleman-duelist saved his neck by benefit of clergy; for the institution survived as a class privilege long after it had been carefully ruled out of all legislation likely to affect common people only. Still, it existed as an economic privilege until the Compulsory Education Act of 1870 made the three R's so common a possession that by 1880 the salary of a London clerk was fifteen shillings a week, on which he kept a house, a family, a hymn book, and a tall hat. And yet Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrook, had accepted the Act reluctantly and bitterly on the ground that "we must educate our future masters". If he had understood the capitalist system he would have embraced the Act joyfully, exclaiming, "Let us cheapen our future slaves".

The lesson of this experience should be taken to heart by all routine workers whose tools and materials are pens and ink. To begin with, let every clerk ask himself whether there is any sense in assuming that the man who writes down "Six candlesticks, nine shillings" on an invoice,

from the free flow of love. Resting back in the grip of the truth, we make no longer any pretense. Such as children make, that we turn the wheels around; we ask no praise or thanks or rewards from anyone; we set up no claims to comfort our hurt feelings. But we simply seek to see the wonderful spectacle before us, and then to do whatever the commanding forces bid us do. This is life, satisfying and inspiring; it gives us continual gladness. What higher rank do we wish for than to know ourselves as "fellow workers with God?" What enlargement of life to be rid of the petty and selfish meum and tuum which clutter the intermediate region of human life between the joyous innocence of the children and the entrance of the eager minds of grown men into their maturity as Sons of God. This is the natural banishment of envy and covetousness.

The emphasis of all this lies in the broadening fields of human conduct and brotherhood. Think of yourself as, at your best, a sharer of the divine workmanship. What is this workmanship? It embraces everything which has to do with human welfare. We conceive of the Will of God as nothing less than the rule and extension of every form of spiritual gladness and perfection. We can think of nothing so satisfying as to receive the spark of goodness, or good will and to pass it on and awaken the same wherever kindly, thoughtful or brotherly life exists to cheer, to hearten, and to comfort. We can think of no such far-reaching and inexhaustible uses of material things and natural forces, lent to us into which to translate our noblest spiritual motions, than when we mould this otherwise refractory stuff and turn on otherwise turbulent forms of power, and learn to "subdue the earth" to the making of a happy manhood, body and soul acting together in harmony and beauty.

To do, then, one's appointed task in life without vanity, without grumbling, with hope and with faith is to find one's salvation.

A Song for the Faithful.

GIVE me the woods and the open fields,
Give me the valleys and the hills;
Give me the joy that freedom yields,
And I'll keep free from ills.

Give me good health from hour to hour,
Give me strong legs o'er the world to roam,
Give me the sun or the welcome shower,
The wide beach and the foam.

Give me the downs when the wild winds blow,
Give me the trees and the song birds' trills,
Give me the vale where the pure streams flow,
But keep your patent pills.

Give me the night and the clean, clear moon,
Give me the morning and the dew,
Give me the heat of the sweltering noon—
I'll ask no more of you.

—J. A. MATTHEWS

even if he copies it into three or four books afterwards needs any more brain than the man who makes the candlesticks. He need not even write a legible hand now; the modern typewriter will not only do that for him, but will actually add up the figures for him; and the books can be balanced by a real professional specialist called an accountant. A woman with a calculating machine now does the work of fifty Tim Linkinwaters. All routine work is sooner or later conquered by a machine; and the worst of it from the point of view of the blackcoated proletariat is that whereas the machine in the factory often demands as much strength and skill and intelligence from its operator as the old handwork did, the office machine is foolproof, and requires no more muscle and hardened habit of physical work than any ordinary healthy young woman can supply.

But it is not only the clerk, the copyist, the totter-up of long additions, that is touched. Let us take the opposite extreme; the persons who are employed in observatories and laboratories as mathematicians. It is a mistake to suppose that these are all Einsteins or Newtons or Kelvins. Kelvin would have starved as a clerk or a journalist, because he could neither write readably nor add up his washing bill correctly. But he comprehended what the people who could write and add up washing bills were doing. When it came to doing a sum in algebra, he may have been unable to work it without so much irksome trouble and risk of mistake that he handed all such work over to hired mathematicians who could do it on their heads without the slightest comprehension of its need and purpose. Generations of dull school boys and duller schoolmasters have learned the routine of algebra and Latin verse making without ever getting as near to the minds of Descartes and Virgil as an engine driver gets to the mind of George Stephenson. But let not our astronomical staffs, our actuarial staffs, our engineering and architectural office staffs deceive themselves; they are proletarians like the rest; and every advance in general education, every office machine, from the one with which Kelvin calculated the routine of the tides (an operation so inconceivably complicated that if it could not defy machinery nothing can) to the duplicator and envelope addresser, still cheapen them relatively to the roughest manual labourers in direct proportion to the roughness. A sum in long division was once a job almost impossible to Archimedes or Euclid; to-day the office-boy does it for less money than a stevedore gets. The value of muscle has fallen far less than the value of mind.

Even the man who feels secure because he makes decisions, which is the accepted rough-and-ready test of the real business brain-worker, is not so safe as he thinks. Just as when chess is played long enough, all the gambits become

known and are named and catalogued, so the decisions in business become more and more a matter of "seeing what was done the last time" for even the most exceptional emergencies repeat themselves and get reduced to rule in time, and the time shortens as the volume of transactions increases. Business problems that formerly arose in Manchester once in fifty years (if at all) now arise ten times a day, and have stereotyped solutions. There was a time when the manager of a cotton mill was a maker of decisions who took rank with managing directors. At present he is a mere official, and not even a highly paid one. If he presumed to make decisions now in the directorial sense, he would get the sack. There are thousands of men today making decisions and being highly paid accordingly, whose decisions will presently be classed as routine, and who will have to accept the wages and share the fate of the routine workers.

Therefore put not your trust in your clergy, nor in your secondary education and professional status, nor even in your decisions; but flee from the wrath to come.

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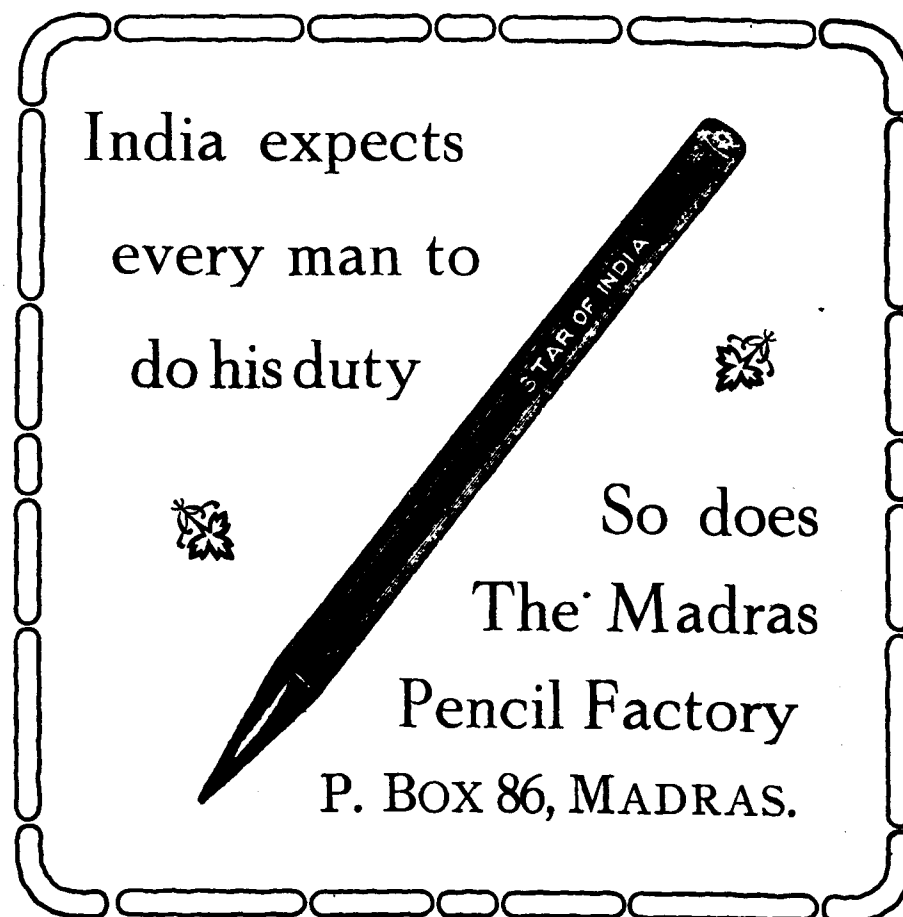
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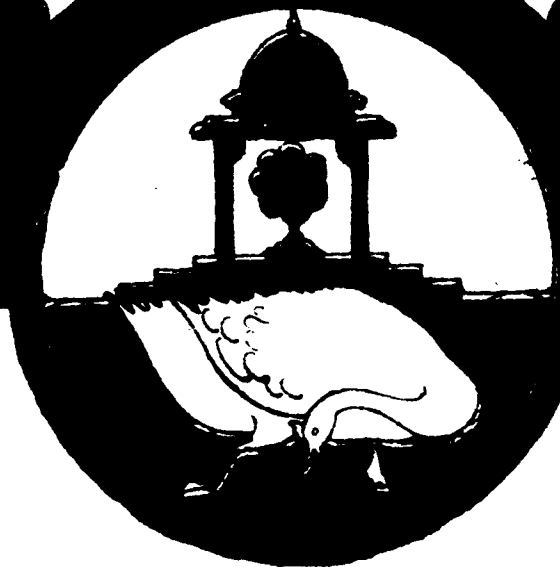
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VOL. II
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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

TRUTH VERSUS BEAUTY

By K. C. Sen

BORODADA: SOME RECOLLECTIONS

By Anil Kumar Mitra, B.A.

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By Rolland & D. K. Roy

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The Story of my Experiments with Truth.

By Mahatma Gandhi

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Contents

Vol. 2

JUNE 1926

Nov 19

	PAGE		PAGE
TRUTH VERSUS BEAUTY		<i>Politics :</i>	
By K. C. Sen	... 353	America's Responsibility	
THE FUNCTION OF AN ARTIST		By Lala Kannoomal	... 375
By D. K. Roy	... 361	Wilson and the East	
BORODADA : SOME RECOLLECTIONS—I		By Lala Kannoomal	... 377
By Anil Kumar Mitra, B.A.	... 365	<i>Philosophy and Religion :</i>	
REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS		Lessons from Jesus's Life	
<i>Economics :</i>		By V. Narayanan	... 378
Provincial Finance in British India		<i>Miscellaneous :</i>	
By P. V.	... 367	Women in Ancient India	
Labour Banks		By Dr. James H. Cousins	... 379
By P. V.	... 368	The Race Problem	
Unemployment		By V. Narayanan	... 380
By L. A. N.	370	The Story of my Experiments with Truth	
Post-War Economics		By M. K. Gandhi	... 381
By P. V.	... 371	WHAT THINKERS THINK	
<i>History :</i>		A Thought for the Month	... 392
Ancient Greek Culture		The Limitations of Science	... 392
By Phanindranath Bose	... 372	Why Science has Failed	... 393
<i>Literature :</i>		The Role of Philosophy	... 394
Essentials of Indian Culture		The Solace of Religion	... 394
By Prof. Taraknath Das	... 373	The Doctrine of Atonement	... 394
India's Past		A Solution for Racial Antagonisms	... 395
By L. V. Ramaswamy Aiyar	... 374	"Delight in God only"	... 395
		BOOKS RECEIVED	... 395

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Current Thought

*That which exists is One :
The wise name It variously*

—RIG VEDA

VOL. II

JUNE 1926

Truth Versus Beauty

By K. C. SEN



HOWEVER provoking, and even shocking it may seem, it is undeniable that in some vital respects there exists a natural antagonism between truth and beauty. At the same time the human mind is so constituted that it perpetually desires to see them perennially conjugated so that it may never miss beauty in truth or truth in beauty. The nearest approach to such ideal union is symbolised in human society by the bond of wedlock which has for its object the consummation of completeness of human nature residing in a cohering dual personality, like the musical instrument called the *Karatal*. This desire of man has in neither case attained the expected realization, and it is melancholy that the future seems gloomier than the past; for both beauty and woman are exhibiting a growing self-consciousness tending with appalling rapidity towards ultimate divorce. The revolt of woman against what she regards and what all reasonable human beings regard as the tyranny of man is acquiring definite shape and strength under the name of feminism, which after making conjugal life insupportable by pin-pricks, petty harassments, skirmishes and ambuscades, leading to the bankruptcy of the conjunc-

tive emotions and to judicial separations, has now entered upon the stage of open war challenging the foundational principles of sexual inequality and necessary dependence upon which the institution of marriage is made to rest. Beauty on her part having breathed the free air of fiction, and wallowing in the pigwash of flooding novels, purposeful biographies, national histories and diplomatic dispatches, has become so thoroughly accustomed to her new surroundings that she heartily detests her conjugal life passed in subordination in the home of a pitiless master, miserly in his habits, and diabolically jealous in his general conduct, who scrutinises her wardrobe and jewellery box with ruthless inquisitiveness, goaded by the suspicion of contrabands smuggled from the land of lies.

It seems the heart of man is too narrow to find adequate accommodation for both truth and beauty. It is probable, utility, stupendously reinforced by the boiling kettle, the electric battery and the divine wheel of virtue is rapidly frightening beauty out of her accustomed bowers by her gray hair of smoke, her striking periphery, her feet blackened with ash and cinders, while

she shows no predilection for truth except when the latter serves her own sordid purpose.

The man of culture tries to enlarge his heart by clearing the forest round about it in order to put an end to the tripartite contest by removing the cause of aggressive habits, of dictature, turmagancy and transgression at the same time, but seldom succeeds in bringing peace. He enjoys either hen-pecked truth or heart-broken beauty while triumphant utility takes advantage of their mutual aloofness and concomitant sulkiness to commit further trespass. Thus in Oxford and Cambridge factory chimneys are literally casting into the shade College domes and colonnades. The beauty of the Bible and truths of science are yielding to the onslaught of applied science or industrialism, of loathsome lucre or sordid exploitation. He only succeeds in creating a monster of half-truth, truncated beauty and querulous utility.

Truth by his nature runs towards unity and simplicity. Beauty makes for plurality and diversity. The existence of the strong desire in human nature to unite such dyspathetic elements adds to the evidence of the theory of self-contradictoriness which characterises it. It is *maya* that creates this unchemical combination, this melancholy mixture of opposites, and it is *maya* that surreptitiously creates the desire to reconcile them to discover oneness in them for self-immolation, *maya* is also *tara* which ultimately means salvation for man in the depths of absolutism. In the absolute Sachchidananda truth and beauty are merged in the spirit. Creation means the multifurcation of the *one*, and salvation implies the reunification of the many. Beauty delights in creation, and truth rejoices in salvation. But creation and redemption though opposite processes are ceaseless in operation, and the human mind is perennially disturbed by the question whether wisdom suggests drifting with the stream of creation or swimming with the current of redemption. Human volition and energy are more strongly exercised in the process of redemption than in that of creation.

The pragmatist pretends to deny the existence of the redemptive current; but the founder (James) leaves it open for his disciples, albeit of very

remote generations, to believe it when the evidence in support of it becomes incontrovertible. The underlying unwillingness to believe that it will ever become incontrovertible pops out unconsciously. The hereditary solipsist, however strong his acquired tastes for beauty, variety and diversity may be, cannot remain permanently satisfied with the ramifying and ultimately disjunctive, dissipative, dispersive and explosive process of creation, wholly divested of the redemptive process of unification or at-onement (atonement). He is compelled by his inward urge of truth to think that the opposite shore is one, while he loves to think that the leading places are many. He is averse to the idea that they all belong to the same port and that the last hundred miles of the voyage runs through the same channel, e.g., the channel along the Hughly to the port of Calcutta. I say nothing of the voyage outside the roads, but some schools of thought assert that the entire road is narrow, and that the deceptive broad road leads to death and destruction. Even the mundane affairs the heart of the beauty-loving solipsist yearns to meet men who hold the same opinion as himself, while he denounces by speech and penmanship unity of thought as a symptom of primitiveness. He cannot help sometimes crying out for the consolation of his distraught soul, "there are other men in the same plight as myself." The time will come sooner or later when he will cry out, "let all men think alike, for truth is absolute and salvation lies in truth; untruth is various and diversified, and that way lies death and destruction."

Creation carries in its blood the germ of destruction. Redemption intervenes to save it from that catastrophic end; and history marches up and down along the two streams with varying degrees of vigour and persistence. But apart from human volition consciously exercised, the vital question loudly calls for answer. Is the net balance of the world's movement disjunctive and dissipative or conjunctive and unificative? Is the world moving towards the many or to the one? If it is still moving towards the many how long will it continue to do so? Surely this creative course cannot run indefinitely. It must stop

some time. Is it our duty to give it a redemptive turn or allow it to run on unopposed in its creative channel for ever?

Mere conservation or preservation is worse than useless, and is also contrary to nature. Redemption does not lie either in stagnation or in drifting along a backwash of the creative stream. It runs along a new channel, separate from and opposite to the creative stream in direction, and human mind is, by the interaction of the two streams; gradually equipped with sufficient power to increase the volume, and accelerate the velocity of the redemptive current. Rising humanity takes pride in moving along the creative stream, unfolding in its way new beauties and charms. Advanced humanity ought to be ripe to give the cosmic balance of change and motion a redemptive turn,—to convince that it has passed the point of satiation in the enjoyment of beauty and the accompanying endurance of ugliness, that is to say, in the intoxication of illusion, and is now determined to return home, not by the route, nor by the means by which it was sent out, but by a new course and new methods of locomotion. *Maya* is as staunchly opposed to revivalism as to stagnation. Both are unfavourable to the course of redemption.

Advocates of beauty are pragmatists at heart, however strong their protestations in favour of absolutism may be. They can at best but have a bifurcated will-to-believe. In an obscure corner of their soul there lies hidden the notion that the world will at the dictates of beauty go on indefinitely ramifying itself by its creative principle of progress, and that the redemptive principle, if it is not a mere figment of human imagination, has yet a long course of comparative stagnation to suffer. To them the world is a bioscopic show, worth living in for its growing variety and diversity, and for them truth resides in a spiritual kaleidoscope, showing new beauties at every turn. They cannot realise that indefinite differentiation must be supported by infinite integration, that the multifurcation of the one into the many must be accompanied by the unification of the many into one, that the progress

of heterogeneity and complexity must be accompanied by a corresponding progress towards a new homogeneity and simplicity, that the many must be reconciled to the one or be submerged in dissipated nebulousness and impotence, and that beauty itself must run into ugliness at last. The ancient Rishis of India perceived the growing ugliness of the world, the inevitable by-product of the creative principle, and by persistent contemplation discovered the redemptive principle to resist its progress. The ordinary idea in the West is that having failed to discover the latter they took to flight and lived in the forests away from the home of man. Comfortable people think they were frightened by a phantom. They are unable to realise the advance which India had made in the creative direction, that is to say, which the Aryans had made in the shape of conquests, military triumphs, industrial expansion, and foreign exploitation. It was satiation in the banquet of beauty and the perception of growing ugliness that set the Rishis athinking. The Western world is now sadly realizing the growth of ugliness and is practically trying to restore the beauties of earlier days by feminism, communism, anti-militarism and agnosticism. None of these 'isms' represents a fragment of the redemptive process. They have come to hasten the destruction of the world, not to redeem it. They are increasing the ugliness of the world, not restoring its beauty. They are by-products of the creative principle that brought forth beauty for the delectation of humanity.

Lord Eustace Percy lately gave clear expression to one aspect of this ugliness at a public meeting. "Our civilization," he said, "is now being challenged as never before, and for the first time by what is very nearly a logical challenge. This school has held that the past has nothing (beautiful) to teach, history consisting of a series of deplorable and appalling errors. This challenge would be the supreme conflict in the life time of most of them (the audience, that is within the next fifty years), and in the struggle there could be no possible compromise. The communistic theory tended to destroy education. Momentous facts of life and history were attempted to be thrust into

a rigid theory, and all cultivation of mind became impossible."

This opinion regarding the effect of communism upon education seems to be at one with that expressed in the *Cult of the Charka* where the rigidity of teaching is referred to. The creative principle has made man so changeful and restless, so fond of novelty, diversity and plurality that he is impatient with the idea of peace and quiescence, which follows from equality and fraternity generating a tendency towards unity. One can understand pure absolutism or pure pragmatism. It is difficult to swallow and digest any mixture of them, however delicious the blend; and few have any stomach for it.

Lord Eustace Percy is evidently a supporter of the creative principle, and an advocate of conservation or preservation of the existing order. He may be supposed to be a comfortable person, with a onesided culture, that prevents him from perceiving the fact that the ugliness manifested by communism is the by-product of the principle that creates beauty, and he ascribes it to the devilish perversity of those who wish to arrest its progress. We are all thankful to the devil. He enables comfortable people to diagnose their little worries. He enables uncomfortable people to make an attempt to escape their deadly miseries. Lord Eustace Percy evidently fails to see that conservation will carry with it the ugliness as it exists, though it may prevent its further progress. Does he wish to carry back civilization to the point at which this ugliness germinated? Then he must destroy this civilization root and branch, stock, lock and barrel. What he really wants is to eliminate the by-product from the main product without interfering with the process which produces both the commodities. The emotions which produce this psychology may be admirable or despicable, but the underlying rationality is wanting in logical substance.

Every advocate of the existing order has reason to be ashamed of the existence and the growing power of feminism, communism, anti-imperialism and agnosticism; for each of them is a revolt against the existing order, and proves to the hilt that the very efficiency of the

creative principle has brought it forth. The redemptive stream has been slow and feeble so far, but it has now received reinforcements from unexpected quarters on land, water and air, i. e., in politics, economics and religion. The coming war will be tripartite, the combatants being (1) Creation, (2) Destruction, and (3) Redemption. There is no natural alliance between Redemption and Destruction, but the former may find it advantageous to be reinforced by the army of destruction.

Among the destructive forces feminism seems to be the most deadly, though men do not perceive its character thoroughly yet. The fight against communism has begun in Italy and other countries. But the war against feminism is not carried on with requisite vigour and equipment. Men and women seem to be both flying from each other, and while the institution of marriage is tottering, no serious attempt is made to preserve in dignity the products of non-conjugal fecundity. The ultimate salvation the world lies in universal non-reproductive life. This final redemption is helped by the destructive process which knocks conjugal life on the head. This is what I mean by Redemption taking advantage of reinforcement brought by destruction.

All the existing and past civilizations of the world are associated with imperialism. They have never flourished in non-imperial countries. The growth of anti-imperialism is therefore a dangerous power of destruction, the by-product of creation.

Lastly, all civilizations are connected with religion, which means *aberglaube* of one type or another. The growth of agnosticism, the destroyer of *aberglaube*, pervades feminism, communism and anti-imperialism, and is therefore a most dreadful enemy of the existing order.

From these facts it will appear that the creative principle has at length brought the world to the verge of death and destruction, and it is high time the redemption process began its work seriously with its full tendency towards simplicity and unity. The subject is vast and the scope of this essay is too small for anything beyond mere adumbration.

Every cultivated man in the civilised world at this moment is either a feminist, or a communist or an anti-imperialist or an agnostic. Fancy the future when all cultured men will be feminists, communists, anti-imperialists and agnostics. For all that we may think to the contrary the world is steadily moving towards this fateful future! The quadruple empire of the civilization of private property and inequality, of egoism and mutual hostility, of conquest and exploitation, of industrialism and imperialism is moving towards extinction,—I mean the empire of man over woman, that of the minority over the majority in society, that of strong races over weak ones and that of the magnified man, miscalled God, over the natural man. The stream of creation seems to be running into the abyss of destruction, which points to the conclusion that beauty has exhausted her magic and the ugliness of destruction has come to swell the tide of redemption.

Between truth and beauty man finds himself in a restless situation. His emotional nature cries for beauty. His intellect longs for truth. And truth and beauty refuse to live together in peace. I suppose no man is wholly emotional or exclusively rational. Poetry and the fine arts would disappear with the exit of the emotional nature. Science and philosophy would be homeless if Reason were struck down.

Supposing that both Emotion and Reason are essential elements in human nature, what is the ideal law of their distribution? They do not reside in mere juxta-position. They are inter-penetrative by nature. The question will be variously answered by different men, and by the same man at different times. The philosopher and the scientist would give only a small place to the emotions. The poet and artist would desire to treat reason as an untouchable menial. Perfect elimination of either element being impossible, and life on terms of equality being insupportable leading to a deadlock in their activities, the question in the ultimate analysis is one of domination and subordination: which commands and which obeys? There is another difficulty which must not be lost sight of. Emotions are

primarily of two mutually hostile types: one type may be called conjunctive or conjugative and the other disjunctive or divaricative. If the emotions dominate, which type of them is it that does so?

In his extreme old age Herbert Spencer was of opinion that the emotions are the masters. In India the most competent man whose opinion is worth listening to, thinks the intellect to be the master. He too now is in his old age (though he is not so old as Spencer was when he delivered the emphatic opinion). The two opinions which are directly mutually contradictory require examination and explanation. To ignore them would be to show disrespect to truth as well as to beauty. The writer, while extremely reluctant to be critical, specially in regard to master-minds to whom he owes unredeemable obligations, cannot help thinking that the essay would lose value as profoundly by womanish modesty or the halting falter of polite literature as by masculine, irreverent, heroic criticism; and though he is confident of being able to hold a strictly scientific scrutiny, avoiding all non-literary personal matters liable to distortive criticism, he is deeply impressed by the conviction that the urge of truth must be the sole justification for attempting this difficult and delicate discussion, that the sweetness and light must be the sole quids in conducting it.

In the case of Spencer it seems to be an irony of fate that after spending a whole centenarian life in intellectual pursuit, and in writing ten big volumes on the synthetic philosophy, devoted to the rationalisation of the emotions, he should consider the latter to be permanently predominant in the human heart. It seems like an unconditional surrender after conquest and triumph were complete so far as the general opinion of his readers was concerned. The call of truth and the power of introspection enabled him to perceive that old age in most cases was characterised by peevishness, perversity and pugnacity more than by amiability and imaginative dialectic flights. He realised at heart that the term old woman was a noun of common gender and that his old friend Huxley was guilty of no solecism when he spoke of "old women" of both

sexes. His error lay in attributing the defects of old age to the whole life of man, and in regarding those defects, by implication, to be unchangeable and incurable, in contradiction to the principles of synthetic philosophy which teaches a ceaseless change in the constitution and qualities of the human heart. Politicians speak of a change of heart, and civilised people distinguish themselves from the savage by that change. The principles of ethics are founded on it, and Spencer categorically distinguishes the Indian heart and the slave-heart from the European variety for the purpose of discriminating between moral conduct of equal and unequal natures. More explosive principles were never preached by a philosopher dealing with the principles of ethics: they tend to show that ultimately each individual will have a standard of moral conduct appropriate to himself. Here the creative process would reach its ultimate end and leave the world in perfect moral chaos.*

It is wonderful that the advocate of unequal natures should in the end regard human nature to be dominated by the emotions in spite of changes in the intellect, and cultural modifications, and regard them as permanent masters of human nature. The writer who is an old man, (not younger than the Indian master) and by no means disposed to question the correctness of Huxley's Grammar, can recall experiences which tend to the conclusion that unless controlled by the culture of general indifference and detachment the disjunctive emotions in old age, for which human nature in general has a decreasing respect, gain in vigour at the expense of the conjunctive emotions. Spencer's error lay in the fact that he did not distinguish between these two kinds of emotions, when he spoke of the Emotions being the masters of the heart to which the intellect ministered as a slave and menial.

In the case of the Indian master mind, godlike in a special sense, characterised by variations in the intellectual and emotional aspects, similar to those which made Krishna the hero of the *Srimad Bhagavat* in youth, and the propounder

* See the last paragraph in the preface to the "Principles of Ethics."

of the *Bhagavat Gita* in later life, it seems the emotions, which particularly characterise old age, are unperceived, though they show great power of surreptitious survival.

The Western philosopher says,—"That part which we ordinarily ignore in speaking of mind is its essential part. The emotions are the masters, the intellect is the servant."†

The Indian sage says,—"But it may be argued, Does not external work react on the mind? It does, only if it has constant suggestions to our intellect, which is the master, not merely its commands for our muscles which are slaves."‡

Perspicuity and truth seem to be imperative in demand for the addition, if not the substitution, of emotions for the intellect in the above passage, with permission to specialize and qualify the emotions as integrative or disintegrative from the social point of view. But unfortunately the emotions are ignored, while the muscles are brought into prominence as slavish parts of the mind, (on which external work reacts.) The error is specially remarkable on account of the irony of fate which has changed a marvellous emotional mentality into a wonderful attachment to intellectuality; and secondly because it gives colour to the entire scheme and purpose of the poet-philosopher. The error is small, but its implications are large and ramifying. But for this error I doubt if the essay would ever have been written. The error has a two-fold character. It ignores actually existing emotions, which work unperceived from behind the screen. It makes mind the seat of truth and banishes beauty into life-long exile.

Constant attention to optimistic ideas of human progress attainable only in the remote future is not favourable to the capacity for correctly appraising the strength of those spiritual forces, which have so far upheld law and order, and pushed society forward in spite of various intrinsic intellectual defects, in colossally unfavourable surroundings.

* Feeling and Intellect, in "Facts and Comments" page 27. Fifth Thousand.

† "The Cult of the Charka," September Issue, *Modern Review*, 1925, page 273.

Those who attach the notion of simultaneity to the term poet-philosopher are apt to be confused by his recent utterances. The idea of succession disperses the clouds of suspicion and doubt in regard to the present attitude of this venerable personality toward social, political and economic problems which have created a tumult in the world at large, and in India in particular. To be plain and brief Rabindranath Tagore was a poet before, and is a philosopher now. Lovers of poetry suspect the existence of apostatic traits in his writings. They miss in them the voice of the nightingale and the caresses of the dove, which inspired and sweetened his early poems, while they discern the intellect slowly dislodging the greater and finer emotions, with a growing appeal to the material interests of group life, covertly supported by occidental feelings of a robust type at the expense of the spiritual beauties which the individual oriental soul passionately longs for. All the emotions still continue to receive attention, no doubt, but the integrative ones are too much stuffed with artificial intellectual seasoning, and overdone in the cooking, so that what is called spiciness may be discerned in them.

He was undoubtedly a great poet and he is undeniably a great philosopher. The poet is not dead in him, but only subdued, and seems to be suffering from old age with a desire for intellectual accessories as substitutes for natural beauty. His difficulties have been increased by being also known as a reformer. What differentiates him from ordinary reformers is that which generally distinguishes philosophers, and not poets, from reformers. He sees farther than the latter, and it is well known that long vision is impatient with a short perspective, which obstructs him. The Cult of the Charka does not agree with him because he sees clearly far beyond the limits to which the Charka can carry Indian Humanity, and sees but obscurely within those short limits. He not only sees farther, but he sees deeper than reformers. He applies the psychological probe to social abscesses, and his treatment is systematic, not symptomatic. He offers no immediate benefit to attract attention, and he has no love for miracles. He values the lancet

and iodoform, and has an aversion to the external application of caustic lotion. Suppuration does not frighten him; suppression oppresses him. The quack never suffers from indecision; but the true physician is liable to fits of that malady, and it would be no irreverence to say that the poet-philosopher is not immune from that weakness. My regret is that he sometimes fails to distinguish the room especially allocated to politics in the manor house of sociology, and steps aside into it as if he had received an invitation card for participation in its symposium and for criticism of the menu by culinary standards of foreign vogue. He carries social philosophy into current politics, as if the centuries could be pressed into the hours.

Some admirers add the term reformer to poet-philosopher as if Janak's title of Rajarshi sprang out of the public love of law, and not out of public craving for miracle. They think the addition of a title a new glory as if Rai Bahadurship could augment the dignity of a knight-companion; as if public reverence for a prophet could be enhanced by his being a politician. Admirers by their ignorance often indirectly play the part of detractors by turning cultured detachment into seductive attachment. We know how Paramahansa Ramkrishna was pulled down from the position of a seer to that of a preacher. Man in his eagerness to hold communion with God sometimes drags down God to the level of man instead of pulling himself up to the plane of divinity. This is briefly the history of the origin and development of anthropomorphism and idolatry.

The above discourse, I anticipate, it will be agreed, is open to criticism on several substantial grounds, viz, (1) that it is psychological in character and therefore is beyond the ambit of polite literature; (2) that it has bearings upon personal matters and deviates from the well-established canon of respect for the dead and fear of the living, (3) that it dealt with controversial matter, and is therefore unacceptable to delicate natures; (4) that it travels beyond the rational boundaries of the subject of the essay and makes the title a misnomer; (5) that it deviates from the well-known rule of good

manners conveyed in the adage, "Speak the truth; speak what is agreeable (beautiful), do not speak disagreeable, (ugly) truth."

Having anticipated the charges I think I ought briefly to present the defence also. The empire of literature has, no doubt, ramified into distinct kingdoms or provinces, of which psychology is one, and literature proper has dwindled into what is called polite literature, occupying a small corner in its whilom vast empire. If I have done anything tending to enlarge this corner by reannexation of territory from one of the aggressive sciences, I believe I deserve no censure for it.

Secondly, Herbert Spencer and Rabindranath Tagore are not persons but principles and types of thought. They are incarnated systems of conglomerated ideas. Anything said about them cannot therefore be regarded as personal observations. They are by nature immortal. The question of respect for the dead is therefore irrelevant. As to fear of the living, I confess I do not possess an excess of this quality, for the only person whom I might otherwise fear is the publisher, who, in this particular case, is possessed of a generous heart, that, by nurture as well as by nature, professedly cares for wholesome truths and principles of all kinds, whether naturally both sore or loathsome, and artificially sugared or peppered. He is averse only to insipid truths which are neither stimulants nor possessed of food value. The school of thought to which he is attached regards persecution of thought as most pernicious. Persecution has failed in the past, and I am sure it will fail in the future. Rabindranath Tagore often complained of the persecution of truth at the hands of Swarajists when he tried to utter wholesome but bitter truths. Has the persecution succeeded in preventing the truths from coming out? There are many doors opening out of the house in which truth lives. It does not live in the house with one gate only.

Respect for the dead as dead is a pure fiction,

and is limited to the customary period of conventional mourning. It means respect for the widow and children of the deceased. Herbert Spencer has left neither of these varieties of mourners and dependants, and respect for the dead in this case is meaningless. It is subversive and suppressive of truth. Essays and poems written *in memoriam*, immediately after the death of the hero, often deliberately deviate from the second and fourth clause of the famous canon of expression of thought, viz., "I shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and shall conceal nothing," which driven out of polite literature has now taken shelter in the law courts, where too it has lost its reality, and is now reduced to mere palatal genuflexion in the ceremonial iconoclastic worship of truth.

As regards the third charge residuary literature is likely to die of atrophy and ennui if it is compelled to eschew controversial food. It cannot live upon mere bread and water. Controversy is the instrument, the famous *Chakra* of Vishnu, by which truth makes its conquests and enlarges its Empire. Huxley has done more service to truth than much profounder philosophers. He had a dexterous hand in manipulating this instrument.

The fourth charge is the one with which I am most concerned. Truth and Beauty live in the intellect and the emotions respectively. The changing conditions of these structures, the strength of their materials, their power of resisting, the ceaseless action of time and atmosphere, their repairs and renewals—these are certainly relevant matters at the trial of Truth versus Beauty.

As regards the fifth charge, I plead guilty. I have spoken ugly truths. Ugly truths now rule the world. The law of natural selection is one of them. That East is East and West is West is another. They cannot be conjugated. That the socially disintegrative emotions gather strength with the age of the individual is a third. That truth and beauty are mutually hostile is a fourth.

The Function of an Artist

AN INTERVIEW WITH ROMAIN ROLLAND—II

BY D. K. ROY

I went next day to his beautiful villa again.

We began discussing the favourite Russian trio, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Turgenev. I asked Rolland what he thought of the latter.

Rolland replied that he considered Turgenev as a great artist as well as stylist.

"Do you think he was greater as an artist than Tolstoy?" I queried.

"That is not easy to say," he said. "For Turgenev's novels as well as mind were very near to ours. Perhaps that is why a Frenchman takes more kindly to him than to any other Russian. Tolstoy was more Russian. His power as well as capacity was undoubtedly much superior to that of the former. He had besides greater depth and more to say. His genius was puissant, so puissant that it has left its imprint on his writings even after having conquered his demoniac passions. That is why I place Tolstoy much above Turgenev. For he was grand in spite of his manifold defects. Turgenev is fine, not grand."

"Turgenev was however an artist to the core," I said. "Prince Kropotkin has written in his *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* that Turgenev once told him how he had actually shed tears when he made an end of his Bazarov in his 'Fathers and Children'. I was touched to read this. For this shows that Turgenev used to create with his heart's blood."

"Great artists are sometimes seen veritably to live in their creations," said Rolland. "Balzac for instance once met a friend in the street and the first thing he said to him, in his then highly-strung frame of mind, was to deplore the death of his hero, a character in a novel he was writing at that time."

"I read somewhere in a life of Balzac that he was an indefatigable writer."

"Balzac was a curious man among the artists," said Rolland animatedly. He never bothered much about art and style and so forth. He had so much to say that he used to be sort of impelled carried on by the necessity of speaking out all he had to say. So much so, that he often conversed with his people absently, thinking all the time about his creative work. His mind then hardly reached to the external stimuli even when he ate and drank and spoke with his friends and relations. In a word, he wrote because he must. "But I suppose, that is a common characteristic of all true artists."

"Oh no," said Rolland. "Zola for instance was quite of a different type. He used to write regularly about 30 or 40 pages daily. He was quite differently constituted from Balzac who once wrote out a whole novel in 22 hours during which time he did not stop once."

"There are some artists," I observed, "who do not know how they are going to conclude when writing a romance. I have Tagore in mind when I say this. For he once told me that he never knew beforehand how he was going to finish a novel. This remark of his struck me at the time as singular. For I had somehow always had the idea that the artist must have a mental picture of the denouement when he begins a novel."

"Not necessarily," remarked Rolland. "There have been some artists who looked upon the denouement as of little importance, such as Moliere. He even went the length of asserting that the denouement was quite immaterial. Such an artist takes up his pen only to limn types. And once this is achieved he is satisfied."

I asked him what he thought of a certain well-known European litterateur. Rolland had written to me in a letter that the latter was long as good as dead to him.

"He exists no longer for me," said Rolland calmly with a shrug.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that though he had the makings of an artist in him, the superficial excitements of society have made an end of him. He has become more of a society-man to-day."

"To think that such a writer—

"Just think," said Rolland a little animatedly, "just think that not only did he consent to prostitute his talents for money, but even stooped so low as to write mystic articles for a scurrilous French paper. You cannot serve God and Mammon together. Neither can you cater to order for fashion and yet aspire to be an artist. That is my chief complaint against him. And then he fell under the charms of the demi-mondes of society. Once a man gets enmeshed in the toils of such sinister influences, there is little for him but to bid adieu to art. For the creation of really great art demands the very best of you, and not the mere surplus that is left over after you have frittered your vital energies away in shilly-shallies. This is not to deprecate mixing in society. You may do so, but not to the extent as must involve neglect of your sacred mission as an artist. The two can hardly go together. For one who aspires to be an artist cannot afford to lose sight of the old lesson of life that the demands of social conventionalities and drawing-room etiquette undermine one's creative vitality not a little."

I was much struck with the almost religious seriousness of Rolland whenever he spoke of art. Few, I felt, could feel so seriously about art as to think that it must needs, in its very nature, demand the life-blood of the artist and not the residuum of his energies the best part of which are otherwise spent. Truly has Zweig remarked that his apostleship not only reclaimed to some extent the discredited gospel of Christ crucified but stood up boldly for the poet's faith in his mission as a spiritual leader and moral spokesman of all nations.

We discussed then about the last War and in-

cidentally I asked him what he thought of the future of internationalism* in Europe.

"Not very bright, I am afraid," he said a little sadly. "It is certainly to be regretted. But no good purpose can be served by denying it for that reason."

"But do you not think," I asked, "that men are daily overcoming their shortsightedness more and more, thus growing more and more capable of thinking in terms of humanity?"

Rolland shook his head a little ruefully and said: "I regret to say no again. For the number of sincere internationalists is very small indeed.

There are for instance many who would denounce other nations with great gusto when the latter fight. But then the same people will sing a different song altogether when their own country is involved."

"But to think that men should be sacrificing themselves without appreciably promoting the cause they die for—"

"Is not a very cheering spectacle," put in Rolland. "True, but what help is there for it. For the fact of its being disheartening cannot surely detract from its truth,"

"But progress—"

"Ah," said Rolland. "You come now to a knot which is hard to disentangle. What, pray, is the sphinx of a word which we choose so confidently to call progress? We may very well go on asking this question till doomsday, seeing how difficult it is to *prove* that we are really progressing.

*Cf. Bertrand Russel, who, having pointed out a sort of religious element in modern nationalism, remarks in "Why Men Love War":

Being itself in essence religious, like the impulses that lead to martyrdom, it (i. e. the passionate devotion to the Nation) can only be adequately combated by a wider religion, extending the boundaries of one's country to all mankind. But by this extension it loses the support and reinforcement of the primitive gregarious instinct underlying patriotism, and thus becomes, except in a few men gifted with an exceptional power of love, a very pale and thin feeling compared to the devotion that leads a man to face death willingly on the battle field. It is this fact, more perhaps than any other, which causes the difficulties of pacifism (From his book "Justice in War-time")

N. B. This applies equally to internationalism, which has become to-day almost synonymous in its connotation with pacifism, the two being closely interdependent.

History tells us that humanity does not progress continuously. At least, that is how I read history. Our civilization has not only its advances, but its lapses as well, not only its acceleration but its retardation too. I understand that some drawings have been just discovered executed by the prehistoric man. These testify to a culture superior to that of the men who directly followed. The conclusion is that for some reason or other the former culture perished. The result was that those that followed had to begin again from the beginning and rise slowly and laboriously from the abyss of barbarism. The spectacle of such heroic rises after every lapse is doubtless a noble one, but that does in no way explain away the senselessness of such vagaries of Nature. Who for instance, with a spark of humane feeling in him, would but be aghast at the terrible havoc wrought by the last war? In fact, it will be some time before we shall be able to take stock of the sum total retrogression we have suffered from the most terrible butchery humanity has ever witnessed. But humanity will rise again all the same, may be to fall once more (who knows), and this bids fair to continue, at least for a long time to come."

"But finally—" I interposed. "Ah, monsieur", Rolland interrupted, taking up the cue, "who can presume even to speculate about that? And who can say if there is any finality at all in the scheme of things? So I have come to the conclusion that speculating about eventualities is not likely to help us much. Far preferable it is to do the little bit of good that lies in one's power. For it is some consolation anyway in this world of ours so steeped in tragedies. What more can one do?"

"But what about the incentive to activity—creative or humanitarian,—if one has no burning faith in the future of humanity?" I asked. "If the sum total of our huge expenditure of collective energies must lead us nowhere, if our flashes of intuition in art and thought can have no definite goal, then what sense could there be in such absorbing activities?"

Said Rolland with an absent smile:

"Perhaps it is true that one gets through a little greater amount of work if one is inspired by

some such burning faith you make mention of. Perhaps it is true also that the world's great men have done more solid work than the rest through the motor of their unshakable optimism. But even their work—how much have they accomplished after all? And, honestly, how many derive live inspiration from their examples to-day? How many, pray, have real faith even in Buddha or Christ, not to speak of the lesser fry among the prophets?"

"But surely," I contended though a little disconcerted, "surely you are not going to deny that they had been illuminated by an inner light?"

"Who knows?" said Rolland with a pensive smile. "We know absolutely nothing of the spiritual struggles of Christ. For do not his last words point towards his faith failing him at the supreme movement of his life? For did he not say, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' just on the point of breathing his last.

"What do you mean to say then?" I asked a little perplexed at this sceptical remark of Rolland's, which was rather unlike him and resembled more the born cold sceptic Anatole France.

"Nothing," said Rolland resignedly. "I only feel that we must always go on fighting injustice, oppression, hypocrisy and falsehood, side by side with promoting love, freedom of thought, righteousness and truth. I look upon it almost as an axiomatic truth to take one's stand on. For my whole nature keeps on prompting in my ears that we are born to help each other; and I feel such an attitude to be eminently calculated to further that end."

"But if we can never progress with all our endeavours, how then can we put our hearts into our work?"

Rolland smiled and said, "You refer to the word progress again and again. But what really do we mean by the term? Can anybody enlighten me as to whither we are being led? Let us suppose hypothetically that we have satisfactorily solved all the problems that confront us to-day. But then? What next? Do you mean to say that our day's work will then be done for good and all? Is that conceivable? Creation can have no end as it could not have had a precise

beginning. We have therefore little for it but to know more and still more;—to fight injustice and oppression ceaselessly. Progress?—If by that you mean complete deliverance from all the evils and tragedies that the flesh is heir to, then I must confess I believe that to be a Utopia, specially when we see that the human life must needs be based on the death and devouring of millions of creatures great and small. May be, some day the solution to this seemingly insoluble riddle will come. But who can predict the same for certain at this moment? So I am for each of us doing the little bit of good that he thinks he can do—and let the consequences take care of themselves. I know at least this much that this is good and this is bad for me. My sense of right and wrong tells this to me in unmistakable accents. Of course you might well say that this sense of right and wrong is not likely to be a sure guide for all times, being as it is so variable in its nature. True. It is difficult, I admit, to disentangle the absolute values in life from the temporal, so that conscience as a guide to objective morality is just as dependent on our evolution as is our intelligence or artistic gift. But what would you have one do? There you are and you have to pick your way and chalk-out your path for yourself as best as you can. So I for one would say: let us act up to our convictions. Never mind if they are temporary or for all times. Time alone can solve the enigma, that is, if anything can. So let us not worry ourselves about the finality of it all. Let our conscience and convictions alone serve for our guides. Only let us be true to ourselves. Art, science, thought, love give us unquestioned joy. Then let us cultivate the same. Knowledge gives us deep satisfaction; so let us speak out our respective convictions and live up to them. What more can one be reasonably expected to do? Perhaps we could have achieved greater things if human progress were rectilinear. But relentless matter ever rides rough-shod on our fondest hopes and the accumulated achievements of ages spreading desolation broadcast in lieu of beauty. But we create joy and beauty again and yet again notwithstanding. For that only gives a meaning and tone to our lives. It is not pro-

gress which matters, it is ceaseless endeavour which is the supreme glory of man."

"But what on earth can be the meaning of such aimless endeavours if it subserves neither self-effectuation nor service of others? For surely, man lives to fulfil one of these two objects?"

"I have often felt", said Rolland, slowly, gazing absently at a glimmering star in the evening sky, which was taking on a sombre hue in the gathering darkness bequeathed by the fast-fading twilight, "I have often felt that man lives neither for himself nor for others. Would he knew what he lives for. No... he perhaps even knows not what he seeks!... A mystic feeling has often shaped itself within me that he lives for some self-effectuation which is yet beyond self. What that something is it is impossible to express—except nebulously. Only we get glimpses of its magic vista in our rare moments of sacred intuition. Nothing more can be said without losing oneself in still greater vagueness. Because this vision baffles all our efforts at analysis."

I felt somehow an indefinable sense of kindredship with this suggestive mysticism of Rolland. It was redolent of an other-worldliness that is so near to the Indian mentality and outlook on life!

I met him again at Lugano (Switzerland) where we stayed together once again at the same hotel. I had then several more conversations with him. He was always the same Rolland, modest, sincere, kind and retiring. There were many minor incidents which revealed to me not a little the sweet nature of the man himself of which I will relate only one for fear of prolixity.

One evening I was taking ice with friends in a cafe beside the wonderful blue lake of Lugano. We were laughing and joking and talking loudly. Suddenly I saw Rolland strolling silently by the lake, all alone, not once looking at the brilliantly lighted houses and hotels but gazing out at the sky or at the gathering gloom on the lake that slept silently in the starlight. I remember still how the heroic loneliness of the man was curiously brought home to me in a flash as it were by the contrast perhaps of our thoughtless cacklings with his drinking in the silence of the evanescent glooming. I suddenly lost all interest in the

herry-makings of my Italian and French companions. For a reverent sense of the solitary man outside who fought his battles so worthily resulting in a sort of sad but soothing isolation was borne in upon me. Somehow, I had never before realised as I did that evening the full significance of his words: "(A man who is worthy of his name must learn to be solitary for all, to think alone for all)." True, such seemingly trivial incidents cannot mean to others what that have meant to me. But then it has been profoundly said: "Some of our deepest convictions in life spring from data which can convince no one but ourselves."*

Among the artists Rolland stands in a class by himself, and the reason is this: An artist of his towering height and profound insight has rarely been so complete a man, and so rich a character. We have had great artists. We have had great men of action and ideals. But rarely have we had the two types of greatness so beautifully harmonised in the same man. In other words, rarely in history has there occurred such a phenomenon where a mighty artist has at the same time been such a great humanitarian, free-thinker, philosopher, and a martyr. Rolland has refreshingly shown in his life how versatility in

* Nivedita.—"My Master as I saw Him." (Re: Vivekananda Swami)

culture may be harmonised with feeling for the lowly; how the pursuit of art may be wed to a true philosophical outlook; and lastly—though not the least—how life may be constantly informed by idealism in thought and deed.

An idealistic friend of mine, a worthy son of India, once remarked to me in England.

"We want a race of supermen—of geniuses without their eccentricities, of artists without their capriciousness, of thinkers without their aloofness." He would perhaps have found something very near his ideal in the personality of Romain Rolland. For he possesses that rare combination of qualities which alone can make for supermanhood, namely—of mental equipoise with artistic vision: purity of character along with sensitiveness to impressions; and above all a rare power of love of mankind along with the capacity for facing public ignominy for the sake of Truth.

Rolland's character in its rich fulness and many-sided activities is an inspiring spectacle of to-day. Truly has Stefan Zweig remarked in the dedication of his biography:

"This book is not merely a delineation of the life-work of a European. It is also a tribute to a personality who has been to me as to many others the most edifying moral phenomenon of our age."

Borodada: Some Recollections

I

BY ANIL KUMAR MITTRA, B.A.

INTRODUCTION

Perhaps in the whole range of Bengali Literature no writer except his youngest brother Sir Rabindranath Tagore has exercised more influence, no writer has contributed more to its direction during the last fifty years than Dwijendranath Tagore whom Mahatma Gandhi loved to call his Borodada (elder brother). I propose in the pages of CURRENT THOUGHT to introduce one of the greatest sons of India to the English-knowing public outside Bengal to whom he is nothing more than a name.

He is generally known as a poet and a philosopher, but he was something more. He was a Rishi. He was born on the 8th April 1840. He left his mortal frame on the 18th January 1926 at the ripe age of eighty six in his peaceful hermitage of Shantiniketan where his father Maharshi Devendranath Tagore passed his days in communion with God.

I have neither the intention nor the capacity to write his biography, but I consider it my sacred duty to publish my impressions of a saint who realised his life in God, and whom I had the

rare fortune to serve and study during the last few years of his retired life.

It was a summer morning in the year 1914 when for the first time I had a glimpse of the sage from a distance. This hermit dwelt in a small garden with tall and solemn Amlaka trees resonant with the music of early birds, and fragrant with the sublimated essence of all sweet and natural scents. The visitor to this Temple of Peace and Joy is filled with awe and wonder when he sees "the squirrels come from the boughs and climb on to his knees, and the birds alight upon his hands." This divine man was sitting immovable on an easy chair entirely lost in rapt contemplation. He was in

"That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the 'mystery,
In which the heavy and weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

The sight impressed me deeply and I dared not disturb his spiritual meditation. I bowed my head in reverence and thankfulness and went away. Afterwards it was his dearest friend Mr. C. F. Andrews who never missed an evening with him, while at Shantiniketan, that introduced me to him. He loved me almost at first sight. His bright luminous eyes, his child-like simplicity, his outstanding intellect captured me in a moment. What struck me most was his loud resounding laughter coming out from the depth of his heart. During the last twelve years of his life I have had the exceptional opportunity for coming closer and closer in order to know

something of the inner life of a saint, who made no stir in the world, and for whom becoming known to fame had no attraction.

He has left behind him no autobiographical notes. To my repeated requests he used to say, "My autobiography! Mine is an uneventful life. The one experience that I have cannot be related by the word of mouth,—for it is inexpressible. The fact is, I am still very raw. I have not yet fully understood myself. How dare I speak about myself to others. The real story of my life is what you see in me. If you at all want to be profited by an autobiography, read that of my father, the great Maharshi." Thus he used to stop all my attempts to induce him to write about his spiritual experiences. That he did not write his autobiography shows his unassuming nature and utter humility about which there are many interesting anecdotes. To these we will come later on in the succeeding chapters. He was not conscious of his greatness. He never spoke of himself except when compelled. His unobtrusive nature helped him to keep himself away from the distractions of life. However I could know a good deal about his considered views of men and things which are of abiding interest as they come out from an inexhaustible source of rich experience. His one aspiration in life was to see God face to face and in order to attain it he directed all the concentrated powers of his many-sided genius, so that he could say on the eve of his passing away, "I have got that beyond which nothing more is to be attained."

My main object in writing this narrative is to present him to my readers as I have seen him from day to day, and place before them his rich spiritual experience he narrated to me at different times and which I used to note down in my diary. I intend also to give extracts from his letters and writings so that we may understand him a little better and pay due homage to a departed soul.

(To be Continued)

Reviews and Notices of Books

ECONOMICS

Provincial Finance in British India

THE EVOLUTION OF PROVINCIAL FINANCE IN BRITISH INDIA. By B. R. Ambedkar, P. S. King and Son, London. 15/-

To the student of Indian economics and finance, the story of the "evolution of provincial finance in India" is familiar enough. The Indian financial system, like many an institution of British origin or control, is not one conceived or developed as the result of a discussion as a whole of the pros and cons of the various types of financial systems. It grew haphazard much as the British Empire in India grew, modified and consolidated as occasion required or the difficulties it gave rise to at different times dictated. The Indian system is in essence an Imperial, centralised system and today it continues to be such in spite of the many reforms introduced from time to time so as to effect decentralisation. At present, as in 1833, the control of the revenues of India is vested in the Secretary of State and revenues are collected and held in his name. If, for instance, a schoolmaster has to recover his salary which a Local Government refused to disburse, he has to sue, not the Local Government, but the Secretary of State for India. No tax worth mentioning can be raised by the Provincial Governments if the Central Government was opposed to it nor any loans floated without its authority. The Secretary of State is really the legal sovereign authority in these matters and the authority of the Local Governments is a derived authority, in some cases devolved on them by statute, but in most delegated by the Secretary of State by his executive decrees. If elements of decentralisation and devolution have crept into the Indian financial system, it is in spite of the bedrock of the principle of rigid centralism on which the system rests. The Central Government, in so far as it delegated its authority prior

Montagu Act, did so because its hands were forced. It made a virtue of necessity. Even under the Montagu Constitution, as under the German, the authority of the Central Government is made paramount in the realm of finance under one pretext such as the no secure uniformity or another.

Paradoxical as it may seem, all the measures of decentralisation and devolution adopted in India since 1833 were measures meant to make the power of the Central Government effective. The system of assignments, the allocation of special sources of revenue, the principle of payment by results which the introduction of shared revenues with quinquennial settlements of revenues with the Provinces implied were the expedients first adopted. These resulted in inequality as between Provinces and this inequality was not done away with by the operation side by side of the grants-in-aid system in respect of particular services. Moreover, since these settlements were temporary, the Local Governments did not take the trouble to do their best. They were not guaranteed the benefits of whatever economies they effected. The quasi-permanent settlement of 1904 and the permanent settlement of 1912 were introduced to remedy this defect. These, too, failed to give satisfaction; and with the inauguration of the reforms, the need to separate sources of revenues with greater precision arose. The Meston settlement, the pre-requisite to provincial autonomy, followed under which sources of revenues were distinctly separated and inequality among the provinces was sought to be avoided by adopting a scale of standard revenues and expenditure for the Provinces and the loss to the Central Government recouped by contributions to the Central Government fixed with reference to the initial spending power of the Provinces, it being provided that the contributions should disappear as soon as it was possible for the Central Government to do without them. Mr. Ambedkar

gives a detailed history of these developments and the principles on which the changes from time to time were based. Indeed, as Prof. Seligman says in his foreword to the book, "the value of Mr. Ambedkar's contribution to this discussion lies in the objective recitation of the facts and the impartial analysis of the interesting development that has taken place in his native country."

While, as a piece of financial history, Mr. Ambedkar's book is generally a success, there are portions in it with which we cannot agree. Mr. Ambedkar, for instance, has failed to appreciate correctly the financial relations between the Central Government and the Provincial Governments that in practice obtain under the Montagu Act. He says that under the Act of 1919 "the financial and administrative strand which tied the Provincial Governments to the Central Government" and, though not wholly, even the legislative strand, have been broken, while, as a matter of fact, the present tendency of the Central Government has been to defeat very effectively by administrative action whatever legislative provision there is as to financial autonomy for the provinces. The disallowance of the Madras Land Revenue Bill under the pretext of securing uniformity, the delaying of the Local Governments' recommendations regarding the separation of executive and judicial functions, the constitution of a Provincial Loans Fund, the executive action in regard to the promotion of railways by Local Governments restricting their rights—these and other measures show that Mr. Ambedkar's enthusiasm regarding the breaking off of the "financial, administrative and legislative strands" which tied the Provincial Governments to the Central Government was woefully misplaced.

Further, Mr. Ambedkar writes as the supporter of the system of contributions advocated by the Meston Committee whose recommendation indeed he generally approves. If the Provinces have now found themselves in deep waters, he says, the fault is not that of the Meston system, but of dyarchy. "Hybrid executives, divided responsibility, division of functions, reservation of powers, cannot make for a good system of

government, and where there is no good system of government there can be little hope for a sound system of finance." The Provinces, he suggests, should adhere to the advice of the Secretary of State and effect economies and exploit their resources more fully. They have in the land tax a potential source of revenue, in Mr. Ambedkar's view. The advice is of the cheap variety; for, though it is true that the resources of the provinces under land revenue have not everywhere reached the limit of expansion, the land tax as it is is burdensome enough and must be left alone. In regard to the Central Government, Mr. Ambedkar would see that customs are further exploited. Prudent men would rather demur to the suggestion. Even the Taxation Committee, which was out to find new sources of revenue, was reluctant to make recommendations in the directions which Mr. Ambedkar indicates!

Despite possible differences of opinion on matters like these, Mr. Ambedkar's volume would be useful as a piece of welcome addition to the literature on the financial history of India.

P. V.

Labour Banks

LABOUR'S MONEY. By Richard Boeckel: With a preface by the Rt. Hon. Viscount Milner. Martin Hopkinson & Co., London.

7/6

In the rise of labour banks in the United States has occurred one of the most important developments in modern industrial organisation fraught with possibilities for good which it is not possible now to measure. The labour bank movement is not yet half a dozen years old, the first labour bank having been established in the summer of 1920. The first bank at Washington was soon followed by the establishment of another at Cleveland. These two banks were more or less like the ordinary banking institutions meant to secure for labour's surplus funds the maximum of interest possible. The motive behind these institutions was originally profit. After the war, however, circumstances occurred which transformed these labour institutions into instruments of greater potency. They indeed revolu-

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

changed the whole nature of the labour bank movement.

The history of this development is most important as well as interesting. In war time, Norfolk, an important shipbuilding centre, was doing excellent business; the men organised themselves into a trade union, now that they were sure of regularity of employment since large and profitable orders were coming into the hands of the Iron Masters. After the war, the Iron Masters Association, which had been formed to fight organised labour, proclaimed Norfolk again an open shop town and refused to recognise the union. At the same time, they notified a considerable reduction in wages. The members of the Association had accumulated large reserves to fight labour to a finish. They declared a lock-out as soon as they found that labour was not amenable to their conditions. There was one member of the Association, however, the Crescent Company, which, having been organised but a few years before by the Bankers Trust Company of New York to take over the business of an earlier concern indebted to the Trust Company and thus carry on so as to pay off the Company's dues, had not accumulated the necessary reserves to stand out against labour. It began to take in union labour and signed a wage agreement with the Trade Union agreeing to the Trade Union rate of wages. The Crescent Company, being the only company doing business, obtained all the orders, worked overtime, and was becoming prosperous when the Ironmasters Association stepped in and persuaded the Bankers Trust Company to refuse operating credits for the Crescent. The bankers pressed for payment and made an offer at the same time to the Crescent that it will be supplied with funds to tide over the crisis if it agreed to refuse trade union conditions and abide by the decisions of the Iron Masters Association. It was at this crisis that the labour bank stepped. If a bank can be utilised to break a strike, could not another bank be utilised to sustain the strike? The idea was hit upon that the trade union bank should advance funds to the Crescent and enable it to carry on. The

Washington Labour Bank was phoned to and in a day, the Crescent became the property of the workers, financed and operated upon by them. It is true trade depression continued and the Crescent found difficulties in carrying on, but the efficacy of the Norfolk plan was demonstrated. The Crescent gave work to the strikers and the trade union saved \$220,000 by way of saving in the distribution of strike benefit. Moreover, not long after, the International Association of Machinists negotiated with President Obregon of Mexico and secured a large order for the Crescent; and, much to the chagrin of the ordinary capitalist organisations, the Norfolk Plan proved a success and became famous.

What do the labour banks aim to achieve? They realise that "banking credit controls every industry in the nation" and that "the hand that writes the bank draft rules the world." Their banks are meant for service and not for profit. The principles on which these banks are run are interesting. The dividends are limited to 7 or 10 per cent. The banks realise that the profits are due not only to the capitalist stock-holders' money, but also to the depositors' money. Hence they allow the depositors as well to participate in the profits and cheques out of profits are sent to the depositors *pro rata* to their deposits at the end of the working year. The banks also realise that there are other parties too who contributed to the profits. These are, this, labour engaged in producing the goods and the consumer who purchased the goods. The banks distribute the benefits to these parties as well. In regard to labour, they do not finance concerns which do not guarantee to labour the trade union rates of labour. In regard to the consumer they stipulate with the industry they finance that they shall not price their manufactures at unconscionably high rates. The evils of the capitalist system in so far as it denies to the other agents of production, except the capitalist or rather the financial shark, their due share in the profits of the industry are thus sought to be done away with by the labour banks movement. Through the use to which the Trade Union funds are put, labour seeks to own the instruments of production and also to control them and thus to bring about a new social order.

"While the end sought in this movement," says Mr. Boeckel, "is as revolutionary as any radical reformer could wish, the means for its achievement hold no threat of industrial disruption or public disorder. The movement does not look to the overthrow of Capitalism. On the contrary, it accepts the institutions of a capitalistic society and seeks to work, through capitalistic methods, towards a new social order."

The experiment in labour banking is thus of practical interest and has yielded very desirable results. One would hesitate however before one dogmatizes as to how far it will bring about a new social order. The movement of giving labour an interest in capital has of late years been proceeding rapidly apace. Many acute capitalists now take labour into financial partnership and give it opportunities of investing its funds in the industry in which it is engaged. The P. & O. Steam Navigation Co., for instance, does so. It has been argued that in this way much of the stock of industrial corporations has come into the hands of labour and on this fact many have gone into raptures, even people reputed as eminent economists. Professor Carver, for instance, has welcomed the movement as a very great solvent of the evils of capitalism. This view, as Prof. Ripley has shown, is very short-sighted. Ownership does not mean control. It may mean even slavery; for, being interested in the earning of good dividends, labour will be reluctant to fight for its full rights as labour. Indeed, democratic control of industry must of necessity be very unreal in these days of gigantic enterprises. The evils of capitalism are too deep-seated to admit of so easy a solution as the one propounded in Mr. Boeckel's volume. For one thing, a competitive capitalistic order of production implies production on a gigantic scale in anticipation of demand, and demand may suddenly be found to have belied anticipation. Overproduction results and from overproduction comes loss with its effects on labour. The hunt after markets results in imperialism and the exploitation of the weaker races. Injustice would thus appear to be, under the current level of efficiency in the forecasting of effective demand and adjustment of supply to demand, an

unavoidable concomitant of capitalism. Mr. Boeckel's volume is, however, an able treatise on an important phase in the transition of the industrial and financial organisation of the world from the soul-crushing machine, which it at present is to, one humane and adapted to suit the needs of all the limbs of society.

P. V.

Unemployment

INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT: By Watson Kirkconnell, M. A. George Allen & Unwin Ltd. London. 6/6

Probably the most distressing problem at the present day is that of unemployment. Herein is the severest indictment on the capitalistic organization of society: the denial to the able-bodied man, willing and anxious for work, of his right to live. His labour—what he has to offer in exchange for his needs—has no demand.

Hitherto gross misconceptions have been entertained as regards the nature of this social malady, and the basic causes of the problem were traced no further than the national borders. The efficacy of national treatment being unsuccessful, opinion has been growing in support of the view that international treatment is needed.

Mr. Kirkconnell has written a thoughtful book. His main contention is that if unemployment is to be got rid of, curative powers have to be invoked from beyond the narrow field of national boundaries, that measures international in scope and application have to be sought if the treatment is to be effective. He is up-to-date in his data, and his style is bright, clear and expressive, though his fondness for adjectives will not always be appreciated by the reader.

There are five chapters. In Chapter I, Mr. Kirkconnell describes "the chief way in which the Western civilization has, in the past two centuries, sacrificed stability, in order to grow in size and complexity." He analyses unemployment as essentially a problem of the great urban populations built up by the mechanistic civilization of the past centuries, in part being an index to maladjustments in the organization of the system, and in part symptomatic of the gravest perils threatening the whole scheme of huma-

life. That the problem is mainly one of modern times he concludes by a review of the growth of economic complexity. A national diagnosis, according to him, reveals to chief causes: the objective and the subjective; the former relating to fluctuations in trade and those affecting the demand for labour; and the latter pertaining to the lack of industrial fitness in individual workers which determines the incidence of individual unemployment. After discussing the relative importance of all these factors, the author takes up his major theme, the importance of international arrangement. The sources of trade collapses, he says, are international, and a malady international in its affection requires a co-operative international remedy. The gradual recognition of this principle is traced from the first unsuccessful attempts on the part of the Swiss Government to the Treaty of Versailles, a clause in which runs: "the failure of any nation to adopt humane conditions of labour is an obstacle in the way of other nations who desire to improve the conditions in their own countries."

Chapter IV gives an impartial summary of the War's sequel, the uneconomic peace and the monetary flux that followed it under the heading of "A Sick Civilization." The standpoint taken here is the broad-minded one of harmony and goodwill among nations, not that of the narrow, sordid partisan whose intolerance blighted all hopes of peace at that time. The conditions in all the European States are analysed and the roads to recovery indicated. The main point of attack is on nationalism to which he attributes all the well-nigh insoluble problems of Europe. As he ably sums up:

"A war inspired by mad nationalism has started and mangled the delicate economic system by which modern civilization was sustained. A peace dictated by mad nationalism has infected the wounds and prevented all healing. And currency disorders sprung voluntarily and involuntarily, from mad nationalistic policy are driving the patient crazy." (P. 158).

The therapeutic principles necessary to world reconstruction are summarised under four heads; "1. The gradual restoration of the damaged factors in production, viz., capital, the machinery

of production and human labour efficiency; 2. the improvement of the machinery of distribution by the removal of the barriers and the rebuilding of the destroyed transport systems; 3. the curative treatment of that money economy on which modern industrialism is based; and 4. an atmosphere of peace and co-operation, without which all efforts towards reconstruction are in jeopardy." (P. 163).

In the last chapter is pointed out the imminent danger of brain suicide, a more serious factor than race suicide, which can only be prevented by taking timely precautions through international action.

L. A. N.

Post-War Economics

THEN AND NOW. By Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher. Intro. by Mr. Lloyd George. Oxford University Press.

This is a splendid piece of research in the post-war economics of early nineteenth century and our own times. Mrs. Fisher shows how history has repeated itself in many respects as is evidenced by the remarkable parallels and resemblances between the years that followed the Napoleonic wars and those that followed the Armageddon of 1914-19. Crushing national taxation, heavy public debt, industrial troubles consequent on the inability of wages to adjust itself to prices and vice versa, the agricultural depression, currency inflation, world competition and absence of markets for goods and the numerous other problems which face the statesman today had their parallels in XIX century England. As Mr. Lloyd George says in his introduction, Mrs. Fisher "brings home with vivid interest the essential similarity of the difficulties left by the two most exhausting conflicts of modern times, and will help statesmanship to solve its troubles by pointing out the experiments that failed and those that achieved comparative success in the post-Napoleonic period."

P. V.

HISTORY

Ancient Greek Culture

THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH (POLITICS AND ECONOMICS IN FIFTH CENTURY ATHENS). By Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press. Fourth Edition, Revised (1924).

Greek civilisation and culture play a prominent part in the history of civilisation of the world. Greece is looked upon as the mother of European civilisation. Europe got Greek culture through Rome. When Rome conquered Greece, she found Greece to be a land of great civilisation and culture. She then accepted the Greek culture and spread it over Italy. That culture finally passed on to modern Europe. For that reason, Greece has always been a fascinating study with the European scholars. In every department, be it literature, politics, economics, art or sculpture, Greece is the source of inspiration to European writers. In his *Greek Commonwealth*, Mr. Alfred Zimmern presents a new aspect in the study of politics and economics of the Greek Commonwealth. Many people have their own vision of ancient Greece. The author has tried to convey his own vision in the form of a study of the nature, influence and interaction of two great forces in Athenian life.

It has been pointed out that the Greek scholars for a long time neglected the newer methods of social inquiry in dealing with questions affecting old Greece. It is now admitted that a nation cannot be properly understood without a knowledge of its surroundings and of its geographical and economic conditions. This principle has now been acknowledged by Greek scholars and the result we find in the interesting treatise before us. The book gives a clear description of the development of citizenship and the ideal of citizenship in Athens in the fifth century. It may be asked: what is the greatest legacy that the Greeks had contributed to posterity? It is their city State patriotism. Whenever there was a raid, the Greeks used to take refuge at Acropolis. For this reason, says Thucydides Acropolis is known to the Athenians as the city. Aristotle also remarked that the city had come into being in order to preserve life. When in

this way the city came into existence, it became the highest of all forms of association. 'The city state was the centre and inspiration of their most characteristic achievements, culminating in the great out-pouring of literature and art and practical energy, of great men and great deeds, in fifth century Athens. The world has seen nothing comparable to it either before or since. When the sovereign city passed away in the fourth century before Christ, the emotions and affections which it had kindled and fed passed away too, and it needs an effort of imagination in modern man to recapture not them but their shadows? In Athens, the acceptance of self-government came late and was an afterthought in the development of the Athenian polity. The people, under their own law, was the sovereign and their will was supreme. The people again had their work done by their representatives subject to its approval. Thus the writer shows us that complete self-government was their ideal, but Athenians realised that you can make some of the people rule all the time, and all the people rule some of the time, but that you will never get all the people to rule all the time.

In these days of democracy, it is interesting to note the difference between the Greek idea of democracy and the modern idea. While in modern times, we take the help of the few for carrying on a democratic constitution the Greeks took the help of the many. The Greek City State enlisted a far larger proportion of its representatives in active public work. It has, therefore, been said by a Greek orator: "We call our constitution a democracy because its working is in the hands not of the few but of the many." Let the authors of the next Reform Scheme make a note of it!

The writer makes a critical study of the economic life of the ancient Greeks. While we consider food, clothing and shelter the most important fact of all, the Greeks did not do the same. They faced this problem, as they faced all the facts of life, and gave it the name of House-keeping or Economics. An ordinary reader would like to know whether there was poverty in ancient Greece. The author points out that it was the doom of Athens that Poverty and Impos-

erty dwelt in her midst from first to last. It must be said to the credit of the Athenians that they never submitted to the squalid tyranny which they have imposed upon the great mass of mankind.'

The book is well-written, it keeps the reader captivated from beginning to the end. It would give enough food to our politicians, to whom we commend this book. We would close this review with a quotation from our author: 'For over two thousand years we have been admiring the Greeks, in their writings and monuments, for that inimitable ease and many-sidedness and cloudless serenity of spirit. Only now that we can piece together their household bills can we admire also the steady courage which put so bold a face upon the sterner realities of life. Only now can we appreciate why Athens, who has shown us, in every line she wrote and every stone she carved, how willingly she submitted to the compelling power of art, spoke with so businesslike a caution of the homage she paid in its cause—why, not out of choice but out of necessity, she loved beauty with cheapness.'

P. B.

LITERATURE

Essentials of Indian Culture

MY BROTHER'S FACE. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Thornton Butterworth and Co. London.

Mighty change is sweeping through the old world. There is sovietism in Russia, aggressive nationalism of Turkey and Egypt, the wandering Jews seeking their homeland, the Arabs and the Persians stirring with the memories of the past, the Chinese trying to establish national unity and recover their national sovereignty through the ordeal of civil wars, Japan at the cross roads agitated with hopes and fears, asking for racial equality and dreading the possible concerted opposition of the western nations, and India awakened from the unspeakable agony and meditation facing the world with a new conception of human values—self-realisation, self-assertion without violence even in thought, leading to the

fullest expression of personality, nationalism and Creative Unity in the Infinite.

In "My Brother's Face," Mr. Dhan Gopal Mukerji, essentially a poet who has assimilated western culture but who lives with the spirit of Hinduism, has painted the picture of the re-awakening of India in a soul-stirring fashion. In this book he deals with human elements through picturesque, delicate and vivid scenes of life in India. He gives intimate description of the changing life of India through simple conversations with the people of all classes and brings out with clarity various phases of the gigantic transformation of the one-fifth of the human race. He sees the change in the Temple, in the Market place, in the house of the rich, in the life of the women, the school boy and youth, among the revolutionists and the masses. This change is not the actual achievement of Gandhi, of the revolutionists who want to make their country free from an oppressive foreign yoke, but it is the re-awakening—vanishing of the slave mentality evident even in the very expression of the down-trodden of India feeling a new hope. This is the change he saw in his brother's face

The author has discussed Hindu philosophy... teachings of Kapila, the essence of the Bhagavat Gita and the truth hidden in the mythologies of the great epic of the Mahabharata—through the mouth of simple men and women as well as the holy men of India. He has done it superbly, as an average man or woman will understand it without difficulty. His picture of the ethical and religious idealism of a young Hindu revolutionist leader should be studied by all who wish to understand the spirit of change that is trying so hard to find expression through the genius of the race—"My religion is to watch for him who sleeps."

Mr. Mukerji shows the tremendous influence of the teachings of Gandhi, now exerting in the life of India. This transformation is bound to be lasting because it is not superficial but deep-rooted. It has re-galvanised the nation with the old and powerful teachings of the religion of Fearlessness and Truth taught by the ancient sages. It is going to be the manifestation of the

inner beauty of the soul of India assimilating the best of the culture of the west. Humanity is one and the sum total of the experience of the human race is indivisible—civilization.

The author beautifully describes the conflict of ideals and methods of action of two schools of Indian nationalists—one denouncing western industrialism as a curse and the other trying to utilise it as the expression of the spirit of "Zeit-geist", but keeping in mind the teachings of the Upanishads that a wise man should use a thorn to extract a thorn, and then throw them both away.

On the whole, the book is a work of art. It is a very successful and unique attempt to reveal the essentials of Indian culture and the new cross currents working on it. We are most fortunate to have in our midst a Hindu writer with Mr. Mukerji's gift of expression to interpret India for the west. This work of his, *My Brother's Face*, is an achievement which any author may well be proud of.

TARAKNATH DAS

India's Past

INDIA. A Volume of Poems by Esme Wingfield—Stratford Books Limited, Liverpool. 6/-

The author is an educated Englishman who has surrendered himself willingly and gladly to the lure of India's immemorial past and to the irresistible spell and mingled charm of present-day India. India to him is not the land of regrets, not the land where half-educated natives clamour and bellow for political privileges, but it is to him the India of Padmini, of Allah-uddin, of Tulsi Das and Zebumssa, of mountain streams and jungle caves, of Brindaban and Pachmarhi. It was during war-time while the author was serving as an army officer in India, that he gained his acquaintance with this land. Though this acquaintance with Indian history and Indian things goes neither far nor deep, it is certainly a great thing that the miasmatic influences surrounding him in this land did not blind him to the glory of India. It certainly redounds to the credit of the author that he kept

his mind free from the influences of the superior bureaucratic atmosphere around him.

Warm sympathy and affection for India and her people are evident in every one of the poems in the volume. Indeed we rub our eyes in wonder when we see the author make the following observations in the Preface: "I have wished to pay my tribute, however inadequate, to a country I have come to love only second to my own. In common with many Englishmen no less than Indians, I am grieved at the intolerance and lack of imagination that bid fair to re-enact the tragedy of Ireland in the East...where there is hatred, intolerance, suspicion there can be neither giving nor receiving. Surely it is for our free Empire not to crush, as Rome did and Prussia would fain have done, but to foster life and individuality in all its members. God forbid that through lack of vision we should forfeit such boundless possibilities for good as those that lie before us on the morrow of victory! I, for one am thankful that I had left India before those black days of Amritsar, when cruelty was unloosed, blind cruelty of a mob, scientific cruelty of armed panic, equally abhorred by Lord Christ and Lord Krishna, equally unworthy of Alfred's countrymen and Asoka's..... Love and Imagination—by these, and these alone, can men rise from bestiality into God head."

The book is divided into three parts: I. India through the Ages, II India Mystica and II Modern India. The poems in Part I do not warrant us to think that the author's knowledge of Indian history is vast or profound, but poem like the "Sutee at Chitor", "Tulsi Das", "Legend of St. Thomas" and "Taj Mahal" show that the author's soul has been touched by the vision of India's past. One of the finest poems in the whole book is 'Legend of St. Thomas' (Part I) which narrates how Rajah Vikram and his nobles well did love what Thomas loved! to tell, how

Oft, when stars were on the lake
Would Vikram with St. Thomas speak,
Of the Vedas' holy lore
And Saviours that had gone before,

when Vikram died true to the faith of his fathers and stood "without the jasper door that St. Peter guards for evermore, the Prince of Heaven spake.

"In that he did it unto thee,
Friend Thomas, he hath feasted Me—
Shall God not courtesy requite?
And he shall sup with us tonight."

The 'Taj Mahal' too is a beautiful vignette which, though it cannot stand comparison with other Taj Mahal poems like, for instance, Rabindranath's Bengali poem, is nevertheless throughout inspired by great aesthetic fervour:

"Let no foolish tear be shed
Here is but their bridal bed,
Here beneath a dream of white,
Clasped in flowers through the night,
Mumtaz lies with Shah Jehan
That was lord of Hindustan!"

Here is another poem which shows how sympathetic the author is in his attempt to appreciate India's greatness. *Hindustan*

(On Aurangzeb's breaking down the temple at Muttra).

And would they curb our Mother
Of suns and snow?
Dominion comes and goes,
An age is like another—
They talk of ruling, brother!
And did they think to smother
Her thought that glows?
Her Vedic stream, that flows
Like Ganga, Nurbuda—
They talk of ruling—brother!

Here is a pungent skit entitled *Shivaji's Logic*.

Surya hath a golden crown,
Looks on the trees and stamps his own
Silver coinage on the leaves,
Bania men by the banyan trees
Have no eyes for coins like these,
But blink at Aurangzeb's rupees
Wherefore we clip the thieves!

In some of the poems the author uses strong language in condemning the frivolity of Anglo-

Indian (old style) life. Here is the *Exvci* which tells its own tale:

"Merciful God have pity on folk without a soul!

I mean the Johnson Smiths and Mrs. Pogson
Clarke

And Sir Pontius Pilate and Colonel Moale,
Who walk about at noonday in the dark,
And then play bridge because they lack the
vital spark!

And if they talk discuss some bunker—
guarded hole.....

O Lord deliver me from Mrs. Pogson Clarke
And Sir Pontius Pilate and Colonel Moale!

As the many extracts given above show, the author has a fair share of the gift for versifying. His verses are not rugged, the diction is not artificial or manneristic though merely decorative and even empty epithets and phrases occur here and there. The true fire or *furor*, however, of an inspired poet of the first order is conspicuous by its absence in the volume, except occasionally. A few of the poems strongly remind us of the *vers de societe* popularised by Praed, Dobson and others in the nineteenth century. In our opinion, the garb in which the author has clothed some of his themes is too drab to grace or beautify them. A gorgeous garb with purple patches and other felicities would probably have better set off the magnificence of some of the more serious themes. But this is an imperfection which we can well afford to overlook in our final estimation of this work and its author who is throughout actuated by a noble sense of fellow-feeling and affection for India and her people!

L. V. RAMASWAMY AIYAR

POLITICS

America's Responsibility

WORLD FACTS AND AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITY. By Corneleus H. Patton, Association Press, New York.

The book has been written by a patriotic American to glorify his own land. He has skilfully marshalled facts to illustrate the great-

ness of America and to show her responsibility in her most affluent circumstances as they are at present. The world facts pointedly brought to notice are ten.

I. The renaissance of Asia in which Japan, China and India are mentioned to be taking prominent part. The book was written in 1919 and within the last six years, great events have happened to accentuate the Asiatic awakening. The chapter on the renaissance of Asia that is six years old, is out of date. The immobile East moves with a rapidity that is astonishing and the author's description is now too old for us. A book on India that takes no account of the non-co-operation movement and the sudden upheaval of the long-slumbering activities of the Indians and the stupendous sacrifices made during the time is of antediluvian interest. The observations on India in this chapter are dull, insipid and commonplace.

II. The decadence of the Non-Christian religions. The author has taken much pains to collect statistics to show the progress of Christianity but his remarks about the decadence of Hinduism are not only exaggerated but full of misleading facts and figures. On the other hand there is a widely visible revival of Hindu religion in India, manifesting itself in a modern form.

III. Rapid extension of Christianity. Whatever progress Christianity may have made in other lands—more especially in the dark continent and the uncivilised portions of the world, its onward march has come to a sudden halt in India owing to the revival of the indigenous faiths.

IV. The East and the West fight for a common cause. Under this head, the author has given only a onesided picture. It is true that during the great European War, people of all the countries Eastern and Western co-operated to combat a common peril but the co-operation was neither willing nor spontaneous. There are wheels within wheels and when the ways and the means in and by which such a visible co-operation was brought about, are brought to the light of the press, things would appear quite different. If the alliance and co-operation of nations and people had been voluntary and form

no ulterior motives, we would not have witnessed the heart-rending and the crying disappointment that we find to-day among these parties. Each party has been hoodwinked, as it were, and now is the quarrel over the booty of the war.

It is the United States that have come in for a lion's share in this matter and the jubilation of an American author over this fact of co-operation can easily be understood. The Eastern people, who took part in the war, have been terribly deluded. Their discontent and disappointment are appalling. They have suffered immensely and nothing has come to them. Even the sweet words once spoken about them, have ceased to be uttered now.

V. The East looks to America for example and help.

This statement does not stand on solid facts. China might look to America for example and help but there is no love lost between America and Japan. India has never lifted her gaze towards that far off continent for any help. America has done nothing to arouse India's enthusiasm for her. America is ill-treating Indians now in her territory and devising laws by which their liberties are at stake.

VI. America breaks from her isolation.

If America joined England and her allies in the war, it was for her own prospective gains which have materialised beyond hope. The Munroe doctrine has been violated and America is stepping out of her land to establish colonies or grip other man's lands. The Phillipines are still crying for independence, and America is indifferent to their cries. What the author considers to be a matter of gratification is a matter of regret from the viewpoint of the outside world, which always looked to her as the one country of freedom, immune from the lust of conquest and encroachment on other's country under the pretext of bearing the white man's burden.

VII. America and Great Britain in a fellowship of service.

VIII. Democracy becomes the organising principle of the world.

The observations of the author under this head are worth reading. Democratic ideals are

reading and their march is being accelerated every day.

IX. Rise of the new idealism. The Eastern nations have nothing to gain from this idealism. They stand in peril of losing their all under the imperial lust of exploitation that is the main plank in the new idealism so glowingly depicted by the author.

X. The Church girds herself for her great task. Would it be too much to say that the Church has been demoralised to such an extent that it became a recruiting station during the war. Another American has drawn pointed attention to the demoralisation of the Church in his book, 'Facing the crisis'. Had the Church understood its true mission, it would have condemned the war in the loudest of its tones but it meekly submitted to the War-lords and became their handmaid. Nothing shows more pointedly and vividly the violation of the ten commandments than the war that has devastated the whole world and benefitted only America. Her wealth rose by leaps and bounds because of this war and it is no wonder that her writers are glorifying their country for what she stands for. No further comment is necessary. Had this book been written in 1925, things would have been different.

KANNOOMAL.

Wilson and the East

WOODROW WILSON'S MESSAGE FOR EASTERN NATIONS. Association Press, 5 Russell street, Calcutta.

Foreword to this book is written by the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, which is a brief one and remarkable in no way. The book is divided into three parts. Part I contains the Memorial address delivered before a joint session of the Two Houses of Congress, December 15, 1924, in honour of Woodrow Wilson, late President of the United States. Part II contains speeches of President Wilson selected by himself and Part III gives the text of the Covenant of the League of Nations. The memorial address sets forth in exquisite language, the biographical details of the late President and prominently

brings to notice the great service which he rendered to America in particular and the world in general. To understand Woodrow Wilson, it is necessary to read this address. The speeches selected demonstrate the democratic principles which guided this great man throughout his life. They bear on the European War and the conditions of peace the well-known fourteen points.

A few quotations given from the speeches will show the greatness of the man and the noble ideals he set before himself—

"We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion. It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity towards a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck. We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early re-establishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts."

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest and for our own part we see very clearly that unless

justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The programme of the worlds' peace, therefore, is our programme; and that programme the only possible programme, as we see it, is this":*

What we seek is the reign of law, passed upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

The Covenant of the League of Nations contains 26 articles and its objects are to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security.

(1) by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war,

(2) by the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations,

(3) by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments and

(4) by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organised peoples with one another.

Woodrow Wilson, the late President of the United States, was one among the millions, who stood unselfishly for righteousness, justice and truth, while all the statesmen of Europe were mad for war and carnage which has been stupendous and world staggering. He shines in his effulgence head and shoulders above the kings, lords, statesmen and administrators of his time, and though the fourteen points he enunciated, have been trifled with and made futile by the machievillian devises of European diplomacy which has landed the world into the whirlpool of misery, discontent, heartrending and dismal disappointment, he will stand for all time to come as the Greatest Hero of Peace, and goodwill to mankind.

KANOOMAL.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Lessons from Jesus's Life

THE INESCAPABLE CHRIST. By Walter Russell Bowie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

*Here follow the fourteen points on which the peace has to be ensured to the world.

This book makes a personal appeal to the readers. "Down the roadways of our restless time come the feet of the inescapable Christ. In mind and will we may flee him down many by-ways; but the reality that is in him cannot be outdistanced nor denied. I seem to hear the echo of those footsteps through our world today, and the simple purpose of this writing is to ask of others," "Do you hear them too?" In these words the author describes the tireless pursuit of the love of God after the blindly fugitive souls of men. The author points out that there are facts which we cannot measure by the physical sciences. We cannot reckon them in quantitative terms of weight or mass or molecular energy; but they are facts which he who is concerned with the dull reality of life must reckon with, nevertheless. The plain truth is, he says, that in order to get any sense out of our world and our existence in it, we must ask what we are here for, what infinite purpose we are expressing, and what or who it is that gives us the significance we possess. There is a realm of facts which we can perceive with our physical eyes and test with our physical measurements; there is another realm of facts which is open to those whose aesthetic appreciation is sensitive; but there is another and highest range of facts which requires something more than intelligence, and something more than the discernment of the artist or the musician. To that realm the only key is character. If our hearts are clean, if our intentions are true, if we really love goodness and want to find it, then we shall find goodness and in that goodness we shall discover God.

The author proceeds to interpret the life of Christ. Jesus knew his own thoughts, was sure of his own convictions. When he spoke, he spoke with a power before which the poor little wavering unrea lopinions of ordinary men made way. Over and above all ancient precedent, beyond the bounds of what men had taught before, the undaunted self-expression of his confident authority went on. He believed, not passively not apprehensively, but with victorious joy, in God's inexhaustible power, in the immortality of goodness, and in the measureless destiny of his own soul as it followed on to fulfill the will of God. The author

explains what is meant by true Freedom. It is a very cheap freedom, he says, which holds itself free to do nothing but sneer. The real freedom which youth must seek is the liberation of mind from prejudice whether old or new so that, while it distinguishes whatever may have been specious in our inherited morals, religion or rational ideals, it may with equal assurance lay hold upon every inherited principle that has been noble and carry these forward into clearer expression.

Next, as to self expression; the author regrets that most modern men have no selves: they have no inner body of conviction: they are mere creatures of the current, formed by it and dependent upon it for whatever activity they have. Therefore, it is needful first that we should attain and fashion a self substantial enough to be expressed.

We are tempted to quote in full the references to Mahatma Gandhi: The amazing power of Mahatma Gandhi is bringing thoughtful people back to the realization of where it is that power lies. It lies within the life and not without it. Let a personality once be sure of itself, let it find its deep poise of its own matured convictions, let it fashion the fulcrum of its own self-mastered soul, and from that fulcrum its leverage will move the world. In this the first secret of the power of Jesus lay, and men and women now who want to find themselves must first learn from him to look within and thorough thought and prayer and by long communion to understand the meaning of their souls.

Again, "from the thought of India, as interpreted today by such a prophet as Mahatma Gandhi, cannot our so-called Christian civilization of the West catch again the corrective meaning of Jesus' words, "I am come that ye might have life."

The author discusses the problem of modern youth; what is Christianity and what does it stand for; and whether the influence of Christianity will aid or hamper the material wellbeing and progress of the human race? The answers to these questions are told in a clear, bold and vigorous style by the Rector of Grace Church, New York. Christianity is different from Churchianity; the life of Jesus is full of useful lessons for the modern man also, and the author outlines the

life of Jesus in the light of modern criticism the meaning and purpose of his life and shows wherein his power lay. The author pleads for a reform of the Church and an emphasis on the meaning of the life of Jesus more than on the formal rites of the churches. He regrets that he who cared nothing for ceremonies and forms had been made the idol of formalism and he points out what the significance of the church must be.

We cull the following good sayings from the book.(1) the only rule for life is independent living. The only way of selfrealization is an untrammelled self-release. (2) The shallow flippancy which scorns the lessons of yesterday, the reckless ignorance which imagines that the new is the infallible, will lead to nothing but disintegration."(3) A living sapling may be a better thing than some dead giant of the forest; but it is well that we should make sure the giant is dead before transferring our affections to the sapling(4) the only vital use of creeds and formulated doctrines is to inspire you to reproduce the spiritual experience to which they testify.(5) Let him be still before the Presence moving in the vast resurgence of the Dawn. Standing thus with soul attentive, suddenly will he know that he has made contact with the sublimity of God.(6) Gladness is the outward sign of that conscious unity of inner power through which alone a life becomes irresistible.(7) Individuals must be brought together in an organization avowedly created to keep men's consciences sensitive to human needs, to inspire them with confidence in the sufficient grace of God, and to direct their united resources toward that which no single person can accomplish alone.

V. NARAYANAN

MISCELLANEOUS

Women in Ancient India

WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA. By Clarisse Bader, Trubner's Oriental Series. 10/6

"This work" says the jacket, "which has been crowned by the French Academy, traces the position of Indian Womanhood from the Vedic period, under the Laws of Manu, through

the Heroic ages, down to the era of Vikramaditya, 57 B. C. It contains detailed descriptions of the great epic poems, Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*, and other famous legends. It is a remarkable fact that women were numbered among the poets as early as the fifth century B. C., and from the twelfth century A. D. onwards. The world should prove a valuable companion for students who cannot study the original records in Sanskrit." To which last sentence the critic may nod assent and go home. But he would fall short of duty if he neglected to pay a tribute to the thoroughness with which the late Mademoiselle Bader assembled the details for her book, the skill with which she presented them, the care with which Miss Mary Martin turned them from French into English, and the style in which Messrs Kegan Paul and Co. embodied them. The authoress followed other students of world classics in making a comparative study of the *Iliad* and the *Ramayana*; and as so consistently happens when such comparisons are made in continental Europe, the comparison works out in favour of the Hindu epic. Says the authoress: "But how much, generally speaking, in the two poems, is the moral elevation of the Greeks below that of the Indians! Let us compare the generous, heroic and truly humane sentiments attested by the *Ramayana*, to those selfish, barbarous and cruel instincts of which too often the *Iliad* is the artless witness. And, above all, that dominant idea of duty, that precise notion of what is just and unjust, where can this be found in the Homeric epic? The *Iliad* forms no part of the sacred books of any people. Its gods have departed. But the *Ramayana* has remained the sacred book of the Hindus; and its hero the purest, if not the most adored, of their divinities. Still in our day, Rama disputes with Krishna the love of the women of India; and when the widows burn themselves on their husband's pyres, from the midst of the flames invoke the memory of Sita's husband to give them strength to bear their agony." Mademoiselle Bader wrote this book in 1867. Sati had been abolished in 1829. The event was perhaps not sufficiently remote to come within the long-sighted view of scholarship. As the authoress was

apparently still under the impression that *sati* was practised "in our day", we are somewhat bewildered by her exclamation, almost immediately after the above paragraph: "Ah! if one day this people could again understand and practise the virtues given by precept and by example in this epic!" Did she mean that *sati* was an example of virtue to be retained? Other questions raise their heads where the scholar turns propagandist. She suggests the rediscovery of the spiritual indications in the ancient poetry of India through Christianity throwing light on its "almost Christian germs." We are left without limit as to how this process was intended to be carried out. It certainly would be an excellent task for the Christian missionary to exchange "esoteric interpretations with the Hindu pandit. But this is hardly Mademoiselle Bader's idea if her prayer, "may the practical spirit or Christianity save them, and its moral liberty revive them" means more than a pious ejaculation. As a devout Catholic he may be presumed to have had a very clear inner intention as to the place of Christianity in Indian culture. The "great work" of India's regeneration through Christianity is, she tells us, "reserved for the powerful nation in whose hands rest today the destinies of India." This sentence springs out of a statement that "the hand of Destiny...has no power beyond that which man himself gives it." It is followed immediately by the sentence: "By women alone can the work of salvation be accomplished..." To dig down to the subterranean connections between these declarations is beyond a review—perhaps even beyond possibility, for it is evident from other indications scattered through the book that thinking was not part of Mademoiselle Bader's endowment.

J. H. COUSINS.

The Race Problem

AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR. The Inquiry New York City.

This is typical of the American manner of writing a book in an original way. The method followed in inducing in the reader thought about the race problems that face him in his daily life

as this: Actual incidents are given. And a series of searching questions are put to the reader; and the reader is forced to think and to arrive at his own conclusions; of course, he is helped considerably in his thinking by the manner and nature of the interrogatories. The method has got a double advantage. It grips the reader's attention and provokes thought and criticism. It enables the formation of one's own conclusions in the right way, from statements of facts. It gives no room for prejudices, for uninformed opinions, for hasty and thoughtless conclusions. At the same time, the personal opinions, of the writer are kept in the back

ground and do not mar the intellectual controversies that takes place through the medium of these interrogatories. To every earnest seeker of the Truth of the race relations in America, this book can be safely recommended but its usefulness does not rest there. The book is a lesson to persons who intend to promote an impartial study of problems that face humanity elsewhere also: and it is to be wished that the students of Indian social problems copy the admirable manner and method of this book in the presentation of their case to the people at large.

V. NARAYANAN.

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XVI CHANGES

Let no one imagine that my experiments in dancing and the like marked a stage of indulgence in my life. The reader will have noticed that even then I had my wits about me. That period of infatuation was not unrelieved by a certain amount of self-examination on my part. I kept account of every farthing I spent, and my expenses were carefully calculated. Every little item, such as omnibus fares or postage or a couple of coppers spent on newspapers, would be entered, and the balance struck every evening before going to bed. That habit has stayed with me ever since, and I know that as a result, though I have had to handle public funds amounting to lakhs, I have succeeded in exercising strict economy in their disbursement, and instead of outstanding debts have had invariably a surplus balance in respect of all the movements I have led. Let every youth take a leaf out of my book and make it a point to account for everything that comes into and goes out of his pocket, and like me he is sure to be a gainer in the end.

As I kept strict watch over my way of living, I could see that it was necessary to cut my coat

according to my cloth. I therefore decided to reduce my expenses by half. My accounts showed numerous items spent on fares. Again, my living with a family meant the payment of a regular weekly bill. It also included the courtesy of occasionally taking members of the family out to dinner; and also attending parties with them. All this involved heavy items for conveyances, especially as, if the friend was a lady, custom required that men should pay all the expenses. Also dining out meant extra cost as no deduction could be made from the regular weekly bill for meals not taken. It seemed to me that all these items could be saved; as likewise the drain on my purse caused through a false sense of propriety.

So I decided to take rooms on my own account, instead of living any longer in a family, and also to remove from place to place according to the work I had to do, thus gaining experience at the same time. The rooms were so selected as to enable me to reach the place of business on foot in half an hour, and so save fares. Before this I had always taken some kind of conveyance whenever I went anywhere, and had to find extra time for walks. The new arrangement combined walks

and economy, as it meant a saving of fares and gave me walks of eight to ten miles a day. It was mainly this habit of long walks that kept me practically free from illness throughout my stay in England and gave me a fairly strong body.

Thus then I rented a suit of rooms; one for a sitting room and another for a bed-room. This was the second stage. The third was yet to come.

These changes saved me half the expense. But how was I to utilise the time? I knew that Bar examinations did not require much study, and I therefore did not feel pressed for time. My weak English was a perpetual worry to me. Mr. (afterwards Sir Frederic) Lely's words 'Graduate first and then come to me,' still rang in my ears. I should, I thought, not only be called to the Bar, but have some literary degree as well. I inquired about Oxford and Cambridge University courses, consulted a few friends and found that if I elected to go to either of these places they would bring me in for a lot of expense and a much longer stay than I was prepared for. A friend suggested that if I really wanted to have the satisfaction of taking a difficult examination, I should pass the London Matriculation. It meant a good deal of labour and much addition to my stock of general knowledge, without any extra expense worth the name. I welcomed the suggestion. But the syllabus frightened me. Latin and a modern language were compulsory! How was I to manage Latin? But the friend entered a strong plea for it: "Latin is very valuable to lawyers. Knowledge of Latin is very useful in understanding lawbooks. And one paper in Roman law is entirely in Latin. Besides, a knowledge of Latin means greater command over the English language." It went home and I decided to learn Latin, no matter how difficult it might be. French I had already begun, so I thought that should be the modern language. I joined private Matriculation class. Examinations were held every six months and I had only five months at my disposal. It was an almost impossible task for me. But the aspirant after being an English gentleman chose to convert himself into a serious student. I framed my own time-table to the exact minute; but neither my intelligence nor memory promised to enable me to reach Latin and French

besides other subjects within the given period. The result was that I was ploughed in Latin. I was sorry but I did not lose heart. I had acquired a taste for Latin, also I thought, my French would be all the better for another trial and that I would select a new subject in the science group. Chemistry which was my subject in science had no attraction for want of experiments, whereas it should be a deeply interesting study. It was one of the compulsory subjects in India and so I had selected it for the London Matriculation. This time however I chose 'Heat and Light' instead of Chemistry. It was said to be easy and I found it so too.

With my preparation for another trial, I made an effort to simplify my life still further. I felt that my way of living did not yet become the modest means of my family. The thought of my struggling brother, who nobly responded to my regular calls deeply pained me. I saw that most of those who were spending from eight to fifteen pounds monthly had the advantage of scholarships. I had before me examples of much simpler living. I came across a fair number of poor students living more humbly than I. One of them was staying in the slums in a room at two shillings a week and living on two pence worth of cocoa and bread per meal from Lockhart's cheap Cocoa Rooms. It was far from me to think of emulating him, but I felt I could surely have one room instead of two and cook some of my meals at home. That would be a saving of four to five pounds each month. I also came across books on simple living. I gave up the suit of rooms and rented one instead, invested in a stove, and began cooking my breakfast at home. The process scarcely took me more than twenty minutes for there was only oat-meal porridge to cook and water to boil for cocoa. I had lunch out and for dinner had bread and cocoa at home. Thus I managed to live on a shilling and three pence a day. This was also a period of intensive study. Plain living saved me plenty of time and I passed my examination.

Let not the reader think that this living made my life by any means a dreary affair. On the contrary, the change harmonised my inward and outward life. It was also more in keeping with

the means of my family. My life was certainly more truthful and my soul knew no bounds of any.

CHAPTER XVII EXPERIMENTS IN DIETETICS

As I searched myself deeper the necessity for changes both internal and external began to grow on me. As soon as, or even before, I made alterations in my way of living and expenses, I began to make changes in my diet. I saw that the writers on vegetarianism had examined the question very minutely, attacking it in its religious, scientific, practical and medical aspects. Ethically they had arrived at the conclusion that man's supremacy over the lower animals meant not that the former should prey upon the latter, but that the higher should protect the lower, or that there should be mutual aid between the two as between man and man. They had also brought out the truth that man eats not for enjoyment but to live. And some of them accordingly suggested and effected in their lives abstention not only from flesh-meat but from eggs and milk. Scientifically some had concluded that man's physical structure showed that he was not meant to be a cooking but a frugivorous animal; that he could take only his mother's milk, and as soon as he had teeth should begin to take solid foods. Medically they had suggested the rejection of all spices and condiments. And from the practical and economic argument they had demonstrated that a vegetarian diet was the least expensive. All these considerations had their effect on me, and I came across vegetarians of all these types in vegetarian restaurants. There was a Vegetarian Society in England with a weekly journal of its own. I subscribed to the weekly and joined the society and very shortly found myself on the Executive Committee. Here I came in contact with those who were regarded as pillars of vegetarianism, and began my own experiments in dietetics.

I stopped taking the sweets and condiments I had got from home; and the mind having taken a different turn, the fondness for condiments wore away, and I now relished the boiled spinach which in Richmond tasted insipid, cooked without condiment. Many such experiments taught me

me that the real seat of taste was not the tongue but the mind.

The economic consideration was of course constantly before me. There was in those days a body of opinion which regarded tea and coffee as harmful and favoured cocoa. And as I was convinced that one should eat only articles that sustained the body, I gave up tea and coffee as a rule, and substituted cocoa.

There were two divisions in the restaurants I used to visit. One division which was patronised by fairly well-to-do people provided any number of courses from which one chose and paid for *a la carte* (each dinner thus costing from one to two shillings). The other division provided sixpenny dinners of three courses with a slice of bread. In my days of strict frugality, I usually dined in the second division.

There were many minor experiments going on along with the main one; e. g. giving up starchy foods at one time, living on bread and fruit alone at another, and some time living on cheese, milk and eggs. This last experiment is worth noting. It lasted not even a fortnight. The reformer who advocated starchless food had spoken highly of eggs and held that eggs were not meat. It was apparent that there was no injury done to living creatures in taking eggs. I was taken in by this plea and took eggs in spite of my vow. But the lapse was momentary. I had no business to put a new interpretation on the vow. The interpretation of my mother who administered the vow was there for me. I knew that her definition of meat included eggs. And as soon as I saw the true import of the vow I gave up eggs and the experiment alike.

There is a nice point underlying the argument and worth noting. I came across three definitions of meat in England. According to the first, meat denoted only the flesh of birds and beasts. Vegetarians who accepted that definition abjured the flesh of birds and beasts, but ate fish, not to mention eggs. According to the second definition, meat meant flesh of all living creatures. So fish was here out of the question, but eggs were allowed. The third definition included under meat the flesh of all living beings, as well as all their products, thus covering eggs and milk

alike. If I accepted the first definition, I could take not only eggs, but fish also. But I was convinced that my mother's definition was the definition binding on me. If, therefore, I would observe the vow I had taken, I must abjure eggs. I therefore did so. This was a hardship inasmuch as inquiry showed that even in vegetarian restaurants many courses used to contain eggs; which meant that unless I knew what was what, I had to go through the awkward process of ascertaining whether a particular course contained eggs or no; for many puddings and cakes were not free from them. But though the revelation of my duty caused this difficulty, it simplified my food. The simplification in its turn brought me annoyance in that I had to give up several dishes I had come to relish. These difficulties were only passing, for the strict observance of the vow produced an inward relish distinctly more healthy, delicate and permanent.

The real ordeal however was still to come, and that was in respect of the other vow. But who dare harm whom God protects?

A few observations about the interpretation of vows or pledges may not be out of place here. Interpretation of pledges has been a fruitful source of strife all the world over. No matter how explicit the pledge, people will turn and twist the text to their own purposes. They are to be met with among all classes of society, from the rich down to the poor, from the prince down to the peasant. Selfishness turns them blind and by a use of the ambiguous middle they deceive themselves and seek to deceive the world and God. One golden rule is to accept the interpretation honestly put on the pledge by the party administering it. Another is to accept the interpretation of the weaker party, where there are two interpretations possible. Rejection of these two rules gives rise to strife and iniquity. It is founded on untruthfulness. He who has selected the right path easily follows the golden rule. He need not seek learned advice for interpretation. My mother's interpretation of meat was, according to the golden rule, the only true one for me, and not the one my wider experience or my pride of better knowledge might have taught me.

To return.

My experiments in England were conducted from the point of view of economy and hygiene. The religious aspect of the question was not considered until I went to South Africa where I undertook strenuous experiments which will be narrated later. The seed, however, for all of them was sown in England.

A convert's enthusiasm for his new religion is greater than that of a person who is born in it. Vegetarianism was then a new cult in England, and likewise for me, because as we have seen I had gone there a convinced meat-eater, and was intellectually converted to vegetarianism later. Full of the neophyte's zeal for vegetarianism, I decided to start a vegetarian club in my locality, Bayswater. I invited Sir Edwin Arnold, who lived there, to be Vice-President. Dr. Oldfield who was Editor of *The Vegetarian* became President. I myself became the Secretary. The club went on well for a while, but came to an end in the course of a few months. For I left the locality according to my custom of moving from place to place periodically. But this brief and modest experience gave me some little training in organising and conducting institutions.

CHAPTER XVIII

SHYNESS—MY SHIELD

I was elected to the Executive Committee of the Vegetarian Society, and made it a point of attending every one of its meetings, but I always felt tongue-tied. Dr. Oldfield once said to me, "You talk to me quite all right, but why is it that you never open your lips at a Committee meeting? You are a drone." I appreciated the banter. The bees are ever busy, the drone is a thorough idler. And it was not a little curious that whilst others expressed their opinions at these meetings, I sat quite silent. Not that I never felt tempted to speak. But I was at a loss to know how to express myself. All the rest of the members appeared to me to be better informed than I. Then it often happened that just when I had mustered up courage to speak, a fresh subject would be started. This went on for a long time.

Meantime a serious question came up for dis-

ussion. I thought it wrong to be absent, and felt awkward to register a silent vote. The discussion arose somewhat in this wise. The President of the Society was Mr. Hills, proprietor of the Thames Iron Works. He was a puritan. It may be said that the existence of the Society depended almost on his financial assistance. Many members of the Committee were more or less his proteges. Dr. Allinson of vegetarian fame was also a member of the Committee. He was an advocate of the then new birth control movement, and preached its methods among the working classes. Mr. Hills regarded these methods as cutting at the root of morals. He thought that the Vegetarian Society had for its object not only dietetic, but also moral reform, and that a man of Dr. Allinson's anti-puritanic views should not be allowed to remain in the Society. A motion was therefore brought for his removal. The question deeply interested me. I considered Dr. Allinson's views regarding artificial methods of birth-control as dangerous, and I believed that Mr. Hills was entitled, as a puritan, to oppose him. I had also a high regard for Mr. Hills and his generosity. But I thought it was quite improper to exclude a man from a vegetarian society, simply because he refused to regard puritan morals as one of the objects of the society. Mr. Hills' view regarding the exclusion of anti-puritans from the Society was personal to himself and it had nothing to do with the declared object of the Society, which was simply the promotion of vegetarianism, and not of any system of morality. I therefore held that any vegetarian could be a member of the Society irrespective of his views on other morals.

There were in the Committee others also who shared my view, but I felt myself personally called upon to express my own. How to do it was the question. I had not the courage to speak and I therefore decided to set down my thoughts in writing. I went to the meeting with the document in my pocket. So far as I recollect, I did not find myself equal even to read it, and the President had it read by some one else. Dr. Allinson lost the day. Thus in the very first battle of the kind, I found myself siding with the losing party. But I had comfort in the thought that

the cause was right. I have a faint recollection that after this incident, I resigned from the Committee.

This shyness I retained throughout my stay in England. Even when I paid a social call the presence of half a dozen or more people would strike me dumb.

I once went to Ventnor with Mr. Mazmudar. We stayed there with a vegetarian family. Mr. Howard, the author of *The Ethics of Diet* was also staying at the same watering-place. We met him and he invited us to speak at a meeting for the promotion of vegetarianism. I had ascertained that it was not considered incorrect to read one's speech. I knew that many did so to express themselves coherently and briefly. To speak extempore would have been out of the question for me. I had therefore written down my speech. I stood up to read it, but could not. My vision became blurred and I trembled, though the speech hardly covered a sheet of foolscap. Mr. Mazmudar had to read it for me. His own speech was of course splendid and was received with applause. I was ashamed of myself and sad at heart for my incapacity.

My last effort to make a public speech in England was on the eve of my departure for home. But this time too I succeeded only in making myself ridiculous. I invited my vegetarian friends to dinner in the Holborn Restaurant referred to in these chapters. 'A vegetarian dinner could be had', I said to myself, 'in vegetarian restaurants as a matter of course. But why should it not be possible in a non-vegetarian restaurant too?' And I arranged with the manager of the Holborn Restaurant to provide a strictly vegetarian meal. The vegetarians hailed the new experiment with delight. All dinners are meant for enjoyment, but the West has developed the thing into an art. They are celebrated with great eclat, music and speeches. And the little dinner party that I invited was also not unaccompanied by some such display. Speeches therefore there had to be. When my turn for speaking came, I stood up to make a speech. I had with great care thought out one which would consist of a very few sentences. But I could not proceed beyond the first sentence. I had read of Addison

that he began his maiden speech in the House of Commons, repeating 'I conceive' three times and when he could proceed no further, a wag stood up and said, 'the gentleman conceived thrice but delivered nothing.' I had thought of making a humorous speech taking this anecdote as the text. I therefore began with it and stuck there. My memory entirely failed me and in attempting a humorous speech I made myself ridiculous. 'I thank you gentlemen, for having kindly responded to my invitation,' I said abruptly, and sat down.

It was only in South Africa that I got over this shyness, though I never completely overcame it. It was impossible for me to speak *impromptu*. I hesitated whenever I had to face strange audiences and avoided making a speech whenever I could. Even today I do not think I could or would even be inclined to keep a meeting of friends engaged by talking on nothing.

I must say that beyond occasionally exposing me to laughter, my constitutional shyness has been no disadvantage whatever. In fact I can see that on the contrary it has been all to my advantage. My hesitancy in speech which was once an annoyance is now a pleasure. Its greatest benefit has been that it has taught me the economy of words. I have naturally formed the habit of restraining my thoughts. And I can now give myself a certificate that a thoughtless word hardly ever escapes my tongue or pen. I do not recollect ever having had to regret anything in my speech or writing. I have thus been spared many a mishap and waste of time. Experience has taught me that silence is part of the spiritual discipline of a votary of truth. Proneness to exaggerate, suppress or modify the truth, wittingly or unwittingly, is a natural weakness of man, and silence is necessary in order to escape from it. A man of few words will rarely be thoughtless in his speech: he will measure every word. We find so many people impatient to talk. There is no chairman of a meeting but is pestered with notes for permission to speak. And whenever the permission is given the speaker generally exceeds the time-limit, asks for more time, and keeps on talking without permission. All this talking can hardly be said to be

of any benefit to the world. It is so much waste of time. My shyness has been in reality my shield and buckler. It has allowed me to grow. It has helped me in my discernment of truth.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CANKER OF UNTRUTH

There were comparatively few Indian students in England forty years ago. It was a practice with them to affect the bachelor even though they might be married. School or College students in England are all bachelors, studies being regarded as incompatible with married life. We had the tradition in the good old days, a student then being invariably known as a *brahmachari*. But in these days we have child marriages—a thing practically unknown in England. Indian youths in England therefore felt ashamed to confess that they were married. There was also another reason for dissembling, namely that in the event of the fact being known it would be impossible for the young men to go about or dally with the young girls of the family in which they lived. The dalliance was more or less innocent. Parents even encouraged it; and that sort of association between young men and young women may even be a necessity there, in view of the fact that every young man has to choose his mate. If, however, Indian youths on arrival in England indulge in these relations—quite natural to English youths—the result is likely to be disastrous, as has often been found. I saw that our youths had succumbed to the temptation and chosen a life of untruth for the sake of companionships which, however innocent in the case of English youths, were for them undesirable. I too caught the contagion. I did not hesitate to pass myself off as a bachelor though I was married and the father of a son. But I was none the happier for being a dissembler. Only my reserve and my reticence saved me from going into deeper waters. If I did not talk, no girl would think it worth her while to enter into conversation with me, or to go out with me.

My cowardice was on a par with my reserve. It was customary for families like the one in which I was staying at Ventnor, for the daughter of the landlady to take out guests for a walk. My landlady's daughter took me one day to the

lovely hills round Ventnor. I was no slow walker, but my companion walked even faster, dragging me after her and chattering away all the while. I responded to her chatter sometimes with a whispered 'yes' or 'no', or at the most 'yes, how beautiful!' She was flying like a bird whilst I was wondering when I should get back home. We thus got up to the top of a hill. How to get down again was the question. In spite of her high-heeled boots this sprightly young lady of twenty-five, darted down the hill like an arrow. I was shamefacedly struggling to get down. She stood at the foot smiling and cheering me and offering to come and drag me. How could I be so chicken-hearted? With the greatest difficulty and crawl at intervals, I somehow managed to scramble to the bottom. She loudly laughed 'bravo' and shamed me all the more, as well she might.

But I could not escape scatheless everywhere. For God wanted to rid me of the canker of untruth. I once went to Brighton,—another watering-place like Ventnor. This was before the Ventnor visit. I met there at a hotel an old widow of moderate means. This was my first year in England. The courses on the menu were all described in French, which I did not understand. I sat at the same table as the old lady. She saw that I was a stranger and puzzled, and immediately came to my aid. 'You seem to be a stranger,' she said 'and look perplexed. Why have you not ordered anything?' I was spelling through the menu and preparing to ascertain the ingredients of the courses from the waiter, when the good lady thus intervened. I thanked her and explaining my difficulty told her that I was at a loss to know which of the courses were vegetarian as I did not understand French.

'Let me help you' she said. 'I shall explain the card to you and show you what you may eat.' I gratefully availed myself of her help. This was the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into friendship and was kept up all through my stay in England and long after. She gave me her London address and invited me to dine at her place every Sunday. On special occasions also she would invite me, help me to conquer my bashfulness and introduce me to young ladies and draw me into conversation

with them. Particularly marked out for these conversations was a young lady who stayed with her, and often we would be left entirely alone together.

I found all this very trying at first. I could not start a conversation nor could I indulge in any jokes. But she put me in the way. I began to learn: and in due time looked forward to every Sunday and came to like the conversation with the young friend.

The old lady went on spreading her net wider every day. She felt interested in our meetings. Possibly she had her own plans about us.

I was in a quandary. 'How I wished I had told the good lady that I was married!' I said to myself. 'She would then have not thought of an engagement between us. It is however never too late to mend. If I declare the truth I might yet be saved more misery.' With these thoughts in my mind, I wrote a letter to her somewhat to this effect:

'Ever since we met at Brighton you have been kind to me. You have taken care of me even as a mother of her son. You also think that I should get married and with that view you have been introducing me to young ladies. Rather than allow matters go further, I must confess to you that I have been unworthy of your affection. I should have told you when I began my visits to you that I was married. I knew that Indian students in England dissembled the fact of their marriage and I followed suit. I now see that I should not have done so. I must also add that I was married while yet a boy, and am the father of a son. I am pained that I should have kept this knowledge from you so long. But I am glad God has now given me the courage to speak out the truth. Will you forgive me? I assure you I have taken no improper liberties with the young lady you were good enough to introduce to me. I knew my limits. You not knowing that I was married naturally desired that we should be engaged. In order that things should not go beyond the present stage, I must tell you the truth.

If on receipt of this, you feel that I have been unworthy of your hospitality, I assure you I shall not take it amiss. You have laid me under an everlasting debt of gratitude by your kindness

and solicitude. If, after this, you do not reject me but continue to regard me worthy of your hospitality, which I shall spare no pains to deserve, I shall naturally be happy and count it a further token of your kindness.'

Let the reader know that I could not have written such a letter in a moment. I must have drafted and redrafted it many times over. But it lifted a burden that was weighing me down. Almost by return post came her reply somewhat as follows:

'I have your frank letter. We were both very glad and had a hearty laugh over it. The untruth you say you have been guilty of is pardonable. But it is well that you have acquainted us with the real state of things. My invitation still stands and we shall certainly expect you next Sunday and look forward to hearing all about your child-marriage and to the pleasure of laughing at your expense. Need I assure you that our friendship is not in the least affected by this incident?'

I thus purged myself of the canker of untruth and I never thenceforward hesitated to talk of my married state wherever necessary.

CHAPTER XX

ACQUAINTANCE WITH RELIGIONS

Towards the end of my second year in England I came across two Theosophists,—brothers, and both unmarried. They talked to me about the *Gita*. They were reading Sir Edwin Arnold's translation—*The Song Celestial*—and they invited me to read the original with them. I felt ashamed as I had read the divine Poem neither in Sanskrit nor in the vernacular. I was constrained to tell them that I had not read the *Gita* but that I would gladly read it with them, and that though my knowledge of Sanskrit was meagre, still I hoped to be able to understand the original to the extent of telling where the translation failed to bring out the meaning. I had heard of Sir Edwin Arnold only in connection with his rendering of the *Bhagwad Gita*. I began reading it with them. The verses in the second chapter

if one

Ponders on objects of sense, there springs
Attraction; from attraction grows desire,

Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness; then the memory—all
betrayed—

Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
Till purpose, mind and man are all undone.
made a deep impression on my mind, and they still ring in my ears. The book struck me as one of priceless worth. The impression has ever since been growing on me with the result that I regard it today as the book par excellence for the knowledge of Truth. It has afforded me invaluable help in my moments of gloom. I have read almost all English translations of it, and I regard Sir Edwin Arnold's as the best. He has adhered to the strict meaning of the text and yet it does not read like a translation. Though I read the *Gita* with these friends, I cannot pretend to have studied it then. It was only after some years that it became a book of daily reading.

The brothers also recommended Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, which I read with even greater interest than I did the *Bhagwad Gita*. Once I had begun it I could not leave off. They also took me on one occasion to the Blavatsky Lodge and introduced me to Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant. The latter had just then joined the Theosophical Society and I was following with great interest the controversy about her conversion. The friends advised me to join the Society, but I politely declined saying, 'With my meagre acquaintance of my own religion I do not want to belong to any religious body.' I recall having read, at the brothers' instance, Madame Blavatsky's *Key to Theosophy*. This book stimulated in me the desire to read books on Hinduism, and disabused me of the notion fostered by the Missionaries that Hinduism was rife with superstition.

About the same time I met a good Christian from Manchester in a vegetarian boarding house. He talked to me about Christianity. I narrated to him my Rajkot recollections. He was pained to hear them. He said, 'I am a vegetarian, I do not drink. Many Christians are meat-eaters and drink, no doubt; but neither meat-eating nor drinking is enjoined by Scripture. Do please read the Bible.' I accepted his advice and he got me a copy. I have a faint recollection that

he himself used to sell copies of the Bible and I purchased from him an edition containing maps, concordance, and other helps. I began reading it but I could not possibly read through the Old Testament. I read the book of Genesis and the chapters that followed invariably sent me to sleep. But just for the sake of being able to say that I had read it, I plodded through the other books with much difficulty and without the least interest or understanding. I disliked reading the book of Numbers.

But the New Testament produced a different impression, especially the Sermon on the Mount which went straight to my heart. I compared it with the *Gita*. The verses, 'But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man take away thy coat let him have thy cloke too' delighted me beyond measure and put me in mind of Shamal Bhatt's 'For a bowl of water, give a goodly meal' etc. My young mind tried to unify the teaching of the *Gita*, the *Light of Asia* and the Sermon on the Mount. That renunciation was the highest form of religion appealed to me greatly.

This reading whetted my appetite for studying the lives of other religious teachers. A friend recommended Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*. I read the chapter on the Hero as a prophet and learnt of the Prophet's greatness and bravery and austere living.

Beyond this acquaintance with religion, I could not go at the moment, for reading for the examination left me scarcely any time for outside subjects. But I took mental note of the fact that I should read more religious books and acquaint myself with all the principal religions.

And how could I help knowing something of Atheism too? Every Indian knew Bradlaugh's name and his so-called Atheism. I read some book about it, the name of which I forget. It had no effect on me, for I had already crossed the Sahara of Atheism. Mrs. Besant who was then very much in limelight had turned to Theism from Atheism and that fact also strengthened my aversion to Atheism. I had read her book *How I became a Theosophist*.

It was about this time that Bradlaugh died.

He was buried in the Woking Cemetery. I attended the funeral, as I believe every Indian residing in London did. A few clergymen also were present to do him the last honours. On our way back from the funeral we had to wait at the station for our train. A champion atheist from the crowd heckled one of these clergymen. 'Well sir you believe in the existence of God?'

'I do' said the good man in a low tone.

'You also agree that the circumference of the Earth is 28,000 miles, don't you?' said the Atheist with a smile of self-assurance.

'Indeed.'

'Pray tell me then the size of your God and where he may be?'

'Well if we but knew, He resides in the hearts of us both.'

'Now, now, don't take me to be a child' said the champion with a triumphant look at us.

The clergyman assumed a humble silence.

This talk still further increased my prejudice against Atheism.

CHAPTER XXI

NIRBAL KE BALA RAM *

Though I had acquired a nodding acquaintance with Hinduism and other religions of the world, I should have known that it would not be enough to save me in my trials. Of the thing that sustains him through trials man has no inkling, much less knowledge, at the time. If an unbeliever, he will attribute his safety to chance. If a believer, he will say God saved him. He will conclude, as well he may, that his religious study or spiritual discipline was at the back of the state of grace within him. But in the hour of his deliverance he does not know whether his spiritual discipline or what else saves him. Who that has prided himself on his spiritual strength has not seen it humbled to the dust? A knowledge of religion (as distinguished from experience) seems but chaff in such moments of trials.

It was in England that I first discovered the futility of mere religious knowledge. How I was saved on previous occasions is more than I can

* Nirbal ke bala Ram—The refrain of one of Surdas' famous hymns. Its meaning is, 'He is the help of the helpless, the strength of the weak.'

say, for I was very young then; but now I was twenty and had gained some experience as husband and father.

During the last year, as far as I can remember, of my stay in England, that is in 1890, there was a Vegetarian Conference at Portsmouth to which an Indian friend and I were invited. Portsmouth is a sea-port with a large naval population. It has many houses with women of ill fame, women not actually prostitutes, but at the same time not very scrupulous about their morals. We were put up in one of these houses. Not that the Reception Committee purposely fixed up such a house for us. It is difficult in a town like Portsmouth to find out which are good lodgings and which are bad, for occasional travellers like ourselves.

We returned from the Conference in the evening. After dinner we sat down to play a rubber of bridge, in which our landlady joined, as is customary in England even in respectable households. Every player indulges in innocent jokes as a matter of course, but here my companion and our hostess began to make indecent ones as well. I did not know that my friend was an adept in the art. It captured me and I also joined. Just when I was about to go beyond the limit, leaving the cards and the game to themselves, God in the good companion uttered the blessed warning: 'Whence this devil in you my boy! Be off, quick!'

I was ashamed. I took the warning. I expressed within myself gatefulness to the friend. I remembered the vow I had taken before my mother and fled from the scene. To my room I went quaking, trembling, and with beating heart, like a quarry escaped from its pursuer.

I recall this as the first occasion on which a woman, other than my wife, moved me to lust. I passed that night sleeplessly, all kinds of thoughts assailing me. Should I leave this house? Should I run away from the place? Where was I? What would happen to me if I had not my wits about me? I decided to act thenceforth with great caution; not only to leave the house, but somehow leave Portsmouth. The Conference was not to go on for more than two days and I remember I left Portsmouth the next

evening, my companion staying there sometime longer.

I did not then know the essence of religion, of God, and how He works in us. Only vaguely I understood that God had saved me on that occasion. On all occasions of trial He has saved me. I know that the phrase 'God saved me' has a deeper meaning for me today, and still I feel that I have not yet grasped its entire meaning. Only richer experience can help me to a fuller meaning. But in all my trials—of a spiritual nature, as a lawyer, in conducting institutions, and in politics,—I can say that God saved me. When every hope is gone, 'when helpers fail and comforts flee,' I experience that help arrives somehow, from I know not where. Supplication, worship, prayer are no superstition; they are acts more real than the acts of eating, drinking, sitting or walking. It is no exaggeration to say that they alone are real, all else is unreal.

Such worship or prayer is no flight of eloquence, it is no lip-homage. It springs from the heart. If, therefore, we achieve that purity of the heart when it is, 'emptied of all but love', if we keep all the chords in proper trim, they 'trembling pass in music out of sight.' Prayer needs no speech. It is in itself independent of any sensuous effort. I have not the slightest doubt that prayer is an unfailing means of cleansing the heart of passions. But it must be combined with the utmost humility.

CHAPTER XXII

"CALLED"—BUT THEN?

I have deferred saying anything up to now about the purpose for which I went to England viz. being called to the bar. It is time to advert to it briefly.

There were two conditions which had to be fulfilled before a student was formally called to the bar: 'Keeping terms'—twelve terms equivalent to about three years; and passing examinations. 'Keeping terms' meant eating one's terms, i. e. attending at least six out of about twenty-four dinners in a term. Eating did not mean actually partaking of the dinner, it meant reporting oneself at the fixed hours and remaining

resent throughout the dinner. Usually of course every one ate and drank the good commons and choice wines provided. A dinner cost from two and six to three shillings and six pence that is from two to three rupees. This was considered moderate, inasmuch as one had to pay that same amount for wines alone if one dined at a hotel. To us in India it is a matter for surprise, i. e. if we are not 'civilised,' that the cost of drink should exceed the cost of food. The first revelation gave me a great shock and I wondered how people had the heart to throw away so much money on drink. Later I came to understand. I often ate nothing at these dinners for the things that I might eat were only bread, boiled potato and cabbage. In the beginning I did not eat these, as I did not like them; and later when I began to relish them I also gained the courage to eat for other dishes.

The dinner provided for the benchers used to be better than that for the students. A Parsi student, who was also a vegetarian, and I applied in the interests of vegetarianism, for the vegetarian courses which were served to the benchers. The application was granted and we began to get 'fruits and other vegetables from the benchers' table.

Two bottles of wine were allowed to each group of four, and as I did not touch them, I was ever in demand to form a quarter, so that three might empty two bottles. And, there was a 'grand night' in each term when extra wines like champagne in addition to port and sherry were served. I was therefore specially requested to attend and was in great demand on that 'grand night'.

I could not see then, nor have I seen since, how these dinners qualified the students better for the bar. There was once a time when only a few students used to attend these dinners and thus there were opportunities for talks between them and the benchers and speeches were also given. These occasions helped to give them knowledge of the world with a sort of polish and refinement and also improved their power of speaking. No such thing was possible in my time, the benchers always sitting at a respectable distance from the students. The institution had

gradually lost all its meaning, but conservative England retained it never-the-less.

The curriculum of study was easy, barristers being humorously known as 'dinner barristers'. Every one knew that the examinations had practically no value. In my time there were two—one in Roman Law and the other in Common Law. There were regular texts prescribed for these examinations which could be taken in compartments, but scarcely any one read those books. I have known many to pass the Roman Law Examination by scrambling through notes on Roman Law in a couple of weeks and the Common Law Examination by reading notes on the subject in two to three months. Question papers were easy and examiners were generous. The percentage of passes in Roman Law examination used to be 95 to 99 per cent and of those in the Final examination 75 per cent or even more. There was thus little fear of being plucked, and examinations were held not once but four times in the year. These convenient examinations could not be felt as a difficulty.

But I succeeded in turning them into one. I felt that I should read all the text books. It was a fraud, I thought, not to read these books. I invested much money in them. I decided to read Roman Law in Latin. The Latin which I had acquired in the London Matriculation stood me in good stead. And all this reading was not without its value later on in South Africa where Roman Dutch is the common law. The reading of Justinian therefore helped me a great deal in understanding the South African Law.

It took me nine months of fairly hard labour to read through the Common Law of England. For, Broom's *Common Law*, a big but interesting volume, took up a good deal of time. Snell's *Equity* was full of interest, but a bit tough to understand. White and Tudor's *Leading Cases* (from which certain cases were prescribed) was full of interest and instruction. I read also with interest William's and Edward's *Real Property* and Goodeve's *Personal Property*. William's book read like a novel. The one book I remember to have read, on my return to India, with the same unflagging interest, was Mayne's *Hindu Law*.

But it is out of place to talk here of Indian law-books.

I passed my examinations, was "called" to the Bar on the 10th June 1891, and enrolled in the High Court on the 11th. On the 12th I sailed for home.

But notwithstanding the study there was no end to my helplessness and fear. I did not feel myself qualified to practise law.

But a separate chapter is needed to describe this helplessness of mine.

(To be continued)—*Young India*

What Thinkers Think

A Thought for the Month

Farewell, thou busy world, and may

We never meet again;

Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,

And do more good in one short day

Than he who his whole age out-wears

Upon the most conspicuous theatres,

Where naught but vice and vanity appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!

How beautiful the fields appear!

How cleanly do we feed and lie!

Lord! what good hours do we keep!

How quietly we sleep!

What peace, what unanimity!

How innocent from the lewd fashion,

Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!

Oh, how innocent our pleasure!

O ye valleys! O ye mountains!

O ye groves, and crystal fountains!

How I love, at liberty,

By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,

That man acquainted with himself dost make,

And all his Maker's wonders to intend,

With thee I here converse at will,

And would be glad to do so still,

For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight

Is it, alone,

To read, and meditate, and write,

By none offended, and offending none!

To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,

And, pleasing a man's self, have other to displease.

CHARLES COTTON.

The Limitations of Science

Ours is an age of wonders in a sense in which it is not possible to speak of any other age in the past. Man today has mastered earth, water and air to an extent which was not dreamt of even by his predecessors in the past century. We have annihilated time and distance in an extraordinary degree; we have also to our credit, speaking of humanity as a whole, many another achievement. The philosopher however says these marvels are vain and we have ourselves begun to feel that he is perhaps not altogether wrong. For, reason is on his side and experience supports reason. Here is what Professor J. W. Scott writes in the *Journal of Philosophical Studies*:

The merest tyro in social observation has always been ready to tell us that modern civilization is only going faster and faster and wearing people out to no purpose. The difference is that there is no answering him any more. With the speeding up of the pace, the lag between expenditure and results has become glaring. It is becoming daily more evident that man can command everything except his own happiness.

If we insist on analysing the paradox, we shall find it only too simple. The trouble is not really with our achievements themselves. It is that we cannot retain our backgrounds. Every achievement simply disappears—it is no more—the moment the background is obliterated. The gas-jet is an achievement; so is the water-tap; so is the penny morning newspaper. Or they should be. But we have lost them all. The gas-jet has completely lost its background of paraffin lamp or tallow candle, and so it is gone—gone without rest or remainder—so far as human happiness, the end of social life, is concerned. And so with them all. We do not see the railroad against the waggon any more, the reaper against the scythe, the threshing machine against the flail. Achievement is release. Permanent achievement is permanently enjoyed release; and there can be no release where there has ceased to be anything to relieve. This is the pyrrhic victory which science is for ever gaining, and our plaudits and appreciation of which is bound to leave the detached spectator progressively more dumb and amazed.

In the presence of all this failure of science, it is strikingly difficult for us to believe that what we want is not still more science. We do not call for more of exactly the same thing. We do not pin our faith to the still further improvement of the material facilities of life. We see fairly clearly, I think, that we cannot restore the achievement which the last triumph was, by merely bringing off another one; cannot restore the virtue of the gas-jet by an electric light; or restore the virtue of the water-tap by introducing a hot-water one. For a law of diminishing returns comes in; and rapidly accumulating experience is forcing us to observe it. The later miracle is usually a greater miracle; yet it loses its savour more quickly. We do not, then, hope to catch the world by sheer speed of foot. The way of more material progress leads nowhere. But this hundred and fifty years of effort to change the face of nature into something satisfactory to the mind has been quite enough to suggest the thought that results might improve if science would begin to give attention, not exclusively to the objects which are to be made satisfactory, but to the mind which is to be satisfied with them. Why not develop education, psychotherapy, politics, by properly scientific methods? Why not evolve such a science of man as will enable us, while we continue to manipulate nature, *pari passu* also to manipulate him?

What hinders science that it cannot touch the personality but can only put weapons in its hands, can only provide man with means and cannot shape his ends? Until civilization forgets the last twelve years, the fact must be plain enough that science only gives power, and that its power may be used indifferently for any purpose whatever.

In spite of all our achievements, we are unfortunately where we are. We are like the rat in the trap which, for all its feverish perambulations across the trap, diagonally and otherwise, and round and round, and up and down, it ultimately finds itself where it was, the more exhausted and with less consolation than when it started on its liberty-seeking mission.

Why Science has Failed

The question why all the "progress" that we have achieved has not been able to make our lives more contented and complete is a legitimate one. The answer to the question is supplied by Professor Scott himself. He says:

The reason science does not shape ends is in its nature. It is in its nature always to remain outside its object. In being scientific your object is never an extension of yourself. Either you are outside merely observing it, or you are outside merely manipulating it. Realistic philosophy, indeed, believes that this is its own relation to its object. But that only shows that realistic philosophy is science. There are undoubtedly sciences of the human world, not of the order of traditional psychology or realistic philosophy but genuine quantitative constructions which give you a handle upon the human world as the sciences of nature give you a handle upon nature. There is a science of advertising and a science of education

and a science of majority politics, which may conceivably be developed as fully as their sister-sciences of psychotherapy; to the point, namely, of allowing the skilled manipulator to get the results he wants. The reason why there is, in turn, no science of keeping those wants right, the reason science stops outside the shrine of personality and will not enter the holy of holies, is that it is a manipulator. I am manipulating those electors when I am scientifically catching their votes. I am exploiting customers when I play off the advertiser's technique upon them. And it makes no difference if the thing I am managing be not other people but my own proper self. If I reduce the situation I am handling to law, if I proceed by calculation, then the springs I touch or the nerves I tickle are equally external whether attached to another's personality or to my own. I am not treating other people as ends, I am not treating my own poor self as an end, so long as I am occupying the only attitude that science can impart to me.

The alternative attitude, that which does reach personality and shape ends, is integration, union with the object, acknowledgement of it as being—what due analysis will indeed show me that it must be—an extension of myself. There may be no theoretical discipline which proceeds upon that acknowledgement. There may be no theoretical discipline which even endeavours to. If so, there is no philosophy. But whether the attitude can ever be taken by thought or not, an attitude other than that of external manipulation has always been taken, to the salvation of society. This it is which has prevented science from becoming a mere loosening of blind forces, so far as that eventuality has in fact been prevented.

Sunk in the world and loving it, no people can expect to survive. And they can take with them into a programme of survival only as much of it and of its values as a criticism of categories can save for them.

If, as hinted above, saving men means being with them in something to their salvation—really rejoicing with those who rejoice and weeping with those who weep—then, if we, the denizens of a human world which science has taught us to exploit and love, are yet to escape that world sufficiently to win a place among the biological survivors, the question for us in all our relations with our fellowmen must be, How can we be with them in those ends which, as scientists, we are only exploiting them for? The answer, the only one as it seems to me, is in a criticism of categories. Any and every concrete instance of scientist successfully exploiting the world of man illustrates the point. The psychiatrist reducing a "complex" in his patient, the young lady behind the counter practising "salesmanship" upon customers, can only in one way be with the victim in the end for which they have scientifically exploited him; and that is by perceiving that complexes are not sheer pretence, and that salesmanship tricks are not pure deception; thereby meeting the victim and the world as well as merely handling them. To be really with our fellow-men in the enterprise that saves us all, throughout all the transactions we have with them—biologically, our only ultimate social business—remains a matter of taking up those transactions into that enterprise as part of it. If we are going to be led by a science of man into a whole series of new transactions, then it becomes at once necessary that we be able to read the higher enterprise in the mundane transactions however dimly it may be characterized there.

Science takes, that is to say, an attitude fa

too detached to recognise the proper relation of the oneness of everything in the world with everything else.

The Role of Philosophy

It is in demonstrating the proper relation of the things in the world with one another, their oneness and identity, that philosophy comes in. It is, again, in this sphere that religion steps in. Professor Scott says:

Religion has mostly taken a short way over this business. It has cut the painter. It has secured the light touch by breaking the contact at almost all the points. It has laid its authoritative finger upon this, that, and the other infinitely insignificant detail of this mighty world, and said do this and that and the other specified trifle, and you shall be saved. By concentrating attention on the quite non-utilitarian it has effected the great diversion; placed egoistic man's interests elsewhere than in the world so that the work of the world could get on comparatively undisturbed thereby. But that other world to which it diverted the stream of attention lest the said stream should shatter this one, has slowly shaped itself into an ideal for this one; and so has arisen the necessity for a discipline which shall trace the ideal in the real or criticize categories. Such criticism—an essential condition of the survival, not of a society of any sort, but at least of one competent to preserve social values—is philosophic work.

It cannot be done by science. It cannot be done upon an object which, in contemplating, you do not also constitute. This is the interest and the importance of perceiving the limits of what science can do for society. Before man can be sufficiently detached from the world to survive in it, he must get over the external attitude to it. He must have so fallen in love with the vision of his own spirit perfected in it, that he can joyously part with everything which does not fall within that picture; and that will mean just everything, except what a criticism of categories can save.

* * *

The Solace of Religion

Of all the factors that tend to harmonise the many seemingly discordant elements in life, religion is the most important as also the most easily available to the people at large. Mr. Edwin Bjorkman, writing on the subject "Am I a Christian", from the point of view, not of a Fundamentalist, but of a rather rationalistically inclined person, says:

Christianity is the product, we must remember, of a time that was sick to death with the endless misery of its own selfish and futile strife, and no less sick with the proved futility of the ever newly spawning multitudes of ancient deities—but also of a time that was gradually becoming aware of the rights and claims of the individual as opposed to those of the tribe or the state. It was a time of transition in every respect, when men at last were beginning to think

of themselves as having souls. Behind it lay ideals that were almost exclusively social; ahead of it others that were as one-sidedly individual. For this very reason, however, the teachings ascribed to Jesus of Nazareth reflect both these sets of conflicting and seemingly incompatible ideas. And in this fact lies undoubtedly one of the chief sources of their continued vitality at a juncture when changing social conditions have caused a much over-emphasized and largely misconstrued individualism to become a hindrance to the further progress of the race.

In its primal origin the Christ figure may have symbolized the renewal of life in spring, and this grew into a symbolization of the constant renewal of all life through birth and death and new birth. Then, and with increasing preponderance, it was made to symbolize the new aspirations of the individual to a personal identity so distinct as to make him immortal. By a parallel process of growth no less important, it came also to symbolize man's dream of a social organism that would permit every individual to develop freely in accordance with his own nature. Lastly that steadily growing figure of the Son of Man, who mythically and miraculously was also the Son of God, the direct offspring and delegate of the power back of all life, became a symbol for man's dream of an ideal man, a superman, that would lift the whole race out of the slough of selfishness and greed and jealousy and ignorance in which it had wallowed since it first learned to claim the epithet of human. The Kingdom of God which that final Christ was represented as preaching must be understood not as a heaven in the skies but as a millennium on earth, based on the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God; based, that means, on man's complete and effective realization of the universally harmonious coordination of all life as the purpose toward which the force or spirit back of it seems to strive when properly comprehended.

Religion, thus viewed, gives a new zest in life which sustains all the troubles and tribulations life is subject to.

The Doctrine of Atonement

This is especially the case, in Mr. Bjorkman's view, with the doctrine of vicarious atonement. He writes on this doctrine:

This last form of symbolism is particularly exemplified and accentuated by the idea of vicarious atonement, which may suggest nothing more than a cowardly escape if falsely interpreted. It does not teach that we may evade the consequences of our own acts through the gratuitous intercession of some one else, but that we are all parts of a common whole, united to each other by the fundamental facts of our existence as the cells of the body are united by tiny filaments of protoplasm, so that daily and hourly we suffer and rejoice, pay and reap, vicariously, on account of innumerable acts in which we bear no open share. There is in all of us a Christ portion that carries the sins of others and helps to atone for them, so that others still to come may not have to pay quite so high a price for the mistakes and misdeeds of the past; a portion that is not of our own choosing but imposed on us by life itself. To me personally this truth was brought home unforgettably.

had to face the horrible details of the so-called Broom disaster, and my tortured mind insisted on knowing why, in a universe not ordained by fiends, many hundred women and children should perish cruelly for no fault of their own. And the dawn of peace came to me only when I saw that they were all infinitesimally small replicas of the Christ figure, atoning for sins not their own, that others might learn and live.

If this interpretation of the Christ myth have any truth in it, then it should be easily seen why, instead of scrapping it as antiquated and outlived, we should cherish and develop it still further, until it grows universal enough, exalted enough, and lifelike enough to gain acceptance throughout the world in an ultimate merging with similarly understood myths of other Messianic prophets. The chief sin of the Fundamentalists and other orthodox confessors of every type is that they must needs cast their Christ figure in some material so hard that neither love nor hatred, neither time nor space, can affect it in any manner; while to live, and to draw living love, and thus to urge life of ever increasing perfection, that figure must be kept plastic and experimental as are all those parts and forms of life that have a future and a destiny ahead of them.

* * *

A Solution for Racial Antagonisms

Proceeding, Mr. Bjorkman points out how Christianity affords a new affinity between man, whatever his race and region. He says:

Another aspect of this myth has played a part in shaping the conclusion to which thus self-scrutinized me—an aspect that impressed me deeply as soon as it occurred to me. While I am pondering whether I should call myself a Christian or not, there are millions of people in other parts of the globe who have no hesitation at all on that score. Of course I am a Swede and a European by birth, an American by nationality and adaptation, an Occidental by geographical location, and a member of the so-called white races anthropologically. But to innumerable Moslems, Buddhists, Brahmanists, and Confucians, all such distinctions are submerged in my membership of that part of humanity which constitutes modern Christendom. To all such outsiders I am first and last a Christian, no matter what I may say about it. The community of different peoples is determined partly by their own sense of it, and partly by their common juxtaposition to other parts of the human race. From both points of view Christianity remains a real and living fact even at this late day, and I find myself a part of it.

After all, that beautiful old myth is the one thing that makes a nominal unit, however precariously knit together, of four whole continents—Europe, the two Americas, and Australia—as well as of considerable parts of Asia and Africa. In that name meet men of such different types and cultural stages as the Siberian settler, the Slavonic peasant, the American business man, and the South American Gaucho.

This far-flung tie of a wholly spiritual nature traverses the more material factors of race, color, Nationality, and class. Evanescent and weak as it may seem at times even to the firmest and least skeptical adherents of the Christian faith, it nevertheless sets them apart from other men in a symbolical entity that may some day become actual. It is a heritage not to be lightly discarded in a world so rich in dividing influences, and so poor in manifestations of our fundamental human community.

To myself this slight bond has proved too precious an asset to be rejected for the sake of any differences of religious formulation. Believe what I may, I am a member, by birth and upbringing, by political allegiance and cultural tradition, of a vast number of racial groups scattered all over the earth and held together, nominally at least, by a name and an idea, a myth and a dream. It has a different meaning to every one of them, and yet it gives to all of them an inevitable identity of orientation. To break this single bond now would be not only a waste but an impossibility. The old bottles must house the new wine for a long time to come. So I think it the better policy by far to accept this bond, and to work for a further development of that central unifying myth to a degree of purity and significance that will make it a common inspiration for all mankind, not toward barren asceticism or paralyzing other-worldliness but toward constructive collaboration in that service of the Spirit of Life which may also be defined as "community in God."

These are, in the main, the reasons why I not only am willing to call myself a Christian but hold it my right and duty to do so.

The experience of Mr. Bjorkman is the experience of many else. Religion is found to be a necessity by the most agnostic of men.

* * *

"Delight in God only"

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me!

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of thee.

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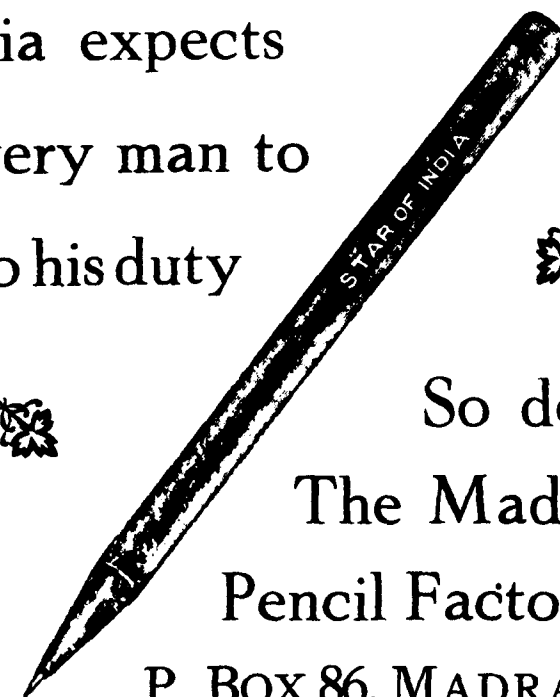
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