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Satyagraha in South Africa & The Story of my Experiments with Truth.
By Mahatma Gandhi

BORODADA: SOME RECOLLECTIONS
By Anil Kumar Mittra, B.A.

THE IDEAL OF KINGLY GLORY
By Francesco Gaeta

THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH
By M. R. Ramaswamy Iyer

THE UNDERSTANDING OF GANDHI
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Current Thought

That which exists is One :

The wise name It variously

--RIG VEDA

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Vol. II

JULY 1926

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Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XVI

AHMAD MAHUMMAD KACHHALIA

WHEN the deputation was on its way to England, I happened to talk about the anti-Asiatic legislation in the Transvaal with an Englishman who had settled in South Africa, and when I informed him of the object of our visit to England, he exclaimed, "You don't want to wear the dog's collar." He thus compared the Transvaal permit to a dog's collar, but I did not quite understand then, and cannot exactly tell while recording that incident even now, whether he thus intended to express his contempt for the Indians and joy at their humiliation, or whether he only meant to show his strong feeling in the matter. According to the golden rule that a person's words must not be interpreted so as to do him an injustice, I take it that the gentleman used this graphic language only in order to evince his strong feeling. However that may be, the Transvaal Government on one side was preparing to throw the dog's collar on the Indians' necks, while on the other side the Indians were getting ready to put up a fight against the wicked policy of that Government and were concerting measures calculated to strengthen them in their resolution never to wear that collar. Of

course we were writing letters to friends in England as well as in India and trying thus to keep them in touch with the situation from day to day. But a Satyagraha struggle depends but little upon help from outside, and it is only internal remedies that are effective. The leaders' time therefore was chiefly taken up with the endeavours to keep all the elements of the community up to the mark.

One important question before us was, what agency we should use for carrying on the struggle. The Transvaal British Indian Association had a large membership. Satyagraha had not yet seen the light of the day when it was established. The Association had resisted in the past, and must resist in the future, not one obnoxious law, but quite a host of them. Besides organising resistance to obnoxious legislation, it had many other functions of a political and social nature to perform. Again all the members of the Association were not pledged to resist the Black Act through Satyagraha. At the same time we must take account of external risks to which the Association would be exposed in the event of its being identified with the Satyagraha struggle. What if the Transvaal Government declared the struggle to be seditious and all institutions carry-

ing it on as illegal bodies? What would, in such a case, be the position of members who were not Satyagrahis? And what about the funds which were contributed at a time when Satyagraha was not so much as thought of? All these were weighty considerations. Lastly, the Satyagrahis were strongly of opinion that they not only must not entertain any ill-will against those who did not join the struggle whether for want of faith or weakness or any other reason whatever, but must maintain their present friendly relations with them unimpaired and even work side by side with them in all other movements except the Satyagraha struggle.

For all these reasons the community came to the conclusion that the Satyagraha struggle should not be carried on through any of the existing organisations. They might render all help in their power and resist the Black Act in every way open to them except that of Satyagraha, for which a new body named 'the Passive Resistance Association' was started by the Satyagrahis. The reader will see from this English name that the word Satyagraha had not yet been invented when this new Association came into being. Time fully justified the wisdom of constituting a fresh body for the work, and the Satyagraha movement might perhaps have suffered a set-back if any of the existing organisations had been mixed up with it. Numerous members joined this new Association, and the community furnished it funds too with a lavish hand.

My experience has taught me that no movement ever stops or languishes for want of funds. This does not mean that any temporal movement can go on without money, but it does mean that wherever it has good men and true at its helm, it is bound to attract to itself the requisite funds. On the other hand, I have also observed that a movement takes its downward course from the time that it is afflicted with a plethora of funds. When therefore a public institution is managed from the interest of investments, I dare not call it a sin but I do say that it is a highly improper procedure. The public should be the bank for all public institutions, which should not last a day longer than the public wish. An institution

run with the interest of accumulated capital ceases to be amenable to public opinion and becomes autocratic and self-righteous. This is not the place to dwell upon the corruption of many a social and religious institution managed with permanent funds. The phenomenon is so common that he who runs may read it.

But we must return to our narrative. Lawyers and English-educated persons do not by any means enjoy a monopoly of hair-splitting. I saw that even the uneducated Indians in South Africa were quite capable of drawing minute distinctions and making fine arguments. Some argued that the pledge taken in the Old Empire Theatre had been fulfilled as the old ordinance was disallowed, and those who had weakened since then took shelter under this plea. The argument was not quite devoid of force, yet it could not impress those whose resistance was not to the law as a law but to the vicious principle underlying it. All the same it was found necessary to re-administer the oath of resistance for safety's sake just to reinforce the awakening of the community and to probe the extent of its weakness if any. Meetings therefore were held in every place, where the situation was explained, the oath was administered afresh and the spirit of the community was found to be as high as ever.

Meanwhile the fateful month of July was gradually drawing to an end, and on the last day of that month we had resolved to call a mass meeting of the Indians at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. Delegates from other places besides were also invited to attend. The meeting was held in the open on the grounds of Pretoria Mosque. After the inauguration of Satyagraha our meetings were so largely attended that no building could accommodate them. The entire Indian population in the Transvaal did not exceed 13,000 souls, of whom over 10,000 lived in Johannesburg and Pretoria. An attendance at public meetings of two thousand from an aggregate population of ten thousand would be considered large and satisfactory in any part of the world. A movement of mass Satyagraha is impossible on any other condition. Where the struggle is wholly dependent upon internal strength, it cannot go on at all without mass

discipline. The workers therefore did not consider such large attendance as anything surprising. From the very first they had decided to hold public meetings only in the open so that expense was nearly avoided and none had to go back from the place of meeting disappointed for want of accommodation. All these meetings, again, were mostly very quiet. The audiences heard everything attentively. If those who were far away from the platform could not hear a speaker, they would ask him to speak louder. The reader scarcely needs to be told that there were no chairs at these meetings. Every one sat on the ground. There was a very small platform designed to accommodate the chairman, the speaker and a couple of friends, and a small table and a few chairs or stools were placed upon it.

Mr. Yusuf Ismail Mian, acting Chairman of the British Indian Association, presided over this meeting. As the time for issuing permits under the Black Act was drawing nearer, the Indians were naturally anxious in spite of all their enthusiasm; but no less anxious than they, were General Botha and General Smuts, all the might of the Transvaal Government at their back notwithstanding. No one would like to bend a whole community to his will by sheer force. General Botha therefore had sent Mr. William Hosken to this meeting to admonish us. The reader has already made this gentleman's acquaintance in a previous chapter. The meeting received him warmly, and he said, "You know I am your friend. I need scarcely say that my feelings in this matter are with you. If at all I could, I would gladly make your opponents accede to your demands. But you hardly need to be told about the general hostility of the Transvaal Whites to your community. I am here at General Botha's instance. He has asked me to be the bearer of his message to this meeting. He entertains a feeling of respect for you and understands your sentiments, but he says, 'he is helpless. All the Whites in the Transvaal unanimously ask for such law, and he himself is convinced of the necessity for it. The Indians know fully well how powerful is the Transvaal Government. The law has again been

endorsed by the Imperial Government. The Indians have done all they could and have acquitted themselves like men. But now that their opposition has failed, and the law has been passed, the community must prove their loyalty and love of peace by submitting to it. General Smuts will carefully look into any representations you make by suggesting minor changes in the regulations framed in virtue of the Registration Act.' My own advice to you also is, that you should comply with the General's message. I know that the Transvaal Government is firm regarding this law. To resist it will be to dash your head against a wall. I wish that your community may not be ruined in fruitless opposition or invite needless suffering on their heads." I translated the speech to the meeting word by word, and further put them on their guard on my own behalf. Mr. Hosken retired amidst cheers.

It was now time for the Indian speakers to address the meeting. One of these speakers was the late Ahmad Muhammad Kachhalia, the hero, not of this chapter alone, but of the present volume). I knew him only as a client and as an interpreter. He had never before now taken a leading part in public work. He had a working knowledge of English, which he had so far improved by practice that when he took his friends to English lawyers, he acted as interpreter himself. But interpretership was not a profession with him; he worked as interpreter only as a friend. He at first used to hawk piece goods, and then to trade on a small scale in partnership with his brother. He was a Surti Meman and enjoyed great reputation in his class. His knowledge of Gujarati was also limited but in this too he had greatly advanced, being schooled by experience. He had such sharp intelligence that he very easily grasped anything that was put to him. He solved legal difficulties with such facility as often astonished me. He would not hesitate to argue law even with lawyers, and very often his arguments were worthy of consideration for them.

I have never, whether in South Africa or in India, come across a man who could surpass Mr. Kachhalia in courage and steadfastness. He sacrificed his all for the community's sake. He was always a man of his word. He was a strict

orthodox Musalman, being one of the trustees of the Surti Meman mosque. But at the same time he looked upon Hindus and Musalmans with an equal eye. I do not remember that he ever fanatically or improperly sided with Musalmans as against Hindus. Perfectly fearless and impartial as he was, he never hesitated to point out their faults to Hindus as well as Musalmans whenever he found it necessary. His simplicity and humility were worthy of imitation. My close contact with him for years leads me to hold firmly to the opinion that a community can rarely boast of having in their midst a man of the stamp of Mr. Kachhalia.

Mr. Kachhalia was one of the speakers at the meeting. He made a very short speech. He said, "Every Indian knows what the Black Act is and what it implies. I have heard Mr. Hosken attentively, and so have you. His speech has only confirmed me in my resolution. We know how powerful is the Transvaal Government. But it cannot do anything more than enact such law. It will cast us into prison, confiscate our property, deport us or hang us. All this we will bear cheerfully, but we cannot simply put up with this law." I observed that while saying this, Mr. Kachhalia was being deeply moved. His face reddened, the veins on his neck and on the head were swollen with the blood coursing rapidly through them, his body was shaking, and, moving the fingers of his right hand upon his throat, he thundered forth: 'I swear in the name of God that I will be hanged but I will not submit to this law, and I wish that every one present here will do likewise.' So saying he took his seat. As he moved his fingers on his throat, some of those seated on the platform smiled, and I remember

that I joined them in their smile. I was rather doubtful whether Kachhalia Sheth would be able fully to translate his brave words into action. I am ashamed of this doubt now and every time I think of it. Kachhalia always remained to the fore among the many Indians who literally observed their pledge in that great struggle without a moment's flinching.

The meeting cheered him as he spoke. Others then knew him very much better than I did, as many of them were personally familiar with this obscure hero. They knew that Kachhalia only says what he means and means what he says. There were other spirited speeches too. But I have singled out Kachhalia Sheth's for mention, as it proved to be a prophecy of his subsequent career. Not every one of the spirited speakers stood the final test. This great man died in 1918, four years after the struggle was over, serving the community till the last.

I will close this chapter with a reminiscence of Kachhalia Sheth which may not find a place elsewhere. The reader later on will hear of Tolstoy Farm, where lived a number of Satyagrahi families. The Sheth sent his ten or twelve years old son Ali to be educated there as an example to others and in order that the boy might be brought up to a life of simplicity and service. It was due to the example he thus set that other Musalmans likewise sent their boys to the Farm. Ali was a modest, bright, truthful and straightforward boy. God took him into Himself before his father. If it had been given to him to live, I doubt not he would have turned out to be the worthy son of an excellent father.

Translated by V. G. DESAI

(To be continued)

The Understanding of Gandhi IV

G. RAMACHANDRAN, SANTINIKETAN

FOR over half a century now, the flood tides of a great Renaissance have been rising all over India. Foremost among the quickening influences has been the coming of the West into the East. The West came with its challenge of science and civilisation. The West stood at the door of India and demanded that the doors be opened. But within doors a great culture and civilisation had gone stagnant and stagnation in the life of a people is death to it. But the challenge of the West rang out bolder and clearer. The challenge was not to be denied, for it had in it vital elements of the truth that is dynamic, that life is an organic whole and that to take in parts is to court disaster. And so perforce India slowly woke up and sought for means of self-assertion. The earliest efforts were in the realm of religion. Christian missionaries had come in ever increasing numbers. They were quick in detecting the weakest spots in the religious life of India and once they found them out they busily set about to proclaim to the world that India was a land of semi-savages. And of course the only way out according to them was to bring India under the shelter of the Christian Church. India quickly took up this religious challenge, because it could. India had only to remember her great spiritual inheritance. The Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj, the Ramakrishna Mission and a few other movements were the waves of the religious renaissance which rose to recover India's spiritual inheritance. These movements went back to the very springs of our spiritual life, and sought to gather the mighty inspiration of the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Gita. The inspired sages of the Vedic ages had enshrined their rich and sublime spiritual experiences in the exquisite and eternal music of these great compositions. The new movements sought to recover these experiences and

offer new and living interpretations that would be in consonance with the spirit of the new age. The result was that in a surprisingly short time India asserted herself in the realm of religion. And to-day Christian missionaries are reluctantly realising that India has ideals and aspirations perhaps purer and nobler than they can possibly offer;—the message of Christ Himself having been written in the Soul of India centuries before Christ Himself uttered it.

In the realm of culture—literature, science and art—the currents of renaissance ran slower. But the process is steadily going on and in Bengal has reached a luminous water-mark. Maharashtra and Andhra come next in exhibiting quick vitality. The other vernaculars too are wide awake. But it was and is in the realm of material organisation that the self-assertion of India appears slowest, probably for the reason that it was here that the foundations in the past were not so certain as to support the new order. But far more vital is the point, that at heart India is not sure if it ought at all to assert itself in the material realm, and if at all, it should do so in the manner in which the West has done. India has seen materialism running its wild, red course across Europe, drenching whole nations in blood, creating a new dark religion of exploitation and generating terrific forces of hatred and violence. In the very countries where material aspects of modern civilisation have become clamorously triumphant, India sees the tragic corruption of the spirit. In the words of the French writer Paul Bureau, Europe is to-day face to face with 'moral bankruptcy.' And Paul Bureau is not a hater of Europe or its civilisation. He is a lover of both and demands only that the darker aspects of European civilisation should be eliminated. Therefore is his indictment ever so much more terrible.

In a recent book of his, "D'Indiscipline des Moeurs," he draws a picture of the moral bankruptcy of France that should be an eye opener to those who would have India follow the path of unbridled materialism. It is good therefore that better minds in India have been wondering whether India in the attempt for material assertion will not inevitably be driven to choose ways and means akin to the European. But all the same, India has only too well realised to her cost what it is to neglect to build aright the material foundations of her life. No tower of the spirit can stand the test of time unless the foundations be laid deep in the stern realities of the earth. And so the need has arisen in India to-day for a new synthesis of the spiritual and the material.

Rabindranath has said. "Truth has its nest as well as its sky. That nest is definite in structure, accurate in the law of construction and though it has to be changed and rebuilt over and over again, the need of it is never ending and its laws are eternal. For some centuries the East has neglected the nest building of truth. She has not been attentive to learn its secret. Trying to cross the trackless infinite, the East has relied solely upon her wings. She has spurned the earth, till buffeted by storms her wings are hurt and she is tired sorely, needing help." The challenge of the New Age to India is therefore to arrive at a synthesis that would reconcile the 'nest' with the 'sky.' To the extent India succeeds in this synthesis, India would have shown the way for a better Humanity.

Idealism is ingrained in man. To cherish faith in the seemingly impossible is his privilege. But idealism which is this inexhaustible faith in the seemingly impossible needs to-day to be translated into life and action. Idealism that is detached from life and action cannot save Humanity to day. It can only show the way, not clear the path. I would even rather say that all true idealism will be intensely practical. Such was the idealism of Buddha, of Christ, of Mohamed. Their idealism incarnated over and over again in countless men who carried the message of 'life-everlasting', across gigantic

physical barriers and what were often the still more insuperable barriers of race and creed and custom. Idealism is certainly no new thing or a strange thing. It is as old as history, and even the copy book for children is full of sublime idealistic aphorisms. But translate just one of these copy-book maxims into action—and the world will reverberate from end to end. Men see the truth, but they dare not act truth; and so it is that the copy-book maxim becomes verily a tragic symbol! India has inherited the most radiant legacy of the spirit. How shall we flood Humanity with this radiance unless we have made it a part of our lives and shown that it shall remain undimmed even after contact with the cold cruel realities of our life? India has therefore to achieve a luminous synthesis between her soaring idealism and all her crying needs in the realm of matter if she would take her place in the vanguard of civilisation. The old ideal of ascetic seclusion can never come back. The need to-day is for a new asceticism, an asceticism that would face life squarely and not fly from it and yet retain the spiritual radiance that has often been its crown.

There certainly is the danger that India might lose her head in endeavouring to assert herself materially. Political oppression on the one hand and economic exploitation on the other are together driving India to the verge of despair. Nothing would be more natural therefore than that the general mind of India would want to do what Japan did and what China is doing to-day—to create the West in the East,—so as to meet steel with steel. In Rabindranath's words "Western nations felt no respect for Japan till she proved that the blood-hounds of Satan are not only bred in the Kennels of Europe but can also be domesticated in Japan and fed with man's miseries." In India too there are those who believe that our emancipation lies in creating the same engines of power as in the West. They would want to domesticate "the blood hounds" in Indian kennels; though of course they would piously protest, that they do not want to feed them "on man's miseries." They do not realise that these hounds can be fed on nothing else "Man's miseries" constitute their sole food

But is this after all the only way out? Rather, is this a way out at all? If it is not, what other way is open to us? And if there are other ways which of them is the *quickest and the noblest*? These are some of the fundamental questions that have to be answered. I claim that the answers that we need are enshrined in the Gandhian gospel of national self-redemption. In the fundamental principles involved, "Non-co-operation" points the way to the *new synthesis* of which I have spoken. Indeed Non-co-operation is a synthesis in more ways than one. For Non-co-operation in a very true sense had its birth in the confluence of the West and the East. Non-co-operation implying essentially as it did the *dynamic of collective action* would have been probably unthinkable in an India which had not come face to face with Europe. India in the movement of Non-co-operation accepted this *dynamic of collective action*, but made it to flow over the river-bed of its own moral genius. Non-co-operation demanded the *collective discipline* of the Western armies;—only this discipline was demanded not to do organised murder, but to meet organised death and that unflinchingly and without a thought of retaliation. In truth this was a discipline which the shattered forces of the people sorely needed, not merely for a collective effort but also to

prevent spasmodic and fitful outbursts of violence which would have served no purpose except to give the ever alert Government the chance to launch forth into unbridled repression. Discipline is the soul of Nonviolent Non-co-operation, for sacrifice and suffering voluntarily and cheerfully borne, are its primary conditions. The discipline needed to exact sacrifice and inflict suffering is mere child's play beside the discipline needed in offering ourselves up smilingly for sacrifice. And this discipline thus becomes a discipline of the spirit where it is not the limbs alone that must move in unison but the spirit too. Therefore is Nonviolent Non-co-operation as conceived by Mahatma Gandhi primarily a movement towards a spiritual and moral revolution. We shall see also, how the mind of Gandhi built up his programme, in the manner in which alone could every uprising of the spirit find its natural expression through channels of concrete and dynamic action, so that the resultant deeds became the true measure of the spirit and the spirit the true measure of action.

"Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed."

The Ideal of Kingly Glory

BY FRANCESCO GAETA

When, as sometimes happens, an Indian prince becomes the topic of discussion amongst us, we begin to live in a world of romance and weave anecdotic tales—tales such as are in perfect keeping with our fashionable society weighted down beneath the obsession of economical theories, both orthodox and heterodox, plutocratic and communistic, the two divisions that resemble the two fingers of the same forceps. A rajah arrives at Geneva, and at once the story goes forth that his daily expenses amount to two hundred and fifty thousand lire and that his automo-

biles cost a million Swiss francs, etc. The Raja of Kashmir dies, and at once we estimate his annual income at an enormous amount, one followed by Six Zeros. And while money and melodrama always go together, some upstart adventurer steps in to victimise the potentate, if the latter is young and a *Con viveur*.

We have, however, to regard these oriental potentates in a different light; they really do not strike us as exotic at all. Viewed outside their political sphere, and connections, they form mementoes reminiscent of true Kingliness

which is an institution essentially Aryan or Indo-European, and hence they form objects well worthy of consideration even here in the West. Today, as for centuries past and as in the Vedic and Epic periods, these kings form part of the *Kshatriya* caste, the caste which the intellectual Brahmins, have created over themselves, but which all the same has to find its refuge ultimately in "Brahmana" principles themselves, on pain of perdition. The occidental doctrinaires, whether of the non-Aryan or of the de-Aryanised variety, with their futile discussions about "Churches" and "Confessions" in India, with their inaccurate renderings of the term "purohita" which signifies the Brahmin who is in charge of the soul of the rajahs, call the above-mentioned organisation "theocracy"; but they thereby only delude themselves forgetting, as they do that the whole universe itself is theocratic because it is ruled by God, and that the epoch in which, at least according to them, theocracy means oppression, has, to the greatest extent, the demerit of not being sufficiently theocratic.

The Brahmins perfect the ruling princes in *Dharma*. The dismemberance of the intelligence which we have perpetrated in the West, while preventing us from visualising the simple truths of life, darkens and obscures, by a process of dissection, the idea conveyed by the word *Dharma*, which is the supreme treasure of our Aryan family. *Dharma* is *Brahman* or God himself as manifested in practices or actions, in irreducible obligations and responsibilities. What is called *Niti* is, in its turn, only *Dharma* as manifested in political action, the main guiding principle of which is *Ahimsa* or non-injury to all living beings, not merely human. In poetry and in reality—which in India is poetry itself, the Sannyasins with big beards and malted hair locks gathered in *jatas* on the crown of their heads, living in the remoteness of the forests or amidst the splendour of the royal palace the splendour of the royal palace amidst, initiate all these Kings with the turbaned head and uncovered feet, in the *Chaturashrama*. They encourage him in his military ambition but induce him to fight generously and chivalrously to

rescue the distressed and the fallen, the beggar pleading with folded hands, and the fugitive with the fluttering hair. They induce the princes to control their selves, dissuade them from evil games and sports and from any yielding or pandering to the senses, and enchant them wonderful tales of old in which gods tempt monarchs to prove their worth. Thus disciplined through the course of generations, the Indian prince regards contemplation and introspection as more important than mere political management. He too emulates the Brahmin in the training for salvation.

It is, therefore, not exceptional or rare to find a King like *Asoka* whom the senator *Guiseppa de Lorenzo* describes, in the review "Gerarchia", with a spacious lyricism. Dowered with the instinct of a poet is this *de Lorenzo*, and a lover, besides, of the grandiose, French aestheticism becomes convincing and persuasive when *Loins Gillet* who delights us both with his lectures and his causeries, expounds in the columns of the *Revue de deux Mondes* the correspondence which exists, in the mind of our geologist—Buddhist (*de Lorenzo*) between the two great immensities that of the stupendous geological phenomena and that of the doctrine which reduces it all to a dream. Naturally, *Lorenzo* was attracted by the figure of the third Mauryan King who laid down "that at all points of his empire his moral proclamations should be inscribed on the granitic and basaltic rocks of the mountains or, where there are no mountains as in the vast alluvial plains on monolithic columnal pillars of ten to fifteen metres in height and a metre medially in diameter, surmounted by statues."

Asoka usually passes amongst us for a propagator of the kind of religious non-interference whose formula is the subject of one of the discs of the demo laic gramophone and which is interested by a reverse process, in bottling up religion itself. The actions of this conventional *Asoka* loomed large before the public view during the rather bankrupt Buddhist revival which coincided with the Russo-Japanese war when the compelling infatuation of Japan imposed upon Europeans the strident *Kimono* and not a little

frightened them into modifying their treaties. Smith in his interesting work, *Asoka the Buddhist Emperor of India*, has demonstrated the injustice of attributing this eclectic and agnostic Nathan-like tolerance to the Lord Buddha of Pataliputra, by proving the non-existence in India many rigid and exclusively independent "religions" and also the unrestricted liberty which has always been the attribute of Hinduism. That in the dominant Brahminism of the time there could not be a shade of intolerance is proved amply by the vain attempts to find in it any the slightest trace of persecution against Buddhism which is only its offshoot, unless we take seriously the belated fable of *Madhava* regarding the extirpation of the Buddhists, through the order of a king called *Sudhanwan*, "from the sea of Rama till the snowy heights of the Himalayas", or the fabricated story that the Brahmins promulgated dissoluteness and libertinism for dissuading men from the Lord Buddha. The edicts of *Asoka* relating to the various congregations (not sects be it remembered,) are only the implicit anticipation of the maxim of Jesus: "the letter killeth while the spirit enliveneth."

These counsels are admonitions to the Buddhists and not to the Brahmins. *Asoka* embraced Buddhism—with the name of *Piyadasi*—as a political expedient—indeed not according to empiric Machiavellian principles but according to the sacred *niti*. Talking of the second volume of the "Discourses of Gautama Buddha" translated by *Lorenzo* and published by *Laterzi*, I have described the real nature of Buddhism, which is only an invention of the Brahmins for inculcating goodness (identical with God) in the minds of non-Aryans and indigenous Sudras incapable of conceiving God. He who feels doubts may examine the structure, which is more didactic than stylistic, of the lord's discourses constituted of apparently puerile repetitions magisterially collated together for presenting divine ethics to uncultured peoples devoid of the intuitive height of intelligence. *Asoka* gave legislative expression to this ethic interpretation of *Dharma* which is really Indian

in character—as *Rhys Davids* points out—before being Buddhistic.

Dharma is the law of piety—a fair translation this, which is freely in vogue; but the rendering is not accurate if *Asoka* is understood as a humanitarian of the type so often seen amongst us. Down with the social humanitarianism which, rooting out humanity from the Universe, indurates it, which, robbing Peter to pay Paul, sins against God in whom all of us are. Of this sinister altruism only scoundrels take advantage.....The principle of *Ahimsa* cannot apply to the violators of *Ahimsa*. "If the king", says *Manu*, "did not provide for the infliction of castigation, the strong would oppress the weak, the unfit would usurp the place of the fit, and proprietary rights would come to naught". *Asoka* did not abolish capital punishment but allotted to the condemned three days for the practice of piety. *Asoka* did more: he exalted humanity and strengthened its close connection with all things created. The great king's laws of mercy comprehended human beings and their brethren,—viz. all animals towards which our contaminated occident continues to perpetrate every kind of cruelty. Imperial shelters and horseponds for wayfarers as well as beasts lined long streets. The catacombs of animals for the use of the royal table were suppressed. The first edict on rocks interdicted every kind of animal sacrifice; the fifth edict, in stronger terms, prohibited macellation and mutilation. Theoretically there was nothing of the personal in all this. Kindness towards all living beings is the key-stone of Brahmin ascetic life. "He who is at one with the Brahman," says the *Yogatattwa-Upanishad*, "guarantees protection to all living beings even as into his own self." The principle of kindness to animals, when it began to diminish in popularity and practice in India, found copious defenders. The moving harangue of the good merchant *Tuladhara* or the indignation of king *Visakhin*, or the episode of *Satya* the hermit are illustrations thereof.

Though *Asoka's* ethics are Buddhistic, in him lives again the central hero of *Mahabharata*, the prince *Yudhishtira* who was raised to apotheosis not when he won the Great War but when he

refused to abandon his own dog. While this King Yudhishtira is the poetic embodiment of Dharma, Asoka is the historical incarnation. With Asoka, the dynasty of which he forms the culmination, having acquired for itself, through contact with Alexander, the Macedonian, the imperialism which in the West is an end in itself, turned out to be the instrument of Indian and Aryan universal love.

Thus our rajah-guests through their presence and their tradition, proclaim to the Machiavellian West how sterile craftiness and design are in politics, and to all Mammonists and devotees of the science of riches that opulence is yet something in the world, but not indeed the essential!

Translated from the Italian by
L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

Borodada : Some Recollections

II

BY ANIL KUMAR MITTRA, B.A.

It was on a summer evening in the year 1914 when I went to this sage with Mr. W. W. Pearson who was at that time translating Maharsi Devendranath Tagore's Bengali sermons into English. It was on this sacred evening that the secret of his great life was revealed to me all of a sudden and I became his disciple in the true sense of the word. I can never forget that auspicious interview. Mr. Pearson always came to him for spiritual help, but on that occasion he wanted Borodada to translate for him the first verse of Ishopanishad.

When Borodada was reciting that verse in his deep awe-inspiring sonorous voice, all the hairs of his hoary head stood on ends and he was in ecstatic raptures. It looked as if the Rishi of the Upanishads had once more come down amongst us to bless our ears with the recital of his sacred mantram. It was a sight for the Gods to see. I understood at once that many of us read Upanishad, but this sage lived up to them. Our heart was at once filled with faith and devotion. We have never heard such wonderful recitation of the mantras of Upanishads.

As soon as he finished, he told, "Mr. Pearson, the essence of the sloka, I mean, its spirit, will be lost as soon as it is translated. Our Rishi used words whose very sound would bring out their proper significance. They have a charm about them which cannot be given in a transla-

tion." However he translated the verse and gave us a very illuminating exposition of the text. He maintained that the entire Upanishad had been condensed into this single verse. He said, "God dwells everywhere, but it is nothing like the Christian idea of Pantheism. In Him we live and move, and have our being. We must be satisfied with whatever He gives; for He, like our mother, knows our wants. The child does not dictate to its mother to give this or that. It simply cries and mother gives it. Foolish and ignorant people exploit others for their own self-aggrandisement. But you must not think that our philosophy teaches us inaction." For immediately after this sloka, the Rishi exhorts.

"*Kurbaneveha Karmani jijivishet shatam sama*"—Do thou work, and wish to live a hundred years. Our philosophy is no abstraction but very practical. Though it does not teach us to make aeroplanes (which many of our people think it does!), it does teach us to live our lives in doing good to others—*Sarvabhutahite ratah*."

Thus briefly he gave us the very essence of Indian Philosophy in which he was a master. About that time Lowes Dickinson published a book on India, disparaging our philosophy. Borodada requested Mr. Pearson to dispel the utter ignorance of these English writers about India. He told, "Our Rishis tried to find out the

inner spirit of things, and so they did not worry much for exact sciences. But they could find the general truths of Astronomy, such as '*chala prithivi sthira bhati*'—the moving Earth appears to be motionless—long before the modern astronomers. They concentrated their energy to gain something beyond which nothing more is to be gained.

*Yam labdhva chaparam labham
manyaté nadhikam tatah
Yasmin sthito na duhkkena
Gurnapi vichalyate.*

He added,

"But I have nothing to find fault with modern scientists. One is only the complement of the other. My objection against western science is that it is wrongly applied. The cure is worse than the disease." With this last sentence he burst forth into his usual loud and hearty laughter.

After this we paid our reverence and went home in deep gratefulness. But shortly after, he sent a messenger with a note apologising for his hard sayings on Christian Pantheism.

In fact he on that evening condemned the idea of Christian Pantheism in the strongest terms. It was an after-thought which reminded him that he did not do well to wound Mr. Pearson's Christian susceptibilities. But Mr. Pearson, being a large hearted Christian, went to him personally and told Borodada that he believed every word of his to be true.

He was a great soul. Consciously or unconsciously, he could not inflict pain on others. In him we found the wonderful harmony of child-like simplicity and vast intellectual culture. At that time I dared not always approach him. But one day he called me to read Justice Woodroffe's letter, some words of which he could not decipher. I will take this opportunity to quote Borodada's two letters in reply to Justice Woodroffe. From them we will have some idea of his views regarding Tantra and Vedantic philosophy in his own words. He wrote :

SHANTINIKETAN.

26th May 1919

My dear Mr. Woodroffe,

Thanks to you for your kind letter of the 19th inst. Although I have not had the good fortune

to be as yet personally acquainted with you, still what I have heard from my nephew Gogon (Babu Gagendranath Tagore, the artist) concerning the interest you take in the welfare of India emboldens me to take liberty of shaking hands with you, a feat worthy of record. I am overjoyed to find that you agree with me on the three points which constitute the main body of my article.* To be candid with you, my knowledge about the philosophy and religion of India is chiefly due to my personal experience of the religious people and thinkers (unknown to fame) of India of the present time, which unfortunately are yearly and daily dwindling away as the so-called civilization is advancing or coming to its close—no body knows which?

The living present at this time has approached so near to the brink of Kali's *sandhya*, eve of *Kaliyuga*, that to work up from this to the wished-for heaven of real civilization as distinguished from commercial Devilisation is a feat worthy of a stupendous Giant of Genius, an eighth wonder almost.

It is a wonder to me how, in the midst of your exceedingly busy life and solely by your own individual effort, you have obtained mastery over the subject of Tantric and Neo-Vedantic philosophy and literature of India—how you have made a path for yourself within the untrodden mazes of mystic lore of Tantra and have succeeded in coming out from shava-sadhana safe and sound with senses completely under the control of your reason. Your view on the above mentioned is as accurate and faultless as could be desired. Moreover, the conclusion which you have arrived at by the exercise of your own independent judgment, wonderful to say, almost exactly coincides with that of mine.

Truth to say, I have as yet not seen any other European scholar who has come to so close a rapport with genuine Indian thought and culture except a very few great scholar like Deussan etc.

* "Prof. A. B. Keith and the Sankhya system" by Dwijendranath Tagore. Published in the *Modern Review* May 1919.

I would have written you a much longer letter giving you my views on the bond of connection between Vedanta and Sankhya in full, if time and strength permitted me. Under my present circumstances I could do no more than simply to give you a bare hint (which I am sure is nothing new to you) regarding the subject under consideration. Thus:—

(1) Vivarta-vāda versus Parinām-vāda

(2) Whether Prakrithi is an independent entity or wholly depends upon Atma for its phenomenal or Mayic existence.

These are, roughly speaking, the only two points in respect of which Sankhya differs from Vedanta.

I have nothing more to add for the present.

With hearty good wishes, I remain,

Yours Sincerely

DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE.

Shantiniketan,

4th June 1919

Dear Mr. Woodroffe,

With many, many thanks I acknowledge the receipt of the six pamphlets you are good enough to send me. Just now (then 80 years old) I have no leisure to go through all the pamphlets. I have only read with the greatest pleasure and interest your paper on Om.

Since I have no leisure just now as I told you, I can but hastily put down a few words which came uppermost in my mind in course of reading your paper on Om. What you are at present trying to do, is to join, as it were, in wedlock the Eastern Philosophy and Western Science—which Consummation is devoutly to be wished for.

Your paper on OM carried me on its back like the fabled Garuda of Vishnu to the Primeval times when the whole Akasha was resounding with the music of Prathama Nāda (the First Sound) and Chit-Shakti, Ichcha-Shakti, and Kriyashakti,—the power of Thought, the power of Desire, and the power of Action— (Wisdom, love and Will in more conventional and less significant term of the Western school, was getting concentrated in One Om=Womb=Amba (which means mother). What an utterly inexpressible, unthinkable, and incomprehensible Mystery! Who dares to rend this Veil of Isis

with unwashed hands! Only those who prepare themselves for this sole purpose by all sorts of preliminary discipline could venture to have a peep into it—and what little they found, they kept for their own seven times tried disciples they are sure of as being incapable of abusing their trust. But during the Vedic period there arose a kind of anomalous class of men by the known name Nṛātya who threw off all the shackles of vedic observances. They were a sort of outlaws, and whether they adopted the Shakti cult or not is a problem yet to be solved. These men were not necessarily other than respectable, but on the contrary in some passages of Atharva-Veda they were highly spoken as men of superior type. At present, I have a task in hand which takes my mental power to the uttermost, otherwise I would have been glad to carry on with you regular correspondence on these subjects which were of greatest interest to me.

I quite agree with you as regards your opinion of Dr. Deussen.

In fact, I did not at all relish his proclivity towards Schopenhauer and others which vitiated to a certain degree his judgment about our Indian Philosophy.

With prayers for your success in your undertakings,

I remain

Yours Sincerely

DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE.

I have quoted these two letters with a view to show to readers the vast range of philosophical subjects over which he could command his intellectual powers at a ripe age of eighty. In fact, he never lost this wonderful interest in all subjects whether spiritual or mundane till before his passing away. He had the capacity of working for several hours at a stretch. He used to read immensely and multifarious subjects. In the latter part of his secluded life he began to find out the unity of all religion not only in idea but in form also. For this he worked very hard to find out parallel passages from Indian Sashtas and the Holy Bible.

But we can only give his views on the fountain head of all religions in the next chapter.

(To be Continued)

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XXIII MY HELPLESSNESS

It was easy enough to be "called", but it was difficult to practise at the bar. I had read the laws, but not learnt how to practise law. I had read with interest 'Legal Maxims', but did not know how to apply them in my profession. '*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas*' (Use your property in such a way as not to damage that of others) was one of them, but I was at a loss to know how one could employ this maxim for the benefit of one's client. I had read all the leading cases on this maxim, but they gave me no confidence in the application of it for my future clients.

Besides, I had learnt nothing at all of Indian law. I had not the slightest idea of Hindu and Mahomedan Law. I had not even learnt how to draft a plaint, and felt completely at sea. I had heard of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta as one who roared like a lion in law courts. How, I wondered, could he have learnt the art in England? It was out of the question for me ever to acquire his legal acumen, but I had serious misgivings as to whether I should even be able to earn a living by the profession.

I was torn with these doubts and anxieties whilst I was studying law. I confided my difficulties to some of my friends. One of them suggested that I should seek Dadabhai Naoroji's advice. I have already said that when I went to England, I possessed a note of introduction to Dadabhai. I availed myself of it very late. I thought I had no right to trouble such a great man for an interview. Whenever an address by him was announced, I would attend it, listen to him from a corner of the hall, and go away after having surfeited my eyes and ears. In order to come in close touch with the students he had founded an association. I used to attend its meetings, rejoiced at Dadabhai's solicitude for

the students, and the latter's respect towards him. In course of time, I mustered up courage to present to him the note of introduction. He said: 'You can come and have my advice whenever you like.' But I never availed myself of his offer. I thought it wrong to trouble him without the most pressing necessity. Therefore I dared not venture to accept my friend's advice to submit my difficulties to Dadabhai at that time. I forget now whether it was the same friend or some one else who recommended me to meet Mr. Frederick Pincutt. He was a Conservative, but his affection for Indian students was pure and unselfish. Many students sought his advice and I also applied to him for an appointment, which he granted. I can never forget that interview. He greeted me as a friend. He laughed away my pessimism. 'Do you think', he said, 'that every one must be a Pherozeshah Mehta? Pherozeshahs and Badrudins are rare. Rest assured it takes no unusual skill to be an ordinary lawyer. Common honesty and industry are enough to enable him to make a living. All cases are not complicated. Well, let me know the extent of your general reading.'

When I acquainted him with my little stock of reading, he was, as I could see, rather disappointed. But it was only for a moment. Soon his face beamed with a pleasing smile and he said, 'I understand your trouble. Your general reading is meagre. You have no knowledge of the world—a *sine qua non* for a vakil. You have not even read the History of India. A vakil should know human nature. He should be able to read a man's character from his face. And every Indian ought to know Indian History. This has no connection with practice as a lawyer, but you ought to have that knowledge. I see that you have not even read Kay and Malletson's History of the Mutiny of 1857. Get hold of that at once

and also read two more books to understand human nature.' These were Lavator's and Shemmelpennick's books on Physiognomy.

I was extremely grateful to this venerable friend. In his presence I found all my fear gone, but as soon as I left him, I again began to worry. 'To know a man from his face' was the question that haunted me as I thought of the two books on my way home. The next day I purchased Lavator's book. Shemmelpennick's was not available at the shop. I read Lavator's book which I found more difficult than Snell's *Equity*, and scarcely interesting. I studied Shakespeare's physiognomy, but did not acquire the knack of finding out the Shakespeares' walking up and down the streets of London.

Lavator's book did not add to my knowledge. Mr. Pincutt's advice did me very little direct service, but his affection stood me in good stead. His smiling open face stayed in my memory and I trusted his advice that Pherozeshah Mehta's acumen, memory or ability were not essential to the making of a successful lawyer; honesty and industry were enough. And as I had a fair share of these last I felt somewhat reassured.

I could not read Kay and Malleon's volumes in England, but I did so in South Africa as I had made a point of reading them at the first opportunity.

Thus with just a little leaven of hope mixed with my despair, I landed at Bombay from S. S. *Assam*. The sea was rough in the harbour, and I had to reach the quay in a launch.

PART II

CHAPTER I

RAYCHANDBHAI

I said in the last chapter that the sea was rough in Bombay harbour,—not an unusual thing in the Arabian Sea in June and July. It had been choppy all the way from Aden. Almost every passenger was sick; only I was in perfect form, staying on deck to see the stormy surge, and enjoying a splash of the waves. At breakfast, there would be just one or two people besides myself, eating their oatmeal porridge from plates carefully held in their laps, lest the porridge itself find its place there.

The outer storm was, to me, a symbol of the

inner. But even as the formar left me unperturbed, I think I can say the same thing about the latter. There was the trouble with the castemen that was to confront me. I have already adverted to my helplessness in starting on my profession. And then as I was a reformer, I was taxing myself as to how best to begin certain reforms. But there was more in store for me than I knew.

My elder brother had come to meet me at the dock. He had already made the acquaintance of Dr. Mehta and his elder brother and as Dr. Mehta insisted on putting me up at his house we went there. Thus the acquaintance begun in England continued in India, and ripened into a permanent friendship between the two families.

I was pining to see my mother. I did not know that she was no more in the flesh to receive me back into her bosom. The sad news was now given me and I underwent the usual ablution. My brother had kept me ignorant of her death which took place whilst I was still in England. He wanted to spare me blow in a foreign land. The news however, was none the less a severe shock to me, but I must not dwell upon it. My grief was even greater than that over my father's death. Most of my cherished hopes were shattered. But I remember that I did not give myself up to any wild expression of grief. I could even check the tears and took to life just as though nothing had happened.

Dr. Mehta introduced me to several friends, one of them being his brother Sjt. Revashanker Jagjivan, with whom there grew up a lifelong friendship. But the introduction that I need particularly take note of was the one to the poet Raychand or Rajachandra, the son-in-law of an elder brother of Dr. Mehta's and partner of the firm of jewellers conducted in the name of Revasankar Jagjivan. He was not above twenty five then, but my first meeting with him convinced me that he was a man of great character and learning. He was also known as a *shatavadhani* (having the faculty of remembering or attending to a hundred things simultaneously), and Dr. Mehta recommended me to see some of his memory feats. I exhausted my vocabulary of all the European tongues I knew and asked the poet

to repeat the words. He did so in the precise order in which I had given them. I envied his gift without however coming under its spell. The thing that did cast its spell over me, I came to know later. This was his wide knowledge of the scriptures, his spotless character and his burning passion for self-realisation. I saw later that this last was the only thing for which he lived. The following lines of Muktanand were always on his lips and engraved on the tablets of his heart: 'I shall think myself blessed only when I see Him in every one of my daily acts. Verily He is the thread which supports Muktanand's life.'

Raychandbhai's mercantile transactions covered hundreds of thousands. He was a connoisseur of pearls and diamonds. No knotty business problem was too difficult for him. But all these things were not the centre round which his life revolved. The centre was the passion to see God face to face. Amongst other things on his business table there were invariably to be found some religious book and his diary. The moment he finished his business he opened the religious book or the diary. Much of his published writings is a reproduction from this diary. The man who immediately on finishing his talk about heavy business transactions began to write about the hidden things of the spirit could evidently not be a business man at all, but a real seeker after Truth. And I saw him thus absorbed in godly pursuits in the midst of business, not once or twice, but many times. I never saw him lose his state of equipoise. There was no business or other selfish tie that bound him to me, and yet I enjoyed the closest association with him. I was but a briefless barrister then, and yet whenever I saw him he would engage me in conversations of a seriously religious nature. Though I was then groping and though I could not be said to have any serious interest in religious discussion, still I found his talk of absorbing interest. I have since met many a religious leader or teacher. I have tried to meet the herds of various faiths, and I must say that no one has ever made on me the impression that Raychandbhai did. His words went straight home to me. His intellect compelled as great a regard from me as his moral earnest-

ness and deep down in me was the conviction that he would never willingly lead me astray and would always confide to me his innermost thoughts. In moments of spiritual crisis, therefore, he was my refuge.

And yet in spite of this regard for him I could not enthrone him in my heart as my Guru. The throne has remained vacant and my search still continues.

I believe in the Hindu theory of Guru and his importance in spiritual realisation. I think there is a great deal of truth in the doctrine that true knowledge is impossible without a Guru. An imperfect teacher in mundane matters may be tolerable, but not so an imperfect one in the spiritual line. Only a perfect *gnani*, deserves to be enthroned as Guru. There must, therefore, be ceaseless striving after perfection. For one gets the Guru that one deserves. Infinite striving after perfection is one's right. It is its own reward. The rest is in the hands of God.

Thus, though I could not place Raychandbhai on the throne of my heart as my Guru, we shall see how he was on many occasions my guide and helper. Three moderns have left a deep impress on my life and captivated me: Raychandbhai by his living contact, Tolstoy by his book, *The Kingdom of God is within You*, and Ruskin by his *Unto this Last*. But of these more in their proper place.

CHAPTER II

HOW I BEGAN LIFE

My elder brother had built high hopes on me. The desire for wealth and name and fame was great in him. He had a big heart generous to a fault. This combined with his simple nature had attracted to him many friends and through them he expected to get me briefs. He had also assumed that I should have a swinging practice and had in that expectation allowed the household expenses to become top-heavy. He had also left no stone unturned in preparing the field for my practice.

The storm in my caste over my foreign voyage was still brewing. It had divided the caste into two camps, one of which immediately readmitted me to the caste, while the other was bent on

keeping me out. To please the former my brother took me to Nasik before going to Rajkot, gave me a bath in the sacred river and on reaching Rajkot gave a caste-dinner. I did not like all this. But my brother's love for me was boundless and my devotion to him was in proportion to it, and so I mechanically acted as he wished, taking his will to be the law. The trouble about readmission to the caste was thus practically over.

I never tried to seek admission to the section that had refused it to me. Nor did I feel even mental resentment against any of the headmen of that section. Some of these regarded me with dislike but I scrupulously avoided treading on their corns. I fully respected the caste regulations about excommunication. According to these none of my relations, including my father-in-law and mother-in-law or even my sister and brother-in-law could entertain me; and I would not so much as drink water at their houses. They were prepared secretly to evade the prohibition, but it went against the grain with me to do a thing in secret that I would not do in public.

The result of my scrupulous conduct was that I never had occasion to be troubled by the caste; nay, I have experienced nothing but affection and generosity from the general body of the section that still regards me as excommunicated. They have even helped me in my work, without ever expecting me to do anything for the caste. It is my conviction that all these good things are due to my non-resistance. Had I agitated for being admitted to the caste, had I attempted to divide it into more camps, had I provoked the castemen, they would surely have retaliated, and instead of steering clear of the storm I should, on my arrival from England, have found myself in a whirlpool of agitation and perhaps party to dissimulation.

My relations with my wife were still not as I desired. Even my stay in England had not cured me of my jealousy. I continued my squeamishness and suspiciousness in respect of every little thing, and hence all my cherished desires remained unfulfilled. I had decided that my wife should learn reading and writing and that I should help her in her studies, but my lust came in the way and she had to suffer for my own

shortcoming. Once I went the length of sending her away to her father's house and consented to receive her back only after I had made her thoroughly miserable. I saw later that all this was pure folly on my part.

I had planned reform in the education of children. My brother had children, and my own child which I had left at home when I went to England was now a boy of nearly four. It was my desire to teach these little ones physical exercise and make them hardy and also to give them the benefit of my personal guidance. In this I had my brother's support and I succeeded in my effort more or less. I very much liked the company of children and the habit of playing and joking with them has stayed with me till today. I have ever since thought that I should make a good teacher of children.

The necessity for food reform was obvious. Tea and coffee had already found their place in the house. My brother had thought it fit to keep some sort of English atmosphere ready for me on my return, and to that end crockery and such other things, which used to be kept in the house only for occasional use, were now in general use. My 'reforms' put the finishing touch. I introduced oatmeal porridge and cocoa was to replace tea and coffee. But in truth it became an addition to tea and coffee. Boots and shoes were already there. I completed the Europeanisation by adding the European dress.

Expenses thus went up. New things were added every day. We had succeeded in tying a white elephant at our door. But how was the wherewithal to be found? To start practice in Rajkot would have meant sure ridicule. I had hardly the knowledge of a qualified Vakil and yet I expected to be paid ten times his fee! No client would be fool enough to engage me. And even if such a one was to be found, should I add arrogance and fraud to my ignorance, and increase the burden of debt I owed to the world?

Friends advised me to go to Bombay for some time to gain experience of the High Court and study Indian law and to try to get what briefs I could. I took up the suggestion and came to Bombay.

Here I started a household with a cook, as

incompetent as myself. He was a Brahmin. I did not treat him as a servant but as a member of the household. He would pour water over himself but never wash. His *dhoti* was dirty, as also his sacred thread, and he was innocent of Scriptures. But how was I to get a better cook?

'Well, Ravishanker,' (for that was his name). I would ask him, 'You may not know cooking, but surely you must know your *Sandhya* (daily worship) etc.'

'*Sandhya*, sir! The plough is our *Sandhya* and the spade the daily ritual. That is the type of Brahmin I am. I must live on your mercy. Otherwise agriculture is of course there for me.'

So I had to be Ravishanker's teacher. Time I had enough. I began to do half the cooking and introduce the English experiments in vegetarian cookery. I invested in a stove and with Ravishanker began to run the kitchen. I had no scruples about interdining and Ravishanker too came to have none and so we went on merrily together. There was only one obstacle. Ravishanker had sworn to remain dirty and to keep the food unclean!

But it was impossible for me to get along in Bombay longer than four or five months. For there was no income to square with the ever-increasing expenditure.

This is how I began life. I found the barrister's profession a bad job—much show and little knowledge. I felt a crushing sense of my responsibility.

CHAPTET III THE FIRST CASE

Whilst in Bombay, I began, on the one hand, my study of Indian law and on the other, my experiments in dietetics in which Virchand Gandhi, a friend, joined me. My brother, for his part, was trying his best to get briefs for me.

The study of Indian codes was a tedious business. The Civil Procedure Code I could in no way get on with. Not so, however, with the Evidence Act. Virchand Gandhi was reading for the Solicitor's Examination and would tell me all sorts of stories about Barristers and Vakils. 'Sir Pheroze Shah's ability,' he would say, 'lies in his profound knowledge of the Codes. He has

the Evidence Act by heart and knows all the cases on the thirty-second section.' 'Badrudin Tyebji's wonderful power of argument inspires the judges with awe.'

The stories of stalwarts such as these would unnerve me.

'It is not unusual,' he would add, 'for a barrister to vegetate for five or seven years. That's why I have signed the articles for solicitorship. You should count yourself lucky if you can paddle your own canoe in three year's time.'

Expenses were mounting up every month. To have a barrister's board outside the house, whilst still preparing for the barrister's profession inside, was a thing to which I could not reconcile myself. Hence I could not give an undivided attention to my studies. I developed some liking for the Evidence Act and read Mayne's Hindu Law with deep interest, but I had not the courage to conduct a case. I was helpless beyond words, even as the bride come fresh to her father-in-law's house!

About this time, I took up the case of one Mamibai. It was a 'small cause.' 'You will have to pay some commission to the tout,' I was told. I emphatically declined.

But even that great Criminal lawyer Mr. So and so, who makes three to four thousand a month pays commission!

I do not need to emulate him. I should be content with Rs. 300 a month. Father did not get more.'

'But those days are gone. Expenses in Bombay have gone up frightfully. You must be business-like.'

But I was adamant. I gave no commission—but got Mamibai's case all the same. It was an easy case. I charged Rs. 30 for my fees. The case was not likely to last longer than a day.

This was in *debut* in the Small Causes Court. I appeared for the defendant and had thus to cross-examine the plaintiff's witnesses. I stood up but my heart sank into my boots. My head was reeling and I felt as though the whole court was doing likewise. I could think of no question to ask. The judge must have laughed and the Vakils no doubt enjoyed the spectacle. But I was past seeing anything. I sat down and told

the agent that I could not conduct the case, that he had better engage Patel and have the fee back from me. Mr. Patel was duly engaged for Rs. 51. To him, of course, the case was child's play.

I hastened from the Court, I do not know whether my client won or lost her case, but I was ashamed of myself, and decided not to take up any more cases until I had courage enough to conduct them. Indeed, I did not go to Court again until I went to South Africa. There was no virtue in my decision. I had simply made a virtue of necessity. There would be no one so foolish as to entrust his case to me, only to lose it!

But there was another case in store for me at Bombay. It was a memorial to be drafted. A poor Musalman's land was confiscated in Porbunder. He approached me as the worthy son of a worthy father. His case appeared to be weak, but I consented to draft a memorial for him, the cost of printing to be borne by him. I drafted it and read it out to friends. They approved of it, and that put into me a certain amount of confidence that I was qualified enough to draft a memorial—as indeed I really was.

My business could flourish if I drafted memorials without any fees. But that would bring no grist to the mill. So I thought I might take up a teacher's job. I had studied English well enough and should have loved to have taught English to the Matriculation boys in some school. I could have thereby met part at least of the expenses. I came across an advertisement in the papers: 'Wanted, an English teacher.—To teach one hour daily. Salary Rs. 75.' The advertisement was from a famous High School. I applied for it. I was asked to report myself. I went there in high spirits, but when the principal found that I was not a graduate he regretfully refused me.

'But I have passed the London Matriculation with Latin as my second language?'

'True, but we want a graduate.' There was no help for it. I wrung my hands in despair. My brother also felt much worried. We both came to the conclusion that it was no use spending more time in Bombay. I should settle in Rajkot where

my brother, himself a petty pleader, could give me some work in the shape of drafting applications and memorials. And then as there was already a household at Rajkot, the breaking up of the one at Bombay meant a lot of saving. I liked the suggestion. My little establishment was thus brought to an end, after a stay of six months in Bombay.

I used to attend High Court daily whilst in Bombay, but I cannot say that I learnt anything there. I had not sufficient knowledge to learn much. Often I could not follow the cases and dozed off. There were others also who kept me company in this and thus lightened the load of my shame. After a time, I even lost the sense of shame, as I learnt to think that it was fashionable to doze in the High Court.

If the present generation has also its briefless barristers like me, in Bombay, I would commend them a little practical precept about living. Although I lived in Girgaum I hardly ever took a carriage or a tramcar. I had made it a rule to walk to the High Court. It took me quite forty-five minutes and of course I invariably walked back home. I had inured myself to the heat of the sun. This walk to the court and back saved a fair amount of money, and when many of my friends in Bombay used to fall ill, I do not remember having even once had an illness. Even when I began to earn money, I kept up the practice of walking to and from the office and I am still reaping the benefits of that practice.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST SHOCK

Disappointed I left Bombay and went to Rajkot where I set up my own office. Here I got along moderately well. Drafting applications and memorials brought me in on an average Rs. 300 a month. For this work I had to thank influence rather than my own ability, for my brother's partner had a settled practice. All applications etc., which were really, or to his mind, of an important character, he sent to big barristers. To my lot fell the applications to be drafted on behalf of his poor clients.

I must confess that here I had to compromise

my principle of giving no commission, which in Bombay I had so scrupulously observed. I was told that conditions in the two cases were different; that whilst in Bombay commissions had to be paid to touts, here they had to be paid to Vakils who briefed you; and that here as in Bombay, all barristers, without exception, paid a percentage of their fees as commission. The argument of my brother was, for me, unanswerable. 'You see' said he, 'that I am in partnership with another Vakil. I shall always be inclined to make over to you all our cases that you can possibly deal with, and if you refuse to pay a commission to my partner, you are sure to embarrass me. As you and I have a joint establishment, your fee comes to our common coffers, and I automatically get a share. But what about my partner? Supposing he gave the same case to some other barrister, he would certainly get his commission from him.' I was taken in by this plea, and felt that if I was to practice as a barrister, I could not press my principle regarding commissions in such cases. That is how I argued with myself, or to put it bluntly, how I deceived myself. Let me add, however, that I do not remember ever to have given a commission in respect of any other case.

Though I thus began to make both ends meet, I got the first shock of my life about this time. I had heard what a British officer was like, but up to now had never been face to face with one.

My brother had been secretary and adviser to the late Ranasahab of Porbunder before he was installed on his *gadi*, and hanging over his head at this time was the charge of having given wrong advice when in that office. The matter had gone to the Political Agent who was prejudiced against my brother. Now I had known this officer when in England and he may be said to have been fairly friendly to me. My brother thought that I should avail myself of the friendship and putting in a good word on his behalf try to disabuse the Political Agent of his prejudice. This I did not at all like. I should not, I thought, try to take advantage of a trifling acquaintance in England. If my brother was really at fault, what use was my recommendation? If not, he

should submit a petition in the proper course and, confident of his innocence, face the result. My brother did not relish this advice. 'You do not know Kathiawad,' he said, 'And you have yet to know the world. Only influence counts here. It is not proper for you, a brother, to shirk your duty, when you can clearly put in a good word about me to an officer you know.'

I could not refuse him, so I went to the officer much against my will. I knew I had no right to approach him and was fully conscious that I was compromising my self-respect. But I sought an appointment and got it. I reminded him of the old acquaintance but I immediately saw that Kathiawad was different from England; that an officer on leave was not the same as an officer on duty. The Political Agent owned the acquaintance, but the reminder seemed to stiffen him. 'Surely you have not come here to abuse that acquaintance, have you?' appeared to be the meaning of that stiffness, and seemed to be written on his brow. Never-the-less I opened my case. The *sahib* was impatient. 'Your brother is an intriguer. I want to hear nothing more from you. I have no time. If your brother has anything to say, let him apply through the usual channels.' The answer was enough, was proper. But selfishness is blind, I went on with my story. The *sahib* got up and said: 'You must go now.'

'But please hear me out' said I. That made him more angry. He called his peon and ordered him to show me the door. I was still ranting when the peon came in, placed his hands on my shoulders and put me out of the room.

The *sahib* went away as also the peon, and I departed fretting and fuming. I at once wrote out and sent over a note to this effect: 'You have insulted me. You have assaulted me through your peon. If you make no amends I shall have to proceed against you.'

Quick came the answer through his *sowar*: 'You were rude to me. I asked you to go and you would not. I had no option but to order my peon to show you the door. Even after he asked you to leave the office, you did not do so. He therefore had to use just enough force to send

you out. You are at liberty to proceed as you wish.'

With this answer in my pocket, I came home crestfallen, and told my brother all that had happened. He was grieved but was at a loss as to how to console me. He spoke to his Vakil friends. For I did not know how to proceed against the *sahib*. Sir Pheroze Shah Mehta happened to be in Rajkot at this time, having come for some case. But how could a junior barrister like me dare to see him? So I sent him the papers of my case, through the Vakil who had engaged him, and begged for his advice 'Tell Gandhi,' he said, 'such things are the common experience of many vakils and barristers. He is still fresh from

England, and hot-blooded. He does not know British officers. If he would earn something and have an easy time here, let him tear up the note and pocket the insult. He will gain nothing by proceeding against the *sahib*, and on the contrary, will very likely ruin himself. Tell him he has yet to know life.'

The advice was as bitter as poison to me but I had to swallow it. I pocketed the insult, but also profited by it. 'Never again shall I place myself in such a predicament, never again shall I try to exploit friendship as I have,' said I to myself, and since then I have never been guilty of a breach of that determination. The shock changed the course of my life.

(To be continued)

Reviews and Notices of Books

EDUCATION

The Revolt of Modern Youth

THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH. By Judge Ben. B. Lindsey & Wainright Evans. Bonie & Liveright. New York. Price \$ 3.00.

The younger generation, in every age and clime, is the herald of the future. The youth of to-day is the state of tomorrow, for, we generally see reflected in its thoughts and actions signs of the coming changes in the social, political, religious or moral order. Young people have, by intuition, as it were, a vision of the future far in advance of their elders and are endowed by nature with a sincerity, courage and romantic idealism which, along with their energy and enthusiasm, help them to strike out along new paths. Without their unbounded optimism burning faith and intolerance towards all forms of dishonesty, in justice and oppression, humanity would not have reached its present stage in civilisation.

To pay this tribute to the genius of youth is not, however, to be blind to its follies, errors and weaknesses. Youth has no claims to infallibility, nor a monopoly of courage, sincerity. It blunders, perhaps, as often as it goes right in its adventures and the liberty of thought and

action that it demands not seldom degenerates into reckless license that knows no law or discipline. But this only proves the need for a proper guidance of its energies an adjustment of the functions of the younger and the older generation in the march of humanity. Youth alone is not enough. Humanity has as much need for the wisdom, the caution, the patience and the priceless experience of Age as it has for the daring determination and irrepressible enthusiasm of Youth. In the economy of progress there is place for both.

But for the two generations to work together harmoniously, hand in hand towards a common goal, the wide gulf that now keeps them apart has to be bridged by building up mutual understanding, respect and confidence between them. The book under review is a valuable contribution to the establishment of such a happy relation. In its pages we have a profoundly interesting interpretation of the psychology, of the mind and actions of modern youth, of its revolt against the old-world standards of life and conduct. The book deals in particular with the revolt of American youth against the socio-moral conventions and codes governing sexual relations in that country. But the general principles pro-

pounded by the authors have a universal value and may be applied with profit to the understanding of the thoughts and actions of youth all over the world. For youth is in revolt everywhere and demands a new life and liberty to fulfil the fresh aspirations surging within its heart. There is a common ferment of freedom in the mind of the younger generation in all lands. The particular sphere of its manifestation may differ according to the political, social, economic or religious requirements of the several countries; but there is a striking similarity in the main current of thought, emotion and methods of action pursued by young folk everywhere. Therefore it is much the same lesson that students of social, political and religious reform all over the world have to learn so far as the standards of revolt set up by the younger generation are concerned.

Judge Lindsey, the chief author of the book under review, is specially fitted for the task before him by his intimate personal contact with the young men and women of America during his 25 years' life as Judge of the Juvenile court of Denver. In that capacity he has acquired such a thorough grasp of youth psychology, the inner springs of juvenile thought and action that his observations on questions concerning the conduct of youth carry a unique weight and importance. The Judge does not mince his words in exposing the ugliest sores of American social life. Courageously facing all misrepresentations of his objects in uttering the whole truth, he gives the reader a realistic and truthful picture of the looseness of sexual life and relationships, particularly among the younger generation of America. The revelations in the volume are highly shocking to all advocates and lovers of the life of Brahmacharya in educational institutions and should serve as an impressive warning to those of us in the East who would blindly follow the West in its old, exploded socio-educational systems and ideals.

The major portion of the book is filled with stories from actual life, gathered by Judge Lindsey at first hand, illustrating how the prevailing social codes and conventions in America work havoc on its youth and how

the revolt of the latter is an instinctive reaction against the system of artificial taboos, social superstitions, intolerances and hypocrisies which the elders blindly impose on the young. In the remaining portion the authors make a strong plea for the exercise of reason, sympathy and understanding in the solution of the several problems concerning sexual life—problems which are violently knocking for solution at the door of society through the rebel hands of youth.

A few facts and figures furnished in the book may help to give the reader an idea of the grave situation that threatens American youth. Speaking about Denver—which is not an abnormally immoral place, but represents the average American society—Judge Lindsey informs us that of the young men and women who go to parties and dances and ride together in automobiles, more than 90 per cent indulge in hugging, kissing and other such small liberties with each others persons. At least 50 per cent of these youths, we are told again, do not confine themselves to these minor liberties, but go further and indulge in other sexual improprieties which are dangerous to the health of the youths. Yet another point to be noted is that 15 to 25 per cent of those who begin with hugging and kissing eventually "go the limit." This does not, the author adds, mean in most cases either promiscuity or frequency, but it happens. This is a most conservative estimate of the facts. For Judge Lindsey says that he has at hand figures which indicate with certainty that for every case of sex-delinquency discovered, a very large number completely escape detection. Speaking of boys and girls separately, the Judge states that 50 per cent of high-school boys have sex-experience by the time they finish the school. As for girls, we are told, that one high-school girl in every ten have their feet set on more or less perilous paths and are in need of guidance and counsel. These figures include only the ages 14, 15, 16 and 17 and not the higher ages where the delinquency is greater.

While narrating the numerous stories of sex-delinquency and domestic tragedy that came within his knowledge Judge Lindsey makes many

a sane observation on the social, biological, psychological and moral significance of the revelations which deserve to be carefully noted by all who have anything to do with the education and up-bringing of youth. The book makes a most informing analysis of the factors that have contributed to the failure of the home, the school and the church in preserving the health and morality of youth. The cure for the wave of sexual looseness that is threatening American society, in the opinion of Judge Lindsey, does not consist in merely denouncing the lapses of the younger generation or enforcing any rigid code of morals. He thinks that the prevailing, traditional, outwardly imposed code of taboos and prohibitions should be replaced by a voluntary adopted code of genuine internal restraints, intelligently enforced on themselves by the young men and women. Government of the young through Fear should give place to a policy of governing them through an enlightened freedom and sense of responsibilities. Such a voluntary code of internal restraints can be cultivated according to the Judge, only an education of the right type which will place before the young all the knowledge about sex and remove from their minds ignorance and fear which are at the bottom of their anti-social revolts. The authors condemn the average American home and school as places where age-old insanities are forced down the throats of the young. The lot of the children brought up and educated in these places is likened by them to that of "a sane person set down in a lunatic asylum run by adults for adults." The remedy for the prevailing evils and abuses, in the opinion of the authors, is real education and real religion in the light of the truth of science. "Truth, if we will but spread it over the face of the world, can save us. Not a blind clinging to minor conventions, not a clinging to the sterile past, but the free spread chiefly through schools, of scientific information that would give every young person going out into the world a comprehension of the laws on which the life of the race and the life of the individual are founded. Give us *that* and the race will surely achieve a great destiny. But fail to give it, keep us in the bonds of superstitious

ignorance, afraid of a lot of hell-born shadows, and we shall tread the path of racial deterioration on which our feet may even now be perilously set."

In these words Judge Lindsey utters the warning that adults who insist that Youth must follow no new thing but implicitly follow old traditions are doing their best to destroy the race. He interprets the Revolt of Youth against the bludgeon of ignorance and superstition with which the elders are trying to suppress them, as a sign of the native ability of the race to find its soul and to live in harmony with the laws of God. In another place in a passage burning with righteous indignation the Judge condemns the stupid tyranny of parents and teachers in imparting to the young the old-world tooth-and-claw philosophy and all the age-old hypocrisies they live by without acknowledging them to themselves. Judged by their fruits, he considers the average American home and the school as the abode of insufferable vulgarities and bigots who try to bring up their children through hollow and second-hand exhortations and stupid commands. He says: "To them the art of hypocrisy has always been as the breath of life. More—it is a cloak which protects their white and tender hides from the gusty winds of Reality. They can't understand that human beings can live without it. They think pretence is necessary to their authority. Later, when the child discovers the pretence, at just about the time when he is suffering the physical and spiritual growing pains of adolescence, the sham authority crumbles and he is left with nothing to stand on save what he can fashion for himself. But builded in simple honesty, the foundation would have held solid as a rock."

Proceeding the Judge describes the results of this adult folly on modern youth which he compares to a boat with no properly trained pilot no point of reference and no clear cut purpose "It lives in the present and for the moment finding no stimulus in the thought of a goal ahead. It is emotionally unbalanced and wanting in nervous and mental stability. Therefore it is crazy for excitement and averse to disciplined effort; and it automatically and instinc-

tively avoids contacts with life which are not superficial and easy." The responsibility for driving the younger generation into such a sad state the Judge has no hesitation in laying on the shoulders of the adult generation which according to him, is still trying to force upon youth a body of traditions, customs, laws and forms of authority in which it does not itself any longer believe and by which its own inner life is no longer dominated. The process by which youth is spoilt is also described by the Judge in a striking passage which shows to us his penetrating insight into and complete mastery over the psychology of youth. He also puts a good deal of blame on the parrot system of education which helps only to make young people into "rubber stamps, slaves of mass sentiment" like their elders. He observes very correctly, "However much youngsters may seem to depart from the old traditions of thought and conduct, they nevertheless do act and think consistently and strictly within the limits of certain shifting codes and traditions which they have created for themselves. They dress alike, look alike, so far as they can, and act alike. They dread being different from their fellows; and the pack will set upon an individual in it who does not run true to form. This is as true among our youth as it is among the older generation. However much youth may flaunt its independence, therefore, it has little genuine liberty, little real emancipation. By its departures *en-masse*, from ancient standards, it has doubtless achieved some real progress; but its individual members have simply jumped from one form of slavery into another. License is bondage. Liberty, on the contrary is a free obedience to laws more compelling and difficult than human law and far more exacting. Youth, unhelped by any wisdom but its own, often confuses the two."

The author thus explains how youth inherits from its elders the intolerance of freedom which the latter consistently practice. He then exposes the evil effects of such intolerance, of such compulsion on individuals not to be individuals, but to conform to a cut and dry pattern of conduct and morality. He shows how the impulse of fear

which is brought into play by such compulsion exacts in the child a silent, ill-defined hostility which later on manifests itself in "the deliberate defiance, aggressive independence, jeering rebellion and genuinely anti-social conduct." "Government through fear", he says, "produces the impulse to do the other thing—in secret, if need be. It rivets the child's attention on the negatives of life. It makes of them an overpowering suggestion, it creates an overpowering impulse to turn them into positives, till the "Thou shalt not" of tradition becomes the rebellious and unreasoning "I will" of modern youth." That is the genesis of the Revolt. We are now, in the view of the author, at the parting of the ways in the business of governing the young, the choice being between Government through fear on the one hand and government through reasonable counsel, through conviction, and through the art of imposing responsibility on youth, on the other. In the chapters that follow, Judge Lindsey applies the above principle of Government to the regulation of the sex-impulse in youth and lays down the rule that the crude sex-hunger, like food-hunger, should be governed and controlled not by legal fiat and moral compulsion, but educated wisdom, common sense, self-control and the good taste of the individual. He then shows by giving instances from actual life that such self-control is possible to young persons provided they are completely informed in time about sex-matters and given a healthy perspective, a properly focussed mental and spiritual vision. His conclusion formed after much thought, observation and experience is that the only thing capable of effectively controlling the sex-life is an educated, delicate preference for that sort of conduct whose actuating motive might be safely adopted as a safe rule for universal human conduct. He therefore pleads for "an intelligent, voluntary discriminating loyalty on the part of the individual to motives and standards which he honestly and sincerely considers valid." Such an individual we are told, would never rashly or wantonly depart from the way of the majority. But he would be at liberty to do so if the reasons for such course seemed really right and adequate to him

"With such liberty of action," Judge Lindsey observes, "many would doubtless make mistakes; some of them would make fatal mistakes. Hence they would need to become accustomed to their liberty by degrees. But the final result would be to strengthen the moral fibre of the race and to give to our social life a stability it lacks at present." Further on he says: "I am not saying there is no peril in freedom; I am merely insisting that, in the long run, freedom will be a less perilous thing to the race than the excess of law and custom by which we now make ourselves morally weak, flabby and soft." From these words of the author it should not be thought that he holds that no sort of restraints on individual liberty are necessary. He does not think that the world has reached such an ideal state and admits that society has to prescribe certain others. He however adds: "What we have so far failed to comprehend is that there should be as little of this *verbatim* business as possible. Also that there should be in the public mind a clear-cut, educated conception of the value of originality, of initiative and of the impulse which some individuals have to be different in thought, word, and deed and from their fellows. Progress comes through persons who are never satisfied and who want to think critically and to do things differently, often in violation of customs held by the majority to be sacrosanct. The liberty of these human variants to shock the conforming majority should be very large."

After enunciating these general principles which should guide the reformer in reconstructing the socio-moral codes and conventions, the authors proceed to discuss in detail the several questions arising therefrom, the extent of personal liberty to be allowed in matters of sex, the reform of the institution of marriage in the light of its failure to regulate sex-life, satisfy the needs of American humanity or bring happiness to American homes. Here also some of the facts and figures provided in the book reveal a shocking state of affairs in the domestic life of America. The marriage-muddle, we are told, is responsible for the fact that there are, at least, fifty thousand girls in New York living with men who are not their husbands; girls who should

become mothers and don't dare to have children because of the attitude society would take towards them. It is, again, the marriage muddle, combined with the deliberately fostered ignorance about birth control, that is responsible for probably at least a million and a half abortions performed in America every year.

The authors devote more than ten Chapters of the book to discussion of the problems of marriage, free love, unconventional unions, illegitimate children, birth control and other allied questions. He advocates a new freedom in the relation of the sources, a freedom which would not mean Free Love, nor the destruction of the institution of marriage, but is based on "an extension and alteration of its prerogatives within lines that would permit a hitherto unknown measure of human freedom and happiness." As regards the details of the author's constructive proposals for reform we have no space or necessity to go into in the course of a review. Those who feel sufficiently interested in them should go in for a copy of the book itself which, we have no hesitation in saying, is fully worth its price and deserves to be read through by all students of social reform especially in India for we are now passing through a stage of transition and witnessing a slow but sure breaking down of our social institutions under the stress of new forces. A perusal of a book, like the one under review, dealing with social problems in the West should help us in this critical stage of our social evolution to avoid many of the pitfalls that the people of Europe and America have fallen into and from which they are now trying to get out with so much difficulty.

One striking feature in Judge Lindsey's method in dealing with the whole problem of sex life and social reform is his implicit regard for truth and faith in its inherent power to survive by its own strength. He is conscious that the established forces in America, as in other countries of the world, are bending their energies to the suppression of truth. But he refuses to be a party to the conspiracy of silence and hypocrisy which is formed in order to maintain the existing order. He says: "The organised forces of society are static. That is what they

are organised for. That is their function. The maintenance of a static order, a stable order is their reason for being; and if the static and stable order happens to be a lie, that makes no difference. It is sufficient that it be static.

"The Truth? What could an established static order of things care for a thing so fluid, so protean, so elusive, so difficult to come at as the Truth—save to kill it if possible?"

"The Truth is destructive to things established; every thing we call fixed, settled, stationary, it sweeps along before it like so many chips on the surface of a torrent that rushes, through the Universe—and is the Universe!"

"Most of us are afraid of roaring torrents. We want to be comfortable. 'What will become of civilisation?' we cry. And then we set to work with dams of sand to stop the flood. But I would not stop it, if the mere crooking of my finger would turn the trick. I would not stop it, not though I knew it would drown me—which it won't. If Truth would drown the world, I say, let it. It is'n't much of a world if such living waters as these won't buoy it up."

In these sage words we get a glimpse of Judge Lindsey's nobility of mind, breadth of vision, high purpose and deep sincerity—qualities which reformers all over the world would do well to emulate. Here we have an inspiring message from an ardent devotee in the temple of Truth to relentlessly cast aside all established hypocrisies and unyielding dogmas in a courageous and determined pursuit after that Light Eternal. It is the author's firm faith that youth has an important function to fulfil in this incessant pursuit and he is also hopeful of the outcome. This is evident from the following:

"That the youth of today makes mistakes," he says, "disturbs me somewhat, but not excessively. That it is honest heartens and delights me much. Here it comes with its automobiles, its telephones, its folly and its fun and its open and unashamed refusal to bow down to a lot of idols made of mud; and it makes me hope 'This revolt of youth', he adds, 'with a scientific and mechanically grounded civilisation at the back of it, offers the world more hope than anything that has happened in centuries. About

once in so often, the human race rediscovers Fire. This younger generation, Prometheus-like, is doing it now."

In the later chapters of the book Judge Lindsey makes a moving exhortation to his brethern of the elder generation not to hamper youth in its divine pursuit after Truth by putting on its feet the shackles of the tradition ridden past. He asks: "Can we not start, as it were, a New Past which will disown and repudiate the shackles and chains of the Old while clinging to those things it offers that are good?" His own answer and appeal to the Adult world is: "we can indeed! We can let the numbing poison of irrational tradition stop with us—the poison that has warped and cramped our past in the racial life. Oh that our race might seize upon that truth, and then damn this tribal incubus into the limbs of forgotten things—setting youth face forthwith,—putting into its strong and eager hands the keys of Life and Death,—saying, 'we from whose loins you have sprung trust you! Make of yourself a force that shall work for righteousness, to the creation of a new heaven and a new earth. Do it in your own way, and by whatever means commend themselves to you as just, right, and able to stand the test of use.'"

No saner or nobler words of advice could be given to our elders than these. Nothing but the happiest relations can subsist between the young and the old if the above counsel is carried out in its true spirit. For that it is not necessary, as the author is careful to point out, that the elders should predict and prescribe what the specific plan of action is to be for their children. All that is needful is that by means of a right system of education, we lay upon the hearts of our young people the conviction that they have a solemn duty to be good and productive citizens of the world; that we plant in their minds the suggestion, the faith; that it is their normal desire to be such; that we make it possible for the good will and the spontaneous idealism, which are youth's natural gift from God, to grow unhampered, as grow the flowers of the field; that we protect them from fear and from the acceptance of second-hand, standardised, cut-to-pattern thought as from a plague; that we give

them a back-ground of essential knowledge which withholds no fact on the ground that there are things which must not be known or discussed; and, finally, that we teach them the Art of Living and permit them a philosophy of effort which will carry them through and keep them headed wondering, yet fearless, toward the far horizons to which they naturally aspire."

Further on he adds: "If we can consciously and deliberately bequeath them, to the limit of our ability, an unstinted, ungrudged heritage of Health, Beauty, Honesty, Fearlessness, and the knowledge that casts out fear, we shall have done our duty by the future and handsomely disowned every part of the Past that cannot prove its own fitness to survive without artificial rejuvenation at the hands of worried conservatives. Thus we shall have made of our own warped minds and crippled bodies a bridge over which our children may cross to better things. More, we shall have laid upon the state a benison that will protect it from all harm, because we shall have placed it, unfearing, in the hands of God."

The above gives in a nut-shell Judge Lindsey's message to the adult world. It is the out-come of his prolonged experience and patient thought over questions of life and death that came up before him while presiding for 25 years as Judge of the Juvenile court. There is nothing impractical or unsound in it. He holds every one of his suggestions to be possible, nay, inevitable, and no thinking person can express dissent. But the trouble is that to carry out his gospel requires courage, faith and a belief that good things, true things, survive by their own excellence and by the strength of the truth embodied in them. We can't believe, in the words of the author, that necessary things are stronger than our worst follies and that any rigid custom or tradition which cannot stand this test does not deserve to persist unchanged. "That is why," he says, "we refuse to encourage in our youth sound fundamental motives of action which they must be free to use according to their judgment, even at the cost of blunders and mistakes. Rather we insist on saying precisely how they shall use them. I

repeat that our fundamental sin is our lack of faith."

In the concluding chapters of the book Judge Lindsey answers some of the objections usually raised against his gospel of freedom by critics who are as much concerned as the Judge about the wave of sexual looseness that is sweeping over America and the West in general. The author's letter to the Rev. R. P. Schuler, in reply to an attack on him in the press, given in the book, provides a brief, but conclusive answer to the school of thought which raises customs and traditions to the level of eternal verities and looks down upon the revolt of youth as an unpardonable sin, directly promoting the much deplored looseness. Judge Lindsey is never tired of reiterating that the blind attempt to place youth under the authority of the Past is the root of the evil and causing thousands of young people to overshoot the mark of wisdom and moderation in their blind plunge away from arbitrary restraints and penalties. Once these restraints and penalties are removed and boys and girls are permitted to make their own under wise counsel, with no savour of arbitrary restraint, it is the Judge's firm faith that they will be moderate, that they will test every new idea and new custom with due caution and responsibility. If any say that youth is incapable of using such freedom aright and that its revolt, its search for new things is immoral, dangerous and destructive *per se*, than he says: "I, for one, ferociously deny it; I deny it on the authority of a personal experience with young people which, I venture to say has not been duplicated by any man in the world. I am no arm-chain theorist."

It is with such sure confidence that Judge Lindsey speaks and faces his opponents. We have sufficiently burdened this review with extracts from the book so as to present the problem of youth's revolt clearly before the reader and explain the issues involved in the impressive words of the author himself. One may not agree with all that Judge Lindsay says or proposes nor share with him the unbounded faith he professes in the ability of youth to look after itself without the restraining and disciplining hand of the Adult. But after a careful

consideration of his facts and arguments with an unprejudiced impartial mind, one cannot lightly ignore the case that he makes out for releasing youth from the thralldom of tradition and age and allowing it a reasonable freedom to realise its aspirations. There is considerable truth in his interpretation of the mind of youth and an undeniable justice in his passionate defence of its revolt. The book, as has been already pointed out, is a highly interesting and valuable contribution to the understanding of the ways of the younger generation all over the world. As such it deserves a place in every intelligent adult's library and a prominent one among the volumes selected for serious study by students of social, moral and educational reform.

M. R. RAMASWAMY

ECONOMICS

The Tragedy of Waste

THE TRAGEDY OF WASTE. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Dr. Stuart Chase, by producing this striking essay, has rendered a great service, not only to America, but to the world at large. His thesis is not altogether unfamiliar to the readers of CURRENT THOUGHT; for, he has been referred to in its "What Thinkers Think" column.

Dr. Stuart Chase shows, by an elaborate statistical analyses, that billions of dollars are wasted in even efficient America. He enumerates four channels of waste. First comes waste in consumption, namely, the use of productive energy to the production of illth, namely, the perversion of wants and harmful products, an idea familiar to readers of Ruskin. Under this category comes expenditure on armies and other paraphernalia, advertising, super-luxuries, commercialised vice and crime, adulteration of food, harmful drugs, etc. The other source of waste is unemployment, seasonal, cyclical, residual, unemployment due to changing from job to job preventable sickness, accidents, etc. A third source is waste in the technique of management—waste due to lack of knowledge as to requirements, duplication of services and

excess plant capacity, lack of standardisation suppressed inventions, restriction of output, excessive selling costs, and so on. The fourth main channel of waste is the destruction of natural resources—coal, water power, oil, gas, mineral ores, timber, by-products and so on. The waste of man-power in the first three sources of waste, Dr. Chase calculates to be respectively 8, 6, 4, and 2.5 millions out of a labour population of 40 millions. As regards the fourth source of waste, Dr. Stuart says that "though improved methods of exploitation, there is adequate raw material available with which to double it without exhausting natural resources at any greater rate than they are now being exhausted."

Dr. Chase's book is in every way stimulating volume. Its philosophy of waste is especially striking, advocating, as it does, an idle ideal of plain living and high thinking.

P. V.

Karl Marx's Capital

KARL MARX'S CAPITAL: AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY. By A. D. Lindsay. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

At a time when there is economic discontent every-where and unprecedented unrest among Labour, this impartial study of Marx's theories from an independent standpoint by a well-known student of economics will be welcome to the lay public at large. Most leaders of Labour swear by Marx, although they differ from one another to an extraordinary extent. The Socialists of all classes, the Revolutionary Socialists no less than the Evolutionary Socialists, Communists, Anarchists—all state that they draw their inspiration from the common fountain, namely, Marx. To the "Capitalist" class also and the bourgeoisie, Dr. Marx's theories ought to be of value at least as a corrective.

For, whatever Marx's flaws in reasoning, there is no doubt that he was a great thinker and that his two theories namely, the theory of surplus value, the so-called labour theory of value, and the Materialist conception of

society had great elements of truth in them. If labour does not determine value in every case, it is certainly a fundamental determinant of value, indirectly if not directly. Again, Marx's view that economic conditions determine political social organisation is not altogether wrong. His economic interpretation of history postulates that the capitalist order will, in the light of the dynamics of economic forces, disappear; and hard facts prove that the capitalist order is silently changing where it is not modified by force.

So long as the pursuit of food and shelter governs men's conduct, so long will the organisation of society be determined in a considerable measure by economic conditions. Seeing that the growth of population is still increasing in most countries, tending to outstrip substance the growth of food, economic considerations tend to gain rather than diminishing importance as days go by.

Mr. Lindsay's essay introduces the reader to Marx's thought with helpful criticisms and it is calculated not only to stimulate a re-study of Marx, but also to remove many misconceptions about Marx held in Labour no less than in Capitalist circles.

P. V.

HISTORY

India: Past and Present

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF INDIA (from 1858 to 1918) By H. Dodwell, M.A., Longmans Green & Co., London.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1857, serves as a turning point in the history of India. We begin the history of modern India from that date, when Queen Victoria took upon herself the Government of India from the hands of the East India Company. From 1858 to the year 1918, we have the history of the constitutional progress as well as educational, economical progress of India. We have that story well told in Prof. Dodwell's book—*A sketch of the History of India*. The object of this book is to explain 'how the India of our fathers has been transformed into the India of our own day, to sketch the causes which have

produced this remarkable change and to outline the manner of their operation.'

It is sometimes difficult to tell the story of one's own times. Whenever the author tries to make some observations on the current problems of India, we, as Indians, have to differ from his point of view. As the Professor of History and Culture of the British Dominions in Asia, the author holds some views with which we cannot agree. In one place, he remarks that the period which led up to the Mutiny resembles in general outline the period which led up to Mr. Gandhi's Non-co-operation Movement. Though the parallel is not exact, he presses it so far as to observe that the unsuccessful appeal of the leaders of the Mutiny to the sword, the unsuccessful appeal of the leader of the Non-co-operation Movement to moral influences, constitute an interesting variation in the pattern.

The comparison is not an apt one. If he could have shown that there was dissatisfaction to the British Raj before the Sepoy mutiny and the Non-co-operation movement, then the comparison could have been successful. It serves no good purpose to show that both the movements, different in character, have failed.

The author traces the growth of the executive government in India since the days of the Mutiny. He shows the Foreign Policy followed by the India Government and gives a brief survey of the political development in India. He admits that in 1858 no one would have denied that India was held by the sword and adds that in 1918 this had ceased to be true. Unfortunately, we cannot agree with our author in his assertion, because no one would deny that even at the present day India is held by the sword. The writer traces the history of Indian National Congress, "whose early tone was strongly appreciative of the benefits of British rule." Bal Gangadhar Tilak, "a Sanskrit scholar of eminence, a strictly orthodox Brahmin" played an important part in the Congress Camp. In speaking of the Swadeshi movement in Bengal, he says that the grievance was mainly sentimental. We do not see eye to eye with the author when he says that the movement was placed under the special protection of the goddess Kali. Like

other Anglo-Indian writers, he again brings in the goddess Kali when he speaks of the revolutionary movement in Bengal. He observes: "There that cult of the bomb under the special protection of Kali had attained considerable proportions." Like the Anglo-Indian Press he associates with it robbery by force. We have already observed that it is rather difficult to narrate the story of our own times. There is sure to be certain misreading of the events taking place around us. In such cases, the historian should state the fact as it is without any bias. He should glean his facts from all quarters with an unbalanced mind.

Though there are certain differences of opinion, on the whole the book is a successful attempt to provide a brief history of Modern India. As such it has removed a long felt want and we congratulate the author on his success.

PHANINDRANATH BOSE

Modern History

MODERN HISTORY. By Carlton J. H. Hayes and Parker Thomas Moon. The Macmillan Company, New York.

As writers of text-books, especially on the social sciences, the Americans excel others. The volume before us exemplifies the truth of this statement. Here, Professors Hayes and Moon take us from the earliest dawn of civilisation to the present day from stage to stage as though in a most luxuriously equipped automobile. The journey covering the civilisations of Egypt, China and India as well as those of the Greek City States and of Rome, both the Republic and the Empire, has been accomplished with lightning rapidity albeit enabling the tourist to note and digest the salient features of the tract covered. The speed is considerably relaxed, involving, however, no irksome feeling of sudden relaxation, at the stage when the chopped off branches of the Roman Empire take fresh roots and shoot out into new plants. The forces that nourish and give new shapes to those fresh foliages, are traced first to the "Commercial and Financial Revolutions" (1450—1650) and then, through the advances of science in the age of the Renaissance,

to the Reformation and the religious wars and on to the age of toleration based on the doctrine of *cujus regio, egus religio*, the forerunner and part foundation of the modern territorial nation-state. The discovery of the New world and of the new trade routes shifted the balance of commercial power from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic from the South European City states like Venice and Genoa to the Nation States like Portugal, Spain, Holland and England. The expansion in commerce led to production for profit which paved the way for the rise of capitalism. The rise of the middle class into importance, a concomitant of the expansion of commerce, strengthened monarchy at the expense of the nobility. Feudalism waned and the age of autocracy began based as it was on a powerful middle class an autocracy which was at once the cause and the consequence of the growth of nation-consciousness in the new territorially determined organisations of society bent on restricting the authority of the Pope in the spiritual sphere as of the Roman Emperor in the temporal. The inevitable reaction against monarchy, as soon as it had accomplished its task of creating the nation-state, began and expressed itself principally in four revolutions—the Puritan Revolution and the Revolution of 1688 in England, the American war of Independence, the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution in England. The "natural rights of man are sought to be asserted and the age of democracy emerges bringing with it fresh problems and greater difficulties than in other ages. Hardly had democracy seemed to triumph than forces came into operation undermining it from its bases. The growth of the sciences, physical and mental, was a blow to the theory that all men are born equal. Political democracy is assailed on the one side by Bolshevism and on the other by Fascism, both founded on the negation of the foundation of the theory of the equal rights of man. The position is exceedingly complicated, on the one hand by the blossoming into ever increasing types of flowers of the inventive genius of man which not seldom act in conflicting directions and on the other by the growth of population and the ex-

ceeding and crushingly growing complexity of modern life. Where these forces will lead nobody can as yet venture to say for certain.

Professors Hayes and Moon devote attention to all the aspects of life at the various epochs, economic, social and religious no less than political. They draw the lesson of their survey, namely, the perils political democracy is faced with, and suggest what they consider the anti-dotes thereto. "In our democratic civilisation of the twentieth century, the fundamental problem," they say, is really one of education. Unless people learn how to use their votes, their money, their machinery, their printing presses, and their moving pictures wisely, terrible disasters are in store for democracy. "Knowledge is dangerous," they continue, "unless it goes hand in hand with a desire to do good, and, vice versa, good intentions are often harmful if they are not guided by knowledge. In short, the world today needs both knowledge and morality." Listen, Oh! ye citizens of the democratic world!

P. V.

LITERATURE

Rolland's Genius

THE PLAY OF LOVE AND DEATH: By Romain Rolland.

One thing alone is certain and tangible in the world—and this is the individual. One thing alone is of supreme importance to him, this being the condition on which all other things rest—and this is life. But the contradiction of human society has become such that this life—man's good, man's all—can be saved only by being immolated.

The only atmosphere in which human thought could breathe and move is that of liberty. No invention, no progress, no art, no happiness is possible without this. But the law of society has turned out to be so complex and so fleeting that this liberty—man's treasure, man's charm—could be saved only by being surrendered.

Instinct has, for its sole object, love which is the perfection of human gift, the goal towards which all our forces tend; but such is the labyrinth of our sentiments that the highest

degree of love is renunciation. Passion—this perfection, this flower—expands and develops only in immolation.

The fundamental bases of the thought of Romain Rolland are contained in these three antinomies.

At least a portion of Rolland's philosophy is here; for this enigma of a man sportfully eludes all definition and slips away from the contours in which you attempt to surround him.

A dangerous game this—But have no fear! the moment you think he is irremediably beyond reach, he appears very near you all of a sudden! A vigorous leap will have taken him again to his starting point.

M. Rolland's new drama of the French Revolution is a lyric and heroic variation on the above stated three themes. Is not the whole life of Rolland too, a symphony in which all these three elements mingle and struggle together so as to harmonise and triumph in company?

A preface informs us that this book is coral window with a dozen panels which he consecrates to the French revolution. "For more than twenty five years I have been ruminating over and outlining the "ensemble" of this dramatic epic. Circumstances obliged me to delay its completion. I never abandoned it at any time."

We already knew the "Danton" the "14th July", "The wolves" and "The Triumph of Reason" which a "Robespierre is to complete. See how Rolland describes *his* work: "Task of a quarryman who cuts open the bleeding mountain of the Revolution. I have once again put my axe on the rock and here is the first block which I have detached therefrom. I gladly inscribe the name of Stefan Zweig thereon. But for him, the block might have continued to sleep underneath the earth."

And what is the story itself?

To begin with, a man by name Jerome de Courvoisier "who reminds us, by his name and character, of the double martyrdom of the last of the Encyclopaedists and of General Lavoisier, but the predominant impression produced is that of the man with the face of the victor and with the voice of the vanquished, *condorcet*—the

"volcano underneath the snow" as D'Alembert says of him.

The convention has decreed the death of Danton. Courvoisier has fled from the assembly at the time of voting. He returns home shaking with shame, disgust and terror. The scene which he narrates to Sophie, his wife,—this supreme meeting, the ruin of Legendre, the triumph of Robespierre will undoubtedly become classic in our theatre. Guitry is dead; what more do Gemier, Dullin and all others expect to present this drama in which even the highest parts which a comedian could expect are not wanting?

But Sophie, the young and discreet wife of an old and illustrious husband hears all this story only distractedly; because, Vallie is in the house for the past half-hour. And who is Vallie? He is the man whom Sophie has all along really loved—the man who, "condemned, tracked, rejected by all friends, knowing himself lost, has returned from Gironde to Paris, carrying across all France his head upon which a price has been fixed, so that before he fell he might embrace the mouth of his beloved!"

The two men soon come face to face, the old Conventionist and the young Girondist, the old husband and the young lover, the old scholar and the young Romanticist both of them apostles of the same terrible goddess "*rhetorists who carry the hatchet in one hand and their heads in the other.*"

Courvoisier easily reads the truth of the trouble which his wife could no longer conceal. He no more desires to cling on to this life dominated by so much of wickedness. A warrant of search ordered by the "Comite de Salut Public" offers him the opportunity to end his life, and he voluntarily compromises himself before the brute which directs it.

Carnot arrives in time and carries to Courvoisier (i.e., to Condorcet—Lavoisier) the passports which will enable him to flee with his wife. But these two men hold a brief conversation beforehand.

A Cornelian dialogue it was, full of a sense of burning gravity, in the course of which became evident all the contradictions which today agitate our own lives.

I condense it brutally here:

"*Courvoisier*: Our great work was to attempt to found the rights of free man.

Carnot: In order that man might be free, he should be protected against those who enslave him. The rights of the individual are nothing without the force of the state!

Courvoisier: They are nothing, when sacrificed to the force of the state!

Carnot: They are nothing now but they will grow into existence. Let us learn how to sacrifice the present for the future!

Courvoisier: Justice does not thrive on a tainted soil.

Carnot: Like you, I too feel disgust towards these men of policy and of blood. I have, however, to live with them. I do not feel myself to be in a position to talk battle. The progress of humanity is worth a little coarseness!

Courvoisier: I have no longer faith in human progress. There is nothing sacred for me except life, the present life."

Carnot having gone, Courvoisier calls up Sophie and her lover Vallie and hands over to them the pass-ports: "they *love* each other, let *them* escape!"

Sophie, however, becomes herself again, she refuses to flee, tears up her passport. Vallie, the lover would also have liked to remain and to imitate this tranquil and noble courage displayed by Sophie; but attachment to life is still too strong in him. Beside himself with shame and weighed down with humiliation, he abandons his friend, and his mistress, takes up his passport and escapes.

The drama comes to an end at the time when the souls of Courvoisier and of Sophie soothe themselves with the bitter softness of sacrifices which nothing can restore,—the drama finds its completion at the moment when the door opens wide before those who come to arrest them.

"Why, indeed, has life been given to us?" Whispers one of the heroic two. "For conquering it" is the reply from the other.

But a few minutes before, Sophie had said to Vallie. "If we are not capable of avoiding the sufferings of love, we are at least capable of not being its playthings."

Vallie then replied: "What does it matter? I would have had you then!"

Sophie: "And you would have destroyed me too!"

Conflicts between the individual and society, between liberty and dependance, between love and renunciation,—Romain Rolland has incorporated these three dramatic elements in this short drama with incomparable ease and mastery.

And running through all this we see the most beautiful lesson of stoicism, the most vigorous incentive to think, which we have ever received for a long time.....

Says Romain Rolland, "I have more than once expounded my artistic conception of history which is for me a reservoir of the passions and forces of Nature. I draw from this reservoir. I take from the bottom of the abyss the great human creatures, the beast with a thousand heads....I do not worry about making them resemble types, for they are eternal. I recall to mind the great lesson given by Michael Angelo when he was working at—not Laurent—but at the Thinker: "In a hundred years, it will turn out to be realistic."

"The role of art is to sing, if it can, the Cantate for all Time."

Translated from the French of J. R. Bloch
by L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE,
chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-
Couch. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 8J6

This big, capable but rather dullish looking tome is, as its title strictly says, a book of English Prose—that is, Prose made in England, beginning with 'This Realm, this England' by John Trevisa (1326-1403), and ending with Rupert Brooke's prose reaction to the outbreak of war in 1914. Prose in English made beyond England is left for other anthologists, partly, perhaps, because, as the compiler says, "no honest scholar can pretend an acquaintance with the whole of English Prose," partly, one may be excused inferring, because, after all, it was England that sounded the English speech, and echoes are of secondary importance. "Our fathers," says Sir

Arthur, "have, in the process of centuries, provided this realm, its colonies and wide dependencies, with a speech malleable and pliant as Attic, dignified as Latin, masculine, yet free of Teutonic guttural, capable of being precise as French, dulcet as Italian, sonorous as Spanish, and of captaining all these excellencies to its service." Thus, with lordly gesture, the ancient and living languages that arose through millenia in areas that Oxford now looks forwards as "our wide dependencies", are shown the door. Indeed, if Germany, France, Italy, and Spain had the wisdom that is wrapt up in Oxford, they would proclaim a two minutes silence on a suitable date, and break it with their speech that, synthesises all their excellencies! It is well, however, that the work men do in letters has elements beyond their limitations. The compiler has spent five years to good purpose bringing together six hundred samples of fine prose writing. They follow no law save that of the compiler's taste, they present no thesis; they are just well presented samples in a show case. To go through them from first to last is to feel the wavy line of English expression rise and fall as the wind of inspiration comes and goes. To dip into them here and there casually, or selectively according to mood, is to touch an every handy happiness.

J. H. COUSINS.

PHILOSOPHY & RELIGION Unitarianism

FREEDOM AND TRUTH edited with introduction by J. E. Carpenter Lindsey Press, London.

This book contains nine essays expounding modern views of Unitarian Christianity. It is a century now since the first Unitarian Associations were established in London on 26-5-1825 and at Boston U. S. A. on 25-5-1825; and during that time the type of thought represented by that name has passed through many phases. Unencumbered by the definitions of ecclesiastical authority it absorbed new knowledge and adapted itself to fresh modes of conserving both the

universe around and human nature within. Mr. Carpenter points out that English Unitarianism has remained predominantly Scriptural; while in America the Unitarians went straight to great principles without making any attempt to discuss the Biblical evidence. During the century, new influences were at work; rationalism had come to stay, the dignity of man was upheld and it became impossible to believe in original sin or in vicarious redemption. Geology upset the Genesis. The argument from prophecy had to be abandoned; beliefs in miracles were challenged. It became clear by a comparative study of other religions that religious truths were not the exclusive possession of any single race or religion. The consequence was modern Unitarianism. The first essay is Martineau's *Three stages of Unitarian Theology*. In this, Martineau points that for all spiritual natures *Unity and Personality* are one, that nothing impersonal can even be Divine. The three stages are (1) God is the sole cause in the natural world (2) he is the sole Cause except ourselves in the moral world, where we are permitted to be "fellow-workers" with him. These two are the religion of causation and the religion of conscience. The third is the religion of the spirit-life into God, communion, of which saintly men have testified, which is "no illusion of enthusiasm, but an ascent, through simple surrender, to the higher region of the soul, the very watch tower whence there is the clearest and the largest view.

The second essay is Mellow's *Unitarian Christianity in the twentieth century*—the Modernists of old have set conscience free from servitude to the Church and the book and turned religion back on its sources in the soul. We are thrown back upon the reason and conscience of Mankind as the only sure path to truth and God. M. Mellow says "We have to preach to truth as it is in ourselves; not breaking with the past, but showing that in ourselves its force has been regenerated, recreated, redirected, made fruitful for the life the world is living now. Formerly, the sources of religion were found in infallible persons and in infallible books; but now the sources of religion are sought for in human life itself. Unitarian freedom enabled the laying of due emphasis upon the essential things. The essential of Unitarianism is the fatherhood of God and our divine sonship—not only a truth to be acknowledged but a reality to be enjoyed, continuously, pervasively, purposively. M. Mellow then considers the problems of Christianity which Unitarianism has faced and explains how it has solved them.

In the third essay, Mr. Dodson writes about *the evolution of the Idea of God in the last hundred years*. In 1825 Science has not held up to ridicule the Biblical version of the creation of the world, and Bible had not been studied by historical scholars. Science and History has transformed the value of the Bible; the conception of the immanence of God gained predomance; and theistic

thinkers of the present day see God in the order and not in the exceptions which went by, the name of miracles; and these thinkers, thanks to a study of the histories of other religions also, are no longer provincial in their outlook. The transition has been consequently from deism to theism. The evolutionary way of thinking in terms of growth and progress has saved us from the absurdities of a mechanistic philosophy. The author then traces the developments of the idea of God during the century of years from 1826 to 1925. The fourth essay is on "the Old Testament" by Mr. R. T. Herford and explains the Unitarian point of view regarding it. Mr. Herford indicates the nature of the change effected in the way in which the Old Testament has been regarded and notices some of the chief agencies which brought about that change and then points at the position it occupies in the mind of the modern thinker, and he concludes with a discussion of what a Christian's attitude towards the Old Testament should be.

The Historical Understanding of Jesus by Mr. Bowen deals with a familiar aspect of Unitarianism, how the Unitarians view the life of Jesus and Gow points out, in the next essay, *The Value and Significance of Jesus*. Fenn's *The Christian way of life* applies the lessons of Jesus' life and the value of significance of his life and teachings to the problem of the modern world.

Mr. Tarrant explains *The Spirit of Unitarian Philanthropy* and Mr. Christie concludes the series of essays by a short sketch of the *Unitarian Movement*. Unitarianism, says Mr. Christie, is demonstrating that a simple and natural and satisfying catholicism, animated by a common purpose and aim to seek contact with divine life and to find mutual expression of the experience, is the proper solution of all the conflicts of the past. He says, "The great characteristic of Unitarianism was not the body of conclusions it reached in respect to religious truth. It was its undogmatic method. This fundamental characteristic of undogmatic and catholic religion is strikingly exhibited in the prayers and hymns which are used in the order of worship. No suggestion of the logical view is allowed to intrude into the act of worship and communion and the concluding sentence is a bold statement of Unitarianism to the world at large."

"Unitarianism does not aim at anything else, and it is not deterred by the fear of any change in its present consensus of faith. When it sees further, it will go farther."

V. NARAYANA IYER

Old Creeds and New Needs

Mrs. Rhys Davids writes:—

In his appreciative review in your March number of my little book *Old Creeds and New Needs*, the reviewer has, in one matter, put words and ideas to my (dis) credit which I never used nor thought. He makes me describe four great Helpers of mankind as 'not real world leaders but as leaders of intellectual speculation', as

endowed with more than ordinary intellectual vigour.'

Now I have nowhere associated with those Helpers either the word 'intellectual', or the word 'speculation'. It would be sorely inaccurate to have done so. Nowhere have I held them up as philosophers (Think of it! Gotama as an intellectual speculator—a man who would never suffer himself to be drawn into such a discussion!)

I tried to show that those four—Zarathustra, Gotama, Jesus, Mohammad,—were 'real world leaders.' They were vessels divinely willed to guide the lives, not of a few wise men here and there, but of the many. They laid a truer, better basis for 'religion' that is, for the farings of the man through the worlds, both earth and the rest. They spoke to the multitude, it is true, in a world-corner, but their messages spread far. The message of each of them was—*so far as it went*—true for all time. Their messages became, are now, the bedrock strata in religion:—Deity as holy; the good life; man as brother to man; Deity as the One Willer and man as the willing servant of It. We look now for a yet further message to come.

But those four men were not intellectuals or

speculative. They did not examine, as philosophers do, into the logic of their inspired messages. They uttered these as inspired truths. Willed, they were themselves not so much thinkers as willers. Willing the 'well' of men, in body, mind, spirit, they gave their lives to live the gospel they uttered.

It may be the reviewer, by 'intellectual,' meant what an English writer would have called 'wise.' If so, I agree. It may be, by 'speculation' he meant 'vision into things' not seen by most. If so, I agree. But that those men did really lead the world each in his way, each eventually through a 'church' I did try to make clear.

Mr. Sastri, in quoting the concluding aspiration of my book, equates the Vedantion triad *sat, chit, ananda* with my triad 'life, light, love (as efforts worthily to word the highest and best we can conceive). The equation, he must surely see is a misfit. This does not mean that either of the triads should be rejected. Our aspirations are the richer by both of them. But cannot our 'new needs' inspire us to word something that both lack? Old creeds expressed the thought of their day. Is it not for us to express the new needs of the new world of our day?

What Thinkers Think

Why should it be so?

A bank note dinner for a party of two—
A few odd coppers for a cheap beef stew;
Just a few thousands for jewels to choose—
Less than ten shillings to buy children's shoes;
A mansion of marble, with servants a score—
A cot of three rooms, with a bare, cold floor;
One thousand acres to make a golf course—
Corn on a hillside, an old bony horse;
A yacht on blue water—a raft on a pond;
A debit on one side—on the other a bond;
Good food and warm clothing and nurses to please—
Ragged and threadbare, a cough, and a sneeze;
Riviera and sunshine—snow drifts and cold;
Smiling and happy—despondent and old:
The contrast lengthens and fill us with woe,
With plenty for all, why should it be so?

—THE MILLGATE MONTHLY

A World of Oppression

Mr. Al. Carthill, that anonymous author who has sprung into celebrity by his book on India *The Lost Dominion*, has written a new book. In that book, he has some striking passages devoted to the consideration of this problem. He pictures what a compassionate young man will think of some of the industrial areas of England to day if he visits them. He writes:

"Such a compassionate man, a young man, a transitory visitant to some great industrialised area, a gatherer of loose impressions, a hasty generaliser might say:—

"I have seen oppression. This oppression is all the

more oppression because it is a legal and hallowed oppression, wrought not by an individual but by a system. Society is divided into classes, and this not according to merit but according to mere accident. It is true that it is possible to pass from one class to another, but, though to fall is easy, it is difficult to ascend. The lowest class, indigent of all things, lives a life not fit for beasts. They are the people without hope. Above these are numerous classes, all in varying degrees poor. Their poverty is not that secure and dignified poverty which is the nursery of many virtues, but a poverty squalid and precarious; these are the unskilled workers with hand and brain, the proletariat. Above these come again numerous classes living lives of greater or lesser comfort, but all alike insecure. These are the skilled workers, the distributors and the directors. Above these come the wealthy with their satellites, their parasites, and the ministers of their pleasures. In this class, and in this class only, is there the opportunity for a full and man-like life. With the others it is not well.

"It is not well with the labourers. It is not well that children should be disinherited of their birthright the heritage of joy, the freedom of the open country, the wonder of the sea, the beauty of flowers, the song of birds. It is not well that women should be deprived of the gladness of girlhood and the sanctuaries of marriage and motherhood, that they should be not priestesses at the altar of humanity but drudges in its sculleries. It is not well that men should toil all their lives at monotonous tasks till hope and imagination dies in them, or worse, that men able and industrious should pace the streets, idle, seeking for bread and the bread of those dear to them.

"Who profits by this oppression? Not the wealthy. These men have the whole world to do them service, it they can make no use of this power. Therefore they waste the substance of thousands in pleasures that are not pleasures and bring no happiness. Not the man of the middle classes, anxious for his own future and the future of his children, scorning the masses below him from which he has risen, and into which he may at any time relapse, envying and despising the classes above him who despise him. It is not here, in scorn and fear and malice, that happiness is to be found.

"If it be true that the proletarians are content with their lot, that in itself is an indictment of the system. That men should be victims of oppression is bad, but that they should be contented is unendurable."

The contrast between the man of wealth and the man of poverty is revoltingly striking—the one reveling in the depths of disgusting luxury and the other struck down with the agony which inability to satisfy the primary wants of man induces in him.

Partial Explanation

The mechanisation of life possibly provides a partial explanation. Machinery has displaced man in many cases and his resultant unemployment sinks him into poverty. The extent to which machinery is displacing man may be judged from the following passage of James Maloney in *The American Federationist*:

We are living in a machine age; one that will become more perfect, but more complex, as time goes on. Quantity has followed in the wake of mass production until our industries, as constituted at present, produce a stock of goods and commodities in six months of the year that cannot be consumed by our present population in twelve.

In the steel industry one or two men, with the aid of machinery, replace twelve to twenty men unloading by hand.

In furnace charging by the use of skip hoist, lorry, and automatic weigher, two men replace fourteen.

In pig casting, seven men with casting machine replace sixty.

In open hearth operation, one operator with charging machine replaces forty hand chargers.

With travelling cranes twelve men pouring replace thirty-seven.

Two men unloading pig iron with electric magnet and crane replace one hundred and twenty-eight.

In men's clothing in various processes machines with a single operator replace six to eight workers.

In the clothing trade six men operating two board machines replace twenty. One girl operating six cutting machines produces twenty-five times more than by hand.

In the shoe industry one lasting machine produces the equivalent of six and ten hand workers, and it is assumed that other and more marvellous machines that have not as yet been placed in the factory are in existence.

In the glass industry one type of bottle-making machine replaces fifty-four workers.

In window glass production with a machine increases twenty to fifty times.

In wrapping machinery for bread, tobacco, chewing gum, cigarettes, soap, sugar, and razor blades one rapping machine with one operator replaces two and five and eight, and even forty.

This tendency extends through all industry, from

foundry work and material handling to bread baking and the manufacture of books. It extends even into office equipment, where adding, calculating, and bookkeeping machines expand human service three and five and ten times.

This is but a partial explanation; for, as Mr. Bertrand Russell and others have shown, the greater capacity of man to produce, with every addition of labour-aiding device ought to make him the richer, not the poorer. Indeed, Mr. Howard Hazell, writing in *The Times Trade Supplement*, points out how with every addition to the labour-saving—"labour-aiding" as he prefers to call it, following the suggestive phrase of the Prince of Wales—employment in industry had increased rather than diminished.

The Real Difficulty

One real difficulty in putting labour-aiding devices to the best advantage is the selfishness of the nations and their endeavour to be self-contained, if they could not exploit other nations. It is possible, provided there is considerateness and foresight on the part of every nation, to effect such a world division of labour as to benefit all parties. The extra yield of industry should be utilised in allowing the men extra wages and extra leisure. But is it what happens now? Take the coal dispute in Britain. The owners want to reduce wages and extend the hours of labour. Why? Because of the competition of other nations. What does that mean? Prof. McElroy, writing in *The New York Times*, thus depicts the present mutual relations among the nations:

When the Sage Confucius was about to die, he asked to be carried to the door of his house, that he might take a farewell look at the world; and he wept over its condition. If that ancient philosopher should return to-day, would he dry his tears? Twenty-four centuries of loam have gathered upon his simple grave in Shantung; and still men fight one another for the love of God; fight one another for the love of gain; fight one another for a thousand reasons, not one of which is strong enough to prove their actions rational. What the world is looking for is eternal peace. What it is looking at, almost a decade after the "war to end war," is almost eternal wars.

In a period of debasing international distrust and jealousy, it is not possible to take advantage of the possibilities of the machine.

M. Romain Rolland on the situation

The pity is that people do not yet see the need for abating international jealousies. Rather they are still writing histories, glorifying the nation, and in fanning the dormant junker spirit in the nations. Men are writing history with a purpose, teaching patriotism in schools, drilling the students, and thus doing everything physically, mentally and intellectually to develop the junker mentality in them which it is that leads to war.

"Consider the way in which the history of the world is written to-day. Barely is the war tearing when we see in Europe, in every nation, systematic to write the political economic, military and intellectual history of these "

who were statesmen, diplomats, generals, financiers, propagandists for war," writes M. Romain Rolland, in the *New Student*.

"That is, the men most interested in the war make themselves its judges—judges and partisans. . . . Even in good faith, how is it possible for them not to falsify history?"

"What is done to-day has been done always. Always human passions, consciously or not have guided the hand of the historian."

"What then is to be done? What is to be advocated? To begin with a sane and patient scepticism, not frivolous and lazy, but virile and serious, a fecund doubt which looks honestly for a solid certitude but which refuses to come to a conclusion before gathering the elements of an honest judgment. Before reaching this point you will have to strip yourselves of all particularity."

"Try to climb out of yourselves and your prejudices. Seek on all occasions to understand those arguments which differ from yours, the arguments of your opponents. All history (you will excuse me, but I was a historian by profession before I became a novelist)—all history is the history of conquerors of victorious races, victorious classes, and victorious men in these races and classes."

"For these races, these classes, these men of victory we have officially fabricated a special morality. In our people and the heroes of our people we have been accustomed to call 'glory' what we have been taught to brand as 'infamy' in enemy peoples and the heroes of these peoples."

"We no longer want these double standards. We want all men to be measured with the same measure. We want to judge ourselves and others with honest eyes. We want to understand others, to understand the stranger, the vanquished, the men and thoughts of other races. Is this because we want to praise these heroes at the expense of our own? Not at all. But it is because we shall never see ourselves truly if we do not try to understand the environment in which we are placed."

"What does this mean, if not that we must, at all costs, surmount national and social Unilateralism in the domain of the spirit, and that the only true and fecund life is synthetic, supra-national, based in universal humanity. A veritable education must always begin with this point of view and arrive later at the national points of view."

"Education to-day follows the contrary course. It goes from the national to the supra-national; and it rarely reaches the latter or else it distorts its significance by bringing to its eyes accustomed to horizons that are too narrow."

"Fortify your eyes! Enlarge your horizons! A veil hides from the nations the spirit of man. This veil cannot be torn in a single generation. But once it is lifted from your eyes, and as soon as you begin to perceive that truth is vaster and richer than you have been taught—I am content: you will not lower the veil again."

"My role is to sow a virile inquietude in the spirits of sincere and intrepid men. My role is to say to them: 'You are swathed in prejudices. Dare to throw them aside. And seek.'"

International Gatherings

One of the means of promoting international record is by international gatherings. Lala Lajpat Rai has something interesting to say about in his weekly, *The People*, a sturdy, well-edited and independent journal which has just

completed the first year of its useful career. Lajpat Rai writes:

I am of opinion, that Indians should use every possible opportunity to attend international gatherings, take part in them, and establish relations with the public men of all countries. It serves a double purpose. It enables us to judge how and where we stand. It gives us opportunities of removing misapprehensions and wrong impressions and giving a true and correct view of conditions in our country. Our country is very much misunderstood and misrepresented. No amount of writing can effectually remove the impressions thus disseminated. Actual contact with living men, leaders in their own spheres, political or economic or social, is much more effective than anything we may write and circulate. In my judgment it is a crime to let things go in default. We must mix and establish relations with persons of all nationalities. Such international gatherings afford good opportunities for the purpose. Moreover they inspire self-confidence and self-respect. Rubbing shoulders with the ablest and the most prominent of world's public workers, one begins to feel assured that one could do as well as others do, only if the opening and the opportunity were there. Besides it has great educative value of its own. You learn much which you could not otherwise know and understand. If you are a person with too much of self-importance and self-sufficiency you come to know your place. The only thing is to avoid building hopes on foreign help either for your freedom or for any other big purpose. You must not lose your balance. Much depends on the personal equation. Raw youths, or men with unformed characters or insufficient knowledge of world politics are not the persons to be sent to these international gatherings. You cannot depend on their maintaining their balance and keeping their place. Subject to these qualifications I am very strongly of opinion that Indians should utilise every opportunity that comes handy, to attend international gatherings and mix with persons of international fame."

The Youth of the World to the Rescue

How shall this mentality be counteracted? How may the nations be taught to realise that in mutual co-operation lay their welfare? The responsibility for removing the mist of distrust lies on the youth of the world primarily. It is satisfactory to note that youths throughout the world are realising this responsibility; and the youth movement is spreading everywhere. But one need not be a youth in age to spread the gospel of youth; for, each one of us may sing with the poet:

O Youth! when hopes ran high, and courage led the way,
When nothing was too high or difficult to climb;
When Life was just Achievement, day by day,
And from woe's depths, we rose to heights sublime.
Gay Youth!—when laughter won by heads the race
with tears,
When all the world was ours, to conquer and subdue,
We little recked the passing of the years,
Or ever thought life's rose-tints could turn blue.
Blind Youth, for Time has fled, and most of us are still
Striving to reach the goal we set ourselves—in vain?
Shall all be lost to those who—having Will,
Yet lacked the strength their object to attain?
Oh, surely not! if in the race we see, we
Lose none of Youth's early eagerness to win—
If—with the years—lives still the wish to be
True to the Vision Bright—the Soul within.

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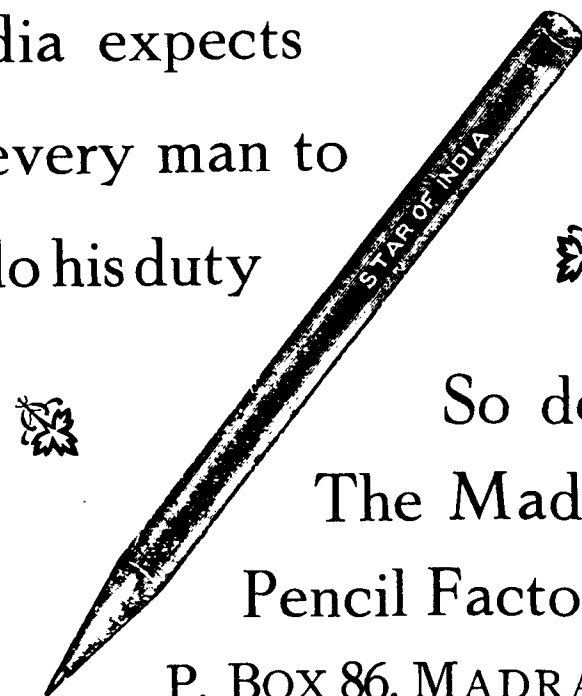
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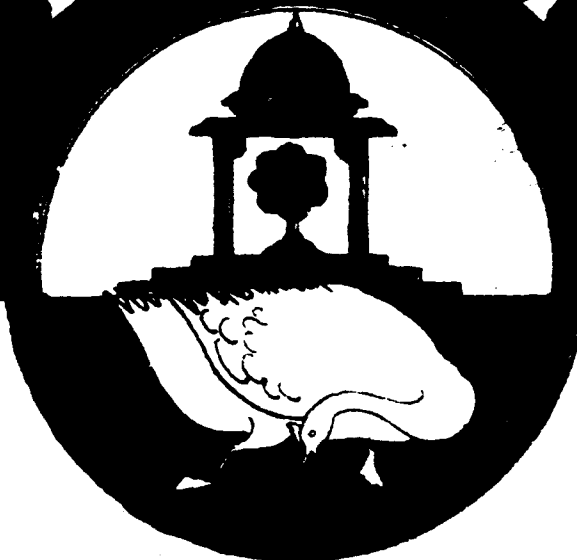
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Current Thought

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



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Borodada : Some Recollections

III

BY ANIL KUMAR MITTRA, B.A.

BORODADA belonged to no sect, and so his mind was universal. He is ever ready to accept truth from whatever source it came. He studied all the principal religions of the world and respected them. He could quote "Sermon on the Mount" with as perfect ease as he could a verse from Bhagavadgita. He used to say, "I have perfect faith in the words of Christ, and not that of the later Christians."

He realised that Truth is one, and felt that all the great religious teachers spoke the same thing in different languages. He had a mind to write a book on the subject, but his failing eyesight stood in the way. The short note that he has left with me can be given here, for the benefit of the future

scholars who can work it out for us. I will reproduce here word for word what he dictated to me day after day at Shantiniketan.

"When resemblances are found in the religious scriptures of countries far distant from one another, and these resemblances are not only of ideas, but also, of forms, there are two possible explanations; on the one hand, they may be mere coincidences, mere accidental likenesses, without any inner background of reality. On the other hand, it may be that, through some remote and unrecorded connection between the religious life and thought of the different countries concerned, there has taken place an actual borrowing and assimilation on the part of one scripture from another. This latter expla-

nation may often very rightly be assumed, when many parallels are discovered between the scriptures of two widely separated religions. To take the examples referred to in these pages, it is the task of scholarship and research to discover, whether there was actual historical connection between India and Palestine at the beginning of the Christian Era; but where parallels are found in Christianity between Christian ideas and forms and those more ancient ideas and forms which are embedded in the Hindu Scriptures, it is logical to assume that Christianity has borrowed and assimilated something from these, just as Christianity is acknowledged to owe much to the ancient religion of the Jews."

"To discover this to be a fact, does not detract from the value of those Christian Truths which may have been borrowed. It only goes to prove, that truth owes its origin to God alone, who reveals Himself in man."

"My object in placing the parallels, which are contained in the following pages, before my readers is to show that the fountain head of all truth, in East and West alike, is one, namely, God Himself."

"The founders of the different religions of mankind were never sectarian. They were universal in their attitude towards the narrow

religious life in which they were brought up. Christ, though born a Jew, was so strong in his denunciation of the sectarian spirit, that the Jews themselves were responsible for crucifying him. Though Buddha was silent as to his deepest thoughts about God and the human soul, there is one fact quite certain about him, and that is that he was never sectarian in his outlook upon human existence."

"My wish, in these pages, is to show that we can be true to the spirit of these great founders of the religions of the world only when we acknowledge that God reveals Himself in many ways and through many peoples; that He is not limited or confined to one 'chosen race' for the expression of eternal truth. My hope is, that, at this stage of the world's history the thoughtful and spiritual people of all nations will seek truth in the religious life and scriptures of other countries with the same zeal which they have shown hitherto in trying to prove that it was confined within the boundary of their own country. In the past there has been a rivalry of religions which has been as wasteful and foolish as the rivalry of nations. I feel strongly that this rivalry should be laid aside and that the Fountain Head of all Truth should be acknowledged in God Himself."

PARALLELS

New Testament

Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my saying

(A) *He shall never see death.*

(B) *He shall never taste death.*

If I honour myself, my honour is nothing; it is my Father that honoureth me; of whom Ye say, that he is your God: Yet Ye have not known Him, but I know Him, and if I should say I know Him not, I shall be a liar like unto you:

(C) *But I know Him.* Blessed are the pure in heart

(D) *For they shall see God.*

I and my Father are one.

† Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

MATHEW 16. 26.

Upanishads.

Existing even here we know Him. (See C) Had we not known Him here, great would have been our loss. Those who know Him become immortal. See (A) & (B).

BRIHAD., 4. 4. 14.

When the mind becomes pure by the influx of divine knowledge, one sees Him who is without parts, whilst rapt in meditation.

MUNDAKA, 3. 1. 8.

Having become calm, subdued, contented, patiently enduring and collected, one sees the Supreme Atma in his soul.

BRIHADARANYAKA, 4. 4. 23.

When the seer sees God the Creator, (See D), the spirit supreme, surrounded with a golden halo, then the knower, shaking off virtue and vice, thoroughly purified, attains *supreme identity with Him*.

MUNDAKA, 3. 1. 3.

Those abiding in the midst of ignorance, selfwise, thinking themselves learned, roam about confusedly striking against each other, like the blind led by the blind.

This is that which is dearer than son, dearer than wealth, dearer than all other things, this innermost soul.

BRIHADARANYAKA, 1. 4. 8.

And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not.

ST. JOHN, I. 5.

The Word was God.

Who, dwelling in the darkness, yet is other than the darkness whom the darkness does not know, whose body the darkness is, who controls the darkness from within, this is He—the controller of hearts—the immortal. Speech is Brahma. BRIHAD., I. 3. 22.

• The poet Valmiki begins his great epic Ramayana with the following couplet:

Narayanam namaskritya naram chaiva narottamam.

Deveem Saraswteem chaiva tato jayam udeerayet.

"After making obeisance to Narayana (the supreme deity), to the man who is the highest of men, and to Saraswati, the goddess of speech, let us shout forth, Glory be to you."

Thus we see that Saraswati, the goddess of speech, was the third of the three divine personages (like the Holy Ghost or the *logos* of the Christians), whose blessing Valmiki thought fit to invoke at the commencement of writing of the pious work his Great epic.

Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

MATHEW, 4. 4.

It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.

Jesus said, for judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.

Not by the outbreath or the inbreath doth any mortal whatsoever live, but by another do men live—even That whereon both these depend.

He by whom it is conceived of knows it not. It is not understood by those who say they understand it.

Enter ye in at the straight gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because straight is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Sharp as the edge of a razor, hard to traverse is this difficult path—poets declare.

KATHA, 4. 14.

One amongst a thousand strives after perfection, and amongst the striving many, few are they who knows me truly.

BHAGAVADGITA, 7. 3.

Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me.

ST. JOHN, 14. 11.

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father and ye in me and I in you.

ST. JOHN, 14. 20.

They, who worship me with devotion, are in me and I in them.

BHAGAVADGITA, 6. 29.

The Need for Universal Education

BY BERNARD HOUGHTON, I.C.S. (RETD.)

Every educated man will agree that he is the better for having been educated. If, by the magic of some miraculous talisman, he could return to boyhood again, master of his own destiny, he would certainly go again to school, indeed he would take care to go to better staffed and more efficient institutions than those which the purse of his parents permitted. By education he has learned to use his brains; by education he has entered into the fairy land of books, he enjoys the daily newspaper and his intercourse with cultured society; by education his outlook has widened and he has won perhaps to a well-paid business or profession. Through the gates of knowledge, he has indeed passed into a new world, a world the pleasures, the beauties or the profits of which know scarce any bounds other than those which his energy or his will set up. All this, educated people will cheerfully admit. They will also allow that it is a parent's duty to give his children the best schooling he can afford. But when it is a question of universal education,

many hold less certain opinions, if indeed they are not openly hostile. They doubt whether education be really for the good of the poor. It raises them above their station in life; it rouses ambitions impossible to gratify; they are quite happy as they are; "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"—in any case the tax-payers should not pay for the schooling of other children than their own.

But if education is a blessing beyond rubies, why should the gift or denial of it depend on the parentage of the child? Why should one child be taught and another remain ignorant, not through any merit or demerit of its own, but solely because the father of the one has some money and the father of the other is poor? Is it right or just to punish boy or girl, to strangle his or her whole life, to make him or her stupid or degraded or vicious, because the parents have no money to pay for the schooling? This is worse than to 'visit the sins of the fathers upon the children' because the father of a poor

boy may be honest and hard-working and a rich father may be a rake or an idler. It is to place the welfare of the child at the hazard of a die of gold.

When a famine occurs, when the land fails to give its increase, and the crops wither under rainless skies and the people go hungry, all agree that the State should provide food. If it did not come to the rescue, we should cry shame upon it and declare that it had failed in one of its first and most elementary duties. Is it not equally the duty of the State to feed the minds of the poor? For they suffer from a famine of knowledge, which it is entirely beyond their means to avert. Their minds starve for food, and for lack of it are stunted and feeble, even as the body is when it lacks nourishment. At intervals India suffers famines of wheat or rice, but the famine of knowledge is perennial,—it never ceases.

Is not that State most powerful and prosperous which has the largest number of intelligent citizens? An intelligent man is clearly worth more than a blockhead. Thus Britain easily surpasses Spain, and Spain in her turn Uganda. Or compare Britain of to-day with what she was a century ago when the great majority of the people could not even sign their names. Even a materialist will allow that without education, the leap forward in wealth through the invention and use of machines would have been impossible. But education has brought more than wealth. It has brought a great decrease in crime, particularly violent crime, an increased sense of order, less brutality and drunkenness, more refined manners, greater efficiency in every way. *There is no surer way to preserve law and order than to educate the people.*

If any man truly loves his country he will wish that she should progress, and prosper, that she should march in the van of humanity, second to no people on this earth. But in a world more and more educated how can this be unless you have universal education? Britain, the United States, practically every country in Europe, the Colonies, Japan, all have adopted this principle and enforce it. How may India hold her own in such a world unless she too educates all her sons and daughters? At present it is as though one

pitted a man with his legs fettered and one armed against a free and strong athlete.

A people without education may indeed be lions in battle. So were the Tartars under Timur, the Huns under Genghiz Khan, the Goths under Alaric. The Zulus and the Musui of yesterday were equally so. But to-day even on the battle field valour counts for naught against aeroplane and high explosives in the hands of those to whom intelligence and wealth have given these thunderbolts of modern science. Here again the word goes forth—*educate or perish.*

Why is it that so many governments have been so slow to grasp the fact that an educated nation is a powerful nation? Probably more than one cause is at work. Universal education owes its birth to the printing-press and cheap paper. It was not formerly a function of the State, such a protection against foreign foes, preservation of order or the administration of justice. It is, to speak, a new-comer amongst the State departments. It lacks the prestige and the influence which tradition gives. Histories which relate the glories of kings, their wars and their annexations, are dumb on the education of the people. The schools are still the Cinderella of the State or still supported on the leavings of the other departments.

Again there is the inherent selfishness of men, particularly of a class of men. Because a governing class is comfortably off or tolerably refined or educated, it by no means follows that it desires to share these advantages with its poorer fellow countrymen. On the contrary such a class too often bolts and bars the gates of knowledge against the poor, and shuts them off from those opportunities to acquire wealth or to cultivate the mind which itself regards as an indefeasible birth-right. If the poor are equally educated with ourselves, they say, will they obey us or follow our opinions? How shall we govern them? Whence shall we get our servants? In place of a privileged position our children will have to compete for a livelihood with the common people in the streets. Our power, our sense of superiority will vanish.

The naked selfishness of these views requires however some sort of a cloak. That cloak is the

doctrine of the inborn inferiority of the poor conveniently provides. It is assumed that because people are without knowledge they are incapable of knowledge, because base surroundings degrade them that they are naturally base, because they are shut off from refining influences that they are by birth brutal or drunken or sensual. This doctrine has found a ready vogue amongst the well-to-do in all eras and in every country. Aristotle, so wise in other respects, argued that there was a free nature and a slave nature. The Roman patricians thought the same, indeed the very adjectives "patrician" and "plebian" have lingered on to the present day. The entire feudal system with its order of kings, nobility, clergy, freemen and serfs was based on this doctrine. Everywhere it gave currency to the belief that men are by the mere fact of their parentage divided off into higher and lower orders of beings. Feudalism was in fact the caste system of Europe, for though a member of one class was not absolutely forbidden to climb over the one above, in practice the barrier was hard to scale as on prison wall. It has stamped its hall-mark not only on English society of the present day but also on English thought. Do we not still talk of "blue blood," or "high-birth" or "noble lineage"? In the eighteenth century the French aristocracy looked on the wretched peasants as another and very vile race, and so did the German and Russian nobilities within more recent times. An Austrian noble declared that "humanity began with the barons."

We have even Professors like Karl Pearson or Professor Bateson, alleging that the "lower" classes are inferior by heredity to the "Upper" classes. They give no reasons in support of this belief. This is but an echo of the bastard Darwinism which for a half-century has served as an excuse not only for the exploitation of poorer people but of whole nations inferior in military might or in knowledge to certain imperialist peoples. Just as a people which has not had the chance to educate itself is alleged to be congenitally stupid, so are those who have been for generations deprived of arms and taught to regard themselves as slaves, supposed to be by nature cowards.

Is not this kind of talk cant? Does it not rather express the will to believe what we wish to believe? In countries like Switzerland or Australia or New Zealand we do not hear of "lower" classes nor are the poor held up as dullards. Why? Because there is no tradition of class, and there is a tradition of education. Moreover, if any class or nation were by heredity of inferior mind, it could only alter for the better by careful elimination of the old stock, and by breeding of better ones. All biologists alike agree on this point. Yet the Greeks from being indistinguishable from many neighbouring tribes reached in a short space the highest zenith of the human intellect. After a few centuries they relapsed again into the mediocre. There was certainly no breeding in or out to account for this phenomenon. The Scotch in the seventeenth century were in England a bye-word of contempt. In the eighteenth, thanks to parochial education, they were man for man superior. Through the same cause the Japanese with no change in race have suddenly come to the front in Asia. The French peasant of to-day will in culture and thrift hold his own with any. Before the Revolution he was a filthy, frightened savage. There has been no change in race. Or if one took the infant child of these Professors who prate so glibly of the lower classes and placed him in a Liverpool slum, would he not grow up even as his neighbours, dirty and ignorant?

What does alter a people is not its race but the mental attitude. Religions, for instance, undoubtedly mould the outlook and the thoughts of men and give them each a special character of their own. When the Egyptians worshipped Osiris and Isis and all the pantheon of the old gods, they thought as that religion prescribed. When they became Christians, they thought as the early Christians did. Again they became Moslems and have since thought as Moslems, all this without any change of race. The peoples of Asia Minor have passed through the different mentalities of Pagan Rome, of early Christianity and of Islam. The mind of England before and after the Reformation was totally different. It were easy to cite a hundred other examples of

now easily a man changes his ideas, how plastic is his mind.

You can no more talk of average human nature, it has been truly said, than of the average music of an organ. It all depends on the hand of the musician. Keep a man ignorant, tell him he is base, a slave, sweat him till he has no leisure to think, no hope but to barely stave off starvation, and then, perhaps, place drink at his elbow as his only friend, and what wonder that he becomes brutal and dissipated? What wonder that at times he forsakes his manhood and becomes a devil? Would one of us who lives in culture and refinement be any better, if cursed by such a fate? Shame then on us who would actively or by our silence shut out our brethren from the schools and damn them to perpetual ignorance and all that ignorance may mean. What! because your parents were rich, is it just you should have pleasant work and well paid tasks? Your brother

forsooth, because his parents were poor, must be glad if by his utmost toil he can keep body and soul together, and such toil must be unrelieved by any pleasures of the intellect, unsolaced by the comfort which great authors can bestow. He like you is a human being, he like you has his loves, his yearnings, his hopes and his fears. He too has all the wonderful possibilities of a man, if only he were given the chance. Whilst you do light work or perhaps sit at ease, he must sweat like a beast of the fields without hope of betterment. Is it not selfish to deny to him that which makes you all what you are, to debase him in order that you may be exalted? To him who has shoes on his feet, the whole world is covered with leather, says the Sanskrit proverb. Put yourself in his place; feel the hardship of his lot; do not grudge him then this one boon of education.

Max Barthel

BY CHRISTIAN SENECHAL

If A. Holz, J. Schlaf, R. Dehmel and G. Hauptmann have, in the wake of Zola, discovered to the world the artisan-class and the pathos of their misery and work, these writers had perforce to portray and sing the "pains of men" merely from their objective observations which, despite their fraternal sympathy, could not have the value of subjective experience. The working-class could still expect their authentic representative poet who, having lived and suffered with them, would be able to voice forth directly and spontaneously the feelings and the aspirations of a community with whom he would remain in intimate contact and whose destiny he would, despite culture and success, continue to share. To-day such a poet exists actually in Germany and this is MAX BARTHEL.

Max Barthel is the son of a mason. He was born at Loschurtz near Dresden in 1893. His youth was one long period of misery. He lost

his father in his tenth year. His mother had to labour herself to death for rearing up her six children. He left the school for the factory, but he did not stay there long. The old nostalgia of his race, the *Wanderlust*—the same feeling that had driven Goethe beyond the Alps—took possession of him. Italy held forth an irresistible charm to the young Saxon artisan-poet. On his return to his native land after his travels, Barthel became a factory-workman at Hellan. It was then that his first verses were born. He became a member of the Young Socialist movement; but once again he felt the desire for freedom,—so as to flee to the South. On his way he visited Geneva, Florence and Rome. He slept in the coliseum and on the porches of St. Peter's. He hungered and begged; but he was intoxicated with Raphael and Michael Angelo, the Pantheon and the Forum, mad over Greek statues and the plebeians. He shared his morsel of bread with the stranger-brother, whether Italian or French.

Then he came back to Luxemburg and even to Belgium. There he was arrested and sent back to Saxony. It was then that he marshalled his thoughts and for the first time the poetic genius in him flowered forth. But till 1914, no publisher desired his poems which found an asylum only in the labourite press. "*When a grain fell from my soul, it remained by the roadside, forgotten, and hungry birds pecked them up*". Thereupon came the war and Barthel was in the trenches of Russia, of Argonne, of Verdun, and of Hartmannswellerkopf. This was followed by the Revolution when Barthel stood by the side of Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin, and threw in his lot with the Spartakists with whom he succumbed, was thrown into prison and finally liberated. He then quitted Germany for Russia which he traversed in all senses, as far as the Caspian Sea and Siberia.

Such is the exterior view of the adventurous life of a thirty-three year old poet whose work consisting of not less than ten lyric collections published from 1916 to 1924, enables us to study his soul and character.

Quite naturally his poems group themselves round the four themes which correspond to the four epochs of his life; the period of labour in the workshop, the peregrinations across Europe, the years of war, and revolutionary activity. Through the vicissitudes of a destiny where the passionate aspirations of youth, mirroring the feelings of an entire generation, and the cataclysms of a critical period for nations and classes, have fixed their impress, we hear an uprising voice, pure and sincere despite its anguish, singing forth the misery hidden beneath the sad eyes of the proletariat, hankering after the need for the freedom of the woods and springs, venting forth its horror over the pure blood that had been spilt and expressing its desire to triumph over the evil influences that dominate the world. Workman, wanderer, soldier and rebel, Barthel bodies forth in his works his infinite pity, his suffering, his hope and his apostolic duty: it is the entire man that reveals himself to us.

* * *

Verhaeren has presented to us whatsoever is

of the brutal, the tumultuous and the chimerical in the life of the tentacle-armed town where machines and men work together. Barthel *sees, hears, feels and suffers* the torment of the city from within, he feels the inexorable and sorrowful embrace of the rings of steel and fire. It is his artisan's soul that takes full cognisance of the labourer's sacrifice and unknown suffering, of the tragic fatality represented by the reign of materialism and the silent longing for liberty which rarely asserts itself beneath the resigned attitude of the centuries.

After having spent a whole day in the midst of the horrible grinding of the saws which cut away a precious piece of wood, the workmen walk out into the night and not one of them raises his eyes towards the stars above: "*In the machine-room alas! a precious tree has been sawn asunder!*" The great crime of civilisation is this disguised bondage which "bolts up the imagination" and "seals fast the eyes." That some men should still feel the pangs of hunger while others fatten themselves on their labour, is what inspires the poet with certain almost brutal verses: *the famished beast, filled with undying hate will one day avenge its blood—but the proletariat will not remain any the less blind to the beauties of the world, to the "raisons de vivre", to act and to love. Thus the poet not only sings, "The life hereafter should flower without misery", he also sings the glories of the spring and counsels those who return to their workyards forgetful of the trees in flowery bloom: "Brothers and sisters! Look around you! Take your fatigued hands amidst the flowered branches of the young trees, seize for yourselves the joys of Nature, press them as you would raisins, and taste the sweet juice thereof. Carry with you to the workyard the freshness of the spring....."*

In Barthel's dream, the people are full of force, activity and love. The energy which is latent in the youth of great towns makes the working-class the centre round which the world gravitates: thrown into disorder to-day by blind masters, hotbeds tomorrow of revolutionary movements, the labourers will, filled with the "love which quietens and roars," march out even up to the heavenly stars! There is no

question of setting up revolt in order to live at the expense of others: Barthel loves railways, symbols of marching labour; he feels within himself the burning spindle which ever madly turns round and which only knows the desire to march onwards and ever onwards! He sings the awakening of the great cities, the tread of the workmen wending their way to the factory where wheels and leather-straps await the rude hands which would set them in motion. And he himself marches along, sets himself at his work and:

*Axe and stone become bread,
Sweat and blood turn into wine,
And all things prove to be being and life*

The entire hymn "Matin" palpitates with the joy of creation. What matters the world of the individual? Life springs in this eternal work of the conquest of the universe!

* * *

The conquest of the universe—that was what the adolescent Barthel hankered after when he responded to the call of the Light on the horizon, far from the "shocks of stone and of hunger"; if Barthel wished to career through the celestial way "where falls the dew of stars", it is for escaping the moribund wisdom of books, the noisy prison where he had to drive his heavy mule, it is for the possession of mountains, heavens and seas, it is for feeling transported, exalted and conquered.

*All-powerful stars!
The foam and the thunder of the waves!
Thou art all this! O Horizon inebriate!
I am ready! I am thy child!*

And in a charming book *Die Wanderschaft* we rejoice with Barthel over the gushing of fountains in ecstasy, the roaring of the waves, moving tableaus of shadows, and after having listened, ravished and enrapt, to the psalms of the sun in the spacious firmament, we see, at the end of the voyage, the azure sea at the extremity of the world. The child of the town who knew the sinister horror of the factories, disappears at once. It is a real revelation that we witness here and the cry which breaks forth from this new flaming soul is so direct, so intense and so true

that it ends with a song of an incomparable melody and amplitude.

Here is the forest with its waving tree-tops, he launches himself therein and loses himself in this confused mass, he listens to the winds that whistle through the leaves, he sees the convulsions of convolvent roots. . . . but the sun shines and the birds will sing and a green silence will fall drop by drop on the fresh velvet of the under-wood whence the sap ascends to the top in swift currents.

Then there is the solitude of the summits of mountains.

*"A solid happiness rests in my arms
I throw it about like a stone!
Friend! Lavish boldly and freely what thou
hast!
If thou hesitatest, it shall never be thine!"*

The thoughts of this poet always turn back to men.

*"I see new men arise and grow,
Serene and audacious souls
Who, bare of breast, welcome the wintry
storm
And who ever sing songs of resurrection."*

Max Barthel once thought that the great war would be, not the cause, but the occasion for this resurrection. Since the autumn of 1914, he writes, like Barbusse in the "Aube",

*"Praised be the tempest, praised be the fight,
the final fight for peace."*

The work before us is to transform the world, soiled with blood as it is, according to our design. No hate for the adversary is in him, whether Russian or French. Never does Barthel use the word "enemy" [*Feind*]. He feels tortures that he has to take part in the work of organised murder: an inexorable destiny has placed him in front of his brother from the Siberian *steppes* and tragic, thrice tragic is the death, of which no one knew the purpose.

*Without Hate and full of Love
I stand before thee!
Give me the kiss
The old, old Russian greeting,
The brotherly kiss
Before we fly at each other's throats*

*To tear out our bodies!
Here where I am, I see the heart
The earth, vast and fruitful,
Bear fruits and good fruits
Nourished on our blood,
On our bloody work!*

Barthel, the soldier, repeats without monotony, the sorrow and fear which this massacre of *all* men, his brothers and companions, inspires in his mind, and he feels almost suffocated by desolation while shadows stalk along in mourning, trees stand on end in despair, multitudes of starry shrapnel fall down in the solitude like tears of fire, sorrow infinite, tears infinite!! In the song of a bird he hears the pain of all those who mount the trenches and he remembers all that the name "Verdun" signifies its pestilential atmosphere, decomposed bodies, limbs trampled down in mud and blood, the great slaughter-house where Death lays its formidable baton on the peoples! Or it is the woods of Avescourt where flowers no longer bloom, where plants do not grow in the raked-up soil! All the martyrdom of a noble soul is enshrined in the sixty-pages of the "*Vers d'Argonne*". All the suffering is crystallised here in brief poems, the suffering arising from the sight of wounded men and maimed things, the bombardment bridge, the abandoned lorry, the road leading to the trenches and to Death, prairies and forests, the vast mill of the "*Dead Man*" (*l'Homme Mort*) transformed into a rescuing station. "*Here in the solitudes of feverish nights, the Mill pounds out icy-glory, Here does the Mill extract blood-soiled Heroism from gaping wounds!*"

The essentially symbolic imagination of Barthel enlarges the Mill into a mighty image of the battle but these tragic visions alternate with admirable clans of the soul towards the beloved, towards the calm and the silence. Like Charles Vildrac in the "*Chants du desespere*", Barthel knows "the intoxicated and broken-hearted joy of severed branches." His sensibility, popular and naively simple as it is, does not ignore delicate and true nuances of thought. To the need for peace, the peace

*"Which will be like my mother
Whose loving breast suckled me,"*

is joined also a desire for purification and expiation. . . .

The poet has confidence and hope in the midst of his anxiety—a day will come when love will arise from rancour and anger and when the living will be influenced in their innermost beings, by the thoughts of those who repose for ever, when flowers will spring forth from the mouths of guns.

Then will arise the new time of Hope and Joy!

New Times! These were not vain words for Max Barthel. Revolutionary poetry is with him one of the forms of his action while it was merely a sterile manifestation of eloquence in the case of many German lyrists of November 1918. Along with two other poets Heinrich Lersch and Paul Zech who too stood in intimate communion with the people, the companion of Liebknecht never falls into the grandiloquence of a tribune exploiting, like an opportunist, a favourite theme of his own. Closely associating himself with all the events, Barthel translates with power and sincerity the collective vibrations, and his artistic temperament enables him to see things independent of futile idealism, his vision remains concrete, living, all penetrated with his most intimate *ego*. . . . The soul of the labouring-class lives in Max Barthel, he feels the tragic element of it with such force that the poems voicing forth the revolt of a virgin soul against "stupid time-old lies" often have the beauty of a vision of Constantin Meunier;

*The World should tremble before our march!
We shall unfurl our flags and tear our way
through, like the thundering sea.
We assail the rocks and we break the earth,
In the distant corners, palpitate our flame,
We, the slaves, come with a sovereign
gesture
So that our dreams may prove true!*

An intrepid faith animates Barthel's soul even in the prison before his false judges, the faith of a flaming prophet who still knows his past moments of broken-hearted dreams and thus remains close by the side of his brothers. Again and again—and this is what confers upon his works the value of an important document on the revolutionary soul—we note the defiance of

Prometheus: "I shall not raise my hands for beseeching grace; whether I fall or rise, it is there beneath that I wish to remain, in the depth which pounds me, or we hear the pathetic lament of the captive in prison, while wintry tempests rage round the walls outside:

"A day has passed—Enslaved, incarcerated a man has ceased to shine, like the day; A leaping gleam of light from the wan horizon has disappeared here. In the cell of my soul also, darkness has set in and tempests howl!" But hope is ever buoyant with the coming of the day aureoled with the light of new stars. Does not the poet know that "the martyrs expiate the faults of whole generations by one single tear of theirs"?

* * * *

Such is the soul of the man in whom the German people can today find the best of their race. Barthel is not an isolated example of the artisan who has become cultured. There are Paul Zech, Heinrich Lersch, Karl Broger, Alfons Petzold and Kurt Heynicke who form a group of

poets, in contemporary German literature, probably unique in Europe; but Barthel, the youngest of them all seems to us to be the most characteristic representative of a generation that has grown up under sorrowful trials; an ardent and wise idealism is in him, despite the disenchanting influence of privations, deceptions and formulas. A brave guileless, independent and straightforward soul, Barthel is the personification of the movement of young socialists. Was it not Barthel who in one of his letters wrote in his youth: "If I had only waited, I could have had a definite status amongst the members of my party. But what a stupid undertaking it is to write melodramatic critical impressions!... Rather shall I go back to the factory, if necessary". He is prepared to sell his arms to the machine but to sell his thoughts, no! he is not ready.

"I desire the noblest form of action even until Death cuts me off."

Translated from the French of CHRISTIAN SENECHAL by L. V. Ramaswami Aiyar.

Bhamati

BY KANNOOMAL.

Bhamati was the young devoted wife of Vachaspati Misra, the great commentator of the shastras. He is the only scholar who has written independent treatises on all the six systems of Hindu philosophy. He is a commentator without a rival and he who knows anything of Indian philosophy knows who Vachaspati Misra was. The profoundness of his erudition, the amplitude of his grasp of Hindu philosophy, the acuteness of his genius, the originality of his thoughts and the consummateness of his illustrative and expositive faculties, have secured him a first place among the post-Darshanic scholars and commentators. When he married Bhamati, he was engaged on his great commentary on Vedant Darshan—the most glorious movement of Hindu thought. He was young; his commentary took many years and made him old. Bhamati, the young wife, was a

great scholar and could move with her husband on the same plane of metaphysical thought. Vachaspati Misra used to pass the whole of his night for years together over the task of writing the commentary and his learned young wife sat by his side, assisting him in unravelling the subtleties of the Vedantic thought. When the husband was in doubt or confronted with some difficulty, she readily came to his help and her solutions were gratefully accepted by the husband. Endless were the nights thus spent over the great work. Nothing was so important as the completion of the Herculean task before them. There was no room in the joint mind of the couple for any other thought to enter in. One night as the task was approaching completion, Bhamati fell into sleep and as the last line in the commentary was finished, the great writer lifted up his eye and it instinctively fell upon the

sleeping figure of his wife. With the termination of the Herculean labour, the all absorbing obsession of his mind was gone. He could now think of the condition of the woman who was married to him. What a pity it was that the young woman in her devotion to him, had grown old and had not a moment of conjugal felicity. He cursed himself for having sacrificed her youth and its pleasures to his incessant and unflagging application to the work of writing the commentary. He had himself grown old—his hair turned grey—his skin shrivelled into wrinkles and his manly powers lapsed into decline. But his grief was too late. The couple had grown old without having had even a day's conjugal pleasure. While the husband was engaged in these thoughts, Bhamati woke up and thinking that she had committed a sin by going into sleep while the husband was busy with the work possibly requiring her assistance which she could not give, she folded her hands in reverence and made supplication for pardon. The husband realising her position, melted into pathos and accosted,

"My dear Bhamati, you have sacrificed your youth and all worldly pleasures for my sake. I have not fulfilled even for a day, the duties which my marriage with you, brought in its train. I am now too old to perform them and you too have grown old. Our marriage has been

so long a holy connection and our literary absorption has not allowed a day to utilise it in the wordly sense. I do not know how to recompense you for your devotion and sacrifice." Like a meek and devoted Hindu wife as she was, she answered that she had been amply honoured by the intellectual intercourse of her lord, and if she missed anything worldly, she had more than enough reward in the spiritual and intellectual benefits she had derived all those years. She said she did not regret for a moment having passed her life so nobly in her Lord's company.

This answer intensified the husband's pathos and affection towards her and he spake, "Dear wife, I shall make you immortal. The work I have just finished will be known to the world by your name. I have no greater reward to offer you."

The great commentary of Vachaspati Misra on Vedanta, which has drawn the rapturous admiration of the learned world ever since it was written and which has never been surpassed, not even approached by any other work, stands today under the name of the devoted wife. It is called the Bhamati—the unrivalled work of an unrivalled scholar, which Time will never extinguish so long as Sanskrit language endures. Bhamati has been immortalised and the sage Lord's prophecy has proved true.

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER V

PREPARING FOR SOUTH AFRICA

I was no doubt at fault in having gone to that officer. But his impatience and overbearing anger were out of all proportion to my mistake. It did not warrant expulsion. I can scarcely have taken up more than five minutes of his time. But he simply could not endure my talking. He could have politely asked me to go, but power had intoxicated him to an inordinate extent. Later I came to know that patience was

not one of the virtues of this officer. It was usual for him to insult his visitors. The slightest unpleasantness was sure to put the *sahib* out.

Now most of my work would naturally be in his court. It was beyond me to conciliate him. I had no desire to curry favour with him. Indeed having once threatened to proceed against him, I did not like to remain silent.

Meanwhile I began to learn something of the petty politics of the country. Kathiawad being a conglomeration of small States, naturally had

its rich crop of politicals. Petty intrigues between States and intrigues of officers for power, were the order of the day. Princes were always at the mercy of others and ready to lend their ears to sycophants. Even the *sahib's* peon had to be cajoled, and the *sahib's* *Sheristedar* was more than his master, as he was his eyes, ears and his interpreter. The *Sheristedar's* will was law, and his income was always reputed to be more than the *sahib's*. This may have been an exaggeration, but he certainly lived beyond his salary.

This atmosphere appeared to me to be poisonous, and how to remain unscathed was a perpetual problem for me.

I was thoroughly depressed and my brother clearly saw it. We both felt that if I could secure a job somewhere I should be free from this atmosphere of intrigue. But without intrigue a ministership or judgeship was out of the question. And the quarrel with the *sahib* stood in the way of my practice.

Porbander was then under administration, and I had some work there in the shape of securing more powers for the prince. Also I had to see the Administrator in the respect of the heavy *vighoti* (rent) exacted from the Mers. This officer, though an Indian, was, I found, one better than the *sahib* in arrogance. He was able, but the ryots appeared to me to be none the better off for his ability. I succeeded in securing a few more powers for the Rana, but hardly any relief for the Mers. It struck me that their cause was not even carefully gone into.

So even in this mission I was comparatively disappointed. I thought justice was not done to the clients and I had not the means to secure it. At the most I could have appealed to the Political Agent or to the Governor who would have dismissed the appeal saying, 'we decline to interfere.' If there had been any rule or regulation governing such decisions, it would have been something; but here the *sahib's* will was law.

I was exasperated.

Meantime a Memon firm from Porbander wrote to my brother making the following offer: 'We have business in South Africa. Ours is a big firm, and we have a big case there in the Court, our claim being £ 40,000. It has been

going on for a long time. We have the services of the best Vakils and barristers. If you send your brother there he would be useful to us and also to himself. He would be able to explain our case better to our counsel. He would have the advantage of seeing a new part of the world, and of making new acquaintances.'

My brother discussed the proposition with me. I could not clearly make out whether I had simply to explain the case to the counsel or to appear in Court. But I was tempted.

My brother introduced me to the late Seth Abdul Kareem Jhaveri, a partner of Dada Abdulla and Co., the firm in question. 'It won't be a difficult job,' the Seth assured me. 'We have big Europeans as our friends, whose acquaintance you will make. You can be useful to us in our shop. Much of our correspondence is in English and you can help us in that too. You will of course, be our guest and hence will have no expense whatever.'

'How long do you require my services?' I asked. 'And what will be the payment?'

'Not more than a year. We will pay you a first class return fare and a sum of £ 105, all found.'

This was hardly going there as a barrister. It was going as a servant of the firm. But I wanted some how to leave India. There was as well the temptation of seeing a new country, and of having new experience. Also I could send £ 105 to my brother and help in the expenses of the household. I closed with the offer, without any higgling, and got ready to go to South Africa.

CHAPTER VI

ARRIVAL IN NATAL

When starting for South Africa I did not feel the wrench of separation which I experienced when leaving for England. My mother was now no more. I had gained some knowledge of the world and of travel abroad, and going from Rajkot to Bombay was no unusual affair.

This time I only felt the pang of parting from my wife. Another baby had been born to us since my return from England. Our love could not yet be called free from lust but it was getting gradually purer. Since my return from Europe

we had lived very little together; and as I had now become her teacher, however indifferent, and helped her to make certain reforms, we both felt the necessity of being more together, if only to continue the reforms. But the attraction of South Africa rendered the separation bearable. 'We are bound to meet again in a year', I said to her, by way of consolation, and left Rajkot for Bombay.

Here I was to get my passage through the Agent of Dada Abdulla and Co. But no berth was available on the boat, and if I did not sail then I should be stranded in Bombay. 'We have tried our best,' said the Agent, 'to secure a first class passage, but in vain—unless you are prepared to go on deck. Your meals can be arranged for in the saloon.' Those were the days of my first class travelling, and how could a barrister travel as a deck passenger? So I refused the offer. I suspected the Agent's veracity, for, I could not believe that a first class passage was not available. With the Agent's consent, I set about securing it myself. I went on board the boat and met the chief officer. He said to me quite frankly, 'We do not usually have such a rush. But as the Governor-General of Mozambique is going by this boat, all the berths are engaged.'

'Could you not possibly squeeze me in?' I said.

He surveyed me from top to toe and smiled. 'There is just one way,' he said. 'There is an extra berth in my cabin, which is usually not available for passengers. But I am prepared to give it to you.' I thanked him and got the Agent to purchase the passage. In April 1893 I set forth full of zest to try my luck in South Africa.

The first port of call was Lamu which we reached in about thirteen days. The Captain and I had become great friends by this time. He was fond of playing chess, but as he was quite a novice, he wanted one still more of a beginner for his partner, and so he invited me. I had heard a lot about the game but had never tried my hand at it. Players used to say that this was a game in which there was plenty of scope for the exercise of one's intelligence. The Captain offered to teach it to me, and he found me a good pupil as I had unlimited patience. Every time I

was the loser and that made him all the more eager to teach. I liked the game but never carried my liking beyond the boat or my knowledge beyond the moves of the pieces.

At Lamu the ship remained at anchor for some three to four hours and I landed to see the port. The Captain had also gone ashore, but he had warned me that the harbour was treacherous and that I should return in good time.

It was a very small place. I went to the Post Office and was delighted to see the Indian clerks there, and had a talk with them. I also saw the Africans and tried to acquaint myself with their ways of life which interested me very much. This took up some time. There were some deck passengers with whom I had made acquaintance, and who had landed with a view to cooking their food on shore and having a quiet meal. I now found them preparing to return to the steamer, so we all got into the same boat. The tide was high in the harbour and our boat had more than its proper load. The current was so strong that it was impossible to hold the boat to the ladder of the steamer. It would just touch the ladder and be drawn away again by the current. The first whistle to start had already gone. I was worried. The Captain was witnessing our plight from the bridge. He ordered the steamer to wait an extra five minutes. There was another boat near the ship which a friend hired for me for ten rupees. This boat picked me up from the overloaded one. The ladder had already been raised. I had therefore to be drawn up by means of a rope and the steamer started immediately. The other passengers were left behind. I now appreciated the Captain's warning.

After Lamu the next port was Mombasa and then Zanzibar. The halt here was a lone one—eight or ten days—and we then changed to another boat.

The Captain liked me much but the liking took an undesirable turn. He invited an English friend and me to accompany him on an outing and we all went ashore in his boat. I had not the least notion of what the outing meant. And little did the Captain know what an ignoramus I was in such matters. We were taken to some

Negro women's quarters by a tout. We were each shown into a room. I simply stood there dumb with shame. Heaven only knows what the poor woman must have thought of me. When the Captain called me I came out just as I had gone in. He saw my innocence. At first I felt very much ashamed, but as I could not think of the thing except with horror, the sense of shame wore away and I thanked God that the sight of the woman had not moved me in the least. I was disgusted at my weakness and pitied myself for not having had the courage to refuse to go into the room.

This in my life was the third trial of its kind. Many a youth, innocent at first, must have been drawn into sin by a false sense of shame. I could claim no credit for having come out unscathed. I could have credit if I had refused to enter that room. I must entirely thank the All-merciful for having saved me. The incident increased my faith in God and taught me, to a certain extent, to cast off false shame.

As we had to remain in this port for a week, I took rooms in the town and saw much by wandering about the neighbourhood. Only Malabar can give any idea of the luxuriant vegetation of Zanzibar. I was amazed at the gigantic trees and the size of the fruits.

The next call was at Mozambique and thence we reached Natal towards the close of May.

CHAPTER VII

SAMPLES OF EXPERIENCES

The Port of Natal is Durban, also known as Port Natal. Abdulla Seth was there to receive me. As the ship arrived at the quay, and I watched the people coming on board to meet their friends, I observed that the Indians were not held in much respect. I could not fail to notice a sort of snobbishness about the manner in which those who knew Abdulla Seth behaved towards him, and it stung me. Abdulla Seth had got used to it. Those who looked at me did so with a certain amount of curiosity. My dress marked me out from other Indians. I had a frock coat and a turban, an imitation of the Bengal *pugree*.

I was taken to the firm's quarters and shown into the room set apart for me, next to Abdulla

Seth's. He did not understand me, I could not understand him. He read the papers his brother had sent through me and felt more puzzled. He thought his brother had sent him a white elephant. My style of dress and living struck him as being expensive, like that of the Europeans. There was no particular work then which could be given me. Their case was going on in the Transvaal. There was no meaning in sending me there immediately. And how far could he trust my ability and honesty? He would not be in Pretoria to watch me. The defendants were in Pretoria, and, for aught he could say, they might bring undue influence to bear on me. And if work in connection with the case in question was not to be entrusted to me, what work could I be given to do, as all other work could be done much better by his clerks. The clerks could be brought to book, if they did wrong. Could I be, if I also happened to err? So if no work in connection with the case could be given me, I should have to be kept for nothing.

Abdulla Seth was practically unlettered, but he had a rich fund of experience. He had an acute intellect and was conscious of it. By practice he had picked up just sufficient English for conversational purposes, but that served him for carrying on all his business—whether it was dealing with Bank Managers and European merchants or explaining his case to his counsel. The Indians held him in very high esteem. His firm was then the biggest, or at any rate one of the biggest, of the Indian firms. With all these advantages he had one disadvantage—he was by nature suspicious.

He was proud of Islam and loved to discourse on Islamic philosophy. Though he did not know Arabic, his acquaintance with the Holy Koran and Islamic literature in general was fairly good. Illustrations he had in plenty, always ready at hand. Contact with him gave me a fair amount of practical knowledge of Islam. When we came closer to each other, we had long discussions on religious topics.

On the second or third day of my arrival, he took me to see the Durban Court. There he introduced me to several people and seated me

next to his attorney. The Magistrate kept staring at me and finally asked me to take off my turban, which I refused to do, and left the court.

So here too there was fighting in store for me.

Abdulla Seth explained to me why some Indians were required to take off their turbans. Those wearing the Musalman costume might, he said, keep their turbans on, but the other Indians on entering a Court had to take theirs off as a rule.

I must enter into some details to make this nice distinction intelligible. In the course of these two or three days, I could see that Indians were divided into different groups. One was that of Musalman merchants, who call themselves 'Arabs.' Another was that of Hindu and Parsee clerks. The Hindu clerks were neither here nor there, unless they cast in their lot with the 'Arabs'. The Parsi clerks would call themselves Persians. These three classes had some social relations with one another. But by far the largest class was that composed of Tamil, Telugu and North Indian indentured and freed labourers. The indentured labourers were those who went to Natal on an agreement to serve for five years, and came to be known there as *girmityas* from *grimit* which was the corrupt form of the English word 'agreement'. The other three classes had none but business relations with this class. Englishmen called them 'coolies', and as the majority of Indians were of the labouring class, all Indians were called 'coolies', or 'samis'. 'Sami' is a Tamil suffix occurring after many Tamil names, and it is nothing else than the Sanskrit *Swami*, meaning a master. Whenever therefore an Indian resented being addressed as a 'sami' and had enough wit in him, he would try to return the compliment in this wise: "You may call me *sami* but you forget that *sami* means a master. I am not your master!" Some Englishmen would wince at this, while some would get angry, swear at the Indian and, if there was a chance, would even belabour him; for, 'sami' to him, was nothing better than a term of contempt. To interpret it to mean a master amounted to an insult!

I was hence known as a 'coolie barrister.' The merchants were known as 'coolie merchants.' The

original meaning of the word 'coolie' was thus forgotten and it became a common appellation for all Indians. The Musalman merchant would resent this and say: 'I am not a coolie, I am an Arab', or 'I am a merchant', and the Englishman, if courteous, would apologise to him.

The question of wearing the turban had a great importance in this state of things. Taking off one's Indian turban would be pocketing an insult. So I thought I had better bid good-bye to the Indian turban and begin wearing an English hat, which would save me from the insult and the unpleasant controversy.

But Abdulla Seth disapproved of the proposal. He said, 'If you do anything of the kind, it will have a very bad effect. You will compromise those insisting on wearing Indian turbans. And an Indian turban sits well on your head. If you wear an English hat you will pass for a waiter.'

There was practical wisdom, patriotism, and a little bit of narrowness in this advice. The wisdom was apparent, and he would not have insisted on the Indian turban except out of patriotism; the slighting reference to the waiter betrayed a kind of narrowness. Amongst the indentured Indians there were three-classes—Hindus, Mussalmans, and Christians. The last were the children of indentured Indians who became converts to Christianity. Even in 1893 their number was large. They wore the English costume and the majority of them earned their living by service as waiters in hotels. Abdulla Seth's criticism of the English hat was with reference to this class. It was considered demeaning to serve as a waiter in a hotel. The belief persists even today among many. On the whole I liked Abdulla Seth's advice. I wrote to the press about the incident in the court and defended the wearing of my turban in the court. The question was very much discussed in the papers which described me as an 'unwelcome visitor'. Thus the incident gave me an unexpected advertisement in South Africa within a few days of my arrival there. Some supported me, and some severely criticized my temerity.

My turban stayed with me practically until the end of my stay in South Africa. Exactly

when and why I left off wearing any head-dress at all in South Africa we shall see later.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE WAY TO PRETORIA

I soon came in contact with the Christian Indians living in Durban. The Court Interpreter Mr. Paul was a Roman Catholic. I made his acquaintance as also that of the late Mr. Subhan Godfrey, then a teacher under the Protestant Mission, and father of Mr. James Godfrey who since has been a member of the South African Deputation which visited India last year. I likewise met the late Parsi Rustomji and the late Adamji Miyakhan about the same time. All these friends who up to then had never met one another except on business came ultimately into close contact as we shall see later.

Whilst I was thus widening the circle of my acquaintance, the firm received a letter from their lawyer saying that preparations should be made for the case, and that Abdulla Seth should go to Pretoria himself or send a representative.

Abdulla Seth gave me this letter to read, and asked me if I would go to Pretoria. 'I can only say after I have understood the case from you,' said I. 'At present, I am at a loss to know what I have to do there.' He thereupon asked his clerks to explain the case to me.

As I began to study the case, I felt as though I ought to begin from the A.B.C. of the subject. During the few days I had at Zanzibar, I had been to the Court to see the work there. A Parsi lawyer was examining a witness and asking him questions regarding credit and debit entries in account books. It was all Greek to me. Book-keeping I had learnt neither at school, nor during my stay in England.

And the case for which I had come to South Africa was mainly about accounts. Only he who knew accounts could understand and explain it. The clerk went on talking about something debited and something credited, and I felt more and more confused. I did not know what a P. Note meant. I failed to find the word in the dictionary. I revealed my ignorance to the clerk and learnt from him that a P. Note meant a

promisory note. I purchased a book on book-keeping and studied it. That gave me some confidence. I understood the case. I saw that Abdulla Seth who did not know how to keep accounts had so much practical knowledge that he could quickly solve intricacies of book-keeping. I told him that I was prepared to go to Pretoria.

'Where will you put up?' asked the Seth.

'Wherever you want me to,' said I.

Then I shall write to our lawyer. He will arrange for your stay. I shall also write to my Memon friends there, but I would not advise you to stay with them. The other party has great influence in Pretoria. Should any one of them manage to read our private correspondence, it might do us a lot of harm. The more you avoid familiarity with them the better for us.'

'I shall stay where your lawyer puts me up or I shall find out independent lodgings. Pray don't worry. Not a soul shall know anything that is confidential between us. But I do intend cultivating the acquaintance of the other party. I should like to be friends with them, I would try, if possible, to settle the case out of court. After all Tyeb Seth is a relative of yours.'

Seth Tyeb Haji Khan Mahomed was a near relative of Abdulla Seth.

The mention of a probable settlement somewhat startled the latter, I could see. But I had already been six or seven days in Durban, and we now knew and understood each other. I was no longer a 'white elephant'. So he said:

'Y.....es, I see. There would be nothing better than a settlement out of court. But we are all relatives and know one another very well indeed. Tyeb Seth is not a man to consent to a settlement easily. With the slightest unweariness on our part, he would screw all sorts of things out of us and do us down in the end. So please think twice before you do anything.'

'Don't be anxious about that,' said I.

'I need not talk to Tyeb Seth or for that matter to any one else, about the case. I would only suggest to him to come to an understanding and so save a lot of unnecessary litigation.'

On the seventh or eighth day after my arrival, I left Durban. A first class seat was booked

for me. It was usual there to pay five shillings extra, if one needed beddings. Abdulla Seth insisted that I should book one bedding, but out of obstinacy and pride, and with a view to saving five shillings, I declined. Abdulla Seth warned me. 'Look, now,' said he. 'This is a different country to India. Thank God, we have enough and to spare. Please do not stint yourself in anything that you may need.'

I thanked him and asked him not to be anxious.

The train reached Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, at about 9 p. m. Beddings used to be provided at this station. A railway servant came and asked me if I wanted one. 'No,' said I. 'I have one with me.' He went away. But a passenger came next, and looked me up and down. He saw that I was a 'coloured' man. This disturbed him. Out he went and came in again with one or two officials. They all kept quiet, when another official came to me and said, 'Come along, you must go to the van compartment.'

'But I have a first class ticket,' said I.

'That doesn't matter,' rejoined the other. 'I tell you, you must go to the van compartment.'

'I tell you I was permitted to travel in this compartment at Durban and I insist on going on in it.'

'No, you won't,' said the official. 'You must leave this compartment, or else I shall have to call a police constable to push you out.'

'Well, then, let him do so. I refuse to get out voluntarily.'

The constable came. He took me by the hand and pushed me out. My luggage was also taken out. I refused to go to the other compartment and the train steamed away. I went and sat in the waiting room, keeping my hand-bag with me, and leaving the other luggage where it was. The railway authorities had taken charge of it.

It was winter, and winter in the higher regions of South Africa is severely cold. Maritzburg

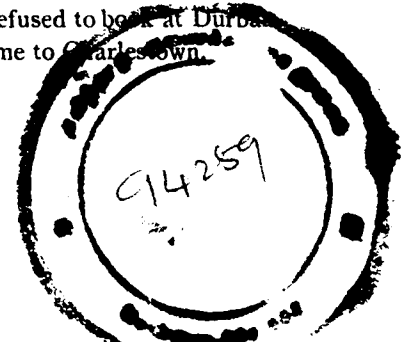
being at a high altitude the cold was extremely bitter. My overcoat was in my luggage, but I did not dare to ask for it (lest I might be insulted again), so I sat and shivered. There was no light in the room. A passenger came in at about midnight and possibly wanted to talk to me. But I was in no mood to talk.

I began to think of my duty. Should I fight for my rights or go back to India, or should I go on to Pretoria without minding the insults, and return to India after finishing the case? It would be cowardice to run back to India without fulfilling my obligation. The suffering I should have to go through would be superficial—only a symptom of the deep disease of colour prejudice. I should try, if possible, to root out the disease and suffer hardships in the process. Redress for wrongs I should seek only to the extent that would be necessary for the removal of the colour prejudice.

So I decided to take the next available train to Pretoria.

The following morning I sent a long telegram to the General Manager of the Railway, and also informed Abdulla Seth. He immediately met the General Manager who justified the conduct of the Railway authorities, but informed him that he had already instructed the Station Master to see that I reached my destination safely. Abdulla Seth wired to the Indian merchants in Maritzburg and to friends in other places to meet me and look after me. They came to see me at the station and tried to comfort me by narrating their own hardships and explaining that what had happened to me was nothing unusual. They also said that Indians travelling first or second class had to expect trouble from Railway officials and white passengers. The day was thus spent in listening to these tales of woe. The evening train arrived. There was a reserved berth for me. I now purchased at Maritzburg the bed ticket I had refused to book at Durban.

The train took me to Charles Town.



Reviews and Notices of Books

PHILOSOPHY

"Mysticism and Catholicism"

"MYSTICISM AND CATHOLICISM." By Hugh E. M. Stutfield. (T. Fisher Unwin). Sh. 12/6 net.

This book is ably written, and interesting and even informing from cover to cover, though on rare occasions the author allows himself the indulgence of making a cocksure pronouncement when his knowledge is uncertain, or at best secondhand. Its appearance is, indeed, a sign of the times. Throughout the Western world, Christian dogma and Christian institutions, as they are found existing among the churches, have ceased to be regarded as the essence of true religion, and men have begun to understand the value and necessity of *inner spiritual experience* as the one evidence and source of divine truths and realities. The author's severest condemnation is directed against the Catholic church as "practising a rigid immobility which tries to stem the advancing tide of knowledge and new ideas", and also "as promoting discord and hatred instead of peace and unity both in family and social life." As for the English church, though it has "a far cleaner record," it, too, has failed "to move with the times and join with the march of human thought". Moreover while of late its Clericalism and Ritualism have been pushed to extravagant lengths in imitation of the Papacy, an extreme section of it which "beats the Roman drum" is growing noisy and lawless and bringing into existence "a new sacerdotalism" which excites derision and irritation among all moderate and reasonable men. Our author condemns also in severe terms the intervention of Anglican ministers in purely political and partisan controversies where no broad principles of right and wrong are involved.

Before leaving these "preliminary considerations" forming Chap I, the author gives us his justification for taking up the treatment of mysticism. When men get disgusted with the

churches on the grounds above stated "*the mystical idea naturally forces itself to the front*",—"the centre of religion is shifting from blind reliance in external direction to a trust in something more intimate and personal," which will bring men the joy of personal contact with and experience of spiritual realities and joys. The author's description and exposition of "mysticism" in general—as he terms this religion of intimate and personal contact with the divinity or divine truths and spiritual experiences—extends over Chaps. II-V, and we propose to subject his views to comment and criticism in this issue. In a later issue, we shall take up his discussion of the particular forms which mysticism has assumed in various times and places (Chaps. VI-XXI).

We are at once told that M. Maeterlinck, "believes in a great mysterious river of thought which, since the beginning of history, has been flowing beneath all the religions, all the faiths, and all the philosophies,"—and that "the source of this river is to be found in India." Our author also states his own view that "from the historical stand-point at any rate, India was the birth place of our fundamental imaginings, the cradle of contemplative religion and the nobler philosophy." First, as regards M. Maeterlinck's view, it might seem that it smacks of the so-called "occultism" which, according to the Theosophical Society, is the common foundation of all religions. But such a view of Maeterlinck's conception of the religion of Indian sages is a mistake. For, Maeterlinck holds that "the further back we go the more perfect it (Indian religion) is, the more unadulterated, the more closely related to the loftiest speculations of our modern agnosticism." Besides, Maeterlinck, as our author informs us, (p 34) refers to the Rig-Veda and the Sama-Veda as the sources of India's "fundamental, but reverent agnosticism." But, according to Mrs Besant, "mysticism is in its meaning, the *direct Knowledge* of god and of the facts of the spiritual

world which are *partly* embodied in what are called religious truths" (*vide* her "mysticism", p. 15). Hence, the Mysticism of the Theosophist cannot be identical with Maeterlinck's conception of the religion of the Indian sages, as a kind of agnosticism. Further, Mrs. Besant (page 13) holds that "all the knowledge that can be taught to a man, including all scriptures, however sacred,...as the *lower* Knowledge of God" is different from "the Eternal Life (which) is, and is the only, knowledge of God,"—the higher knowledge which cannot be got from the words and sentences of any Scriptures, even if they be the Mahavakyas of the Upanishads and however spiritually advanced one may be. *Secondly*, we cannot agree with our author's view that these "fundamental imaginings" are the source of the Indian sages' teachings regarding the *realisation* of the innermost bliss of the Atman. The realisation of the self as the one supreme reality is of the nature of *Experience*, free from all limitations, negations, and mere figments or fabrications of the fancy,—Experience based on, and taught through, the words and sentences of Veda, recalling the lines of Mr. Maurice Baring, the living poet,

I have loved words which left the
soul with wings,

Words that are windows to eternal
things.

Nor is the Vedanta religion and philosophy to be identified with what Mr. Stutfield calls pantheism, which he says, "holds that the *sum of things* is God". We no doubt agree that God (or Existence, Experience, &c., whatever name is given to it) is "the one real unity" but he is of the nature of Intelligence, undifferentiated and, therefore, not "a mere sum of things" and as such, akin to matter. Mr. Stutfield tries to make mysticism clear to us by calling it "the endeavour to obtain contact and union with the divine by means of rapt contemplation and ecstasy, withdrawal from all earthly feelings and interests, and by the development of the intuitional faculties as a means of discerning spiritual truth and reality"—and further he says, "belief in the inspiration of the individual is the keystone of mysticism". But he says also that this "inspiration is *supernaturally* acquired." Evidently he under-

stands nothing clearly about this "supernatural" element in mysticism. For, he asks—"Has the faculty that we term Intuition any backing of reality? Is it a biological fact, a separate living force, or merely an expression of certain chemical elements in the human organisation? Are we being hypnotised by big-sounding words, soothed by luscious tropes and images, fogged by nebulous rhetoric?" The truth is that Mystics indulge in fanciful self-deception and verbiage when they speak of their method as "a form of spiritual exercise" leading to an "alleged vision of the Absolute." (p. 28). If this method is, as they call it, mere "intuition" or "insight," it can have only a purely subjective value for the individual, even though many mystics employ the processes of reasoning and reflexion to construct their system of belief or doctrine. In India, on the other hand, what we call Inner Experience or Realisation (*Darsana*) is reached through the processes of Sravana, Manana, and Dhyana, and they are all taught by those who know them to their qualified disciples. In India, also, the method of Analytic Reason is employed to explain and establish the doctrine of the Veda, but until the spiritual methods and exercises taught by the Guru bear fruit, there can be no realisation of the haunting glory or beauty of the Self which is the one noumenal reality behind the phenomenal world. We resort to Reasoning only for a constructive and harmonious synthesis (and statement) of doctrine in accord with the pronouncements of the Veda, but by itself it cannot be of creative value for the individual's ultimate Self-Realisation and perfection. The faculty named Intuition, or even Insight, by Western writers and often regarded as the source of inspiration and, therefore, as non-natural or supernatural, is recognised as fallible, unconvincing, or even as merely consisting of new sense—data. But in India, the individual's spiritual progress is gained by processes authoritatively revealed in the Vedanta, but which can only be taught by the Guru in their true form so as to be available for practical observance during the time of meditation or while undergoing the stages of preparation preliminary to it. No mistakes, no illusions, no groping in the dark, or straying through mis-

direction, can occur here,—because the true methods are transmitted in an unbroken tradition from the remotest ages among the Yogis and Munis of the land. Our author seems evidently to know nothing of the Veda and Vedanta,—for he says that “it confesses its entire ignorance of the nature and attributes of the Absolute” and that, therefore, “its foundation is, as M. Maeterlinck says, a splendid and fundamental Agnosticism.” These statements regarding the Vedantic religion and philosophy are simply unfounded and absurd, and must be rejected.

Secondly, Mr. Stutfield explains that “symbolism is the life-blood of mysticism.” But, first, a symbol is of value as indicating or revealing the thing or idea behind it. Next, if the claim of the mystics in the West to possess an experience of the divine in man which others do not share is well-founded, how is it that they have no intelligible common symbol, or adequate language, to communicate, or even describe, it to others? Mr. Stutfield rightly says of the mystic that “he is apt to let his imagery run riot, to fog our minds with analogies that are more fanciful than real,”—and that he is apt “from interested motives to wrap up inanity in a cotton-wool cloud of meaningless verbiage.” Emerson says rightly that “mysticism consists in the mistake of an accidental and individual for a universal, symbol.”—

Thirdly, Mr. Stutfield explains that to the Mystic, as to the Greek, “the Good and the Beautiful are pretty much the same.” But no mere sensuous perception of the loveliness in an external object, or even a haunting and indefinable emotion of joy arising from the surrender of the human soul to an *imagined* revelation of beauty ever-present in the very core of the order of the universe, can be said to be tantamount to that Vedantic revelation of the interior Bliss of the Self which is the very essence of Love and puts an end, once and for ever, to the miseries of life in a passing world of phenomena.

In Chap. III, Mr. Stutfield gives some further explanations regarding Mysticism. He also deals with certain so-called similarities between Mysticism and the Vedanta. There is no time to expose all his imaginings or errors. But we must refer briefly to one point, as much misunder-

standing prevails regarding it. It is often held that the Vedantin—who postulates the One Self as alone real—must necessarily help to obliterate and be blind to the reality of, the distinction between good and evil, right and wrong. The Vedantin recognises in full the authority of the ethical precepts which are contained in the *Srutis* and *Smritis*, including the *Puranas*. How, then, can it be said that he agrees with the Mystic in holding that “God sees evil as good,” or that “evil is that which is no—how, nowhere, and nothing”? There is never any vacillation or conflict in the mind of the follower of the Vedas as regards the reality of distinctions of all kinds ethical, social and aesthetic, in the world of phenomena,—and it is through their observance in practical life that man can rise to that height of mental purity and desirelessness which can qualify him for the search after the Supreme Bliss of Love which pervades and transcends the universe and man. This advance which is the finest flower and fruit of a pure and lofty morality is itself what a Western philosopher calls an “ethical advance,”—for, when it is reached, what he calls “the elimination of ethical conceptions” is even then never desired, or even possible, as the ingrained ethical habits of the life (or lives previously passed through have become a lasting possession and a thing of value which, even when it is beyond the ken of the conscious mind, is a perennial cause and source of elevation for the future. We are glad that Mr. Stutfield refers to Hindu ethics as “one of the sublimest systems of practical morality which the world has ever known,”—but we think that he knows not what he is writing about when he says that “it arose out of the profound and pantheistic agnosticism of the Hindus.” We are neither pantheists nor agnostics and we maintain that we owe our ethical precepts to the Rishis who revealed the Karma-Kanda of the *Srutis* and *Smritis*.

In his Fourth Chapter on “The Psychological Aspect,” our author explains that “mysticism has long been the hunting-ground” of Western psychology. Especially, since the recent rise into importance of what our author calls “the psycho-analytic Satan” of the sub-conscious self, the phenomena of religion have become “definitely

installed as a department of psychology.” In this way, mystic visions, intuitions, abnormalities, have only a subjective value as purely personal experiences. Our author tells us that some go the length of holding that “an aesthetic revelation” is the clue to the meaning of Existence. *Secondly*, religious and mystical experiences are now explained in accordance with what is called “mystic psychology,”—i.e., as having their origin in the religious ideas, beliefs, and practices obtaining in the present social environment,—in the assimilation, in fact, of mental contagions of all kinds through such processes as suggestion, auto-suggestion, hetero-suggestion, and so on. *Thirdly*, as mystical experiences accumulate in the course of ages, there is produced “a kind of mystical procession” which gets absorbed into the experiences of the mystics of later epochs. *Fourthly*, while some mystics and religious visionaries are also very intellectual and combine intense powers of devotion and contemplation with a keen eye for the main chance, the majority display much infantile imbecility and ignorance owing to their abnormal course of development; and this is, according to some, the true mark of prophetic wisdom and inspiration. *Finally*, we have the “eroto-genesisists” who hold that there is an intimate connection between the religious sentiment and the sex instinct. Mr. Stutfield points out that “dogmatic religion exploits erotic passion in a manner, and to an extent, that is positively shameless.” In South India, too, we have seen how, under its recent sources of light and leading, Theosophy has thoughtlessly associated itself with the perversion of the erotic passion as the source of the mystic development, infusion, or inspiration, which is to help in fitting the immature mind of man as a home or habitation for Messiahship. We think the movement is bound to fail, as, in our views, it has its origin in a thoughtless and perverse dabbling with the true and normal course of spiritual evolution individual and social.

In Chap. V, Mr. Stutfield deals with “the ingredient of terror” in Mysticism. In spite of his great learning and acute perception, our author has allowed his sense of fairness to be overcome to some extent by prejudice. There was, indeed,

a religion of fear among savage peoples; and perhaps it has left “survivals behind, and may still influence spiritually immature minds. But these phenomena should not be confounded with the suggestions regarding the unseen purposively contrived by professional priests or theosophical occultists in the West to entrap the gullible and credulous few among the educated middle class or the ignorant masses at large. Further, it is absurd to hold that the idea of sacrifice, or the ritual connected with it, is based on the “prudential desire to placate or propitiate evil spirits by frequent shedding of blood.” Those who are familiar with the illuminating works of the late eminent scholar Robertson Smith, on the “Religion of the Semites,” know well that sacrifice had a different origin and purpose. Especially in India the performance of Yajnas is recommended optionally to those who desire personal or social and national benefits, but not enforced upon all. Moreover, all the great Indian sages and teachers have insisted upon *ahimsa* (Ahimsa) as the highest precept of morality. Hence, we see how erroneous is our author's idea that the demoralisation of man arising from “the ingredient of terror” is “the real source, the natural seed of mystical religion,” and is not the real explanation of the unworthy features and incidents to which he refers in the history of the Catholic and Hebrew religions, or of the modern Russian and Irish people. K. SUNDARARAMAN

EDUCATION

Bertrand Russell on Education

BERTRAND RUSSELL ON EDUCATION : George Allen and Unwin Ltd. 6s. net

Mr. Bertrand Russell's *On Education* is a great book by a great man on a great subject. The reconstruction of education is the only real basis of the reconstruction of life. Mr. Russell says well: “Thus from love of our children we are driven step by step, into the under sphere of politics and philosophy... The Education we desire for our children must depend upon our ideals of human character, and our hopes as to the part they are to play in the community.” It is our woeful lack of vision in this matter that is

responsible for the educational chaos and the resultant social and political chaos in India today.

Education of character is even more important than education in knowledge. Character is largely determined by early education. The aim of education is not mere ability but something deeper and higher. The word "useful" has value only when we know the purpose of that usefulness. 'Useful for, what is a very proper question. Do we want only what is useful for the body? What about the pleasures of mind? What about moral beauty and social goodness? What about the national genius? What about the self-realisation of the immortal soul? We must combine humanistic and utilitarian aims in education. Mr. Russell says: "The humanistic elements in education must remain, but they must be sufficiently simplified to leave room for the other elements without which the new world rendered possible by science can never be created."

Mr. Russell then examines with characteristic acuteness and subtlety and independence and combined analytic and synthetic power modern educational theory and practice. The tyrannical disciplines of olden times are being replaced by self-discipline and team spirit. Such natural inhibitions as are aimed at today are more real and effective than alien tyrannical inhibitions. The old belief in original sin is decaying and will soon disappear; children are not inherently vicious or virtuous. Mr. Russell says well: "They are born with only reflexes and a few instincts; out of these, by the action of environment, habits are produced, which may be either healthy or morbid". What is needed is not the control of bad desires by the will but the formation of good habits of mind and body early in life. Mr. Russell's following words may be well laid to heart by our modern educational grandmothers who are opposed to early training in virtuous thoughts and words and acts: "It is clear that education of character must begin at birth...It is also clear that definite instruction can begin earlier than was formerly thought because it can be made pleasant and no strain upon the infants powers of attention" unfortunately in modern

India we iterate and apply the outworn educational creeds and formulae and ideals and methods of the west.

Modern education in the west aims at making national greatness "the supreme purpose of education." Mr. Russell declares that a higher and purer and nobler objective is required in education today. He says in a clarion voice: "The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields at Eton, but the British Empire is being lost there. The modern world needs a different type, with more imaginative sympathy, more intellectual suppleness, less belief in bull-dog courage and more belief in technical knowledge. The administrator of the future must be the servant of free citizens, not the benevolent ruler of admiring subjects. The aristocratic tradition embedded in British higher education is its bone."

Perhaps the sorest need of the times in education as in life in general is the need of love. The child must be regarded as an end and not as a means. The teacher must love his pupils. Mr. Russell states further: "But it is not enough that the educator should love the young, it is necessary also that he should have a right conception of human excellence." Then follows a very illuminating discussion of the cardinal virtues of vitality, courage, sensitiveness and intelligence and the need for imparting them through education. He says well: "One generation of fearless women could transform the world, by bringing into it a generation of fearless children, not contracted into natural shapes, but straight and candid, generous, affectionate, and free. Their ardour would sweep away the cruelty and pain which we endure because we are lazy, cowardly, hard-hearted, and stupid. It is education that gives us these bad qualities, and education that must give us the opposite virtues. Education is the key to the new world."

The second part of the work is even more valuable, and shows how education of character is to be achieved from early boyhood. Even in childhood the basis of regular good habits must be laid. A child should be fed at regular intervals, not whenever it cries. This will

prevent later whining and querulousness. "In old days infants were at once restricted and coddled". We must teach boys to be courageous. We must let their love of play and their fancy have a free run. Mr. Russell says: "It is a dangerous error to confound truth with matter-of-fact, but life is governed not only by facts, but by hopes, the kind of truthfulness which sees nothing but facts is a prison for the human spirit...To kill fancy in childhood is to make a slave to what exists, a creature tethered to earth, and therefore unable to create heaven." We must also stimulate and encourage the constructive faculty in boys. Stimulate in them as much of the cooperative spirit as possible. Let them learn to love truthfulness. Mr. Russell's views as punishment of children are very valuable and instructive. Education in affection and sympathy is of the greatest importance and volume. It is hence important to bring up children and educate them in company with other children from the nursery itself. Mr. Russell says: "There is only one road to progress, in education as in other human affairs, and that is: Science welded by love. Without science, love is powerless; without love, science is destructive."

The third part which deals with intellectual education is equally valuable. It discusses the problem of combining the cultivation of intelligence with the necessary minimum of initiative without sacrifice of accurate training. It is a great truth—not recognised in modern Indian Education—that the fabric of intellectual education should be reared on the basement of education of character. Mr. Russell says: "If rightly conducted, it (education of character) ought to be nearly complete by the age of six". Intellectual education ought to rouse and satisfy curiosity and should be a delight. Mr. Russell says: "throughout education, from the first day to the last, there should be sense of intellectual adventure...Initiative and individual work give the pupil the opportunity of discovery, and thus afford the sense of mental adventure far more often and more keenly than is possible where everything is taught in class". Lightning

the curriculum is the greatest educational need in Modern India. The educational curriculum is overweighted—oppressively overweighted. Geography and history and science are thrust into the background as much as moral or religious culture. Literature is taught in a dry and unattractive way. There is a great deal of fuss now made about vocational education but there is a considerable mixing up of ideas about inducing a bias in the direction of manual labour and hand and eye training and real vocational education. Mr. Russell says well; "I hold strongly that, apart from a few rare cases, every one ought to have a scholastic education up to the age of eighteen, and exclusively vocational training should only begin after that age."

In regard to Universities Mr. Russell points out that they should 'train men and women for certain professions, and also pursue learning and research without regard to immediate utility.' He says further: "Every University teacher should be himself engaged in research, and should have sufficient leisure and energy to know what is being done in his subject in all countries." Modern India is multiplying Universities but has it a real conception of the University spirit as pointed out by Mr. Russell?

I wish to quote in conclusion the following noble passage from the concluding chapter of Mr. Russell's great work: "I have tried to bring before the reader the wonderful possibilities which are now open to us. Think what it could mean: health, freedom, happiness, kindness, intelligence, all nearly universal. In our generation, if we choose we could bring the millenium. But none of this can come about without love. The knowledge exists; lack of love prevents it from being applied...Knowledge is the liberator from the empire of natural forces and destructive passions; without knowledge the world of our hopes cannot be built...A thousand ancient fears obstruct the road to happiness and freedom. But love can conquer fear, and if we love our children nothing can make us withhold the greatest gift which it is in our power to bestow".

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI,

LITERATURE

Tagore's Latest Play.

RED OLEANDERS. By Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan 5/-

This, the latest of Rabindranath Tagore's symbolical plays, is practically a dramatised version of his *Nationalism*. Yaksha Town stands for the materialistic West, and its King, who is hidden behind a net-work, only his voice being heard outside, is the embodiment of impersonal and inhuman power. Nandini, with her Red Oleanders, symbolises Beauty and Love, while her sweetheart, Ranjan, is the spirit of youth personified. It is a most lurid picture that the Poet has given us of modern civilisation with its mechanical organisation and greed for power. "Yaksha Town is a city under eclipse. The Shadow Demon, who lives in the gold caves, has eaten into it. It is not whole itself, neither does it allow anyone else to remain whole." The King must either gather or scatter. He can feel no pity for what he cannot get. Breaking is with him a fierce kind of getting. He has "an endless curiosity to analyse and know, but no sympathy to understand." He has "numberless arms to coerce and acquire, but no serenity of soul to realise and enjoy." Tagore is not, however, content merely to denounce. The King, while boasting of his strength, has still a yearning for the things beyond the reach of brute force. "Why can't I," he asks Nandini, "strain out the tint of your Oleanders and build a dream out of it to keep before my eyes? Those few frail petals guard it and hinder me. Within you there is the same strong hindrance, so strong because so soft." "All I possess is so much dead weight," he complains. "My time is spent in knotting the binding rope, but, alas, everything else can be kept tied, except joy." "I who am a desert," he cries out to Nandini, "stretch out my hand to you, a tiny blade of grass, and cry: I am parched, I am bare, I am weary." At last he gains deliverance by emerging from the prison of his treasure-house, and breaking his own flag-staff, though only at the cost of the precious lives of Nandini and Ranjan. Tagore's denunciations are, therefore, not born of ill-will or pessimism, as

we see that he has full faith in the ultimate deliverance of man from the bondage of a blind materialism. It is strange that even so judicious and sympathetic a student of Rabindranath as Mr. E. J. Thompson should speak of his *Nationalism* as "remarkably one-sided and unfair", in the face of numberless passages acknowledging the greatness of the West where it is great. It is perhaps the lot of great men like Tagore to be misunderstood both at home and abroad; for, while some westerners accuse him of a prejudice against them, some of us in India charge him with an excessive leaning to the West! Those at least who have read him with unprejudiced minds ought to be convinced of his perfect fairness and impartiality.

It must be confessed that *Red Oleanders*, though a very powerful play, is too thin and vague for stage purposes. For obvious reasons, only the heroine, Nandini, has a definite individuality, and there is little of action or movement till almost the end of the play. The introduction of an apparition as a prominent character has been defended by the Poet himself* on the ground that modern nationalism is intensely real, and that it is the principal hero today in the drama of human history. Needless to say, the play abounds in passages of striking beauty, but we cannot help feeling that it has suffered much in the process of translation from the Bengali. The dialogue lacks the terseness and colloquial vigour of the original, while the songs are a mere travesty of the original songs, though this is a defect by no means peculiar to this among the English works of Tagore.

On the whole, judged from a purely literary point of view, *Red Oleanders* adds nothing to the Poet's previous achievements, though it is remarkable for the vision and faith embodied in it. It is a vision that has come to him in the darkest hour of dismay. "I have a stronger faith", he says, "in the simple personality of man than in the prolific brood of machinery that wants to crowd it out. This personality—the divine essence of the infinite in the vessel of the finite—has its last treasure-house in woman."

* In his letter to the *Manchester Guardian*.

art. Her pervading influence with some day tore the human to the desolated world of man. As in the animal world the physically weak has today inherited the earth, woman will one day prove that the meek in soul, through the power of love, will rescue this world from the dominance of the unholy spirit of rapacity. The joy of this faith has inspired me to pour all my heart into painting against the back ground black shadows—the nightmare of a devil's temptation—the portrait of Nandini as the bearer of the message of reality, the saviour from rough death."

A. RAMA IYER.

A Drinkwater Play

ROBERT BURNS, A PLAY. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., London. 3/6

This play, written on the model of its famous predecessors like *Abraham Lincoln* and *Oliver Cromwell*, fully sustains the reputation of Mr. Drinkwater in the field of biographical drama. The obvious difficulty of compressing the events of a life-time into the narrow compass of some half a dozen short scenes has driven him to the necessity of adopting an episodic mode of treatment. The career of Lincoln from his election as President down to his death is marked by a wonderful unity of purpose, so that the scenes of *Abraham Lincoln* follow one another in a three dramatic sequence. There is no such sequence in either *Oliver Cromwell* or *Robert Burns*, but in each case the character of the hero is portrayed with the utmost fidelity to fact. The six scenes in which the life of Burns is presented leave us with a vivid sense of his genius, marred by several lamentable weaknesses, which ultimately ruin him. In the first two scenes are presented the amours of Burns, with the affair of Jean Armour, which gets him into trouble. In the next two scenes we see him in Edinburgh, both lionised and patronised, and getting into questionable society. The fifth scene shows the failure of his farming enterprise, while the sixth and last scene exhibits him in his final decay

and ruin. The most remarkable feature of the play is the introduction of a good many of the best-known songs of Burns—*The Jolly Beggars*; *Holy Willie's Prayer*; *John Anderson, my jo, John*; *Man's a man for a' that*; *The ploughman he's a bonnie lad*; *Auld Lang Syne*; *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, etc., etc.—each in its appropriate setting. Here, indeed, Mr. Drinkwater shows real genius. No attempt is made, and quite rightly, to reproduce the native dialect of Burns, but the dialogue is from first to last marked by crispness and verve. The play, in spite of a certain thinness incidental to the subject and partly redeemed by the numerous songs, is quite worthy of its author, and will be cordially welcomed by all lovers of Burns and his poetry.

A. RAMA IYER.

Books in Brief.

TREASURE ISLAND. By Robert Louis Stevenson. The Oxford University Press, Ltd. 2/-

It is too late in the day to think of praising this universally known novel of Stevenson, but, if there are any so unfortunate as not to have read it, they cannot do better than read it in this excellent edition in *World's Classics* series, unmatched for its combination of cheapness, handiness, and neatness of get-up. A special feature of this edition, which considerably enhances its value, is the essay, "My First Book", in which Stevenson gives, in his inimitable manner, the story of its composition, and describes some of its special features.

A. RAMA IYER.

MY SHELLEY. By V. R. M. Chettiar, Trichinopoly. 3 As.

This little booklet by the author of *Literary Speculations*, recently reviewed in these columns, contains an enthusiastic appreciation of Shelley, which reveals much taste and power of expression, albeit marred by certain crudities and irrelevancies. Mr. Chettiar is sure to make his mark if he can combine with his reading

enough of detachment to practise a more rigorous self-criticism than is in evidence here.

A. RAMA IYER.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF QUEEN BESS. By Frederick Chamberlin John Lane. The Bodley Head, Ltd. 5/-

This is an abridgement of the author's larger work, *The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth*, which appeared some three years ago. It is an interesting collection of the Queen's short striking sayings, in which she stands self-revealed in all her greatness and littleness. We see what a large share of petty vanity, caprice, and unscrupulousness there was in her composition, side by side with her readywittedness, tactfulness, patriotism, energy, and dauntless daring. The author makes the claim that "a more human person than the great queen as she bursts out of these pages cannot be found", but one can hardly resist the feeling that she was at the same time one of the least lovable of women. Students of the reign of Elizabeth will find this book particularly valuable, though its value would have been enhanced if the various sayings had been properly grouped and classified.

A. RAMA IYER.

BIOGRAPHY A Student's Life.

REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT'S LIFE. By Jame Ellen Harrison. The Hogarth Press, London. 5/-

Miss Harrison, the well-known Hellenic scholar, whose volume on *Ancient Art and Ritual* in the Home University Library Series must be familiar to many of our readers, has given us, in the book under review, some short delightful reminiscences of her early life. Every line of the book breathes a freshness and originality of outlook, an unspoiled interest in life, and a rich fund of humour, and the reviewer is faced by the problem as to which passages to select for quotation.

With reference to her early up-bringing, Miss Harrison admits that Victorian Education was "ingeniously useless", but she points out

that odd scraps of information are stimulating to a child's imagination, and blames the modern system under which one learns "only what is reasonable and relevant." She was from the outset "a hopeless worldling", but Sunday was an exciting if laborious day. She taught twice in the Sunday school, and played the organ at two services. She followed the prayers in Latin, the lesson in German, and the Gospel in Greek. She had always to write out one of the two sermons from memory, and she was not told which beforehand. "This has given me a bad habit of attending closely to any nonsense I may happen to hear at a meeting or a lecture. I see my happier friends sleeping and yawning or nudging each other; my attention is glued to the speaker." At Cambridge she contracted a dislike for history, as the lessons consisted mainly of moralisings on the doings and misdoings of kings and nobles. "Normally what we had to feed on were the notes we took of lectures; these notes were carefully corrected and severely commented on. It was a wretched starvation system, but gave constant practice in composition." Miss Harrison, though she has lived most of her life with educationists, confesses to a dislike of schools. "Let Children early speak at least three foreign languages, let them browse freely in a good library, see all they can of the first rate in nature, art, and literature—above all, give them a chance of knowing what science and scientific method means, and then leave them to sink or swim. Above all things, do not cultivate in them a taste for literature!"

Miss Harrison's anecdotes of the great men and women she has known are all first-rate reading, but all too few. When Ruskin was shown the small library of Newham College, he looked at the books with disapproving eyes, and gravely said that each book that a young girl touches should be bound in white vellum. "I thought with horror of the red moroccos and Spanish leather that had been my choice. A few weeks later the old humbling sent us his own works bound in dark blue calf!" She once paid a visit to Tennyson, who was very kind to her "according to his fierce lights." "He

often forgot his own poems, and was obviously annoyed if I could not supply the words. He would stop suddenly and ask angrily, 'Do you think Browning could have written that line? Do you think Swinburne could?' I could truthfully answer 'Impossible.' If he posed a good deal, he was scarcely to blame; the house was so charged with an atmosphere of hero-worship that free breathing was difficult."

Some of the best passages of the book are unfortunately too long to quote. But we must, before closing, give a few of the more personal passages which give us an insight into the author's character and temperament. In her younger days she was so rigid a Tory that, when Gladstone visited her College, she "resolutely refused to join the mob of students in cheering and clapping the Grand Old man on his arrival", and even shut herself up in her room; but she is at present "an old Liberal, with a dash of the Little Englander and the Bolshevik." She hates the Empire, and objects to nearly all forms of patriotism, while being at heart narrowly parochial. "Until I met Aunt Glegg in the *Mill on the Floss*, I never knew myself. I am Aunt Glegg; with all reverence I say it. I wear before the world a mark of bland cosmopolitan courtesy and culture; I am advanced in my views, eager to be in touch with all modern movements, but beneath all that lies Aunt Glegg, rigidly, irrationally conservative, fibrous with prejudice, deep-rooted in her native soil." She has an inveterate dislike of, and contempt for, "everything *chic* and smart." "Even now when I see a faultlessly turned out man or woman, I always expect he or she will prove to be a fool and a bore. We cannot always be distinguished, but for heaven's sake let us all be shabby and comfortable." She feels glad that she has escaped marriage. "Marriage, for a woman at least, hampers the two things that made life to me glorious—friendship and learning." Her greatest passion is for languages, and she begins to learn Persian when she is over seventy. "If I could have my life over again, I would devote it not to art or literature, but to language. Life itself may hit one hard, but always, always one can take sanctuary in

language. Language is as much an art and as sure a refuge as painting or music or literature. It reflects and interprets and makes bearable life; only it is a wider, because more subconscious, life." Her life has been rich in variety of experience, but she cheerfully admits that the young are more likely to be right than the old. At seventy-five, she can write with a calm serenity of her old age. "Life does not cease when you are old, it only suffers a rich change. You go on loving, only your love, instead of a burning, fiery furnace, is the mellow glow of an autumn sun."

We hope we have quoted enough to convince our readers that this is a book to read and to enjoy. If we have not indulged in any criticisms, it is for the simple reason that there is nothing to criticise. There is only one fault to be found with the book, namely, that it is all too small in size, and that it is too highly priced for Indians!

A. RAMA IYER.

Nineteenth Century Authors

STORY LIVES OF XIX CENTURY AUTHORS By R. Brimley Johnson. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd., London Price 4-6

Mr. Brimley Johnson has given us in the 230 pages of this admirable volume intended for beginners the lives of Thackeray, George Eliot, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Samuel Butler, and Stevenson. The lives are written in a vigorous and attractive style, and brief critical comments on the works of the authors concerned are interspersed with their life-story. The most interesting feature of the work is the skill with which the authors' own words, as well as other people's words concerning them, are woven into the narrative. Some may perhaps feel that there are too many quotation marks in the book, but the quotations are all chosen with unerring judgement, and add liveliness and charm to the stories.

We open the book at random, and light upon this letter written by Stevenson to his father at the age of 16, which illustrates so well his whimsical humour:

"Respected Paternal Relative,—I write to make a request of the most moderate nature. Every year I have cost you an enormous-nay, elephantine—sum of money for drugs and physician's fees.

But this year the biting Oriental blasts, the howling tempests, and the general ailments of the human race have been successfully braved by yours truly.

Does not this deserve remuneration?

I appeal to your charity, I appeal to your generosity, I appeal to your justice, I appeal to your accounts, I appeal, in fine, to your purse.

My sense of generosity forbids the receipt of more—my sense of justice forbids the receipt of less—than half-a-crown.—Greeting from, Sir, your most affectionate and needy son."

What can better reveal Stevenson's life-long suffering, and his inveterate cheerfulness under suffering, than the following words written just three months before he died?

"I have had hard lives, I have been long waiting for death...I have almost forgotten to play...Literally, no man has more outlived life than I. And still it's good fun."

The temptation to quote is almost irresistible, and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of reproducing some of the ten-portraits given in the book. Here, to begin with, is Morley's portrait of Thackeray:

"He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringletty hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure."

Then, there is Carlyle's famous portrait of Tennyson which, so often quoted, is worth quoting again:

"One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of dusky, dark, hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive, aquiline face; most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow, brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite to-

bacco...a life-guardsman spoilt by making poetry."

For similar portraits of George Eliot, Browning, and Arnold, quoted by Mr. Johnson, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

Now we turn to Mr. Johnson's critical verdicts, which, though brief, are always thoroughly sound. Let the readers judge for themselves from the concluding passages of the lives of Browning and Butler given below:

"As Tennyson upheld and revealed the beauty of common things, Browning more subtly discovered nobility in the sordid and morally grotesque. He had far more humour than the Laureate, and shed a flash of light on the mysteries of human nature by turning the world upside down to make people look at it". For all his unwavering conviction of the supreme goodness, he condemned (or praised) no man unheard. 'He does not give halter or hals; he gives voices'"

"Butler cloaked his enthusiasms so deeply beneath a mass of truculent humour; his satire was so fantastic, that the public may be excused for having first ignored, and then dismissed him as an 'impossible' buffoon. But the purpose of his life was to strip men of their complacent indifference to realities; the motto of his existence and the inspiration of his work was, to quote a genuine trifle, 'The Importance of being Earnest'"

It will be seen from what we have said that we have nothing but praise for Mr. Johnson's book. The get-up of the book is as admirable as the matter, and the reading of it has been an unalloyed pleasure even for the reviewer, though he has noticed a few misprints, the most glaring of them being the ascription to Tennyson of a *Welcome to Alexandria*.

A. RAMA IYER.

ART

The Hindu Art.

I have gone through the "L'Art Hindu" (the original) by Mr. Coomaraswamy, translated into French by Jean Buhot and find the translator, being well conversant with oriental art, has done it to his best ability.

It is an undeniable fact that India is a land of great traditions and especially so with regard to her arts. When a close search is made into the ancient arts of India it is found that when most of the countries of the world had just begun to develop their arts India had an art of her own far superior and advanced to all the others of the day. India can really claim herself as the mother of the art of the Orient. Even today the art of India can claim an equality of excellence with modern art.

But it is really sad to note that while the other nations tried to develop their art to a better standard of perfection India lagged behind, with the consequence that in the growing perfection of the art of the Occident the art of Orient was eclipsed and India had for a while lost her place among nations of the world prominent in art.

If to-day the world knows something better of the real worth of the excellence of Indian art, it could be accounted to the pioneer attempts of Mr. Coomaraswamy. Though Mr. Coomaraswamy's ideas are not very modern and there are to day better authorities on Indian art, yet he is unique in this much, that he was one of the first to come forward to enlighten the modern world, the latent wealth of Indian art.

H. WOLINSKI.

MISCELLANEOUS

Civics.

CIVICS, by Radhakamal Mukerjee, M.A., Ph. D. Longmans, Green & Co., Rs. 3.

This handbook of two hundred pages, well printed and bound and indexed, is a very valuable compendium of materials for the study of Civics from the Indian point of view. Very wisely Professor Mukerjee lifts the study out of the abstraction of quasi-internationalism by emphasising the determining influence that history and heritage have on social progress. At the same time he realises that social progress, while it buds and fruits after its own manner, does so under the common influence of fundamental

laws and conditions. This gives the sense of unity at the root of human variety. Dr. Mukerjee faces his subject with a strong grip on realities. He sees the changing conditions in India today, observes the new political sensibility and search, and puts together this book in order that Indian students (in college or out of college) may be able to see the subject from their own point of view. The book is divided into three parts, dealing with (1) Civic Origins, (2) Civic Institutions and Machinery, (3) Civic Politics and Problems. In working out the details of these aspects, the author quotes from various apposite books and documents, and thus gives a valuable bibliography to the topic. He also clinches points with statistics. His attitude is non-sentimental and realistic: his style is the same—clear, straight, balanced. An admirable book—within its limits.

J. H. COUSINS.

Books in Brief

THE DEPRESSED CLASSES AND CHRISTIANITY. By P. O. Philip, B.A. The National Christian Council, Calcutta. 4 As.

This pamphlet has been issued by the National Christian Council, Calcutta, with the object of informing the public of the Christian movement among the out-castes. The author gives us much valuable information regarding the welfare work carried on among the depressed classes in different parts of India, by Christian missionaries. He has also answered the criticisms levelled against the mass movements organised by the missions. Whatever we may think of the proselytising activities of Christian missions in India, we have to admit that Indian nationalists have so far done precious little towards the uplift of our depressed classes, and gratefully acknowledge the services of the missionaries in this direction. The author deserves our thanks for the patriotism and breadth of outlook he has shown in his views on the place of Indian Christians in our national movement.

A. R.

IN THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH. By M. Sri Ramamurti. Goldwin and Co., Calcutta. Re. 1.

Mr. Sri Ramamurti, as claimed by Prof. Seshadri in his appreciative foreword to this little volume of "lyrics in prose", is gifted with true poetic feeling and an individual power of expression. He seeks his inspiration mainly in Religion, and his work bears the stamp of deep piety and sincerity. His gift of epigrammatic speech is revealed in sentences like the following:—

"Books are the guides of the student, the crutches of the scholar, and the superfluities of the sage."

"Honest scoffing of God is better than prayer without faith."

"A good thought loses half of its value as soon as it is uttered."

Nevertheless, we must confess to a sense of some hidden want in these pieces, perhaps due to the use of prose instead of verse. Prof. Seshadri, indeed, defends this on the ground that "it is a species of composition that has come to stay in our midst, at least in India, in view of the great popularity it has achieved by the prose translations of Rabindranath Tagore". For this very reason, however, much of Mr. Sri Ramamurti's work strikes us as a pale imitation of Tagore, as we pointed out in our review of his former volume, *Arpana*, though we are sure he has not consciously imitated any one. The "Reflections" in the latter half of the present volume seem to us more satisfying, on the whole, than the "Poems" in the former half, and we wish to see more work of this kind from the pen of our talented author.

A. RAMA IYER.

What Thinkers Think

The Wealthiest Nation in the world.

The computation of national wealth of countries is always a stupendous task. But it has been accomplished with more or less success in many a country. Taking the increase in material comforts alone, one notices that the nations, America especially, have grown vastly rich. Take the case of America. *The Nation* of New York writes:

The Federal Trade Commission, in response to a Senate resolution, has just released a report on the national wealth and the national income. The conclusions have taken some years to compile. It is probably the most exhaustive study of the kind ever made. The commission finds that in the year 1922—the last year for which figures were available—we were worth as a nation 353 billions of dollars. A rough calculation, based on a 1914 study by Sir George Paish, makes it evident that the national wealth of England could not have exceeded 200 billions in 1922 (and probably was less), while that of France could not have exceeded 125 billions. It is safe to assume that we were, in dollars, far richer than France and England combined. Another rough calculation based on the commission's study of the increase in our national wealth from 1912 to 1922, duly deflated for changes in the value of the dollar, makes it appear that an inventory of the wealth of America today would run close to 400 billions. We have been bounding forward since 1922; France and England have been standing still. Our margin over their combined

wealth in 1926 is probably enough to cover most of Europe outside of Germany and Russia. We are indeed the richest country on earth, the richest nation ever heard of. In dollars.

The commission divides the 1922 total into the following main classes:

Value of land and national resources.....	122 billions
Real estate improvements.....	108 "
Tangible personalty and moveables.....	123 "
Total.....	353 "
Or to put it another way:	
Agricultural wealth.....	64 billions
Manufacturing and mining.....	49 "
Railroad and public utilities.....	46 "
Government property (federal, State, and local).....	42 "
Houses, furniture, and personal effects.....	88 "
All other (wholesale and retail trade etc.).....	64 "
Total.....	353 "

The commission's inventory does not include, and properly so, any valuation for stocks, bonds, or other credit instruments. Only tangible, physical properties are assessed. Of the total roughly a third is in land and the natural resources on or under the surface of the land; a third in the permanent structures—homes, factories, railroads, highways—which men have built on the land; a third in equipment, inventories, personal effects which can be moved around. It is interesting to note in the second classification that the Government still retains title to 42 billions, or about one-twelfth of the national wealth. It is also interesting to note that while the valuation of all public schools and colleges is placed

at 3 billions, private schools and colleges are assessed at 3.6 billions. Private benevolent funds and foundations are also valued at 3.6 billions. The wealthiest church in the country is the Roman Catholic with total properties of \$800,000,000.

The total wealth of corporations was estimated at 102 billions of tangible property, of which manufacturing corporations accounted for 33.7 billions, transportation and public-utility corporations 27.3 billions. Steam railroads comprise 17.3 billions of the later total. The commission finds that in 1922, 6 corporations controlled one-third of all water-power in the country, 8 corporations controlled over three-fourths of the anthracite deposits, 30 corporations controlled over one-third of "immediate bituminous deposits," 2 corporations controlled over half the iron ore, 4 corporations controlled nearly half of all copper deposits, 30 corporations controlled over one-eighth of the petroleum reserves. The commission goes so far as to say that these figures "indicate a distinct concentration of control in the hands of a few large companies." One suspects that a like study made in 1925 would be even more distinct. There have been many merry mergers since 1922.

Professor T.N. Carver and his optimistic theory that workers are turning capitalist receive little support from the commission. The total value of employee holdings in corporation stock is less than 2 per cent of the common and preferred outstanding. How is this total national wealth distributed among individuals? A special study is made covering probate records in 24 counties in 13 states the country over. The counties were selected to give a cross-section of typical city, town, and rural life. In the 185,000 estates examined, totaling over \$200,000,000, it was found that 1 per cent of those who died left 59 per cent of the wealth; and that 13 per cent owned more than 90 per cent of the wealth. The commission thus checks within 1 percent the estimate of the Commission on Industrial Relations in 1916, when it was declared that 1 per cent of the people of America owned 60 per cent of the wealth. Of the estates which went to probate, only one-third showed real estate directly owned, which means that far fewer than a third left a home to live in. A nation of tenants we are indeed.

On the basis of the 1923 dollar the commission computes the national income as follows:

1918	59.0 billions
1919	61.3 "
1920	61.3 "
1921	50.6 " (depression year)
1922	63.0 "
1923	69.8 "

We give in the above summary only a few of the figures which pack the commission's report. They are interesting figures; they deserve the attention of every citizen. But they tell us little about the real wealth as against the dollar wealth of America. The need is great to supplement such studies as the commission has made with inventories showing our increases and decreases in tangible goods, particularly usefull consumable goods. Land values doubtless inflate the national ego, but for the wayfaring citizen they are more of a liability than an asset. How many of our dwelling houses duly valued on the assessor's sheets are fit for human beings to live in? Ask Governor Smith. How much of the goods on our shelves is wealth rather than illth, sound and beautiful rather than shoddy and vicious? What is the percentage of idle capacity in our vast industrial plant? We may be the richest nation on earth in

dollars, but our wealth in terms of the good life remains largely unexplored. Meanwhile the fact that 1 per cent of those who die leave 59 per cent of all property bequeathed keeps us from any excess of optimism.

If money alone were the criterion of a nation's welfare, then, surely, America is the wealthiest nation in the world.

* * * *

But Can Money Rightly Measure a Nation?

The question, however, arises if money can rightly measure a nation? Thoughtful people would have no hesitation in saying it cannot. The Rev. James Reid, writing in the *Record of Christian Work*, says:

"How do we measure a nation? How do we measure the importance of a nation, or the greatness of a nation? Do not we measure it by its trade and its exports and imports? Do not we measure it by the number of its population or by the size of its colonies? Do not we often measure it by its army and navy?"

"Is not that the standard that we apply to nations, and is it not that which is often wrong with us, that we are trying to measure spiritual things by material standards? How many people in the world to-day are measuring nations by applying to them the standard of the stock-broker's office?"

"What is the quality of a nation? A nation's strength consists of a quality of its manhood and womanhood. It does not matter how big it is.

"A nation is measured not by the number of its colonies, or the size of its empire, but by the way in which it deals with other nations; by the way in which it trains them in freedom and independence, so that when they reach independence they shall be allies and friends, and not enemies; by what it does in the progress of the world, and by the place it takes in the community of nations; by what it does to serve God and God's purpose for his world."

There are less important criteria as well. For instance, a nation whose money and the conveniences and comforts of life are not equally distributed but are enjoyed by a minority, cannot be said to be happy. Take health, for one thing. As the People's League of Health in Britain says, health, is an important index of national welfare. A report of the League says:

"We have endeavoured," says the report, "to emphasise the fact that heredity and environment are the two determining factors in our lives, and that proper environment may be a controlling force of inherited weakness, moral and physical. To the voters and taxpayers of the country we have pointed out that what a Government and human society does not spend on adequate housing, education, and protection

of its workers it pays in hundredfold amounts to hospitals, prisons, work-houses, homes for the feeble-minded, epileptics, and cripples.

"The following problems would appear to be among those requiring solution, and will command the attention of the League's Joint Councils:—

"1. The elimination of waste, human and material.

"2. A pure, clean, unadulterated and preservative free food supply.

"3. Proper housing of the people.

"4. Compulsory scientific education of the people in the principles of life which govern health.

"5. The organisation of all resources available in our country and at our disposal.

"6. The creation of a public opinion for the legislation known to medical and other scientific authorities as necessary for the health of the people.

"7. Legislation for such knowledge.

"8. Increased financial support for research affecting the health of the people.

"9. Compulsory periodical medical and dental examination of all people benefiting under the National Insurance laws.

"10. Additional benefits for workers insured under such Insurance laws.

"11. Vocational guidance and selection.

"12. More playgrounds and organised games for workers.

"13. A standard wholemeal flour and bread."

In America, comfort is not equally distributed. At any rate, there are many who are denied the rights of existence. The case of poor farms alone is enough to illustrate this where hundreds of poor suffer virtual slavery.

A View of Work and Wages.

In spite of the manifest injustices in the world, one should not be discouraged. Each man and woman should, in the most adverse of circumstances, approach the problems before him or her like a hero. For, as a recent writer says:

"But if a man will work he shall eat. He shall receive his wages. His hunger for all things of beauty imperishable shall be satisfied. For beauty is all. There is no ultimate truth save beauty, and all beauty is truth, immortal, fulfilling, contenting. Whoso drinketh at the fount of beauty thirsteth for nothing else. So we receive our wages for our work as we go along. In the material necessities for which we can proudly pay; in the æsthetics which grace the humble going; in our tastes—our own trained servants, ministers to our pleasures; in our desires (also of our own creating) that are the bringers of our joy.

"But the sum, the grand total of our wage is ourselves. For the self is inescapable. It lies down with us; it arises with us; it goes abroad with us into the busy ways of men; it infallibly returns with us, refusing to be left behind; in youth, in age, in sickness, in health, in joy, in sorrow, in hope, in despair, and in the gamut of little tinkling emotions and events that lie between them it is there, there, there—ever-

lastingly there; never can we lose it save in sleep (and then not always); it is our eternal companion.

"If, with clean hands and a pure heart, with humble, busy industry and devoted intelligence we have served at life's shrine, then in the end life says, 'I will pay thee thy wages.' We can bear to live with ourselves. There is no grinning skeleton in the solitude, but a nature at one with Beauty, fearing nothing—neither present nor future—ready for all demands, and knowing they will be honourably met. This it is to make of life the beauty and the dream—the imperishable dream.

This may be too optimistic and ideal a view of life, but optimism is not after all a bad thing.

The Need for Vision.

What we require above everything else is vision. Mr. James Douglas writes of this in *The Daily Express* of London:

"It is possible to cultivate vision, and if I were asked to define vision I should describe it as the habit of thinking round things. If you think round yourself you will see yourself in the round. If you think round your work you will see it in the round. Nearly every day we say to ourselves, 'Why didn't I think of that?' This is a maddeningly common experience. It happens frequently to us all.

"We know that we could have thought of it, for we were on the verge of thinking of it, but we stooped thinking before our thought attained its furthest reach. The leaders of life are those who think a little further round things than ordinary people. They are the great poets, the great painters, the great statesmen, the great soldiers, and the great inventors. They have vision because they think a little harder than the rest of us. They go on beyond the point where we falter and stop.

"In the ordinary tasks of life vision is the decisive factor. It sometimes is not easy to explain why a stupid man is more successful than a clever man. The reason is that he has a gift of vision in his own field which enables him to triumph.

"He can think round a problem until he discovers the one secret which the lazy mind overlooks. Vision is simply the habit of thinking things out until the flash comes.

"The human mind is naturally slothful. It relaxes on the edge of discovery. I have often rebuked myself for being lethargic at the last moment of thought. If I had held out and on a little longer I should have reached the goal. This is the whole secret of thoroughness—to hold out and on long enough to win the race by a short head.

"Thought is rare. Most of us never think at all. The man who forces himself to think is a superior being. His vision sets him above the multitude. His victory is easy because he has few competitors, for in every sphere victory is the reward of the vision that is produced by the pressure of thought. Victory is vision and vision is thought."

It has been truly said that where there is no vision people perish. It is to be hoped therefore that the nations will cultivate this most essential quality.

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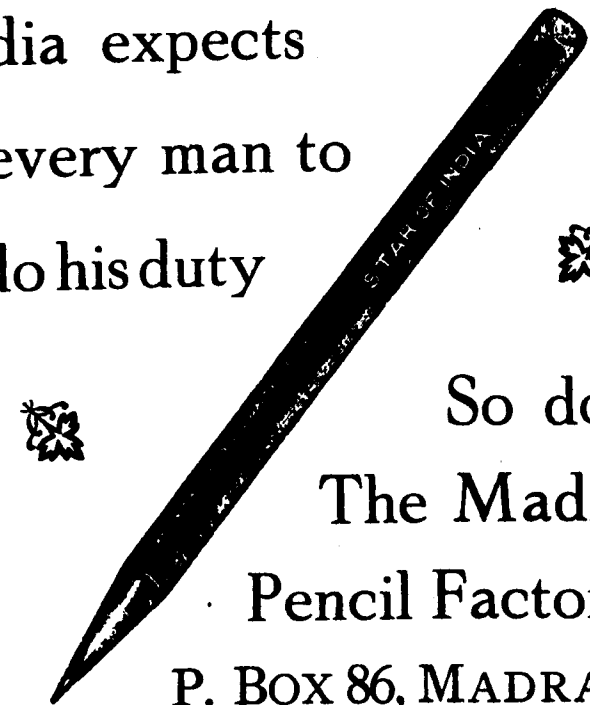


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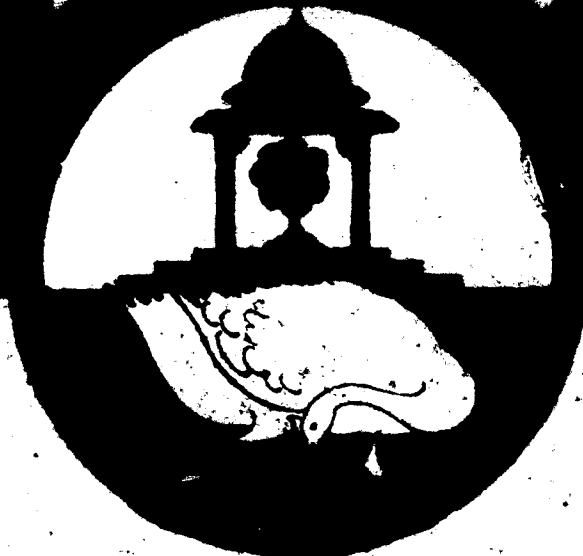
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Current Thought

That which exists is One
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—RIG VEDA

Vol. II

SEPTEMBER 1926

No. 12

Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XVII
A RIFT IN THE LUTE

THE first of July 1907 arrived, and saw the opening of permit offices. The community had decided openly to picket each office, that is to say, to post volunteers on the roads leading thereto and these volunteers were to warn weak-kneed Indians against the trap laid for them there. Volunteers were provided with badges and expressly instructed not to be impolite to any Indian taking out a permit. They must ask him his name, but if he refused to give it they must not on any account be violent or rude to him. To every Indian going to the permit office, they were to hand a printed paper detailing the injuries which submission to the Black Act would involve, and explain what was written in it. They must behave to the police too with due respect. If the police abused or thrashed them, they must suffer peacefully; if the ill treatment by the police was insufferable they should leave the place. If the police arrested them, they should gladly surrender themselves. If some such incident occurred in Johannesburg, it should be brought to my notice. At other places the local secretaries were to be informed, and asked for further instructions. Each party of pickets had

a captain whose orders must be obeyed by the rest.

This was the community's first experience of that kind. All who were above the age of twelve were taken as pickets, so that there were many young men from 12 to 18 years of ages enrolled as such. But not one was taken who was unknown to the local workers. Over and above all these precautions, people were informed by announcements at every public meeting and otherwise, that if any one desirous of taking out a permit was afraid of the pickets, he could ask the workers to detail a volunteer to escort him to the permit office and back. Some did avail themselves of this offer.

The volunteers in every place worked with boundless enthusiasm, and were ever alert and wide awake in the performance of their duties. Generally speaking there was not much molestation by the police. When sometimes there was such molestation, the volunteers quietly put up with it. They brought to bear upon their work quite an amount of humour, in which the police too sometimes joined. They devised various diversions in order to beguile their time. They were once arrested on a charge of obstructing the public traffic. As non-cooperation did not form

a part of the Satyagraha struggle there, defence could be made in courts, though as a rule advocates for defence were not paid from public funds. The volunteers were declared innocent and acquitted by the court, which still further exalted their spirit.

Although the Indians who wanted to take out permits were thus saved from rudeness or violence from the volunteers in public, I must admit, that there arose a body of men in connection with the movement, who without becoming volunteers privately threatened those who would take out permits with violence or injury in other ways. This was a most painful development, and strong measures were adopted in order to stamp it out as soon as it was found out. The holding out of threats nearly ceased in consequence, though it was not quite rooted out. The threats left an impression behind them, and as I could see, thus far injured the cause. Those who were threatened instantly sought Government protection and got it. Poison was thus instilled into the community, and those who were weak already grew weaker still. The poison thus grew more virulent, as the weak are always apt to be revengeful.

These threats created but little impression; but the force of public opinion on the one hand, and on the other, the fear of one's name being known to the community through the presence of volunteers acted as powerful deterrents. I do not know a single Indian who held it proper to submit to the Black Act. Those who submitted did so out of an inability to suffer hardships or pecuniary losses, and were therefore ashamed of themselves. This sense of shame, as well as a fear of loss in trade following upon the displeasure of big Indian merchants, pressed heavily upon them, and some leading Indians found a way out of this twofold

difficulty. They arranged with the permit office, that an officer should meet them in a private house after nine or ten o'clock at night and give them permits. They thought that in this case no one would know about their submission to the law for sometime at least and that as they were leaders, others would follow suit, thus, lightening their burden of shame. It did not matter if they were found out afterwards.

But the volunteers were so vigilant, that the community was kept informed of what happened every moment. There would be some even in the permit office who might give such information to the Satyagrahis. Others again, though weak themselves, would be unable to tolerate the idea of leaders thus disgracing themselves, and would inform the Satyagrahis from an idea that they too could face the music if others were firm. In this way the community once received information that certain men were going to take out permits in a certain shop on a certain night. The community therefore first tried to dissuade these men. The shop too was picketed. But human weakness cannot be long suppressed. Some leading men took permits in this way at ten or eleven o'clock at night, and there was a rift in the lute. The very next day their names were published by the community. But a sense of shame has its limits. Considerations of self-interest drive shame away and mislead men out of the strait and narrow path. By and by something like five hundred men took out permits. For some time permits were issued in private houses, but as the sense of shame wore out, some went publicly to the Asiatic office and obtained certificates of registration.

Translated by V.G. DESAI

(To be continued)

The Means of Education

BY BERNARD HOUGHTON, I.C.S. (RETD.)

The fundamental fact in the struggle for freedom in India is that it is more than a struggle for freedom. It is not merely the substitution of Indian for foreign rulers, though this is much. It is not only the replacement of government by officials by government by the people, though that brings untold blessings. It means a revolution in the whole mind of India, it means a change radical, vital in the way in which Indians think, in their aims, their outlook, in their whole personality. Out of the prison which has so long held her, India steps forth unchained, a new vision in her eyes, with hopes immeasurable as the stars.

Diarchy is dead, slain by the officials. In their lust for power, they have begrudged Indians even the poor pretence of self-government which this scheme afforded; they have destroyed it even as they destroyed the Morley reforms by their disregard of the spirit of the reforms, and by their brutal assumption of all power. They have convinced even the most innocent politician that diarchy as a step towards democracy will not work, and that to trust officials to train for self-government is as foolish as to trust brewers to teach temperance. In so doing the officials have rendered India a service. Had they loyally co-operated to work diarchy in the spirit with which Mr. Montagu introduced it, India, or at least a large part of India, might have accepted it and believed in a slow progress to freedom under official tutelage. She would then not only have opened wide her gates to the dominion of capitalism and western materialism, she would have forsaken her national culture, sullied her ideals, and laid in ashes her high purpose. She would have made a question of politics what is truly a faith, a religion. That peril is past. *Swarajya* gives a new national life; it transcends all reforms as the sun transcends the stars. But it exacts from

India faith and an iron courage. It will not do to blunder about as an owl in the dawn. We want not owls but eagles who can fly and soar in the daylight of democracy. Here is no change of political machinery, it is a revolution of the soul.

We ought then to take broad views, to devise plans meet for this new India which, in the teeth of all that self-interested officials may do, shall soon come into being. What is at stake in the future of the three hundred millions of human beings—nothing less. Save only for the revolution in China, in history there has been nothing to equal it in magnitude, aye, and in grandeur. The great war and the Russian revolution loom large in the policies of to-day, but to-morrow, when India and China throw themselves into the van of progress, it will be on Asia that the world will turn its eyes.

What will be the first step when India, mistress in her house, takes into her own hands the moulding of her destiny? On that point all agree. *Education*, universal education, was the first measure of the Americans when they became free; it has been a foremost doctrine under the Soviet Government; in China, despite high obstacles, they strive to the same goal. Assuredly, then, for a self-governing India, universal education will be an aim above all others, one to which she will consecrate all her energies and devote all her resources. But before she can deal with the problem one or two difficulties must be squarely faced.

In the first place, *untouchability must go*. That is the earnest teaching of Mahatma Gandhi,—it is a cause which he and other great Indians have consistently championed. They really mean what they say. It will not do to render lip-service to this principle out of regard for the revered leaders who preach it. To every

Indian of the higher castes the call has come to actually put their teaching into practice. Nothing is harder than to put away the ideas of a life-time in which one has been brought up. To make a stand against the conventions of those round us, our families and our friends, require no common courage. Even in England where the feudal system has been dead and buried this century, class cleavage and class prejudice linger on in strength to the present day. In India the doctrine of untouchability has got a firmer grip than ever did feudalism in England. But the barrier has to come down. Social progress depends on it; education requires it; India demands it. Surely, surely for untouchability the doom is spoken. In such a national reform is it not the better part to take one's stand with courage in the ranks of the reformers, to follow the standard of Mahatma Gandhi, rather than to hesitate or vainly obstruct?

A second reform preached by the Mahatma, who always thinks on grand lines, is a brotherhood between all religions, Hindu and Mahomedan, Sikh and Jain, Christian and Parsi. There again he is absolutely right. Why not look on believers in other creeds than your own with tolerant eyes, seeing in each creed how much there is of virtue, and faith and self-sacrifice, how much there is in common with your own? Is not this how the great teachers of religions have thought and taught? It is only the small minds who separate and see evil; the really great men unite. To each citizen freedom of thought, to each full liberty to worship as he will. What sense is there in hating a man because he believes or worships differently from yourself? You may think he is wrong, but is that any reason for disliking him? As a worker, a trader, or a neighbour, in all the hundred activities of every day life he thinks and acts very much as you do. He has the same duties as a citizen, the same love of India. Ignore then the matters of belief in which he differs and think of him only as an Indian and a brother. Religious differences for long made Europe a hell and begat the atrocities of devils; to-day for the most part the followers of the different creeds

dwell and work together in perfect unity. India has never known the savagery of European religious feuds. How much easier then is it for Indians to sink what differences they have in a common brotherhood? *One land, one people*,—all events move towards that grand consummation.

Once remove these two lions from the path and the way lies open to a truly national system of education. India can then advance with the same freedom and boldness as, for instance, the United States, or England or Germany or Russia. A boundless horizon opens up to the eye of progress. Everything is possible. Beyond doubt in natural ability the millions of Indians are second to none on this earth. They are without artificial barriers against learning such as the Churches imposed in mediaeval Europe. On the contrary from the sages of old-time India they inherit traditions both of inquiry and of scholarship. They have the ability to advance; they are free to advance. Modern science, modern thought, Indian culture, hope, patriotism all beckon them on.

Along what line shall the education of India move? Look round for a moment. What is the cardinal fact in India to-day? Surely her poverty; the great mass of the people—four-fifths of them according to one version—are so poor that they cannot afford even one square meal a day. That is clear and it is clear too that in a self-governing India, even with the best will in the world, we shall not abolish this poverty in a year. Now what is the aim of education? *To make men think*. We impart knowledge too, but the object of that knowledge is to enable people to think clearly and correctly and with understanding. We have then to reconcile these two facts, the poverty of India and the aim of education which is to confer on every Indian, if he wills, the power of making full use of his intellect.

The problem is difficult but not insoluble. The bureaucracy, it is true, after a century of education has only succeeded in rendering 6 per cent of Indians literate, but that is due to the vice of the system. It is against its interest, as it is against the interest of every despotic power, to educate. It is from their point of view suicide. No instructed people will tolerate for

long the despot's sceptre, nor does the *status* of cattle under a benevolent farmer appeal to them. Again since the bureaucracy rules against the will of Indians it is bound to rely on military force, as the only way to maintain itself in power. Hence it spends more than half the revenues on the Army, apart from large sums required for the Police. Finally, since no one is an impartial judge of his own case, they have rated their own services on a quite unjustifiable scale. The salaries paid in India are, it is believed, without a parallel in the world.

Self-governing India will assuredly prune these incomes with no light hand. The Japanese scale, making due allowance for the bigger population involved, may possibly suffice for Indian rulers. Lenin and Trotzky who rule Russia, draw only £ 500 a year each and a house. After all why should it be necessary to bribe a man heavily to govern his country? Is there not such a thing as patriotism?

With a country governed by consent of the people the need for the overgrown army disappears. It will no longer be required to overawe the people but simply to maintain order. Nor will this require any great army, because with a government which relies not on force but on persuasion, the people too learn to look to reason and to discard violence. As are the rulers so are the ruled. That is the experience everywhere with democracies.

Neither is there any real jeopardy from foreign invasion. That bogey has been put forward by the bureaucracy to serve as an excuse for the enormous army it requires, or thinks it requires, in order to repress the national movement. Danger from Soviet Russia there is none; together with the Czar it has discarded all ideas of territorial aggrandisement. Afghanistan, which in the past was more sinned against than sinning, has already set her feet in the path of peaceful progress. The mole-hill of danger from the border tribes has been made into a mountain. Once abandon the military policy of aggression, for forty years the teeming parent of raids and counter-raids, and a friendly understanding will be not impossible. In any case, thanks to recent inventions,—aeroplanes, quick-firers, machine

guns and the like—the force required to watch these hill-men need not be large. Besides these what other foe has India to fear? Roughly speaking, self-governing India might consider adequate a military expenditure one-third of the present amount, that is to say, under this head there would be a saving of some forty crores.

Suppose the savings on official salaries to be devoted partly to medical aid and sanitation and and partly to the reduction of taxation, where this is particularly onerous. That would leave the whole saving on the army available for the schools. Many may urge and with reason that a portion of this too should go to reduce taxation. To these an Indian minister might reply: "It is true that the mass of the people are desperately poor. It is true that they cannot rightly afford the present taxes. But is it not the wiser, the more statesmanlike course to subordinate even this burden to the need for universal education? Apart from the moral and intellectual benefits which education will surely bring in its train, all experience elsewhere proves that it must enhance the earning power and the wealth of the people. Is it not better to bear for the present some hardships, some penury, in order to bring nearer that bright future to which we strive?" Such an argument appears sound, and it should appeal to a people schooled in self-sacrifice, eager to advance.

Suppose that India accepted this allocation of funds, the additional money available for education, forty crores, would be no mean amount. It would in fact be more than six times the sum which the bureaucracy now devotes to the schools. How should this money be spent? Between primary, secondary and university education or on primary education only? How should primary schools be organised? To answer these questions we must look at India as a whole.

Here are 250 millions—this excludes the Native States—mostly uneducated. We wish to give them all the means of thinking and judging with insight and intelligence. Education, we assume, is the birthright of all from pariah to brahman. Under the bureaucracy, which has

grossly neglected its bounden duty to educate, the great majority of the adults, 94 per cent, have been suffered to grow up in ignorance. It is rather late in the day to remedy this piteous injury—for injury it is—though even here, such is the plasticity of the human mind, something can be done. But the main task is with the boys and girls. They are the India of to-morrow. In that India they all have their part to play. Should they not all have, so far as may be, equal opportunities to make good what they have in them of energy and intellect? Is it just to spread a feast for some, and to send others empty away? Sons and daughters of India are they all; they all look to her to obtain through education a fair start in life so that hereafter they may be good citizens, paying back many times the schooling they have had when young. Poor or rich, peasants or townfolk, they cry for education. Without distinction of person, with equal care and love for each and every child, however humble or of whatever class, let India, their gracious mother, answer, so far as her means permit, to that insistent call.

A democracy, be it remembered, is built on the intelligences of the people, and it will be more stable where the people are educated. For, as experience everywhere proves, the more educated a people, the more they rely on constitutional methods, the less prone they are to violence. Had the Moplahs not been left in black ignorance, the Moplah outbreak would never have occurred.

Not only the stability but the rate of progress of a democracy depends on the common mind of the people. If the mass of the people be ignorant, they may act as a drag on the educated, and either obstruct good legislation or frustrate many otherwise excellent measures. We want to have no laggards; we want the whole of India to swing forward together in the onward march. Compare the instability and stagnation in a Central or South American Republic, where the people are wholly or mostly uneducated, with the progress and prosperity of the United States, where all are educated. A despotism, since it rests on military force, can endure, though the

people are ignorant as bullocks. But education is the soul of a democracy.

Surely then before all things self-governing India should aim at universal primary education, to imparting a knowledge to all of reading, writing, arithmetic, with the more essential facts in geography and in Indian history. Teach the children even these and the barriers of ignorance are down. The mind is free to enter on the treasure-house of human knowledge and to tread the paths of human thought. We strike the fetters off the patient feet, we unlock the gates of knowledge and say: "Enter, here is your heritage of gold. Use your minds, your reason. With energy and courage all is now before you, all that men have done and suffered, their inventions and their thoughts. If you really wish it, there is no department of human thought of which you have not now the keys."

Large as is the sum set free by the abandonment of militarism, it will not, even if supplemented by local rates, be really adequate for this great task of universal education. Buildings should be founded separately by means of a loan, but private generosity may also lend a helping hand. With a free people zealous to educate, many public-spirited men will doubtless come forward with gifts of money or the loan of houses. Elsewhere the villagers may take collective action. Where it is necessary to build, the schools should be of cheap materials and on a simple plan. Better and more desirable buildings can come later on. Protection from the sun and rain, that is the only real essential. Did not Indian schools and universities of old inhabit the simplest of buildings?

Of teachers there must at first be a great scarcity. The sins and omissions of the bureaucracy cannot be made good in a day. Therefore it will be urgent to establish many normal schools to make good the deficiency. But we ought not to wait until these schools are able to efface the neglect of the bureaucracy and turn out teachers in sufficient numbers. That would mean the waste of years. Better half a loaf than no bread. It is better that the children should be taught somewhat inefficiently than

that they should grow up as now in stark ignorance. After all, it requires no great ability or training to teach reading and writing and a little arithmetic. All men and women of reasonable competence should be urged, pressed, compelled into the service. They will improve with practice and through the advice and assistance of the Inspectors. And if they realise what is indeed true, that they are helping to build up the great India of the future, they will bring into their work a zeal and an inspiration which will go far to atone for the defects in training.

No doubt the secondary schools and the universities have also their claims. They too have been neglected, though not nearly to the same degree as primary education has been neglected. Compared with Japan the percentage of population in the primary schools was in 1916, 2.38 against 13.07, whereas the percentage in the secondary schools and universities was rather higher. Already there is a large class of able and devoted men who have been educated at secondary schools and at the universities and who now serve India. Would it not be well then to mark time, so far as higher education is concerned, for a few years so as to enable the mass of the children a chance to obtain the rudiments of learning, and to enable them too to come forward? It is right to have good officers, but it does not do to have the officers too far in front of the army.

After all it is not universities so much as freedom of thought, the courage of ideas which really count. Take ancient Greece for example. For some centuries Greece amidst a barbarous world, was not only well educated, it reached the highest pinnacle of human thought. *Yet Greece had not a single university.* The glory of Greece, what achieved this miracle of the intellect, was simply that the Greeks dared to see and to think for themselves. It is amazing how far a man may go, once he takes courage to shake off the shackles of convention and to reason and explore for himself. The Grecian schools were simple, empty of all the paraphernalia now considered necessary, but a divine thirst for knowledge filled the people, and they

looked on the world around them with frank and curious eyes, unclouded by sophistries and shibboleths. Contrast this with not a few universities both now and in the past, which seem to exist rather in order to rationalise the selfishness of the ruling classes and to elaborate vain subtleties than to explore or hew a pathway forward. No pioneers they, but drags on human progress. Let India but possess the right spirit, the Greek spirit, and she will go forward very well, at least for some time, without any further expenditure on higher education.

The essence of that spirit is self-help. We want the people to read for themselves, to reason for themselves, to educate themselves. Primary education gives the first necessities, without which modern education were impossible. It gives the tools, tools which in the hands of a bold and determined youth can carry him very far indeed. But the tools alone are not enough. We want the great mass of the people to have the chance to develop morally, intellectually, scientifically. How is it to be done? The answer is in one word—libraries. Given these, and an intelligent youth, one who is zealous and of stout heart, can, however poor, educate himself.

Some of the world's greatest men have thus entirely educated themselves. Lincoln for instance. Lincoln was an ordinary workman with just this knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic. He so well educated himself that his writings and speeches rank to-day amongst the best examples of good English. And as every one knows he became not only President of the United States, but perhaps the greatest President who has ever entered the portals of White House. Keir Hardie the Labour Leader taught himself to read and write at seventeen. Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland, was all his life a ploughman. His namesake, the Cabinet Minister, was also self-educated. Lloyd George was educated in a village school. Lord Fisher, the greatest admiral England has produced since Nelson, knew little more than the three R's when at twelve he joined the Navy. Bunyan, Faraday, Garibaldi, Sir W. Romilly, William Cobbett, General Booth of the Salvation Army,

Henry Clay the American statesman, Cobden, Dr. Clifford, Lord Leverhulme, Mr. Carnegie, and a host of other famous men were either self-educated or had attended only at village schools. In things of the mind no less than in trade, keenness and courage are the maser words.

The youth of India are as poor as the proverbial church mouse, and many of them cannot afford to buy even cheap books. But libraries—good lending libraries—can make good this deficiency. With these at his command no youth so lonely or so destitute or so humble in rank, but, if he have the necessary grit and energy, he may study our great writers, he may educate himself. Libraries, Carlyle declared, are the universities of the future. They multiply by a hundred or a thousand-fold the books within each one's power to read; they place at his disposal all that is best in science and in thought. In a world they give each and all the chance to use or form or to earn for themselves a noble career.

May not this very poverty of Indian students turn to their advantage? Self-education teaches self-reliance; it forces a youth to look, not for help from others, but to his own powers to overcome obstacles. Thereby it trains his mind and stiffens his character. Men who have educated themselves like Abraham Lincoln are more apt to think clearly, to get at the heart of things, to get a better grip than those who have sat for years at the feet of Professors. Not infrequently men thus trained evince a certain timidity of thought; they cringe before convention or tradition. Now a democracy demands self-reliance, a virile people.

Every large village ought to have its lending library and a part-time librarian, very likely the village accountant would fill this post. The books which should be educative in character, might consist partly of Indian classics and the writings of living Indian authors, and partly of translations from English and other writers. Why should not the Government or the District

Councils subsidise translations? Our aim should be to place at the disposal of Indian men and women all that is best in literature or elementary science, irrespective of country. No matter in what language or where written, if a book helps notably to broaden vision or increase useful knowledge, let them have the opportunity of reading it. Who can say how far the study of a single book or author may carry a man? It may transform his whole character. If he is a great man it may even transform the life of a nation. The Russian, Tolstoy, profoundly influenced Mahatma Gandhi, so that it is not exaggeration to say that his writings, refined and matured in the latter's noble mind, have revolutionised India. The seed of the *sal* is small, but the grown tree overshadows the forest.

Lectures may, perhaps, supplement the educational work of libraries. Like them they are inexpensive, and they have this advantage that they can reach the more intelligent adults who have been suffered to grow up untaught and who are unable to read. District Councils might organise a regular service of lecturers whose duty it would be to go from village to village and from town to town dispelling ignorance, explaining the message of the great writers and sages, teaching the broad outlines of science and hygiene. Herein all educated India may find useful and patriotic work. Should it not be an object of patriotic ambition to dispel the ignorance of one's fellow-countrymen? The effect of lectures would be to stimulate discussion and to spread abroad useful knowledge. By this means great good might be done at small cost.

To sum up. Primary education, supplemented by libraries and lectures, that is the means whereby the millions of India may most easily enter into their heritage of thought. *Given the right spirit*, with these simple means they may leap forward into the van of advancing humanity. Hereby we may lay the foundation of a new and more brilliant Greece, a grander Rome.

Borodada: Some Recollections

IV

BY ANIL KUMAR MITRA, B.A.

16th December 1920.—The teachers and Professors of Shantiniketan came to-day to pay their respects to Borodada. At this time the Poet Rabindranath Tagore whom we love to call our Gurudev went to Europe to deliver his message of Visvabharati, the seat of universal culture. He was remembering the Poet with great affection. In the course of a long conversation, he gave his invaluable opinion on the ideals of education. I will try to translate the summary of his discourse in this chapter.

"It is a great joy and perpetual surprise to me to see with my own eyes the gradual growth of our āsrama, the place of my father's sādhanā. We are proud of Rabi when we think how he, with only three students, began the Herculean task of educating our children in accordance to our ancient traditions and ideals suited to the modern conditions of the world. You all know our family motto—'Work will Win.' Rabi has followed it to the very letter. I had a great mind to start an institution like this. But I am not a practical man."

"The true education is that which trains our mind to be a fit vehicle to receive Brahavidyā. All other definitions are mundane and materialistic. The child should be brought up in an educational home under the guidance of a teacher, who lives his life in God, and is able to create a spiritual atmosphere about and around his pupils. It is this absolute lack of this atmosphere in our existing schools and colleges, which, instead of being Sacred Temples of Learning, have become the manufactory of machine-made clerks and intellectual nonentities. It is this criminal neglect of this fundamental principle that our children are getting an education which is at once denationalising, degrading and impoverishing to the genius of the country. True

education is character building. Our children should be brought in a way to love, honour, and appreciate what is best in our country without disregarding the truth which modern science has opened to us. They should be told stories from Rāmāyana and Mahābhārata and text books should be written in which the ideals of Hero-Worship are inculcated."

"But good teaching requires good teachers. The education in our country is always offered as a gift, and is never sold as a commercial commodity. The true teachers are those who consider the imparting of education as their Sādhanā of life—their vocation, their life-work. Your Gurudev does not want this institution to be a third-rate copy of a foreign University with a gloss of Indian colour. He aims at something very great. He wants to revive the Indian Soul and culture. The teachers of this institution should bear in mind that the future of our country depends upon them to a great extent. Therefore your responsibility is great, for you are the makers of New India."

"The chief object of the teacher should be to create interest in the subject he was teaching, and not to help them in devouring the subject matter of the book. For this a good library is essential. There are many interesting books such as Wells' History of the World which should be translated at once. So that the boys can read them and satisfy their curiosity. But there can be no stereotyped method of teaching. The mind of the child should be cultivated and not crammed."

"In my childhood I did not learn much from my teachers. But I learnt a good deal from all those who used to come to my father, the Maharshi, for spiritual help and inspiration. We have derived our education through our home atmosphere which was created by the

unique personality of my father. Whenever my father mentioned the name of any good book, I hastened to read it. I was unwilling to learn anything second hand and on compulsion. I always tried to find out the truths I read in text books from first principles. I had a mind to teach mathematics and sciences in our own way. Nowadays in order to learn anything the student has to stuff his brains with much useless matter. The teacher should sift useful information from the heaps of rubbish readers approved of by the so-called text-book committees."

"Rabindranath has rendered love an invaluable service in starting this educational home, which is hallowed by the memory of a sage who saw God face to face."

He wrote a beautiful letter to the Poet encouraging him in his mission of Visvabharati, a translation of which is given below:—

SANTINIKETAN,
16th July 1920

My dear Robi,

I cannot adequately express the joy I felt after reading the columns of Indian world of 'Graphic' about the wonderful description of your right royal reception. I now remember the day when you, sitting on the lap of the great

musician Srikantho Babu, mumbled the song, 'Chhorho Braja Ki Bansri'—I could, then, never have dreamt to be a witness in this mortal life of this unprecedented and extremely wonderful event. It is immaterial to think whether you have won the sovereignty of Jambudwipa, but I have not the least doubt that you have now established your empire in the hearts of distinguished savants of the Swetadwipa—Albion, by winning the laurels of goddess Muse. Who could ever guess even in dream that you are growing secretly in a neglected corner of this fallen, gloomy, grief-stricken, unfortunate country of ours. It is hardly necessary to tell you that I am struck with awe and wonder on reading the 'Graphic.' This event is not an ordinary wave of the current time, but it is an historical movement of triumph and glory, and will be remembered everywhere and in all succeeding ages. It is the Light of Divine Mercy and Goodness which has crossed through the terrible darkness of evil. Let me recite with you the mantram, Pita no si, Pita no bodhi, Namastestu, Mā Mā hinsi.....

Your affectionate
Borodada.

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER IX MORE HARSHIPS

The train reached Charlestown in the morning. There was no railway, in those days, between Charlestown and Johannesburg, but a stage-coach, which halted at Standerton for the night *en route*. I possessed a ticket for the coach, which was not cancelled by the break of the journey at Maritzburg for a day; besides Abdulla Seth had sent a wire to the coach agent at Charlestown.

But the agent only needed a pretext for putting me off, and so, when he discovered me to be a stranger, he said, 'Your ticket is cancelled.' I

gave him the proper reply. The reason at the back of his mind was not want of accommodation, but quite another. Passengers had to be accommodated inside the coach, but as I was regarded as a 'coolie' and looked a stranger, it would be proper, thought the white man in charge of the coach called 'leader', not to seat me with the white passengers. There used to be seats on either side of the coachbox. The leader would sit on one of these as a rule. He sat inside to-day and gave me his seat. I knew it was sheer injustice and an insult, but I thought it better to pocket it. I could not have forced myself inside, and if I had raised a protest the coach would

have gone off without me. This would have meant the loss of another day and Heaven only knows what would have happened the next day. So much as I fretted within myself, I prudently sat next the coachman.

At about three o'clock the coach reached Pardekoph. Now, the leader desired to sit where I was seated as he wanted to smoke and possibly have some fresh air. So he took a piece of dirty sack-cloth from the driver, spread it on the footboard and addressing me said, Sami, you sit on this, I want to sit near the driver.' The insult was more than I could bear. In fear and trembling, I said to him, 'It was you who seated me here, though I should have been accommodated inside. I put up with the insult. Now that you want to sit outside and smoke, you would have me sit at your feet. I will not do so, but I am prepared to sit inside.'

As I was struggling through these sentences the man came for me and began heavily to box my ears. He seized me by the arm and tried to drag me down. I clung to the brass rails of the coachbox and was determined to keep my hold even at the risk of breaking my wristbones. The passengers were witnessing the scene—the man swearing at me, dragging and belabouring me, and I remaining still. He was strong and I was weak. Some of the passengers were moved to pity and they exclaimed: 'Man, let him alone. Don't beat him. He is not to blame. What he says is quite true. If he can't stay there, let him come and sit with us.' 'No fear' cried the man, but he seemed somewhat crestfallen and stopped beating me. He let go my arm, swore at me a little more, and, asking the Hottentot servant who was sitting on the other side of the coachbox to sit on the footboard, took the seat so vacated.

The passengers took their seats and, the whistle given, the coach rattled away. My heart was beating fast within my breast and I was wondering whether I should ever reach my destination alive. The man cast an angry look at me now and then, and pointing his finger at me, growled: "Take care, let me once get to Standerton and I shall show you what I do.' I sat speechless and prayed to God to help me.

After dark we reached Standerton and I heaved

a sigh of relief on seeing some Indian faces. As soon as I got down, these friends said: 'We are here to receive you and take you to Isa Seth's shop. We have had a telegram from Seth Abdulla.' I was very glad and we went to Seth Isa Haji Sumar's shop. The Seth and his clerks gathered round me. I told them all that I had gone through. They were very sorry to hear it and comforted me by relating to me their own bitter experience.

I wanted to inform the Agent of the Coach Company the whole affair. So I wrote him a letter narrating everything that had happened and drawing his attention to the threat his man had held out. I also asked for an assurance that he would accommodate me with the other passengers, inside the coach, when we started the next morning. To which the Agent replied to this effect: 'From Standerton we have a bigger coach with different men in charge. The man complained of will not be there tomorrow and you will have a seat with the other passengers.' This somewhat relieved me. I had, of course, no intention of proceeding against the man who had assaulted me, and so the chapter of the assault closed there.

In the morning Isa Seth's man took me to the coach, I got a good seat and reached Johannesburg quite safely that night.

Standerton is a small village and Johannesburg a big city. Abdulla Seth had wired to Johannesburg also and given me the name and address of Mahomed Cassim Camruddin's firm there. Their man had come to receive me at the stage but neither did I see him nor did he recognise me. So I decided to go to a hotel. I knew the names of several. Taking a cab I asked to be driven to the Grand National Hotel. I saw the Manager and asked for a room. He eyed me for a moment, and politely saying, 'I am sorry, we are full up', bade me good-bye. So I asked the cabman to drive to Mahomed Cassim Camruddin's shop. Here I found Abdul Gani Seth expecting me and he gave me a cordial greeting. He had a hearty laugh over the story of my experience at the hotel. How ever did I expect to be admitted to a hotel?

'Why not?' I asked.

'You will come to know after you have stayed here a few days', said he. 'Only *we* can live in a land like this, because, for making money, we do not mind pocketing insults, and here we are.' With this he narrated to me the story of the hardships of Indians in South Africa.

Of Seth Abdul Gani we shall know more as we proceed.

He said: 'This country is not for men like you. Look, now, you have to go to Pretoria tomorrow. you will *have* to travel third class. Conditions in the Transvaal are worse than in Natal. First and second class tickets are never issued to Indians.'

You can not have been persistent enough in this direction.'

'We have sent representations, but I confess our own men, too, do not want as a rule to travel first or second.'

I sent for the railway regulations and read them. There was a loophole. The language of the old Transvaal enactments was not very exact or rigid. The railway regulations were even less so.

I said to Seth: 'I wish to go first class, and if I cannot I shall prefer to take a cab to Pretoria, a matter of only thirtyseven miles.'

Seth Abdul Gani drew my attention to the extra time and money this would mean, but agreed in my proposal to travel first, and accordingly we sent a note to the Station Master. I mentioned in my note that I was a barrister and that I always travelled first. I also stated in the letter that I needed to reach Pretoria as early as possible, and that as there was no time to await his reply, I would receive it in person at the station, and that I should expect to get a first class ticket. There was of course a purpose behind asking for the reply in person. I had thought that if the Station Master gave a written reply he would without doubt say 'no', especially because he would have his own notion of a 'coolie barrister'. I would therefore appear before him in faultless English dress, talk to him and possibly persuade him to issue a first class ticket. So I went to the station in a frock coat and necktie, placed a sovereign for my fare on the counter and asked for a first class ticket.

'You sent me that note?' he asked.

'That is so. I shall be much obliged if you will give me a ticket. I must reach Pretoria today.'

He smiled, and, moved to pity said: 'I am not a Transvaaler. I am a Hollander. I appreciate your feelings, and you have my sympathy. I do want to give you a ticket—on one condition, however that if the Guard should ask you to shift to the third class you will not involve me in the affair, by which I mean that you should not proceed against the Railway Company. I wish you a safe journey. I can see you are a gentleman.'

With these words he booked the ticket. I thanked him and gave him the necessary assurance.

Seth Abdul Gani had come to see me off at the station. The incident gave him an agreeable surprise, but he warned me saying: 'I shall be thankful if you reach Pretoria all right. I am afraid the Guard will not leave you in peace in the first class and even if he does, the passengers will not.'

I took my seat in a first class compartment and the train started. At Germiston, the Guard came to examine the tickets. He was angry to find me there, and signalled to me with his finger to go to the third class. I showed him my first class ticket. 'That doesn't matter,' said he. 'Remove to the third class.'

There was only one English passenger in the compartment. He took the Guard to task. 'What do you mean by troubling the gentleman?' he told him. 'Don't you see he has a first class ticket? I do not mind in the least his travelling with me.' Addressing me he said, 'You should make yourself comfortable where you are.'

The Guard muttered: 'If you want to travel with a coolie, what do you care?' and went away.

At about eight o'clock in the evening the train reached Pretoria.

CHAPTER X

THE FIRST DAY IN PRETORIA

I had expected some one on behalf of Dada Abdulla's attorney to meet me at Pretoria station.

I knew that no Indian would be there to receive me, since I had particularly promised not to put up at an Indian house. But the attorney had sent no one. I understood later that as I had arrived on a Sunday, he could not have sent any one without inconvenience. I was perplexed, and wondered where to go, as I feared that no hotel would accept me.

Pretoria station in 1893 was quite different from what it was in 1914. The lights were burning dimly. The travellers were few. I let all the other passengers go, and thought that as soon as the ticket collector was fairly free I would hand him my ticket and ask him if he could direct me to some small hotel or any such place where I might go; otherwise I would spend the night at the station. I must confess I shrank from asking him even this, for I was afraid of being insulted.

The station became clear of all passengers I gave my ticket to the ticket collector and began my inquiries. He replied to me courteously, but I saw that he could not be of any considerable help. But an American Negro who was standing near by broke into the conversation.

"I see," said he, "that you are an utter stranger here, without any friends. If you will come with me, I will take you to a small hotel, of which the proprietor is an American who is very well known to me. I think he will accept you."

I had my own doubts about the offer, but I thanked him and accepted his suggestion. He took me to Johnston's Family Hotel. He drew Mr. Johnston aside to speak to him, and the latter agreed to accommodate me for the night, on condition that I should have my dinner served in my room.

"I assure you," said he, "that I have no colour prejudice. But I have only European custom, and if I allowed you to eat in the dining room my guests might be offended and even go away."

"Thank you," said I, "even for accommodating me for the night. I am now more or less acquainted with the conditions here and I understand your difficulty. I do not mind your serving the dinner in my room. I hope to be able to make some other arrangement tomorrow."

I was shown into a room, where I now sat waiting for the dinner, and musing, as I was quite alone. There were not many guests in the hotel, and I had expected the waiter to come very shortly with the dinner. Instead Mr. Johnston appeared. He said: "I was ashamed of having asked you to have your dinner here. So I spoke to the other guests about you and asked them if they would mind your having your dinner in the dining-room. They said they had no objection, and that they did not mind your staying here as long as you liked. Please, therefore, come to the dining-room, if you will, and stay here as long as you wish."

I thanked him again, went to the dining-room and had a hearty dinner.

Next morning I called on the attorney, Mr. A. W. Baker. Abdulla Seth had given me some description of him, so his cordial reception did not surprise me. He received me very warmly and made kind inquiries. I explained all about myself. Thereupon he said: "We have no work for you here as barrister, for we have engaged the best counsel. The case is a prolonged and complicated one, so I shall take your assistance only to the extent of getting necessary information. And of course you will make communication with my client easy for me, as I shall now ask for all the information I want from him through you. That is certainly an advantage. I have not yet found rooms for you. I thought I had better do so after having seen you. There is a fearful amount of colour prejudice here and therefore it is not easy to find lodgings for such as you. But I know a poor woman. She is the wife of a baker. I think she will accept you, and thus add to her income at the same time. Come, let us go to her place."

So he took me to her house. He spoke with her privately about me and she agreed to accept me as a boarder at 35 shillings a week.

Mr. Baker, besides being an attorney, was a staunch lay preacher. He is still alive and now engaged purely in missionary work, having given up the legal profession. He is quite well-to-do. He has still kept up correspondence with me. In his letters he always dwells on the same theme. He upholds the excellence of Christianity from

various points of view, and contends that it is impossible to find eternal peace unless one accepts Jesus as the only son of God and the Saviour of mankind.

During the very first interview, Mr. Baker ascertained from me my religious views. I said to him: "I am a Hindu by birth. And yet I do not know much of Hinduism and I know less of other religions. In fact I do not know where I am and what is and what should be my belief. I intend to make a careful study of my own religion and as far as I can of other religions as well."

Mr. Baker was glad to hear all this and said: "I am one of the Directors of the South Africa General Mission. I have built a church at my own expense, and I deliver sermons in it regularly. I am free from colour prejudice. I have some co-workers and we meet at one o'clock every day for a few minutes and pray for peace and light. I shall be glad if you will join us there. I shall introduce you to my co-workers who will be happy to meet you and I dare say you will also like their company. I shall give you, besides, some religious books to read, though of course the one book is the Holy Bible which I would specially recommend to you."

I thanked Mr. Baker and agreed to attend the one o'clock prayers as regularly as possible.

"So I shall expect you here tomorrow at one o'clock and we shall go together to pray," added Mr. Baker, and we said goodbye.

There was still little time for reflection. I went to Mr. Johnston, paid the bill and removed to the new lodgings, where I had my dinner. The landlady was a good woman. She had cooked a vegetarian meal for me. It was not long before I made myself quite at home with the family.

I next went to see the friend to whom Dada Abdulla had given me a note. From him I learnt more about the hardships of Indians in South Africa. He insisted that I should stay with him. I thanked him and told him that I had already made arrangements. He urged me not to hesitate to ask for anything that I might need.

It was now dark. I returned home, had my supper, went to my room and sat there absorbed in deep thought. There was not any immediate

work for me. I informed Abdulla Seth of it. What, I thought, can be the meaning of Mr. Baker's friendship? What shall I gain from his religious co-workers? How long should I interest myself in the study of Christianity? How was I to obtain literature about Hinduism? And how was I to understand Christianity in its proper perspective without thoroughly knowing my own religion? I could come to only one conclusion: I should make a dispassionate study of all that came to me, and deal with Mr. Baker's group as God might guide me; I should not think of embracing another religion before I had fully understood my own.

Thus musing I fell off to sleep.

CHAPTER XI CHRISTIAN CONTACTS

The next day at one o'clock I went to Mr. Baker's prayer-meeting. There I was introduced to Miss Harris, Miss Gabb, Mr. Coates and others. Every one kneeled down to pray and I followed suit. The prayers were supplications to God for various things, according to each person's desire. Thus the usual forms were for the day to be passed peacefully, or for God to open the doors of the heart.

A prayer was now added for my welfare: 'Lord show the path to the new brother who has come amongst us. Give him, Lord, the peace that Thou hast given us. May the Lord Jesus who has saved us save him too. We ask all this in the name of Jesus.' There was no singing of hymns or other music at these meetings. After the supplication for something special every day we dispersed, each going to his lunch, that being the hour for it. The prayer did not take more than five minutes.

The Misses Harris and Gabb were both elderly maiden ladies. Mr. Coates was a Quaker. The two ladies lived together and they gave me a standing invitation to four o'clock tea at their quarters, every Sunday.

When Mr. Coates and I met on Sundays I used to give him my religious diary for the week, and discuss with him the books I had read and the impression they had left on me. The ladies used

to narrate their sweet experiences and talk about the peace they had found.

Mr. Coates was a frank-hearted staunch young man. We went out for walks together, and he also took me to other Christian friends.

As we came closer to each other, he began to give me books of his own choice, until my shelf was filled with them. In pure faith I consented to read all those books, and as I went on reading them, we discussed them.

I read a number of such books in 1893. I do not remember the names of them all, but they included the *Commentary* of Dr. Parker of the City Temple, Pearson's *Many Infallible Proofs* and Butler's *Analogy*. Parts of these were unintelligible to me, some things in them I liked and some things I did not like. I always shared my impressions with Mr. Coates. *Many Infallible Proofs* were proofs in support of the religion of the Bible as the author understood it. The book had no effect on me. Parker's *Commentary* was morally stimulating but it could not be of any help to one who had no faith in the prevalent Christian beliefs. Butler's *Analogy* struck me to be a very profound and difficult book, which should be read four or five times to be understood properly. It seemed to me to be written with a view to converting atheists to Theism. The arguments advanced in it regarding the existence of God were unnecessary for me, as I had then passed the stage of unbelief: but the arguments in proof of Jesus being the only incarnation of God and the Mediator between man and God left me unmoved.

But Mr. Coates was not the man easily to accept defeat. His affection for me was great. He saw round my neck the *Vaishnava* necklace of *Tulsi* beads. He thought it to be superstition and was pained by it. "This superstition does not suit you. Come, let me break the necklace."

"No you will not. It is a sacred gift from my mother."

"But do you believe in it?"

"I do not know its mysterious significance. I do not think I should come to harm if I did not wear it. But I cannot without sufficient reason, give up a necklace that she put round my neck out of love and in the conviction that it would

be conducive to my welfare. When with the passage of time it wears away and breaks of its own accord, I shall have no desire to get a new one. But this necklace cannot be broken."

Mr. Coates could not appreciate my argument as he had no regard for my religion. He was looking forward to delivering me from the abyss of ignorance. He wanted to convince me that no matter whether there was some truth in other religions, salvation was impossible for me unless I accepted Christianity which represented the truth, and that my sins would not be washed away except by the intercession of Jesus, and that all good works are useless.

Just as he introduced me to several books, he introduced me to several friends whom he regarded as staunch Christians. One of these introductions was to a family which belonged to the Plymouth Brethren—a Christian sect.

Many of the contacts for which Mr. Coates was responsible were good. Most struck me as being Godfearing. But during my contact with this family, one of the Plymouth Brethren confronted me with an argument for which I was not prepared:

"You cannot understand the beauty of our religion. From what you say it appears that you must be brooding over your transgressions every moment of your life, always mending them and atoning for them. How can this ceaseless cycle of action bring you redemption? You can never have peace. You admit that we are all sinners. Now look at the perfection of our belief. Our attempts at improvement and atonement are futile. And yet redemption we must have. How can we bear the burden of sin? We can but throw it on Jesus. He is the only sinless Son of God. It is His word that those who believe in Him shall have everlasting life. Therein lies God's infinite mercy. And as we believe in the atonement of Jesus our own sins do not bind us. Sin we must. It is impossible to live in this world sinless. And therefore Jesus suffered and atoned for all the sins of mankind. Only he who accepts His great redemption can have eternal peace. Think what a life of restlessness is yours, and what a promise of peace we have."

The argument utterly failed to convince me. I humbly replied:

"If this be the Christianity acknowledged by all Christians, I cannot accept it. I do not seek redemption from the consequences of my sin, I seek to be redeemed from actual sin itself, or rather from the very thought of sin. Until I have attained that end, I shall be content to be restless."

To which the Plymouth Brother rejoined: "I assure you, your attempt is fruitless. Think again over what I have said".

And the Brother proved as good as his word. He voluntarily committed transgressions and showed me that he was undisturbed by the thought of them.

But I already knew before meeting with these friends that all Christians did not believe in such a theory of atonement. Mr. Coates himself walked in the fear of God. His heart was pure, and he believed in the possibility of self-purification. The two ladies also shared this belief. Some of the books that came in to my hands were full of devotion. So although Mr. Coates was very much disturbed by this latest experience of mine, I was able to reassure him and tell him that the distorted belief of a Plymouth Brother could not prejudice me against Christianity.

My difficulties lay elsewhere. They were with regard to the Bible and its accepted interpretation.

CHAPTER XII

SEEKING TOUCH WITH INDIANS

Before writing further about Christian contacts, I must record other experiences of the same period.

Seth Tyab Haji Khan Mahomed had in Pretoria the same position as was enjoyed by Dada Abdulla in Natal. There was no public movement that could be conducted without him. I made his acquaintance the very first week, and told him of my intention to get in touch with every Indian in Pretoria. I expressed a desire to study the conditions of Indians there and asked for his help in my work, which he gladly agreed to give.

My first step was to call a meeting of all the

Indians in Pretoria and to present to them a picture of their condition in the Transvaal. The meeting was held at the house of Seth Haji Mahomed Haji Joosub to whom I had a letter of introduction. It was principally attended by Memon merchants though there was a sprinkling of Hindus as well. The Hindu population in Pretoria was, as a matter of fact very small.

My speech at this meeting may be said to have been the first public speech in my life. I went fairly prepared with my subject which was about observing truthfulness in business. I had always heard the merchants say that truth was not possible in business. I did not believe it then nor do I now. Even today there are merchant friends who contend that truth is inconsistent with business. Business, they say, is a very practical affair, and truth a matter of religion; and argue that practical affairs are one thing while religion is quite another. Pure truth, they hold, is out of the question in business, one can speak it only so far as is suitable. I strongly contested the position in my speech and awakened the merchants to a sense of their duty which was two-fold. Their responsibility to be truthful was all the greater in a foreign land because the conduct of a few Indians was the measure of that of the millions of their fellow countrymen.

I had found our people's habits to be insanitary as compared with those of the Englishmen around them and drew their attention to it. I laid stress on the necessity of forgetting all distinctions such as Hindus, Mussalmans, Parsis, Christians, Gujaratis, Madrasees, Punjabis, Sindhis, Cutchees, Surtees and so on.

I suggested, in conclusion, the formation of an association to make representations to the authorities concerned, in respect of the hardships of the Indian settlers, and offered to place at its disposal as much of my time and service as was possible.

I saw that I made a considerable impression on the meeting.

My speech was followed by discussion. Some offered to supply me with facts. I felt encouraged. I saw that very few amongst my audience

knew English. As I felt that knowledge of English would be useful in that land, I advised those who had leisure to learn English. I told them that it was possible to learn a language even at an advanced age and cited cases of people who had done so. I undertook, besides, to teach a class, if one was started, or to instruct personally individuals desiring to learn the language.

The class was not started but three young men expressed their readiness to learn, at their convenience, and on condition that I went to their places to teach them. Of these, two were Mussalmans,—One of them a barber and the other a clerk—and the third was a Hindu, a petty shop-keeper. I agreed to suit them all. I had no misgiving regarding my capacity to teach. My pupils might become tired, but not I. Sometimes it happened that I would go to their places only to find them engaged in their business. But I did not lose patience. None of the three desired a deep study of English, but two may be said to have made fairly good progress in about eight months. Two learnt enough to keep accounts and write ordinary business letters. The barber's ambition was confined to acquiring just enough English for dealing with his customers. As a result of their studies two of the pupils were equipped for making a fair income.

I was satisfied with the result of the meeting. It was decided to hold such meetings, as far as I remember, once a week or, may be, once a month. These were held more or less regularly and on these occasions there was a free exchange of ideas. The result was that there was now in Pretoria no Indian I did not know or whose condition I was not acquainted with. This prompted me in turn to make the acquaintance of the British Agent in Pretoria, Mr. Jacobus de Wet. He had sympathy for the Indians, but he had very little influence. However, he agreed to help us as best as he could and invited me to meet him whenever I so desired.

I now communicated with Railway authorities and told them that even under their own regulations the disabilities about travelling under which the Indians laboured could not be justified. I got a letter in reply to the effect that first and

second class tickets would be booked for Indians who were properly dressed. This was far from giving adequate relief, as it rested with the station master to decide who was 'properly dressed.'

The British Agent showed me some papers dealing with Indian's affairs. Tyab Seth had also given me similar papers I learnt from them how cruelly the Indians were hounded out from the Orange Free State.

In short, my stay in Pretoria enabled me to make a deep study of the social, economic and political condition of the Indians in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. I had no idea that this study was to be of invaluable service to me in the future. For, I had thought of returning home by the end of the year, or even earlier if the case was finished before the year was out.

But God had disposed otherwise.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT IT IS TO BE A COOLIE

It would be out of place here to describe fully the condition of Indians in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. I would suggest that those who wish to have a full idea of it may turn to my *History of Satyagraha in South Africa*.* It is however necessary to give here a brief outline.

In the Orange Free State the Indians were dispossessed of all their rights by a special law enacted in 1888 or even earlier. If they chose to stay there, they could do so only to serve as waiters in hotels or to pursue some such menial calling. The traders were driven away with a nominal compensation. They brought forward representations and petitions. But theirs was a cry in the wilderness.

A very stringent enactment was passed in the Transvaal in 1885. It was slightly improved in 1886 and it was provided under the amended law that all Indians should pay a poll tax of £ 3 as fee for entry into the Transvaal. They might not have land excepting in locations set apart for them, and in practice even that was not to be ownership. They had no franchise. All this was under the special law for Asiatics to whom

* The English version of this is appearing serially in CURRENT THOUGHT.

the laws for the coloured people were also applied. Under these, Indians might not walk on public footpaths, and might not move out of doors after 9 p. m. without a permit. The enforcement of this last regulation was elastic so far as the Indians were concerned. Those who passed off as 'Arabs' were, as a matter of favour, exempted from it. The exemption thus naturally depended on the sweet will of the police.

I had to experience the effect of both these regulations. I often went out at night for a walk with Mr. Coates, and we rarely got back home much before 10 o'clock. What if the police arrested me? Mr. Coates was more concerned about this than I. He had to issue passes to his negro servants. But how could he give one to me? Only a master might issue a permit to a servant. If I had wanted one, and even if Mr. Coates had been ready to give it he might not have done so, for it would have been fraud.

So Mr. Coates or some friend of his (I forget which) took me to the State Attorney Dr. Krause. We turned out to be barristers of the same Inn. The fact that I needed a pass to enable me to be out of doors after 9 p. m. was too much for him. He expressed sympathy for me. Instead of ordering for me a pass, he gave me a letter authorising me to be out of doors at all hours without police interference. I always kept this letter on me whenever I went out. The fact that I never had to make use of it was a mere accident.

Dr. Krause invited me to his place and we may be said to have become friends. I occasionally called on him and it was through him that I was introduced to his more famous brother, who was Public Prosecutor in Johannesburg. During the Boer War he was courtmartialled for conspiring to murder an English Officer and was sentenced to imprisonment for seven years. He was also disbarred by the Benchers. On the termination of hostilities, he, Dr. Krause, was released and being honourably readmitted to the Transvaal bar, resumed practice.

These connections were useful to me later on in my public life and simplified much of my work.

The consequences of the application of the

regulation regarding the use of footpaths were rather serious for me. I always went out for a walk through President Street to an open plain. President Kruger's house was in this street—a very modest, unostentatious building, without a garden and not distinguishable from other houses in its neighbourhood. The houses of many of the millionaires in Pretoria were far more pretentious and were surrounded by gardens. Indeed, President Kruger's simplicity was proverbial. Only the presence of a police patrol before the house indicated that it belonged to some official. I nearly always went along the footpath past this patrol without the slightest hitch or hindrance.

Now the man on duty used to be changed from time to time. Once one of the men without giving me the slightest warning, without even having asked me to leave the footpath, pushed and kicked me into the street. I was dismayed. Before I could question him as to his behaviour, Mr. Coates who happened to be passing the spot on horseback hailed me and said:

"Gandhi, I have seen everything. I shall gladly be your witness in court if you proceed against the man. I am very sorry you have been so rudely assaulted."

'You need not be sorry;' I said, 'What does the poor man know? All coloured people are the same to him. He no doubt treats negroes just as he has treated me. I have made it a rule not to go to court in respect of any personal grievance. So I do not intend to proceed against him.'

'That is just like you', said Mr. Coates, 'but do think it over again. We must teach such men a lesson.' He then spoke to the policeman and reprimanded him. I could not follow their talk, as it was in Dutch, the policeman being a Boer. But he apologised to me, for which there was no need. I had already forgiven him.

But I never again went through this street. There would be other men coming in this man's place, and ignorant of the incident and they would behave likewise. Why should I unnecessarily court another kick? I therefore selected a different walk.

The incident deepened my feeling for the Indian settlers. I discussed with them the advis-

ability of making a test case, if it were found necessary to do so after having seen the British Agent in the matter of these regulations.

I thus made an intimate study of the hard condition of the Indian settlers, not only by reading and hearing about it, but by personal experience. I saw that South Africa was no country for a self-respecting Indian, and my mind became more and more occupied with the questions as to how the condition might be changed.

But my principal duty for the moment was to attend to the case of Dada Abdulla.

CHAPTER XIV

PREPARATION FOR THE CASE

The year's stay in Pretoria was the most valuable experience in my life. Here it was that I had opportunities of learning public work and obtained some measure of my capacity for it. Here it was that the religious spirit within me became a living force, and here too I acquired a true knowledge of legal practice. Here I learnt the things that a junior barrister learns in a senior barrister's chamber, and here also I gained confidence that I should not after all fail as a lawyer. It was likewise here that I learnt the secret of success as a lawyer.

Dada Abdulla's was no small case. The suit was for £ 40,000. Arising as it did out of business transactions, it was full of intricacies of accounts. Part of the claim was based on promissory notes and part on the specific performance of promise to deliver promissory notes. The defence was that the promissory notes were fraudulently taken and lacked sufficient consideration. There were points of fact and law enough in this intricate case.

Both parties had engaged the best attorneys and counsel. I thus had a fine opportunity of studying their work. The preparation of the plaintiff's case for the attorney and the sifting of facts in support of his case had been entrusted to me. It was an education to see how much the attorney accepted and how much he rejected from my preparation, as also to see how much use the counsel made of the brief prepared by the attorney. I saw that this preparation for

the case would give me a fair measure of my powers of comprehension and my capacity for marshalling evidence.

I took the keenest interest in the case. Indeed I threw myself in to it. I read all the papers pertaining to the transactions. My client's ability was great and his confidence in me was absolute and this rendered my work easy. I made a fair study of book-keeping. My capacity for translation was improved by having to translate the correspondence which was for the most part in Gujarati.

Although, as I have said before, I took a keen interest in religious communion and in public work, and always gave some of my time to them, they were not then my primary interest. The preparation of the case was my primary interest. Reading of law and looking up law cases, when necessary, had always a prior claim on my time. As a result, I acquired such a grasp of the facts of the case as perhaps was not possessed even by the parties themselves, in as much as I had with me the papers of both the parties.

I recalled the late Mr. Pincutt's advice—facts are three fourths of the law. At a later date it was amply borne out by that famous barrister of South Africa, the late Mr. Leonard. In a certain case in my charge I saw that though justice was on the side of my client, the law seemed to be against him. In despair I approached Mr. Leonard for help. He also felt that the facts of the case were very strong. He exclaimed, 'Gandhi, I have learnt one thing, and it is this, that if we take care of the facts of a case, the law will take care of itself. Let us dive deeper into the facts of this case.' With these words he asked me to study the case further and then see him again. On a re-examination of the facts I saw them in an entirely new light, and I also hit upon an old South African case bearing on the point. I was delighted and went to Mr. Leonard and told him everything. 'Right,' he said, 'we shall win the case. Only we must bear in mind which of the judges takes it.'

When I was making preparation for Dada Abdulla's case, I had not fully realised this paramount importance of facts. Facts mean

truth and once we adhere to truth, the law comes to our aid naturally. I saw that the facts of Dada Abdulla's case made it very strong indeed and that the law was bound to be on their side. But I also saw that the litigation, if it were persisted in, would ruin the plaintiff and the defendant, who were relatives and both residents of the same city. No one knew how long the case might go on. Should it be allowed to continue to be fought out in court, it might go on indefinitely, and to no advantage of either party. Both therefore desired an immediate termination of the case, if possible.

I approached Tyeb Seth and requested and advised him to go to arbitration. I recommended him to see his counsel. I suggested to him that if an arbitrator commanding the confidence of both parties could be appointed, the case would be quickly finished. The lawyers' fees were so rapidly mounting up that they were enough to devour all the resources of the clients, big merchants as they were. The case occupied so much of their attention that they had no time left for any other work. In the meantime mutual illwill was steadily increasing. I became disgusted with the profession. As lawyers, the counsel on both sides were bound to rake up points of law in support of their own clients. I also saw for the first time that the winning party never recovered all the costs incurred. Under the Court Fees regulation there was a fixed scale of costs to be allowed as between party and party, the actual costs as between attorney and client being very much higher. This was more than I could bear. I felt that my duty was to befriend both parties, and bring them together. I strained

every nerve to bring about a compromise. At last Tyeb Seth agreed. An arbitrator was appointed, the case was argued before him, and Dada Abdulla won.

But that did not satisfy me. If my client were to seek immediate execution of the award, it would be impossible for Tyeb Seth to meet the whole of the awarded amount, and there was an unwritten law among the Porbander Memons living in South Africa that death should be preferred to bankruptcy. It was impossible for Tyeb Seth to pay down the whole sum of about £ 37,000 and costs. He meant to pay not a pie less than the amount and he did not want to be declared bankrupt. There was only one way. Dada Abdulla should allow him to pay in moderate instalments. They were equal to the occasion and granted Tyeb Seth instalments spread over a very long period. It was more difficult for me to secure this concession of payment by instalments than to get the parties to agree to arbitration. But both were happy over the result, and both rose in the public estimation. My joy was boundless. I had learnt the true practice of law. I had learnt to find out the better side of human nature and to enter men's hearts. I realised that the true function of a lawyer was to unite parties riven asunder. The lesson was so indelible burnt into me that a large part of my time during the twenty years of my practice as a lawyer was occupied in bringing about private compromises of hundreds of cases. I lost nothing thereby—not even money, certainly not my soul,

Reviews and Notices of Books

ART

Art in Asia

REVUE DES ARTS ASIATIQUES avec la collaboration de l'Association Francaise des Amis de l'Orient: Librairie des Arts et Voyages 29, Rue de Londres, Paris—June 1926 number.

This is a quarterly dealing with Asiatic Art in all its forms, published under the editorship of Edmund Jaloux and with the cooperation of the Association of the Friends of the East which, be it remarked by the way, is doing immense service in the cause of bettering the relations between the East and the West.

The June number of the Review has about 58 pages of matter and 34 plates. Amongst the articles "The French school of Extrem-orient and its recent work" by a great French critic, "Rajput Paintings in the British Museum" by Lawrence Binyon and "Vallathol, the Tagore of Malabar" by K. M. Panikkar deserve mention. In addition, there is also a bibliography containing reviews of all important recent publications dealing with Oriental topics not necessarily of Art.

Mr. Panikkar's article is published in the "Bulletin" which occupies a few pages at the end of the journal. Mr. Panikkar deserves warm thanks from us all for his tireless and passionately enthusiastic work of popularising knowledge of Indian conditions in Europe, through his articles in French journals like "Europe" and "Les Nouvelles Littéraires". Mr. Panikkar's love for politics and history has not eclipsed his love for his mother-tongue or his literary tastes. Himself a poet in Malayalam, he forms a staunch member of that small, but ever-widening, group of young Malayali poets and writers who have set out, with the radiance of Dawn on their foreheads, in the quest of the New and the Fresh. Vallathol is the acknowledged leader of the new school. The simplicity of theme and style, the directness of appeal, the lyric flow, and

the majesty of sentiment which characterise all later works of Vallathol, came upon Malabar for the first time about twelve years ago like a whiff of fresh perfume-laden breeze in the stuffy atmosphere of Sanskrit-ridden scholarship. There is therefore hardly any exaggeration in what Mr. Panikkar points out as the 'genius' of this poet's composition: "His compatriots familiarly call Vallathol the Tagore of Malabar, and the comparison is not inapt because both excel in lyric poesy. The small songs of Vallathol possess the same qualities of idealism and serene meditation associated with the ardour of Youth,—qualities which have secured for Tagore his world-reputation. And like Tagore, he borrows his themes from ancient Hindu mythology and treats them in a perfectly modern way. "The Disciple and the Boy", "Rugmi's Letter" and many other poems amongst his masterpieces deal with subjects from Sanskrit epics. What distinguishes this poet from his predecessors is that in treating about the themes, he interprets the faith and the ideal of a living society instead of simply writing verses which mechanically conform to old-world rules."

"Nevertheless," continues Mr. Panikkar, "Vallathol does not possess the Versatile genius of Tagore. Though writing prose with distinction, Vallathol has not made any attempts in the field of romance, novel or prose-drama,—forms which have procured for Tagore his legitimate world-success. He has neither the profundity of thought nor the width of sympathy of the Bengali master, but as a lyric poet, Vallathol is no way inferior to Tagore." Admirers of Tagore may demur even to this last claim, for, though Vallathol's works certainly have a high lyric quality, we seek in vain in his works for that rhythmic witchery and marmoreal splendour of Tagore's lyric masterpieces like Urvashi. Be this as it may, a niche in the Temple of Fame Vallathol undoubtedly has, because he is one of

the masters of modern Indian poesy, and because he represents in himself the purest and the noblest qualities of the Young India of to-day.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

EDUCATION

The New Children

THE NEW CHILDREN: Talks with Dr. Montessori. By Sheila Radice. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London.

Sheila Radice is a devoted disciple of Dr. Montessori and has attempted in this small book of about 160 pages an interpretation of the great Doctor's philosophy of life and her theory of education. The book is based on the author's personal talks with Dr. Montessori, and articles that appeared in 1919 in the *Times Educational Supplement*, answering some of the criticisms of the Doctor's teachings.

Mrs. Radice thinks that most of the criticisms is the outcome of a misconception arising out of an imperfect understanding of the teachings. She says: "What the world has to learn from Dr. Montessori is not only how to treat little children properly,—it is a new philosophy of life. Of this philosophy she has as yet given her students but a fraction, from which they are endeavouring to build up the rest for themselves. This is the secret of the stir that Dr. Montessori has made throughout the world, of which the educational world has shown some jealousy. This is why she has disciples, where others have students of their work." The author also observes that Dr. Montessori knows far more than she can tell and is, in a way, not very articulate. There is need, she says, for some one of her own standing who can re-think the great doctor's thoughts for her in English. In the absence of a more eminent disciple or educationist to take up this work the English-reading public has to be grateful to Mrs. Radice for undertaking this self-imposed labour of love and enlightening them in the new and valuable teachings of the Italian revolutionary in educational method. It is as idle as it is unnecessary to attempt here, to deal with Dr. Montessori's methods, to criticise or to defend them. The reader has got in the

book under review an outline of the teachings and a sympathetic interpretation of the same from one who wields the pen as cleverly as she answers her teacher's teachings with force and a keen sense of humour and proportion, both of which qualities she claims in an abundant measure for her Italian master.

Mrs. Radice does not confine herself in the book to the exposition and defence of Dr. Montessori's teachings but also brings before the reader the great and interesting personality of the Doctor. The following are the headlines of some of the chapters in the volume: The Montessori Apparatus, Dr. Montessori lecturers. The ethical basis, the psychological basis, Montessori and Bergson; Training for vision, Training for Citizenship, a new theory of work, the education of the adolescent, etc. These indicate the general nature of the topics discussed in the book. The last but one chapter, entitled the "New Children" after which the book itself is named, is especially interesting as showing how in the Montessori schools it is being demonstrated, in the words of the author, that "children are all children of God and none of them the children of Satan." Mrs. Radice concludes the chapter by making the following observations which should provide thought in the mind of every parent, guardian and teacher: "The children do not want to be naughty. It tires and bores them to be idle. If the heavy deterrent force of adult interference, of the unfavourable adult suggestion, is removed, then the children of their own accord, work hard, seek after knowledge, cooperate with their elders, and dwell in helpful harmony with one another. All this happens as automatically as the same phenomenon happens in a forest, when a sapling is taken out from under the sun-less, root-bound shelter of surrounding grown trees and put out by itself on the be side of the trees, to draw nourishment freely from itself from soil and sun and air. When one realises that every normal child might be a "new child", that no ordinary person need fail in life if he were properly brought up, one understands Dr. Montessori's "divine impatience," that the truths which she has established may prevail."

M. R. RAMASWAMI

LITERATURE

The Genius of Tagore

THE SPECIAL BIRTHDAY NUMBER OF SHANTINIKETAN PATRA. Published on the occasion of the Sixty-sixth birthday of the poet Rabindranath Tagore.

The *Jyeshtha* number of the *Shantiniketan Patra* is a remarkably interesting one, containing as it does tributes of homage to the Poet-Laureate of Asia from his many distinguished admirers in India. That the genius of Rabindranath is many-sided is known but to a few. To many, he is only a poet, to some he is only an educationalist visionary and to others again he is only an opponent of Gandhian non-co-operation. A perusal of the special number of this tiny Bengali monthly issued from Shantiniketan lays bare to us the multi-coloured nature of the poet's prolific genius. In this number, the poet's journalistic abilities, his musical talent, his interest in philology, his capacity for business management and his love for the submerged classes stand out in strikingly bold outlines. The genius of this great man comprehensive of all its aspects has yet to be described to the world. The extant biographies and critical studies only emphasise the poetic qualities in him.

Pandit Vidushekhara Bhattacharya leads off, with a tribute of respect to the poet and to his institution "Viswabharathi". Babu Ramananda Chatterji, the talented editor of the "Modern Review" then describes, in a charming little article written with great verve, the early journalistic career of the poet. He tells us how Rabindranath once successfully edited many periodicals like *Jnanaprakash*, *Balak* and *Sadhana*, how he used to write many of the articles himself without depending upon the help of other contributors (as many modern editors do), how he used the editorial pen in retouching the contributions of others (including even the celebrated Ramendra Trivedi's), how he helped Ramananda Babu by sending him gleanings from foreign magazines for publication in the "Prabasi", and how in the process these gleanings were enriched with the poet's own marginal observations. Ramananda Babu, it seems, found in Rabindranath a ready

and regular contributor to the "Prabasi". We are told that once even an attack of illness did not prevent the poet from punctually sending an instalment of the story "Gora" which was then appearing as a serial in the "Prabasi". In his own characteristic style full of irony, Ramananda Babu observes: "Though many Bengali and non-Bengali researchers feel doubts about the poetic quality of his genius, I can boldly say that his punctuality in the supply of articles can never be impugned. In this matter he was exceptionally regular. I fear this very fact may be trotted out as a proof to show that his is not a poetic temperament, but nevertheless I have to bear this testimony." Abanindranath Tagore comes next and in his article he tells us that Rabindranath's early interest in Art helped not a little the renaissance of Bengali Art. Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji, the distinguished Khaira Professor of Linguistics, points out that the poet is a philologist too! The poet's small volume on Bengali phonology entitled *Shabdattwa* published several years ago shows his intense acumen in analysing the phonological peculiarities of the Bengali language. It may be said without any exaggeration that this book would do credit to any linguistic savant of the West. The present writer remembers still the pleasant surprise which he felt on receiving a few years ago an erudite and long explanation from the poet in reply to a query regarding a linguistic peculiarity of the Bengali language. Prof. Giuseppe Tucci, the Italian visitor-professor's tribute to the poet is couched in enthusiastic poetic language and in characteristic Mediterranean style: "What is general", says he, "does not befit you, Gurudev

Let the small men send their good wishes to small men!

But to you! And what can we wish to you!

Nothing. Because the wings of your poetry and the message of love that you have sung to the world have carried you beyond the boundaries of time.....

Wish presupposes a limitation, but no wish where there is perfection.

No wishes therefore; but rather thanksgiving and prayers; thanksgiving for what you have

already given to us, prayer for what you must still give us!"

Bhimrao Sastri, the Professor of Music at the Ashram, writes about the perfect-song-quality of Rabindranath's songs, and the Science Professor Jagadanand Ray recounts old recollections, of which the following one is a specimen: "Once after dusk I was teaching science to young Rothindranath (the poet's son). I was then fresh from the college and was only new to the teacher's profession. In those days English was the medium of instruction from the third form up till the M.A. class. Young Rothindro was preparing for the Entrance examination. Why then should I not use English as my medium? And so on that day. In rapidly flowing style, I was teaching science to young Rothindro, without concerning myself as to the accuracy of my English. The poet was sitting by my side and smiling to himself over my not over-pure English style. After a while he stopped me with the counsel, "Don't you teach him in English hereafter!" The remonstrance had its effect. From that day till now I have not used English as my medium for instruction". Amongst other tributes are those from Mark Collins, Shrimati Shanta Devi, V. V. Gokhale, Lim Ngo Chiang, and Charan Chandra Bhattacharya.

The Birthday number of the magazine is a bouquet of flowers, rich in their fragrance and bright in their multifarious hues.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

PHILOSOPHY

The Lure of Happiness

THE LURE OF HAPPINESS. By W. Charles Loosmore. John Murray. 6s.

This is a very interesting book by Mr. Charles Loosmore. He has succeeded admirably in setting forth how and by what means we may least respond to enjoy life to the full. He finds hope in the craving for life and in the 'lure of happiness' which has always exercised man's heart and which has a peculiar fascination in recent times. With keen psychological insight this new yearning for happiness and peace which has taken possession of us is examined

and its real meaning and its proper place in life are detailed, the need for the practice of happiness, how it comes and how we must not seek it too curiously are dwelt upon.

According to the author, man's blessedness springs ultimately from within and is realised not so much in the conditions of life as in life itself, in the things of the spirit and in the true functioning of the human mind. He rightly emphasizes that the mind is its own place and can make a heaven of hell or hell of heaven. That the lure of happiness, is natural and human is demonstrated in a simple and practical way. It is a call upon the mind to be in harmony with itself. The happy mind is largely though not entirely a matter of practice and habit. It is not only our right but also our duty to enter into the inheritance of a joyful life and satisfy the craving for more life and fuller life. But happiness has many counterfeits and we are so enamoured of the joys of life that we fail to understand the realities of life that they symbolize. Happiness is not simply diversion or amusement.

After criticising Omar's *Philosophy of Life* Mr. Loosmore points out that true happiness is largely independent of things though the whole trend of modern life is in the direction of multiplying them. Happiness is a condition of mind and one of the most common errors is that of confusing happiness with the means of happiness. Since all cursing or blessing issues from the mind, we must train, cleanse and furnish our mind. Our moods have to be controlled. Happiness is more an art than an accident and the kingdom of heaven is within. We make or find our own felicity, only if we try to be happy we just miss it. Happiness comes unawares. Right feeling and service are essential for the attainment of happiness. There is no happiness in idleness, in a life that simply drifts. We should know how to be happy in our work. There is really a joy in doing things that are needed and to know that we have some share in the great business of life.

The author indicates certain sign-posts which make the road that leads to the happy isles an

lates various factors of happiness and peace. The place of knowledge, wisdom, a belief in providence, ambition, social service, practical idealism, the home, health, suffering, submission, laughter, optimism, imagination, foresight, property and habit is set forth with wonderful psychological analysis and logical acumen.

The book is full of practical suggestions and deserves to be widely read by all who wish to make the most of the business of life.

K. R. APPLACHARI

SCIENCE

Foundations of Universe

FOUNDATIONS OF UNIVERSE. By M. Luckiesh. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York.

In recent years to popularise the many new advancements in physics, many new books have appeared and it may safely be said that few of them have succeeded in giving the average non-scientific reader an understandable account of the modern triumphs of physics. And when M. Luckiesh also enters the same field under the heading Foundations of the Universe, his task instead of being any the lighter is really far more difficult when one considers the comprehensiveness of his title. He discusses a wide range of physical topics from the minutest details of atomic structure to the giant globular clusters, nebulae and other distant island universes. And it must be said to his credit that his non-mathematical treatment of such a variety of subjects is really very lucid and clear.

Beginning with a consideration of men, atoms and stars in the first chapter, he brings to bear a philosophic outlook in the discussion of problems that still confronts the physicists in their attempts to co-ordinate all the observed facts and conceptions in one comprehensive theory. Newton's theory of gravitation, Maxwell's Electromagnetic theory of light and Planck's quantum theory of energy and Einstein's theory of relativity all find a detailed non-mathematical treatment. All the experimental aspects of the work involved in the development of all these theories are fully dealt with. It is difficult to treat such a variety of subjects without serious

repetition and overlapping of issues at various places. But treating the connected aspects of the subject matter under individual headings as molecules, light, space, matter, the electron, the evolutions of elements, the atomic structure, etc. and giving each of them a completely self-contained treatment the author has avoided a great deal of confusion which is otherwise inevitable.

On the whole the author is to be congratulated on an extraordinarily clear presentation of some of the latest triumphs of physics in a very simple non-mathematical style and we do really get an idea of the prevailing ideas of conceptions about the nature of our universe.

H. PARAMESWARAN.

SOCIOLOGY

Some aspects of Inter Racial Relations

COCHIN—CHINE: Par Leon Werth F. Rildet et cie—[Paris Impressions of a Visit to Cochin—China.]

This is a book of travel which could claim a place by the side of some of the best modern specimens of its kind, like Loti's 'India' or Madame Levi's "From Comorin to Nepal." Its eminence as a book of travel is due to the intimacy with which the impressions recorded in it were gathered. The commonplace impressions of a railway tourist or American globetrotter out for a few days' rest or pleasure, find no place here. On the contrary, the genius of a people is sought to be studied in all its aspects and manifestations. The sympathy and insight which the author brings to bear on his study is thoroughly characteristic of that *cenacle* of writers in France who rallying round their monthly organ "Europe" have made it their life mission to send out appeals to the better conscience of Humanity in defence of Righteousness and Truth.

The book under review is something more than a mere book of travel. It states and lays bare the problem of French rule over an Asiatic people in Cochin China. The author attempts at no solution of the problem but he lays bare to us the situation in all its gruesome nakedness. The author simply narrates facts, he has not

"given us indignation" (to use his own words) but the effect on us is redoubled. The problem exposed in the book relates to French possessions only, but has a wider application.

"The people of Annam have lost their love for France," says the author in dedicating the book to a Frenchman who really loved Annam and its people, "but they might have loved her, if many colonial rulers had resembled you, O Paul Monin!" The French "colonials" unfortunately form a special class by themselves with little of the genuinely European in them. "I remember," remarks the author, "a voyager's account of a Negro walking about the streets of some city stark naked except for an up-to-date European hat which adorned his head. The Negro hoped thus to participate in the civilisation of Europe. The French 'colonials' in Annam have little more of the Western civilisation in them than these Negroes.....These 'colonials' are only a caricature of the Europeans. Various are the reasons ascribed for this, such as the climate, isolation, alcohol, opium.....but the real reason is an anti-Asiatic tradition and custom which has grown up amongst these 'colonials.'"

The author notes with intense sorrow and pain the contemptuous arrogance, the ungentlemanly haughtiness and the brutal tyranny practised by French colonials towards their Asiatic subjects. Copious instances of ill-treatment, some of which were witnessed by the author himself, are given in the book to illustrate the colonials attitude. All these impressions are recorded in short visit pen-pictures whose effect is often considerably enhanced by the absence of any comment.

The author visits natives' quarters, their coffee-shops, their bazaars, temples, their national leaders, their educated men and gets into intimate contact with their life. In all these adventures and experiences, his companion is the Annamite journalist *Nguyen-an-Ninh*, a cultured man "in white coat and of an angelic face"..... Here was a man who could distinguish the real Europe from its degenerate travesty. Says M. Werth: "In our first interview we exchanged but few words. I felt more than ever that European culture is a kind of hidden treasure of

which even the European masses have no inkling and that when this culture degenerates, it becomes only a miserable instrument of propaganda and material advancement. You knew it possibly much better than myself, O! my Annamese friend! I observed the books in your shelves: *Renan, Nietzsche, Flaubert* etc. Rarely do I have any faith in books; but now your bookish sentiments gave me an unexpected kind of emotion. I discovered and re-saw straightway the value of books. Through these books and through your two visits to Europe, you knew that the real Europe had no likeness to its "colonial" counterpart."

Talking of the Annamites themselves, the author observes: "The inflexible patience of the Annamite disconcerts me. No doubt, his stature is short and his physical strength is far below that of the European. But anger, passion and sentiments of dignity are not to be measured by degrees of physical mensuration.....I have no heard of a single Annamite coolly who when assaulted by a European has retaliated.....Can it be that the Annamite is incapable of this impulsive action which is the banal reaction of European dignity, against all forms of offence.....There are some Annamite engineers and doctors who have received French training. Some have married Frenchwomen and have adopted the European style of living. The exodus of young Annamites to France is viewed with suspicion by the colonial Government. On the one hand, the Government have found docile allies amongst certain Frenchified Annamites; while, on the other, by an inconsistency which should be understood if the feelings of those whom the Annamites call 'colonials' so as to distinguish them from genuine Europeans, are to be understood, officials and journalists brand anti-French all those young Annamites who have gone to France and acquired a knowledge of French laws and customs.

In the eyes of the colonials, all those anti-French, who whether Annamites or Europeans, touch by acts, writings, or words, protests, criticism or commentary, the Rig Divine of colonial Absolutism. A strange paradox indeed! The colonial Government eas-

reconciles itself to the attitude of the resignant Annamite who hates the Government and, through the Government, hates France; but it brands all those Annamites as anti-French who have learnt in France ever to love and never to hate her!"

Pagodas, bontiques, temples, tea-shops, public houses, brothels, indigenous theatres, rice-fields and bamboo-groves pass before the reader's eye

with cinema-like swiftness and variety.. When at last we close the book, the feeling that is uppermost in our mind is: Here is a book of infinite sympathy and insight. Would that we had such a book written about India.....There is Mr. Aldous Huxley writing pleasant things in the "Nation and Athenæum", but alas! he writes for home consumption!

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

What Thinkers Think

The Great Quest.

What are we? Whence do we come? Whither do we go? These questions have been agitating the mind of man from the beginning of Time and they continue to agitate him. Below are given some of the current thoughts in verse from *The Quest*:

ANY MAN TO ANY MAN

How stood the Great Wheel at thy birth?
What vast conjunctions 'stablished thee,
And in the little corner of this earth
In minute intricacy
Set thee thy declination and thine home?
Oh, if the very movements of thy mind
Are airy planets, poised and swung
Around that central fire of thy true self,—
And yet not atoms blind
Or heedless of the skies they swing among,
But marvellously attuned
To every skiey system (elf to elf
Of mannikin thoughts, to angel's heavenly notions,
And these to God, in vast communal motions)
Rendering their dues diurnal
In horologic chimes and aspects sure
To God who is eternal,
Through all the stellar ladders that endure—
His hierarchies nine!—
So that no littlest act or ward of thine
But on these flaming levels of His thought
Repeats in signs and motions, fused in fire
Of joy, of pain, of ire,
Its stellar counterpart;—
Why will He not deliver unto me,
Who strive with all my art
To understand thy ways, a magic Key?

For lo! thy moon, to my all ignorant gaze
Hath no returning path: I cannot tell
By ebb or flow, her obscure wandering ways,
And, till God break these bars,
And teach me words to weave a sundering spell,
Runes of last avatars
I have no clock to mark thy highest stars,
No sextant for thy sun.

THE AINOKE

But God has given no sign,—
Nor any God's prophets
From any of the races
From whose loins I am sprung.
The passing of the years,
The subduing of the flesh,
Have brought no crystal clearness,
Such as priests promised,
To the mirror of my soul.
And that mirror!
Can it be that the soul
Is but the mirror of the races
Whose blood makes up my being?—
That 'I'—am not;
That that which men call Me
Is but the breath commingled
Of many ancestors,
Breathing for a play grotesque
Upon Life's mirror,
Obscuring its clearness
With that mist
Which for a little time is Me?

—J. B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN

* *

What is the Quest about ?

The answer of philosophy to this question is given by different authorities in different ways. Writing in *The Journal of Philosophical Studies*, for instance, Prof. Leonard J. Russel thus defines the scope and end of philosophy in an article on "Philosophy and Science":

In a sense, philosophy's work lies between that of poetry and religion on the one side, and that of science on the other. It sometimes prepares the way for science, by making new problems explicit; and it often uses results achieved by science in order to make its own vision more explicit. The poet may be a better observer than the scientist, and the scientist and philosopher may learn from him what they have missed or misconceived. Religion may call the philosopher back when he has gone astray. There is no contrariety, no hard and fast opposition, between religion, poetry, philosophy and science and there should be no suspicion one of the other. For while they are all dealing with the same universe, they are dealing with it in different ways, and from different points of view. If science seeks knowledge, it is knowledge taken in a special sense; philosophy should not be regarded as seeking knowledge in this special sense. Philosophy's grasp of the universe is rather like the personal vision of the artist than the de-personalised vision of the scientist. It should rest on scientific knowledge, but not remain there. *For what it seeks is not truth, but satisfaction.*

Philosophy has a point of view which is not identical with science or with art, but partakes of some of the characters of both. If it is closer to art than science in its personal mode of approach, in seeking satisfaction for the whole of man's nature, it is closer to science than to art in its argumentativeness, in its patient lying out of parts one beside the other.

Ordinarily, of course, this view of philosophy will be accepted; but to higher minds this seems far too epicurean and utilitarian to satisfy them.

* * *

In Quest of Truth.

Mahatma Gandhi, for instance, holds the quest for Truth, not of Happiness, as the highest end of human endeavour. He styles his Autobiography, significantly, *My Experiments with Truth*. Truth may be many-faced; and whenever Mahatma Gandhi limits the scope of his endea-

avour, say to spread the gospel of Non-Violence, he does so because he feels Non-Violence or whatever it is that attracts his attention is an aspect of Truth. The following article of his in the latest number of *The World Tomorrow* exemplifies his point of view.

Non-violence he writes, is the greatest force man has been endowed with. Truth is the only goal he has. For God is none other than Truth. But Truth cannot be, never will be reached except through non-violence.

That which distinguishes man from all other animals is his capacity to be non-violent. And he fulfills his mission only to the extent that he is non-violent and no more. He has no doubt many other gifts. But if they do not subserve the main purpose—the development of the spirit of non-violence in him—they but drag him down lower than the brute, a status from which he has only just emerged.

The cry for peace will be a cry in the wilderness, so long as the spirit of non-violence does not dominate millions of men and women.

An armed conflict between nations horrifies us. But the economic war is no better than an armed conflict. This is like a surgical operation. An economic war is prolonged torture. And its ravages are no less terrible than those depicted in the literature on war properly so-called. We think nothing of the other because we are used to its deadly effects.

Many of us in India shudder to see blood spilled. Many of us resent cow slaughter, but we think nothing of the slow torture through which by our greed we put our people and cattle. But because we are used to this lingering death, we think no more about it.

The movement against war is sound. I pray for its success. But I cannot help the gnawing fear that the movement will fail, if it does not touch the root of all evil—man's greed.

Will America, England and the other great nation of the West continue to exploit the so-called weak or un-civilized races and hope to attain peace that the whole world is pinning for? Or will American continue to prey upon one another, have commercial rivalries and yet expect to dictate peace to the world?

Not till the spirit is changed, can the form be altered. The form is merely an expression of the spirit within. We may succeed in seemingly altering the form but the alteration will be a mere mask believe, if the spirit within remains unalterable. A whitened sepulchre still conceals beneath it the rotting flesh and bone.

For be it from me, to discount or under-rate the great effort that is being made in the West to kill the war-spirit. Mine is merely a word caution as from a fellow seeker who has been striving in his own humble manner after the same thing, may be in a different way, no doubt on a much smaller scale. But if the experiment demonstrably succeeds on the smaller field and, if those who are working on the larger field have not overtaken me, it will at least pave the way for a similar experiment on a large field.

I observe in the limited field in which I find myself, that unless I can reach the hearts of men and women, I am able to do nothing. I observe further that so long as the spirit of hate persists in some shape or other, it is impossible to establish peace or to gain our freedom by peaceful effort. We cannot love one another, if we hate Englishmen. We cannot love the Japanese and hate Englishmen. We must either let the law of love rule as through and through or not at all. Love among ourselves based on hatred of others breaks down under the slightest pressure. The fact is, such love is never real love. It is an armed peace. And so it will be in this great movement in the West against War. War will only be stopped when the conscience of mankind has become sufficiently elevated to recognize the undisputed supremacy of the Law of Love in all the walks of life. Some say this will never come to pass. I shall retain the faith till the end of my earthly existence that it shall come to pass.

Gandhiji thus shows that the Great Quest of Man is not the quest after Happiness or even of Satisfaction, but of Truth. Many may be satisfied with their quest, but the satisfaction is a concomitant of having recognised Truth. Satisfaction and Happiness are, as it were, the results of having realised an aspect of Truth, its inseparable accidents, if you will, but not the end itself of human endeavour.

* * *

Eradicate the Will to Violence.

Gandhiji's efforts to eradicate violence in human relations secure support, though in oblique ways, from social philosophers. Mr. C. Deslile Burns, for instance, writing in the current number of *The Journal of Philosophical Studies*, discusses some "Practical Issues and Social Philosophy". He says *inter alia*:

One of the characteristics of our time is the very great amount of thought and energy which is put into war. There are many more under arms and being trained for war than there were in 1914. Much more intellectual energy is being devoted to the preparation of new instruments of war than ever before. There are many more military groups in control of different parts of the world than ever before. There are more nations now who feel that their only security is force of arms. A further description of the existing situation would enter the special field of political science; but enough has perhaps been said to indicate that our problem is not belligerency but an institutional system. The issue in regard to the war system is this: the systems tend to absorb more and more thought and energy, and to exhaust the supply of energies for other types of social life.

Therefore unless we are fatalists, we must decide in which direction we desire to move. War is quite irreconcilable with the fuller development of natural resources, the sciences, and the arts. The vast majority of people in the world are not aware of this, but quite blissfully desire both more food and enjoyment, and the satisfactions which the war system may possibly provide—the sense of superiority, the release of primitive impulses, the break with monotony. A social philosopher need not be a cynic when he watches school boys passing from the study of great art to rifle practice; but he may remember that men have often hoped to achieve irreconcilable ends, as when they beat their children to make them love their parents. Most men hope for the best even after experience has given them many strong hints that their hopes are unfounded: and perhaps there are some who, believing that war develops character and endurance and social unity, omit to notice the other things also developed by it.

But we need not be angry about war. If it is on the whole inevitable, then we must work towards it. The issue must be squarely faced. The one thing inexcusable is—inattention. We can possibly have a social life without war: we can and, as now arranged, we shall certainly have a Great War within the next ten years. The general drift of social habits and beliefs and organizations is in that direction: and a social philosopher, even if he is debarred from advocating a policy, may turn his attention to the subtle psychological factors, and the blind urge of natural forces leading to the next great opportunity for the virtues of barbarism. We can watch ourselves being swung, without our will

or against our will, towards violence. The issue for practical life is—What must be done to prepare for war or to avoid war? The issue for social philosophy is—Are the *malise* and inertia leading towards war the signs of something deeper down than the political or economic rivalry of groups? I do not propose to discuss that issue further: my point is that genuine social philosophy grows out of the vivid and passionate consideration of just such a problem. The war system, operative throughout the periods now foolishly regarded as those of peace, involves the continuance and further spread of anarchy in the relation of governments. A civilisation which allows such anarchy to continue is either politically incompetent or ignorantly self-destructive; but it is at least interesting to the social philosopher to consider whether we too must go the way of Assyria, Egypt and Rome.

The philosophy of "Preparedness" to defend markets and spheres of influence gains its sustenance from the fear that without adequate force, these could not be defended. It is based on the theory that the good things of the earth are too few for nations not to be prepared to defend theirs by force of arms. In the result, the war system "exhausts the supply of energies for other types of social life."

* * *

The Scientist to the Rescue.

This superstition that there is too little of the good things in the world is repudiated by the scientist. Sir Oliver Lodge, in the course of his recent Halley Stewart Lectures, after surveying the potentialities for good and evil of the discoveries and inventions of the last century and the present one, says:

The most essential instruments of progress are the old historic human virtues of goodwill and co-operation. Fortunately this is being more and more realised; and by the spread of education the danger can be minimised and ultimately overcome. For the mistakes that are now made are not made by viciousness; they are often the result of ignorance, misinformation, and stupidity. Sometimes, indeed, they are the outcome of a self-sacrificing class loyalty, the antithesis of selfishness. Even when the motive initiating labour dispute is selfish.

"Selfishness is not limited to any one class: the employers of labour in the past have been too apt to

regard the manual worker as a mere tool, to be used when wanted, and thrown aside without thought or sense of responsibility. That state of things undoubtedly has existed, but surely it is already nearing its end. The conscious aim and object of all our activities is, or should be, not merely a more rapid production of commodities, but the development of a healthy, happy race of beings, who carry on their work with enjoyment, and develop their lives to the uttermost, on this beautiful planet which is their temporary home.

"The result must depend on the labours and wisdom of each generation as it passes over the scene; but we may surely have hope that in not too long a time the conditions will be almost unrecognisably different. With our present powers things change very quickly. The world is beautiful enough, where man has not spoilt it; and the activities of mankind should surely improve and develop the resources of nature, instead of spoiling and devastating them.

"With improved means of locomotion houses need not be crowded together. Subsistence is not so difficult that the population need be decreased. Food and enjoyment for all are possible, if the labour of mankind was rightly directed, if competition gave way to co-operation, and if each individual truly sought the welfare of the whole. To this end many are striving. The way to it will gradually be perceived, if the effort is made: and the possibilities of life on this planet will be found to be such as have yet hardly been imagined. As a race we are still in the morning of the times. We have hardly yet begun to tackle the real problems which face humanity. We do not yet realise what life might be: and if each generation strives to leave the world a little better than it found it, there is no end to the good that can ultimately be accomplished."

There is, of course, much comfort in this view when men like Sir Daniel Hall disturb human equanimity with the prospect of a food famine in the world in the near future.

* * *

Moralise Consumption.

The scientist's assurance holds good, however only if we realise our responsibility. In a sense each of us is rich in one thing or other. As Mr. Wilberforce Allen says in his new book *Methodism and Modern World Problems*, all of us should conserve what is left of ours "after providing for the necessities of life." What he

wants is that "consumption must be moralised." Here are his words:

"It is this surplus which is spent, according to individual tastes, on drink, amusements, vices, large houses, luxurious motor cars, unnecessary servants, foreign travel, and, sometimes, charities. The mere recapitulation of such a list indicates that in all sections of society there is an amount of sheer waste which is literally appalling. On every hand are people who apparently never give a thought to the human labour which they use up in luxury and vulgar ostentation.

"And yet it is these people who, to a greater extent than they imagine, determine the kind of work which is done in the country—the proportion which is devoted to worthy and useful objects and the proportion which is wasted. We are suffering from 'a misuse of the instruments of the art of life.' We have yet to learn that 'morally, a community with few and simple goods and services available may in every way be a better and more civilised community.' The experience of many holding prominent positions in different spheres of life goes to prove that culture and social intercourse need not be anything like such an expensive matter as is commonly supposed, and that it is possible to picture a society very much poorer than our own which would not lack anything necessary to the highest intellectual and spiritual development.

"If Methodism wishes to perform a useful service without even remotely trespassing on the domain of politics it cannot do better than devote some part of its energies to the 'moralising of consumption.' It certainly will only be true to its traditions in undertaking such a task, whilst if it be true that 'the misuse by all classes of what is available has been a greater evil than the lack that some have suffered of certain goods and services,' it may be found that here is the right approach to a solution of the industrial problem."

We reach again the old path—that of plain living and high thinking!

* * *

Mahatma Gandhi's lead.

In this connection, the following sonnet, entitled "Mahatma Gandhi (To Romain Rolland",

by Ellen Chater, which appears in the current number of *The World Tomorrow*, will be read with interest:

IF I could scrawl a great zig-zag of stars
Against the dark, I would write 'Gandhi'. Then
We might look up where like young Avatars
Above our dust bright planets sing to men
Words written plainly on our own hearts' pages—
(But them we keep unturned, lest God divining
We might go stripped of thirty pence for wages.)
Yet, lifted up to the immaculate shining
Of other worlds, eyes may be clarified.
"He counts the vilest brother. He is meek.
His patience sets men's thoughts where things
abide.
He seeks no praise." Thus stars and prophets speak.
There I'd put Gandhi's name and with the faint,
Sweet Pleiades for letters I'd add, "Saint."

ELLEN CHATER.

A WATERFALL

O waters calm and clear and noiseless—gliding,
O placid, dreamy waters, heedless sliding,
All heedless if the next, the fateful moment,
For which I stand and wait with watchful comment
Now o'er the brow abruptly bending,
Now faster, faster sheer descending,
You pour and, dashed upon the rocks thereunder,
An instant sound the never-ceasing thunder;
Then on with wild commotion, raging, toiling,
And round each crag and boulder, boiling,
Till, gathered up in volume swift and strong,
But foaming, chafing yet, you sweep along—
Such here your changeful play of parts unending.
A cataract falling, falling, ever falling,
With roar of waters calling, ever calling!
The form that now I see, the voice I hear
So looked, so sounded to the tribesman near,
When Israel out of Egypt came
Or towers of Troy went up in flame;
And such to distant ages may 'st then be,
The same throughout, yet viewed how differently!—
A form divine new, next a mode of force,
Then world-lines meeting in their course,
But to myself Time's image seems so dim,
Still presence bodying forth. For thus, like him,
Dost, passing, yet abide and, changing, to the same.

—J. H. YHESDEN

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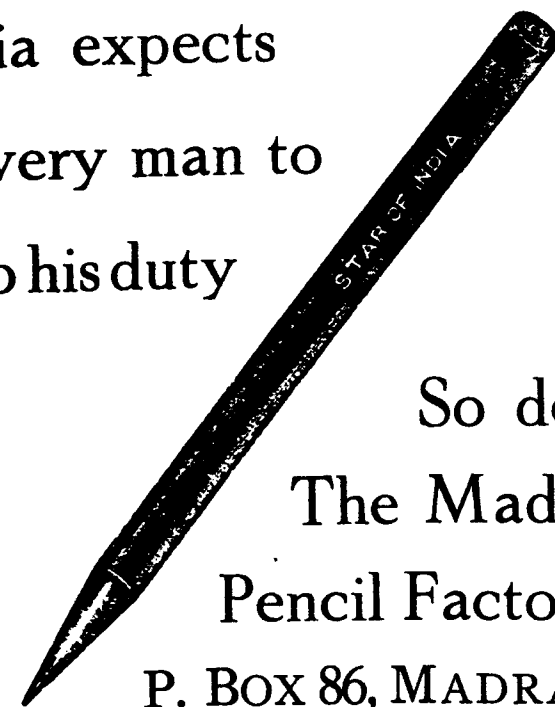
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