

CURRENT THOUGHT

APRIL 1927

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

INDIANS ABROAD IN EARLIER DAYS

By C. F. Andrews

BARODADA: SOME RECOLLECTIONS

By Anil Kumar Mitra

SATYAGRAHA IN SOUTH AFRICA AND
STORY OF MY EXPERIENCES WITH
TRUTH

By Mahatma Gandhi

RACE OR NATION

By Richard B. Gregg

TAGORE: POET AND DRAMATIST

By A. Ramaiyer

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Contents

APRIL 1927

	PAGE	
DIANS ABROAD IN EARLIAR DAYS		<i>Politics:</i>
by C. F. Andrews.	1	Race or Nation.—Richard B. Gregg.
SATYAGRAHA IN SOUTH AFRICA.		<i>Philosophy:</i>
by M. K. Gandhi.	5	Upanishadic Philosophy—by R. Nagaraja
BORODADA: SOME RECOLLECTIONS.		Sarma.
by Anil Kumar Mitra.	7	What is Evolution.—by K. S. Ramaswami
THE STORY OF MY EXPERIMENTS WITH		Sastri
TRUTH—by M. K. Gandhi.	9	<i>Sociology:</i>
UNDER THE PALM TREE		Birth Control. - by C. S. S. S.
by S. Bhaskaran.	24	<i>Science:</i>
REVIEWS AND NOTES OF BOOKS.		All About Wireless Set.
<i>Art:</i>		WHAT THINKERS THINK.
A theory of Aesthetics	25	The Humanist Song
<i>Economics:</i>		The Approaches of God
A theory of Money—by P. V.	25	Think of the Great, the grand and the
The secret of high wages—		Beautiful.
by G. K. Ramachandran.	26	Towards International Amity
<i>History:</i>		Need for Faith.
History of Maharatas.—by P. B.	27	
<i>Literature:</i>		
Tagore: Poet and Dramatist.—A. Rama Iyer	28	ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Current Thought

*That which exists is One
The wise name It variously*

—RIG VEDA



L III

APRIL 1927

Indians Abroad in Earlier Days

BY C. F. ANDREWS

THE actual history of Indians abroad begins from the very earliest date. Their origins have almost passed out of our records.

There were three centres of Indian emigration. First of all, the kingdom of Kalinga, which is now Orissa and Andhra Desa, sent ships over the sea as far as the coast of China and the furthest islands of the Malay Archipelago. It also colonised Ceylon along with those Dravidians who came more directly from the Coromandel coast.

At the South-West of India, along the Malabar Sea-border, another great and adventurous people sent its ships far abroad, especially towards the shores of Africa, Madagascar, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea ports.

The third centre of emigration was the Gujarat coast, including Cutch, Kathiawar, and Sind. This maritime border had in the past many valuable harbours which have now been silted up by sand. Ports, which were then

throughout the world for their ships and merchandise. The chief lands to which this Gujarati emigration penetrated were those bordering on the Persian Gulf, the coast of Arabia and the Red Sea. Sometimes their sea-men went down the shores of Africa and sold their merchandise there. They had a very early centre of trade at Zanzibar, and another at Mombasa Island.

The Malabar emigration appears to have been the earliest of all. The ancient Dravidian people were evidently great sailors and their civilisation had reached a high stage even before the Aryan invasion from the North into India through the Khyber Pass. But this emigration of the Dravidian race was almost entirely for trade purposes. As far as we can gather up to the present, it had only a slight cultural background. It did not give, in these earliest days, any permanent religious thought to the world. When I thus speak of it, I am obliged at once to qualify my words and to say that future discoveries in Archaeology may disprove even the guarded state-

ment which I have made. For we have already learnt the fact that we have seriously under-estimated the advancement of the Dravidian learning; and it may be that future historical research will make it clear that this culture went far deeper into human experience than we ever knew before.

But the one emigration of which we have the fullest historical records is undoubtedly that from the eastern coast of India, especially from the delta-mouths of the Ganges, Mahanadi and Godavari rivers. Large ships went out on their voyages of discovery from these Deltas. The town of Tamrak, at the mouth of the Ganges, which is now more than sixty miles inland, was then a harbour of first-rate importance on the east coast. The voyagers who went forth on these adventurous journeys were clearly of mixed Aryan and Dravidian blood. At first, the journeys made by them were probably due to commerce; but the great enterprise which changed the face of the whole of the Far East was brought about, not by commerce at all, but by the vast religious ferment caused by the early Buddhist movement. It is not possible to exaggerate the wonderful effect of the early spread of Buddhism upon the north of India, and especially the north-eastern portion which we now call Bengal, Behar and Orissa. The movement started from Pataliputra and Kashi, the modern Patna and Benares. We actually find great emperors, like King Asoka, themselves promoting this emigration for religious purposes. It was his son Mahendra, who made the first missionary religious journey to Ceylon, and converted that island to the Buddhist faith. Some historians have called Mahendra the younger brother of Asoka, and it is somewhat uncertain what his real relationship was, but his

missionary work made an epoch in the history of Southern Asia and its echo reverberated down many succeeding centuries.

Probably the highest point of this emigration movement was reached in the centuries A.D. 200 to A.D. 800. During these days, we find first of all the Buddhist faith in all its purity penetrating into the Far East, and afterwards various forms of Brahminic Hinduism which produced waves after waves of religious conquest. At one time the ancient Saivaitic form of Hindu faith prevailed. At another time the Vaishnavaitic ideal of religion gained victory.

All these successive waves came farther and farther across the Far East. They penetrated deeply the island of Sumatra and the coast of Malaya and the strongest centre of all in the neighbouring island of Java. This island became indeed, a whole series of Hindu kingdoms and the architectural remains that may still be seen there are among the greatest wonders of the world. I have visited this island and gone through the very corners where these remains are still to be seen and all their beauty. The impression they have left on my mind moved me to emotion almost too deep for tears,—thinking day and night about that wonderful Hinduism which had become almost forgotten in world's history owing to the neglect of man and the calamities of nature.

The most beautiful of all the things I saw was not Boro Budur itself,—that great Buddhist Stupa with its five miles of sculptures, in gallery after gallery, rising higher and higher to the sky,—but rather the neighbouring temple of Prambanan where the Vaishnava faith still tells in sculptured stone the married life of Krishna and Sita, and the story of their

INDIANS ABROAD IN EARLIER DAYS

wrought by Ram through the power of love over the aborigines and untouchables.

Here in Prambanan, I used to sit day after day and picture the past. Every element of Hinduism was about me in symbol and imagery; and amid all these symbols and images of that pure Hinduism, which had reached the island of Java from the east coast of India, there was nothing at all that was monstrous, or grotesque, or indecent. All was the purest art, telling a story of purity and nobility such as the world has rarely seen embodied in sculpture.

Sadly enough, these very ruins in all their splendour are not free from the ravages of earthquake and deluge of rain. One could see in places the stones even to-day crumbling away; and though the Dutch Government has done much to preserve the monuments entrusted to its charge, it could not do what the pious hands of the Hindus themselves could do. It was a pain and grief to me to know that not a single Hindu that year had visited this ancient shrine, and as far as I could see not a single gift of flower or fruit had been offered by Hindu hands.

Further on towards the Far East, we can still trace the remains of the great Hindu empire of Cambodia, which in the 13th and 14th centuries under the Khmer dynasty reached the climax of its fame. Hindu emperors ruled in the city of Angkor, the capital of Indo-China, from the Bay of Bengal on the west to the Pacific Ocean on the east. From this imperial realm there went forth throughout the length and breadth of Southern and Western China the ideals of the Hindu-Buddhist faith. It is my own growing opinion that South China was richly dowered with thoughts of artistic culture and religious

idealism from this far-eastern kingdom of the Hindus, which was ruled by peaceful means along its southern borders. Farther still, this Hindu-Buddhist teaching went on from China to Korea and Japan. I have seen with my own eyes in Japan the Bengalee script written on posts attached to temples; and it is not difficult to recognise in the art of each period in turn the impression made by Hindu religious painters and Hindu religious teachers who had come from India to the Far East.

So far, I have only been speaking about the Hindu-Buddhist religious ideals by way of the sea and the ocean. But when we speak of Indians abroad we must not forget the still greater emigration which poured through Kashmir and the Khyber pass by the land route and reached by the way of the north-west to Central Asia and at last to Western China. While the name of Indo-China has rightly been given to the great Cambodian empire, it is equally right to call Central Asia itself a second Indo-China. The great archaeologist Sir Aurel Stein has definitely named it 'Ser India', which translated means 'Indo-China'. Here for centuries the Hindu-Buddhist faith of India penetrated far into the heart of Asia. Cities, monasteries, galleries of art and sculpture, temples and public halls, engraved with frescoes, have all been discovered in this part of Asia, buried deep in the sand which reached them from the Gobi desert. Before the desert overwhelmed them, their work was done and China had been penetrated in another direction with the ideals of the Hindu-Buddhist faith. When I was in China last year, it was not difficult to understand how easy the approximation of Indian and Chinese religious thought had been. The great sage Lao Tze himself taught, in the sixth century before Christ, a form of the

doctrine of Ahimsa which comes very near to the doctrine of the Buddha himself, and his philosophy concerning the universe is in a marvellous manner similar to that of the Upanishads and Gita.

When we turn from these records of Indians abroad in the past, spreading their culture and enlightenment in all directions and civilising whole nations and peoples with thought and religion and art, to Indians abroad to-day, what a painful contrast is presented to our minds! For Indians abroad today are for the most part the 'Helots of the British Empire.' They have been induced to go abroad, not by any divine call within, but by the force of hunger and the pressure of foreign rule. They have for the most part been recruited under an immoral system, called the indenture system, and their lot has been so bad in the past that they have had little chance to rise and have received no enlightenment from their own countrymen in India itself. They are called in every land 'coolies,' and the name for Indians in South Africa and other parts of world, that has come into general use, is 'Coolie'. Such is the contrast between Indians abroad to-day and Indians abroad two thousand years ago.

Is there no means of changing altogether this position and recreating that earlier inspiration which sent forth Indians over the world in the distant past? There have been a few lonely wanderers over the earth who have truly represented the great tradition of India's religious past. Swami Ram Tirath, Swami Vivekananda and others have gone forth on a selfless mission of sacrifice and devotion and have found that religious ideals stored in the Indian past are still vital and vitalising. They have made an impression on the west, just as, at an earlier date, Raja Ram Mohan

Roy and Keshab Chander Sen left their mark upon English and American thought and literature. In our own days, the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, by his journeys round the world, has undoubtedly raised the ideal of India in the world's estimation as perhaps no one has raised before since the days of the great Buddha himself. Indeed, when I was with him in China and Japan, it was often told me that the humble village people who came to him with their offerings, said the heart-felt words: 'Lord Buddha has once more come down to us from India'.

This ideal of a spiritual conquest from India may also be realised through lowly and humbler people going forth missions of charity and humanity. It has been the task of a devoted band of social workers such as those that the Arya Samaj and the Ramakrishna Mission still send forth. They go out to help our brethren abroad and also to spread culture among the aboriginals themselves. The night school for African natives which is established at Nairobi, conducted by the members of the Arya Samaj, is to me a symbol of the future when India again shall awaken to her great spiritual mission in the world of men. In Calcutta, I made an appeal to Swami Abhedananda, at the anniversary meeting of the Ramakrishna Vedanta Society, over which I presided, and urged him to send out to different parts of the world Hindu monks who should go as helpers of humanity among the poor and the lowliest and the lost. I have also received from Swami Sradhananda of the Arya Samaj again and again a pledge that this reformed Hindu church will not be behind hand in its duty to the poor in other lands. It is true that the new beginning of emigration abroad from India was disastrous in the extreme and led only to

degradation of the name of India in the eyes of men, reducing it to the thought of the 'coolie.' Nevertheless, I have always in front of me another vision, a vision of India achieving her own spiritual mission, and reaching to other shores, not as a labour emigrant under indenture, but as a welcome harbinger of the message of goodwill and peace and love. For ancient India

still retains within her treasure-house gifts that the world today, in all its devastations after the European war, requires most sorely. Above all is needed the inspiration of faith and hope and charity, like a glowing flame within the souls of Indians themselves, enkindling a light and fire on the earth to quicken the hearts of men.

Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIRST SATYAGRAHI PRISONER

WHEN the Asiatic Department found, that all their exertions notwithstanding, they could not get more than 500 Indians willing to register, they decided to arrest some one or other. In Germiston there lived many Indians, one of whom was Pandit Rama Sundara. This man had a brave look and was endowed with some gift of the gab. He knew a few Sanskrit verses by heart. Hailing from North India as he did, he naturally knew some *Dohas* and *Chopais* from the Tulsi *Ramayana*, and owing to his designation as Pandit, he also enjoyed some reputation among the people. He delivered a number of spirited speeches in various places. Some fervent Indians in Germiston suggested to the Asiatic Department that many Indians there would take out permits if Rama Sundara was arrested, and the officers concerned could scarcely resist the temptation *Cops* offered. So Rama Sundara was put under arrest, and this being the first case of its kind, the Government as well as the Indians were much agitated over it. Rama

Sundara, who was till yesterday known only to the good people of Germiston, became in one moment famous all over South Africa. He became the cynosure of all eyes as if he were a great man put upon his trial. Government need not have taken, but still took, special measures for the preservation of peace. In the Court too Rama Sundara was accorded due respect as no ordinary prisoner but a representative of his community. Eager Indian spectators filled the Court-room. Rama Sundara was sentenced to a month's simple imprisonment, and kept in a separate cell in the European ward in Johannesburg gaol. People were allowed to meet him freely. He was permitted to receive food from outside, and was entertained every day with delicacies prepared on behalf of the community. He was provided with everything he wanted. The day on which he was sentenced was celebrated with great eclat. There was no trace of depression, but on the other hand there was exultation and rejoicing. Hundreds were ready to go to jail. The officers of the Asiatic Department were disappointed in their hope of a bumper crop of registrants. They did not get a single registrant

even from Germiston. The only gainer was the Indian community. The month was soon over. Rama Sundara was released and was taken in a procession to the place where a meeting had been arranged. Vigorous speeches were made. Rama Sundara was smothered with garlands of flowers. The volunteers held a feast in his honour, and hundreds of Indians envied Rama Sundara's luck and were sorry that they had not the chance of suffering imprisonment.

But Rama Sundara turned out to be a false coin. There was no escape from the month's imprisonment, as his arrest came as a surprise. In jail he had enjoyed luxuries to which he had been a stranger outside. Still accustomed as he was to licence, and addicted as he was to bad habits, the loneliness and the restraints of jail life were too much for him. In spite of all the attention showered upon him by the jail authorities as well as by the community, jail appeared irksome to him and he bid a final good-bye to the Transvaal and to the movement. There are cunning men in every community and in every movement and so there were in ours. These knew Rama Sundara through and through, but from an idea that even he might become an instrument of the community's providence, they never let me know his secret history until his bubble had finally burst. I subsequently found that he was an indentured labourer who had deserted before completing his term. There was nothing discreditable in his having been an indentured labourer. The reader will see towards the end how indentured labourers proved to be a most valuable acquisition to the movement, and what a large contribution they made towards winning the final victory. It was certainly wrong for him not to have finished his period of indenture.

I have thus detailed the whole history of Rama Sundara not in order to expose his faults, but to point a moral. The leaders of every clean movement are bound to see that they admit only clean fighters to it. But all their caution notwithstanding, undesirable elements cannot be kept out. And yet if the leaders are fearless and true, the entry of undesirable persons into the movement without their knowing them to be so does not ultimately harm the cause. When Rama Sundara was found out, he became a man of straw. The community forgot him, but the movement only gathered fresh strength even through him. Imprisonment suffered by him for the cause stood to our credit, the enthusiasm created by his trial came to stay, and profiting by his example, weaklings slipped away out of the movement of their own accord. There were some more cases of such weakness besides this, but I do not propose to deal with them in any detail, as it would not serve any useful purpose. In order that the reader may appreciate the strength and the weakness of the community at their real worth, it will be enough to say that there was not one Rama Sundara but several and yet I observed that the movement reaped pure advantage from all of them.

Let not the reader point the finger of scorn at Rama Sundara. All men are imperfect, and when imperfection is observed in some one in a larger measure than in others, people are apt to blame him. But that is not fair. Rama Sundara did not become weak intentionally. Man can change his temperament, can control it, but cannot eradicate it. God has not given him so much liberty. If the leopard can change his spots, then only can man modify the peculiarities of his spiritual constitution. Although Rama Sundara fled away, who can tell how he might have repented for his

weakness? Or rather was not his very flight a powerful proof of his repentance? There was no need for him to flee if he was shameless. He could have taken out a permit and steered clear of jail by submission to the Black Act. Further, if at all so minded, he could have become a tool of

the Asiatic Department, his friends and become a *persona grata* Government. Why should we not, charitably and say that instead anything of the kind, he being ashamed his weakness hid his face from the community and even so did it a service?

Translated from Gujarati by Valji Govindji Desai

Borodada: Some Recollections

V

L. NIL KUMAR MITRA, B. A.

WE have seen in the previous chapters that the mind of Dwijendranath Tagore was essentially universal. He belonged to no sect, for he was a seeker after Truth, which has no caste, colour or nationality. He imitated no one and founded no school. He tried all his life to find out the meaning of the verse in the Ishopanishad, "The man who seeth the self in all beings and all beings in the self, has no disdain for anything that is." He not only realised the inner significance of this verse but lived up to it. He was a Sadhaka. He had communion with God, who was to him *pranaramam, mana-anandam, santisamrddham amrtam*—the delight of life and mind, the fulness of peace and eternity. He was a scholar, a poet, a philosopher, but above all he was a yogi; for though versed in books, he never wanted to make an intellectual parade of his learning. He was a gifted poet, but gave up poetry in favour of philosophy in the quest of God, and to find Him he considered no sacrifice was too great. He studied philosophy; but to him abstruse metaphysical subtleties had no attractions. The Upanishads are to him the supreme work of human mind and

genius and he found great inspiration from them. He studied Kant thoroughly, but could not find in him that inexhaustible light which he could easily derive from the Upanishads. He used to say that Upanishads are no philosophical speculation or a metaphysical analysis, but a true record of the deepest spiritual experience of the human soul. He often said to his visitors that "Truth cannot be established by arguments. Buddha was reticent about the Supreme Truth, God, because he knew full well that He cannot be proved by words and therefore he was wise in avoiding all idle talk about God."

It will not be out of place to mention here the deep agony of the Soul which once possessed the Truth but lost it somehow. One evening he was talking in his utter humility about his life and work, and was lamenting the lost time and opportunity which God so lavishly showered on him. He said:—"To be frank with you we are all groping in darkness crying for light. I have passed long years of my life in the deepest pain to think of the many errors and neglect of duties. But it is no use crying over spilt milk. We must keep

our mind even under all circumstances. It is a folly to disturb the inner equilibrium of the mind. I have ceased to quarrel with the opinion of others. Gita truly exhorts us to 'be equal to friend and foe, to honour and insult, pleasure and pain, praise or blame, grief and happiness, heat and cold'. This is very difficult to attain, but all the same very true. This philosophy of equality is no stoic quietitude, or Christian resignation, or philosophic indifference, but it is the equal poise of the soul, an active self-giving, the larger equality of the sage. I want to dive deep into the truth of this. I once found it but somehow lost it, and this is why my loss is ever so great."

In this very strain he wrote a letter to Mahatma Gandhi during his twenty one day's fast at Delhi :

SHANTINIKETAN,
18-10-1924.

Beloved Mahatmaji,

Once or twice in the course of my sinful life of blind enjoyment of worldly happiness I prayed to God for light with my whole heart—laying at His feet the unbearable load of my sin and sorrow. The last time I did so, God in His mercy vouchsafed to me light in such abundance that I was raised as it were to the seventh heaven. I was utterly amazed and overjoyed to see in an instant as clearly as daylight that I not only held in my possession Absolute Truth, but that Absolute Truth was no other than my own innermost Self. I was totally unawares at that time that a portion of my heart still remained behind which clung to worldly things with all its might. Hence I thought I could never lose the previous possession which I held in my hand because one cannot lose his own self. This state of my mind continued for two or three months during which time my love exceeded all bounds, and utter joy and

peace reigned in the depths of my soul. After a time however I began to commit some trifling transgressions at the behest of my lower Self. Thenceforward my lower self gained ground in opposition to the call of my higher self; and after a few months more an impassable gulf presented itself between me and my higher Self. Then I began to pray incessantly to God to restore to me the lost Paradise. But God in His mercy could not grant me what I prayed for, for the sole reason that I prayed to Him with one half of my heart only, while the other half still derived its sustenance from worldly things, so that if I answer to my half-hearted prayer, I got me in a moment from the water to the world, I would be like a fish out of water, and the life of my body and mind would be greatly endangered in consequence. Notwithstanding this, God in His mercy, had not failed from time to time to help me out of several great dangers, threatened total ruin to all my hopes of amelioration. Only very recently I have come to know that if I really want to have the great boon that I am praying for, I must first of all prepare myself for it by freeing my mind from the thralldom of Avidya, i. e., of the fascination of the mundane things and especially of whom the shastras call six enemies, namely, lust, anger, greed, deadness of soul, pride, envy;—a thing which is so difficult of accomplishment that my endeavour to perform it ends in repeated failures until at last I think it best to give it up in despair. But the doctors say that to know the disease is half the cure, so there is no room for despair under the watchful eye of our Divine Father and Mother—who is Justice, Mercy, Knowledge and Power combined in perfect union. Therefore, I still hope to rouse myself betimes to attempt, at any cost, to do steadily and unwaveringly everything that is needful for my success in attaining the goal of my heart's desire so long delayed...

Your affectionate
BORODADA,
DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE.

Just after two years he gained the lost ground, and enjoyed the bliss of Divine Communion. In the next chapter we will try to show his way towards the realisation of the Supreme Truth, Brahman.

(To be Continued.)

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XV RELIGIOUS FERMENT

It is now time to turn again to my experiences with Christian friends.

Baker was getting anxious about my

He took me to the Wellington Conven-

Protestant Christians organise such

every few years for religious enlighten-

ther words, self-purification. One

WE have this religious restoration or revival. The Wellington Convention was of this type.

The chairman was the famous divine of the place, the Rev. Andrew Murray. Mr. Baker had hoped that the atmosphere of religious exaltation at the Convention and the enthusiasm and earnestness of the people attending it, would inevitably compel me to embrace Christianity.

But his final hope was the efficacy of prayer. He had an abiding faith in prayer. It was his firm conviction that God could not but listen to prayer fervently offered. He would cite the instances of men like George Muller of Bristol who depended entirely on prayer even for his temporal needs. I listened to his discourse on the efficacy of prayer with unbiased attention, and assured him that nothing could prevent me from embracing Christianity should I feel the call. I had no hesitation in giving him this assurance, as I had long since taught myself to follow the inner voice. I delighted in submitting myself to it. To act against it would be difficult and painful to me.

So we went to Wellington. Mr. Baker was hard put to it in having 'a coloured man' like me for his companion. He had to suffer inconveniences on many occasions entirely on account of me. We had to break the journey on the way, as one of the days happened to be a Sunday and Mr. Baker and his party would not travel on the Sabbath. Though the manager of the station hotel agreed to take me in after much altercation,

he absolutely refused to admit me to the dining room. Mr. Baker was not the man to give way easily. He stood by the rights of the guests of a hotel. But I could see his difficulty. At Wellington also I stayed with Mr. Baker. In spite of his best efforts to conceal the little inconveniences that he was put to, I could see them all.

This Convention was an assemblage of devout Christians. I was delighted at their faith. I met the Rev. Murray. I saw that many were praying for me. I liked some of their hymns, they were very sweet.

The Convention lasted for three days. I could understand and appreciate the devoutness of those who attended it. But I saw no reason for changing my belief—my religion. It was impossible for me to believe that I could go to heaven or attain salvation only by becoming a Christian. When I frankly said so to some of the good Christian friends, they were shocked. But there was no help for it.

My difficulties lay deeper. It was more than I could believe that Jesus was the only incarnate son of God and that he who believed in Him would have everlasting life. If God could have sons, all of us were his sons. If Jesus was like God, or God Himself, then all men were like God and could be God Himself. My reason was not ready to believe literally that Jesus by his death and by his blood redeemed the sins of the world. Metaphorically there might be some truth in it. Again, according to Christianity only human beings had souls, and not other living beings, for whom death meant complete extinction; while I held a contrary belief. I could accept Jesus as a martyr, an embodiment of sacrifice, and a divine teacher, but not as the most perfect man ever born. His death on the Cross was a great example to the world, but there was anything like a mysterious or miraculous virtue in it my heart

could not accept. The pious lives of Christians did not give me anything that the lives of men of other faiths had failed to give. I had seen in other lives just the same reformation that I had heard of among Christians. Philosophically there was nothing extraordinary in Christian principles. From the point of view of sacrifice, it seemed to me that the Hindus 'greatly surpassed the Christians'. It was impossible for me to regard Christianity as a perfect religion or the greatest of all religions.

I shared this mental churning with my Christian friends whenever there was an opportunity, but their answers could not satisfy me.

Thus if I could not accept Christianity either as a perfect or as the greatest religion, neither was I then convinced of Hinduism being such. Hindu defects were pressingly visible to me. If untouchability could be a part of Hinduism, it could but be a rotten part or an excrescence. I could not understand the *raison d'être* of a multitude of sects and castes. What was the meaning of saying that the Vedas were the inspired Words of God? If they were inspired, why not also the Bible and the Koran?

As Christian friends were endeavouring to convert me, even so were Mussalman friends. Abdulla Seth had kept on inducing me to study Islam, and of course he had always something to say regarding its beauty.

I expressed my difficulties in a letter to Raychandbhai. I also corresponded with other religious authorities in India and received answers from them. Raychandbhai's letter somewhat pacified me. He asked me to be patient and to study Hinduism more deeply. One of his sentences was to this effect: 'On a dispassionate view of the question, I am convinced that no other religion has the subtle and profound thought of Hinduism, its vision of the soul, or its charity.'

I purchased Sale's translation of the Koran and began reading it. I also obtained other books on Islam. I communicated with Christian friends in England. One of them introduced me to Edward Maitland with whom I opened correspondence. He sent me *The Perfect Way*, a

book he had written in collaboration with Anna Kingsford. The book was a repudiation of the current Christian belief. He also sent me another book—*The New Interpretation of the Bible*. I liked both. They seemed to support Hinduism. Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God is within You* overwhelmed me. It left an abiding impression on me. Before the independent thinking, profound morality, and the truthfulness of this book, all the books given me by Mr. Coates seemed to pale into insignificance.

My studies thus carried me in a direction unthought of by the Christian friends. My correspondence with Edward Maitland was fairly prolonged and that with Raychandbhai continued until his death. I read some of the books he sent me. These *Panchikaran*, *Maniratnamala Mumukshu*, *Prakaran of Yogavasishtha*, *Harihadrā Suri's Shatdarshan Samuchchaya* and others.

Though I took a path my Christian friends had not intended for me, I have remained for ever indebted to them for the religious quest that they awakened in me. I shall always cherish the memory of their conduct. The years that followed had more, not less, of such sweet and sacred contracts in store for me.

CHAPTER XVI

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES

The case having been concluded, I had no reason for staying in Pretoria. So I went back to Durban, and began to make preparations for my return home. But Abdulla Seth was not the man to let me sail without a send-off. He gave a farewell party in my honour in Sydenham.

It was proposed to spend the whole day there. Whilst I was turning over the sheets of some of the newspapers I found there, I chanced to see a paragraph in a corner of one of them under the heading 'Indian Franchise'. It was with reference to the Bill then before the House of Legislature which sought to deprive the Indians of their right to elect members of the Natal Legislative Assembly. I was ignorant of the Bill, and so were the rest of the guests who had assembled there.

I inquired of Abdulla Seth about it. He said 'What can we understand in these matters? We

can only understand things that affect our trade. As you know, all our trade in the Orange Free State has been swept away. We agitated about it but to no avail. We are after all lay men, being unlettered. We take in newspapers generally only to ascertain the daily market, etc. What rates can we know of legislation? Our eyes and ears are the European attorneys here."

"But", said I, "there are so many young Indians born and educated here. Do not they help you?"

"They!" exclaimed Abdulla Seth in despair, "they never care to come to us, and, to tell you the truth, we care less to recognise them. Being Christians they are under the thumb of white clergymen, who in their turn are subject to the Government."

This opened my eyes. I left that this class should be claimed as our own. Was this the meaning of Christianity? Did they cease to be Indians because they were Christians?

But I was on the point of returning home and hesitated to express what was passing through my mind in this matter. I simply said to Abdulla Seth: "This Bill, if it passes into law, will make your lot extremely difficult. It is the first nail into our coffin. It strikes at the root of our self-respect,"

"It may," echoed Seth Abdulla, "But I will tell you the genesis of the Franchise question. We knew nothing about it. But Mr. Escombe, one of our best attorneys, whom you know, put the idea into our heads. It happened thus. He is a great fighter and there being no love lost between him and the Wharf Engineer, he feared that the Engineer might deprive him of his votes and defeat him at the election. So he acquainted us with our condition, and at his instance we all registered ourselves as voters, and voted for him at the election. You will now see how the franchise has not for us the value that you attach to it. But we understand what you say. Well, then what is your advice?"

The other guests were listening to this conversation with attention. One of them said: "Shall I tell you what should be done? You cancel your passage by this boat, stay here a month longer and we will fight as you direct us."

All the others chimed in: 'Indeed, indeed Abdulla Seth, you must detain Gandhibhai.'

The Seth was a shrewd man. He said, 'I may not detain him now. Or rather, you have as much rights as I to do so. But what you say is quite true. Let us all persuade him to stay on. But you should remember that he is a barrister. What about his fees?'

The mention of fees pained me and I broke in: "Abdulla Seth, fees are out of the question. There can be no fees for public work. I can stay, if at all, as a servant. And as you know, I am not acquainted with all these friends. But if you believe that they will co-operate, I am prepared to stay a month longer. There is one thing, however. Though you need not pay me anything, work of the nature we contemplate cannot be done without some funds to start with. Thus we may have to send telegrams; we may have to print some literature; some touring may have to be done; the local attorneys may have to be consulted; and as I am ignorant of your laws I may need some law-books for reference. All this cannot be done without money. And it is clear that one man is not enough for this work. Many must come forward to help him."

And a chorus of voices was heard: "Allah is great and merciful. Money will come in. Men there are, as many as you may need. You please consent to stay, and all will be well."

The farewell party was thus turned into a working committee. I suggested finishing dinner etc. quickly and getting back home. I worked out in my own mind an outline of the campaign. I ascertained the names of those who were on the list of voters, and made up my mind to stay on for a month.

Thus God laid the foundations of my life in South Africa and sowed the seed of the fight for national self-respect.

CHAPTER XVII

SETTLED IN NATAL

Seth Haji Mahomed Haji Dada was regarded as the foremost leader of the Indian community in Natal in 1893. Financially Seth Abdulla

Haji Adam was the chief among them, but he and others always gave the first place to Seth Haji Mahomed in public affairs. A meeting was therefore held under his presidency at the house of Abdulla Seth, at which it was resolved to offer opposition to the Franchise Bill.

Volunteers were enrolled. Natal-born Indians, that is mostly Christian Indian youths, had been invited to attend this meeting. Mr. Paul, the Durban Court Interpreter, and Mr. Subhan Godfrey, Head-master of a Mission School, were present, and it was they who were responsible for bringing together at the meeting a good number of Christian youths. All these enrolled themselves as volunteers.

Many of the local merchants were of course enrolled, noteworthy among them being Seths Dawud Mahomed, Mahomed Cassim Kamruddin, Adamji Miankhan, A. Kolandavelu Pillay, C. Lachhiram, Rangasami Padiachi, and Amod Jiva. Parsi Rustomji was certainly there. From among the clerks were Messrs Manekji, Joshi, Narsiram, and others, employees of Dada Abdulla and Co., and other big firms. They were all agreeably surprised to find themselves taking a share in public work. To be invited thus to take part was a new experience in their lives. In face of the calamity that had overtaken the community, all distinctions such as high and low, small and great, master and servant, Hindus, Mussalmans, Parsis, Christians Gujaratis, Madrasis, Sindhis etc. were forgotten. All were alike the children and servants of the motherland.

The Bill had already passed, or was about to pass, its second reading. In the speeches on the occasion, the fact that Indians had expressed no opposition to the stringent Bill was urged as proof of their unfitness for the Franchise.

I explained the situation to the meeting. The first thing we did was to despatch a telegram to the speaker of the Assembly requesting him to postpone further discussion of the Bill. A similar telegram was sent to the Premier, Sir John Robinson, and another to Mr. Escombe, as a friend of Dada Abdulla's. The Speaker promptly replied that discussion of the Bill

would be postponed for two days. This gladdened our hearts.

The petition to be presented to the Legislative Assembly was drawn up. Three copies had to be prepared and one extra was needed for the press. It was also proposed to obtain as many signatures to it as possible, and all this work had to be done in the course of a night. The volunteers with a knowledge of English and several others sat up the whole night. Mr. Arthur, an old man, who was known for his calligraphy, wrote the principal copy. The rest were written by others to some one's dictation. Five copies were thus got ready simultaneously. Merchant volunteers went out in their own carriages, or carriages whose hire they had paid, to obtain signatures to the Petition. This was accomplished in quick time and the Petition was dispatched. The newspapers published it with favourable comments. It likewise created an impression on the Assembly. It was discussed in the House. Partisans of the Bill offered a defence—an admittedly lame one—in reply to the arguments advanced in the Petition. The Bill, however, was passed.

We all knew that this was a foregone conclusion, but the agitation had infused new life into the members of the community, and had brought home to them the conviction that the community was one and indivisible and that it was as much their duty to fight for its political rights as for its trading rights.

Lord Ripon was at this time Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was decided to submit to him a monster Petition. This was no small task and could not be done in a day. Volunteers were enlisted and all did their due share of the work.

I took considerable pains over drawing up this petition. I read all the literature available on the subject. My argument centred round a principle and an expedience. I argued that we had a right to the franchise in Natal as we had a kind of franchise in India. I urged that it was expedient to retain it as the Indian population capable of using the franchise was very small.

Ten thousand signatures were obtained in the

course of a fortnight. To secure this number of signatures from the whole of the province was no light task, especially when we consider that the men were perfect strangers to the work. Specially competent volunteers had to be selected for the work as it had been decided not to take a single signature without the signatory fully understanding the Petition. The villages were scattered at long distances. The work could be done promptly only if a number of workers put their whole heart into it. And this they did. All carried out their allotted task with enthusiasm. But as I am writing these lines, the figures of Seth Dawud Mahomed, Rustomji, Adamji Miyankhan, and Amod Jiva rise clearly in my mind. They brought in the largest number of signatures. Dawud Seth kept going in his carriage the whole day. And it was all a labour of love, not one of them asking for even his pocket expenses. Dada Abdulla's house became at once a caravanserai and a public office. The number of educated friends who helped me and many others had their food there.

Altogether every helper was put to considerable expense.

The petition was at last submitted. A thousand copies had been printed for circulation and distribution. It acquainted the Indian public for the first time with conditions in Natal. I sent copies to all the newspapers and publicists I knew.

The *Times of India* in a leading article on the Petition strongly supported the Indian demands. Copies were sent to journals and publicists in England representing different parties. The London *Times* supported our claims and we began to entertain hopes of the Bill being vetoed.

It was now impossible for me to leave Natal. The Indian friends surrounded me on all sides and importuned me to remain there permanently. I expressed my difficulties. I had made up my mind not to stay at public expense. I felt it necessary to set up an independent household. I thought that the house should be good and situated in a good locality. I also had the idea that I could not add to the credit of the community unless I lived in a style usual for

barristers. And it seemed to me to be impossible to run such a household with anything less than £ 300 a year. I therefore decided that I could stay only if the members of the community guaranteed legal work to the extent of that minimum, and I communicated my decision to them.

"But", said they, "we should like you to draw that amount for public work, and we can easily collect it. Of course this is apart from the fees you must charge for private legal work."

"No, I could not thus charge you for public work," said I. "The work would not involve the exercise on my part of much skill as barrister. My work would be mainly to make you all work."

"How could I charge you for that? And then how could I have to appeal to you frequently for funds for the work, and if I were to draw my maintenance from you, I should find myself at a disadvantage in making an appeal for large amounts, and we should ultimately find ourselves at a standstill. And then I want the community to find more than £ 300 annually for public work."

"But we have now known you for some time and are sure you would not draw anything you do not need. And if we wanted you to stay here should we not find your expenses?"

"It is your love and present enthusiasm that make you talk like this. How can we be sure that this love and enthusiasm will endure for ever? And as your friend and servant, I should occasionally have to say hard things to you. Heaven only knows whether I should then retain your affection. But the fact is that I must not accept any salary for public work. It was enough for me that you should all agree to entrust me with legal work. Even that may be hard for you. For one thing I am not a white barrister. How can I be sure that the Court will respond to me? Nor can I be sure how I shall fare as a lawyer. So even in giving me retainers you may be running some risk. I should regard even the fact of your giving me retainers as the reward of my public work."

The upshot of this discussion was that about twenty merchants gave me retainers for one year for their legal work. Besides this, Dada Abdulla

purchased me the necessary furniture in lieu of a purse he had intended to give me on my departure.

Thus I settled in Natal.

CHAPTER XVIII

COLOUR BAR

The symbol of a Court of Justice is a pair of scales held evenly by an impartial and blind but sagacious old woman. Fate has purposely made her blind, in order that she may not judge a person from his exterior but from his intrinsic worth. But the Law Society of Natal set out to persuade the Supreme Court to act in contradiction to this principle, and to belie its symbol.

I sought to be admitted as an Advocate of the Supreme Court. I held a certificate of admission from the Bombay High Court. The English certificate I had to deposit with the Bombay High Court when I was enrolled there. It was necessary to attach two certificates of character to the application for admission, and thinking that these would carry more weight if given by Europeans, I secured them from two well known European merchants whom I knew through Seth Abdulla. The application was to be presented through a member of the Bar and as a rule the Attorney General presented such applications without fees. Mr. Escombe who, as we have seen, was legal adviser to Messrs. Dada Abdulla and Co., was the Attorney General. I called on him and he willingly consented to present my application.

The Law Society now sprang a surprise on me by serving me with a notice opposing my application for admission. One of their objections was that the original English certificate was not attached to my application. But the main objection was that when the regulations regarding admissions of advocates were made, the possibility of a coloured man applying could not have been contemplated. Natal owed its growth to European enterprise and therefore it was necessary that the European element should predominate in the Bar. If coloured people were admitted, they might gradually outnumber the Europeans, and the bulwark of their protection would break down.

The Law Society had engaged a distinguished

lawyer to support their opposition. As he too was connected with Dada Abdulla and Co., he sent me word through Seth Abdulla to go and see him. He talked with me quite frankly and inquired about my antecedents which I gave. Then he said:

"I have nothing to say against you. I was only afraid lest you might be some colonial-born adventurer. And the fact that your application was unaccompanied by the original certificate supported my suspicion. There have been men who have made use of diplomas which did not belong to them. The certificates of character from European traders you have submitted have no value for me. What do they know about you? What can be the extent of their acquaintance with you?"

"But" said I, "every one here is a stranger to me. Even Seth Abdulla first came to know me here."

"But then you say he belongs to the same place as you? If your father was Prime Minister there, Seth Abdulla is bound to know your family. If you were to produce his affidavit, I should have absolutely no rejection. I would then gladly communicate to the Law Society my inability to oppose your application."

This talk enraged me but I restrained my feelings. 'If I had attached Dada Abdulla's certificate,' said I to myself, "it would have been rejected and they would have asked for Europeans' certificates. And what has my admission as advocate to do with my birth and my antecedents? How could my birth, whether humble or objectionable, be used against me?" But I contained myself and quietly replied:

"Though I do not admit that the Law Society has any authority to require all these details, I am quite prepared to present the affidavit you desire."

Seth Abdulla's affidavit was prepared and duly submitted to the counsel for the Law Society. He said he was satisfied. But not so the Law Society. It opposed my application before the Supreme Court which ruled out the opposition without even calling upon Mr. Escombe to reply. The Chief Justice said in effect:

"The objection that the applicant has not

attached the original certificate has no substance. If he has made a false affidavit he can be prosecuted and his name can then be struck off the roll, if he is proved guilty. The law makes no distinction between white and black people. The Court has therefore no authority to prevent Mr. Gandhi from being enrolled as an advocate. We admit his application. Mr. Gandhi, you can now take the oath."

I stood up and took the oath before the registrar. As soon as I was sworn in, the Chief Justice addressing me said:

"You must now take off your turban, Mr. Gandhi. You must submit to the rules of the Court with regard to the dress to be worn by practising barristers."

I saw my limitations. The turban that I had insisted on wearing in the District Magistrate's Court I took off in obedience to the order of the Supreme Court. Not that if I had resisted the order the resistance could not have been justified. But I wanted to reserve my strength for fighting bigger battles. I should not exhaust my skill as a fighter in insisting on retaining my turban. It was worthy of a better cause.

Seth Abdulla and other friends did not like my submission (or was it weakness?). They felt that I should have stood by my right to wear the turban while practising in the Court. I tried to reason with them. I tried to press home to them the truth of the maxim. "When at Rome do as the Romans do." 'It would be right,' I said, 'to refuse to obey if, in India, an English officer or a judge ordered you to take off your turban; but as an officer of the Court, it would have ill become me to disregard a custom of the Court in the province of Natal.'

I pacified the friends somewhat with these and similar arguments, but I do not think I convinced them completely, in this instance, of the applicability, of the principle of looking at a thing from a different stand-point in different circumstances. But all my life through the very insistence on truth has taught me to appreciate the beauty of compromise. I saw in latter life that this spirit was an essential part of Satyagraha. It has often meant endangering my life and incurring the dis-

pleasure of friends. But truth is hard as adamant and tender as a flower.

The opposition of the Law Society gave me another advertisement in South Africa. Most of the newspapers condemned the opposition and accused the Law Society of jealousy. The advertisement, to some extent, simplified my work.

CHAPTER XIX

NATAL INDIAN CONGRESS

Practice as a lawyer was and remained, for me, a subordinate occupation. It was necessary that I should concentrate on public work to justify my stay in Natal. The despatch of the Petition regarding the Disfranchising Bill was not sufficient in itself. Sustained agitation was essential for making an impression on the Secretary of State for the Colonies. For this purpose it was thought necessary to bring into being a permanent organisation. So I consulted with Seth Abdulla and other friends and we all decided to have a public organisation of a permanent character.

To arrive at the name to be given to the new organisation perplexed me sorely. It was not to identify itself with any particular party. The name 'Congress', I knew, was in bad odour with Conservatives and yet the Congress was the very life of India. I wanted to popularise it in Natal. It savoured of cowardice to hesitate to adopt it. Therefore, with full explanation of my reasons, I recommended that the organisation should be called the Natal Indian Congress and on the 22nd May the Natal Indian Congress came into being.

Dada Abdulla's spacious room was packed to the full on that day. The Congress received the enthusiastic approval of all present. Its constitution was simple, the subscription was heavy. Only he who paid five shillings monthly could be a member. The wealthy classes were persuaded to pay as much as they could. Abdulla Seth headed the list with £2 per month. Two other friends also put down the same. I thought I should not stint my subscription and put down a pound per month. This was for me no small amount. But I thought that it would not be beyond my means, if at all I was to pay my way.

And God helped me. We thus got a considerable number of members who subscribed £1 per month. The number of those who put down 10s. was even larger. Beside this, there were donations which were gratefully accepted.

Experience showed that no one paid his subscription for the mere asking. It was impossible to call frequently on members outside Durban. The enthusiasm of one moment seemed to wear away the next. Even the members in Durban had to be considerably dunned before they would pay in their subscriptions.

The task of collecting subscriptions lay on me, I being the Secretary. And we came to a stage when I had to keep my clerk engaged all day long in the work of collection. The man got tired of the job, and I felt that if the situation was to be improved the subscriptions should be made payable annually and not monthly, and that too strictly in advance. So I called a meeting of the Congress. Every one welcomed the proposal for making the subscription annual instead of monthly and for fixing the minimum at £3. Thus the work of collection was considerably facilitated.

I had learnt at the outset not to carry on public work with borrowed money. One could rely on people's promises in most matters except in respect of money. I had never found people quick to pay the amounts they had undertaken to subscribe and the Natal Indians were no exception to the rule. As therefore no work was done unless there were funds on hand, the Natal Indian Congress has never been in debt.

My co-workers evinced extraordinary enthusiasm in canvassing members. It was work which interested them and was at the same time an invaluable experience. Large numbers of people gladly came forward with cash subscriptions. Work in the distant villages of the interior was rather difficult. People did not know the nature of public work. And yet we had invitations to visit far away places, leading merchants of every place extending their hospitality.

On one occasion during this tour the situation was rather difficult. We expected our host to contribute £6, but he refused to give anything more than £3. If we had accepted that amount

from him, others would have followed suit and our collections would have been spoiled. It was a late hour of the night and we were all hungry. But how could we eat without having first obtained the amount we were bent on getting? All persuasions were useless. The host seemed to be adamant. Other merchants in the town reasoned with him, and we all sat up throughout the night, he and we both determined not to budge one inch. Most of my co-workers were burning with rage, but they contained themselves. At last when day was already breaking, the host yielded, paid down £6 and feasted us. This happened at Tongaat, but the repercussion of the incident was felt as far as Stanger on the North coast and Charlestown in the interior. It also hastened our work of collection.

But collecting funds was not the only thing to do. In fact I had long learnt the principle of never having more money at one's disposal than necessary.

Meetings used to be held once a month or even, once a week, if required. Minutes of the proceedings of the preceding meeting would be read and all sorts of things would be discussed. People had no experience of taking part in public discussions or of speaking briefly and to the point. Every one hesitated to stand up to speak. I explained to them the rules of procedure at meetings and they respected them. They realised that it was an education for them and many who had never been accustomed to speaking before an audience soon acquired the habit of thinking and speaking publicly about matters of public interest.

Knowing that in public work minor expenses at times absorbed large amounts, I had decided not to have even receipt books printed in the beginning. I had a cyclostyle machine in my office on which I took copies of receipts and reports. Such things I began to get printed only when the Congress coffers were full and when the number of members and work had increased. Such economy is essential for every organisation, and yet I know that it is not always exercised. That is why I have thought it proper to enter into these little details of the beginnings of a small but growing organisation.

People never cared to have receipts for the

CHAPTER XX BALA SUNDARAM

Heart's earnest and pure desire is always fulfilled. In my own experience, I have often seen this rule being verified. Service of the poor has been my hearts' desire and it has always thrown me amongst the poor and enabled me to identify myself with them.

Although the members of the Natal Indian Congress included the Colonial-born Indians and the clerical class, the unskilled wage-earners, the indentured labourers were still outside its pale. The Congress was not yet theirs. They were not able to belong to it by paying its subscription and becoming its members. The Congress could win their attachment only by serving them. An opportunity offered itself, when neither the Congress nor I was really ready for it. I had put in scarcely three or four months practice and the Congress also was still in its infancy, when a Tamil man in tattered clothes, headgear in hand, two front teeth broken and his mouth bleeding, stood before me trembling and weeping. He has been heavily belaboured by his master. I learnt all about him from my clerk who was a Tamilian. Bala Sundaram—as that was the visitor's name—was serving his indenture under a well-known European resident of Durban. The master getting angry with him has lost self-control and had beaten Bala Sundaram severely, breaking two of his teeth.

I sent him to a doctor. In those days only white doctors were available. I wanted a certificate from the doctor about the nature of the injury Bala Sundaram had sustained. I secured the certificate and straightway took the injured man to the magistrate to whom I submitted his affidavit. The magistrate was indignant when he read it and issued a summons against the employer.

It was far from my desire to get the employer punished. I simply wanted Bala Sundaram to be released from him. I read the law about indentured labour. If an ordinary servant left service without giving notice, he was liable to be sued by his master in a civil court. With the indentured labourer the case was entirely different. He was liable, under similar circumstances, to be

amounts they paid, but we always insisted on the receipts being given. Every pie was thus clearly accounted for and I dare say the account books for the year 1894 can be found intact even today in the records of the Natal Indian Congress. Carefully kept accounts are a *sine qua non* for any organisation. Without them it falls into disrepute. Without properly kept accounts it is impossible to maintain truth in its pristine purity.

Another feature of the Congress was service of Colonial-born educated Indians. The Colonial-born Indian Educational Association was founded under the auspices of the Congress. The members consisted mostly of these educated youths. They had to pay a nominal subscription. The association served to ventilate their needs and grievances, to stimulate thought amongst them, to bring them into touch with Indian merchants and also to afford them scope for service of the community. It was a sort of debating society. The members met regularly, and spoke or read papers on different subjects. A small library was also opened in connection with the association.

The third feature of the Congress was propaganda. This consisted in acquainting the English in South Africa and England and people in India with the real state of things in Natal. With that end in view I wrote two pamphlets. The first was 'An Appeal to every Briton in South Africa'. It contained a statement, supported by evidence, of the general condition of Natal Indians. The other was entitled 'the Indian Franchise—An appeal.' It contained a brief history of the Indian franchise with facts and figures. I had devoted considerable labour and study to the preparation of these pamphlets and the result was quite commensurate with the trouble taken. They were widely circulated.

All this activity resulted in winning the Indians numerous friends in South Africa and in obtaining the active sympathy of all parties in India. It also opened out and placed before the South African Indians a definite line of action.

proceeded against in a criminal court and to be imprisoned on conviction. That is why Sir William Hunter called the indenture system almost as bad as slavery. Like the slave the indentured labourer was the property of his master.

There were only two ways of releasing Bala Sundaram: either to get the protector of Indentured Labourers to cancel his indenture or transfer him to some one else; or to get Bala Sundaram's employer to release him. I called on the latter and said to him: 'I do not want to proceed against you and get you punished. I think you realise that you have severely beaten the man. I shall be satisfied if you will transfer the indenture to some one else.' To this he readily agreed. I next saw the Protector. He also agreed, on condition that I found a new employer.

So I went off in search of an employer. He had to be a European, as no Indians could employ indentured labour. At that time I knew very few Europeans. I met one of them. He very kindly agreed to take on Bala Sundaram. I gratefully acknowledged his kindness. The magistrate convicted Bala Sundaram's employer and recorded that he had undertaken to transfer the indenture to some one else.

Bala Sundaram's case reached the ears of every indentured labourer and I came to be regarded as their friend. I hailed this connection with delight. A regular stream of indentured labourers began to pour into my office and I got the best opportunity of learning their joys and sorrows.

The echoes of Bala Sundaram's case were heard in far-off Madras. Labourers from different parts of the province who went to Natal on indenture came to know of this case through their indentured brethren.

There was nothing extraordinary in the case itself, but the fact that some one there was in Natal to espouse their cause and publicly work for them, gave the indentured labourers a joyful surprise and inspired them with hope.

I have said that Bala Sundaram entered my office, headgear in hand. There was a peculiar pathos about the circumstance, which also showed our humiliation. I have already narrated

the incident when I was asked to take off my turban. A practice had been forced upon every indentured labourer and every Indian stranger to take off his headgear when visiting a European—whether the headgear were a cap, a turban or a scarf wrapped round the head. A salute even with both hands was not sufficient. Bala Sundaram thought that he should follow the practice even with me; this was the first case in my experience. I felt humiliated and asked him to tie up his scarf. He did so, not without a certain hesitation, but I could perceive the pleasure on his face.

It has always been a mystery to me how men can feel themselves honoured by the humiliation of their fellow-beings.

CHAPTER XXI

THE £ 3 TAX

Bala Sundaram's case brought me into touch with the indentured Indians. What impelled me, however, to make a deep study of their condition, was the campaign for bringing them under special heavy taxation.

In that year, 1894, the Natal Government sought to impose an annual tax of £ 25 on the indentured Indians. The proposal astonished me. I put the matter before the Congress for discussion and it was immediately resolved to organise the necessary opposition.

At the outset, I must explain briefly the genesis of the tax.

About the year 1860 the Europeans in Natal, finding that there was considerable scope for sugarcane cultivation, felt themselves in need of labour; without extra labour the cultivation of cane and the manufacture of sugar were impossible, and the Natal Zulus were not suited to this form of work. The Natal Government therefore corresponded with the Indian Government and secured their permission to recruit Indian labour. These recruits were to sign an indenture to labour in Natal for five years and at the end of the term they were to be at liberty to settle there and to have full rights of ownership of land. Those were the inducements held out to them, for the Whites then had looked forward to improving their agriculture by the industry of the

Indian labourers after the term of their indentures had expired.

But the Indians gave more than had been expected of them. They grew large quantities of vegetables. They introduced a number of Indian varieties and made it possible to grow the local varieties cheaper. They also introduced the mango. Nor did their enterprise stop at agriculture. They entered trade. They purchased land for building and many raised themselves from the status of labourers to that of owners of land and houses. Merchants from India followed them and settled there for trade. The late Seth Abubaker Amod was first among them. He soon built up an extensive business.

The White traders were alarmed. When they first welcomed the Indian labourers they had not reckoned with their business skill. They might be tolerated as independent agriculturists, but their competition in trade could not be brooked.

This sowed the seed of the antagonism to Indians. Many other factors contributed to its growth. Our different ways of living, our simplicity, our contentment with small gains, our indifference to the laws of hygiene and sanitation, our slowness in keeping our surroundings clean and tidy, and our stinginess in keeping our houses in good repair,—all these combined with the difference in religion, contributed to fan the flame of antagonism. Through legislation this antagonism found its expression in the Disfranching Bill and the Bill to impose a tax on the indentured Indians. Independent of legislation a number of pinpricks had already been started.

The first suggestion was that the Indian labourers should be forcibly repatriated, so that the term of their indentures might expire in India. The Government of India was not likely to accept the suggestion. Another proposal was therefore made to the effect that

1. The indentured labourer should return to India on the expiry of his indenture; or that
2. He should sign a fresh indenture every two years, an increment being given at each renewal;
3. In the case of his refusal to return to India or renew the indenture he should pay an annual tax of £ 25.

A deputation composed of Sir Henry Binns and Mr. Mason was sent to India to get the proposal approved by the Government there. The Viceroy at that time was Lord Elgin. He disapproved of the £ 25 tax, but agreed to a poll tax of £ 3. I thought then, as I do even now, that this was a serious neglect of duty on the part of the Viceroy. In giving approval he had in no way thought of the interests of India. It was no part of his duty thus to accommodate the Natal Europeans. In the course of three or four years an indentured labourer with his wife and each male child over 16, and female child over 13 came under the impost. To levy a yearly tax of £ 12 from a family of four—husband, wife and two children—when the average income of the husband was never more than 14 shillings a month was atrocious and unknown anywhere else in the world.

We organised a fierce campaign against this tax. If the Natal Indian Congress had remained silent on the subject, the Viceroy might have approved of even the £ 25 tax. The reduction from £ 25 to £ 3 was very likely due solely to the Congress agitation. But I may be mistaken in thinking so. It may be possible that the Indian Government had disapproved of the £ 25 tax from the beginning and reduced it to £ 3 irrespective of the opposition from the Congress. In any case it was a breach of trust on the part of the Indian Government. As trustee of the welfare of India the Viceroy ought never to have approved of this inhuman tax.

The Congress could not regard it as any great achievement to have succeeded in getting the tax reduced from £ 25 to £ 3. The regret was still there that it had not completely safeguarded the interests of the indentured Indians. It ever remained its determination to get the tax remitted, but it was twenty years before the determination was realised. And when it was realised, it came as a result of the labours of not only the Natal Indians but of all the Indians in South Africa. The breach of faith with the late Mr. Gokhale became the occasion of the final campaign, in which the indentured Indians took their full share, some of them losing their lives as a

result of the firing that was resorted to, and over ten thousand suffering imprisonment.

But truth triumphed in the end. The sufferings of the Indians were the expression of that truth. But it would not have triumphed except for unflinching faith, great patience and incessant effort. Had the community given up the struggle, had the Congress abandoned the campaign and submitted to the tax as inevitable, the hated impost would have continued to be levied from the indentured Indians until this day, to the eternal shame of the Indians in South Africa and of the whole of India.

CHAPTER XXII

COMPARATIVE STUDY OF RELIGIONS

If I found myself entirely absorbed in the service of the community, the reason behind it was my desire for self-realisation. I had made the religion of service my own as I felt that God could be realised only through service. And service, for me, was the service of India, because it came to me without my seeking, because I had an aptitude for it. I had gone to South Africa for travel, for finding an escape from Kathiawar intrigues and for gaining my own livelihood. But, as I have said, I found myself in search of God and striving for self-realisation.

Christian friends had whetted my appetite for knowledge which had become almost insatiable, and they would not leave me in peace, even if I desired to be indifferent. In Durban Mr. Spencer Walton, the head of the South African General Mission, found me out. I became almost a member of his family. At the back of this acquaintance, was of course my contact with Christians in Pretoria. Mr. Walton had a manner all his own. I do not recollect his ever having invited me to embrace Christianity. But he placed his life as an open book before me and let me watch all his movements. Mrs. Walton was a very gentle and talented woman. I liked the attitude of this couple. We knew the fundamental difference between us. Any amount of discussion could not efface them. Yet even differences prove helpful where there is tolerance, charity and truth. I liked Mr. and Mrs. Walton's

humility, perseverance and devotion to work, and we met very frequently.

This friendship kept alive my interest in religion. It was impossible now to get the leisure that I used to have in Pretoria for my religious studies. But what little time I could spare I turned to good account. My religious correspondence continued. Rayachandbhai was guiding me. Some friend sent me Narmadashanker's book '*Dharma Vichar*'. Its preface proved very helpful. I had heard about the Bohemian way in which the poet had lived, and a description, in the preface, of the revolution effected in his life by his religious studies captivated me. I came to like the book and read it from cover to cover with attention. I read with interest Max Muller's book, *India—What can it teach us?* and the translation of the *Upanishads* published by the Theosophical Society. All this enhanced my regard for Hinduism and its beauties began to grow upon me. This, however did not prejudice me against other religions. I read Washington Irving's *Mahomed and His Followers* and Carlyle's panegyric on the Prophet. These books raised Mahomed in my estimate. I also read a book called the *Sayings of Zarathustra*.

Thus I gained more knowledge of the different religions. The study stimulated my self-introspection and fostered in me the habit of putting into practice whatever appealed to me in my studies. Thus I began some of the Yogic practices, as well as I could understand them from a reading of the Hindu books. But I could not get on very far and decided to follow them with the help of some expert when I returned to India. The desire has never been fulfilled.

I made too an intensive study of Tolstoy's books. '*The Gospels in Brief*,' '*What to Do?*' and other books made a deep impression on me. I began to realise more and more the infinite possibilities of universal love.

About the same time I came in contact with another Christian family. At their suggestion, I attended the Wesleyan church every Sunday. For those days I also had their standing invitation to dinner. The church did not make a favourable impression on me. The sermons seemed to be uninspiring. The congregation did

not strike me as being particularly religious. They were not an assembly of devout souls; they appeared rather to be worldly-minded people going to church for recreation and in conformity to custom. Here, at times, I would involuntarily dose. I was ashamed, but some of my neighbours who were in no better case lightened the shame. I could not go on long like this and soon gave up attending the service.

My connection with the family I used to visit every Sunday was abruptly broken. In fact it may be said that I was warned to visit it no more. It happened thus. My hostess was a good and simple woman but somewhat narrow-minded. We always discussed religious matters. I was then re-reading Arnold's *Light of Asia*. Once we began to compare the life of Jesus with that of Buddha. "Look at Gautama's compassion!" said I, "It was not confined to mankind, it was extended to all living beings. Does not one's heart overflow with love to think of the lamp joyously perched on his shoulders? One fails to notice this love for all living beings in the life of Jesus." The comparison pained the good lady. I could understand her feelings. I cut the matter short and we went to the dinning room. Her son, a cherub aged scarcely five, was also with us. I am happiest when in the midst of children and this youngster and I had long been friends; I spoke derisively of the piece of meat in his plate and in high praise of the apple in mine. The innocent boy was carried away and joined in my praise of the fruit.

But the mother? She was dismayed.

I was warned. I checked myself and changed the subject. The following week I visited the family as usual but not without trepidation I did not see that I should stop going there, I did not think it proper either. But the good lady made my way easy.

"Mr. Gandhi", she said, "please don't take it ill if I feel obliged to tell you that my boy is none the better for your company. Every day he hesitates to eat meat and asks for fruit, reminding me of your argument. This is too much. If he gives up meat he is bound to get weak, if not ill. How could I bear it? Your discussions should henceforth be only with us elders. They are sure to react badly on children."

"Mrs. . . .", I replied, "I am sorry. I can understand your feelings as a parent, for I, too have children. We can very easily end this unpleasant state of things. What I eat and omit to eat is bound to have a greater effect on the child than what I say. The best way, therefore, is for me to stop these visits. That certainly need not affect our friendship."

"I thank you," she said with evident relief.

AFTER XXIII

AS A HOUSEHOLDER

To set up a household was no new experience for me. But the establishment in Natal was different from the ones that I had in Bombay and London. This time part of the expense was solely for the sake of prestige. I thought it necessary to have a household in keeping with my position as an Indian barrister in Natal and as a representative. So I had a nice little house in a prominent locality. It was also suitably furnished. Food was simple, but as I used to invite English friends and Indian co-workers the house-keeping bills were always fairly high.

A good servant is essential in every household. But I have never known how to keep any one as a servant.

I had a friend as companion and help, and a cook who had become a member of the family. I also had office clerks boarding and lodging with me.

I think I had a fair amount of success in this experiment, but it was not without its modicum of the bitter experiences of life.

The companion was very clever and, I thought, faithful to me. But in this I was deceived. He became jealous of an office clerk who was staying with me, and wove such a tangled web that I suspected the clerk. Now this clerical friend had a temper of his own. Immediately he saw that he had been the object of my suspicion, he left both the house and the office. I was pained. I felt that perhaps I had been unjust to him, and my conscience always stung me.

In the meanwhile, the cook needed a few days' leave, or for some other cause I cannot remember was away. It was necessary to procure another during his absence. Of this man I learnt later that he was a perfect scamp. But for me he

proved a Godsend. Within two or three days of his arrival he discovered certain irregular things that were going on under my roof without my knowledge, and he made up his mind to warn me. I had the reputation for being a credulous but straight man. The discovery was to him therefore all the more shocking. Every day at one o'clock I used to go home from office for lunch. At about twelve o'clock one day the cook came panting to the office and said, 'Please come home at once. There is a surprise for you'.

'Now, what is this?' I asked. 'You must tell me what it is. How can I leave the office at this hour to go and see it?'

'You will regret it, if you don't come. That is all I can say'.

I felt an appeal in his persistence. I went home accompanied by a clerk and the cook who walked ahead of us. He took me straight to the upper floor, pointed at my companion's room, and said, 'Open this door and see for yourself.'

I saw it all. I knocked at the door. No reply! I knocked heavily so as to make the very walls shake. The door was opened. I saw a prostitute inside. I asked her to leave the house, never to return.

'To the companion' I said, 'From this moment I cease to have anything to do with you. I have been thoroughly deceived and have made a fool of myself. That is how you have requited my trust in you?'

Instead of coming to his senses, he threatened to expose me.

'I have nothing to conceal,' said I. 'Expose whatever I may have done. But you must leave me this moment.'

This made him worse. There was no help for it. So I said to the clerk standing downstairs: 'Please go and inform the Police Superintendent, with my compliments, that a person living with me has misbehaved himself. I do not want to keep him in my house but he refuses to leave. I shall be much obliged if he can send me help.'

This showed him that I was in earnest. His guilt unnerved him. He apologised to me, en-

treated me not to inform the police and agreed to leave the house immediately, which he did.

The incident came as a timely warning in my life. Only now could I see clearly how thoroughly I had been beguiled by this evil genius. In harbouring him I had chosen a bad means for a good end. I had expected to 'gather figs of thistles'. I had known that the companion was a bad character, and yet I believed in his faithfulness to me. In the attempt to reform him I was near ruining myself. I had disregarded the warnings of kind friends. Infatuation had completely blinded me.

But for the new cook I should never have discovered the truth and being under influence of the companion, I should probably have been unable to lead the life of detachment that I then began. I should always have been wasting time on him. He had the power to keep me in the dark and to mislead me.

But God came to the rescue as before. My intentions were pure, and so I was saved in spite of my mistakes, and this early experience thoroughly forewarned me for the future.

The cook had been almost a messenger sent from Heaven. He did not know cooking and as a cook he could not have remained at my place. But no one else could have opened my eyes. This was not the first time, as I subsequently learnt, that the woman had been brought into my house. She had come often before, but no one had the courage of this cook. For every one knew how blindly I trusted the companion. The cook had, as it were, been sent to me just to do this service for he begged leave of me that very moment.

'I cannot stay in your house,' he said. 'You are so easily misled. This is no place for me.'

I let him go.

I now discovered that the man who had poisoned my ears against the clerk was no other than this companion. I tried very hard to make amends to the clerk for the injustice I had done him. It has, however, been my eternal regret that I could never satisfy him fully. Howsoever you may repair it, a rift is a rift.

CHAPTER XXIV HOMEWARD

By now I had been three years in South Africa. I had got to know the people and they had got to know me. In 1896 I asked permission to go home for six months, for I saw that I was in for a long stay there. I had established a fairly good practice, and could see that people felt the need of my presence. So I made up my mind to go home, fetch my wife and children, and then return and settle out there. I also saw that if I went home I might be able to do there some public work by educating popular opinion and creating more interest in the Indians in South Africa. The £3 tax was an open sore. There could be no peace until it was abolished.

But who was to take charge of the Congress work and Education Society in my absence? I could think of two men—Adamji Miyakhan and Parsi Rustomji. There were many workers now available from the commercial class. But the foremost among those who could fulfil the duties of the secretary by regular work and who also commanded the regard of the Indian community were these two. The secretary certainly needed a working knowledge of English. I recommended the late Adamji Miyakhan's name to the Congress and it approved of his appointment as secretary. Experience showed that the choice had been a very happy one. Adamji Miyakhan satisfied all with his perseverance, liberality, amiability and courtesy and proved to every one that the secretary's work did not require a man with a barrister's degree or high English education.

About the middle of 1896 I sailed for home in the *S. S. Pongola* which was bound for Calcutta.

There were very few passengers on board. Among them were two English officers with whom I came in close contact. With one of them I used to play chess for an hour daily. The ship's doctor gave me a 'Tamil Self-Teacher' which I began to study. My experience in Natal had shown me that I should acquire a knowledge of Urdu to get into closer contact with the Mussalmans and of Tamil to get into closer touch with the Madras Indians.

At the request of the English friend who read Urdu with me I found out a good Urdu Munshi from amongst the deck passengers, and our studies progressed famously. The officer had a better memory than I. He would never forget a letter after it had once been explained to him; I often forgot them and found it difficult to decipher Urdu words. I brought more perseverance to bear but could never overtake the officer.

With Tamil I made fair progress. There was no help available, but the *Tamil Self-Teacher* was a well-written book and I did not feel in need of much outside help.

I had hoped to continue these studies even after reaching India, but it was impossible. Most of my reading since 1893 has been done in jail. I did make some progress in Tamil and Urdu, in jails—Tamil in South African jails and Urdu in Yeravada Jail. But I never learnt to speak Tamil and the little that I could do by way of reading is now rusting away for want of practice.

I still feel what a handicap this ignorance of Tamil or Telugu has been. The affection that the Dravidians in South Africa showered on me has remained with me a cherished memory. Whenever I see a Tamil or Telugu friend I cannot but recall the faith, perseverance and selfless sacrifice of many of them in South Africa. And they were mostly illiterate, the men no less than the women. The fight in South Africa was for such and it was fought by illiterate soldiers; it was for the poor, and the poor took their full share in it. Ignorance of their vernacular, however, was never a handicap to me in stealing the hearts of these simple and good countrymen. They spoke broken Hindustani or broken English, and we found no difficulty in getting on with our work. But I wanted to requite their affection by learning Tamil and Telugu. In Tamil, as I have said, I made some little progress, but in Telugu, which I tried to learn in India, I did not get beyond the alphabet. I fear now I can never learn these languages and am therefore hoping that the Dravidians will learn Hindustani. The non-English-speaking among them in South Africa do speak Hindi or Hindustani; however indifferently. It is only the English-speaking ones who will not learn it, as though a know-

ledge of English were an obstacle to learning our vernaculars!

But I have digressed. Let me finish the narrative of my voyage. I have to introduce to my readers the captain of the *S. S. Pongola*. We had become friends. The good captain was a Plymouth Brother. Our talks were more about spiritual subjects than nautical. He drew a line between morality and faith. The teaching of the Bible was, to him, child's play. Its beauty lay in its simplicity. Let all, men, women and children, he would say, have faith in Jesus and his sacrifice, and their sins were sure to be redeemed. This friend revived my memory of the Plymouth Brother of Pretoria. The religion that imposed any moral restrictions was, to him, no good. My

vegetarian food had been the occasion of the whole of this discussion. Why should I not eat meat, or for that matter, beef? Had not God created all the lower animals for the enjoyment of mankind, as for instance, He had created the vegetable kingdom? These questions inevitably drew us into religious discussion.

We could not convince one another. I was confirmed in my opinion that religion and morality were synonymous. The captain had no doubt about the correctness of his opposite conviction.

At the end of twentyfour days the pleasant voyage came to a close, and admiring the beauty of the Hooghly, I landed at Calcutta. The same day I took the train for Bombay.

Under the Palm Tree

Again grey night put on the starry wreath
And O'er the palm leaves breathe
Thy mystic songs;
The songs that I have often longed to hear
When I was far from *here*
My bel'ved home
The bamboo groves are still; the evening glow
Fast fades; then come and blow
Thy harmonies
Come with bubbling noise of mountain streams
And with the sounds of dreams
Enwrap my soul.
Flow from the bosom of the dark unseen
Beyond the misty screen
That veils my sight
And lift me high above this hum and noise
And sing with mystic voice
The song of soul

S. BHASKARAN.

Reviews and Notices of Books

ART

A Theory of Aesthetics

ART AS WE ENDURE IT. By Clare Stuart Wortley. Methuen. 5s.

Miss Stuart Wortley would in general seem to agree with Veron's definition of art as "the manifestation of emotion obtaining external expression and interpretation" by expressive arrangements of line, form or colour". The test she would apply to find as to whether the work of a particular artist is good or bad is to see if that work arouses in you emotions stronger than yourselves. Her analyses of the works of art into works having values, emotional, representational, pictorial, technical and so on are interesting. Her definitions of these different categories of values may be quoted as showing her method of analysis. "Representational value," she says, "is the power to tell a story and show us things and people. Pictorial value is the pleasure given to the eye; flower pieces and still lives are examples; this value is often found with the others." Then there is technical value which, of course, consists in the degree of excellence with which the picture has been executed apart from its design and conception.

The value of the book is considerably enhanced by the illustrations which Miss Wortley has given as explaining her theory of aesthetics as by the pleasant style in which the book is written.

ECONOMICS

The Theory of Money

MONEY. By Lehfeldt. Oxford University Press. 2/6d.

This small volume is another addition to that useful series, *The World's Manuals*. It is an excellent introduction to the study of monetary science to the lay reader. It gives in as non-technical a language as possible the ordinary facts about money—metallic money, paper money, and bank deposit money; proceeds to examine the functions of money as the internal standard of value and describes the phenomena of price change and of good and bad trade and of the social consequences thereof and then treats of money in its relation to foreign exchange and international payments. What is ideal money? Should it take account of internal price stability or its value in external markets? How is its value to be maintained stable? These questions are next dealt with and in this connection the various suggestions principal for the improvement of the monetary system are discussed—suggestions such as the use of an index-number standard, Prof. Irving Fisher's Compensated dollar scheme, control of the output of gold, regulation through central banks' policy, and the abandonment of the use of gold. As a book giving an insight, in a short compass, of the problems which the theory and the use of money raises, Prof. Lehfeldt's volume is excellent. As he himself says, the last word on monetary theory has not yet been pronounced. His outlook is generally that of an orthodox Professor. The defect of the book is, if that could be

said to be a defect in view of the fact that every book with a similar scope shares it, that it does not approach the monetary problem from the point of view of its relation to social value. Is there not a tendency among statesmen nowadays to see that money measures social value, democratically interpreted, and are not the various fiscal and monetary policies of States expressions of this tendency?

P. V.

The Secret of High Wages

THE SECRET OF HIGH WAGES—By Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd, with Foreword by Walter T. Layton. Fisher Unwin 3/6.

This valuable book is the result of an intensive tour of the industrial regions of the United States of America, undertaken by the authors, two highly qualified young engineers, with the purpose of discovering and bringing to the observation of the English industrial public, the causes of the recent "American economic wonder," and the unprecedented American prosperity. The lessons which they teach us here are theoretically very familiar, but practically much ignored, even by enlightened industrialists. They are the old theory that "High wages are an index of efficiency" and not necessarily uneconomic, and the business maxim that it is generally more profitable in the long run to aim at a big output at low prices, than to aim at high prices.

"The implicit assumption of this book", as the learned editor of the Economist has pointed out in his Foreword, "is that if we" (Englishmen)—how much more truly is it applicable to us, Indians—"fail it will not be for lack of resources, but because we are too slow in learning new ways of exploiting our inheritance". It is just this readiness to learn new ways of exploitation, more than any advantage in natural gifts,

or in its peculiar political, fiscal or financial systems, that according to the authors, explains the lead which America is giving to the industrial world today. "The considerable Home-market too is not a cause of prosperity; it is an accessory at the fact"—the result of efficient production, high wages and low prices.

In their first chapter, where they make also certain other 'General observations', they point out a few cardinal principles of American successful business management, and these are developed by them in a few following chapters: everywhere with ample references to prominent industrial organisations such as the Ford's, and the General Electric company. One of such precepts, that the success of an enterprise is, in a large measure, dependent upon a strict adherence to the policy of promotion of staff by merit and ability only, is a much-needed lesson for the nepotism-ridden, family concerns in the one or two solitary major industries of our country, especially when she is just beginning to show her head in the sphere of modern production.

In dealing with certain other success fundamentals, the importance of large turnover at low prices, increased productivity *per capita* through the progressive application of laboursaving devices, free exchange of ideas between competing firms, and elimination of waste, the authors plead for some sort of aggregation of industry, and also the simplification and reduction of varieties to a few standard types. But they do not consider whether such aggregations would not do away with the safeguards against monopoly which consumers have in free competition, and whether undue simplification of types would not tell against the full development of the artistic instinct in man.

They rightly emphasize the importance of the welfare of the employees, of re-

searchwork and experiment, of coordination in the handling and transport of goods, and of sound company-finance. They press on the urgent necessity of adopting the American practice of eliminating outside financial assistance in connection with the manufacturing end, of treating banks merely as clearing houses for payments and receipts, and of building up adequate reserves and depreciation fund.

The authors formulate another important principle, that there should be no limit to the wages earned by one man, and that such wages should have some relation to output. The conflict between this principle and the Trade-Union idea of standardised wages, and the solidarity of the working-class, they seek to reconcile in their instructive concluding chapter; but it should be admitted, only with indifferent success. They also quote the instance of America, and fervently plead for a change of heart and method in the employers as also in the employees.

"Inefficient and unfeeling management has been the cause of 'ca'canny' and other labour troubles". "While our difficulty in meeting world price competition may be temporarily solved by Government action taking the form of subsidising a particular industry, which eventually means an increase of taxation, the position can be rectified permanently only by the initiative of the industry itself, since the accomplishment of a continual reduction in price lies solely within the power of industrial management... The alternative of State-controlled enterprise provides no solution."

However greatly different industrial conditions might be in our country, necessitating anxious consideration of the various principles above set forth, before they are applied in practice, "The Secret of High wages", of high standard of living and prosperity certainly deserves wide publicity

in a community of low wages, low standards of living and general misery.

G. K. RAMACHANDRAN.

HISTORY

History of the Mahrattas

HINDU-PAD-PADASHAHI OR A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE HINDU EMPIRE OF MAHARASHTRA. By Vinayak Damodar Savarkar. Published by B.G. Paul & Co., Madras. Rs 3.

The study of Indian history has now been in vogue among educated Indians. Not only do we have scholarly works on Indian history from scholars like Bhandarkar, R. D. Banerji and others, but also we have critical studies of the different epochs of Indian history. We are presented not only with the political history of ancient days, but also with an intensive study showing the lessons taught by our ancient history. For writing a political history of any epoch we want historians, but for a critical survey of any period drawing its lessons, we require a philosopher historian. We are happy to say that we have such a philosopher historian in Vinayak Damodar Savarkar, who has presented us with his interesting study on *Hindu-Pad-Padashahi* which gives a critical review of the Hindu Empire of Maharashtra.

The people of Maharashtra first began its career of independence under the leadership of that great mastermind Sivaji, who possessed great power of organisation. Though Sivaji had been placed in unfavourable circumstances, he forced his way against enormous odds. The signs of time were favourable to him. The Mogul Emperor Aurangzeb was enraging the Hindu sentiment by his ruthless persecution of the Hindus, the imposition of *Jiziya* and the destruction of numerous Hindu temples. At this juncture, the Hindus

looked upon the rise of the Mahrattah power under Sivaji, as the only hope of fighting against the tyranny of the Mogul Emperor. With his guardian Dadaji and his comrades, Sivaji has already solemnly sworn in the presence of God on the summits of Sahyadi to fight to a finish and established *Hindavi Swaraj*, a *Hindu-pad-padashahi* in Hindustan. Sivaji was then looked by his fellow countrymen as the champion of the Hindu faith. The people of Savnoor thus wrote to the great Mahrattah chief: "We are groaning under the tyrannical sway of the aliens and our *Dharma* is trampled under foot. Come, O champion of the Hindu Faith, come, oh destroyer of the wicked and the unbelieving alien's rule. * * So turn thy nights into days and come, oh Deliverer of the Hindu race." Therefore, the movement led by Sivaji, remarks Mr. Savarkar, was essentially a Hindu movement in the defence of Hindu *Dharma* for the overthrow of the alien Muhammadan domination, for the establishment of an independent powerful Hindu Empire. Sivaji gave to this movement the name of *Hindavi Swaraj*, which had for its symbol the sacred *Geruva* flag suggested by the *guru* of Sivaji, Ramdas. After Sivaji, when the Maharattah supremacy passed into the hands of the able Peshwas and the whole of Northern India fell an easy prey to the Mahrattas, this Pan-Hindu movement was carried to its furthest extreme. Very soon we find the 'banner of *Hindu-pad-padashahi* rise at last over the capital of the Indian Empire in spite of all that the Pathans and the Rohilas, the Moguls or the Turks, the Shaiks or the Sayads could do against it.' This is the story told in a charming style by Mr. Savarkar. He has done a great service to India by presenting the modern history of Maharashtra from a Pan-Hindu point of view and to correlate and fit it in

the comprehensive whole the History of the Hindu Nation itself. The whole Mahratta history from the time of Sivaji to the ill-fated battle of Panipat was inspired by the living ideal of a 'Hindu Empire dedicated to the service of the *Deva* and *Dharma*, of Righteousness and God.' It must not be thought that Mr. Savarkar wanted this Pan-Hindu movement to be a Mahratta movement. He points out very clearly that it mattered little whether the Hindu Empire, the Hindu-pad-padashahi was a Rajput-padashahi or a Sikh or a Tamil or a Bengali or even a Kolarian one: it would have been entitled to equal honour and gratitude from us all so long as it championed the cause of Hinduism so well and so effectively by welding all our people into a grand Hindu Empire even though controlled and led by its own province or caste or community.

In these days of Indian nationalism, Mr. Savarkar's treatise should be welcomed by all Indian patriots. They would find inspiration in this well written book. The lessons of this great movement as pointed out by our author should attract the attention of our leaders. We congratulate Mr. Savarkar on his success.

P. B.

LITERATURE

Tagore: Poet and Dramatist

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, POET AND DRAMATIST. By E. J. Thompson. Oxford University Press. Rs. 8

This is the book for which Tagore's lovers have been eagerly waiting since its announcement, in 1921, in Mr. Thompson's admirable monograph on Rabindranath*. The readers of the latter book will remember how Mr. Thompson blames the poet

* *Heritage of India Series*. Association Press (Y.M.C.A.), Calcutta.—Price Re 1.

and his publishers for the decline in his reputation in the West. What he should have done was to give "in full translation, with the necessary minimum of explanation, a selection in chronological order from all his work", but what he actually did was quite different. So far at least as his poetry was concerned, he made the serious mistake of confining himself mostly to the "wistful-mystical" side of his work. He mixed up poems of different periods in the same volumes, never indicating the circumstances of their composition. He omitted all distinctively Indian allusions, or gave vague and colourless renderings of them. His boldest, strongest poems he avoided, or watered down to prettiness. Not content with mutilating some of his finest poems, he often inserted in his English versions "pretty-pretty nonsense" not found in the originals at all. "As regards translation," says Mr. Thompson, "his treatment of his Western public has sometimes amounted to an insult to their intelligence. He has carefully selected such simple, sweet things as he appears to think they can appreciate. Perhaps not one of the greater poems that he has translated is not badly truncated". Then he proceeds to make good his charge by quoting the Poet's own 'translation' of a poem, side by side with his own. This is No. 51 of *Lover's Gift*, which contains 53 lines in the original, and 56 lines in Mr. Thompson's translation, but which is represented in English by a "niggardly precis" of 11 lines,— "a handful of careless words that he throws at a public that he seems to have come to despise." Let no one suppose that Mr. Thompson is exaggerating. The famous *Taj Mahal* poem, ("one of the noblest of all his poems, a full tide of imagery,") which fills more than 7 pages in the original, is no more than a page in the English.*

* *Lover's Gift*, No. 1.

The beautiful poem, *I Will Not Let You Go*, ("The poem has gone to the heart of his readers, many of whom consider it one of the three or four summits of his non-dramatic work. He has never written anything more exquisitely light in touch, tender, with a humour that is close to tears"), which is 9 full pages in the original, is just a page again in the English*. The magnificent ode, *Urvashi*, has been translated with its concluding stanzas left out. *The Sea-Waves* ("as great a sea-poem as was ever written") has not been translated by the Poet at all.

It is indeed a mystery that the Poet should have shown such a lack of judgment in respect of his English translations. But Mr. Thompson has now made a noble attempt to re-instate him by giving an accurate idea of his work by a systematic survey of the same. The stupendous nature of his task will be realised by those who know that the volume of Rabindranath's verse and dramas comes to 100,000 lines, which is six times the bulk of Milton. Not content merely to examine his poetry and drama, Mr. Thompson has also referred, in more or less detail, to his prose writings,† so as to enable us to appraise his many-sided genius. There is, in fact, no aspect of Rabindranath's personality or achievement which fails to receive due attention. Mr. Thompson has given extensive quotations in his own translation, giving in full several poems not translated by the poet at all, or very inadequately rendered by him. The fidelity and beauty of his translations are most remarkable, the inaccuracies being surprisingly few for a foreigner.‡ The

* *The Fugitive*, III, 11.

† "His non-dramatic prose in the collected edition now in process, will be in the proportion to his verse and dramas of seven enormous volumes to three" writes, Mr. Thompson.

‡ Strangely enough, two errors are found in close sequence, on pp. 164-65. *vivarna* (discoloured) he translates as "many-coloured", and *tapakliska* (weary with penance) as "weary with the heat."

renderings are almost literal, and yet so poetic, while the metres correspond closely to those in the original. None but a poet like Mr. Thompson could have done so much justice to the metrical genius of Rabindranath.

Mr. Thompson's is essentially a pioneer work, whose primary aim is "to set out the materials for a new and juster understanding". So the method he adopts is that of a chronological survey, with detailed criticisms of the merits and defects of each volume of verse and drama, the whole wound up with a concluding chapter which contains a final re-statement of his views on Rabindranath's place in literature. It would, of course, be a long journey to follow Mr. Thompson through his detailed examination of all this enormous volume of work, and we must leave the reader to undertake this entrancing journey for himself. We shall only attempt here to summarise his critical conclusions, using his own words, as far as possible.

Rabindranath is a great metrist and master of language, a magician who can call up cloud after cloud of rich imagery. Music is in his blood quite as much as poetry, and from his brain meaning and melody very often spring together. His genius is essentially decorative in its working, emotional in its motive,—so that he is one of the noblest who have ever used the interplay of human characters in drama to express thought and feeling, but not of the few who have created new beings, forms more real than living man. He combines a keen and lofty imagination with a critical mind; he is strong in abstract ideas, but his thought is strangely concrete. His adoption of colloquial diction for his poetry, thus enlarging its range and power, shows that he is a courageous reformer. His amazing individuality of thought and atti-

tude is seen in his numerous poems on social questions, in which he shows his flaming anger against all forms of social or religious observation. His mysticism is thoroughly human. The earth has known no more filial son than he. The central note of all his work has been the value of human relationships and the folly of despising them, quite as much as the joy of attaining the Infinite within the finite. His deep patriotism shows in his thought and imagery, and if his work seems western it is only because of his readiness to discard an effete or unworthy tradition when the claims of Progress demand it.

His catholicity of thought is remarkable. Among English poets, those who have influenced him most are 'Shelly, Keats, and Browning; and among Indian influences, the most notable have been the Vaishnava poets and Kalidasa. Kalidasa's influence has been the strongest of all, as attested by a number of direct glowing tributes. He has, of course, borrowed largely, as Virgil and Dante and Milton did, and it is part of his greatness that he has done so.

Though Rabindranath is a mystic as well as so much else, he tolerates no form of religious ecstasy. His own distinctive note on the religious side is that poise and calm of spirit which the whole world has learnt to admire in him.

His supreme title to greatness is as a poet of Nature and as a poet of Sorrow. If we do not find in his poetry much by way of close, detailed observation of Nature, it is due rather to the lack of variety in the Indian seasons and landscape than to any inherent incapacity in the poet. He is the most open-air of poets; his imagination has been comparatively the fascination of the great spaces of earth and sky, the boundless horizon, the expanse of moonlight. He is so supreme a landscape poet

in the large effects that the lesser subtleties of flower and bird are hardly missed. In atmosphere and general effects he is scarcely rivalled.

His interpretation of Sorrow is no less great, though Mr. Thomson admits this rather grudgingly. Much of his appeal is due to the perfect way in which he expresses the wistfulness moving everywhere upon the face of our modern thought. Then he has an almost unrivalled power of setting forth final and irremediable tragedy. He can pack the pathos of a scene into a phrase, even a word; nay, more, he can make a phrase or a word the revelation of the human spirit, of the agony within. He is a great poet, indeed, in so far as he succeeds in this lightning laying bare of the inmost mind of distress.

All this and more Mr. Thompson claims for Rabindranath, but he is no partisan to ignore the other side of the medal. He analyses the defects of the Poet's work, and shows how it suffers from its overwhelming abundance and consequent monotony, its inequality of thought and matter, a certain mental laziness, a lack of serious intellectual effort, a readiness to play too much with externals, merely embroidering the margins of truth. Nevertheless he candidly confesses that there is in Rabindranath "probably a larger body of really beautiful work than any other poet can show." He also frankly admits that Rabindranath's faults are shared by English poets of great repute,—poets like Wordsworth, Browning, Swinburne, Shelley Tennyson. Notwithstanding, in the same breath, he says, "I find it hard to persuade myself that work which so rests in secondary details, and is so occupied with beauty of ornament, rises into the extremely small class of first-rate poetry, except very rarely." Then, feeling that he has been rather unfair to the poet, he says, while

referring to the pitch of intensity and power of revelation in much of his work. "The reader may have been so concerned with my qualifications of the poet's genius that he may miss how tremendous is the claim made now"! This, to our mind, illustrates the one serious drawback of Mr. Thompson's criticism. Again and again he bestows unstinted praise on the poet's genius, but very often nullifies his praise by some serious mis-qualification. Especially the last chapter alternates between praise and dispraise in a most curious fashion. One feels that Mr. Thompson is after all needlessly apologetic in claiming a high place for Rabindranath among world-poets. One feels that, if only he had been quite true to his conviction, he would have used less halting language. Sometimes he gives us the impression of excessive anxiety not to wound the susceptibilities of his readers or critics by seeming to claim too much for an Indian poet. We say this on the strength of our definite knowledge that Mr. Thompson originally failed to persuade his publishers to accept his work, and that he had to revise it and cut down many passages before they would take it up. Part of his revision seems to have consisted (judging from internal evidence,) in toning down the passage of praise. But the following concluding passage of the book does make amends for all this:

"Leaving aside the half-dozen greatest names, we may take any poet we choose and set out his masterpieces: and from what Rabindranath has already done we can set beside them *Chitrangada* and *The Curse at Farewell*, *Urvashi* and *The Farewell to Heaven*, *Ahalya*, *The Cloud Messenger*, *Evening*, *Moonlight*, *Sea-Waves* and the great land-storms of *Kalana*, *Sati*, *Gandhari's Prayer*, *Karna* and *Kunti*, the opening hell-scene of *Narak-Bas*, the grim narratives of *Katha*, the quieter beauty of the

stories of *Palataka*, the great odes of *Balaka*, and scores of dancing songs of every period of his half-century of incessant activity. The assessment of final values cannot be done in this generation; but already it is clear that his ultimate place will be not simply among India's poets, but among those of the world."

This is the considered verdict of an unmistakable scholar and critic, and it is inevitably led up to by the whole contents of the book. We must unhesitatingly express our gratitude to Mr. Thompson for his masterly work, which cannot fail to bring home to the world the indisputable greatness of Rabindranath, both as poet and as man.

A. RAMA IYER.

POLITICS

Race or Nation

"RACE OR NATION"—by Gino Speranza.

The Bobbs—Merwill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

To Indians who are troubled by the laws excluding them from the United States, this book will be interesting, partly as a statement of generally unknown facts, partly as a revelation of a state of mind which helps to explain the cause of the offensive legislation. The book is a sincere statement of an attitude and of reasons for the attitude, but the facts given, though striking and important, are incomplete, and the reasoning faulty at many points. The author is devoted to an ideal, but perhaps his very devotion blinds his observation and warps his reason. He shows some of the social and political results of mass-immigration into America, but the facts selected are only those which support his thesis, and he leaves entirely out of account all the economic results both beneficial and otherwise. Surely the vast energy and

thought given to the notion by its more recent immigrants are a very important element to any adequate discussion of such a problem as this. Another curious defect is the trifling consideration which he gives to the negroes who form about one-eleventh of the entire population,—probably the largest single "racial" group of all.

It is pleasant to note, however, that the author does not base his argument on ideas of racial or national superiority. He says, "The question as to which race, or which civilization is superior—that is, which has contributed the most to human progress,—is a highly debatable one. But there is nothing more obvious than the fact that civilizations, races, peoples and nations" greatly and profoundly differ from one another.....and that some are very far apart in their history, their life and their point of view.

I dwell upon this aspect of the issue because the unscientific and smug argument of racial 'superiority' has injected a good deal of wholly unnecessary bitterness and sense of hurt in its discussion. One may justly resent being told that he belongs to an inferior race, and such resentment is not only righteous but justified. But I see no reason why any of us should object to being classed with a race on a civilization which is different from that of the Anglo-Saxon if, in fact, we are non-Anglo-Saxons. As I have often stated, I hold no brief for the superiority of Anglo-Saxon civilization; but I do believe that this is an Anglo-Saxon country, with an Anglo-Saxon civilization, and that people of Anglo-Saxon stock are the best adapted to running its Government and shaping its special national life."

Some of the facts,—results of tremendous mass immigration over a long period of years,—are as follows:—

The foreign-born white males of the

United States exceed the total population of Australia. The foreign born voters in the United States number three times the total vote that re-elected President Lincoln about 60 years ago. "In 1920, out of a white population of about 95,000,000, nearly 14,000,000 were born in forty-five different foreign countries, and 23,000,000 more were of foreign or half-foreign parentage. These 14,000,000 foreign born, as part of more than 34,000,000 of aliens officially admitted into the United States since 1820, are supporting and reading 1052 papers in more than thirty different languages varying from Arabic to Yiddish, from Albanian to Welsh." Nearly all the thirty million people of foreign birth or parentage in the U. S. are massed in thirteen states only out of the total of forty eight, and constitute one-half the total population of those states. There are 2230 religious organizations in the U. S. with over three million members who conduct their devotional services exclusively in a foreign language.

There are sections in the U. S. where legal proceedings of every sort have to be conducted in a foreign language because jurors and witnesses do not understand English. In one of the state legislatures official interpreters have to be employed for members who cannot speak English. Over nine million immigrants have entered the country in the last twenty-five years. To-day one out of every six white men in the U. S. is foreign born and belongs to some one of thirty different nationalities and has one of thirty different languages as his mother-tongue.

There are more than three times as many Italians (born in Italy) in Kings County, New York, than there were citizens of clear Italian stock in the former state of Fimne. There are twice as many foreign born Germans in the east, north and central States of the U. S. as in the city of Danzig.

There are more Jews foreign born, in a few blocks in New York city than in the entire Zionist State of Palestine.

More than a quarter of the entire population of the U. S. is foreign born or of foreign parentage; it is settled in an area comprising less than one-sixth of the U. S. continental territory, and constitutes more than one-half of the total population of the thirteen states which are the centre of the nation's industrial life. In each of twenty-three cities of over 100,000 population, the foreign born white population is over 20%. In New York city it is over 35%.

The author is deeply troubled by the condition of the country and the great changes due to such facts. He wishes to preserve the former spirit of the country, stating his ideal as follows:—"The task and call for us all—Old Stock and New—as I vision it, is to strive to keep America as it was". Again, "Shall the American spirit and American ideals as expressed in the institutions founded by the fathers be perpetuated, or shall the democracy be modified and changed to fit, if not to suit, the spirit, ideals and institutions of other races and other civilizations?" He wants "conformity to the American spirit, to American life and history, to American ideals and aspirations".

With much force he shows the tremendous difficulty, if not impossibility, of maintaining the original ideals and institutions of America in the midst of these myriads of foreigners and he truly says, "It is, therefore, both the 'suddenness' and the massiveness (with the resulting coherence and aggressiveness which we have considered in previous chapters) of our immigrant alienage which threaten seriously to modify our whole social structure. And they threaten it, not because of any inherent inferiority or superiority, but because that cohering mass is a mass

of social and moral views, customs, ideals and ways *different* in varying degrees, from those of the American people."

The author proposes certain remedies or means for restoring and maintaining the treasured American ideals and institutions. The first is the abolition of mass immigration, permitting occasional immigrants who seek political freedom, etc. Other remedies are, insisting upon a common language, and a universal compulsory public school; no public office to be held by any one who cannot read, write and speak English fluently; and no person being allowed to vote who cannot read and write English. He would not even permit the teaching of any foreign language in any secondary school. Other minor proposals are a national racial censure, suppression of the foreign language press in America, regulation of all aliens; suppression of all organisations which aim at maintaining foreign culture or connections with or without loyalties to the lands of origin.

Most people will agree with the desirability of a common language and enforcing a universal system of education as a means to that end. Although a debatable point, it may well be that as long as the Catholic church of Rome maintains its own political activities and organisations the Catholic parochial schools of America should be allowed only to supplement but not supplant common public school education.

But to entirely forbid immigration, especially to Asiatics and Africans is a different matter. As long as the United States along with other western nations, insist on entering and controlling by economic or political means lands inhabited by other national or racial groups, she ought to allow similar freedom of economic or political opportunity to individuals of other nations. She cannot in fairness, insist on

having *all* the economic advantages her way. If she does not want Asiatics to seek economic security and advantage in her country, then she should abstain from seeking economic advantage and privilege in Asia.

But our author is crying for the moon. He seems to think that the country can remain static except in size and wealth. He evidently thinks that it is merely a matter of preference whether or not the United States may retain its past intact.

Almost everything is different from what it was at the time of the establishment of the constitution and the original Federal Government. The population is no longer predominantly Anglo-Saxon in stock and cannot be made so. Modern machine industrialism and commerce have changed the entire economic and social structure and ways of living and thinking.

The distribution of population is now predominantly urban instead of rural. The area of the country is several times its original size. There is no longer any physical "Frontier". Foreign trade is greater than ever before. The nation now has foreign dependencies such as the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Panama Canal Zone. The actual working of the Government and political parties is very different in scale, method and means from that of earlier times. Even if the population were all "Anglo-Saxon", the ideals and institutions of the nation would have changed and would continue to change under such circumstances. Indeed to task a vague and narrow racial adjective such as "Anglo-Saxon" upon the culture resultant from such forces is a very careless use of language.

Yet even if ideals and institutions could stay static, would that be desirable? Do not such tremendous issues as those discussed in the book require a careful

consideration of the value of the author's ideals? Personally, I would hope to have every nation grow in mind and soul as well as in body, developing loftier, wider, richer, more profound and more humane ideals. I believe that knowledge, understanding and wisdom can grow, and that the ideals of the Fathers are not enough. The experience of all the world seems to show,—and all careful historians, ethnologists and anthropologists recognise it, that the necessary condition of and stimulus to such growth lies in the contact and fusion of different cultures. That is why Europe is now more active, for instance, than Egypt; and why indeed Egypt, Turkey, China and India are now astir and the nations where there has been a fusion of different peoples as well as of ideas have grown most, at least intellectually. Such fusions and resulting efflorescences of thought and action have occurred in India and China as well as elsewhere.

Of course, the fusion involves confusion for a time, perhaps for several centuries; but who can deny the value of the final results? The Americans who are willing to forego such benefits to their descendants and to the world are not only unduly nearsighted and perhaps comfort-loving but are doomed to disappointment. For the world and all that is therein insists upon growth and change.

If we could gain the grudging admission of the author that America must grow and change in other respects besides size, wealth and other externals, we may at least reassure him that it will not go to the dogs much faster than the rest of the world. His dismay over the vastness of the immigration makes him overlook the subtlety, power, omnipresence and constancy of forces tending towards uniformity of culture in America. Newspapers may be printed there in many different languages; but they all have common news. The Associated

Press, the cinema, radio-broadcasting, newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines and journals, motor cars, a wonderful system of concrete roads, railroads, electric interurban lines, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, chain grocery stores, factories, mass production and distribution, machine technology, tools, utensils and mechanical devices, a predominantly European religious and social heritage,—all these things are creating a uniform culture. Witness the comments of European and English visitors on the standardization of American thought and ways of living.

Mass immigration to America has been no more sudden than the industrial revolution with all its concomitants. Further more, in every country in the world, almost all concepts, ideals, attitudes, ways of thinking, habits and institutions are being modified by industrialism, trade, machinery and modern use of physical power. Least of all may any inhabitants of the United States think that their ideals and institutions have or can remain unchanged.

The chief defect of the book is a lack of historical perspective. The author does not sufficiently realise that group migrations are older than history; that every present nation and race is made up of different racial elements (immigrants); that though the admixture in the United States is probably the largest, most complex and most rapid in all history, yet certain other moulding forces are equally great, penetrating and rapid in effect. He needs more patience to wait for the work of geographic, climatic, industrial, intellectual and religious forces, and a more profound faith in human nature. As a result of these defects we may say that the book is interesting but not important.

RICHARD B. GREGG.

PHILOSOPHY.

Upanishadic Philosophy

A CONSTRUCTIVE SURVEY OF UPANISHADIC PHILOSOPHY — Being a systematic Introduction to Indian Metaphysics. By R.D. Ranade M.A. Published by the Oriental Book Agency, Poona.

Prof. Washburn Hopkins of the Yale University in his excellent work on the *Ethics of India* observes that he would be loath to state how often across the water and here at home, he has dejectedly listened to sermons in which well-meaning pastors have soothed their sheep with the comforting assurance that no other religion than Christianity ever inculcated purity of thought and sympathy for the sorrowing (P. IX. Preface.) and notwithstanding the so-called researches carried on from time to time by European Orientalists and English-educated Indian scholars and professors, Upanishadic Philosophy is generally considered by the critic steeped in traditions of western literary and philosophic criticism, to be something inferior to the systems of Plato, Aristotle, and others and at all events it cannot but be inferior to the speculative attempts bearing the occidental patent! I have no hesitation in congratulating Prof. R. D. Ranade of the Academy of Philosophy and Religion on his successful attempt in writing a constructive survey of the Upanishadic Philosophy, a perusal of which is sure to give the reader an accurate impression of the inward growth and evolution of the philosophical ideas and concepts embodied in the Upanishads not merely, but is sure to help a great deal to remove the erroneous views and ideas held so tenaciously by certain critics Eastern and European about them and their teachings.

At long last, the Academy of Philosophy and Religion has undertaken the preparation and the publication of an Encyclopaedic History of Indian Philosophy in Sixteen Volumes a La the Cambridge Modern History and several scholars and students of Indian philosophy have agreed to contribute articles and theses on the subjects of their choice and specialisation. A *Constructive Survey of Upanishadic Philosophy* under review forms the second volume of the Encyclopaedic History.

Prof. R. D. Ranade observes that the trend of the present volume is to show how all the teachings of the Upanishadic Philosophy converge towards the realisation of the mystical goal (P. 14. Preface.) and hopes he would feel his labours highly rewarded if his volume makes a contribution however small to the realisation of this ideal. I am afraid too much store need not be set by Mysticism at all whether it is christened blind Mysticism or rational or enlightened Mysticism. I am sure the author understands the point of the orthodox method of interpreting the Upanishadic passages in conjunction with the Brahma-Sutras and the Bhagavad-Gita, a method that is intended not merely to harmonise the teachings of the three ancient texts but also to exhibit the dynamic growth or evolution of the philosophical notions and concepts as far as possible in its own natural order of unfoldment. If this is conceded then the *onus probandi* lies on Mr. Ranade in the matter of consistently maintaining the thesis that Mysticism is the goal of all metaphysical speculation or more accurately the goal of all spiritual endeavour springing from completed rational speculation. I have no desire in any manner to prejudice or even to influence the decision of the reader who, I presume, is in a position to evaluate the

claims of Mysticism in the light of proper and adequate criteria.

In the first chapter entitled "The Background of Upanishadic Speculation" the author after explaining the several "methods" employed by the Upanishadic seers and indicating the division of the Texts of the Upanishads, concludes that the Cosmology, Psychology, the Metaphysics and the Ethics of the Upanishads are merely a propaedeutic to their mystical doctrine. Mr. Ranade talks of 1. the enigmatic, 2. the aphoristic, 3. the etymological, 4. the mythical, 5. the analogical, 6. the dialectic, 7. the synthetic, 8. the monologic, 9. the *ad hoc* or the temporising method and 10. finally the regressive methods employed in Upanishadic Philosophy. I am rather inclined to think that several of these so-called *methods* relate to the style and the general linguistic garb adopted by the Upanishadic seers and *QUA* linguistic expressions. They do not deserve independently to be characterised as so many *methods*. If Philosophy is to command the respect of the modern intelligentsia and evoke in their minds a sympathetic attentive response, it should rise to the rank of a science of established reputation with a definite and settled methodology, and philosophic speculation (of course excepting the mystic realisation of the Infinite.) should pursue the well-known modern Inductive method employed by the sciences. I am convinced the Upanishadic speculators did pursue such a method employing a form of Socratic cross-examination whenever it suited the occasion and the purpose. My only criticism is that the ten methods do not deserve independently to be characterised as such.

The second chapter deals exhaustively with the explanation of the Upanishadic Cosmogony and Prof. Ranade has attractively sketched the evolution of philosophi-

cal theories from their naturalistic beginnings to their conceptualistic and spiritual culminations and critically reviewed the various theories of creation. Mr. Ranade has pointed out several striking analogies between Upanishadic and Greek philosophies and maintained that a theory of Independent Parallelism alone can satisfactorily account for the analogies and doctrinal and speculative resemblances, overthrowing the familiar and preternaturally perverted opinion that the Upanishadic seers have borrowed from the Greek philosophers! (PP 101—105.)

The third chapter is devoted to an exposition of the Psychology of the Upanishads. Mr. Ranade has managed to traverse the fields of Empirical-Rational and Abnormal Psychology with characteristic lucidity though his treatment of the last mentioned should be regarded as meagre and inadequate. The author has sketched the solutions attempted by the Upanishadic seers of the problems of sleep-dreams-life after death, etc. and indicated parallels of these in Western speculation. We are told that some sort of Psychical-research was in vogue in Upanishadic India. (P. 127-8.)

In the course of the fourth chapter the author has endeavoured to exhibit the germs of the various later full-fledged schools of Philosophy and given a historical sketch of the development of the Doctrine of Maya. Mr. Ranade writes: "Let no man stand up and say that we do not find traces of the Doctrine of Maya in the Upanishads." (P. 228.)

In the course of the fifth chapter the author has undertaken an elaborate examination of the Problem of Ultimate Reality in the Upanishads, and indicated the Three Approaches to it—the Cosmological—the Theological—and the Psychological. Arguments for the Existence of God—the immanent and transcendent

aspects of divinity, etc. are examined and critically surveyed at length and the conclusion is logically forced upon us that a God who is sought to be established or rather whose existence is sought to be established after so much of argumentation and proof, is only SAGUNA BRAHMA—a deity which according to the Absolute Monism of the author is bound to be relegated to the category of appearance merely. The metaphysical tenets of the Upanishads are expounded with admirable acquaintance and accurate knowledge of the original texts and traditional commentaries thereon.

The Ethics of the Upanishads forms the subject matter of the sixth chapter. In discussing the Theories of the Moral Standard, the author explains that Heteronomy is the first principle which serves to dictate rules of moral conduct. (P. 289.) Theonomy is next considered and dismissed as morally and ethically inadequate and the advance to autonomy is described. In the concluding section of the chapter, Mr. Ranade raises the question: "What is now the ideal of the Upanishadic Sage?" The Upanishadic Sage believes in the possibility of greater or less mystical realisation for the very being according to the greater or less worth of his character, belief and endeavour. The Ideal Sage is one who by the steady and strenuous practice of spiritual discipline attains mystical perfection. Such an ideal can never remain as just an intellectually apprehended possibility of perfection. Its realisation should sooner or later become practical politics. Morality must culminate in Mysticism.

How is the culmination of Morality into Mysticism brought about forms the subject matter of the last and the concluding chapter of the volume. We are

told that Philosophy is to Mysticism what knowledge is to being. Certain special qualifications are required for self-realisation. The Upanishads inculcate a life of introversion with an utter disgust for the world and catharsis from sins, a spirit of humbleness, and a life of tranquillity, truth, penance, insight, strength, and right pursuit. Unless these conditions are fulfilled, the aspirant after spiritual life may never hope to realise the Self. (P. 329.) My only comment is that the term Introversion reminds me of pathological cases that are nowadays sought to be subjected to psycho-analytical treatment! Mr. Ranade forcibly urges the orthodox point of view, namely—that due initiation by a properly chosen spiritual Teacher is absolutely indispensable for successful self-realisation. The modern English-educated critic would rather contend in his eager desire for independence and a radical democratisation of philosophy that all this talk of initiation by a spiritual teacher, etc. is vain and irrational. The significance of the mystic symbol OM is explained and the Theory and Practice of Yoga are discussed in full. In the concluding section of the chapter a typical mystical experience is described. I make no apology for extracting the following sentence in full: "Finally, the greatest of the Mystics whose post-ecstatic Monologue is preserved for us in the Taittiriya Upanishad tells us in a passage of unsurpassed grandeur throughout both Upanishadic as well as Post-Upanishadic literature that when he had transcended the limitations of his earthly-etheric-mental-intellective—and beatific sheaths he sat in the utter silence of solipsistic solitude, singing the Song of Universal Unity, 'How Wonderful-how wonderful' etc."

Your readers are doubtless aware of several Philosophies of Upanishads written by writers oriental and occidental and I

have no hesitation in saying that Prof. R. D. Ranade's Constructive Survey is by far more reliable and accurate as it is based on a correct knowledge of the original Sanskrit passages in the Upanishads which are copiously extracted at the end of every chapter, even though I am not bound to share the professor's opinion that Mysticism is the goal of the Upanishadic speculation not merely but of all rational speculation. The index is quite good and helpful. In conclusion, I am sure Prof. R. D. Ranade's Constructive Survey of the Upanishads is bound to be immensely useful to those who desire to get an accurate knowledge of the Philosophy of the Upanishads and I beg to appeal to the enlightened public and your readers to encourage the magnificent venture—the *Encyclopaedic History of Indian Philosophy*.

R. NAGARAJA SARMA.

What is Evolution

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE, BY HENSHAW WARD. Published by The Bobs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The recent American sensation about the Monkeyvilla prosecution and the articles of the Fundamentalists have brought the theory of evolution before the footlights again. There is yet a great deal of misconception about the real nature and the real limits of the doctrine of evolution. The aim of this book is to teach the truths of evolution in a simple way to the man in the street.

Evolution does not teach that man is descended from monkeys. Evolution does not explain the origin of life. Evolution does not mean progress. The author begins his book with these clear statements. There is no mathematical demonstration of evolution. It merely implies "Every form of plant or animal that ever lived developed out of a previous form". It is a

theory that has come to stay. "It is now an integral part of all general education and culture". It is hence our duty to study it and study it well.

To the gaze of a scientist, the realm of life is boundless and of infinite variety. But amidst the tangled web of life and the infinitely varying modes of life, our law of development has had continuous and omnipotent sway. There is a clear way through "the jungle of adaptations". The law of survival of the fittest is in operation, amidst the intense struggle for life in Nature. The clarion call of Nature is "Reproduce or perish".

The author deals next with the two factors of variation and heredity. Mr. Ward says:—"Heredity is like the moon—it is near to our common knowledge and it is what it seems to be. Variation is the sum of the system—much larger than it appears, more remote from our understanding, and deceptive in its motion. All evolution revolves around variation. All evolution is determined by the fact that chromosomes never reproduce exactly". He says further: "We know next to nothing about the reason why chromosomes vary from their normal operations, but can only notice that they do vary". The cell is a "subtle aggregate of powers". Natural selection operates in a subtle and irresistible manner. Mr. Ward says: "Natural selection is as impersonal as sea water and climate; it has no design, no purpose; it moulds heredity as mechanically as waves shape the rocks".

The author then proceeds to discuss the evidence for the theory of evolution. He discusses in detail the evidence from the rocks, the evidence from geographical distribution, the evidence from the structures of animals, the evidence from embryos and the evidence from blood.

The third part of the work deals with the

[APRIL 1927]

history of evolution. He deals with Lamarck, Darwin, Weismann and Vendel. The author asks at the end: "The fundamental interest which leads Mr. Bryon and others of his school to hate evolution is the fear that it will deprecate the dignity of man. Just what do they mean? Even in the Book of Genesis God made man out of the dust of the earth. Surely that is low enough to start, and evolution starts no lower. So long as God is the creative power what difference does it make whether out of the dust by sudden fiat or out of the dust by gradual process God brought man into being?.....It was in the eighteenth century that God was thought of as the absentee landlord, who had built the house and left it. The nineteenth century's most characteristic thought of God was in the terms of immanence—God here in this world the life of all that lives, the sustaining energy of all that exist, as our spirits are in our bodies, permeating, vitalizing, directing all".

K. S. RAMASWAMY SASTRI.

SOCIOLOGY

Birth-Control

CONTRACEPTION By Marie Stopes.
Bale and Danilson, Ltd. London. 12/6.

This full, frank, and fearless book on Birth-control, a subject bristling with controversy offers not a little difficulty to the reviewer, even if he happens to be a doctor. The entry of Mahatma Gandhi into this controversy has perhaps given the widest possible advertisement to the movement in India. Commensurate with the mesmeric influence of so distinguished a dissident, the new curiosity aroused in the topic has not appreciably stemmed the flow of appliances and literature nor the publicity accorded in the press regarding contraceptive tech-

nique. The book expressing as it does much suppressed thought and feeling on the matter has been read with avidity by the lay public and seems to have come none too soon to clear an atmosphere of mephitic mummery. For the first time after a long while people, medical and others, are talking about and trying to arrive at a solution acceptable alike to sanity and sexual physiology.

When all is said and done, civilization is extremely disappointing where man's intimate interests are concerned. The Superman has not solved the problems of Love and War any more than the Christs gone or to come. What altruism prompts, expediency thwarts and vice versa. Civilization and culture have swung through the ages, like a pendulum, between the two extremes. But the present age has a sad thing about it. Everywhere the phenomenon of publicly proclaiming a thing as making towards progress and privately undermining it for pleasure obtains unchecked. And this from the eerie Bolshevism of the World-state, the World-brotherhood, to thumping realities like Birth-control. Hence it is a brave thing and good to have spoken unequivocally and straight. This Mrs. Stopes has done in abundant measure.

Her book is the outcome of the deep and terrible confidence of the all but crucified mother and the importunate, self-regarding husband of modernity. And as such, like the proverbial straw, it shows which way the wind is blowing in the realm of rational sex-ethics. The case for Birth-control seems to be made out in this excellent book with much care and consummate confidence. Few medical men will demur to the general necessity of Birth-control in cases that seek advice or occur in the course of their professional practice. Yet opinions are and will be ranged against

particular methods of propaganda, technique, and agency in the chain of Birth-control practice.

And Birth-control methods are legion. Not merely the profession, but the public are divided as to the practice of it in such a manner as not to offend the anatomy and physiology of the sex-function. The most sensible feature about the book is that the appropriate methods for particular cases are separately and succinctly discussed. This should disarm indiscriminate criticism based on the spirit of the all-round-scoffer of Birth-control methods as well as ignorant eulogium of the fanatical advocate. The net result is that the authoress is left to choose warily amidst a maze of contraceptive technique and arrive at the most reliable means at the disposal of the profession that is at once efficient and innocuous.

C. S. S. S.

SCIENCE

All About Wireless Set

ALL ABOUT YOUR WIRELESS SET
By Captain P. P. Eckersley. Hodder & Stoughton. 3/6.

The increasing popularity of wireless as a scientific hobby of absorbing interest has created a great demand for popular literature on the subject. Since the advent of broadcasting various weekly magazines have appeared at all the principal centres and popular science books on the subject are rapidly growing in numbers. But it is not all that can succeed in presenting the scientific aspects of the subject in a manner that could be easily understood by the lay men for whom it is intended.

Captain Eckersley the chief engineer of the British Broadcasting Company in writing this book on 'all about your wireless set' has attempted to supply a long felt want. There are thousands of people un-

acquainted with science who are anxious to know something about the way their wireless sets are working so that they may use them intelligently and get the best out of them. And no man is more qualified to give them explanations and advice than Captain Eckersley.

The first half of the book is devoted to the preliminary explanation about electrical phenomenon, a thing so necessary if a non-scientific reader is to follow the electrical actions described in the second half of the book. The wireless part begins only with the sixth chapter on electrical oscillations. The single wireless systems as spark transmission, crystal detection and wireless telephony by modulation of a carrier wave are very clearly dealt with in the next chapter. The modern thermionic valve with which all the modern sets are working receives an elaborate and at the same time an extraordinarily clear account in chapter X where one sees the master mind at work. In addition to explaining principles and methods, an account of the method of operation of actual receiving sets is an absolute necessity if the book is to justify its title and the concluding chapter is devoted to this all important consideration. Even the modern supersonic method of high frequency amplification which is supposed to be a rather complicated phenomenon for beginners to understand and use is dealt with clearly and briefly.

The volume has two appendices which are very useful. The first deals with anti-oscillation, a very necessary set of rules and instruction to enable you to see that you are not a nuisance to yourself and to the neighbourhood by your mishandling of your powerful set. The second deals with faults and their causes a very necessary guide of great value especially when the advice carries the authority of such an amount of practical experience behind it.

On the whole the book is an excellent production full of clear explanations which can be profitably read even by students of physics beginning a serious study of wireless.

H. PARAMESWARAN.

What Thinkers Think

The Humanist's Song.

I love the human mind—in books
I love the human voice—in music
I love all human creatures when they are far
away from me
I hate the human mind—in war
I hate the human voice—in crowds
I hate the human form—in trains
I hate all human creatures when they are too
near to me
I scorn the human mind—in Bibles,
I scorn the human voice—in litanies
I scorn the human form—on altars
I scorn all human creatures when they are fear
obsessed.
I await the human mind—unfettered
I await the human voice—exultant ;
I await the human form—self-sufficient ;
I await thee, tranquil reason, and await the
end of fear.
(Charlotte Haldane—The Literary Guide)

The Approaches of God.

The protest which Mr. Haldane has entered against the narrowness of outlook engendered by creeds and dogmas and his plea for a comprehensive and liberal understanding of the Just, the Right and the Godly are echoed by Mr. Charles F. Dole in the following piece in *Unity* :

The approaches of God to man, of Nature to man—
The name matters not—are amazing and constant.
As the surrounding ocean approaches the land on all
sides,
As the circumambient atmosphere approaches every
creature
That breathes, around him, within him, his very life,
So the breath of the spirit of God, our most intimate
life,
Forever flows in upon man, whether conscious or not
of its presence.
We men never need struggle, breathless in fear.

To find God. Wait, listen, obey, keep open the
 windows morning and night;
 Let no thought of ill-will, no selfish gesture, no
 wretched egotism,
 Prohibit the beneficent incoming motion.
 For our nature, admiring, mirrors God's nature,
 responsive to each sparkle
 Of Beauty in bird or in butterfly, to every hue and
 tint and line
 Of leafy trees and blossoming shrubs: responsive with
 joy also to joy
 Where light and song and pure happiness break on
 our view.
 Responsive no less in thought, ready enquiry, and
 orderly reason,
 Where marks of intelligence gleam on our path; in
 delight
 With the truth, wherever splendid ideas match-
 and construct themselves into unity.
 Most of all lie the approaches of God wherever love
 is. In the wondrous
 Common, human circulatory intercourse of mankind
 love in us awakens,
 Answering back to the love present and active
 around us.
 The ways where true lovers walk are the ways where
 men see God;
 In the eyes of comrades faithful to death, in the
 shining
 Faces of neighbors and friends, trustworthy beyond
 worldly reckoning
 In workmanship, honest, thorough, satisfying, with
 a human
 Purpose manifest in it, in a little child's welcoming
 greeting,
 In the tender touch of the hand of a hospital nurse,—
 In ten thousand ways such as these, love, good will,
 God, enters in,
 And we, heretofore careless, indifferent, idle, loung-
 ers perhaps
 On the face of the Earth, yet being akin to God's
 nature respond,
 And catching the light of the life of the spirit, begin
 now
 If never before to glow with the warmth of the
 happy presence of God in our hearts;

Yea! Begin, setting our wills in tune with the good
will of the universe,
To let our ray of light shine and to do the work of
the Sons of victorious Love.
Yes! In familiar ways traced by experience, and
none the less wonderful,—
In ways too, quite unknown, most mysterious, ways
ever concurrent,
Pointing upward, God meets us, and we, coming
To know His daily presence, trust ourselves utterly
to His kindly care;
And behold! His will being best of all things and
mightiest,
Becomes our chosen will, and growing to do it in
love,
We are made henceforth free,—citizens of the
Universe.

It is the theory of Immanence, again, the view that God permeates everything and that we might be godly in each one of our actions. Goodness and godliness are in fact an attitude of mind, an expression of one's faith, feelings and earnestness to stand by the right no matter what one's inconvenience be, no matter how great the cost. But one need not be a superman to be good. There may be heroism in the commonest of our actions and the way to heaven is paved with such common acts.

Think of the Great, the Grand and the Beautiful.

High thinking is a concomitant of plain living or at any rate it ought to be; for to think of the Beautiful, to read of the Great and to feel the majesty of the Grand are to experience an exaltation of the soul. Good poetry takes one to the gates of heaven as does a beautiful picture, as note, for instance, this advice to the poet indicates:

ADVICE TO THE POET.

Write long and well if write you must,
With head that's clear and heart that's pure,
And hope that 'gainst time's wreck and dust
Some little of your work endure.

Think not to stem the tide of time
With songs of joy wrought out in tears;
The noble thought, the perfect rime,
Will not escape the toll of years.

For poets dead before your birth
Wrote better than you ever will,
And they are now beneath the earth,
Unread, forgotten, strangely still.

But if you must escape the hell
Of unexpressed thought, write long,
And with a careful pen write well,
So shall your sorrow end in song.

And write to Him who made your frame,
Before whom nothing perfect stands,
And write in awe of His great name
Who holds the oceans in His hands
—W. A. Payne.
(From the Millgate Monthly)

So does the contemplation of beauty bring one nearer Heaven as this passage in *The Millgate Monthly* testifies to :

As an appreciation of beauty is fostered, life will grow fuller and more satisfying. Much that is sordid will just die away ; and although there may be many whose mental development is backward, and who will not advance very far on the paths I have indicated, yet the general trend of the people will unconsciously be towards gentleness and purity of life. The whole outlook will tend in some degree to reach nearer to the ideal ; and as the child and adolescent learns to look for the hallmarks of real beauty, so will the adult in greater measure attain to a directness and simplicity of purpose which, in the aggregate, will go far to raise the national character to higher and purer levels than it has hitherto reached.

Music has, again, the same quality of transporting you to the presence of the One Being which we all seek as another writer puts it in the following excerpts culled from the same journal above referred to:

What's in a voice? Some there may be who refuse to admit that there is in a voice a power as portentous, as great as the power in a name, but surely most of us will be of accord that the human voice exerts an influence and a power far greater, far sweeter, and more universal. Of the manifold forces that are brought to bear upon the intercourse

of our common daily existence, that of the voice is assuredly the most reaching, and the most lasting—a power for unlimited good or evil. In music, in oratory, on the stage, in human experience, the effect in every sphere of life and action of this wonderful organism has worked, and is still working like a slow, but sure spell changing and rechanging the mould of history down the ages—for do not let us forget, the primeval events of the world, the first history of all, was it not handed down to us by means of a voice—the voice of God, and the voice of Man?

There is also, or there should be, the beauty of the human voice; and a vast field is opened to us in the consideration of instrumental music. Our qualifications of purity, simplicity, and harmony again meet the case. We demand, do we not, in instrumental music, of whatever description, purity of tone, simplicity of theme, and harmony of composition and execution? What music appeals to us most? And what are we most eager to hear again and again? Is it not that which has a simple, clear melody running through it, which recurs to us and haunts us until we have made it our own? We may greatly admire, and go to considerable trouble to hear again and again, the great oratorios and operas; but it is the simple, haunting melody which becomes part of our own selves, and which, when we hear it, perhaps in some far-off land, brings back almost forgotten scenes.

Every art, every science, every scrap of knowledge expresses this essential unity of things diverse, their value being in proportion to their ability to put you in touch with the One from whom everything else has had its Being.

* * *

Towards International Amity.

The nations, like the arts, have had a common origin and have a common function and destiny, despite the jarring strifes and bloody warfare in which they not seldom, in their ignorance, indulge. Great thinkers have realised this fact and are working towards international amity and the realisation of the brotherhood of man. The following extracts taken from *The Review of Nations*, an excellent monthly devoted to international concord and

appropriately published at Geneva under the editorship of that well-known Frenchman, M. Felix Valyi, elucidate the present position in regard to the needs of the nations:

My nationalism is intense internationalism.

I am sick of the strife between nations or religions.

Mahatma Gandhi to The Review of Nations.

After sixty centuries of incessant struggle of tribe against tribe, race against race, religion against religion, economic appetites against appetites, empires against empires, which constitutes the tragic History of Mankind, time is ripe for an attempt to attain Purification of the Human Soul, to attain Synthesis through Knowledge, through sympathy for the human being on earth, without any prejudice, racial or sectarian, without hatred and without contempt for anything truly human.

We believe in moral and spiritual values: not in the sectarian dogmas of narrow minded clericalism, but in the universal value of human spirituality. We do not believe that anybody, any Church or any doctrine or single person, possesses the monopoly of wisdom. We believe in the multiplicity and divine variety of the revelations in the History of Mankind. We do not believe that one single theory of human happiness has been given to a group of men or a group of races in order to impose its doctrine to the whole universe by violence and brute force. We believe in the benefits of Knowledge in the sense in which all great religions, all great thinkers, all great spiritual movements did. Spiritual Subjugation by Genius, freely accepted, is the unique form of domination which does no harm to the human soul. It means Hierarchy through Freedom, not subordination by violence.

If we look back and embrace in one gaze sixty centuries of Human Evolution (as far as History can go) we will find that violent subjugation of race by race, or class by class has always been the deepest cause of the decline and the death of nations. We will find that the most beautiful period of all civilisations is the period of creative freedom, in Art, in Science, in Economics; that such freedom is only possible if based on tolerance, on respect for others than ourself, on sympathy for the multiplicity of Human Culture. Such periods of greatness have existed in old times, in spite of the contrary evidence of History as practised by historians imbued with racial or religious prejudice. Buddhism and Islam, as well as Christianity, were in their original form

attempts to free the human mind. They became forms of dogmatic bondage only when political and economic interests had mingled with the spiritual aspects of those powerful movements towards human solidarity. In Europe, the Renaissance succeeded during the Cinquecento in affranchising the human personality again, and thus European Science became the greatest moral power in the world. In Asia, the new movements of national and spiritual Renaissance tend towards the same freedom of the human individual which the European Renaissance proclaimed as the most beautiful result of Human Thought. Will human stupidity once again destroy what centuries have created? Or is there enough creative energy left in the European mind to oppose such an attempt? The Fate of the Occident depends on the answer to this question.

The Fate of the Orient too. Asia looks to Europe and to America for an example. If Western fools destroy the only basis of economic and social co-operation on earth, Tolerance and Freedom of Thought, what can we expect from the new generation of Asia, with hereditary instinct for despotism, just coming out of an age of darkness and moving towards the light which comes from Western Science. To darken again the horizon of European Thought is to throw Asia back into darkness. You have to choose.

With the sentiment that Asia looks to Europe and America for a lead, one may not fully agree. We believe that Asia has much to give to the West and that our belief is not an empty claim will now be recognised from the fact that among the leading thinkers of the world today are two Asiatics—Gandhi and Tagore. But that does not minimise the value of the ideals before *The Review of Nations*.

There are many people inclined to discount the value of international co-operation because it does not result in immediate achievements on a grand scale. These are mistaken, for, as a writer says:

"When we have made a start at something I have no doubt we shall find all kinds of things will want changing again; but after all, that is the common nature of humanity. If we always wait on big problems for somebody to produce a thing which, like Minerva,

will spring from Zeus' head, absolutely perfect, we shall wait for ever and achieve nothing.

There is not a single technical process ever heard of which began by being perfect, or began by being even workable. We have all had to begin with things which were even unworkable, and have lost money on them, and even sweated blood for years to make them good.

Those people who are always sitting round with what I call the 'No' complex, whose first instinct is always to say 'No' to everything, and to find difficulties and objections to every course you want to pursue, are absolutely people who achieve nothing; but, worse than that, they are the people who hold back the whole progress of countries and of industries. You want more people with the 'Yes' complex."

The need is to begin substantial work and persist in it. Yours is to do and not to look at the results ere you have begun doing anything.

* * *

Need for faith.

The one thing which is essential is that you should have an anchor in which you have confidence; for, as a writer says:

On this old earth of ours the outstanding fact is man, with reason, conscience, will, affection in him. He came with nothing in his hands, and everything to learn and fashion. With a few rough tools he began—a bone, a bit of flint that he picked up, a limb of a tree broken off. Every step of the ground was beset with difficulty, danger, darkness, death, and from these rude beginnings has come the world we confront today—its civilisations, its cities, roads, literature, arts, crafts, agriculture; science, schools, universities, cathedrals; every sea navigated, every rock and shoal charted and lighted, every forest penetrated, every mountain climbed, land and sea and air made subject to his will.

"Man in his primitive state, gross and sensual, nevertheless laying hold of great ideals, believing in an eternal right, an eternal truth, an eternal justice, an everlasting goodness and love, making great ventures for it, and sublime sacrifices because of it, and at the end, thinking over it all, trying to understand it all, talking about 'God,'

"So unpromising a beginning, so glorious an end. How came this to be? Where did he get the idea from? Can science tell us? Is it blind force or chance? Is it the result of a fortuitous assemblage of atoms? And Jesus, the top and crown of things, in Whom we see the very face of God: can He be explained so? Only an idiot could think or believe that.

"Our old earth is more than matter, or force, or atmos. Something calls, constrains, pulls, draws, holds, lifts, saves, satisfies, cares. Some one is out there in the distant, hear in the near, who speaks, subdues, silences me. God! Is it really so? And the answer comes gentle and low: 'E'en so: it is so."

Faith, it is said, moves mountains; as a matter of fact it works greater wonders; it takes you to a world which you would not leave for anything.

* * *

Beliefs and Believers.

Unfortunately, the pity is that people the world over are debasing and exploiting faith and religion to their own ends. The proselytising movements of the present day are movements which have selfishness for their motive power. Mr. Kshirod Chandra Sen, writing in the current number of *The Viswabarati Quarterly*, brings out this point clearly. He says *inter alia* in any article 'Beliefs and Believers':

Of the two worlds, this and the other, the second is suffering from a growing eclipse all over the globe, and religion has now in all countries become a question of secondary importance, useful chiefly as an auxiliary force in the determination of political issues; and a religion is supposed to be declining when its power to function as such force is on the wane. Thus religion has fundamentally changed its character and dignity by turning attention from the other world to this,—from the inner to the outer world. It has abdicated its paramouncy in the heart of man, has voluntarily accepted subserviency in mundane affairs. It has exchanged its eternal majesty and historic nobility for the utilitarian service of time.

Self-abasement paves the road to ultimate suicide; and those who are showing concern for religion as a faithful ally in political conflicts and communal combats, are but hastening its ruin. In

the eye of truth, in spite of all their protestations, they are thus not single-minded friends of religion, but rather enemies in disguise, probably of the sub-conscious type, urgently in need of heavenly grace as men who 'know not what they do.'

Christian missions are generally believed to have political and economic motives at their back. Their patrons, princely merchants, who seldom attend church or say the Lord's prayer, lavishly support them on account of their civilizing influence on the savage,—an influence which chiefly exhibits itself in raising the standard of living in strengthening the desire for the consumption of finished commodities, and in creating a taste for needless comforts and noxious luxuries. Eventually the demoralization that ensues as the result of this clever exploitation proves more pernicious to the religion of Christ than the continuance of savagery to the world. It may sound paradoxical, but the truth is that mission work among the savages is beneficial to Christendom, but hurtful to Christ. The gain is economic and racial; the mischief is spiritual and universal.

Mr. Kshirod Sen points out that the proselytising movements in India sponsored by Muslims and Hindus suffer from this taint as does also the communal strife arising out of economic causes. It is a pity that people should seek to mar the sole solace—religion and faith—left to man in his depressing progress towards salvation.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GANDHIJI IN INDIAN VILLAGES

BY MAHADEV DESAI

This book by Mr. Mahadev Desai, one of Mahatma Gandhi's trusted followers and his Private Secretary, describes the incidents that happened in some of India's villages when Gandhiji toured them early in the year 1925. The villages that Gandhiji visited did not all belong to one province. Some of them were in Kathiawar in Central India, some in Bengal, in the remote recesses of that province, some as far south as in Malabar and Travancore. In all these Gandhiji was presented with welcome addresses and was given an opportunity to study the most important wants of the villagers and

their exact situation. In this tour, he came across many classes of people, the poor and the down-trodden more than the rich and the privileged, and the conversations he had with the villagers and the advice he gave them are described and reported in the pages of this book. The book reveals the problem of India in its many aspects, the indentity of the essential features thereof in every province, the common bonds that bind the people together in spite of their differences in language and other respects, their intensely spiritual outlook and their striking response to a movement which appealed to their higher mind instincts. The idyllic simplicity of the villagers, their susceptibility to superstition, and their respect for tradition and custom in spite of the fact that they had the effect of keeping them down as helots, and in places their keen resentment at their existing state—all these Mr. Desai describes in a manner which is most touching.

Gandhiji addressed the villagers in many places. It is one of the most valuable features of the book that these addresses are here reproduced as they were reported at the time by Mr. Desai. Here are discussed in their proper setting, as it affects real India, the problems which face India—economic, religious, political, communal, social and what not. To those who wish to realise the secret of the vitality of Gandhiji's movement, this volume cannot but be a most helpful guide.

SELF RESTRAINT Vs. SELF-INDULGENCE

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

One of the questions that profoundly agitate the minds alike of politicians, economists, scientists and philosophers is the question of the relation between the sexes and the connected problems of increasing population, birth control, Malthusianism and so on. There is a school of thinkers both in America and Europe who argue that the only way to keep intact the civilisation which is intimately connected with the maintenance of the standard of living of the white races is to restrict offspring and practise birth control and eugenics. In this brochure, Mahatma Gandhi analyses the arguments put forward by this school of thinkers whose position everyday is

growing stronger and shows how their views are based on false promises, bad philosophy, and a lack of faith in the capacity for good of the human race. He maintains that continence is a virtue which all of us can easily practise with a little of training and condemns the use of artificial contrivances as opposed to the best teachings of the world's religious teachers and great men and to the most divine of human instincts.

Mahatmaji should not be understood as favouring thoughtless increase in offspring. On the contrary, he distinctly states no one should become a parent who does not feel the call to marry and beget children and that no one should allow himself to become a parent simply to satisfy his lust. The whole brochure is a campaign against lust which Mahatmaji says is not a normal human instinct, but is a disease brought on by man's failure to do his appointed duty in other spheres of life than that connected with parenthood. It is a warning which is the diseased civilised world must soon pay heed to if it is to regain its lost health.

Mahatma Gandhi in his Foreword to the second edition writes:

That the first edition was sold out practically within a week of its publication is a matter of joy to me. The correspondence that the series of articles collected in this volume has given rise to shows the need of such a publication. May those who have not made self-indulgence a religion, but who are struggling to regain lost self-control, which should under normal conditions be our natural state, find some help from a perusal of these pages. For their guidance the following instructions may prove useful:

1. Remember if you are married that your wife is your friend, companion and co-worker, not an instrument of sexual enjoyment.

2. Self-control is the law of your being. Therefore the sexual act can be performed only when both desire it and that too subject to rules which in their lucidity both may have agreed upon.

3. If you are unmarried you owe it to yourself, to society and to your future partner to keep yourself pure. If you cultivate this sense of loyalty, you will find it as an infallible protection against all temptation.

4. Think always of that unseen Power which though we may never see we all feel with us as watching and noting every impure thought and you will find that Power ever helping you.

5. Laws governing a life of self-restraint must be necessarily different from a life of self-indulgence. Therefore you will regulate your society, your reading, your haunts of recreation and your food.

You will seek the society of the good and the pure.

You will resolutely refrain from reading passion breeding novels and magazines and read the works that sustain humanity. You will make one book your constant companion for reference and guidance.

You will avoid theatres and cinemas. Recreation is where you may not dissipate yourself but recreate yourself. You will therefore attend *Bhajan Mandalis* where the word and the tune uplift the soul.

You will eat not to satisfy your palate but your hunger. A self-indulgent man lives to eat; a self-restrained man eats to live. Therefore you will abstain from all irritating condiments, alcohol which excites the nerves and narcotics which deaden the sense of right and wrong. You will regulate the quantity and times of your meals.

6. When your passions threaten to get the better of you go down on your knees and cry out to God for help. *Ramanama* is my infallible Help. As extraneous aid take a hip-bath, *i. e.* sit in a tub full of cold water with your legs out of it, and you will find your passions have immediately cooled. Sit in it for a few minutes unless you are weak and there is danger of a chill.

7. Take brisk walking exercise in the open air early in the morning and at night before going to bed.

8. Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise, is a sound proverb. 9 o'clock to bed and 4 o'clock to rise is a good rule. Go to bed on an empty stomach. Therefore your last meal must not be after 6. p. m.

9 Remember that man is a representative of God to serve all that lives and thus to express God's dignity and love. Let service be your sole joy and you will need no other enjoyment in life.

SEVEN MONTHS WITH MAHATMAJI BY KRISHNADAS

This volume by an intimate disciple of Mahatma Gandhi unfolds the personality of "the world's greatest man" as revealed by the details of his daily life. The author's qualifications for undertaking the task may be easily gathered from an idea of the genesis of the book which he thus explains in his preface.

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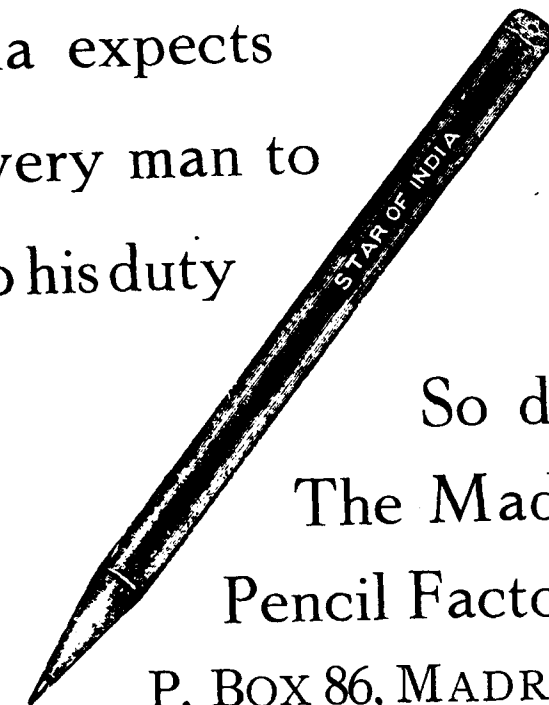
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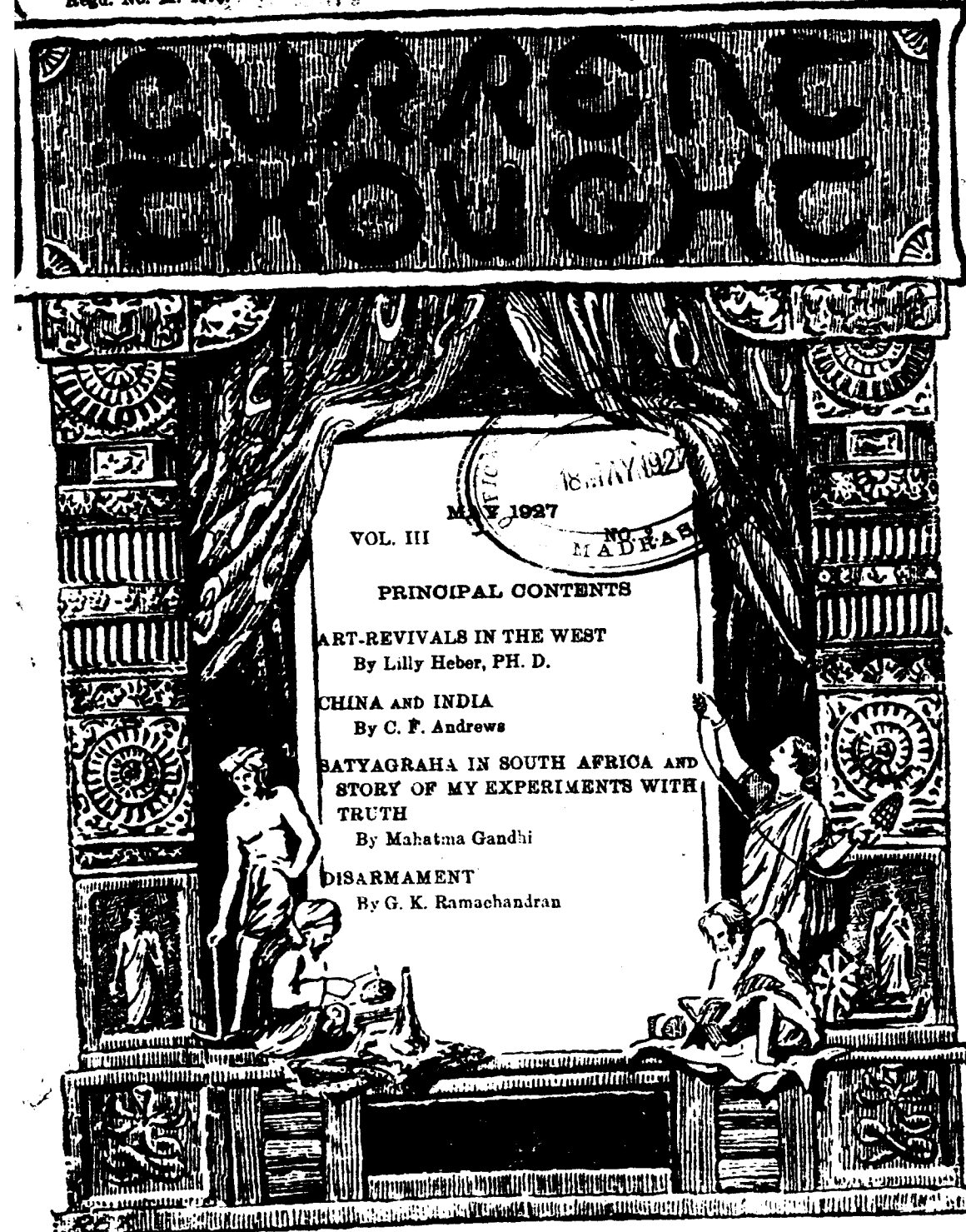
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Vol. III	MAY 1927	No.
	PAGE	PAGE
SATYAGRAHA IN SOUTH AFRICA by M. K. Gandhi	... 49	<i>Miscellaneous :</i> The Equipment of a Social Worker— by B. R. ... 84
ART-REVIVALS IN THE WEST by Lilly Heber, PH. D.	... 51	WHAT THINKERS THINK
CHINA AND INDIA by C. F. Andrews	... 54	The Mightiest Revolution of Modern Times ... 85
THE STORY OF MY EXPERIMENTS WITH TRUTH—by M. K. Gandhi	... 59	The Political Effects of Bolshevism ... 86
REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS		The Economic Aspect ... 86
<i>Economics :</i>		Another British view ... 86
Economics of the Charkha by G. K. Ramachandran	... 72	Russia Today ... 87
<i>Literature :</i>		Workers Clubs ... 89
The Failure of the Sword by V. G. Desai	... 74	Bolshevic Propaganda ... 89
<i>Politics :</i>		Democracy Vs Bolshevism ... 90
Disarmament		The Negro Problem ... 91
by G. K. Ramachandran	... 78	The Position in Schools ... 91
<i>Philosophy and Religion :</i>		Democracy in Britain ... 92
Light from the East— by T. R. C.	... 81	Religion to the Rescue ... 93
The Mystery Religion and Christianity by L. K. A.	... 83	Is the World Becoming more Religious ... 94
<i>Science :</i>		The Lesson of the Resurrection ... 94
Human Body		Press Referundums on Religion ... 95
by Dr. P. V. Venkataswamy	... 83	Is not the Result Significant ... 95
		The Referendum in America ... 95

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Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI.

CHAPTER XIX 'INDIAN OPINION'

I PROPOSE to acquaint the reader with all the weapons, internal as well as external, employed in the Satyagraha struggle and now therefore proceed to introduce to him *Indian Opinion*, a weekly journal which is published in South Africa to this very day. The credit for starting the first Indian-owned printing press in South Africa is due to a Gujarati gentleman, Sr. Madanjit Vyavaharik. After he had conducted the press for a few years in the midst of difficulties, he thought of bringing out a newspaper too. He consulted the late Sr. Mansukhlal Nazar and myself. The paper was issued from Durban. Sr. Mansukhlal Nazar volunteered to act as unpaid editor. From the very first the paper was conducted at a loss. At last we decided to purchase a farm, to settle all the workers, who must constitute themselves into a sort of commonwealth, upon it and to publish the paper from the farm. The farm selected for the purpose is situated on a beautiful hill thirteen miles from Durban. The nearest railway station is at a distance of

three miles from the farm and is called Phoenix. The paper was and is called *Indian Opinion*. It was formerly published in English, Gujarati, Hindi and Tamil. But the Hindi and Tamil sections were eventually discontinued, as the burden they imposed upon us seemed to be excessive, we could not find Tamil and Hindi writers willing to settle upon the farm and could not exercise a check upon them. The paper was thus being published in English and Gujarati when the Satyagraha struggle commenced. Among the settlers on the farm were Gujaratis, Hindustanis and Tamilians as well as Englishmen. After the premature death of Mansukhlal Nazar, his place as editor was taken by an English friend, Herbert Kitchin. Then the post of editor was long filled by Mr. Henry S. L. Polak and during our incarceration the late Rev. Joseph Doke also acted as editor. Through the medium of this paper we could very well disseminate the news of the week among the community. The English section kept those Indians informed about the movement who did not know Gujarati, and for Englishmen in India,

England and South Africa, *Indian Opinion* served the purpose of a weekly newsletter. I believe that a struggle which chiefly relies upon internal strength cannot be wholly carried on without a newspaper, and it is also my experience that we could not perhaps have educated the local Indian community, nor kept Indians all over the world in touch with the course of events in South Africa in any other way, with the same ease and success as through *Indian Opinion*, which therefore was certainly a most useful and potent weapon in our struggle.

As the community was transformed in course of and as a result of the struggle, so was *Indian Opinion*. In the beginning we used to accept advertisements for it, and also execute job work in the printing press. I observed that some of our best men had to be spared for this kind of work. If we did receive advertisements for publication, there was constant difficulty in deciding which to accept and which to refuse. Again one would be inclined to refuse an objectionable advertisement, and yet be constrained to accept it, say because the advertiser was a leading member of the community and might take it ill if his advertisement was rejected. Some of the good workers had to be set apart for canvassing and realising outstandings from advertisers, not to speak of the flattery which advertisers claimed as their due. Moreover, the view commended itself, that if the paper was conducted not because it yielded profit but purely with a view to service, the service should not be imposed upon the community by force but should be rendered only if the community wished. And the clearest proof of such wish would be forthcoming if they became subscribers in sufficiently large numbers to make the paper self-supporting. Finally it seemed that it was in every way better for all

concerned that we should approach the generality of the community and explain to them the duty of keeping their newspaper going rather than set about to induce a few traders to place their advertisements with us in the name of service. On all these grounds we stopped advertisements in the paper with the gratifying result that those who were at first engrossed in the advertisement department could now devote their labours to improving the paper. The community realised at once their proprietorship of *Indian Opinion* and their consequent responsibility for maintaining it. The workers were relieved of all anxiety in that respect. Their only care now was to put their best work into the paper so long as the community wanted it, and they were not only not ashamed of requesting any Indian to subscribe to *Indian Opinion*, but thought it even their duty to do so. A change came over the internal strength and the character of the paper, and it became a force to reckon with. The number of subscribers which generally ranged between twelve and fifteen hundred increased day by day. The rates of subscription had to be raised and yet when the struggle was at its height, there were as many as 3,500 subscribers. The number of Indians who could read *Indian Opinion* in South Africa was at the outside 20,000, and therefore a circulation of over three thousand copies may be held to be quite satisfactory. The community had made the paper their own to such an extent, that if copies did not reach Johannesburg at the expected time, I would be flooded with complaints about it. The paper generally reached Johannesburg on Sunday morning. I know of many, whose first occupation after they received the paper would be to read the Gujarati section through from beginning to end. One of the company would read it, and the

rest would surround him and listen. Not all who wanted to read the paper could afford to subscribe to it by themselves and some of them would therefore club together for the purpose.

Just as we stopped advertisements in the paper, we ceased to take job work in the press, and for nearly the same reasons. Compositors had now some time to spare, which was utilised in the publication of books. As here too there was no intention of reaping profits and as the books were

printed only to help the struggle forward, they commanded good sales. Thus both the paper and the press made their contribution to the struggle, and as Satyagraha gradually took root in the community, there was clearly visible a corresponding moral amelioration of the paper as well as of the press from the standpoint of Satyagraha.

Translated from Gujarati
BY VALJI GOVINDJI DESAI

Art-Revivals in the West*

BY LILLY HEBER, PH. D.

It is a great privilege, a great joy to me as a Western investigator of modern world-movements, to address an Indian audience.

What I have seen and heard during my stay in India, has made me a firm believer in India's great future.

We in the West are looking out for help from the East, for the traditions of ancient India, for the inspirations from modern great Indians such as Tagore, Gandhi and Prof. Bose. I happen to have with me a poem written in English, which appeared a few years ago in a Norwegian newspaper during Tagore's stay in Scandinavia, which will illustrate what I said, that we are looking out for the East, and throw light over the subject of my talk today:

To

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

To us, in the depths of our need, thy voice has come;

To us, slaves of the finite.

Thou singest of the infinite.

In the story deserts of the West.

The springs of the East burst forth.

Thou art the herald of things to be;

The East and the West shall be one.

The wisdom of the East, its eternal peace
Shall be ours.

The world shall be one.

To the poets, of the new, still unnamed,

Thou art the inspirer, their guiding star,

Thou art the message bearer:

Deep in your inmost being

Dwells Infinity.

I

Our subject to-day, Art-revivals in the West, is at the same time an easy and a difficult one. Easy, because it is so supremely fascinating to watch the new life springing up everywhere at the present moment. Easy, because what your mind and heart is full of, it is a joy to present to others. Difficult, because what is just springing up, being freshly born, you can only watch, indicate, not classify and logically and fully put into proper relation to other phenomena—you have, dealing with a subject like this, to depend almost wholly on your intuition, your own personal, subjective judgment. But what we lose in strict, systematical, logical methods, we generally gain in freshness of conceptions, in vitality of thought and expression.

* A lecture delivered in the Indian Cultural Association, Madras.

I will try, then, to give a few characteristics of Art-revivals in the West.

It is a vast topic.

Only a few indications can be given now. As an introduction, I will start with a short general outlook, that will help us to grasp the underlying fundamental ideas of the present art revivals.

As we all know, the history of humanity is the history of various civilisations. Each civilisation is a living organism with its birth, its growing, its creative youth and its decline. Then we witness how a new civilisation is springing up. In this way human history has its autumn and spring-times.

II

The next thing I would like to mention is that there seems to be a special connection between the life of various civilisations and the history of human philosophy.

When there is decline of civilisation, when Life draws back, then that civilisation falls into pieces. Then there is the great time of specialisation—of science, of art, of human thought.

Then there is the great time of analysis, in fact, the time of Western individualistic philosophical systems. The form side of life is stressed, at last dominating.

Then spring-time comes, a new wave of life. One fresh fundamental conception of existence is coming forward. The note of a new civilisation is struck.

Then there is the great time of unification of life, of science, art, of human thought. Those are the great times of synthesis, in fact the time of broad Eastern philosophical conceptions. The life side of existence is stressed, coming forward with strong creative power.

Again, there is spring-time in human history. Behind us is the dying age. In front of us a new age. The great war marks the end and the beginning.

We meet a fresh outflow of creative power all over the world. Life is one. Therefore we face great revivals in every department of life.

The old forms, the old expressions are worn out. Everywhere fresh experiments are being started. Everywhere we find fresh starting points, some of profound originality. This process is wonderfully fascinating where art is concerned, because everywhere we meet with the same phenomena. In music, architecture, painting, in sculpture, poetry and theatre, we meet with the same attempts of expressing the same life.

In music, for instance, there is a groping after even new instruments for the expression of the creative power. Endless struggling for creating new forms, craving for fresh experiments, are the first characteristics of modern Art-revival.

The second characteristic is a strong yearning of modern art to adapt itself to the need of human life, to serve life better than did the dying art. There is a strong "Back to Life" movement in modern art, religious in its very essence. And no wonder: True creative life is in itself religion, and true religion is creative life.

So, behind all really creative modern music, we find strong religious and spiritual aspirations.

The same thing happens in regard to architecture. The creative modern architect sees the beauty of modern life. Therefore, he creates the huge majestic outlines of modern factories—temples of human toil.

The prominent French artist Albert Gleizes wrote a few years ago in *Clarte*, the famous French magazine, a series of articles: "Towards an Era of Architecture," where he says words like these: Art is nothing else than the union of man with the universe. The Tower of Eiffel in Paris, this glorious poem in steel and iron,

flung towards the heavens, indicates the dawn of a constructive era, when man shall create an architecture of dimensions we do not yet dream of.

Modern painters and sculptors are craving to get out of barren studios, into daily human life, to beautify and to inspire. The famous English painter Wyndham Lewis, in his book *The Caliph's Design*, is expressing this craving in a strong way, and from very original points of views. What the artists want today is to become living, active cells, not parasites, of the great world organism. They want to create not for personal ends, not from merely personal sensations; they want to create for collective purposes; they want to get into contact with the very world-consciousness itself, and to create out from that. The art must reach the teeming millions of the earth, he proclaims, uplifting, inspiring, beautifying, their very lives.

In modern poetry, we meet, not only fascinating theories and experiments as to a new literary technique, but a fervent ambition to serve again as a driving force in human evolution, to be the great inspirer to noble deeds.

The Swedish writer, Ludvig Nordström, a real pioneer who yet, on account of his profound originality and audacity of thought, has to fight his way, understood only by very few, proclaims once more the divine purpose of poetry.

Poetry unveils to man the divine plan of evolution.

Poetry is concentrated action.

Poetry is like lighthouses on the dark shores of the ocean of history.

The real poet must have a grand, general outlook of his time, he must understand the fundamental causes at work.

Man is no longer the centre of his universe. Individualism is done with. Humanity is now the centre of each man's

universe. Universalism, or as Ludvig Nordström calls it, Totalism is on its march. Great times are ahead of us.

Soon the one Life will be clearly realised, soon all will understand that God Himself acts through every individual, through the whole world-process. That every phase, every aspect of life is sacred. These are the leading thoughts of a modern poet.

Modern theatre wants once more to be the teacher of more or less infant humanity, and the true mirror, not only of human life but of human aspiration. Modern theatre tends through its mystery plays to make, not only the stage, but the whole human life sacramental.

Moreover, modern stage clearly shows the synthetic tendency of modern art; it is dreaming of co-operation with other arts, each taking its proper place as parts and expressions of one glorious organic conception.

Therefore we witness these fascinating modern stage-experiments of combining sound, form, colour into one mighty whole.

III

The third characteristic of Western art-revivals, is its broad synthetic Tendencies. Here we face the underlying philosophical idea of modern art-revivals. The spirit of the new age is synthetical, it stands for unity. In this case, at this present transitory period, the synthetic aspect is stressed more than ever before. Humanity stands at a turning point, what we witness today is the dawn of the consciousness of oneness, or as it is called in the East, the Buddhist consciousness of humanity as a whole—the consciousness of intuition as stated by Henri Bergson—intuition, whose function it is to conceive the oneness of life. Therefore we find as the central ideas of the coming civilisation, Brotherhood, Co-operation, Oneness. ♦

These facts imply a definite approaching of Western civilisation, Western art, to Eastern art.

Western art of to-day lies open, as never before, to Eastern influences, in fact is stamped by Eastern conceptions.

We witness at the present moment a tremendous world process, we witness how the East and West meet more and more, how the West is getting Easternised and East Westernised.

In centuries to come there will be no Eastern, no Western, art in the old sense of the world, but world-art. There will be no Eastern or Western civilisation in the old sense, but a world-civilisation. That seems to be the glorious end of the Life-revivals we are now witnessing.

IV

A new civilisation is being born. A new spiritual leader, incarnating the fundamental creative power of the New Age stands, as it were, at the threshold,

eagerly awaited by leading thinkers, artists and reformers of to-day.

And each one of us, artists or non-artists, who has got the immense privilege of being down in incarnation during this difficult but glorious transition period, is called upon to be a builder of a new civilisation.

This, I think, is the great inspiring conception behind the present Western art-revivals, because it implies that each one of us has got creative power to be an uplifting force in the evolution of humanity. And the most beautiful conception, created by the Western art-revivals, which I know of, is the conception of the building of the New Age as the building of a huge cathedral, where each and all human beings are living stones, living colours, sounds and forms—the immense cathedral of humanity, expressing the Glory of the Master Creator, Master Builder, of God Himself.

China and India

BY C. F. ANDREWS.

I would express to them* the Chinese community, if I may, the affection with which my heart has been filled for their great country. This has been my second visit to China and every time I go to the Far East, I am more than ever impressed with the greatness of the civilisation which has prevailed there not for centuries but for thousands of years. I am convinced that the future of the world lies with those great countries, which have preserved the ethical ideal as their true standard of life, and believe that it must ever take precedence over the material standard.

* An unpublished address in Malaya.

To-night, I wish, first of all, to tell you in brief about the Poet's visit to China. Afterwards, if you will allow me, I will say something about the problems which have faced me personally with regard to Chinese Labour and its importation into this country of Malaya.

The Poet, as you know, was invited to go out in order to give a message to China; and he went to that country in the month of April with a very great desire to do what he could to help China in her present stage of evolution. When he arrived there, he found that the Chinese students were intensely eager to hear him. They flocked

to him in thousands and he was the centre for the time being of all interest in China. Before him, had come two great intellectual leaders from the West,—Bertrand Russell and Prof. Dewey,—but I think it is right to say that neither of these had wholly satisfied the mind of the youth in China. They had given their message; but it had not gone fully home. Then came the request from the University at Peking, that the Indian Poet should come and give the message of India; and so he came. There was great excitement, as I have said, and he was the very centre of all the intellectual thought of China for the time being.

There was, from the very first, a section of the community who tried to create what might be called an Opposition Party. They were dissatisfied with the choice of one from India. They said to themselves, "India is a land of dreamy mystics. We are in the Modern Age. We must not hear fantastic dreams. We want hard facts." Pamphlets were circulated, and leading articles were written, warning Young China that they must not give way to the fascination of the Indian mystical thought, because in this hard modern age it was only material things that finally won the victory. If China succumbed to mysticism, it would be her ruin. There was, in this, some misunderstanding of the Indian Poet. "For, of all men in the world today, he is probably the most modern in his thought, the most revolutionary in his ideas. He is not medieval at all. He is a born rebel against things as they are. He is always stretching out into the future, and he is never afraid of anything because it is labelled 'Modern'." Again, there was a misunderstanding of his views on Science. The Poet Rabindranath Tagore is ardent in his love of modern science. He has studied it in a general manner all through

his life. He is passionately eager concerning scientific discovery in his search for truth. He would go beyond most modern men in seeking new discovery, wherever that discovery might be made. Thus Young China, in one section at least, had misunderstood the Indian poet. They thought of him simply as a dreamy mystic. They did not understand his essentially modern mind.

The poet very soon convinced them that he was no medievalist; that he was not one who would bid them hide their heads in the past and shiver at the thought of the future. He soon convinced them of that and they were reassured. But all the same, from the very first, he came into direct opposition with one trend of thought in Modern China such as he had come into opposition with it eight years before when I was with him in Japan. He had stood before face to face with Japan and had warned Japan of her danger. He warned Young China about it also.

What was then the real danger that the poet found in China? What was the true warning which he gave to Young China? As I have explained, he did not in the least object to their ardent search for modern scientific discovery. Indeed he would welcome that search and encourage it. But there was one thing about which he gave the strongest note of warning, and this is what I want to make quite clear in my lecture to-night. His warning was this: that Young China should not be carried away by the merely material successes of the West and come to regard Power as everything and ethical truth as only of secondary importance to material power.

He found a school of young Chinese students and scholars who said: "We have seen the world today and we find that 'Might is Right' everywhere. We find that the only way to success is through power,

Science, on its material side, has given us power. We must therefore be scientific." The poet said to them, "Be as scientific as ever as you can; you cannot be too scientific. For Science means the discovery of Truth. But Science may be used for good, and Science may be used for evil. While I urge you, as I urge my own students in India, to love Science, I warn you that Science is a double-edged weapon. Science may be used for the destruction of mankind; it may even be the road to bring the whole of the human race to perdition."

Therefore, the Poet's great message to China, in the hour of her awakening to the possibilities of material power, was this, that, while she sought for new truth and new light and new discovery and while she cast off the old reactionary customs, she must cling with all her might and main to the eternal moral truth in the soul of man and never give up that truth, whatever men might say, or men might do. He said to the young Chinese students: "You say that 'Might is Right'; that the West has taught you that lesson. Do you dare to say that? Then, beware! If you dare to say that, you are on the most treacherous ground, you are on shak- ing land, on the quicksand, not on the solid rock. Just as civilisation after civilisation has gone down into oblivion, which took that line ages past, so you will go down into oblivion, if you take that line today. Europe herself will go down into oblivion, if she takes the line. For the only truth that will remain is moral truth; and however great, for a moment, material power may seem, in the eyes of men, the voice of Conscience within is infinitely greater." "What shall it profit a man", the Poet used these words of Christ, again and again, in his lectures,— "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world

and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

That was the message, which he felt compelled to give to Young China; and the Chinese students listened to him. In one of the greatest of his lectures and perhaps the most impressive of them all, he quoted a most wonderful passage from the ancient books of India. In that book, written 3,000 years ago, it is said: "By Adharma (Unrighteousness),— by neglecting righteousness,—men may prosper; by neglecting righteousness men may gain their desires; by neglecting righteousness men may win success!"—I pause there for a moment. This old writer of India, 3000 years ago, looked human life squarely in the face. He said: 'Yes, it is true; by obliterating the right and simply aiming at power, you *may* gain success. You *may* win the victory. You *may* get what you desire!'—It was a very daring thing for him to say it in that way. But after saying this he adds some further words: "and I will now repeat the whole text with its conclusion. "By Adharma (unrighteousness) men *do* prosper: by unrighteousness men *do* get their desires: by unrighteousness men *do* win success; *but they perish at the root.*" They perish at the root. It is an arresting phrase. "They perish at the root."

I remember in the Psalms, there is something very similar to that. From the other side of Asia, this other unknown Poet of Palestine has said: "I have seen the unrighteous flourishing like the green bay tree." But he adds: "I went by, and lo, he was gone." The unrighteous man had perished at the root. The green bay tree was sapped at the root, cut at the root, and all its luxuriant foliage had withered in a night. So it is with Might that has no right behind it. So it is with power that has no truth behind it. For the time, it may

flourish; it may win success; but it perishes at the root.

That is what ancient India said. That is what the ancient Hebrew Poet said. All scriptures of the world have told that same truth. Yes! it is true, whatever modern men may think, or do, or say today. The believers in Might, the trusters in power, they perish at the root.

Rabindranath Tagore went on to tell these young Chinese: "You do not understand your own country's history. You must try to realise what it tells you. Look at Babylon. Look at Egypt. Look at that vast civilisation in the plains of Mesopotamia, which existed before China. You can go back, age after age, in that Babylonian civilisation. What immense power was wrought! What immense skill was exercised! Think of the engineering triumphs of the Mesopotamian valley: think of the architectural triumphs of the pyramids of Egypt. Yet what has remained? There was no ethical basis. That civilisation was material only, without a true spiritual foundation. Therefore it perished at the root. But China, with its great moral ideal of benevolence, given to it in its classics,— China, with its home life lived naturally in its many thousand villages,—China, with its human relationships, so wonderfully perfected as to make the ethical basis of life a conqueror over the material, so that every human relationship is sanctified and brought into harmony,—China has continued to flourish with its civilisation age after age. Again and again, external material power crashed against it, but China remained the China of the villages. The true China, with its ethical life, remained. Today, in the midst of all the confusion and clash of material forces, the villages of India and China go on living their old beautiful life; and they are the truest thing in the Eastern world today.

I have added India: for all that I have said is true of India also. We ourselves know India and love India. While on the surface armies come and go; while on the surface one dynasty rises and another falls, the village life of India, with its beautiful home life, its marriage rites and sacraments, goes on unbroken. It is still unchanged, even in this age of modern industrialism, with all its disintegrating forces. And so the poet told them: "It is true that the world must go on; change must come; but the one thing which is unchangeable is the ethical life of man. That must never change. Right is right. Truth is truth. Love is love. Purity is purity."

Christ, who came from the soul of Asia, 2,000 years ago, said the very same thing. Man knows it, in his heart of hearts, to be true. He must never break this ethical bond, or fight against this ethical ideal, which is in his own inner soul. "What shall these things profit me, which cannot bring me Immortality?" That living word from the Upanishad, the Poet told them, is the eternal voice of Asia. It rings through all the scriptures of the East. He, as one who came from India, told the message afresh. He had this one message to give to China. He told these words simply, as his final words to them. They listened and they understood.

I believe he has given the Chinese, in this way, very great strength in their battle for the right. He sympathised with them from the depth of his soul in their present struggles; in their great striving after a new life; in their great ideal of freedom and independence. He gave them the key to the whole meaning of human life when he said, with all the force of his commanding personality. "Keep to that which is right. Never say 'Might is Right!.' No: Right is Right; and Right can never

be exchanged for anything else in the world."

He was almost worn out, when I met him at last in China, after his return from Japan. He was so worn out, that I was really afraid of a complete breakdown. On board the ship, he did not seem to get any better; and it was impossible for him to stay any longer, or to go through any further lecture tour here in Malaya. I myself was the one who urged him to go back to his own home in order to get rest. This morning, there came to me a welcome cable saying that his steamer had reached Calcutta, and that he had improved in his health on the voyage. I was very thankful to get that message.

I have one thing further to say tonight to you under the second heading of my lecture. Your Chairman has most generously referred to the work that I have tried to do with regard to the conditions of Indian labour. Let me explain that this work for the poor labourer has nothing whatever to do either with mere race or politics or caste or creed. It is simply humanitarian. It is simply love of man as a man; it is the sympathy that is natural to any heart when you see suffering among the poor. Therefore there is no difference to me at all, when I see in the slums of London our English labourers suffering from the hardships of poverty, or in the slums of Bombay the Indian workmen suffering, or in China the suffering and toil of workers, who work in misery and poverty and distress.

At the present moment, the great part of my attention has been called quite naturally to the problem of the Indian Immigration to this country; and I have been, as some of you know, up and down Malaya, watching the conditions of the labourers on the rubber estates. I have seen also, as I have gone from place to place, the Chinese

labourers. Again, when I was in China, it was quite natural for me to make careful enquiries as to how the Chinese labourer fared who came to Malaya. It is about that I wish to speak in conclusion.

One of the things which very deeply impressed me, with its serious importance, when I was studying the Indian problem, was the way in which the Indian labourers were treated on the steamers coming across from Madras and Negapatam to this country. I wish to tell those Chinese here, who most naturally take the deepest interest in their own countrymen,—the Chinese themselves, that there is suffering on these steamers that is incredible, in the lot of the Chinese labourers who come over. On some of the steamers, the conditions are just as terrible as the conditions on those which come from India. What I wish to leave with you tonight, on this my last day in Singapore, is this, that just as we are trying our utmost, with the help of this Government, to improve the lot of our Indian labourers who are coming over on the steamers from India, even so, I do wish that I might leave the word with you, that you too, who are Chinese residents in Singapore, should take up the cause of the Chinese labourers who come over from Canton, and should see to the uttermost of your power that they are not cheated, that they are not wronged, or treated in an inhuman manner, on the steamers, but that they get such humane treatment as you would wish to receive yourselves.

As a Christian, I have only one rule of life, which is called the Golden Rule. It runs as follows: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them." I have to travel backwards and forwards, to country after country, and if I had to suffer, like the Indian labourers, or the Chinese labourers how could I bear it? I could not bear it; and if I feel that I

could not bear that amount of suffering, how then can I endure that my brothers and sisters should bear it? How can I endure that these thousands of my own brothers,—and my own sisters also,—shall have these days and nights of suffering and misery on board these boats, while they are being brought over to this country?

And so I would leave with you, if I may, this one last thought. Could you not see your way to investigate with thoroughness the conditions under which the Chinese immigration takes place today? And if you find, as I am afraid you are sure to find, that the conditions are bad, and that on some steamers they are very bad, indeed,

and on a few steamers they are even terrible, then I would ask you, with the help of this Government, which is only too eager to help you in this matter, that you should do your very utmost to take steps wherever you can, to relieve that suffering. For it can be removed, if only we ourselves with all our heart and soul put our determination into it, so as to overcome it and to set things right.

This is my message, and I trust that it may reach the Chinese community here, with all affection to them, and with all deep reverence for their greatness in human history.

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XXV IN INDIA

En route for Bombay the train stopped at Allahabad for forty-five minutes. I decided to utilise the interval in a drive through the town. I also had to purchase some medicine at a chemist's shop. The chemist was half-asleep and took an unconscionable time in dispensing the medicine, with the result that when I reached the station the train had just started. The Station Master had kindly detained the train one minute for my sake, but when he did not see me coming, he carefully ordered my luggage to be taken out of the train.

I took a room at Kellner's and decided to start work then and there. I had heard a good deal about the *Pioneer* published from Allahabad and I had understood it to be an opponent of Indian aspirations. I have an impression that Mr. Chesney, Jr. was the editor at that time. I wanted to secure the help of every party, so I wrote a note to Mr. Chesney telling him how I had missed the train and asking for an appointment which would enable me to leave the next day. He immedi-

ately offered me one, for which I was very happy especially when I found that he gave me a patient hearing. He promised to notice in his paper anything that I might write, but added that he could not promise to endorse all the Indian demands, inasmuch as he was bound to understand and give due weight to the view-point of the Colonials as well.

"It is enough," I said, that you should study the question and discuss it in your paper. I ask and desire nothing but the bare justice that is due to us."

The rest of the day was spent in having a look round and admiring the magnificent confluence of the three rivers—the Triveni—and planning the work before me.

This unexpected interview with the Editor of the *Pioneer* laid the foundation of the series of incidents which ultimately led to my being lynched in Natal.

I went straight to Rajkot without halting at Bombay and began to make preparations for writing a pamphlet on the situation in South Africa. The writing and publication of the

pamphlet took about a month. It had a green cover and hence came to be known afterwards as the Green Pamphlet. In it I drew a purposely subdued picture of the condition of Indians in South Africa. The language I used was more moderate than that of the two pamphlets which I have referred to before, as I knew that things heard of from a distance appear bigger than they are.

Ten thousand copies were printed and they were sent to all the papers and leaders of every party in India. The *Pioneer* was the first to notice it editorially. A summary of the article was cabled by Reuter to England, and a summary of that summary was cabled to Natal by Reuter's London office. This cable was not longer than three lines in print. It was a miniature, but exaggerated, edition of the picture I had drawn of the treatment accorded to the Indians in Natal, and it was not in my words. We shall see later on the effect this had in Natal. In the meanwhile every paper of note commented at length on the question.

To get these pamphlets ready for posting was no small matter and an expensive one too, if I should employ paid help for preparing wrappers etc. But I hit upon a much simpler plan. I gathered together all the children in my locality and asked them to volunteer two or three hours' labour of a morning when they had no school. This they willingly agreed to do. I promised to bless them and to give them, as a reward, used postage stamps which I had collected. They got through the work in no time. That was my first experiment having little children as volunteers. Two of those little friends are my co-workers today.

Plague broke out in Bombay about this time and there was panic all around. There was fear of an outbreak in Rajkot. As I felt that I could be of some help in the sanitation department I offered my services to the State. They were accepted, and I was put on the Committee which was appointed to look into the question. I laid especial emphasis on the cleanliness of latrines and the Committee decided to inspect them in every street. The poor people had no objection to their latrines being inspected, and, what is

more, they carried out the improvements suggested to them. But when we went to inspect the houses of the upper ten, some of them even refused us admission, not to talk of agreeing to our improvements. It was our common experience that the latrines of the rich were more unclean. They were dark and stinking and reeking with filth and worms, in a word, veritable hells. The improvements we had suggested were quite simple, e. g., to have buckets for excrement instead of allowing it to drop on the ground; to see that urine also was collected in buckets, instead of allowing it to soak into the ground, and to demolish the partitions between the outer walls and the latrines, so as to give the latrines more light and air and to enable the scavenger to clean them properly. The upper classes raised numerous objections to this last improvement and in most cases it was not carried out.

The Committee had to inspect the "untouchables'" quarters also. Only one member of the Committee was ready to accompany me there. To the rest it was something preposterous to visit those quarters, still more so to inspect their latrines. But for me those quarters were an agreeable surprise. That was the first visit in my life to such a locality. The men and women there were surprised to see us. I asked them to let us inspect their latrines.

"Latrines for us!" they exclaimed in astonishment. "We go and perform our functions out in the open. Latrines are for you big people."

"Well, then, you won't mind if we inspect your houses?" I asked.

"You are perfectly welcome, sir. You may see every nook and corner of our houses. Ours are no houses, they are holes."

I went in and was delighted to see that the insides were as clean as the outsides. The entrances were well swept, the floors were beautifully smeared with cowdung, and the few pots and pans were clean and shining. There was no fear of an outbreak in those quarters.

In the upper class quarters we came across a latrine which I cannot help describing in some detail. Every room had its gutter which was used both for water and urine, which meant that the whole house would stink. But one of the houses

had a storeyed bedroom with a gutter which was being used both as a urinal and a latrine. The gutter had a pipe descending to ground floor. It was not possible to stand the foul smell in this room. How the occupants could sleep there I leave the readers to imagine.

The Committee also visited the *Haveli* (the chief Vishnava temple). The priest in charge of the *Haveli* was very friendly with my family. So he agreed to let us inspect every thing and suggest whatever improvements we liked. There was a part of the *Haveli* premises that he himself had never seen. It was the place where refuse and leaves, used as dinner-plates, used to be thrown over the wall. It was the haunt of crows and kites. The latrines were of course dirty. I was not long enough in Rajkot to see how many of our suggestions the priest carried out.

I was pained to see so much uncleanness about a place of worship. One would expect a careful observance of the rules of sanitation and hygiene in a place which is regarded as holy. The sage authors of the *Smritis*, as I knew even then, have laid the greatest emphasis on cleanliness both inward and outward.

CHAPTER XXVI

LOYALTY AND NURSING

Hardly ever have I known anybody to cherish such loyalty as I did to the British constitution. I can see now that my love of truth was at the root of this loyalty. It has never been possible for me to simulate loyalty, or for that matter, any other virtue. 'God save the King' used to be sung at every meeting that I attended in Natal. I then felt that I must also join in the singing. Not that I was unaware of any defects in the British rule, but I thought that it was on the whole acceptable. In those days I believed that the British rule was on the whole beneficial to the ruled.

The colour prejudice that I saw in South Africa was I thought quite contrary to British traditions, and I believed that it was only temporary and local. I therefore vied with Englishmen in loyalty to the throne. With careful perseverance I learnt the tune of 'God save the king,' and always joined in the singing whenever

it was sung. Whenever there was an occasion for the expression of loyalty, without much fuss or ostentation, I readily took part in it.

Never in my life did I exploit this loyalty, never did I seek to gain a selfish end by its means. It was for me more in the nature of an obligation and I rendered it without expecting a reward.

Preparations were going on for the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee when I reached India. I was invited to join the Committee appointed for the purpose in Rajkot. I accepted the offer, but I had a suspicion that the celebrations would be largely a matter of show. I discovered a lot of humbug about them and was considerably pained. I began to ask myself whether I should remain on the Committee or not, but ultimately decided to rest content with having done my part of the business.

One of the proposals was to plant trees. I saw that many did it merely for show, and for pleasing the officials. I tried to plead with them that tree-planting was not compulsory, but merely a suggestion. It should be done seriously or not at all. I have an impression that they laughed at my ideas. I remember that I was in earnest when I planted the tree allotted to me, and that I carefully watered and tended it.

I likewise taught the children of my family 'God save the king'. I recollect having taught it to students of the local Training College, but I forget whether it was on the occasion of the Jubilee or of King Edward VII's Coronation as Emperor of India. Later on the text began to jar on me. As my conception of *ahimsa* went on maturing, I became more vigilant about my thought and speech. The lines in the anthem:

"Scatter her enemies,

And make them fall;

Confound their politics.

Frustrate their knavish tricks"

particularly jarred upon my sentiment of *ahimsa*. I shared my feelings with Dr. Booth who agreed that it ill became a believer in *ahimsa* to sing those lines. How could we assume that the so-called 'enemies' were 'knavish'? And because they were enemies, were they found to be in the wrong? From God we could only ask for justice. Dr. Booth entirely endorsed my sentiments and

he composed a new anthem for his congregation. But of Dr. Booth more later.

Like loyalty, an aptitude for nursing was also deeply rooted in my nature. I was fond of nursing people, whether friends or strangers.

Whilst busy in Rajkot with the pamphlet on South Africa, I had an occasion to pay a flying visit to Bombay. It was my intention to educate public opinion in cities on this question by organising meetings there, and Bombay was the first city I chose. First of all I met Justice Ranade, who listened to me with attention, and advised me to meet Sir Pherozechah Mehta. Justice Budruddin Tyebji whom I met next also gave the same advice. 'Justice Ranade and I can guide you but little,' he said. 'You know our position. We cannot take part in public affairs, but our sympathies are with you. The man who can effectively guide you is Sir Pherozechah Mehta.'

I certainly wanted to see Sir Pherozechah Mehta, but the fact that these senior men advised me to act according to his advice gave me a better idea of the immense influence that Sir Pherozechah Mehta had on the public. In due course I met him. I was prepared to be awed by his presence. I had heard of the popular titles that he had earned, and I knew that I was to see the 'Lion of Bombay,' the 'Uncrowned king of the Presidency.' But the king did not overpower me. He met me as a loving father would meet his grown up son. Our meeting took place at his chamber. He was surrounded by a circle of friends and followers. Amongst them were Mr. D. E. Watcha and Mr. Cama, to whom I was introduced. I had already heard of Mr. Watcha. He was regarded as the right hand man of Sir Pherozechah, and Mr. Virchand Gandhi had described him to me as a great statistician. Mr. Watcha said, 'Gandhi, we must meet again.'

These introductions could scarcely have taken two minutes. Sir Pherozechah carefully listened to me. I told him that I had seen Justices Ranade and Tyebji. 'Gandhi,' said he, I see that I must help you. I must call a public meeting here.' With this he turned to Mr. Munshi, the secretary, and told him to fix up the date of the meeting. The date was settled and he bade me

goodbye, asking me to see him again on the day previous to the meeting. The interview removed my fears and I went home delighted.

During this stay in Bombay I called on my brother-in-law who was staying there and lying ill. He was not a man of means and my sister (his wife) was not equal to nursing him. The illness was serious and I offered to take him to Rajkot. He agreed, and so I returned home with my sister and her husband. The illness was much more prolonged than I had expected. I put my brother-in-law in my room and remained with him night and day. I used to have to keep awake part of the night, and had to get through some of my South African work whilst I was nursing him. Ultimately however, 'the patient died, but it was a great consolation to me that I had had an opportunity to nurse him during his last days.

My aptitude for nursing gradually developed into a passion so that it often led me to neglect my work, and on occasions I engaged not only my wife but the whole household in such service.

Such service can have no meaning unless one takes pleasure in it. When it is done for show or for fear of public opinion, it stunts the man and crushes his spirit. Service which is rendered without joy helps neither the servant nor the served. But all the pleasures and possessions pale into nothingness before service which is rendered in a spirit of joy.

CHAPTER XXVII THE BOMBAY MEETING

On the very day after my brother-in-law's death I had to go to Bombay for the public meeting. There had hardly been time for me to think out my speech. I was feeling exhausted after days and nights of anxious vigil and my voice had become husky. However I went to Bombay trusting entirely to God. I had never dreamt of writing out my speech.

In accordance with Sir Pherozechah's instructions I reported myself at his office at 5 p. m. on the eve of the meeting.

'Is your speech ready, Gandhi?' he asked.

'No, Sir,' said I trembling with fear, 'I think of speaking *ex tempore*.'

'That will not do in Bombay. Reporting here is bad, and if we would benefit by this meeting you should write out your speech and it should be printed before daybreak tomorrow. I hope you can manage this?'

I felt rather nervous, but I said I would try.

'Then, tell me what time Mr. Munshi should come to you for the manuscript?'

'Eleven o'clock tonight' said I.

On going to the meeting the next day, I saw the wisdom of Sir Pherozechah's advice. The meeting was held in the hall of the Sir Cowasji Jehangir Institute. I had heard that when Sir Pherozechah Mehta addressed meetings the hall was always packed—principally by the students intent on hearing him—leaving not an inch of room. This was the first meeting of the kind in my experience. I saw that my voice could reach no one. I was trembling as I began to read my speech. Sir Pherozechah cheered me up continually by asking me to speak louder and still louder. I have a feeling that far from encouraging me, it made my voice sink lower and lower.

My old friend Mr. Keshavarao Deshpande came to my rescue. I handed my speech to him. His was just the proper voice. But the audience refused to listen. The hall rang with the cries of 'Wachha' 'Wachha', So Mr. Wachha stood up and read the speech, with wonderful results. The audience became perfectly quiet and listened to the speech to the end, punctuating it with applause and cries of 'shame' where necessary. This gladdened my heart.

Sir Pherozechah liked the speech. I was supremely happy.

The meeting won me the active sympathy of Mr. Deshpande and a Parsi friend whose name I hesitate to mention as he is a high-placed Government official today. Both expressed their resolve to accompany me to South Africa. Mr. C. M. Cursetji (who was then Small Cause Court Judge), however, moved this friend from his resolve, as he had plotted his marriage. He had to choose between marriage and going to South Africa, and he chose the former. But Parsi sisters are now making amends for the lady who helped in the breach, by dedicating themselves to Khaddar work. I have therefore gladly forgiven

that couple. Mr. Deshpande had no temptations of marriage but he could not come. Today he is himself doing enough reparation for the broken pledge. On my way back to South Africa I met one of the Tyebjis at Zanzibar. He also promised to come and help me, but he never came. Mr. Abbas Tyebji is atoning for that indecision. Thus all my three attempts to induce barristers to go to South Africa were in vain.

In this connection I remember Mr. Pestonji Padshah. I had been on friendly terms with him ever since my stay in England. I first met him in a vegetarian restaurant in London. I knew of his brother Mr. Burjorji Padshah by his reputation as a crank like myself. Of course I had never met him, but friends said that he was eccentric: out of pity for the horses he would not ride in tramcars; he refused to take degrees in spite of a prodigious memory; he had developed an independent spirit and he was a vegetarian although a Parsi. Pestonji had not quite this reputation, but he was famous for his erudition, even in London. The common factor between us however was vegetarianism, and not scholarship in which it was beyond my power to approach him.

I found him out again in Bombay. He was Protho-notary in the High Court. When I met him he was engaged on his contribution to a Higher Gujarati Dictionary. There was not a friend I had not approached for help in my South African work. Pestonji Padshah, however, not only refused to aid me, but even advised my not returning to South Africa myself.

'It is impossible to help you,' he said. 'But I tell you I do not like even *your* going to South Africa. Is there lack of work in our own country? Look, now, there is not a little to do for our language. I have to find out scientific words. But this is only one branch of the work. Think of the poverty of the land. Our people in South Africa are no doubt in difficulty, but I do not want a man like you to be sacrificed for that work. Let us win self-government here, and we shall automatically help our countrymen there. I know I cannot prevail upon you, but I will not encourage any one of your type to throw in his lot with you.' I did not like this advice, but it

increased my regard for Mr. Pestonji Padshah. I was struck with his love for the country and for the vernacular. The incident brought us closer to each other. I could understand his point of view. But far from giving up my work in South Africa, I became firmer in my resolve. A patriot could not afford to ignore any branch of service to the mother-land. And for me the text of the Gita was clear and emphatic:

"Finally, this is better, that one do
His own task as he may, even though he fail,
Than take tasks not his own, though they
seem good.
To die performing duty is no ill;
But who seeks other roads shall wander still."

CHAPTER XXVIII POONA AND MADRAS

Sir Pherozeshah had made my way easy. So from Bombay I went to Poona. Here there were two parties. I wanted the help of people of every shade of opinion. First I met Lokamanya Tilak. He said:

"You are quite right in seeking the help of all parties. There can be no difference of opinion on the South African question. But you must have a non-party man for your president. Meet Professor Bhandarkar. He has been taking to no part of late in any public activity. But this question might possibly draw him out. See him and let me know what he says. I want to help you to the fullest extent. Of course you will meet me whenever you like. I am at your disposal."

This was my first meeting with the Lokamanya. It was enough to explain his unique popularity.

Next I met Gokhale. I found him on the Fergusson College ground. He gave me a cordial welcome and his manner immediately captured me. With him too this was my first meeting and yet it seemed as though we were renewing an old friendship. Sir Pherozeshah had seemed to me like the Himalaya, the Lokamanya, like the ocean. But Gokhale was as the Ganges. One could have a refreshing bath in the holy river. The Himalaya was unscalable, and one could not easily launch forth on the sea. But

the Ganges invited me to its bosom, it was a joy to be on it with a boat and an oar. Gokhale closely examined me, as a schoolmaster would examine a candidate seeking admission to a school. He told me whom to approach and how to approach them. He asked to have a look at my speech. He showed me over the College, assured me that he was always at my disposal, asked me to let him know the result of the interview with Dr. Bhandarkar and sent me away exultantly happy. In the sphere of politics the place that Gokhale occupied in my heart during his life-time and occupies even now has been and is absolutely unique.

Dr. Bhandarkar received me with the warmth of a father. It was noon when I called him. The very fact that I was busy seeing people at that hour appealed greatly to this indefatigable savant, and my insistence on a non-party man for the president of the meeting had his ready approval which was expressed in the spontaneous exclamation, 'That's it', 'That's it'.

After he had heard me out he said: "Any one will tell you that I do not take part in politics. But I cannot refuse you. Your case is so strong and your industry is so admirable that I cannot decline to take part in your meeting. You did well in consulting with Tilak and Gokhale. Please tell them that I shall be glad to preside over the meeting to be held under the joint auspices of the two Sabhas. You need not have the time of the meeting from me. Any time that suits them will suit me." With this he bade me goodbye with congratulations and blessings.

Without any ado this erudite and selfless band of workers in Poona held a meeting in an unostentatious little place and sent me away rejoicing and more confident of my mission.

I next proceeded to Madras. It was wild with enthusiasm. Balasundaram's incident made a profound impression on the meeting. My speech was printed and was, for me, fairly long. But the audience listened to every word with attention. At the close of the meeting there was a regular run on the "Green Pamphlet." I brought out a second and revised edition of 10,000 copies. They sold like hot cakes, but I saw that it was

not necessary to have printed such a large number. In my enthusiasm I had over-calculated the demand. It was the English-speaking public to which my speech had been addressed, and in Madras that class alone could not have taken the whole ten thousand copies.

The greatest help there came to me from the late Mr. G. Parameswaran Pillay, the Editor of the *Madras Standard*. He made a careful study of the question and he often invited me to his office and guided me. Mr. G. Subramaniam of the *Hindu* and Dr. Subramaniam also were very sympathetic. But Mr. G. Parameswaran Pillay placed the columns of the *Madras Standard* entirely at my disposal, and I freely availed myself of the offer. The meeting, in Pachaiappa Hall, so far as I can recollect, was with Dr. Subramaniam in the chair.

The affection that most of the friends I met showered on me, and their enthusiasm for the cause were so great that in spite of my having to communicate with them in English I felt myself entirely at home. What barrier is there that love cannot break?

CHAPTER XXIX 'RETURN SOON'

From Madras I proceeded to Calcutta where I found myself hemmed in by difficulties. I knew no one there. So I took a room in the Great Eastern Hotel. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Ellerthope, a representative of the *Daily Telegraph*. He invited me to the Bengal Club where he was staying. He did not then realise that an Indian could not be taken to the drawing room of the Club. Having discovered the restriction, he took me to his room. He expressed his sorrow regarding this prejudice of the local Englishmen, and apologised to me for not having been able to take me to the drawing-room.

I had of course, to see Surendranath Bannerjee the 'Idol of Bengal'. When I met him he was surrounded by a number of friends. He said:

"I am afraid people will take no interest in your work. As you know our difficulties here are by no means few. But you must try as best you can. You will have to enlist the sympathy

of Maharajas. Mind you meet the representatives of the British Indian Association. You should meet Raja Sir Pyarimohan Mukerji and Maharaja Tagore. Both are liberal-minded and take a fair share in public work."

I met these gentlemen, but without any success. Both gave me a cold reception and said it was no easy thing to call a public meeting in Calcutta, and if anything could be done, it would practically all depend on Surendranath Bannerjee.

I saw that my task was becoming more and more difficult. I called at the office of the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*. The gentlemen whom I met there took me to be a wandering Jew. *Bangabasi* went even one better. The Editor kept me waiting for an hour. He had evidently many interviewers, but he would not so much as look at me even when he had disposed of the rest. On my venturing to broach my subject after the long wait, he said: 'Don't you see our hands are full? There is no end to the number of visitors like you. You had better go. I am not disposed to listen to you.' For a moment I felt offended but I quickly understood the editor's position. I had heard of the fame of *Bangabasi*. I could see that there was a regular stream of visitors there. And they were all people acquainted with him. His paper had no lack of topics to discuss, and South Africa was hardly known then.

However serious a grievance may be in the eyes of the man who suffers from it, he will be one of the numerous people in invading an editor's office, each with a grievance of his own. How is he to meet them all? Moreover the aggrieved party assumes that the editor is possessed of a lot of power. Only the editor will know that his power can hardly travel beyond the threshold of his office. But I was not discouraged. I kept on seeing editors of other papers. As usual I met the Anglo-Indian editors also. The *Statesman* and the *Englishman* relished the importance of the question. I gave them long interviews and they published them in full.

Mr. Sanders, Editor of the *Englishman*, claimed me as his own. He placed his office and paper at my disposal. He even allowed me the liberty of making whatever changes I liked in the

leading article he had written on the situation whose proof he sent me in advance. It is no exaggeration to say that a friendship grew up between us. He promised to render me all the help he could and he carried out the promise to the letter and kept on his correspondence with me until he was taken seriously ill.

Throughout my life I have had the privilege of many such friendships, which have sprung up quite unexpectedly. What Mr. Sanders liked in me was my freedom from exaggeration and my devotion to truth. He subjected me to a searching cross-examination before he began to sympathise with my cause, and he saw that I had spared neither will nor pains to place before him an impartial statement of the case even of the White man in South Africa and to appreciate it.

My experience has shown me that we win justice quickest by rendering justice to the other party.

The unexpected health of Mr. Sanders had begun to encourage me to think that I might succeed, after all, in holding a public meeting in Calcutta, when I received the following cable from Durban. 'Parliament opens January. Return soon.'

So I addressed a letter to the Press in which I explained why I had to leave Calcutta so abruptly, and set off for Bombay. Before starting I wired to the Bombay agent of Dada Abdulla and Co, to arrange for my passage by the first possible boat to South Africa. Dada Abdulla had just then purchased the steamship *Courland* and he insisted on my travelling on that boat, offering to take me and my family free of charge. I thankfully accepted the offer and in the beginning of December I set out a second time for South Africa, now with my wife and two sons and the only son of my widowed sister. Another steamship *Naderi* also sailed for Durban at the same time. The agents of the Company were Dada Abdulla and Co. The total number these boats carried must have been from eight to ten hundred passengers. Half of these were going to the Transvaal.

PART III CHAPTER I

RUMBLINGS OF THE STORM

This was my first voyage with my wife and children. I have often observed in the course of this narrative that on account of child marriages amongst middle class Hindus, whilst the husband is literate the wife remains almost illiterate and a wide gulf separates the life of the wife from that of the husband who has to become his wife's teacher. So I had to think out the details of the dress my wife and children were to adopt, the food they were to eat, and the manners suited to their new surroundings. Some of the recollections of those days cause much amusement. A Hindu wife regards implicit obedience to her husband as the highest religion. A Hindu husband regards himself as the Lord of his wife who must always dance attendance on him.

I believed at the time I am writing of that in order to look civilised our dress and manners had to approximate to the European standard as far as possible. For, I thought only thus could we have some influence and without influence it was not possible to serve the community.

So I determined the style of dress of my wife and children. How could I like them to be known as Kathiawar Baniyas? The Parsis used then to be regarded as the most civilised amongst Indians, and so, where the complete European style seemed to be unsuited, we adopted the Parsi style. Accordingly my wife wore the Parsi *sari* and boys the Parsi coat and trousers. Of course no one should be without stockings and shoes. It was long before my wife and children got used to them. The shoes cramped their feet and the stockings stank with perspiration. The toes often got sore. I had always my answers ready for all these objections. But I have an impression that it was not the answers but the force of authority that carried conviction. They agreed to the changes in dress because there was no other alternative. In the same spirit and with more reluctance they adopted the use of knives and forks. When my infatuation for these signs of civilisation wore away, they gave up the knives and forks. The return to the original mode was perhaps no less irksome than

these changes after having been long accustomed to them. But I can see today that we feel all the freer and lighter for having cast off the tinsel of 'civilisation.'

On board the same boat with us were some relatives and acquaintances. These and other deck passengers I frequently met because I was free to move about anywhere and everywhere on the boat as it belonged to my client friends.

As the boat was making straight for Natal, without calling at intermediate ports, our voyage was of only eighteen days. But as though to warn us of the coming real storm on land a strong gale overtook us whilst we were only four days from Natal. December is a month of summer and monsoon in the Southern hemisphere, and so gales, great and small, were quite common in the Southern seas. The gale in which we were caught was so sharp and prolonged that the passengers were alarmed. It was a solemn scene. All became one in face of the common calamity. They forgot their differences and began to think of the one and only God—Mussalmans, Hindus, Christians and all. Some took various vows. The captain also joined the passengers in their prayers. He assured them all that though the storm was not without danger he had experience of many more dangerous ones, and explained to them that a well-built ship could stand almost any weather. But they were inconsolable. Every moment were heard sounds and crashes which foreboded breaches and lakes. The ship rocked and rolled so much that it seemed as though she would capsize any moment. It was out of the question for any one to remain at this hour on deck. 'His will be done' was the only cry on every lip. So far as I can recollect we must have been in this plight for about twenty four hours. At last the sky cleared, the sun made his appearance, and the captain said that the storm had blown over. People's faces again beamed with gladness and with the disappearance of danger disappeared also the name of God from their lips. Eating and drinking, singing and merrymaking again became the order of the day. The fear of death was gone, and the momentary mood of earnest prayer gave place to *maya*. There were of course

the usual *namas* and the prayers, but they had none of the solemnity of that dread hour.

But the storm had made me one with the passengers. It may be said that I had little or very little fear of the storm, for I had experience of similar ones. I am a good sailor and do not get seasick. So I could fearlessly move amongst the passengers bringing them comfort and good cheer, and conveying to them the hourly reports of the captain. The friendship I thus formed stood me as we shall see, in very good stead.

The ship cast anchor in the port of Durban on the 18th or 19th of December. The *Naderi* also reached the same day.

But the real storm was still to come.

CHAPTER II THE STORM

We have seen that the two ships cast anchor in the port of Durban on or about the 18th of December. No passengers are allowed to land at any of the South African ports before being subjected to a thorough medical examination. If the ship has any passenger suffering from a contagious disease, she has to undergo a period of quarantine. As there had been plague in Bombay when we sailed we feared lest we might have to go through a brief quarantine. Before the examination every ship has to fly a yellow flag, which is lowered only when the doctor has certified her to be healthy. Relatives and friends of passengers are allowed to come on board only after the yellow flag has been lowered.

Accordingly our ship was flying the yellow flag when the doctor came and examined us. He ordered a five days' quarantine because in his opinion, plague germs took twenty-three days at the most to develop. Our ship was therefore ordered to be put in quarantine until the twenty-third day of our sailing from Bombay. But this quarantine order had more than health reasons behind it.

The White residents of Durban had been agitating for our repatriation, and the agitation was one of the reason for the order. Dada Abdulla and Co. kept us regularly informed about the daily happenings in the town. The Whites were holding monster meetings every day. They

were addressing all kinds of threats and at times offering even inducements to Dada Abdulla and Co. They were ready to indemnify the Company if both the ships should be sent back. But Dada Abdulla and Co. were not the people to be afraid of threats. Seth Abdul Kareem Haji Adam was then the managing partner of the firm. He was determined to moor the ships at the wharf and disembark the passengers at any cost. He was daily sending me detailed letters. Fortunately the late Mr. Mansukhlal Naazar was then at Durban having gone there to meet me. He was capable and fearless and guided the Indian community. Their advocate Mr. Laughton was an equally fearless man. He condemned the conduct of the White residents and advised the community, not merely as their paid advocate, but also as their true friend.

Thus Durban had become the scene of an unequal duel. On one side were a handful of poor Indians and a few of their English friends, and on the other were ranged the White men, strong in arms, in numbers, in education and in wealth. They had also the backing of the State, for the Natal Government openly helped them. Mr. Harry Escombe who was the most influential of the members of the Cabinet openly took part in their meetings.

The real object of the quarantine was thus to coerce the passengers into returning to India by somehow intimidating them or the Agent Company. For now threats began to be addressed to us also: 'If you do not go back, you will surely be drowned. But if you consent to return you may even get your passage money.' I constantly moved amongst my fellow passengers cheering them up. I also sent messages of comfort to the passengers of the *S. S. Naderi*. All of them kept calm and courageous.

We arranged all sorts of games on the ship for the entertainment of the passengers. On Christmas Day the captain invited the saloon passengers to dinner. The principal among these were I and my family. In the speeches after dinner I spoke on Western civilisation. I knew that this was not an occasion for a serious speech. But mine could not be otherwise. I took part in the merriment, but my heart was in the combat that was going on in Durban. For I

was the real target. There were two charges against me:

1. That whilst in India I had indulged in unmerited condemnation of the Natal Whites.

2. That with a view to swamping Natal with Indians I had specially brought the two shiploads of passengers to settle there.

I was conscious of my responsibility. I knew that Dada Abdulla and Co. had incurred grave risks on my account, the lives of the passengers were in danger, and by bringing my family with me I had put them likewise in jeopardy.

But I was absolutely innocent. I had induced no one to go to Natal. I did not know the passengers when they embarked. And with the exception of a couple of relatives, I did not know the name and address of even one of the hundreds of passengers on board. Neither had I said, whilst in India, a word about the Whites in Natal that I had not already said in Natal itself. And I had ample evidence in support of all that I had said.

I therefore deplored the civilisation of which the Natal Whites were the fruit, and which they represented and championed. The civilisation had all along been in my mind and I therefore offered my views concerning it in my speech before that little meeting. The captain and other friends gave me a patient hearing and received my speech in the spirit in which it was delivered. I do not know that it in any way changed the course of their lives, but afterwards I had long talks with the captain and other officers regarding the civilisation of the West. I had in my speech described Western civilisation as being, unlike the Eastern, predominantly based on force. The questioners pinned me to my faith and one of them (the captain, so far as I can recollect,) said to me:

'Supposing the Whites carry out their threats, how will you stand by your principle of non-violence?' To which I replied: 'I hope God will give me the courage and the sense to forgive them and to refrain from bringing them to law. I have no anger towards them. I am only sorry for their ignorance and their narrowness. I know that they sincerely believe that what they are doing today is right and proper. I have no reason therefore to be angry with them.'

The questioner smiled, possibly distrustfully.

Thus the days dragged on their weary way. The termination of quarantine was still indefinite. The Quarantine Officer said that the matter had passed out of his hands, and that as soon as he had orders from the Government he would permit us to land.

At last ultimatums were served on the passengers and me. We were told to submit if we would escape with our lives. In our reply the passengers and I both maintained our determination to enter Natal at any risk.

At the end of twenty-three days the ships were permitted to enter the harbour and orders permitting the passengers to land were passed.

CHAPTER III

THE TEST

So the ships were brought into the dock and the passengers began to go ashore. But Mr. Escombe had sent word to the Captain that as the Whites were highly enraged against me, and my life was in danger, I and my family should be advised to land at dusk when the Port Superintendent Mr. Tatum would escort us home. The Captain communicated the message to me and I agreed to act accordingly. But scarcely half an hour after this Mr. Laughton came to the Captain. He said: 'I would like to take Mr. Gandhi with me, should he have no objection. As the legal adviser of the Agent Company I tell you that you are not bound to carry out the message you have received from Mr. Escombe.' After this he came to me and said somewhat to this effect: 'If you are not afraid, I suggest that Mrs. Gandhi and the children should drive to Mr. Rustomji's house whilst you and I follow them on foot. I do not at all like the idea of your entering the city like a thief in the night. I do not think there is any fear of any one hurting you. Everything is quiet now. The Whites have all dispersed. But in any case I am convinced that you ought not to enter the city stealthily.' I readily agreed. My wife and children drove safely to Mr. Rustomji's place. With the Captain's permission I went ashore with Mr. Laughton. Mr. Rustomji's house was about two miles from the dock.

As soon as we landed some youngsters recog-

nised me and shouted, 'Gandhi, Gandhi'. Half a dozen or so rushed to the spot and joined in the shouting. Mr. Laughton feared that the crowd might swell, and he hailed a rikshaw. I had never liked the idea of being in a rikshaw. This was to be my first experience. But the youngsters would not let me get into it. They frightened the rickshaw boy out of his life and he took to his heels. As we went ahead the crowd continued to swell, until it became impossible to proceed further. They first caught hold of Mr. Laughton and separated us. Then they pelted me with stones, brickbats and rotten eggs. Some one snatched away my turban, whilst others began to batter and kick me. I fainted and caught hold of the front railings of a house and stood there to get my breath. But it was impossible. They came upon me boxing and battering. The wife of the Police Superintendent, who knew me, happened to be passing by. The brave lady came up, opened her parasol (though there was no sun then) and stood between the crowd and me. This checked the fury of the mob, as it was difficult for them to deliver blows on me without harming Mrs. Alexander.

Meanwhile an Indian youth who witnessed the incident had run to the police station. The Police Superintendent Mr. Alexander sent a posse of men to bring me round and escort me safely to my destination. They arrived in time. The Police station lay on our way. As we reached there the superintendent asked me to take refuge in the station, but I gratefully declined the offer. 'They are sure to quiet down when they realise their mistake,' I said. 'I have trust in their sense of fairness.' Escorted by the police I arrived without further harm at Mr. Rustomji's place. I had bruises all over, but no abrasions except in one place. Dr. Dadiburjor, the ship's doctor who was on the spot, rendered the best possible help.

There was quiet inside, but outside the Whites surrounded the house. Night was coming on and the yelling crowd was shouting, 'We must have Gandhi.' The quick-sighted Police Superintendent was already there trying to keep the crowds under control, not by threats but by humouring them. But he was not entirely free from anxiety. He sent me a message to this

effect: 'If you would save your friend's house and property and also your family, you should escape from the house in disguise, as I suggest.'

Thus on one and the same day I was faced with two contradictory positions. When danger to life had been no more than imaginary, Mr. Laughton advised me to launch forth openly. I accepted the advice. When the danger was quite real, another friend gave me contrary advice and accepted that too. Who can say whether I did so because I saw that my life was in jeopardy, or because I did not want to put my friend's life and property, or the lives of my wife and children, in danger? Who can say for certain that I was right both when I faced the crowd in the first instance bravely, as it was said and when I escaped from it in disguise?

It is idle to adjudicate upon the right and wrong of incidents that have already happened. It is useful to understand them and if possible to learn a lesson from them for the future. It is difficult to say for certain how a particular man would act under a particular set of circumstances. We can also see that judging a man from his outward act is no more than a doubtful inference in as much as it is not based on sufficient data.

Be that as it may, the preparations for escape made me forget my injuries. According to the suggestion of the Superintendent, I put on an Indian constable's uniform and wore on my head a Madras scarf, wrapped round a plate to serve as a helmet. Two detectives accompanied me, one of them disguised as an Indian merchant and with his face painted to resemble that of an Indian. I forget the disguise of the other. We reached a neighbouring shop by a bye-lane, and making our way through the gunny bags piled in the godown, we escaped by the gate of the shop and treaded our way through the crowd to a carriage that had been kept for me at the end of the street. In this we drove off to the same police station where Mr. Alexander had offered me refuge a short time before, and I thanked him and the detective officers.

Whilst I had been thus effecting my escape, Mr. Alexander had kept the crowd amused by singing the tune:

'Hang old Gandhi
On the sour apple tree,'

When he was informed of my safe arrival at the police station, he thus broke the news to the crowd: "Well, your victim has made good his escape through a neighbouring shop. You had better go home now," Some of them were angry, some laughed, some refused to believe the story.

"Well then," said the Superintendent, "if you do not believe me, you may appoint one or two representatives, whom I am ready to take inside the house. If they succeed in finding out Gandhi, I will gladly deliver him to you. But if they fail, you must disperse. I am sure that you have no intention of destroying Mr. Rustomji's house or of harming Mr. Gandhi's wife and children."

The crowd sent their representatives to search the house. They soon returned with disappointing news, and the crowd broke up at last, most of them admiring the Superintendent's tactful handling of the situation, and a few fretting and fuming.

The late Mr. Chamberlain, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, cabled asking the Natal Government to prosecute my assailants. Mr. Escombe sent for me, expressed his regret for the injuries I had sustained and said: 'Believe me, I cannot feel happy over the least little injury done to your person. You had a right to accept Mr. Laughton's advice and to face the worst, but I am sure that if you had considered my suggestion favourably, these sad occurrences would not have happened. If you can identify the assailants, I am prepared to arrest and prosecute them. Mr. Chamberlain also desires me to do so.'

To which I gave the following reply:

'I do not want to prosecute any one. It is possible that I may be able to identify one or two of them, but what is the use of getting them punished? Besides I do not hold the assailants to blame. They were given to understand that I had made exaggerated statements in India about the Whites in Natal and calumniated them. If they believed these reports it is no wonder that they were enraged. The leaders, and if you will permit me to say so, you are to blame. You could have guided the people properly, but you also believed Reuter and assumed that I must have indulged in exaggeration. I do not want to bring anyone to book. I am sure that when the truth

becomes known, they will be sorry for their conduct.'

"Would you mind giving me this in Writing," said Mr. Escombe. "Because I shall have to cable to Mr. Chamberlain to that effect. I do not want you to make any statement in haste. You may, if you like, consult Mr. Laughton and your other friends before you come to a final decision. I may confess, however, that if you waive the right of bringing your assailants to book, you will considerably help me in restoring quiet, besides enhancing your own reputation."

'Thank you' said I. 'I need not consult any one. I had made my decision in the matter before I come to you. It is my conviction that I should not prosecute the assailants and I am prepared this moment to reduce my decision to writing.'

With this I gave him the necessary statement.

CHAPTER IV

THE CALM AFTER THE STORM

I had not yet left the Police Station when after two days I was taken to see Mr. Escombe. Two constables were sent to protect me, though no such precaution was then needed.

On the day of landing as soon as the yellow flag was lowered, a representative of the *Natal Advertiser* came to interview me. He asked me a number of questions, and in reply I was able to refute every one of the charges that had been levelled against me. Thanks to Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, I had delivered only written speeches in India, and I had copies of them all, as well as of my other writings. I gave the interviewer all this literature and showed him that in India I had said nothing which I had not already said in South Africa in stronger language. I also showed him that I had no hand in bringing the passengers of the *S. S. Courland* and *Nadert* to South Africa. Many of them were old residents and most of them, far from wanting to stay in Natal, meant to go to the Transvaal. In those days the Transvaal offered better prospects than Natal to those coming in search of wealth and most Indians, therefore, preferred to go there.

This interview, and my refusal to prosecute the assailants, produced such a profound impression that the Europeans of Durban were ashamed

of their conduct. The press declared me to be innocent and condemned the mob. Thus the lynching ultimately proved to be a blessing for me, that is for the cause. It enhanced the prestige of the Indian community in South Africa and made my work easier.

In three or four days, I went to my house, and it was not long before I settled down again. The incident added also to my professional practice.

But if it enhanced the prestige of the community, it also fanned the flame of prejudice against it. As soon as it was proved that the Indian could put up a manly fight he came to be regarded as a danger. Two bills were introduced in the Natal Legislative Assembly, one of them calculated to affect the Indian trader adversely and the other to impose a stringent restriction on Indian immigration. Fortunately the fight for the franchise had resulted in a decision to the effect that no enactment might be passed against the Indians as such, that is to say that the law should make no distinctions of colour or race. The language of the bills above mentioned made them applicable to all, but their object undoubtedly was to impose further restrictions on the Indian residents of Natal.

The bills considerably increased my public work and made the community more alive than ever to their sense of duty. They were translated into Indian languages and exhaustively explained, so as to bring home to the community their subtle implications. We appealed to the Colonial Secretary, but he refused to interfere and the bills became law.

Public work now began to absorb most of my time. Mr. Mansukhlal Naazar who, as I have said, was already in Durban, came to stay with me, and as he gave his time to public work he lightened my burden to some extent.

Seth Adamji Miyakhau had, in my absence, discharged his duty with great credit. He had increased the membership and added about £1,000 to the coffers of the Natal Indian Congress. The awakening, caused by the Bills, and the demonstration against the passengers, I turned to good account by making an appeal for membership and funds, which now amounted to £5,000. My desire was to secure for the Congress a permanent fund with which it might procure

property of its own and then carry on its work out of the rent of the property. This was my first experience of managing a public institution. I placed my proposal before my co-workers and they welcomed it. The property that was purchased was leased out and the rent was enough to meet the current expenses of the Congress. The property was vested in a strong body of trustees and is still there today, but it has become the source of much internecine quarrelling with the result that the rent of the property now accumulates in the court.

This sad situation developed after my departure from South Africa, but my idea of having permanent funds for public institutions underwent a changelone before this difference arose. And now after considerable experience with the many public institutions which I have managed it has become my firm conviction that it is not good to run public institutions on permanent funds. A permanent fund carries in itself the seed of the moral fall of the institution. A public institution means an institution conducted with the approval of and from the funds of the public. When such an institution ceases to have public support, it forfeits its right to exist. Institutions maintained on permanent funds are often found to ignore public opinion and are frequently responsible for acts contrary to it. In our coun-

try we experience this at every step. Some of the so-called religious trusts have ceased to render any accounts. The trustees have become the owners and are responsible to none. I have no doubt that the ideal is for public institutions to live, like nature, from day to day.

The institution that fails to win public support has no right to exist as such. The subscriptions that an institution annually receives are a test of its popularity and the honesty of its management, and I am of opinion that every institution should pass through that test.

But let no one misunderstand me. My remarks do not apply to the bodies which cannot, by their very nature, be conducted without permanent buildings. What I mean to say is that the current expenditure should be found from subscriptions voluntarily received from year to year.

These views were confirmed during the days of the Satyagraha in South Africa. That magnificent campaign extending over six years was carried on without permanent funds, though lakhs of rupees were necessary for it. I can recollect times when I did not know what would happen the next day if no subscriptions came in. But I shall not anticipate the future events. The reader will find the opinion expressed above borne out in the coming narrative.

Reviews and Notices of Books

ECONOMICS

Economics of the Charkha

HAND-SPINNING AND HAND-WEAVING By S. V. Puntambekar and N. S. Varadachari. All India Spinner's Association, Ahmedabad. Re 1.

The two Jagjivan Mehta prize-essays on the important subject of hand-spinning and hand-weaving are here presented to us by their respective authors, as one consolidated whole. One of them at least, has, to our knowledge, combined to a cultivated mind, a large experience of the manufacture and

spread of khaddar, that enhances the undoubted value of the work. The essay has supplied workers in the field of hand-spinning and hand-weaving, with important arguments with which to convince doubters in the cause of that national industry.

The antiquity of the industry, the reputation of her craftsmen, the predominant position their goods held in the markets of the world, ancient, mediaeval and early modern, and the curse that has transformed the country, into the largest exporter of raw cotton, and the most magnificent of Great Britain's customers for her

manufactured cloth, are described in the first two chapters with a wealth of references and mass of statistical information, that make genuine historical reading. The details of the processes, prosperity and decay of Dacca muslin industry have also been set forth there.

Even the introduction of machinery in the manufacture of cloth could not enable English cottons to sell in India, in 1812 and thereabouts. Robert Browne opined before the Lords Committee, "that the finer descriptions of piece-goods from India, if permitted to be imported without the payment of duty, would certainly interfere very much with British goods." Direct prohibitions of the use of Indian silks, and of certain classes of Indian calicoes, were brought to aid large-scale machine-production to supplant Indian goods from the British market.

In the country of their origin, they were harassed by vexatious transit-duties, external and internal, from which their English rivals were exempt as a class; by all the evils of a foreign monopolistic control of production, making itself felt by a system of advances to labourers, supplemented by flogging and other penalties; and by a sort of right of pre-emption of Indian-made goods, which the company's merchants acquired from time to time, from their vassal nawabs and rajahs, who were the titular rulers of the country. The home-thrust thus given was rendered the more deadly and effective, by a peculiar system of railway construction, that facilitated export of Indian raw materials and import of British manufactured goods.

Chapter 3 opens with the Swadeshi movement that convulsed the country in the first decade of the present century, when the prevailing tendencies of economic thought were to attain sufficiency on lines that would take into account the latest in-

ventions in the sphere of machinery, the latest credit resources, and ideas of state-protection. There were, however, even then lovers of art like Mr. E. B. Havell and Ananda Coomaraswamy, who pleaded for a revival of the handloom industry. The Swadeshi agitation rendered this much of service at least to the nation, that it gave it an opportunity 'to look into the inwardness of things', and "a powerful impetus to the spread of new ideas of self-reliance."

The authors next consider the central problem of their work, 'the economics of the charkha', and, we might also add, its politics. They admit that work on the spinning wheel could not give a full day's wage comparable to that which may be secured in other trades and crafts; but they also add the *caveat* that in an economy, where the Government's standard famine wage is less than two annas per day, the utility of the charkha as a kind of famine insurance should in no way be minimised. They then examine with copious references to statistics and expert opinions, the following few propositions, concluding them with strong affirmations.

"Are there millions in India who require a supplementary occupation, the majority being idle for want of it, during at least four months in the year? Is hand-spinning the only supplementary occupation, and if so, can it be easily taken up by the people? Is it possible to sell Khaddar woven from handspun yarn among the people in the teeth of the competition offered by foreign and Indian mills?" Are there possibilities for the country's political salvation, in the sort of economic self-sufficiency which the charkha might bring about?

The universal distribution of the raw-material, the inexpensiveness of the tool-capital necessary to work it up, the ease with which spinning could be done, by men, women and children, in their very homes

and in all their spare moments, its peculiar exemption from caste-bans, and the fact that the charkha could be easily abandoned for more lucrative employments, are some of the special merits that commend hand-spinning as a universal cottage industry to our country. The 'voluntary, prohibitive tariff' on foreign cloth which Swadeshi imposes on every true Indian, for the purposes of lessening the economic drain of the country, and giving a hit to the kingdom of our rulers, could only be effective if complete. A Government hostile or indifferent to such consummation, the previous history of the cotton-mill industry, the shyness of Indian capital, the continuance of dependence on foreign machinery, and 'the higher percentage of efficiency of the handloom relatively to costs', all point to the charkha as the sole hope of national salvation. More and more consumption of Khadi would bring cheapness and good quality to the stuff, and give the industry its much needed encouragement. Voluntary spinning is very much to be desired as an act of national grace. Decentralisation of handspinning, whereby every spinner would stock his own raw material, and save himself from the ruinous effects of speculative fluctuations in its prices, is an important principle to be adhered to by the organisers of this patriotic business. Bounties to the spinner and weaver, wherever necessary, weekly fairs and markets for Khadi, trade museums and training institutes should complete the task.

The boycott of foreign cloth through the spinning wheel is the subject of careful discussion in the concluding chapter. Prof. Kale's contention that a nation which incurred a debt of £ 8000 millions, could certainly bear a loss of £ 40 millions a year, the authors regard as 'shallow.' Apart from the political effects of a boycott on England, once her major industry "receives

a setback, it will react on the whole strength of her industrial system, on her banking, credit and trade facilities, shipping at the ports etc". "It is not the loss of a few million pounds a year that would matter" [Lord Pentland estimated it at over £ 80 millions] "it is the loss of the world's biggest market for cotton goods which Britain would never willingly give up."

As for Kale's assumption that the boycott need not stimulate much of indigenous manufacture, they say that this simply will not happen. Argument like that of Mr. Coughbrough, that 75% of the imported goods are non-competitive, they regard as more plausible. But once the mind of the nation is made up, even non-competitive types will fall within the range of competition.

'A true boycott is healthy resistance.' When it suited her economic needs, England pursued this policy, and America adopted it during the great war of American Independence. The nation in India must do what its government dare not attempt. "The industrial regeneration of India is first and last a moral and intellectual problem, not merely a technical one. It must begin and end not with processes and machinery, but in the mind of every man, woman and child. The resolve to be free from dependence on foreign skill and the desire to recreate and regenerate our industries" must be the dynamo of the whole movement.

G. K. RAMACHANDRAN.

LITERATURE

The Failure of the Sword

'GATEWAY TO GOODWILL'. Published by the Peace Education Committee of Philadelphia.

This volume is designed to provide material for propaganda with a view to the

realisation of peace on earth and good-will among men. In spite of a title somewhat forbidding with its cheap alliterativeness, the contents of the book are in parts distinctly stimulating.

The first two sections are devoted to prayers and hymns which we will skip. In the third section there are poems some of which might be quoted. Here is one by the American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, in which he has effectively brought together Buddha and Christ as the teachers of an identical faith:—

'Put up the sword!' The voice of Christ once more
Spoke, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,.....
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard,
War fails, try peace! put up the useless sword!
Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it;
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
'O son of peace!' the giant cried, 'thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate'.
The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: 'Poor friend, even thee I love.'
Lo! As he spake the sky-tall terror shrank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
'Hate hath no harm for love,' so ran the song,
'And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!'

I wonder how many so-called Christians, in practice or even in theory, accept the truth as revealed by Mr. William Canton in his 'Vision of Peter':

Not for one race nor one colour alone
Was He flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone!
Not for you only—for all men He died.
'Five were the colours', the angel said,
'Yellow and black, white, brown and red;
Five were the wounds from which He bled,
On the Rock of Jerusalem crucified'.

Here is a passage in praise of the silent, unostentatious, constant heroism which calls upon us to live a life consecrated to a great cause, a life in which we have to die every moment that we live:—'It is easy to be heroes when the great occasion calls and there is an audience to applaud, but to be heroes every day—that costs.'

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tried and hands upraise
Their burden feebly, since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care
Then most we need the strength of prayer.
Unthanked, unnoticed and unknown,
Blamed sometimes and misunderstood,
Yet if our Lord but sees our work,
And by His grace shall own it good,
It will not matter what men say,
Since God is Judge of all—not they.

It is in the fitness of things that these lines are claimed by Anonymous.

Then there is a fine poem by Miss Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in which she conjures up the vision of all mankind coming under a single flag, the rainbow flag of peace:—

Men long have fought for their flying flags,
They have died those flags to save;
Their long staves rest on the shattered breast,
They are planted deep in the grave.
Now the world's new flag is streaming wide,
Far-flying wide and high,
It shall cover the earth from side to side
As the rainbow rings the sky.
The flag of the day when men shall stand
For service, not for fight:
When every race, in every land,
Shall join for the world's delight;
When all our flags shall blend in one,
And all our wars shall cease,
'Neath the new flag, the true flag,
The rainbow flag of peace.
On a field of white that bow above
Shall arch the world across,
And all the colours that we love
Glow there without a loss.
Orange and green in union new,
Proud gold and violet fair,

With world-beloved red, white and blue
 Shall shine together there.
 Green from the earth that holds us one,
 All blue of sky and sea,
 And the golden hue of that great sun
 In whose light our life most be.
 Red for the blood of brotherhood,
 White for the soul's release,—
 The new flag! The true flag!
 The rainbow flag of peace!

It will be noticed that Miss Gilman has not accepted Nature's colour scheme in its entirety, but has dropped Indigo and substituted White instead. That is all to the good, but it would have been still better if she had omitted Orange or Violet to make room for Black. This will sound strange at first sight, but in my humble opinion no flag dare omit Black and yet include White, as each is the complement of the other. White stands for the finite while Black is the symbol of infinity. In India again, Black is the colour of Miraubai's dress, and the typical colour of Sikhism, the latest witness to the vitality of Hinduism. We might note in passing that whatever may be the propriety of including Red in the flag of Miss Gilman's imagination, Red as typical of Hinduism in our national flag is peculiarly inappropriate. The Hindu colour is *Bhagvo*, the time-honoured symbol of renunciation, which had again the historic honour of being accepted by Shivaji for his flag.

Then there are three more sections following the poetry, viz. short stories, plays and pageants and quotations. We shall notice three of the stories and then take leave of this interesting publication.

In the first story we are told about a rumoured attack by Indian bands on the city of Cincinnati in Pennsylvania, and the consequent flight of the citizens to a fort. But there was one Quaker family which did not go to the fort. They stayed on in their little log hut and did not get any guns or

other weapons to defend themselves if the Indians came, but they often prayed together and gave themselves into the keeping of that God who said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

In those days the fastening of a door was often a heavy wooden latch which was raised from the outside by a thong made of deer skin. This latch string was pulled inside when there was no admittance. To say 'the latch-string is out' meant that visitors were welcome. And so it generally was in the Quaker home we are talking about.

But thinking of his wife and children, one night when going to bed, the friend drew in his latch-string! His wife could not sleep; and after a while she told him how uneasy it made her feel. It did not seem as if they were really trusting to the way of love and good-will. He too felt that way, got up and pulled the string out again, so that any one could walk in.

Then they heard the Indians coming, and surrounding their hut with wild cries and savage war-whoops. They tried the door, and then presently they grew quiet, and began to steal away, and the man rose and crept to the window to watch them going.

On the edge of the forest they stopped, and held a council, talking things over together. Very soon a tall chief in war-paint left the rest and came slowly back to the cabin, carrying in his hand a long white feather, and he reached up and fastened it at the top of the door.

There it hung for a long time, and the summer suns shone on it, and it swayed about in the winter winds which swept across the prairie, but they never took it down. For a friendly Indian who spoke English had told them that the white feather meant, "This is the home of a man of peace. Do not harm it!"

He said, too, that he had heard that the wild Indians, when they saw that the latch-string was out, felt sure that any man, who would leave his door open to the stranger and welcome all who came, was not a man to be harmed.

The second story takes us to Hamburg early in the sixteenth century, where lived a man named Wolf who had become famous as a grower of the choicest cherries. A war broke out, and Hamburg was besieged and surrounded by the enemy. Provisions in the city ran short and famine stared the besieged citizens in the face. The besiegers too suffered from thirst as the great heat had dried up the brooks and springs thereabouts. This made them more savage, and their commander swore to destroy the city and all its people.

Wolf was thinking about what could be done as he returned one day to his garden in the city after a week's fighting with the enemy. While he had been away, the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun and were now fairly bursting with the red juice.

A sudden thought came into his head, as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his city and all its people. He brought together all the children of the town to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. He brought them into his orchard loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries and marshalling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the enemy's camp.

The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

The besieging general suspected some trick as he saw the procession drawing nearer, but he was then told that it was the children of Hamburg, who had heard that his army was suffering from thirst and

they were bringing juicy cherries to quench their thirst. At this he got angry and said they had come to mock him and he would have them put to death. But when the procession came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, his heart was touched, a spring of fatherly love long choked up in him broke forth. He was filled with pity and tears came to his eyes.

That evening the little cherry-bearer returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.

In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg agreed to observe an annual festival, called the Feast of Cherries, when the children of the city, clad in white, were to march through the streets, holding green boughs to which the people, coming out of their houses, would tie bunches of cherries.

The third story relates how an Austrian army marched against a Tyrol town to take it.

As the army marched over the Alps the peasants were working in the fields and the cattle grazing. On entering the town, all who met them spoke pleasantly. The blacksmith looked out of his shop and waved to one of the soldiers, saying 'I knew that man, we were boys together.' At the windows the mothers were holding up the smallest children so that they too might see. The boys crowded around, asking about the weapons and what they were used for.

What could the soldiers do? They marched through the town, expecting other soldiers to come out and fight, but none appeared. At the Town Hall stood the mayor, a fine old man with snow white hair. He came to them with outstretched hand, saying, 'Welcome, my brothers.'

When asked where were the soldiers, he said, 'Soldiers! We have no soldiers. We are Christians.'

The commander said, 'The Officers' training camp never taught me anything like this. If there are no soldiers to fight with, one cannot fight, especially when people treat you like friends. I had to report that I could not take the town, that we had been conquered by those who followed Jesus.'

V. G. DESAI

POLITICS

Disarmament

DISARMAMENT By Professor P. J. Noel Baker. The Hogarth Press, London 12/6.

In spite of the war to end war the millennium seems as far off as ever. Sinister rumblings are heard that threaten to burst forth in an eruption of record violence. The Far East is the scene of an international muddle. The Balkans have once again caught cold, and Europe may presently begin sneezing. The Italian dictator has proclaimed in unmistakeable terms, the urgent desirability of Italian Imperialism. The English Lord Chancellor goes about telling his hearers, that man is a combative animal, and so long as there are prizes to be won by force, nothing could prevent him from exerting himself for their attainment [Lord Birkenhead: America Revisited]. The "honest John" Morley is reported to have valued the covenant of the League, at not even the paper on which it has been written. As for the idea for which it stands, "the world is not simply made like that" [J. H. Morgan: John, Viscount Morley. John Murray]. Chance revelations of scientific periodicals, European and American, indicate the horrible frightfulness of the new weapons that are being wrought for human destruction. While, as if in

mockery of those "deluded mortals," who eagerly long for "peace on earth and good-will towards men," we hear occasionally of League of Nations Assemblies, Locarno Pacts, so on and so forth. The problem of peace, by itself a vexed one, is only rendered the more difficult of solution, by this atmosphere of pugnacity, hollowness and insincerity that pervades the modern civilised world.

That problem consists of two parts: one dealing with "national safety, and the enforcement of international obligations by common action", and the other with the "schedules of national armament," both of which go hand in hand, the solution of the first being the chief and indispensable condition of success in the solution of the other. The book under review attempts to estimate "the importance of disarmament in national and international policy at the present day, and to face the difficulties, technical and political, which will certainly arise in the practical discussions of the subject"—the other aspect of "security", having been previously dealt with by the author in a work on the "Geneva Protocol", under the same title.

The definition of Disarmament which has been given in the short opening chapter, though disappointing to reformers of the root and branch type, need not militate against the value of the book as a whole. Disarmament does not mean "the disbanding of the whole, nor even of the greater part of the armed forces of the world. It means, rather, the reduction, the modest but, we may hope, not a negligible reduction of those forces, and their limitation by a general international treaty to new scales, voluntarily accepted by the various nations who take part."

Chapter 2 is a brief survey of the reasons why it is desirable that the two fold purposes of disarmament should be fulfilled:

the reduction of the economic burden laid upon the peoples of the world by excessive preparation for war, and the prevention of the competition in preparation from which war results.

Chapters 4 and 5 contain the fundamental processes of reasoning employed in the book, and are in some respects its most important ones. The special difficulties that modern conditions of war bring to complicate the problem, and the conditions of its successful solution are here described in detail. To mention only a few, "the existence in most of the countries involved in the Great War, of large numbers of veterans who have had prolonged experience of active operations," "increases the difference between the armed forces allowed to any given nation under a disarmament agreement, and the forces which that nation could mobilise in the early stages of a war." Conscription makes possible the creation of very large reserves, which can be added to the standing forces, when mobilisation takes place. The rapid progress of invention, and its application to the means of war "threaten to make all limitations of the kind so far proposed, irrelevant to the purpose they are intended to achieve." It is quite plain, moreover, "that a great part of the offensive machinery and equipment of a modern fleet or army" [e.g. aeroplanes and certain chemical factories] "serves both a warlike and a peacetime purpose, and that, therefore, it cannot in all probability be limited and controlled by an international agreement." It is also a feature of modern economic organisation that a belligerent with a highly developed national industry, is far stronger than one without it. And most of all, a favoured nation could discover a new, secret, deadly and decisive weapon—most probably in the field of chemical warfare—and take other signatory states, at an unfair disadvantage.

The subject of "security," therefore, is the *sine qua non* to a successful disarmament policy. And "no scheme for the reduction of armaments can ever be really successful unless it is general." "The disarmament plan must be accepted by all the members of the community of states. It must cover too, so far as may be, all the factors of their military strength." Instalment and compartmental agreements will not do. That has been the weakness of Washington. It dealt only with the navy, and there too only with the capitalship. The competition in other naval armaments is probably more vigorous now after the Washington Conference.

There is another technical problem too to be solved before a plan of general disarmament can be formulated, and that is the determination of the factors of military strength to be taken into account, of the method for measuring the strength of different countries in these various factors when they are combined, and of the limit to be allowed to each of the contracting parties, in each of the factors to be dealt with. Various schemes for the solution of these propositions have been put forward in the past, and these the author examines in chapters 6 and 7, together with the causes of their failure. Reduction of armaments by simple budgetary limitation is first taken up, and is followed successively by Lord Esher's abortive scheme laid before the Temporary Mixed Commission of the League in 1922, the report of an *ad hoc* sub-committee of the Commission, the proposals of the Moscow Conference for Disarmament, 1922, the discussions of the Fifth Pan-American Conference, 1923, and the League of Nations Naval Conference at Rome, 1924.

In Chapter 8 attention is turned to what are termed successful attempts to achieve this end. The Central American

Disarmament Convention of 1923 is examined, but only cursorily, since, according to the author, the contracting states are "virtually in the condition of those 18th century states among whom...disarmament would have been a relatively simple thing." The Treaty of Versailles, however, is to him of particular interest and importance, because "it was designed to deal with the greatest national army, and the most perfect military machine which History has seen." But it is only an unilateral agreement, and does not cover the whole ground. It has "no light to shed on the problem of the ratio, and how it can be established among a large number of powers of widely different strength and size." "On the other problems, on the factors of military strength which it is desirable to limit, on the detailed ways in which this limitation can be effected, even on the methods by which a unit of measurement can be established, Part v and the corresponding parts of the other treaties of peace have much to teach," in the opinion of Mr. Noel Baker—the other treaties being those of St. Germain, Trianon, and Neuilly, concluded respectively with Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria.

Some comment has to be offered here. Conscription is a great barrier to disarmament, and the author has taken it for granted that it would not be abandoned in any international peace understanding. So also, aerial and chemical weapons have been left by him to be regulated almost entirely by the humanity of peoples, since it is almost impossible to bring them under control by any paper arrangements. How have the Treaty of Versailles and its kind faced these problems? Conscription has been abolished. Germany has been prohibited altogether from using or possessing certain of the more dangerous modern means of war, including naval and military

aircraft, poisonous and other analogous gases and liquids etc. The question of colonial forces did not arise in those treaties, since all German colonies had been taken from her, and given over to other countries to administer under mandate. These facts the author admits. And strict international control of a sort possible only with a vanquished nation, with all the world against it, has been established to carry out the terms of the treaties. Concluded under such peculiar circumstances, can they be said to possess all the importance ascribed to them by the author, as the model for imitation and guidance in any schemes for a general disarmament?

Chapters 9 to 12 present detailed expositions of the principles which he suggests for land, naval and aerial disarmaments respectively. They attempt to avoid the defects revealed in the various proposals examined elsewhere. So far as concerns the army, the items roughly comprise the limitation of peacetime effectives of standing armies "on a numerical basis", fixation of certain ratios of officers, military academies, and training schools, to the total permitted effectives, reduction of length of service in conscription countries, limitation of arms, and budgetary restriction of military expenditure. In the matter of the navy, he is for a general limitation of the total tonnage allowed to every naval power, with a supplementary limitation of the tonnage in the most important classes of fighting ships, a prolonged naval holiday, a fixed maximum of budgetary appropriation on naval expenditure, stringent control of traffic in naval armaments, and attempts to secure the total abolition of the submarine as an instrument of war.

With aerial armaments, the author is more pessimistic. As has been already pointed out, according to him, it is almost certainly not possible to limit the numbers

or the size of commercial aircraft. And the dangers of surprise aggression inherent in their existence in large numbers, could only be met with by a system of mutual guarantees, depending largely on aircraft itself for effect. Limitation of airforce personnel, of budgetary appropriation, and devices of that sort could have only very slight value.

In considering the ratio—chapter 13—attention is rightly given to the geographical, industrial and technical conditions of the countries to be brought under control. The vexed question of chemical warfare has the next chapter devoted all to it, it being "the most important problem in the future reconstruction of the world." The tone of pessimism is here deeper, the author being conscious of the futility of the "series of partial disarmament measures" which he, however, has also to suggest.

In chapters 15 and 16, he pleads for the restriction of the use of certain of the more dangerous kinds of weapons, for the establishment of demilitarized zones on land, and neutralization at sea, and for the strict control of traffic in arms and ammunition and their manufacture by private enterprise. Attention is next turned to "the rights of mutual investigation and control" as between the contracting parties. Articles 7 and 8 of the Geneva Protocol, and Art. 12 of the Draft Treaty for Mutual Assistance are also set forth in detail, and held up as model for further arrangements of that sort. A concluding chapter and four informing appendices then follow, and close up the book.

Now all these various schemes for inducing sons of men to live in peace with each other, proceed on the fundamental assumption of a change of heart in them, and the author's failure to give emphasis to this requirement elsewhere than in the concluding chapter, gives to his whole programme,

an appearance of artificiality which it does not altogether deserve. It cannot be too often repeated that unless that change comes about, all schemes for perpetual peace would prove futile. The Greek Bible, is supposed to bear the text, "Peace on Earth, to men of goodwill." Given that goodwill, the complex problem would automatically solve itself.

Mr. Noel Baker's book will well repay perusal, although its detail in some places is apt to make tiresome study to the average reader, for whom it professes to have been written.

G. K. RAMACHANDRAN

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Light from the East

LIGHT FROM THE EAST. By Sir P. Arunachalam, Edited by Edward Carpenter. George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

Here is an interesting little book placed before the public from the already too well known pen of Mr. Edward Carpenter. Edward Carpenter is an untiring admirer of India, her institutions, her peoples, her philosophy, in fact, her everything. This book is intended by its author to interpret the living philosophy of India to his western friends and countrymen. In his own words "the subject of gnana (the divine knowledge as it is termed in India and Ceylon) which is dealt with in the present volume demands attention for the following reason, among others, that for thousands of years the keenest intellects of the East (and no one can deny their general subtlety and penetration) have been occupied with the consideration and hoped for solution of the great problems of the world and human life—the why and the wherefore, the whence and the whither of the same—subjects which indeed the more

practical western mind is inclined as a rule to pass by with little or no consideration." To achieve this end of making the western feel alive to the importance of the study of one of the greatest movements of the Indian mind the effort of the mind to explore its own depths and the process of its own thoughts and speculations which is well represented by the Upanishads, Mr. Carpenter has placed before the world extracts from the letters of his friend—Mr. Arunachalam—extracts which vividly portray the living nature of philosophy of India. One can very easily see that even in the modern days of absolute materialism, men who have thoroughly imbibed the spirit of upanishadic philosophy and who keep alive as well in practice as in theory the great philosophical tradition of the Upanishads are not wanting in India. And Mr. Carpenter candidly expresses his thoughts in the following sentence..... "I am bound to say that I do consider the teaching" (of a philosopher whom he met at Colombo) "to be full of important points which it would be well for the western world most seriously to consider. Though I am willing to admit the superiority of the Saivite teaching to our own ordinary western theology (which is not saying much perhaps!) there are many points in which I disagree with both." It is indeed a matter for congratulation that an Englishman comes forward to give publicity to his thoughts on Saivism etc. not caring for the very severe criticism of heterodoxy such publication may evoke from the orthodox circles of the Christian church. It is only the superior force and the graceful outlook of Indian philosophy that has turned the impartial mind of the critic.

A few remarks may be made on the letters of Mr. Arunachalam. His contact with the holy man, a good philosopher, has

brought about a much desired change in him. Strong and sincere belief in God, in His immanence in everything, in the individual soul being identical with the supreme, in redemption from *samsara* consisting in the annihilation of all eternal bonds etc—belief in all these things has resulted out of the strong influence that the philosopher was able to exert on the powerful imagination of Mr. Arunachalam. The letters clearly depict the progress of his thought from stage to stage. They show that to a vigorous, practical intellect, no subject is too great or too small to comprehend.

The publication of the letters are useful in a double way. On the one hand they show the psychology of the religious development of the human mind in the which John Bunyans "Pilgrims Progress" does; on the other, the letters show the effects of the British rule on the economic, social, political and philosophical conditions of the Indians. Without denying the good that has resulted out of the British rule, Mr. Arunachalam severely condemns the evils that such a rule has brought about; and Mr. Carpenter has done a great service by not omitting to publish such portions of the letters. And it is not improbable that the general outlook of foreigners may undergo substantial change, if for even once they read these letters. We only wish that we have more Arunachalam in India and more Carpenters in England and the continent.

Mr. Carpenter credits Arunachalam with surprising rapidity of thought and an extreme receptivity of mind. He also says that he was often impressed by the ease and celerity with which Mr. Arunachalam drank in and absorbed all sorts of difficult and recondite matters. It needs only to be pointed out that these credentials could be applied to almost all the cultured people

of India. It is not a quality of the Tamils only as he says, but a quality of all Hindus, be they poor or rich.

T. R. C.

THE MYSTERY RELIGION AND CHRISTIANITY. By S. Angus D. Lit, D.D. John Murray London.

This is an erudite work on the subject which deals exhaustively with facts relative to the subject. With a view to help the reader for a proper understanding of the subject, the author gives a rapid survey of the political, social and religious history of the Mediterranean world during the seven centuries commencing from the invasion of Alexander the Great in 924 B. C. to the foundation of Constantinople in A. D. 327, as also the conspicuous part played by the mighty monarch in cementing the culture of the East and the West. In the volume under review the author refers to the three-stages of Mystery religion, namely, preparation and probation (*Katharasis*), initiation and communion (*muesis*), and blessedness and salvation, and clearly expounds the aspect of mystery at each stage. The Imperial Rome had gained the whole known world, but she had lost her own soul. Christianity alone became triumphant in the personality of Jesus Christ. The Apostolic writer shows his appreciation of a fundamental characteristic of Christianity in contact with the surrounding world in the declaration 'this is the Victory that overcomes the world, our faith'. Faith has been the root principle of Christianity, and Christians are those who have faith in God through Jesus Christ, 'those who practise faith, those of faith'. With Christianity the word faith may be said to have become, a permanent addition to the moral vocabulary of the word. The real test of any religion is not its attitude to the joys and raptures of life, but its ability to give moral content to the sorrows and perplexities of life. No other religion, except perhaps the pre-Christian Buddhism ever approached Christianity in dealing with the perennial problem of human suffering. Christian enthusiasm was awakened and sustained not by an ideal, but by a person. The centre in this new

religion is not a new idea, nor a ritual act, but a Personality.

All students of the history of Christianity will find this learned work very useful and interesting.

L. K. A.

SCIENCE

Human Body

THE HUMAN BODY. By Marie Carmichael Stopes. G. P. Putnum's Sons, New York and London.

There are very few books written on the fundamentals of Anatomy and Physiology for the lay people. The book under review is one such written in her usual clear, simple and good language and it gives one a clear picture of the gross Anatomy of the Human body as well as of the more important physiological processes going on within it. The book is well illustrated—otherwise Anatomy is very difficult to understand—and a nice atlas of Anatomy of plates is attached at the end of the book.

As Marie Stopes herself remarks, it is necessary that all human beings should know something about themselves, how they are constituted and how they are born and how they grow to adults and then to old age, how they digest their food and how they move about. It is really unfortunate to see about us educated men and women exhibiting colossal ignorance about this very important science and our system of education is of course to be blamed for it. This book doesn't contain any of the controversial subjects like Contraception, Love, Sex etc. for which Dr. Stopes is renowned and even her chapters on Reproduction, the Female, the Male, are all written purely from the anatomical and the physiological standpoints.

Her early Chapters deal with the individual units and the general architecture of the human body, the bony skeleton and then the soft parts consisting of the several muscles and the important organs. They deal also with the most vital and hence the most important of the physiological processes viz Breathing carried on by the Lungs and the air passages and the circulation of blood

carried on by the Heart and the blood vessels. They are the two processes that go on incessantly within the body not reaching the consciousness.

The few chapters that follow under the head of 'Daily Replenishing' gives us a vivid description of the processes of digestion and assimilation of the food we take and the excretion of the waste products and also gives us facts about our growth and the warmth of the body and the sleep that we find so very essential. A few chapters are devoted to 'The body and its relation to the world' in which the structure and the functions of the skin are described and the several senses of touch, taste, and smell, hearing, balance and sight are fully treated. Her last few Chapters give us a rather detailed account of that part of the Anatomy, both male and female, concerned in Reproduction and the Development of the human embryo by which all important process, important from the standpoint of the human race and not the individual, the propagation of the Human species is effected. In these particular chapters Dr. Stopes brings home certain facts about which most of our young men and women are totally ignorant and she also gives a few valuable hints of advice. Her last two Chapters deal with the brain and the Human intellect.

On the whole it is an admirable little book, interesting and very instructive and an invaluable companion to the young who really ought to know a bit about themselves.

P. V.V.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Equipment of a Social Worker

EQUIPMENT OF THE SOCIAL WORKER:
By Elizabeth Macadam. George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

Social service is daily assuming increased importance and has a special appeal to make for the people of the modern world. For humanity to-day is sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of evil and suffering in spite of the boasted blessings of science and civilisation. The quantity of human material that needs attention at the hands of the social servant and reformer is increasing in the proportion in which its quality

shows signs of steady deterioration and degeneracy, both moral and material. The nature of the service to be done is also such that it requires in the workers not merely sentimental qualifications of a good and generous heart, as was once, held but a systematic training and equipment both in the theory and practice of social work. The field of social service and reform, in the light of the new meaning of the terms explained above, embraces a wide sphere of activity and includes within its scope the prevention and cure of poverty, ignorance and disease among the masses of the people, by securing for them sound standards of public health, housing, education, and employment. It also includes the proper treatment of criminals and other diseased members of the society and the general preservation of moral and social hygiene. The realisation by statesmen and administrators in all advanced countries of the need and importance of such work has given rise to a growing volume of social legislation in such lands. To carry out these laws properly and generally to attend to the social aspects of public administration in a scientific and systematic manner, there is urgent need for the definite formation of a new branch of social administration, equipped with public servants specially trained for the task.

The book under review fully explains the need for such a special service and points out the lines of practical training to be given to the workers. The object of the author in writing the book, is "to describe the development of social study inside and outside the universities, as a method of preparing men and women for the coming profession of social administration in all its forms, public and private, paid and unpaid, and not less for the ordinary duties of citizenship." In addition to describing what has been actually accomplished, she has also indicated future lines of development and the increased equipment that will be necessary if departments of social study are to rise to the level of the great opportunities opening before them. The author is well qualified for the task by her long and intimate connection with the movement as a student, teacher and practical worker in the field. In the opening pages of the book she makes a

strong plea for the reconstruction of the public services on scientific lines, making provision for the training and supply of specially equipped workers for the social branches of the administration. She observes that a high standard of specialised training is now demanded not only for the learned professions, but for every business office, workshop, and even the home. Therefore she pertinently asks why public administration alone, which aims at the prevention and cure of social, moral and economic disease in the body politic—so intricate, so baffling and so far-reaching in its implications and reactions—be regarded as any man's job? She then proceeds at some length to prove the need for special training and point out the practical lines along which such training has to be given.

The book is divided into 10 chapters and is prefaced by a valuable foreword by Prof. J. H. Muirhead. The first chapter defines the scope of social work and social study while the next two chapters give a brief historical survey of the movement. Chapter 4 considers the advantages of making the University the centre of social study. In the four succeeding chapters we are given details of the courses of academic study and practical

training necessary for the general and special branches of social work. The author has also enriched her experience and knowledge in the field by visits to foreign countries. She gives the information collected by her during her tours in chapter 9 which describes the facilities for social training and education in America and other lands. The concluding chapter deals with the problems of the future and indicates the lines of development and increased equipment that will be necessary to satisfy the needs of the coming age.

The book is a valuable guide to those who are engaged in preparing students for social service. It has, according to Prof. Muirhead, the distinction of being the first detailed account of the origin and progress of the movement which it describes. Considering the importance of the subject-matter dealt with and the fund of practical information it provides we have no hesitation in saying that it deserves to be widely read by all who are interested in maintaining a high standard of citizenship and social administration.

B. R.

What Thinkers Think

The Mightiest Revolution of Modern Times

It is now ten years since the mightiest of the modern revolutions occurred and the occasion is opportune to survey in brief outline the main results of that cataclysmal happening. In what respects has it failed? Has it made any permanent contribution to the happiness of mankind or to human culture? These are the questions which are discussed in the excerpts from leading journals which we give below:

"Ten years ago to-day the Russian Revolution broke out in Petrograd. Three days later, on March 15, 1917, the last of the Tsars, the ill-fated Emperor

Nicholas II, abandoned his throne, and a provisional Government was set up," said the *Times* in a leader last Saturday, adding that "it is at length possible to survey the events of the last ten years in some sort of historical perspective. What did the Bolshevik revolution set out to do and what has it actually accomplished?" and in answering this the *Times* goes on to state:—

"The avowed purpose of Lenin was the complete destruction of the State as such. The French appeal to the peoples of Europe was merely a by-product of the revolution; but the Communist world revolution is, as Trotsky has repeatedly stated the essential condition of the success of Bolshevism, which aims not merely at the reconstruction of the political machine but at the complete transformation of the ethical and economic basis of human society by means of universal class war.

The Political Effects of Bolshevism

Politically, Bolshevism has been a failure—such is the view which the *Times* seeks to uphold. It writes:

"On the political side the Bolsheviks aimed at the complete elimination of the aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie* and the setting up of a so-called 'dictatorship of the proletariat' which was to embody a fundamentally new conception of political society. The destructive part of the programme was performed with a thoroughness at which the world still stands aghast, but the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' has proved to be nothing more original than the tyranny of a small Communist clique.

"Peasant and artisan alike have exchanged one form of absolutism for another incomparably more oppressive; and at what a cost, not merely of human life, but also of physical and moral degradation. The old *bourgeoisie* has indeed vanished, but only to be succeeded by a new class of officials and of wealthier or rather less indigent, peasants and small traders, as the result of the concessions extorted by economic necessity from the pure theory of Communism.

"And the world revolution has been a dismal failure. Though a world-wide spirit of unrest was sedulously fostered, and in a few countries, like Hungary, Communism temporarily gained the upper hand, the foundations of society have proved equal to the strain. The *damnosa hereditas* of communist propaganda is still a cause for constant anxiety even in England, where all the conditions precedent to the French and Russian upheavals are lacking; but the world revolution so earnestly promoted from Moscow seems farther off than ever.

The Economic Aspect

No less has Bolshevism been a failure on its economic aspect, if one believes the same journal; for it says:

"From the economic standpoint—and it is from this angle that Bolshevism, which is primarily an economic doctrine, must ultimately be judged—the failure of the Soviet system has proved even more complete. Although since the complete collapse of 1921 there has been a certain improvement in economic conditions, this change has at every turn been achieved simply and solely by the abandonment of Bolshevik principles.

"The new Economic Policy, initiated by Lenin himself and since extended by Stalin, which has permitted the peasant to dispose of his produce to private persons and to hire labourers to work his

land, has in fact proved the deathblow to Communism in Russia, and has confronted the Soviet Government with the paradoxical task of attempting to found a Communist State in a country peopled by more than a hundred million peasant leaseholders. Nor has the complete elimination of the private capitalist proved any more feasible.

"Although two-thirds of the means of private production has been 'nationalised,' the merchant and the small manufacturer, in spite of crushing taxation have managed to maintain a precarious but persistent livelihood. It is a significant fact that (according to a statement made at the seventh Congress of Russian trade unions last December) the workers were bying 60 to 80 per cent. of their foodstuffs from private traders. Moreover, the whole apparatus of 'capitalist' economics, with its banks, trusts and managers, has been restored under the cumbersome control of an inefficient bureaucracy.

"Even the aid of the private foreign capitalist has been solicited, and in the year 1925-26 no fewer than fourteen new concessions were granted to German firms. These modifications of Communist practice have been extorted from the Soviet Government only under the experience of the direct privation. In spite of the enormous effort which has been made to increase production, the general standard of living is far below the miserably inadequate level of 1913.

"Even according to official figures the yield of agriculture, after the good harvest of 1926, is barely 90 per cent., while industrial production has scarcely reached more than 70 per cent. of the prewar level. A reliable estimate places the total product of Russian industry in the year 1925-26 at 4,523,000,000 roubles, as compared with rather more than 7,000,000,000 roubles in 1913.

"The purchasing power of the new chervonetz currency has steadily diminished since the beginning of 1924, and within the last few months the pace of the industrial machine has begun once more to slacken. Fresh symptoms of an acute crisis have made their appearance. Such have been the consequences, political and economic, of ten years of Bolshevik misrule, and even if the Russian people themselves are slow in profiting by their own bitter experience, they have surely taught the world a lesson which it will not easily forget."

Another British view

A slightly different view, that of the Liberal politicians, is presented by Mr. Spender in *The Westminster Gazette*.

"The world has to reckon with the stubborn fact that the regime remains in existence ten years after the event."

"In that it is unique among Revolutionary Governments, and for that it must receive a salute even from its opponents. There is apparently no alternative to it in Russia, and, if there were, all possible focuses of resistances have been so systematically destroyed that no challenge to it is probable. The best that other countries can do is to leave it alone and learn what they can of its experience.

"The best that can be said is that Russia is struggling back from the ruin which was wrought in the first four years of the Revolution. The struggle is the harder because in killing off the 'bourgeois' she destroyed the technical and managing class which must somehow be re-created if industry is to go forward.

"It looks as if she will come to equilibrium with a peasant-proprietory in possession of the land and going its own way, and a sort of collective regime in the towns. They new middle or governing class may call itself Communist, but it will, as before, be a middle and governing class, and the 'proletarians' will be lucky if they recover any of the liberties permitted to them in capitalist States, the liberty of organising for themselves, the liberty of striking, the liberty of living their lives and spending their money in their own way.

"Their foreign adventures are on a different plane. In these the old Russian imperialism gets a new chance by proclaiming itself the emancipator of the East from Western capitalism, and how to deal wisely with it is always a serious question. Safety here, as in most other dealings with Russia, lies in recognising the thing for what it is and not premitting ourselves to be driven off our balance by 'seeing red.'"

Russia Today

That there are aspects in the Russia of today brighter than those perceived or presented by the British periodicals seems a matter which is not open to doubt. Mr. William Pickens, writing in that excellent periodical, *The Review of Nations*, thus narrates his experiences of present-day Russia:

There is no kow-towing to superiors in the Soviet army, no servility on the part of the private soldier. If a rookie meets a general, he may ask him for a cigarette or a "light." The general will comply with no airs of condescension. So that, at first, one cannot

tell the superiors from the subordinates. Of this equality among Russian citizens I was to get further impressions as the days went on. Nobody takes off his hat to anybody else in Russia; one removes his hat or keeps it on his head, as suits best his own comfort. But there seemed to be the cordiality of comradeship everywhere, especially in the army during peace, where officers and men appear on a plane of equality. To an Englishman in Moscow, who has visited Russia six times, and has seen its army grow from the barefoot troops of the early revolution to its present excellent equipment, I remarked: "In the armies of other countries the officers would predict that such informality and apparent lack of deference to superiors would break up all discipline."—"So it would", replied the Englishman, "in the armies of those countries: for their discipline is constructed on force, servility and submission. To grant a privilege to the servile, is like unleashing repressed emotions. When there is a let-up in force, then those who are held in place by force, break out."—In other words, the soldier in the army of Soviet Russia is supposed to feel that the army is as much his affair as it is the general's. He therefore feels a proprietary interest in its discipline, not simply a regard for authority and force. Many of these soldiers are peasant boys who had never previously had any chance to get education, while in the army they are put through a thorough course of education. The Soviet army is a great school system,—about the best use that could be made of armies.

FREEDOM DISCIPLINE AND ORDER

In the colleges and industries we saw the same thing: students may smoke in the presence of the head of the school, and need not take off their hats to him. In the halls, on the grounds, in the streets and wherever else the class is not in session, one cannot tell the professors from the pupils. And when a workingman enters the office of superintendent, or even the office of the head of a government bureau, that workingman keeps his head up and his hat on, unless he removes it for his own convenience or comfort. Deference and servility are resented by those to whom they are offered. The women do not want to be called "ladies", but "comrades" "Sir" and "Mister" and all other so-called bourgeois titles are outlawed, and when one "comrade" gets angry which another he insults him effectively by calling him a "gentleman". In a meeting of the Communist Presidium there was a near riot, they say, when one peeved debater called his opponent a "gentleman". The peace officers on the streets

must not be called "policemen", but "commandants". The word "policemen" fell into very bad repute during the revolution,—and with the success of the revolution many policemen got thrown into the Moscow River. Nobody wants to be a *policeman* now.

And yet, apparently, there is no more orderly place in all Europe, not even in very orderly England and Germany, than is Moscow. There is not a suggestion of violence anywhere. You may lose your fountain pen, your wallet, or your brief case, if you do not take care in Moscow, for there are many poor people in Russia,—and stealing is only the superficial symptom of the real disease of poverty,—except perhaps in such civilized places as Chicago, where robbery has become a profession or a pastime. In Moscow, while your pockets may be picked, not a hair of your head will be hurt; but in Chicago a rich thug, with more money right in his pockets than you ever had in yours, may crack your skull or shoot you through the back,—and then see if you have anything in your pockets afterwards. One feels safer wandering about the streets of Moscow at night, than one who knows can feel in the avenues of Chicago.—It impressed an American to see the people in Moscow, of their own accord, without any officer or sign or order, lining up to get into the buses and street cars during rush hours: so that they get into the vehicles in the order of their arrivals. In New York or Chicago the last fellow to arrive on the scene will get into the cars first, if only he has hard enough muscles and broad enough shoulders to force weaker people out of his path.

NO RACE PREJUDICE

As to race and colour prejudice: there is less of it in New York than in New Orleans; less in London than in New York; less in Paris than in London; and absolutely none in Moscow. The most popular persons in the "Eastern University" where the Soviet Government is educating 1200 students from all races all over the earth, are the four American Negro students. One may see a few representatives of Africa as well as dark and strange-looking envoys from extreme southern Russian and from northern Asia Minor. But they are all "comrades". Orientals are at par in Russia: one day I was invited to the Krestintern to meet and dine with twenty-two Chinese officers of the Revolutionary Army of General Feng, who had been sent for three months' study of Russian methods. They were mostly young men, all intelligent, many of them educated in the best schools of white men, and some speaking the best English.—But the greatest human gain in Russia

is the freedom of the Jews. One may go to the Museum of the Revolution and see among other pictured horrors of the past the "pogroms" against Jewish people, and may recall that under the Czar and Grand Dukes a Jew was less than a dog in Moscow and not even allowed to live in the city unless he were a wealthy merchant, catering to the whims of the "white Russians",—and when he comes away from this Museum and goes into the Jewish Theatre or to some Christmas party of Jewish merry-makers, he feels that all the terrors of the revolution are compensated for in the freedom and equality of this people alone.

No wonder that the theatre is largely devoted to "revolutionary plays". Perhaps the most striking revolutionary drama ever put upon any stage is a play running this winter in Moscow, called "Richi Kitai", which in Russian means something like "Awake, O China!" or "Arouse yourself, China!" It is plainly in the interest of the revolutionary spirit in China and champions the cause of the Chinese against the two-fold oppression of British gunboats and American dollars.—I saw also two revolutionary films: "The Mother", from Gorky's story; and "Potemkin", showing the inhuman cruelty of the Czarist naval officers and military and how the famous battleship Potemkin came over to the revolutionaries of the port of Odessa. As "Potemkin" is showing in New York this winter, it will be interesting to note what America may cut out of this film. Sex plays a very small role in the Russian theatre. In America sex seems to be almost the only theme of the theatre. Americans and Englishmen are much more prudish than Russians,—perhaps that is why the repressed emotions of the Americans seek an outlet in the theatre. Wife-stealing and love-double-crossing interest the American theatre-goer; but in Russia it is hiding guns, plotting revolution, daring the death and meeting the horror.—What will be the results of these two different trends?

THE PLACE OF RELIGION

On a Saturday night in "The Jewish Theatre" I saw the "Ten Commandments" frankly burlesqued, with a mock court in heaven, a rather ugly portrayal of a certain busy-body archangel and a handsome and attractive picture of Satan. The next morning in an orthodox Russian Church I saw a great throng of worshippers, standing long hours, or kneeling and bowing their foreheads repeatedly to the cold gray stones of the church pavement. The congregation consisted mostly of the two extremes: one being the former aristocrats and bourgeois, and the other the

peasants. The workers and revolutionaries were mostly conspicuous by their absence. Why? well, the Czar was in the old day the Head of the Church, claiming the special protection of heaven, and an alliance with all the powers of heaven. Therefore, when he was beaten and overthrown, his long-suffering subjects naturally felt that they had triumphed not only over him and his Cossacks but also over all his other allied powers, including the church and heaven. We predict that after the reaction is complete against this hypocritical assumption of divine prerogatives by the former state authorities, the Russian people will not be anti-religious or non-religious, but will come to a reasonable religion of humanity.

When the Russian revolutionaries fell out with the established church, they fell in with another worship, the worship of a political ideal,—Leninism. Lenin is today as much of a saint to the dominant society in Russia as ever Christ or Buddha was to their respective followers. The likeness of Lenin appears in a thousand postures and forms,—prints, paintings, statuary, plaster, bronze, marble, canvas, paper. In some buildings his likeness is literally on every wall of every room: pictured as making a speech on some historic occasion of the revolution; as studying, resting, reviewing, or conferring; and one picture shows him prostrate on the ground when the peasants once attacked him and his party in his automobile and came near to murdering him. This is a sort of sorrow-picture, a pictured penance for the sin, as Christians show the flagellation or the crucifixion of the Christ. Although Lenin has been dead for more than two years, he still lies in state in the specially built Mausoleum, through which the viewing crowds still stream in thousands, even out of the falling snow. This feat of embalming by the German doctors was never dreamed of by the ancient Egyptians: there he lies, after two years, not mummified and wrapped in cerements, but with his pink skin and neatly cut beard, looking as if he has been dead only ten minutes, or rather as if he be asleep,—not in any coffin but on a grand couch of state under a high glass case which covers him like the drapery of a king's bed. Leninism is a cult in Russia.

Being without prejudice or hate, and therefore without fear, I invaded everywhere and interviewed or conferred with anybody: Banderas, of the Krestintern; Kameneva, sister of Trotsky and wife of Kamenev; Oulianova, sister of Lenin and an official of the Pravda, a daily newspaper; Leon Trotsky, President Kalinin; professors; students; workers; and many others. As I belong to an American group

which knows what is to be traduced, I was not at all surprised to find Russian conditions much better than the newspaper accounts of them, but I was surprised to find them better even than I could have anticipated. Understand me: Russia is not any seventh heaven; it has poverty, inefficiency, demagoguery and some robbery,—more poverty than New York but less robbery. But if one has an open heart of goodwill for his fellowman, he feels a thrill when he sees these plain people, who have come up like the bowels of a volcano from the nether regions, now standing there in the sunlight and attempting to achieve their own destiny. Dead Czars and impoverished Grand Dukes pale into nothingness when one is filled with the vision of this great, living, moving reality of one hundred and fifty millions of struggling fellow-humans. The achievement of their liberty cost others dearly, and cost themselves almost as dearly. So many of the men were killed off by the wars that today women and young people are in high places in Russia. Fellows in their twenties are high up in government and party office, and a young slip of a girl, clad in the popular worker's dress, may be presented as a "dean" when one visits a university.

WORKERS' CLUBS

Among the most interesting institutions we have seen anywhere are the "Workers' Clubs" in Russia. We visited one that is housed in a former munitions plant of the Czars. The workers pay as monthly dues for the privileges of the club only 25 to 40 kopeks (equal to half that number of cents in America or one fourth that number of English pennies). I saw scores of entertainments, classes and lectures going on in the same evening in the various rooms and halls of this vast institution. In the largest auditorium which seats 2,000 an operette was being performed by a troupe of professionals. In another large auditorium hundreds were listening to lectures on social questions. Classes were being conducted in engineering, architecture, drawing, sewing and embroidery, health and hygiene. There was a beautiful white nursery, with playthings, baby pens and clean white beds, where the mothers who attend the lectures or classes, or entertainments, may leave their little ones until time to go home. There were, of course, pool and billiard rooms, card rooms, tea tables, cafes, etc. But the worker's clubs are not only recreation centres, but institutions of liberal culture and of general and special education. Nothing of the sort was ever dreamed of by the toilers under the Czar, and we have not seen such institutions for workers anywhere else in the world.—Speaking of

health culture reminds me that I saw a greater number and proportion of excellent vegetarian restaurants in Moscow than in any other city I have ever visited.

Things move slow in the present regime of Russia, as in the case of most beginnings. Their offices need an "efficiency" expert from New York. One must go to several offices and to several clerks to have done what ought to be finished up in one office and by fewer clerks. Most office heads come late. You need not make an early appointment and not expect to have to wait if you go in time. The early bird will not catch the worm in Russia,—for the worm will be late. The great "State Bank" from which the Czarists removed all the money when they fled from the revolution, seems to be functioning well. I asked for twelve pounds English money, in exchange for the equivalent in roubles, when I was about to leave Russia, and I got it in exactly five minutes. Most of the clerks are women. There are many more women than men in Russia,—which perhaps has much to do with certain moral appearances. These people are only a few years removed from the most terrible revolutions. They have made, are making, and will make mistakes,—which is true of other peoples who have had no recent revolutions. But unfriendly opposition and unsympathetic treatment from others will always cause a people in the present social status of the Russians to make even greater mistakes than they would otherwise make.

BOBSHEVIK PROPAGANDA

Sincere people often say: "Nobody cares what sort of government or property arrangements the Russians choose to set up for themselves, if only they will not annoy other countries by their propaganda." Of course, we are not all so innocent-minded as to credit the charges which assume that "Bolshevik" influence is the cause of all the unrest in every other part of the world, or that the money of a very poor people can finance everybody who wants to start a revolution anywhere, but we can believe that the Russians have, and will have, the same disposition to propaganda the other peoples have,—and that they may have even an excess of such a disposition in their present anomalous position as a great nation unrecognized by other outstanding great nations. This position puts them on the defensive, and a group with the defense-psychology is always more active in propaganda, whether for political, religious or other aims. For Britain and the United States to recognize Russia as a free, independent and co-ordinate State, would draw the teeth and clip the claws of Russian

propaganda in those countries, for it would remove the need and the motive for the propaganda. Russian pamphlets and arguments and speeches are largely the peeved reply to the implied opposition of non-recognition. The very agents of Russia would lose much of their industry the moment when recognition were accorded. But Statesmen seldom consider states of mind. They may be "practical politicians," but they usually make a low mark in practical psychology.—Just like an oppressed group within a nation, so an unrecognized nation among the nations will lose much of its disposition to spread propaganda when once it is recognized as an equal among the others.

The Russian Revolution is then not altogether without compensatory factors.

Democracy vs. Bolshevism

The equality of human personality which, according to Mr. Pickens, seems to be amply recognised in Soviet Russia is not certainly recognised in modern democratic countries. There is the standing case of the scandal of the treatment of the negroes in America. Writing on the race problem on the Pacific coast in *The Review of the Nations*, Mr. Millie R. Trumbull says:

The American born Oriental brings with him a heritage which with the finer attributes and loyalties to American ideals, will give to this country the finest kind of citizenship. While the older group of their parents are failing to find in this country the "freedom" they long for, and find themselves shut away behind a wall not of their own building, their sons and daughters coming out of their "No-Man's land", will eventually build for themselves, a "place in the sun". They have a pride of race that has its roots in a civilization that was thousands of years old before ours was born. Each has a spiritual outlook on life—as an individual, while we look at it as one of a crowd and can function only in a crowd. And our mistake lies in the fact that we do not usually show our best side to our Oriental neighbour. Socially, we ostracise him; in business, we tolerate and exploit him; in religion, we patronize him; and in our courts, fleece him, as any one who has had any contact with courts can testify.

Perhaps we may some day adopt a new attitude—a more Christ-like attitude towards our Oriental

neighbours. The Pacific Coast is not proud of her story, but we are hoping for better days. The bitterness of our exclusion policy becomes sharpest when we think of the label of "ineligible to citizenship" which that policy has fastened upon such men as Dr. Inazo Nitobe, the Under Secretary General of the League of Nations. With but two officials, his superior in rank, this Japanese, honoured by all the nations of Europe and Asia, could not qualify to cast a vote in America.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

America has not been wise in her treatment of her coloured Oriental neighbours. Neither has she been wise in her treatment of her own people, the Negro and the Indian. Much less than wise—she has been brutal to these, her own people. This article has space but for a brief sketch of the place of the Negro on the Pacific Coast. Of the American Indian, our red brother, one can only write a line of pure agony of soul over our disgraceful treatment of him. The story must have a place of its own. But for the Negro, the American skies are brightening. But the way has been long and the path rough and weary.

When we consider the black American in his relation to his white American brother, we touch a very unpleasant, unwelcome phase of our history. Although we find Negro writers, poets, musicians, scientists, inventors, artists, whose efforts rank with and often excel those of their white competitors, we still think of them and treat them as coming from an inferior race, ignored, persecuted, and, in every State in the Union, segregated in every activity of their lives. The Negro in America has climbed up the ladder of civilization in spite of, not because of, his association with the white race.

The Negro population is still small on the Pacific Coast, but is rapidly increasing. Their opportunities for employment are limited and they are not here in sufficient numbers to be able to establish their own colonies, as those have done in Harlem New York. There is the same prejudice against their mixing with the white race as in the case of the Orientals. While their children are admitted to the public schools out here on the Coast, the association as a rule ends there. But many cases have been reported of discrimination against them which makes for their unhappiness. Two instances may illustrate. In a very large and thriving Young Men's Christian Association, only a certain number of Negro boys are admitted. They share, without any comment from the white, all the activities in the building, excelling in many. But once outside the door, they are not

allowed to identify themselves in Y. M. C. A. work. For two seasons, the two sons of the editor of the Negro newspaper—the mother a College graduate and a lawyer—have been refused participation in the summer camping trips with the same boys with whom they have been associating all winter.

THE POSITION IN SCHOOLS

The second illustration is that of action taken by a lumber company which brought its workers, both white and Negro, from one of its southern plants and in this instance, its action could have been expected; the reaction of Oregon to it is the significant feature of the story. The white workers were promised by the company that the Negro children would not be allowed to attend the same school as their white sons and daughters, and the Negro parents were forbidden to send their children to the public school. Outside of school hours, the children all played together, but if a Negro sent his child to the public school, he was discharged. The company planned to have its own school for the coloured children. The matter finally was brought to the attention of a group of forward looking citizens in Portland, and the company was told in unmistakable terms that it must send its race prejudice back to the south—there was no place in Oregon for them. The following term, the children were sent to the public schools and the matter closed.

So far, so good. Inside the school building, there is more or less equality. But at the school door it ceases. None of the white women's clubs admit coloured women to membership. The Negro has his own church. Once in a while, a white church will invite a leader among the coloured people to talk on "Race Relations" at a service, and the members will feel that they are solving the race problem in listening and then saying goodbye at the church door. Just recently, a Negro Methodist Bishop attended a conference in Portland. He was the most eloquent among all the speakers and attracted the largest audiences, but he was refused entertainment in any hotel and was taken care of in a private home of a Negro.

The same thing happens when Rolland Hayes, the world famed tenor, visits Portland. The Auditorium is so crowded that seats are placed on the stage so that white people may listen to his marvellous voice, but unless his concert manager makes special arrangements no white hotel will allow him a place to lay his head, and he too, must look to his Negro friends for hospitality.

Restaurants refuse to serve them; theatres compel them to sit in the galleries; California and Washing-

everyday recognised in all Christian countries. Here is what the Rev. H. Bulcock recently said in the course of a sermon:

The justness of these observations cannot be questioned.

* * *

Is the World becoming more Religious?

But is the world really in a mood to follow the advice of the Church? Is its mentality religious in a real sense? The Easter reflections of leading journals throw some light on the point. Here they are:

"No happier miracle was ever invented by Nature than that which is worked with overwhelming success every Easter, when even the Methusalehs of the human race feel young and eager again, although their old bones may not allow them to be exactly brisk, writes *The Liverpool Post*.

"But the miracle does not finish with that: for at the heart of this April festival of new buds, new lambs, and new lovers, there is a queer, paradoxical air of oldness, a sense of eternity's great age merely beginning once again, and that for the hundred thousandth time instead of for the ecstatic first time, as it seems at the moment, the woods and gardens are wearing white for Eastertide."

"In a word, the first popular holiday of the year comes to us with traditions, no less than does the autumn, that looks far more venerable against her background of fruit and leaves, or winter, hoary amid her snows and holly."

"As a matter of logic, Easter's traditions must be the most ancient of all, and a spring day would have the thickest encrustment of them did it not bear them as lightly as it wears the blossom: how could there be an autumnal season at all if it were not preceded by spring and Easter?"

"No one, however, can follow the story of Christ's Passion which this solemn day commemorates without feeling himself in the presence of One who goes to His death with a fortitude which only a man can show who is persuaded that what is done by Him shall have its fruit for others to their great gain. This is something more than a martyr's death," said the *Times*.

"Those who have given their lives in fidelity to the God in whom they have believed have always manifested a consciousness that their sacrifice was imperfect in its action and unworthy in its substance. Not so was it with this Sufferer. He proceeds to

His Cross as if it were the instrument of His Will the means which He had chosen to accomplish a work which would bring more than full satisfaction for its pain, its humiliation, and its utter desolation.

"Instinctively it would seem that all who came to that great sight were conscious that they were in the presence of a great mystery. Few understood it. But if they were left in ignorance of the secret of the Crucified they found themselves judged by what they had seen. Nowhere in all literature do we see so clearly into the hearts and minds of men as of those who surrounded the Cross.

"It is the test of moral worth, the gauge of spiritual vitality, the measure of men's fidelity to truth, honour, and mercy. That test is still applied to men wherever Good Friday is observed. It is the challenge men always need as a corrective to the false lights of the world and the specious excuses which they so easily invent to disguise their hardness of heart and their subservience to the conventions of the society in which they live."

THE LESSON OF THE RESURRECTION

On the Saturday before Easter last year "A Correspondent" of the *Times*, recalls *Public Opinion*, also dealt with the significance of Easter Sunday and concluded a notable article by asserting:—

"There are many ways in which men seek to justify belief in the life after death. Some would urge that there can be no moral meaning in experience apart from a future life, for here in this world men's fortunes have but little relation to their deserts. Some may plead that a life hereafter has been the inextinguishable hope of mankind in all ages.

"But the Resurrection has other sanctions for faith. Its simplest explanation is that something happened in the dawn of that Easter Day by which the Crucified resumed His life and was manifested as the Lord of Life for evermore.

"The Risen Christ is not alone. He is the first-fruits of them that sleep in Him, the first ingathering of a harvest which comprises all redeemed humanity. Christ shared our weakness that we might share His strength. He tasted death, and offers us the participation of His immortality. The Christian is not content to comfort himself with the probability that he may live hereafter; nor does he look for mere continuity of personal existence.

"His creed bids him look to the life everlasting, a life in which all that belongs to our humanity shall be transfigured with heavenly glory, responsive in the fullness of its joy to all that is true and pure and beautiful in the perfect attainment of the Divine will

for the individual and the race. Why should it be judged incredible that God should raise the dead?

"Do men hesitate to accept the assurance of Easter because it is too good to be true? Let them reflect that the life we now enjoy has obviously larger and nobler capacities than we have yet attained and that the Resurrection gives meaning to human experience and is the assurance that God's purpose shall be finally attained.

"Though the Resurrection justifies this great hope, we need not wait for the future to live in its power and share its triumph. The New Testament constantly insists on the fact that in a very real sense the Resurrection is already attained. A Christian is a risen man, enjoying a newness of life which gives him a moral and spiritual mastery here and now. Its source is from outside, from above, a spiritual life which in the vigour of its righteousness, truth and beauty discerns new ideals and attains them, with the certainty of those sure processes which have their origin and fulfilment in the victory of Easter."

"What makes life purposeless and petty and vain, and indeed intolerable, to thinking men and women? It is the thought that it leads nowhere and means nothing. That is what makes nonsense of all our experience; it takes the heart out of all effort; it makes even the sweet things of life insipid and adds gall to embitter them. For we cannot really live without the assurance that life means something good.

"If we lack the knowledge which makes hard things worth bearing because they are seen to be the discipline that prepares us for a better and a fuller life, we lack the one thing that gives courage to face and overcome them. We need to know and to be able to trust in a love which has fast hold of us and will never let us go, and will not fail us, if we dare the great committal of faith. We need the assurance that beyond the chequered story of failure and striving after better things we shall reach at last a perfect fulfilment of all that we sometimes are and of all that in our best moments we desire to be.

"And we need to know also that lives which are broken off short here, and descend into the shadow of death, fall not into the devouring maw of nothingness, but into the arms of immortal love, and that we shall meet them again in the richer, fuller, perfected life of a great Beyond. We need an eternal background.

"And then comes Easter, and there, behind the broken and distorted foreground of life as we know it, stands up shining in the sunlight of God the fact of the risen Christ. Here is the great interpreting, unifying fact we have been seeking. For it touches actual life just as it is—no alien fact born of dreams, but set up above the tangle of sin and perplexity and failure, like some great range of hills that tower up in the morning above the shadows of night."

The interest shown in the significance of Easter is an index of what the people feel.

* * *

Press Referendums on Religion

There are other indications also. Under this category come the results of Press referendums. The *Manchester Evening News* ballot on Sunday games resulted as follows:

Sunday Games.	Majority against
For 37,609	
Against 198,062	
Total vote...235,672	160,454
Sunday Cinemas.	
For 30,078	
Against 205,643	
Total vote...235,721	175,565
Aggregate votes cast	471,393
Spoiled papers	11,013

"The questions which we put to our readers were these:

"Are you in favour of Sunday games in public parks at times not interfering with the hours of divine worship?"

"Are you in favour of the opening of cinemas on Sundays after the hours of divine worship?"

Commenting on the referendum the *Manchester Evening News* (which maintained an independent position and did not express its own views and thus conducted the referendum without bias) says:—

"These questions appeared on a ballot form which was published in the columns of the *Manchester Evening News*, and in addition the cinema interests and the representatives of religious organisations accepted our offer to provide them with supplementary papers in accordance with their requirements.

"It soon became evident that interest in the ballot was very great and it was necessary to fix an area for the distribution of the supplementary papers. After consultation with the interests concerned an area including roughly the places within a radius of five miles of the city was fixed, and to all cinemas and religious institutions in that area which applied ballot papers were sent. The ballot form which appeared in our columns could, of course, be signed by any reader wherever he or she resided.

"We must express our gratitude to representatives of the religious organisations and the cinema interests who assisted us in the distribution and collection of the supplementary papers.

"A large number of the forms were specially printed and the religious organisations and the cinema interests respectively received approximately the same number of forms. In practically every case ample forms were available. In the few cases where there was a shortage it was due in the main to an under-estimate at the outset.

"Every care was taken to see that the papers were returned. When they came in it soon became evident that although the interest in the question was very great, especially on the part of the religious organisations, there were still a large number of people who were not interested enough to fill up a form and send it to us either by post or through the ballot boxes which we placed in newsagents' establishments both in the city and in a great many of the out districts,

"Still, the facts that nearly half a million votes were cast by nearly a quarter of a million people indicate how strong is the feeling on the question.

"Extreme care was taken in the counting. A large staff was employed and those engaged worked under the closest supervision, so that the risk of error was negligible. They found a surprisingly large number of spoiled papers, many voters failing to observe the rule that the name and address of the voter must be given. These, of course, were all discarded.

"The work of counting occupied many hours, and those in charge realised quickly that the vote against both games and cinemas on Sunday was very strong. Indeed so marked was it that extra precautions were taken to see that all the cinemas which had asked for papers had returned their forms. The time for the reception of papers was extended, but the few which came in late did not affect the result materially.

"However satisfactory the result may be to one side and however disappointing it may be to the other we venture to think that the ballot has been justified. The *Manchester Evening News* has endeavoured to maintain a neutral attitude and in the conduct of the ballot it has favoured neither side. It may be said that there were weaknesses in the scheme. There were, of course. Nothing short of an official referendum in defined areas could be perfect. But we believe our ballot has been useful in giving a general reflex of opinion.

"Carelessness or haste, or failure to read the conditions of the ballot, published daily in the *Manchester Evening News* for a fortnight, were the chief causes of spoilt voting papers.

"A great many were received with the name and address written clearly, but without any vote marked in the squares provided for the purpose; many more went to the other extreme. The voting was clearly indicated by crosses, but the name and address were missing.

"Generally speaking, however, the voting was neatly and clearly recorded, and the earnestness of the majority of those taking part in the ballot is proved by a letter we received from a lady reader asking if we could reverse the vote she registered in favour of Sunday games. 'I have since felt,' she wrote, 'that the harm would most likely be greater than the good to be obtained by allowing every kind of game to be played on Sunday.'

Is not the result significant?

The Referendum in America

Similar referendums have been held in America, too, with similar results. Here are the views of the American press on the subject:

"In contradiction of the statements often heard to-day which would indicate that church attendance, prayer, even belief in God, are on the wane in the United States, are the results of a nation-wide religious census made with the assistance of two hundred news papers in as many cities," says the *American Review of Reviews*.

"About 125,000 persons responded, and certainly according to this number, short skirts, prohibition,

the movies and jazz have not made us the irreligious nation for which they are commonly blamed.

"In the New York *World* Charles Stelzle, director of the census, summarises the findings." He states: "Since 1800 the earliest date for which such record exists, church membership has markedly increased. For example, in 1800 (a time of marked indifference to religion), Protestant Church members numbered 7 per cent. of the population, in 1850, 15 per cent., in 1880, 20 per cent., in 1900, 24 per cent., in 1925, approximately 26 per cent. To-day the total church membership in the United States numbers about 43 per cent. of the total population.

"The questionnaire was prepared by a commission of one hundred prominent clergymen of various denominations for the church Advertising Department of the International Advertising Association. The questions and the replies are as follows:—

QUESTION.	"Yes"	"No"
1. Do you believe in God? ...	91%	9%
2. Do you believe in immortality? ...	88	12
3. Do you believe in prayer as means of personal relationship with God? ...	88	12
4. Do you believe that Jesus was divine as no other man was divine? ...	85	15
5. Do you regard the Bible as inspired in a sense that no other literature could be said to be inspired? ...	85	15
6. Are you an active member of any Church? ...	77	23
7. Do you regularly attend any religious services? ...	76	24
8. Would you be willing to have your family grow up in a community in which there is no Church? ...	13	87
9. Do you regularly have "family worship" in your homes? ...	42	58
10. Where you brought up in a religious home? ...	87	13
11. Do you send your children to any school of religious instruction? ...	72	28
12. Do you think that religion in some form is a necessary element of life for the individual and for the community? ...	87	13

"Before the balloting, all sorts of prophecies were made as to the results. Church people insisted that the voters would mainly consist of Philistines who would take this opportunity to express their feelings; non-church people declared that the church was so well organised it could easily monopolise the voting; many held that whatever the results, it would still be true that 'moderns' had given up their belief in religion.

"It is a striking fact, says Mr. Stelzle, that the churches have not been able to reach this strong general interest. It proves that in our great cities there is a large opportunity for the church to demonstrate its value. Moreover, it shows that religion in America is on the whole conservative: the people are not bothered very much by the doubts of the 'high brows.' When it comes to religion they are old-fashioned

Everywhere, then, man is relying on things Divine as the most safe refuge in his difficulties.

Page		For	Read
30	Col. 2 l. 4	observation	obscurantism
	" l. 4 from bottom	After "Comparatively"	read
		"Little touched by mountains, but no poet has felt more deeply and constantly."	
31	" l. 11	mis-qualification	qualification
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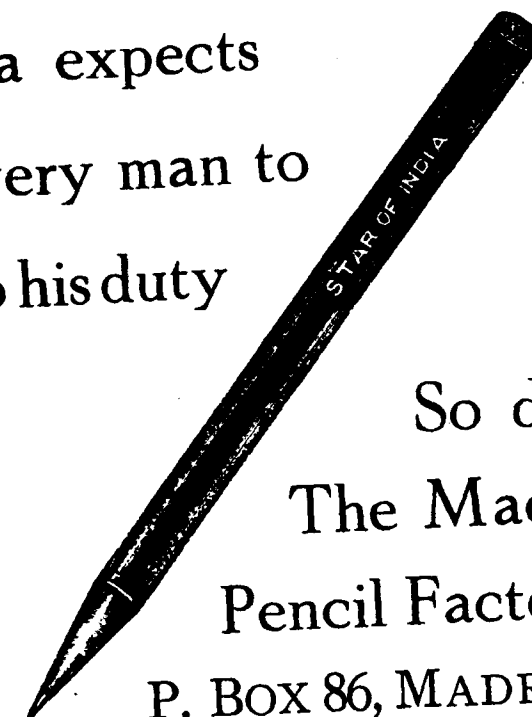
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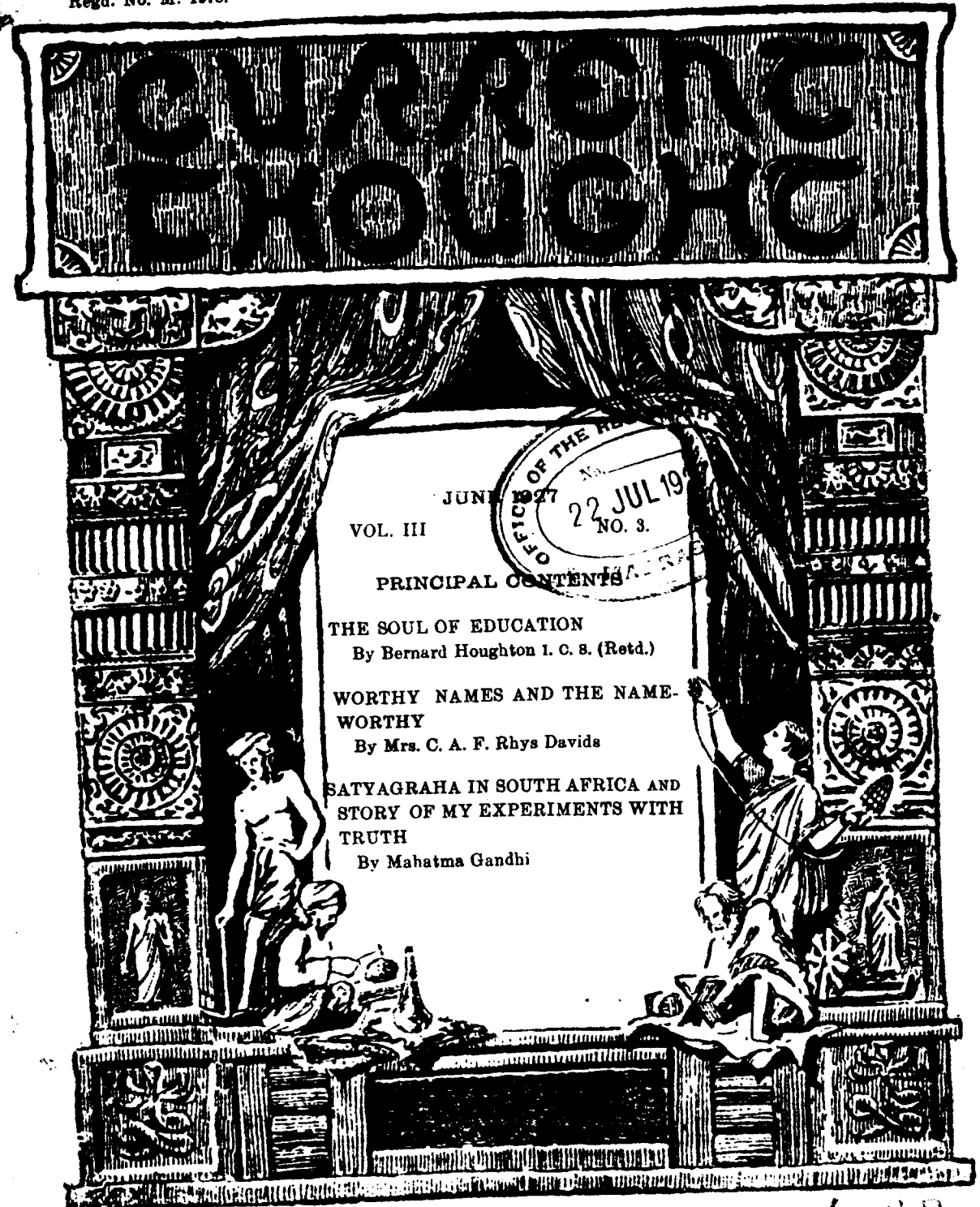
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Contents

Vol. III

JUNE 1927

No. 3

	PAGE		PAGE
THE SOUL OF EDUCATION by Bernard Houghton I. C. S. (Retd.) ...	97	A short account of the origin and growth of the Nathibai Damodar Thackersey University—by L. V. Ramaswami Iyer.	129
WORTHY NAMES AND THE NAMEWORTHY by Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids ...	100	The Life of Sri Vyasaraaja—by T. R. C. ...	130
MYSTIC SONGS OF BENGAL by Tapan Mohan Chatterjee ...	104	Dravidian Gods in Modern Hinduism—by L. K. A. ...	130
SATYAGRAHA IN SOUTH AFRICA by M. K. Gandhi. ...	105	Live and Learn or the Art of Living—by L. K. A. ...	131
ART IN JAWADWIPAM by Mrs. Vam. H. Labberton ...	110	Pope—by L. V. Ramaswami Aiyer ...	132
THE STORY OF MY EXPERIMENTS WITH TRUTH by M. K. Gandhi. ...	113	Animals of Land and sea—by L. K. A. ...	133
REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS		WHAT THINKERS THINK	
<i>Biography:</i>		Western Spirituality : Anthroposophy ...	134
The New Boswell—by R. M. Freeman ...	117	Western and Eastern Spirituality contrasted	134
<i>Economics:</i>		The Gospel of the East—not inconsistent with action ...	135
Trade Unions in India by G. K. Ramachandran ...	119	Anthroposophy needs completion from India ...	135
<i>History:</i>		Have Western nations understood Christi- anity? ...	136
Sidelights on Recent Irish History—by P.V. ...	120	The ideal of world-brotherhood ...	137
<i>Literature:</i>		The International mind ...	137
Dialogues of Buddha—by T. R. Chintamani ...	121	The path to peace ...	138
A Tibetan Banner—Above the Rainbow— by A. Rama Iyer ...	122	A common-sense view of Industrial pro- blems. ...	139
History of English Literature by L. V. Ramaswami Iyer ...	124	Business Ethics and Christian Standards ...	139
<i>Sociology:</i>		The revolt of western youth ...	140
Population Problems in the United States and Canada.—by G. K. Ramachandran ...	124	Who is Responsible? ...	140
<i>Miscellaneous:</i>		19 Commandments for Parents ...	141
Modern German Fiction ...	126	Marriage in the Melting pot ...	141
The Konkani and the Konkani Language by L. V. Ramaswami Aiyer ...	127	What marriage now means in the west ...	141
Premagithi by L. V. Ramaswami Iyer ...	128	The importance of Eugenics ...	142
		The value of Examinations ...	142
		Science and Humanism ...	142
		The Underlying Unity ...	143
		The Three Must Become one ...	144

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Current Thought

*That which exists is One
The wise name It variously*

—RIG VEDA

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The Soul of Education

BY BERNARD HOUGHTON I.C.S. (Retd.)



IN a sound scheme of education, everything depends on the pupil's spirit when he leaves the school. Schools are but gateways to the temple of knowledge, and their instruction the mere beginning of his real education. That lasts, or should last, all his life. He must be eager to take advantage of the libraries and to acquire knowledge, wherever and whenever he may get the chance. In literature or science he should see an undiscovered country, into which he fares with the help and guidance of others, but with the hope of being later on himself a pioneer. He ought to be always learning, he ought to be always pressing forward into the unknown. *Ancora imparo*, (I am still learning) declared Michael Angelo when over eighty. That must be the spirit of India.

Now, to get that spirit it will not do to make the primary schools into mere disciplinary establishments or creches where a modicum of knowledge is instilled in the same way as when a nurse pours milk from a bottle down a baby's throat. The schools must not merely instruct; they must inspire.

That means a revolution in the whole method of the education of to-day. The curse of autocratic rule, such as government by officials, is that, even when it means to do well, the vice of the system poisons its every act, and turns to evil even the good it hopes to do. The bureaucracy intended to educate a fraction of India, training it in Western knowledge, as under diarchy they pretended to train it in self-government. But founded as the bureaucracy is on militarism, on foreign bayonets, it can no more teach freedom of thought than it can teach freedom in government. It teaches by authority, by prescribing what the student is to think and how he is to think. It dare not encourage him to think for himself. If he were to think for himself he would criticise, he might become independent, and the whole fabric of the bureaucracy would come tumbling down like a pack of cards. Disaster unthinkable! Not independence, but docility, that is the only spirit the bureaucracy may tolerate. Nay, to make assurance doubly sure, the student must be impressed with a sense of his own humbleness

and of the superiority of the white man in general, and the British Government in particular. The system so far from inspiring, damns the youth of the nation. It damns them because it emasculates their intellect and makes them content to limp timidly behind authority, instead of striding forward like men into the unknown. It damns them because it instils the notion of racial inferiority and so tramples on their self-respect. It damns them too, because it ignores patriotism, that well-spring of the social virtues. All that Indians have achieved of public greatness, or private enterprise, they have won not through the government system of education, but rather in its despite.

The existing system, then, far from being an example to follow, is rather a blunder to avoid. Knowledge, elementary knowledge, all must have, but they must acquire it in a way that will stimulate their intelligence and foster a sense of social service. What better principle can we adopt than that of Madame Montessori, who in place of teaching, inculcates interest, and for discipline, duty? Surely, there is the right ideal. For, the youth of India will grow up citizens of a free state, which has put away for ever the evil traditions of despotism, which relies not on force but on persuasion, the strength of which depends on the loyalty and free co-operation of its members. Of such a state freedom is the soul, the essence, but freedom conditioned by a deep sense of duty to one's neighbours and to the motherland. Now the Montessori system as developed by Mac Munn and others in England gives exactly that spirit. It produces men and women with intelligence and energy, imbued with a sense of love and duty towards others. Is not this the very type of citizen which India requires?

Boys and girls too must be taught that, with energy and perseverance, there is no pinnacle of learning or of material success to which even the humblest may not attain. The present system lowers their vitality. It says, in effect "Walk humbly in the state of life in which you are born." The new one should declare: "Rise! Climb! No one knows how far you may go. See how many great men and women have started from the lowliest position. Up! and follow in their footsteps!" If there are obstacles in the path, a resolute youth will always find a way to overcome or circumvent those obstacles. As Emerson truly said: "There is no defeat but from within. There is no insurmountable barrier, but your own weakness of purpose." Let each young Indian realise that in the army of the mind he carries a marshall's baton in his knapsack.

Limited as must needs be the instruction given in the primary schools, few as will be the years spent in them, that instruction may yet suffice, under proper methods and with right policy or spirit, to implant an indelible stamp on the pupil's character. The supreme end and object of these schools should be to turn out pupils keen for knowledge, heroes of the mind, zealots for the welfare of India. Not examinations, but the independent work of the pupils and their careers after leaving school should form the test by which teachers should be judged. In place of work done under orders and motivated by dread of penalty, the new system desires work done on the pupil's own initiative, done too with the same joy that children now evince only in their play. Then, when they take their part in the life of the nation they will, whatever their profession or calling, bring to it self-help and reliance and a cheerful sense of duty.

The bureaucratic schools turn out a docile serf; India's schools will aim at brave and intelligent men and women. The ideal of the bureaucracy is the well-drilled soldier; the ideal of India should be the citizen of Greece. The one education crushes, represses, the other inspires the mind and thrills the soul. Difficulties there will surely be at the commencement. We do not expect miracles. Many teachers who have grown up to manhood and womanhood under a despotic government will fail to grasp the new spirit, the new angle of vision. Many will cling to authoritative methods and think in chains. They may still hold with their predecessors in the days of Montaigne, five hundred years ago views described by that writer in the following words: "It is the custom of school-masters to be eternally thundering at their pupils' ears as if they were pouring into a funnel, while the pupils' business is only to repeat what their masters have said."

But the changed mental atmosphere of India will achieve much. Everywhere there will be a sense of freedom, of buoyancy, as of prisoners long held behind walls who taste the free air and see again the green spaces of the open country. Everywhere patriotic men and women will be seeking fresh outlets for their energies and adopting new ideas. Swaraj is no mere reform of political machinery; it means the renaissance of India. It touches the imagination which reforms leave cold. In such an atmosphere men and women, shaking

off the fetters they have worn so long, realise themselves; they achieve wonders. We may be sure that teachers, too, will look out on the world of education with very different eyes to those with which under the bureaucracy they now see it.

In education, as in government, it is policy which counts. The spirit with which a government or a department is worked affects all from the highest to the lowest. Proclaim military ideals as now, and from university to village, dogma and discipline raise their ugly heads. Set up the standard of freedom and of fellowship, and everywhere men walk an inch taller and with a bolder step. This new spirit in education the inspectors will bring home to every teacher, they will explain the new methods and hearten on the beginners. Progress may be a little slow at first, but then the teachers will labour not to find favour in the eyes of a foreign master but to build up a new India, for the greatness and glory of their own dear Motherland. Will not that impart an added zeal to other work? Will it not spur them on to learn and strive and finally to succeed?

Before many months have passed the spirit of freedom which will inform India will also inform the schools. In this nursery of the nation will reign a new gospel of human ability and Indian citizenship. "Forward!" sounds the call, "forward, for to each of you all things are possible. But go forward with your hand in your brother's, and the love of India in your hearts."

Worthy Names and the Nameworthy

BY MRS. C. A. F. RHYS DAVIDS

There are, it may be, some who are content to call 'being well' just being rid of pain. I knew a teacher—one of the best from a land of great teachers, Scotland—who spoke from the chair with sympathy of this way of naming happiness, or pleasure, or being well. 'Why seek a better wording, some say', said he, 'than just riddance of pain? We can live without positive happiness; we can resolve to do without pleasure, but we cannot live ever in pain'. He suffered much and often. He doesn't now. But that pain was of the body. The man was neither quenched nor daunted by it.

Languor was not in his heart,

Weariness not on his brow...

for, while he ailed in body, he was, as man, seeking the good of the 'man' in us; he was naming to us nameworthy things that he saw; he was seeking to make us well. Like a skilled player, he made that marred instrument of body express for us so much able guidance, that few were aware how jangled it could be with pain.

Happiness, pleasure, well-being, or, as Continentals say, 'well'—these are all very nameworthy things. If they are not always in the very van of our activities, they are ever at the central spring of the living will. We are not always, in this and that work, consciously aiming at them. But it is not a worthy name for them to call them riddance of pain, absence of suffering, freedom from sorrow. Such a way of naming them indicates that we are, when rid of pain or woe, looking

back at our riddance, and not forward to what that riddance means, and lets us do. It means that we are like a shipwrecked, rescued man, who is content to stand, with Lucretius's coastwatcher, on the cliff and survey seawards the waves he has won out of, and does not look landward at where he is now able to go. It is the opposite attitude to that of the new healing, which bids us concentrate on our betterment, and not keep ill by brooding on ill, by wording our ills.

It is in old Indian literatures that this naming of the 'well' by the not-ill, the good by the not-bad, is for the European student a very obtrusive feature. Especially in the language of Buddhist books, of which I am less ignorant than I am of others, it was ever rising up and hitting me in the eye. But it was well to be in sympathy with their outlook, so I looked around for the same sort of terms in nearer tongues. They were far fewer. 'Immortality,' 'independence,' 'infinite,' 'invaluable' 'unconditioned,' 'absolute,' with the implicitly negative 'liberty'—are there any more of prime importance? We of the West do not describe springs of good action as non-greed, non-hate, non-dulness; we do not name kindness as non-harm, generosity as non-covetousness, benignity as non-malevolence. Nor do we call health non-disease. Nor do we conceive the Goal as a going out (as of fire), as a going forth (as from a jungle), as cessation, as passionlessness, as the unborn, the not-dead, the unshaking, as the 'not-whence-(cometh)-fear', as liberation.

I am not saying that with names, mainly negative, it is impossible to express earnestly, impressively. How could I say so whose it has been to deal with the language of such saintly rapture as:

This that doth ne'er grow old, that dieth not,

This never-ageing, never-dying Path—

No sorrow cometh there, no enemies.

Nor is there any crowd; none faint or fail,

No fear cometh, nor aught that doth torment—

To this, the Path Ambrosial, have gone Full many.*

There is holy passion in Sumedha's lines, but it all has to be got in naming the things she did not want to meet.

Yet we also, I thought, do thrill to those negative terms: immortality, infinite, liberty. We have only to credit other traditions with a more widely distributed thrill, arising from a greater number of terms. And more: there may have been deliberate purpose in this more negative way. It emphasized the need of cleansing, of clearing out the transmitted badness of ages of past lives in the individual: of pruning, of purging the present outcrop of activities, which hinder the man from admitting the better, from developing his best, from concentrating on the one thing needful. Only by much 'not this, not thus' could he so refine his life, that it became not merely an average quantity, but of a transformed quality. For of such was Arahatta, supreme worth.

This was all well-meaning, but it was not very wise. It sought truth, but in the wrong way. It sought to interpret the old world by the new. It was an apologia for certain features in Indian religion which its votaries neither worded, nor judged to

*Psalms of the Sisters (Therigatha), verses 512, 513.

be called for. It was an effort to make the modern West, including the writer, swallow and justify the standpoint of a certain epoch in Indian religions. Those religions had developed under certain conditions. The result was an attitude which led to a negative naming of the Good, of the Well, of the Goal. No apology for that attitude had been judged needful. Apology was judged to be needed for those who did not accept the attitude. So why champion it?

That attitude was that saintship is won and the Goal brought close by the man who cuts himself off from the common life, who denies the 'will to live' in the world of men now, or in other worlds of men called Devas hereafter. The Sankhya school and the Jains praised, in that out-of-the-world life, the practice of tapas (asceticism). The Buddhists rejected this, albeit many actually fell back on modified forms of it. Cynics and sceptics ridiculed the religious world, then as now. But the bulk of the people honoured them. They were the 'worthy', the holy; their nearness and the tending of them conferred merit.

But the ascetic's or monk's view of life and of the worlds is of necessity largely negative. He has cut himself off from most of what is positive in the world in which he has grown up, and in which he will end his present span of life. And he is not clearly informed as to any other worlds awaiting him. He words them chiefly as 'not thus'. There is much left of an unworldly character in his thinned-out life which he can word positively. But where monasticism and asceticism have absorbed a certain proportion of the people, as it has done in Southern Asia at different times and in different degrees, a tendency to consider life as only worthy if most of that which fills it up has been got rid of is very strong, so that it infects even

24260

the saintly vocabulary. And the forward view, though it may be an attitude of confidence, is in substance of the vaguest; the backward view over vanquished perils is much more usual.

Moreover, these modern apologies help the Oriental sectarian of today to go on accepting old traditions:—the honouring of asceticism and monasticism, acquiescence in the wording of old scriptures and so forth—which he ought by this time to put aside as ways of an old dead world.

Thus is the old misrepresented and the new man held back.

But slowly we are getting wiser. We are coming to accept the old as old, and as such the less likely to be fit for the new world. We can witness how so much of it has died, is dying. We can witness, in old scriptures, how an inspired message becomes clothed about with institutions which for a time grow, and then grow no more. Commentaries are then written, which accept and vindicate the institutions without disentangling the ever-living message or 'Gospel'. And men grow on, and finally the inspired message, having become wrought up into their ideals, they tend to father these ideals on to the old scriptures, instead of disentangling the original message and finding in it something that is *assumed* in their own religion.

But, anyway, it may be said, the essential moral code is as negatively worded in the West as in the East:—'Thou shalt not kill' and so forth.

That is true. The moral code, as worded in the old world by a handful of Hebrews, once helped the world of the West, and then, by the form of that wording, retained a strangle-hold upon its new growth. We still hear the sneer of the Cain of those old Hebrew scriptures over the murdered Abel: 'Am I my brother's warder?' even from

worthy lips. 'Thou shalt not kill' is good, as far as it goes. But to that merely negative wording it is largely due that we hear the sneer today. For, it is nearly two thousand years ago since there came to a newer world a man with a better wording.

To the question: 'Who is my neighbour?' that man replied with that greatest of all Jatakas, of all parables: 'The Good Samaritan'. All are your neighbours, your 'near ones', who are, who may be wanting warding. Here was the moral law reworded: 'Thou shalt ward the life, the health of thy fellowman'. So also should we reword the rest:—'Thou shalt ward thy fellowman's goods,' 'thou shalt ward those dear to him' 'thou shalt ward him in all thy speech;' 'Thou shalt ward thy body for him in thy drink' *.

The good Samaritan is now an old word in an old scripture, but it is not a dead teaching; it is of the kernel of the original ever-living message of a world-helper. Yet it also is only just as far as it goes. We have come to believe that we need more. We have come to believe that we are the warders of the minds of our fellowmen, as well as of their bodies, even though here, again, we may hear the sneer 'To educate the minds of the masses is bad'. Nay, we have to get further yet. Badly yet do we ward the *will* of our fellowmen. Nor will that one day be enough. For when we have once come to realize what that means, we shall be willing to ward each other both before and after this life on earth.

So far, then, it is we who have to find worthier naming for our name-worthy moral code. In this we are no further than Buddhist and Jain with theirs, and their *ahimsa* and the rest. What then of those other negative names to—
* The Buddhist fivefold code reworded.

which we on our part still cling? Is not 'immortality' (*amṛta*, *amata*) worthily named?

Far from it. It is but a name for our ignorance. For what do these words mean but just 'absence of death'? When Xenophon's weary, errant Greek soldiers in Asia Minor at long last caught sight of the sea, they did not cry: 'No land! No land!' They shouted and sobbed 'Thalatta! Thalatta!' The sea! The sea! For them that shimmering azure meant ships, meant the coast, meant Greece, meant home. They worded not the soil they were painfully getting done with; they worded the way out. More-will-to-the-sea surged up in them, to sail, to get home. So wrote a man in a newer world:—'This one thing I do: forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forth unto the things that are before, I press forward...*' Immortality means nothing whatever about the more-living. And so, veiled in that old word and its Indian parallels, we grope along, weary errant soldiers. Yet, already we are beginning to use a more positive name: survival. It doesn't take us far, but it does at least name our frontal sea, and not the mere fact of our leaving land. One day we shall find a better name and thrill no more to the hollow ring of the old.

The negative name 'infinite' (*ananta*) is no better. It is but an excuse for lazy thinking. It is good that we let our limited minds practise expansion. It is not good to rest content with expansion as such. The lecturer on astronomy expands our cramped imagination, but he does that, not by merely showing us the vast inane, but by charting it for us. He shows it to us as a teeming manifold—a *bhuman*. I question the accuracy of certain translators who have

* St. Paul. Ep. Philippians.

rendered that notable term as 'infinite', 'unbeschränkt'.*

Nor do our minds feed healthily on the inane left by the negative names 'unconditioned', 'absolute'. We are left by these with a world, with a being into which nothing on earth fits, no name, no idea, no experience. With such a being we can enter into no relations whatever. When heaven, when deity is thus named, by the speculative thinker, men, ay, and men of good will put these on one side, and seek either nothing involving the larger duty, or only a nearer goal, finding deity in man.

But 'liberty', 'deliverance', 'emancipation', 'moksa', 'mukti', 'vimutti':—are not then these worthier names for the highest, the best? Here are no negatives—Nay, can that really be claimed for them? When did these names come up in history? They are not the oldest names for things most name-worthy. They can be seen emerging in scriptures not the oldest. How could the invading Aryan host afford, on their great adventure, to shake off, even in idea, the close solidarity of the herd, the horde? They could not. But once they were settled in the new home, once that was made safe, then the individual might begin to weary of the social groove, then might his religious aspirations take on the language of the freed captive, the escaped slave; then, and then only could 'liberty' begin to call up the thrill we of Europe have long known politically, as India now knows it, as India has known it spiritually so long a time.

But what do the names 'liberty' and 'moksa' and the rest signify in themselves but just a negation, a riddance? They convey to us nothing of that to which the escaped one can look forward. They imply

* Chandogya Upanishad. VII, 22 f; So Max Muller, Deussen. Hume:—'*plenum*'. Tatya:—'*immensity*'.

only that he *can* look forward, that he can move as he wills. That he is freed-from, he knows; but what is he freed into?

This, the most name-worthy thing that we can conceive, it is not easy to name, much less to name more worthily than we do. But the life of each of us is very long. There is time for each and all of us to grow towards the worthier naming, and to concentrate upon it as we grow. And this we can be doing now by cultivating a healthy discontent with all negative naming now taking front rank in names of things most nameworthy. We shall never grow on negative names.

But let us never cease to be sure that, as to these things, we can grow and shall grow. Because men have for ages thrilled to the idea, in different tongues, of the immortal, *amrta*, or of liberty, *moksa*, or of nirvana, is no safe guarantee that they will always do so. Man has conceived these ideas, man has made these names, and the mind of man, the wording will of man is

not duller, is not more limited than it was. It is chiefly of man's will coming to worth, coming to hold in worth the way not merely towards this or that minor good, but towards his becoming utterly well. If he so contemplates life's opportunities, he will find himself brought up against a few very strong, very terse, very precious names:—will, worth, way, ward, warden, well. Let him see in them clues to the very bedrock of man's nature, the very chart of the whole of man's world-way. If he will do this, it may not be so very long before he finds that those famous negative names, which have so long dominated his imagination, which still so largely hinder his growth, will show signs of being undermined. Let us at least put them to the test. They are all Aryan names worthy to be, in one Aryan form or another, held in higher worth than they now are. Indian Aryan tongues can very worthily equate one and all of them, if India wills.

Mystic Songs of Bengal

Translated by Tapan Mohan Chatterjee.

Spring has come again
The river is full to its brim
The trees stand listening
And the bees are glad
To see the honey-heavy flower-cups.
My love has sent his message across the sky,
Through the wind and the sun.
Haste to me my love,
My heart sings with expectant joy,
And I long for you to draw away the veil
And shew me your uncovered face.

Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XX

A SERIES OF ARRESTS

We have seen how the Government failed to reap any advantage from Rama Sundara's arrest. On the other hand they observed the spirit of the Indian community rising rapidly. The officers of the Asiatic Department were diligent readers of *Indian Opinion*. Secrecy had been deliberately ruled out of the movement. *Indian Opinion* was an open book to whoever wanted to gauge the strength and the weakness of the community, be he a friend, an enemy or a neutral. The workers had realised at the very outset that secrecy had no place in a movement, where one could do no wrong, where there was no scope for duplicity or cunning, and where strength constituted the single guarantee of victory. The very interest of the community demanded, that if the disease of weakness was to be eradicated, it must be first properly diagnosed and given due publicity. When the officers saw that this was the policy of *Indian Opinion*, the paper became for them a faithful mirror of the current history of the Indian community. They thus came to think the strength of the movement could not by any means be broken so long as certain leaders were at large. Some of the leading men were consequently served with a notice in Christmas week of 1907 to appear before the Magistrate. It must be admitted that this was an act of courtesy on the part of the officers concerned. They could have arrested the leaders by a warrant if they had chosen to

do so. Instead of this they issued notices and this, besides being evidence of their courtesy, also betrayed their confidence that the leaders were willing and prepared to be arrested. Those who had thus been warned appeared before the court on the date specified, Saturday the 28th December 1907, to show cause why, having failed to apply for registration, as required by law, they should not be ordered to leave the Transvaal within a given period.

One of these was one Mr. Quinn, the leader of the Chinese residents of Johannesburg, who numbered three to four hundred, and were either traders or farmers. India is noted for its agriculture, but I believe that we in India are not as far advanced in agriculture as the Chinese are. The modern progress of agriculture in America and other countries defies description, but I consider it to be still in an experimental stage. China, on the other hand, is an old country like India, and a comparison between India and China would be therefore fairly instructive. I observed the agricultural methods of the Chinese in Johannesburg and also talked with them on the subject, and this gave me the impression that the Chinese are more intelligent as well as diligent than we are. We often allow land to lie fallow thinking it is of no use, while the Chinese would grow good crops upon it, thanks to their minute knowledge of varying soils.

The Black Act applied to the Chinese as well as to the Indians, whom they therefore joined in the Satyagraha struggle. Still

from first to last the activities of the two communities were not allowed to be mixed up. Each worked through its own independent organisation. This arrangement produced the beneficent result that so long as both the communities stood to their guns, each would be a source of strength to the other. But if one of the two gave way, that would leave the *morale* of the other unaffected or at least the other would stand clear of the danger of a total collapse. Many of the Chinese eventually fell away as their leader played them false. He did not indeed submit to the obnoxious law, but one morning some one came and told me that the Chinese leader had fled away without handing over charge of the books and moneys of the Chinese Association in his possession. It is always difficult for followers to sustain a conflict in the absence of their leader, and the shock is all the greater when the leader, has disgraced himself. But when the arrests commenced, the Chinese were in high spirits. Hardly any of them had taken out a permit, and therefore their leader Mr. Quinn was warned to appear along with the Indians. For some time at any rate Mr. Quinn put in very useful work.

I would like to introduce to the reader one out of the several leading Indians who constituted the first batch of prisoners, Mr. Thambi Naidoo. Thambi Naidoo was a Tamilian born in Mauritius where his parents had migrated from the Madras Presidency. He was an ordinary trader. He had practically received no scholastic education whatever. But a wide experience had been his school master. He spoke and wrote English very well, although his grammar was not perhaps free from faults. In the same way he had acquired a knowledge of Tamil. He understood and spoke Hindustani fairly well and he had some

knowledge of Telugu too, though he did not know the alphabets of these languages. Again, he had a very good knowledge of the Creoli dialect current in Mauritius which is a sort of corrupt French, and he knew of course the language of the Negroes. A working knowledge of so many languages was not a rare accomplishment among the Indians of South Africa, hundreds of whom could claim a general acquaintance with all these languages. These men become such good linguists almost without effort. And that is because their brains are not fatigued by education received through the medium of a foreign tongue, their memory is sharp, and they acquire these different languages simply by talking with people who speak them and by observation. This does not involve any considerable strain on their brains, but on the other hand the easy mental exercise leads to a natural development of their intellect. Such was the case with Thambi Naidoo. He had a very keen intelligence and could grasp new subjects very quickly. His ever-ready wit was astonishing. He had never seen India. Yet his love for the homeland knew no bounds. Patriotism ran through his very veins. His firmness was pictured on his face. He was very strongly built and it possessed tireless energy. He shone equally whether he had to take the chair at meetings and lead them, or whether he had to do porter's work. He would not be ashamed of carrying a load on the public roads. Night and day were the same to him when he set to work. And none was more ready than he to sacrifice his all for the sake of the community. If Thambi Naidoo had not been rash and if he had been free from anger, this brave man could easily have assumed the leadership of the Community in the Transvaal in the absence of Cachhalia. His irritability had not still

worked forevil while the Transvaal struggle lasted, and his invaluable qualities had shone forth like jewels. But, later on, I heard that his anger and his rashness had proved to be his worst enemies, and eclipsed his good qualities. However that may be, the name of Thambi Naidoo must ever remain as one of the front rank in the history of Satyagraha in South Africa.

The Magistrate conducted each case separately, and ordered all the accused to leave the Transvaal within forty eight hours in some cases and seven or fourteen days in others.

The time limit expired on 11th January, 1908 and the same day we were called upon to attend court for sentence.

None of us had to offer any defence. All were to plead guilty to the charge of disobeying the order to leave the Transvaal within the stated period, issued by the Magistrate, on failure to satisfy him that they were lawful holders of certificates of registration.

I asked leave to make a short statement, and on its being granted, I said I thought there should be a distinction made between my case and those that were to follow. I had just heard from Pretoria that my compatriots there had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, and had been fined a heavy amount, in lieu of payment of which they would receive a further period of three months' hard labour. If these men had committed an offence, I had committed a greater offence and I therefore asked the Magistrate to impose upon me the heaviest penalty. The Magistrate, however, did not accede to my request and sentenced me to two month's simple imprisonment. I had some slight feeling of awkwardness due to the fact that I was standing as an accused in the very Court where I had often appeared as counsel. But

I well remember that I considered the former role as far more honourable than the latter, and did not feel the slightest hesitation in entering the prisoner's box.

In the Court there were hundreds of Indians as well as brother members of the Bar in front of me. On the sentence being pronounced I was at once removed in custody and was then quite alone. The policeman asked me to sit on a bench kept there for prisoners, shut the door on me and went away. I was somewhat agitated and fell into deep thought. Home, the Courts where I practised, the public meeting,—all these passed away like a dream, and I was now a prisoner. What will happen in two months? Will I have to serve the full term? If the people courted imprisonment in large numbers, as they had promised, there would be no question of serving the full sentence. But if they failed to fill the prisons, two months would be as tedious as an age. These thoughts passed through my mind in less than one hundredth of the time that it has taken me to dictate them. And they filled me with shame. How vain I was! I, who had asked the people to consider the prisons as His Majesty's hotels, the suffering consequent upon disobeying the Black Act as perfect bliss, and the sacrifice of one's all and of life itself in resisting it as supreme enjoyment! Where had all this knowledge vanished to-day? This second train of thought acted upon me as a bracing tonic, and I began to laugh at my own folly. I began to think what kind of imprisonment would be awarded to the others and whether they would be kept with me in the prison. But I was disturbed by the police officer who opened the gate and asked me to follow him, which I did. He then made me go before him, following me himself, took me to the prisoners' closed

van and asked me to take my seat in it. I was driven to Johannesburg jail.

In jail I was asked to put off my own private clothing. I knew that convicts were made naked in jails. We had all decided as Satyagrahis voluntarily to obey all jail regulations so long as they were not inconsistent with one's self-respect or with one's religious convictions. The clothes which were given to me to wear were very dirty. I did not like to put them on at all. It was not without pain that I reconciled myself to them from an idea that I must put up with some dirt. After the officers had recorded my name and address, I was taken to a large cell, and in a short time was joined by my compatriots who came laughing and told me how they received the same sentence as myself, and what took place after I had been removed. I understood from them that when my case was over, the Indians, some of whom were excited, took out a procession with black flags in their hands. The police disturbed the procession and flogged some of its members. We were all happy at the thought that we were kept in the same jail and in the same cell.

The cell door was locked at 6 o'clock. The door was not made up of bars but was quite solid, there being high up in the wall a small aperture for ventilation, so that we felt as if we had been locked up in a safe.

No wonder the jail authorities did not accord us the good treatment which they had meted out to Rama Sundara. As Rama Sundara was the first Satyagrahi prisoner, the authorities had no idea even as to how he was to be treated. Our batch was fairly large and further arrests were in contemplation. We were therefore kept in the Negro ward. In South Africa only two classes of convicts are recognised, namely

Whites and Blacks, i.e. the Negroes, and the Indians were classed with Negroes.

The next morning we found that prisoners without hard labour had the right to keep on their own private clothing, and if they would not exercise this right, they were given special jail clothing assigned to that class of prisoners. We decided that it was not right to put on our own clothing and that it was appropriate to take the jail uniform, and we informed the authorities accordingly. We were therefore given the clothes assigned to Negro convicts not punished with hard labour. But Negro prisoners sentenced to simple imprisonment are never numerous, and hence there was a shortage of simple imprisonment prisoners' clothing as soon as other Indians sentenced similarly to imprisonment began to arrive. As the Indians did not wish to stand upon ceremony in this matter, they readily accepted clothing assigned to hard labour prisoners. Some of those who came in later preferred to keep on their own clothing rather than put on the uniform of the hard labour convicts. I thought this improper, but did not care to insist upon their following the correct procedure in the matter.

From the second or third day Satyagrahi prisoners began to arrive in large numbers. They had all courted arrest and were most of them hawkers. In South Africa, every hawker, Black or White, has to take out a licence, always to carry it with him and show it to the police when asked to do so. Nearly every day some policeman would ask to see the licences and arrest those who had none to show. The community had resolved to fill up the jail after our arrests. In this the hawkers took the lead. It was easy for them to be arrested. They must refuse to show their licences and that was enough to

ensure their arrest. In this way the number of Satyagrahi prisoners swelled to more than a hundred in one week. And as some few were sure to arrive everyday, we received the daily budget of news without a newspaper. When Satyagrahis began to be arrested in large numbers, they were sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour, either because the magistrates lost patience, or because, as we thought, they received some such instructions from the Government. Even today, I think we were right in our conjecture, as, if we leave out the first few cases in which simple imprisonment was awarded, never afterwards throughout the long drawn out struggle was there pronounced a sentence of simple imprisonment, even ladies having been punished with hard labour. If all the magistrates had not received the same orders or instructions, and if yet by mere coincidence they sentenced all men and women at all times to hard labour, that must be held to be almost a miracle.

In Johannesburg jail prisoners not condemned to hard labour got 'mealie pap' in the morning. There was no salt in it, but each prisoner was given some salt separately. At noon the prisoners were given four ounces of rice, four ounces of bread, one ounce of *Ghee* and a little salt, and in the evening 'mealie pap' and some vegetable, chiefly potatoes of which two were given if they were small and only one if they were big in size. None of us were satisfied with this diet. The rice was cooked soft. We asked the prison medical officer for some condiments, and told him that condiments were allowed in the jails in India. 'This is not India,' was the stern answer. 'There is no question of taste about prison diet and condiments therefore cannot be allowed.' We asked for pulse on the ground that the

regulation diet was lacking in muscle-building properties. 'Prisoners must not indulge in arguments on medical grounds,' replied the doctor. 'You do get muscle-building food, as twice a week you are served boiled beans instead of maize.' The doctor's argument was sound if the human stomach was capable of extracting the various elements out of various foods taken at various times in a week or fortnight. As a matter of fact he had no intention whatever of looking to our convenience. The Superintendent permitted us to cook our food ourselves. We elected Thambi Naidoo as our *Chief*, and as such he had to fight many a battle on our behalf. If the vegetable ration issued was short in weight, he would insist on getting full weight. On vegetable days which were two in a week we cooked twice and on other days only once, as we were allowed to cook other things for ourselves only for the noon-day meal. We were somewhat better off after we began to cook our own food.

But whether or not we succeeded in obtaining these conveniences, every one of us was firm in his resolution of passing his term in jail in perfect happiness and peace. The number of Satyagrahi prisoners gradually rose to over 150. As we were all simple imprisonment convicts, we had no work to do except keeping the cells etc. clean. We asked the Superintendent for work, and he replied: 'I am sorry I cannot give you work, as, if I did, I should be held to have committed an offence. But you can devote as much time as you please to keeping the place clean.' We asked for some such exercise as drill, as we had observed even the Negro prisoners with hard labour being drilled in addition to their usual work. The Superintendent replied, 'If your warder has time and if he gives you drill, I will not object to it; nor will I require him

to do it, as he is hard worked as it is, and your arrival in unexpectedly large numbers has made his work harder still. The warder was a good man and this qualified permission was quite enough for him. He began to drill us every morning with great interest. This drill must be performed in the small yard before our cells and was therefore in the nature of a merry-go-round. When the warder finished the drill and went away, it was continued by a Pathan

compatriot of ours named Nawab Khan, who made us all laugh with his quaint pronounciation of English words of command. He rendered 'Stand at ease' as 'sundlies'. We could not for the life of us understand what Hindustani word it was, but afterwards it dawned upon us that it was no Hindustani but only Nawabkhani English.

Translated from Gujarati by
VALJI GOVINDJI DESAI.

Art in Jawadwipam

BY. MRS. VAM. H LABBERTON

One of the 7 bases of action, on which all human civilisation is built, is art. The cultured systems of nations and races are judged by the remains of art. Art means that the artist is a man, who has the knowledge and the skill to do a thing perfectly, according to the law of beauty. He does a thing beautifully. Every piece of art of any kind is a symbol of the artist's ideal.

Now, eastern art cannot be judged truly, if we do not understand the symbolical language which has inspired the artist. Symbol is derived from *Symbolon*, which means, "that which is put together harmoniously," "what is fitting together harmoniously." There is no better word than symbolic, to express the fact, that in art the idea and the form are harmoniously fitting together in the conception of the artist. A symbol is also a plastic conception of an abstract idea, a materialisation of a quality in nature or in man.

We can also say that all art is rythm and rythm is the harmonious relation between the ideal and the form. An artist

is a creator, but to be a creator, man must have creative power, what the Hindus in their scriptures of Yoga call *kriyashakti*. The consciousness must awaken *kriyashakti* by imagination. The artist while he lives in his imagination through his ideal, tries, during the manifestation, to ensoul his piece of art with the thought, which is the motive power behind it. Real artists have a message to the world. Art must inspire the onlookers to the divine beauty in the world. Otherwise art has no value in the education problem of the human soul.

To my mind, the beauty of form in architecture and sculpture is best expressed in Greek art and the beauty of the divine mind is best expressed in the art of the East.

There are whole nations, which are born artists and to some degree the people born in the Javanese nation are artists.

The history of the Javanese nation cannot be traced with certainty. In the present time architectural art belongs to the past.

Java was already known to the Greeks as early as 150 A. D. During the third and eight centuries A. D. it seems that many temples were built in the centre part, called at present Jogjakarata Surakarta and Magelang. In the west part of Java, called, the Sunda land, very few remains are found. Earthquakes, probably, have ruined all. We know that early in the beginning of the Christian Era, Indonesia, as the Greek Nation called the Archipelego, was known in India, and its people, specially Javanese, had a considerable trade in rice, spices, gold, silver and ivory. It must be in those times that these people accepted the Hindu Religion and the Buddhistic. A new difference of opinion has arisen between the archeologists, because through the more accurate study of the constructions of temples and statues it is found that the lines and the features are different from those in India. They have used the same prescriptions of rules, but they have taken the freedom to follow their own taste. The features of the statues of the same Holy Trinity and various Gods are Javanese and not Hindu. If Hindu artists have built these temples and statues, why should they change the decorations of their temples and follow another line of art; why should they make the features of their statues with Javanese faces instead of those to which they were accustomed. The fact is, that all nations and races have built their religious temples and churches in other countries quite in the same construction as they do at home, that the statues of their deities have the same features of the nation to which the artists belong. These points seem to me very important as evidence for the theory that the Javanese artists have built the Javanese temples, either Hinduistic or Buddhistic, according

to the creeds which they profess. It is a fact which can be easily verified that the Javanese artist will lay something Javanese in his productions even if he tries to draw a European, even if he retouched photos. The Javanese pictures of the old Dutch company merchants prove the same and Western artists paint all Eastern things with a Western eye. According to famous Dutch architects the temples of the Gramhanan in Jogjakarta are very fine of construction. These temples to Siva, Vishnu and Bramha are built from andasite [stone]. There is also one other evidence for the above theory. In India, I am told, there are no temples to Bramha, or very rare, but there are many in Java. Why should Hindu artists make a temple to Bramha, when they are not accustomed to it in their own country? There must be some religious reason why there is no worship to Bramha in Indian temples. But Javanese, who were not born Hindus and had only embraced the Hindu religion, had their own conception of worship. The artist followed the Javanese conception and built temples to Bramha. Opposite the Bramha temple is a smaller one, with his emblem or vahana, a sthambhah with a ring of Hamsas. The statue of Vishnu has its own temple and he is still worshipped by the people of the neighbourhood; they bring flowers and scented attal [husumbha]. Opposite every temple is placed a smaller one for the Vahana of the deity. Vishnu's emblem is harmoniously sculptured in one piece of andasite—the tortoise under the Anantasesha and the mystic bird Garuda on the top of it. Siva's temple is the biggest of all. The visitor will find in the centre Kapali, and in one of the side-cells the remarkable figure in Javanese Hinduism called—Bhatara Guru, the Great Teacher—as the Great

Kumara. In another side-cell we will find Ganapati—the ruler of the elemental kingdom and Maheshasura.

The sculptors of these statues must have known the value of mantrams and its magical results, because every one of them radiates still its own peculiar power.

I have been wondering why they have never used marble,—Java has marble,—why they have preferred this grey andasite? Is andasite probably a better medium to receive the magic value of the mantrams? They said they will only use living-stone and “not dead andasite.” Opposite Siva’s temple is His Vahana—Nandi; behind it Surya in a chariot with 7 horses and Chandra in one with 5 horses. According to the Inner teaching, I have read, they were symbols of the races of men, which will evolve on this globe, the Earth, which symbol is represented in Nandi. On the wall of the temples of Prambanan the worshipper will find the carvings of the Ramayanastories. I will go with you from the Prambanan to the Buddhistic temple of the Mendut by the tramway to Muntilan. Here we are going straight to the hills. The temple of the Mendut is a fine specimen of Buddhistic Art. On the outside walls are frescos of Padmapani Bodhisattwa and Pragnjaparamita. Inside we stand before the enormous Statues of the Manushi-Buddha, the First Born; to the right is Manjusri-Buddha, an imagination of the Majesty of the Divine Mind, and to the left we have Padmapani Awalokiteshwara—the Lotus-bearer, who looks down upon His Creation in deep meditation. And the wanderer will meet on the outside walls the story how He brought His Benediction to Mankind after His samadhi. Buddhism in Java seems to be brought from India, not from Ceylon, in the time of Nagarjuna. So the

temples and the famous monument, the Borobudur, is probably built by the Wradjapani—Yogacharya Sect of Buddhism, which belongs to the Mahayana School. In the temple of the Mendut is still a very quiet atmosphere and the Javanese people in the neighbourhood are still burning incense and do puja before these symbols of the Universal Life. Javanese nobles told me that between them a tale is living, that this temple and the Borobudur is connected by an underground passage, but nothing has been found till the present time. On the other hand, the Mendut seems to be built on another temple of red stone, and this fact is a hint for that tale. The Mendut and the Borobudur are both built of andasite. In the neighbourhood is found remains of a monastery. Going straight to the hill we suddenly stand before the Borobudur and the impression is grand. In 7 stages arises before our mortal eyes 432 Dagobas or Ghantas. In each Ghanta is seated in samadhi a Dhyani Buddha, facing the east, south, west and north. Every Dhyani Buddha of these directions has another mudra. In the centre-Ghanta which is closed, is placed the Manushi-Buddha. All the walls are carved except the 6th and the 7th, which are on the 6th and 7th stages. No mental pictures are to be seen in the world of only dazzling light, and the artist left out the pictures on these stages, which represent the spiritual planes. The whole monument is meant as a great teaching to Humanity, how the souls of men evolve and reach its destiny in Buddhahood.

It is also a symbol of the Universe. The whole monument is put on the lotus lily and the 432 Ghantas and its Dhyani-Buddhas are representing the Manwantara of 432 mill. of years, over which the Dhyani Buddhas are presiding. The Borobudur is

is one of the most beautiful Monuments of Buddhistic Art in the world and it is dedicated to the future Buddha Maitreya.

On top of the Dieng Plateau—are Hindu temples like those of the 7 Pagodas of Mahabalipuram. They are called the temple of Arjuna, the temple of Bhima, which is very finely carved and constructed, a Temple of Subhadra etc.

There is also a statue of the Rishi Agasthya and it is told by the famous Dutch Prof. Kern, a clever scholar in Sans-

krit and the old Javanese language called Kawi, that earlier in the Javanese history there were wooden statues of this famous Rishi of Southern India. And still, till the present time, the nobles of the courts of the Maharajas of Surabarta and Jogjabarta use His name on the top of their letters to intimate friends, together with the pranawa as a token of honour to friendship.

The Story of my Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER V EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

When I landed at Durban in January 1897, I had three children with me, my sister’s son aged 10, and my own sons aged 9 and 5. Where was I to educate them?

I could have sent them to the schools for European children, but only as a matter of favour and exception. For no other Indian children would be allowed. For them there were schools established by Christian missions, but I was not prepared to send my children there, as I did not like the education imparted in those schools. For one thing, the medium of instruction there would be only English, or perhaps incorrect Tamil or Hindi, which too could be arranged not without difficulty. I could not possibly put up with this and other disadvantages. I was making my own attempt to teach them but that was at best irregular and I could not get hold of a suitable Gujarati teacher.

I was at my wits’ end. I advertised for an English teacher who would teach the children under my direction. Some regular instruction was to be given them by this teacher and for the rest they should be satisfied with what little I could give them irregularly. So I engaged an English governess on £7 a month. This went

on for some time but not to my satisfaction. The boys acquired some Gujarati through my conversation and intercourse with them which was strictly in Gujarati. I was loath to send them back to India for I believed even then that young children should not be separated from their parents. The education that children naturally pick up in a well-ordered household is impossible in hostels. I therefore kept my children with me. I did send my nephew and my elder son to be educated at residential schools in India for a few months, but I had soon to recall them. Later, the eldest son, long after he had come of age, broke away from me and went to India to join a High School in Ahmedabad. I have an impression that the nephew was satisfied with what I could give him. Unfortunately he died in the prime of youth after a brief illness. The other three of my sons have never been at a public school, though they did get some regular schooling in an improvised school which I had started for the children of Satyagrahi parents in South Africa.

These experiments were all inadequate. I could not give the children all the time I wanted to give them. My inability to give them enough attention and other unavoidable causes prevented me from giving them the literary education I

desired and all my sons have had complaints to make against me in this matter. Whenever they come across an M.A. or B.A., or even a matriculate, they seem to labour under the handicap of a want of school education.

Nevertheless I am of opinion that if I had insisted on their being educated at public schools somehow, they would have been deprived of the training that could be had only at the school of experience or from constant contact with parents; I should never have been free, as I am to-day, from anxiety, on their score, and the artificial education that they could have had in England or South Africa, torn from me, would never have taught them the simplicity and the spirit of service that they show in their lives to-day and their artificial ways of living might have been a serious handicap in my public work. Therefore, though I have not been able to give them literary education either to their or to my satisfaction, I am not quite sure, as I look back on my past years, that I have not done my duty by them to the best of my capacity. Nor do I regret having not sent them to public schools. On the contrary, I have always felt that the undesirable traits I see today in any eldest are an echo of my own undisciplined and unformulated early life. I regard that part of my life as a period of half-baked knowledge and indulgence. It coincided with the most impressionable years in my eldest son's life and naturally he has refused to regard them as my days of indulgence and inexperience. He has on the contrary believed that that was the brightest period of my life, and the changes effected in later life have been due to delusion miscalled enlightenment. And well he might. Why should he not think that my earlier years represented a period of awakening and the later years of radical change were years of delusion and egotism? Often have I been confronted with various posers from friends: What harm had there been, if I had given my boys an academical education? What right had I thus to clip their wings? Why should I have come in the way of their taking degrees and choosing their own careers?

I do not think that there is much point in

these questions. I have come in contact with numerous students. I have tried myself or through others to impose my educational 'fads' on other children too and I have seen the results thereof. There are a number of young men to-day contemporaneous with my sons and I do not think man to man they are any better than my sons, or that my sons have anything to learn from them.

But the ultimate result of my experiments is in the womb of the future. My object in discussing this subject here is that a student of the history of civilisation may have some measure of the difference between disciplined home education and school education, and of the effect on children of the changes introduced by parents in their lives. The purpose of this chapter is also to show the extent to which a votary of truth is driven by his experiments with truth, as also to show the votary of liberty how many are the sacrifices demanded by that stern goddess. Had I been blind to a sense of self-respect, and allowed myself to be satisfied with having for my children the education that other children could not get, I should certainly have given them a literary education, but deprived them of the object lesson in liberty and self-respect that I gave them at the cost of a literary education. And where a choice has to be made between liberty and learning, who will not say that the former has to be preferred a thousand times to the latter?

The youths whom I called out in 1920 from those citadels of slavery—their schools and colleges—and whom I advised that it was far better to remain unlettered and break stones for the sake of liberty than to go in for a literary education with the chains of slavery, will probably be able now to trace my advice to its source.

CHAPTER VI SPIRIT OF SERVICE

I was getting on well with my profession, but that was far from satisfying me. The question of further simplifying my life and of doing some concrete act of service to my fellowmen had been constantly agitating me, when a leper came to my door. I had it not in my heart to dismiss him with a meal. So I offered him shelter, also dressed his wounds, and began to look after him.

But I could not go on like that indefinitely. I could not afford, and I lacked the will to keep him with me indefinitely. So I sent him to the Government Hospital for indentured labourers.

But I was still ill at ease. I longed for some humanitarian work of a permanent nature. Dr. Booth was the head of the St. Aidan's Mission. He was a kind-hearted man and treated his patients free. Thanks to Parsi Rustomji's charities, it was possible to open a small charitable hospital under Dr. Booth's charge. I felt strongly inclined to serve as a nurse in this hospital. The work of dispensing medicines took from one to two hours daily, and I made up my mind to find that time from my office-work, to be able to fill the place of a compounder in the dispensary attached to the hospital. Most of my professional work was chamber work conveyancing and arbitration. I of course used to have a few cases in the magistrate's court but most of them would be of a non-controversial character and Mr. Khan who had followed me to South Africa and was then living with me undertook to take them if I was absent. So I found time to serve in the small hospital. This meant two hours every morning including the time taken in going to and from the hospital. This work brought me some peace. It consisted in ascertaining the patient's complaints, laying the facts before the doctor and dispensing the prescriptions. It brought me in close touch with suffering Indians, most of them indentured Tamil, Telugu or North India men.

The experience stood me in good stead when during the Boer War I offered my services for nursing the sick and wounded soldiers.

The question of the upbringing of children had been ever before me. I had two sons born in South Africa, and my service in the hospital was useful to me in solving the question of their upbringing. My independent spirit was a constant source of trial to me. My wife and I had decided to have the best medical aid at the time of her delivery, but if the doctor and the nurse were to leave us in the lurch at the right moment, what was I to do? Then the nurse had to be an Indian. And the difficulty of getting a trained Indian nurse in South Africa can be

easily imagined from the similar difficulty in India. So I studied the things necessary for safe labour. I read Dr. Tribhuvandas' book, '*Mane Shikhaman*' (Advice to a mother), and I nursed both my children according to the instructions given in the book, tempered where necessary by such experiences as I had gained elsewhere. The services of a nurse were availed of—not more than two months each time—principally for helping my wife, and not for taking care of the babies, which I did myself.

The birth of the last child put me to the severest test. The travail came on all of a sudden. The doctor was not immediately available, and some time was lost in fetching the midwife. Even if she had been on the spot, she could not have helped delivery. I had to see through the safe delivery of the baby. My careful study of the subject in Dr. Tribhuvandas' work was of inestimable help. I was not nervous. I am convinced that for the proper upbringing of children the parents ought to have a general knowledge of the care and nursing of babies.

At every step I have seen the advantages of my careful study of the subject. My children would not have enjoyed the general health that they do today, had I not studied the subject and turned my knowledge to account. We labour under a sort of superstition that the child has nothing to learn during the first five years of its age. On the contrary the fact is that the child never learns in after life what it does in its first five years. The education of the child begins with conception. The physical and mental states of the parent at the moment of conception are reproduced in the baby. Then during the period of pregnancy it continues to be affected by the mother's moods, desires and temperament as also by her ways of life. After birth the child imitates the parents, and for a considerable number of years entirely depends on them for its growth.

The couple who realises these things will never have sexual union for the fulfilment of their lust, but will unite only when they desire issue. I think it is the height of ignorance to believe that the sexual act is an independent function necessary like sleeping or eating. The

world depends for its existence on the act of generation, and as the world is the play-ground of God and a reflection of His glory, the act of generation should be controlled for the ordered growth of the world. He who realises this, will control his lust at any cost, will equip himself with the knowledge necessary for the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of his progeny, and give the benefit of that knowledge to posterity.

CHAPTER VII BRAHMACHARYA—I

We now reach a stage in this story when I began seriously to think of taking the *brahmacharya* vow. I had been wedded to a monogamous ideal ever since my marriage, faithfulness to my wife being part of the love of truth. But it was in South Africa that I came to realise the importance of observing *brahmacharya* even in respect to my wife. I cannot definitely say what circumstance or what book it was that set my thoughts in that direction, but I have a recollection that the predominant factor was the influence of Raychandbhai of whom I have already written. I can still recall a conversation that I had with him. On one occasion I spoke to him highly of Mrs. Gladstone's devotion to her husband. I had read somewhere that Mrs. Gladstone insisted on preparing tea for Mr. Gladstone, even in the House of Commons, and that this had become a rule in the life of this illustrious couple whose actions were governed by regularity. I spoke of this to the poet and incidentally eulogised conjugal love. "Which of the two do you prize more?" asked Raychandbhai, "the love of Mrs. Gladstone for her husband as his wife, or her devoted service irrespective of her relation to Mr. Gladstone? Supposing she had been his sister, or his devoted servant, and had ministered to him with the same attention, what would you have said? Do we not have instances of such devoted sisters or servants? Supposing you had found the same loving devotion in a male servant, would you have been pleased the same way as in Mrs. Gladstone's case? Do examine the view-point suggested by me."

Raychandbhai was himself married, I have an

impression that at the moment his words sounded harsh, but they gripped me irresistibly. Devotion of a servant was, I felt, a thousand times more praiseworthy than that of a wife to her husband. There was nothing surprising in the wife's devotion to her husband, as there was an indissoluble bond between them. The devotion was perfectly natural. But it required a special effort to cultivate equal devotion between master and servant. The poet's point of view began gradually to grow upon me.

What then, I asked myself, should be my relation with my wife? Did my faithfulness consist in making my wife the instrument of my lust? So long as I was the slave of lust my faithfulness was nothing worth. To be fair to my wife, I must say that she was never the temptress. It was therefore the easiest thing for me to take the vow of *brahmacharya*, if only I willed it. It was my weak will or lustful attachment that was the obstacle.

Even after my conscience was roused in the matter I failed twice. I failed, because the motive that actuated the effort was none the highest. My main object was to escape having more children. Whilst in England I had read something about contraceptives. I have already referred to Dr. Allinson's birth-control propaganda in the chapter on Vegetarianism. If it had had some temporary effect on me, Mr. Hill's opposition to those methods, and his advocacy of internal effort as opposed to outward means, in a word, of self-control, had a far greater effect which in due time came to be abiding. Seeing therefore that I did not desire more children, I began to strive after self-control. There was no end of difficulties in the task. We began to sleep in separate beds. I decided to retire to bed only after the day's work had left me completely exhausted. All these efforts did not seem to bear much fruit, but when I look back upon the past, I feel that the final resolution was the cumulative effect of those unsuccessful efforts.

The final resolution could be made only as late as 1906. Satyagraha had not then been started. I had not the least notion about it. I was practising in Johannesburg at the time of the

Zulu Rebellion in Natal which came soon after the Boer War. I felt that I must offer my services to the Natal Government on that occasion. The offer was accepted, as we shall see in another chapter. But the work set me furiously thinking in the direction of self-control, and according to my wont I discussed my thoughts with my co-workers. It became my conviction that procreation and the consequent care of children were inconsistent with public service. I had to break up my household at Johannesburg to be able to serve during the Rebellion. Within one month after I offered my services, I had to give up the house I had furnished with care. I took my wife and children to Phoenix and led the Indian ambulance corps attached to the Natal forces. During the difficult marches that had to be then performed, the idea flashed upon me that if I wanted to devote myself to the service of the community in this manner, I must relinquish the desire for children and wealth, and must live the life of a *vanaprastha*—of one retired from household cares.

The Rebellion did not occupy me for more than six weeks, but this brief period proved to be the most valuable part of my life. The importance of vows grew upon me more clearly than ever before. I realised that a vow far from closing the door to real freedom opened it. I had not

met with success heretofore, because the will had been lacking, because I had no faith in myself, no faith in the grace of God, and therefore my mind had been tossed on the boisterous sea of doubt. I realised that in refusing to take a vow man was drawn into temptation and that to be bound by a vow was like a passage from libertinism to a real monogamous marriage. 'I believe in effort, I do not want to bind myself with vows' is the mentality of weakness and betrays a subtle desire for the thing to be avoided. Or where can be the difficulty in making a final decision? I vow to flee from the serpent who I know will bite me, I do not simply make an effort to flee from him. I know that mere effort may mean certain death. Mere effort means ignorance of the certain fact that the serpent is bound to kill me. The fact therefore that I would rest content with an effort only means that I have not yet clearly realised the necessity of definite action. 'But supposing my views are changed in the future, how can I bind myself by a vow?' Such a doubt often deters us. But that doubt also betrays a lack of clear perception that a particular thing must be renounced. That is why Nishkulanand has sung: 'Renunciation without disgust is not lasting.' Were therefore the desire is gone, a vow of renunciation is the natural and inevitable fruit.

Reviews and Notices of Books

BIOGRAPHY

THE NEW BOSWELL:—By R. M. Freeman—John Lane.

There was no subject of public importance in Dr. Johnson's time but provoked the learned lexicographer's comment. Deeply coloured by prejudice as his observations were, they have the exceptional value of originality and hatred of all cant. If Johnson were to appear again in the world today, or if, as our author supposes, he can be considered to be living in Elysium with an observant eye for all things terrestrial, what

would be his impressions on some of the engrossing topics of the hour? Mr. R. M. Freeman answers this question by a clever parody of Johnson and of other figures (both contemporary and past) in the character of a new Boswell. Through his "Pepys Junior's Diaries of the Great War," the author has already won reputation as a parodist of the first order. The author's imitation of the various characters in the book under review is equally happy, his adaptability being exceedingly remarkable. Boswell's garrulity, his spaniellike devotion to Johnson, his love of intimate details, his intensely human outlook and

discrimination are all seen here to perfection side by side with Johnson's characteristic traits, language and manner.

Johnson discourses to us on such contemporary topics as the "Irish nation" "Golf" "Labour Party," "Modern Journalism", "Bolsheviks", "Margots' Memoirs," "Americans," "Dr. Coue, the auto-suggestionist," "The Equality of the Sexes," "Prize-Fighting" etc. Besides, Johnson meets other residents of the Elysium like Macaulay, Shakespeare, and Socrates, and enters into bouts with them. The opinions, the language, the bold frankness, the penetrating wit, the extraordinary quickness of apprehension and the occasional—but ingeniously obstinate—perverseness of the man appear here, depicted with the true Boswellian love of *minutiae*.

The student of modern politics will find Johnson's opinions on some modern British statesmen interesting, though not unexpected. Boswell's defence of Gladstone (a fellow-Scotchman) provokes the great *Cham* to an outburst: "Sir, there is not a man of you but will swear black white to advantage a fellow-Scot, as I discovered when I exposed the Cheat of Macpherson. And Gladstone, Sir, was every whit as big a knave as he. Nay, Sir, he was yet a bigger knave. Inasmuch as Macpherson restricted himself to one imposture only, but Gladstone's life was a series of the vilest impostures. Sir, he had been informed in good Tory principles, and he deliberately forsook those principles for a career of public crime..." Johnson falls with equally characteristic ire upon Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. (now Lord) Balfour being a Tory, of course receives full praise. The man "George" (Lloyd George) is compared with the man "Asquith" thus: "Sir, I find it hard to determine on whether of these two the palm of villainy should be conferred. George, Sir, in the past has gone to viler lengths of demagoguery than Asquith ever did. On the other hand, he has recently shown some signs of repentance—a thing that Asquith has never done. I would put it, Sir, in this way: George has sunk the lower and climbed the higher; Asquith has consistently followed the middle road of infamy. I doubt, Sir, on striking a general balance, you will find a farthing to choose between them. To be sure,

Sir, the man Asquith has one advantage. He is at least an Englishman. And other things being assumed equal, a bad Englishman is better than a bad Welshman." (!)-Boswell springs upon Johnson the information that "Mr. George has publicly recanted his errors and espoused the best Tory principles," whereupon Johnson seemed extraordinarily pleased and remarked, "Sir, it is the best thing I have heard of him. Sir, he will do yet." (!)

In the encounter between Johnson and Socrates (in Elysium) on the question of extending knowledge to the vulgar, the cool cataphorical argumentation of Socrates easily gets the better of Johnson's *die-hardish* obstinacy. Provoked to fury by his discomfiture, Johnson resorts to *argumentum ad baculum et hominem*:

Socrates: Something very extraordinary has just dawned upon me, Sir?

Johnson: Well, Sir?

Socrates: We agreed a little while ago—did we not?—that the extension of knowledge to the vulgar was a bad thing.

Johnson (impatiently): What of that, Sir?

Socrates: Nothing very perplexing to a clever man like you, Sir, I dare say. But to a foolish person like myself a little bewildering. For having first agreed that the extension of knowledge to the vulgar is a bad thing, we have now agreed that its effects upon them are good. And that what is bad for a man should be at the same time good for him appears to me at least—owing no doubt to my obtuseness—to be somewhat astonishing.

Johnson (raising his voice): Sir, I can tell you a thing much more astonishing than that.

Socrates: Pray, let me hear it, Sir!

Johnson (Shouting): This astonishing thing of which I speak, Sir, is that the Athenians were content merely to *poison* you. Sir, the *miracle* is that they did not *skin* you *alive*!"

More amicable relations are maintained when the meeting between Johnson and Shakespeare takes place. Garrick whose idolatry of Shakespeare typifies the "bardolatry" of later days, is also present. He puts in the observation: "I have met no other writer whose writings are distinguished by so profound, so provocative a

latency as yours (*addressing Shakespeare*). No one, I believe, will ever fully plumb your potential depths. You will continue to challenge fresh discoveries till the end of time."

Shakespeare: This is mighty handsome in you, Mr. Garrick. And since you find all those extraordinary things in my plays, I must needs suppose them to be there; though how they got there is more than I can say, since I myself to the best of my knowledge, never put them there.

Garrick: The highest inspirations, they say, are often unconscious.

Johnson (Snubbing Garrick): Sir, the most inspiring of all deities is the god Plutus. He has inspired more great works of literature than all the Nine Muses put together."!

When Shakespeare spoke quite frankly and naturally of his marriage with Miss. Hathaway and remarked that he found her impossible to live with, Garrick observed:

"This, Sir, was doubtless because she was no companion to a man of your great mind." Whereupon Shakespeare gave the right explanation.

"Nay, 'twas because she snored O'nights, and I could not cure her of it." (!)

We have made sufficient extracts to enable the reader to know what spicy delicacies lie concealed in this unpretentious little volume. No higher commendation can be given to it than that it is at once instructive like a text book and fascinating like a novel.

ECONOMICS

Trade Unions in India

A NOTE ON THE TRADE UNIONS ACT [Act XVI of 1926].

The Trade Unions Act of 1926 came into force on the first of this month. Its enactment has been none too early. True, large-scale machine-production is quite a recent phenomenon with us, except in the textiles; and we do not, and probably cannot have an industrial population at all comparable to that in Western countries. The Labour Movement too is in its infancy, and largely inchoate. Most of the Trade Unions in our country are highly amorphous bodies, which come into existence, almost spontaneously during

the progress of a strike, and melt into nothingness towards its end. Without proper organisation, labour-consciousness oftentimes runs amok; and while labour is denied the strength that comes from permanent union, employers are handicapped in their negotiations with the employees, by the want of an authoritative body, representing them. But, of late, a welcome change has come upon industry, in this matter. It has been helped on, to a large extent, by the many abortive strikes that disfigure the post-Armistice slump, by India's participation in the League International Labour Conferences, and by the increasing realisation of the mutual benefits of organisation, by employers as well as labour. The Trade Unions Act by early recognising the existence of labour associations, and giving them a legal status, has saved Indian labour movement, from all the ills which anti-combination laws, and the principles of conspiracy, and contracts in restraint of trade brought to stifle the progress of the working-class in England. It need scarcely be told that it took English labour centuries of agitation, legislation and judicial decision, to arrive at the position which the Trade Unions Act has given India—as it were in one stroke. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the Act has saved Indian lawyers much research work in labour precedents.

Any seven or more members of a Trade Union may apply for registration of the Union, under the Act. When once registered, it shall not any longer spend its general funds otherwise than in payment of the salaries of staff, and other administrative expenses; in the prosecution or defence of any legal proceeding to which the Union or any member thereof is a party, for the purpose of securing or protecting any of its rights as such, or any rights arising out of the relations of any member with his employer; in the conduct of trade disputes; in payment of compensation to its members for loss arising out of such disputes; in providing for allowances to members or their dependents, on account of death, oldage, sickness, accidents or unemployment; towards the provision of educational, social and religious benefits to members or their dependents, and the upkeep of a labour periodi-

cal; and lastly in payment—up to a limited amount—of certain contributions to any cause intended to benefit workmen in general.

For political purposes, a registered Trade Union may build up a separate fund, but only from the voluntary contributions of its members. Payment towards that fund shall never be a condition of membership of the Union. So too, refusal to pay for it, shall not, in any way exclude a member from any of the benefits of the Union, or place him under any disability, directly or indirectly—except, of course, in matters connected with the political fund.

The political uses to which the Act allows the fund to be put are the payment of the election expenses incurred by a candidate or prospective candidate, for membership of a legislative body or any local authority; the actual conduct of an election campaign in support of such candidate; the maintenance of any person who is a member of a legislative body or local authority; and the holding of political meetings, and distribution of political literature or documents of any kind.

The doctrine of conspiracy is given short shrift so far as it concerns labour. No officer or member of a registered Trade Union shall be liable to punishment for conspiracy, in respect of any agreement made between the members for furthering any of its objects recognised to be legitimate by the Act, unless the agreement is one to commit an offence.

The principles of Breach of Contract and Restraint of Trade are also dispensed with in trade disputes where a registered Trade Union is involved. Section 18 declares that no civil action can be maintained against a registered Trade Union or any officer or member thereof, in respect of any act done in furtherance of a trade dispute to which a member of the Union is a party, on the ground only that such act induces some other person to break a contract of employment, or that it is an interference with the trade, business or employment of some other person, or with the right of some other person to dispose of his capital or labour as he wills.

An agreement between the members of a registered Trade Union shall not be void or voidable merely by reason of the fact that any of the

objects of the agreement are in restraint of trade.

The rest of the thirty-three sections into which the Act runs, deals mainly with the formal side of the registration of Trade Unions, and need no statement here.

The problem of labour in India cannot be solved except as part of a comprehensive programme of agricultural and industrial development of the country as a whole. And to the adequate fulfillment of that programme, wider and better education of the entire Indian population, is a *sine qua non*.

G. K. RAMACHANDRAN.

HISTORY

Sidelights on Recent Irish History

THE VICTORY OF SINN FEIN By P.S. O'Hegarty. Talbot Press, Dublin 5 s.

Mr. O'Hegarty's book breathes patriotic fire on every page of it. The author is apparently a good hater, but he is judicious. His thesis is that but for Mr. de Valera's dangerous intransigence at a very critical moment in the country's history, the period after the signing of the Treaty of 1921 to be precise, the history of Ireland would have been different, that Ulster would have entered into an alliance with the Free State and practically sealed a pact of union, and that the country would have seen the dawn of an era of assured prosperity. Mr. de Valera's opposition to the Free State and his declaration of guerilla warfare on the Free State and indeed on all Ireland for that matter plunged the country into a state of pestilential and dangerous anarchy when nobody could be sure that he would not be shot dead at the moment next to the one in which he was reflecting on the security of his life. Mr. O'Hegarty feels that but for Mr. Griffith's weakness, Mr. de Valera and his gunmen, who in the author's opinion, symbolise ignorance and thoughtlessness, would not have got the upper hand in Irish affairs.

Besides a well-reasoned discussion of the comparative merits of the policies of the Treatyites and anti-Treatyites, Mr. O'Hegarty's book throws considerable light on the tense drama which preceded the Irish settlement. He reveals

for the first time, it would appear, the men and the methods behind the Insurrection of 1916, the motives which goaded the leaders to offer this 'blood sacrifice'—for, they knew it might fail—the extent of its success, such as it was, and the causes of its ultimate failure. The real heroes of the Irish Freedom, he holds, is the Irish Republican Brotherhood, an organisation dating to the 'Fifties of the last century, from the days that is, of Thomas Parnell. "It had members everywhere, its tentacles went into everything, it maintained a footing in every organisation and movement in Ireland which could be supported without doing violence to its separatist principles. And when money was needed at a pinch for any of the organisations which it regarded as key organisations—the Gaelic League, Sinn Fein, the Gaelic Athletic Association, the Fianna and the Irish Volunteers—it found the money. Strange and transient Committees and Societies cropped up doing this and that national work. The I.R.B. formed them. The I.R.B. ran them. The I.R.B. dissolved them when their work was done." The Clanna Gael of America did in America what the I.R.B. did in Ireland. Mr. O'Hegarty says that the insurrection of 1916 was planned and carried out by the I.R.B. Supreme Council. It was indeed the hidden hand which supplied the motive force to every Irish movement and every Irish event. How it played its part so secretly and yet so comprehensively is a matter of course of absorbing interest, but to the interesting details regarding this secret society, we should ask the reader to go to the book itself.

One other noteworthy feature of Mr. O'Hegarty's book is the pen-pictures it gives of the great personalities that played in the drama—Griffith, De Valera, Mich Collins, Cathal Brugha and so on. Griffith according to Mr. O'Hegarty, is the philosopher, De Valera the propagandist, and Mich Collins the soldier statesman of the movement. The author frankly has no very high opinion of De Valera "a slow-moving, painfully massive speaker, with a disarming habit of pouring forth as new discoveries things which had been for twenty years the commonplaces of separatist thought," the Valera, O'Hegarty says, by "his honesty and his simplicity and singlemindedness"

made himself acceptable as the cement between the party of Griffith of non-violence and of the unmitigated physical force party of Cathal Brugha. Irish leadership passed into his hand as it were by a sheer accident and intregate view he became the villain of the piece. Of Arthur Griffith, Mr. O'Hegarty's hero, he says "he was not alone the greatest Irishman of his time, but he was the greatest Irishman since Davis and Mitchell, and perhaps the most gifted all-round Nationalist since Tone." Michael Collins, the wild youth, delighting in adolescence in the company of a hard-drinking, hard-swearing and hard-living crowd, Mr. O'Hegarty asks his countrymen to remember "as the greatest soldier, the greatest man of action of the time of the Terror," horrified by his later actions. Other characters also there are in the drama such as the irrepressible Miss MacSwiney, "the sea-green incorruptible" as Mr. O'Hegarty ironically calls her, but why deal out second-hand what the reader may for five silver pieces get the original which, besides these short studies in great subjects, is also a source of inspiration and warning signal to the nations yet struggling for their birth-right of political freedom?

P. V.

LITERATURE

Dialogues of Buddha

FURTHER DIALOGUES OF THE BUDDHA—Vol. I. Translated from the Pali of the Majjhima Nikaya. By Lord Chalmers, G. C. B. Oxford University Press, London.

Like the late Mr. Rhys Davids, Lord Chalmers, who was sometime Governor of Ceylon has rendered a distinct and noteworthy service to the study of Buddhism. He has edited the Pali text of the Majjhima Nikaya with great success. That edition is a fine example of the assiduity, care and erudition of Lord Chalmers. Since editing that work he has been engaged in bringing out a translation of the Majjhima Nikaya—a task which, a few years before, must have been very trying for him. The most authoritative Commentary on the Majjhima Nikaya (i.e.) that of Buddhaghosha was not available in print when Lord Chalmers undertook the task. It was only

long after he began the translation that the Commentary of Buddhaghosha came to be printed in Siam. The publication of that work enabled Lord Chalmers to finish his translation the sooner.

It is a fact known to most of us that the best way of making our thoughts known to others is the dialogue method. Plato and Socrates adopted this method as the most efficacious; Lord Buddha adopted the same method of teaching; one of the latter day thinkers,—whose memory is still fresh in our minds—Ramakrishna Paramahansa expounded the noblest of truths to his pupils in the form of dialogues and short stories. Those reflections are embodied in the "Sayings of Sri Ramakrishna". In fact the greatest men of the world adopted only this method in explaining the most intricate philosophy to their brethren.

The late Professor Rhys Davids was of opinion that the two canonical works of Buddhism (i.e.) the Digha Nikaya and the Majjhima Nikaya forms a single work, expounding in a continuous form the doctrinal teachings of the Buddha in their earliest extant form as stated by the Buddha himself in his dialogues. Lord Chalmers accepts the same view as explained by him in his valuable Introduction to the translation. Later day Buddhism from the 3rd Century of the Christian era onwards tended to become dilectic. Writers like Nagarjuna, Dinnaga, Dharmakirti had to answer the criticisms of the exponents of other systems of thought, in doing which they often lost sight of the essential teachings of Buddhism as recorded in the Suttas, Pitakas, and the Nikayas which form the canonical texts of the Buddhists. To understand the truths of Buddhism, a study of these canonical texts is absolutely necessary; and in these days when the study of Pali is not so popular, as it ought to be, even among scholars, with the exception of a few, and when the necessity of such study has been lost sight of by many Indian scholars, translations of these texts alone must take the place of the texts. Attempts should therefore be made to have as many works translated as possible.

Lord Chalmers was, by his official position as some time Governor of Ceylon where the study of Pali and Buddhism is carried on in right earnest—in a peculiarly favourable atmosphere to carry out

his work. The translation is literal without any prejudice to idiom; the language is lucid and attractive; no idea found in the text has been omitted in the translation. The promised notes will, we hope, clear up the few obscure passages, which without them are not easy of comprehension.

We wish that the remaining volumes of the Dialogues will appear soon.

T. R. CAINAMANI

A TIBETAN BANNER:

ABOVE THE RAINBOW. By Dr. James H. Cousins. Ganesh & Co., Madras.

These two slim, unpretentious volumes of poems contain some of the maturest work of Dr. Cousins. These poems bear the impress of a master-mind and a master-hand. They are rich in just those qualities which we have learnt to admire in Dr. Cousins,—his spiritual insight, his lofty idealism, his calm intensity of thought and expression. Starting as a distinguished poet of the Irish revival, under the leadership of Yeats, Dr. Cousins has since turned to India for inspiration, and today he has hardly an equal among those who are attempting to interpret, in English verse, the spirit of India to the West.

A *Tibetan Banner* shows the powerful influence of Buddhist thought and teaching on Dr. Cousins' mind. In 268 lines of graceful octosyllabic verse, he tells the story of one of those painted banners which are employed by the *lamas* as a means of imparting religious instruction to the illiterate peoples on the Himalayan side, taking care to give brief explanatory notes at the end of the poem. The banner holds

As in a folded shell,
The sound of wisdom's ocean-swell
And sea-bird songs that shall outrhyme
The lips of geologic time,

and its grand message of love and peace concludes thus:—

Their day of vision has begun
Who in the sunflower see the sun.
Life unto them on plain or hill
Holds something sacramental still.
They feel that Presence infinite
Whose hand for searching eyes has writ
Upon the universal scroll
The mutual language of the soul;
Who makes this temple, Night-and-Day,
A hospice on the pilgrim's way;
Who for the footsore sendeth showers,
And for sweet incense made the flowers;
Who stands with sanctifying grace
In midst of life's market-place,
And turns our world of sea and land
A murmuring prayer-wheel in His hand.

This, as well as some of the poems in *Above the Rainbow*, was written in 1926 on the Lower Himalayas, where, at Kalimpong, red-robed brothers, day and night, Pray, chant, and labour towards the Light.

The sixteen little poems of *Above the Rainbow* are almost pure gold, their keynote of lofty aspiration being struck in the eponymous poem,—

I take the challenge of the bird
Exulting past the rainbow's rise:
Lightly upon the spirit's word
I leave the earth and seek the skies.
I spread my pinions on the blast,
Casting the cage of date and name,
Above the hint of waters past,
Beyond the threat of future flame.

Sunrise in Kinchinjinga makes him exclaim in ecstasy,—

O Sky-throned poet! who thy moods may tell?
A moment vast in majesty; the next
Dwindled to wanness of a sea-bleached shell;
Then, on the scroll of heaven, a shining text
Saying, to spirits joyfully perplexed,
How near the static and ecstatic dwell.

Overpowered by "the burden of immensity," he turns for relief to the "comprehensible dear transient things," and longs to worship

.....in an odorous quiet lit
By one ripe star that the night-branch hangs from
Tingling with rumours of the infinite.

Thus has the poet declared his conviction of the eternal function of Art,—

Equal in Turner's golden gleam
And Wagner's heaven-ascending shout.
In Benvenuto's jewelled dream
And gates Ghiberti hammered out,
In Shakespeare's hoard of human lore,
And spirit-singing of Tagore,
Art seeks, in script that shall endure,
To write across the page of death
Beauty's immortal signature.
This well accomplished, vision saith.
Body with soul shall sweetly walk,
And God and man hold friendly talk.

In a noble sonnet inspired by the sight of the woes of Europe in 1925, Dr. Cousins has confidently predicted a new era in which the love of Art and Life shall bind the nations together in a bond of brotherhood, and offered his own contribution towards this grand consummation. We must take leave to quote this sonnet in full, as representing perhaps one of the summits of Dr. Cousins's work.

IN LOVE WITH LIFE.

I am in love with life. This very hand
Has stroked a foot carved by Praxiteles.
Oh! I have swum on circling music-seas
Under the dome of Angelo greatly planned;
At Leonardo's Supper ta'en my stand;
Before the Black Madonna bent my knees;
Have thrilled to Delville's lofty mysteries,
And swayed to Toscanini's magic wand.
O shining spirits, lifting Beauty's light
Against the new black threat of battle's drum!
Your coming day shall drown the dark of strife.
One star denies the regnancy of the night.
Many are ye—and more are yet to come.
I too shall come: I am in love with life.

Dr. Cousins is emphatically not "the idle singer of an empty day", and no one can rise from a perusal of these poems without an ennobling conviction of life's seriousness, and a corresponding determination to make one's life less trivial and sordid.

A. RAMA IVER.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—

By A. S. Mackenzie: The Macmillan Company, New York.

The development of English literature is so closely bound up with the growth of the English race, its Government, its popular institutions, its religion and its society that no careful study of the genius of the English people would be complete without a knowledge of the broad outlines of their literary growth. The usual histories of English literature are either too minute and learned or too elementary for purposes of self-study. The book under review is eminently fitted for this purpose. It is a lucid and picturesque account of the development of the literature of a race which has through the course of centuries won for itself 'a place in the Sun' by dint of sheer pluck and work. The scale of treatment of the topics is small, but there is no superficiality. The main tendencies and broad issues are dealt with in an arresting manner. Profuse illustrations add not a little to the value of the book.

We would heartily commend the book to the notice of those of our readers who, without having had the benefits of a special training in a course of English literature would still desire to cultivate acquaintance with the Literary genius of the British race.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

SOCIOLOGY

Population Problems

POPULATION PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Publication Five of The Pollak Foundation for Economic Research. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York 4 Dollars.

This book is an outgrowth of the papers presented at the Eighty-sixth Annual Meeting of the American statistical Association held in December 1924, which devoted its attention almost entirely to the very important national and inter-national problem of Population. Though the subject has been treated here from a purely American point of view, the very

concern which the new country, with all its vast open spaces, its almost limitless natural resources, and relatively small population, shows to its numbers, and the expert character of the work done, in all the various phases of that problem, make the book full of suggestion and example, to students of Indian Economics. It needs no saying that over population is the crux of our present economic, social and political situation: and, with decent emigration practically denied to us, it is urgently necessary to dispel the popular notion, that multiplication is the irresistible tendency of human species, and that He who is the cause of creation would also provide for the sustenance thereof. Much academic work, has, no doubt, been done on the subject, notably by Mr. P. K. Wattal of the Indian Audit and Accounts Service, and by Prof. Brij Narain; but that which is yet to be accomplished, will more than tax the energies of a whole generation of enthusiastic young persons, interesting themselves in this patriotic business. To them, the book under review will be of much interest.

In the introductory Part I, Louis I. Dublin, the editor, emphasizes the importance of adequate statistical information, as the most essential preliminary to any commitment on the subject. He warns us against the illusion, that an easy solution of the population problem could be devised. He also pricks the bubble of the "Nordic Superiority a notion sedulously fostered, of late, by interested politicians and psychologists —, and demands more attention to the factor of environment in the development of peoples.

Part II contains a statement of the problem, with abundant statistical information.

Part III opens with a chapter on the "optimum" size of population, by Mr. A. B. Wolfe of the Ohio State University. He has some very interesting things to tell us there. "Practically, an essential part of the population problem is to get the people to see that they are confronted with a condition, and not a theory." "The public is not easily impressed with what it has been taught to regard as at most a remote danger." Traditional moral and religious sentiment, and nationalistic prejudice and frictions, prevent it from facing the issue squarely. To

escape admitting early danger of over population, anti-Malthusian optimists imagine that 'the earth is a great deal larger than it is,' and 'that progress can work miracles.' In the main, however, future improvements are to be "looked for in the fourth decimal place."

We should not be satisfied with avoiding absolute over-population. The problem is one of factorial proportion—of securing the most efficient numerical ratio between natural resources and labour-power—the optimum. It is in large measure a problem in social psychology: for the attainment of a rationally adjusted birth rate depends upon the attitude of the whole people. The essentially psychological element has been handled crudely by economists, and inadequately by sociologists. Herein lay the defect of Malthus's analysis, according to Mr. Wolfe. "Given rational control of population, the outlook for a high level of *per capita* income and culture in the future is exceedingly attractive."

The other three chapters in that part deal with the total agricultural and mineral resources that could be reasonably expected for utilisation by the future generations in America.

Part IV is concerned with perhaps the most important phase of the American problem of population. The racial composition of the people is there first adverted to, followed by an inquiry into the effects of immigration on the American type. The immigration programme of Canada has a chapter devoted to it next, and the part concludes with a valuable note by Alexander Golderweiser, wherein are given certain home-truths, which it has been the business of interested persons to slur over.

He says that present American immigration policy is dominated by the conviction that certain European nations are psychologically or culturally inferior to others. It is assumed also that immigration is a problem which each nation has a right to settle as its own convenience dictates. Besides it is also held that, to be successful, a national culture must be uniform and homogeneous; that cultural diversity and difference in outlook and in habits of life disperse national self-consciousness and result in cultural chaos, lack of solidarity and national weakness.

"All these postulates and the policies based on them can be shown to be erroneous, dogmatic, and incompatible with facts, straight thinking, humanity, and even national self interest." "Proof regarding the inborn differences between acres or nations is insufficient to justify a classification into inferior and superior." "If immigration is to be controlled, it should be by means of international agreements which take into account the interests of all nations involved." Cultural diversity has always fostered greater objectivity a liberal attitude towards men and things, and greater cultural vitality and creativeness. "The Chinaman, the Arab, the Hindu and even the Negro, need not fear the evidence of history. In religion, morality, art, literature and philosophy, and social form, they have achieved solutions, and established values which can stand comparison with those of any other historic people."

Compare these sentiments with those expressed by the Canadian Dominion Statistician, Mr. R. H. Coats. "The problem of the unassimilable Oriental we share with the United States, in addition to some complications on account of India. We exclude Orientals; in the case of Chinese, by requiring possession of \$. 250 of their own money, as a condition of entry, a demand which has reduced the inflow to an occasional wife or child and a few students: in the case of Japan, by a gentlemen's agreement; and in the case of the East Indians, by insisting that immigrants must come direct from India on a through ticket."

Part V pleads for some sort of selection of immigrants according to the work that awaits labour. There is also a very instructive chapter on the effect on population of the employment of women, which is of more than American interest.

The argument that the advancement of medicine and hygiene is bound to cause a certain amount of racial deterioration because weaklings are thereby kept from being eliminated by natural selection, is first examined in Part VI. That fear is shown to be groundless, because there will always remain many causes of death highly selective in their effect, which will always

be working to keep our native vitality up to the standard. The conquest of infectious diseases especially, would remove an immense amount of misery due to the impaired efficiency that follows the diseases from which people recover. And infectious diseases do not attack the congenitally weak alone.

The Family allowance systems and their effect on population are next considered by Mr. Douglas of the University of Chicago. The fear of Malthus that such payment according to need, might lead to an undue quantitative expansion of the population, Mr. Douglas believes to be unwarranted by the changed conditions of today. The increasing desire of the working class for more of the good things of life, their resolute refusal to consider themselves consigned by the natural order of society to a low standard of living, the growing social and economic emancipation of woman, and finally prevalence of the ideas and practice of birth-control.

A chapter on the future trend of population by Mr. R. M. MacIver closes this important collection of papers. The expert belief on that subject is that America is approaching the state of a stationary population, much faster than the layman imagines.

The editor, Mr. Dublin hopes "that these papers may be instrumental in replacing the the prevailing unscientific and almost arrogant attitude on population questions in the United States of America, with a spirit of scientific investigation and an understanding of the value of racial backgrounds differing from our own, which may lead eventually to a practical and liberal population policy." May we also pray that similar work would soon be forthcoming in our own country of over population, high birth rate, high death rate, low wages and low standards of living!

G. K. RAMACHANDRAN.

MISCELLANEOUS

Modern

MODERN GERMAN FICTION

STINE—by Theodor Fontane.

ROMEO AND JULIET—by Gottfried Keller

TONIO KROGER—by Thomas Mann.

No careful student of modern German literature can subscribe to Prof. Saintsbury's biased dictum

in his "Later Nineteenth Century Romanticism" that novel-writing is not suited to the genius of the German race. We can very well concede that in the art of story-writing, the actual record of accomplishment shows that in certain respects France and England have gone ahead of Germany, but at the same time there is no blinking the fact that in certain other respects Germans have excelled their compeers too. The charge that is often levelled by a certain class of critics against modern German novels is that they are wanting in "realism" or "naturalism", that their "purpose" shows through much too prominently to make them real works of art, that they are heavy and that they lack that indefinable charm which we associate with modern English and French fiction. Such a charge is shorn of its fundament if only we remember the names of German novelists like Gustav Freytag, Liliencorn, Keller, Theodor Fontane, Hermann Sudermann, Theophile Bodisco and Paul Heyse—names that will shed lustre and credit upon any literature.

The three stories which form the subject of our review belong to different types.

"Stine" written by Theodor Fontane (who, it may be observed, by the way, was an ardent student of English Literature) is a "zeitgenössischer Roman", a story dealing with contemporary Berlin social life, (i.e. about the year 1870), in which the author develops a situation wherein characters belonging to the "highest" and the "lowest" classes of society rub shoulders with one another. We are introduced to the house of Pauline Pittelkow, a *demi-mondaine* who encourages the visits of aristocratic visitors. Her Sister Stine though living in these surroundings is not of the circle—"Such a life as that led by my sister never deceives me" says she but she is at the same time not for judging her erring sister too harshly, for "is not *must* a hard *meel* to crack?" It so happens that the usual visitor to the family—an aristocrat of Berlin society—once brings with him his young nephew, an Army officer invalided during the war of 1870, a man inclined to be melancholic and idealistic at the same time. The young man finds himself fascinated by Stine but his first honest advances meet with rebuffs from her. When the integrity and

Gentlemanliness of the young man become known to her, she tolerates him. He falls deeply in love with her soon enough, but his uncle, the old evilly aristocrat refuses to accord permission for marriage. The young man tries to defy convention and to emigrate to America with Stine but the latter's nobility cannot bear to see the young man's career sacrificed. This leaves him no other alternative than suicide which soon follows. The story ends with the heart-stricken sorrow of Stine after her return from the young man's funeral.

On the one hand, there is Stine who in spite of unworthy connections shows a depth of purity not often met with in her class, and on the other, there is the evilly old sensuous aristocrat whose blue-blooded snobbery prevents him from understanding a young man's heart. This contrast illustrates forcibly one of the tragedies of modern social life.

Gottfried Keller's book, in spite of its title which leads us to expect a soul-stirring story of some German, Romeo and Juliet, cannot stand comparison with Shakespeare's masterpiece either in plot or in characterisation, but nevertheless, the passion of a lover and a sweetheart is so realistically described here as to convince us that cupid's fiats are indeed inviolable.

Thomas Mann's book stands in a class by itself. Thomas Mann, the celebrated author of "Buddenbrooks" is one of the most powerful writers of modern Germany. As a German writer puts it, "Mann represents the German genius through characteristics found but sparingly amongst the creative artists of our day, through his unique art and wisdom, through the strength and the attractiveness of a highly cultivated prose style, and through his social standing which is borne by him with a high responsibility of culture, knowledge and perception, and fortified by pluck and fight." Mann is at once a creative artist and a critic, his earlier works like "Buddenbrooks" and "Tonio Kroger" showing great creative excellence and his later volumes testifying to his critical strength. In fact Mann's genius has been oscillating between creative and intellectual values. His favourite view that the creative spirit in literature will gradually give

place to the critical tendency recently evoked an open letter from Josef Ponten in the columns of the "Deutsche Rundschau" in which Mann's opinion is boldly but respectfully controverted.

"Tonio Kroger" the volume under review contains many personal touches as most of Mann's works do. Born of parents who differed in racial temperament, and brought up in surroundings that fostered artistic instincts, Tonio Kroger feels the struggle in him between the *Burgerdom* and the *artistic tastes*, which are both inherent in his nature. His extraordinary shyness, his silent admiration for his friends Hans Hansen and Immerthal, his *tele-a-tele* conversation with the Russian artiste Lisaweta his travels in the Swedish city of his fathers, his final meeting with his childhood's friends, and his last letter to Lasweta altogether give us an idea of the history of a peculiar type of soul, of which that of Mann himself is a specimen. Mann's novels have little of complication in their plots, but like some of the greatest books of modern European literature, they are the histories of the development of souls.

The widespread ignorance that prevails in India of the masterpieces of modern German literature is due to the difficulty of acquiring the language and to want of facilities for cultivating acquaintance with the literature of modern Germany. The language difficulty need not scare Indians away, for most of the masterpieces of modern German literature appear in excellent English garbs. Indian students of literature cannot afford to neglect or ignore the study of the literature of a people whose sympathetic admiration for India and her culture is well known.

THE KONKAN AND THE KONKANI LANGUAGE: By Dr. CHAVAN: (A Malayalam translation.)

The Saraswat community of the West Coast is popularly known as the "konkanis" or "natives of konkan-land";—the term *konkani* has nothing to do with *kangani* or the word *kongan* which is applied to a certain class of people in Coimbatore District. The origin of the Saraswat community and the affinities of their language

have received only a little attention at the hands of Western scholars like Grierson etc. The book under review is an attempt to outline certain views about the term "konkan" and the affinities of the konkani language. The author is a member of the Saraswat community and he attempts to tackle the aforesaid questions with a certain amount of parochial pride which were perfectly pardonable, if the discussion proceeded upon thoroughly scientific lines. The author's views, however, are those of a layman. He seems to be in possession of the relevant ethnological and archæological material and, besides, he has evidently equipped himself with a sufficient knowledge of the Marathi and Guzerathi languages to enable him to institute comparisons. The author's enthusiasm is remarkable, but we confess to a sense of imperfection and inadequacy in the treatment which should have followed scientific lines, if results were desired. The phonology, the vocabulary and the morphology of the language should have received exhaustive treatment before inferences were drawn about the affinities of the language. No such attempt is made here, but a few theories are sought to be supported by a few isolated examples.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part treats about (a) the origin of the term "konkan", with (b) a loose general discussion of the language and (c) its possible origin. The second and the third parts are devoted to a meagre and imperfect discussion of the development of the language and its affinities with other languages in grammar and vocabulary.

The author discusses elaborately the various explanations of the word "konkan" and offers a suggestion of his own viz. that it might be derived from the Sanskrit phrase "*kim kinvam*," which first Aryan settlers used in inquiring about the quality of a particular kind of article. We are of opinion that the author's view is rather far-fetched and that we cannot so easily dismiss the orthodox view stated in the 'Imperial Gazetteer.'

The author's attempt in the second part of the first portion of his book is to show that the low position of the language is due to want of state patronage and of any politically unifying factor.

In this connection the author describes the distribution of the language over various areas and refers to the sub-dialects which are spoken in various parts of the West Coast.

The second section of the book is mainly devoted to countering the opinion that the konkani language is a corrupt form of Marathi and to discussing the relationships of the language. An attempt is made to comparatively discuss the phonology, grammar and vocabulary of the two languages, but it is perfunctory in the extreme and falls very much short of what we should expect in a scientific treatise. The conclusion drawn that the 'konkani' language is as much independent of Marathi as the Guzerati and the Hindi languages, is not, to say the least, warranted by the facts given. In fact, the consensus of opinion amongst scholars favours the view that the 'konkani' language is closely related to Marathi and that both are born of the same parent group.

Defects notwithstanding, the book has the value of initiating interest in the subject, amongst the members of the Saraswat community.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

PREMAGITHI (IN MALAYALAM) By K. M. PANIKKAR—ACHU BROTHERS, TRICHUR.

Mr. Panikkar is one of the stalwart "hopefuls" of Young India. His political activities and historical scholarship are well known. Interest in politics and history has not stood in his way of the cultivation of literary tastes. His love for his mother-tongue is intense. His productions in Malayalam in the shape of contributions to periodicals have not been less prolific than those in English. His volume of poems entitled "*Apakwa-phalam*" definitely showed his literary inclinations. In the great struggle of literary ideals that rages in Malabar today, he had thrown in his lot with that side to which he is closely related by temperament, training and outlook. He is one of the staunchest and most worshipful votaries in the Temple of the New. The *Vallathole* school of poetry can claim him as one of its strongest adherents. The name of

his great master of Malayalam poetry who has been called the *Tagore of Malabar* has become familiar to Europe through Mr. Panikkar's efforts.

The subject of this review is a bright little volume of lyrics. They were all originally contributed by the author to periodicals. The true lyric note whose essence is subjectivity of treatment and emotional expression, is a thing of comparatively recent origin in Malayalam literature. The *Vallathole* school of poetry is mainly responsible for its present development and popularity. Lyricism presupposes spontaneity of ideas and naturalness of composition. These are unfortunately foreign to the Sanskritised Malayalam poetry of the time-honoured orthodox type.

Mr. Panikkar's poems are permeated through and through with the new spirit that is in vogue today in Malabar. The versification is entirely of the "Dravidian" type, the vocabulary is a happy blend of the best elements, the ideas are touching yet simple, elevated yet direct. We see in this volume of love-poems none of that scheme of elaborated "conceits" which mar the appeal of the orthodox variety of poetry dealing usually with *Shringara*. Mr. Panikkar's poems have a freshness about them which is all the more charming in the convention-ridden air of Malabar. The haunting melody of Tagore's love-lyrics or of Heinrich Heine's songs is, it is true, absent in a large measure in Mr. Panikkar's poems. The medium may be held partly responsible for this deficiency. Whatever this be, the note of introspection which underlies these poems in so marked a degree is sufficient to endow them with a certain measure of greatness. In reading Mr. Panikkar's poems, we are reminded of some of the Elizabethan love-lyrics. Whether Mr. Panikkar's poems are mere literary exercises or the product of emotions sincerely felt and experienced, we are not in a position to say. However this be, Mr. Panikkar's poems are a welcome addition to Malayalam literature as a powerful indication of what the new literary spirit in Malabar could accomplish in the field of Lyricism.

L. V. RAMSWAMI AIYAR.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE NATHIBAI DAMODAR THACKERSEY UNIVERSITY Aryabhushan Press—Poona.

Prof. D. K. Kharve's indefatigable enthusiasm and unceasing labour for the Indian Women's University which the learned professor and his valiant lady lieutenants founded ten years ago, elicited our admiration when a year back the Professor travelled through South India. This institution is an instance of what the practical idealism of a philanthropic social worker could accomplish. The story of the low beginnings of the institution and of its slow but steady growth during the one decade for which it has been in existence, is laid bare to us in the book under review. It is interesting to note that the courses of study are mainly cultural, that specialisation is avoided, and that subjects useful to women are made compulsory. The educational work already turned out by the University is very encouraging, when full allowance has been made for lack of financial resources and want of Government recognition. The authorities are very particular about maintaining the academic freedom of the University in the matter of framing the curricula and conducting examinations; and consequently recognition has not been sought for. We are however told that, if academic freedom were allowed to the University, it would "welcome Government recognition." "Recently the Senate has passed a resolution urging on the Syndicate the necessity of exploring all possible ways of getting some sort of recognition from Government and other Universities provided such recognition does not curtail its liberties to frame courses etc. and does in no way violate the first principles for which the University was started." Want of Government recognition is "hampering the work of the University at least so far as the number of students attending its schools and colleges are concerned." A great future lies before this institution, now that it has been established on a secure and satisfactory basis, thanks to the munificent donations of men like Sir Vithaldas Thackersey.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

"THE LIFE OF SRI VYASARAJA"—A Champu Kavya in Sanskrit by Poet Somanatha with a historical introduction in English. By B. VENKOBRAO, B.A., (Mysore Civil Service.)

The Champu Kavya Sri Vyasayogi Charitam by Poet Somanatha who was a contemporary of Sri Vyasaraja is now made available for the first time through the combined efforts of Messrs B. Venkoba Rao and M. Srinivasa Murti. Mr. Srinivasa Murti was, for some time, connected with the Sri Vyasaray Mutt as its Sarvadhikari and it is to his redoubtable energy and disinterested love for good causes that we owe the publication of this work. The manuscript would not have been preserved for publication today. It is rather regrettable that Mr. Srinivasa Murti that he did not live to see it through the press.

The Kavya gives much reliable historical information. Since the author was a contemporary of Vyasaraja, the incidents in the life of Vyasaraja narrated by the Poet Somanatha in the Kavya may be taken to be well authenticated. In this respect this work may well compare with Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson." The author has a good command of Sanskrit and writes a tolerably good style.

The book is printed with a very lengthy introduction by the editor Mr. Venkoba Rao. It is carefully written and full of interesting information culled from various sources. In the introduction the editor discusses the date of Sri Madhvacharya and adopts 1238—1317 A.D. as his date following the suggestion of Mr. Padmanabhacharya. References to the various Madhva Pontiffs from Madhvacharya down to Vyasaraja is made with a short note on each of them. Particulars in the life of Somanatha is given in the introduction in detail. All possible and available information about Vyasaraja is found stated in a lengthy manner. The introduction is therefore very useful to a student of the history of Vijayanagar as also to students of Madhva literature.

Though painful, it has to be pointed out that the errata list is rather too long. Greater care should have been taken in looking through the proofs. The editor would have done well to

have adopted the system of transliteration now in vogue among orientafists.

T. R. C.

DRAVIDIAN GODS IN MODERN HINDUISM.—By Wilber Theodore Elmore, Ph.D., Published by the Christian Literature Society For India, Madras 1925, pp. 164.

The present volume, which is a reprint from the University studies of the Nebraska University, is the outcome of the personal investigations of the author during his long residence in India since 1920. It contains twelve chapters with an introduction, each of which deals with a special aspect of the Dravidian Gods. The name Dravida is a linguistic one and is applied to the indigenous population of South India speaking dialects of an agglutinating stock language. Ethnically the Dravidas are identified with the Australians; but the latter are still in a state of savagery, while the former have been for many ages a people civilized in great measure and possessed of a literature. The two peoples are affiliated by deeply-marked characteristics in their social system, as shown by the boomerang, which, unless locally evolved, must have been introduced from India.

We are here concerned more with the culture of the Dravidians, who are considered to be the aboriginal inhabitants of India. Hinduism which has originated in the vedic times is controlled entirely by the Brahmans. Some of the Dravidian gods are incorporated into the Hindu pantheon, and yet there are many Gods, and many modes of worship outside the pale of Brahmanism. Among them may be mentioned the worship of the Seven Sisters who are the most prominent of the Dravidian deities. Poleramma the Goddess of the Telugu Country, as Mariamma of the Tamil Country is perhaps the chief of the group. She is responsible for small-pox and other epidemics, as also all other troubles in the village such as cattle disease draught, and sickness among the people. When small-pox breaks out in a village, the people say that the goddess Poleramma has come. She is

supposed to be angry, and expresses her anger by the disease. Before a general jatra or the offering of bloody sacrifices to appease the goddess takes place, the afflicted person performs certain propitiatory ceremonies. The village festival is celebrated on a grand scale with sacrifices of goats. Her sisters, who occupy a somewhat subordinate position, command similar worship from their votaries. There is again the Sakthi worship of the Dravidians which is different from that of the Hindu Saktis. The former are conceived to be terrible female devils, while the latter denote the energy of the gods as manifested in their wives. Thus the consorts of the chief Hindu Gods have come to be called Saktis. This name is specially to Parvati, the consort of Siva. Every Dravidian God has something of the demon element in it, and the Saktis are pure demons. The demon-possession has given rise to the demon-worship, and the exorcism of these spirits by a class of magicians who are proficient in the art of magic and sorcery.

Most of the Dravidan deities are of local origin, the stories of which are very useful and important. There are no written records, nor systems of philosophy or theology throwing any light on the question of the fundamental reasons for the development of the system.

Regarding the fundamental conceptions in Dravidian worship, opinions vary. Bishop Whitehead presents the theory of a totemistic origin of the present sacrifices which serve to explain the peculiar customs. Some consider that there is fetishism in the Dravidian conception, while others attribute it to Animism. In fact, the Dravidian religion has no moral sanction. It deals with powerful spirits, a large number of which are malignant. The religion reflects the morality of the people and is in no way responsible to it. The author has to be congratulated for the intensive study of so difficult a subject, and the publication of his researches in the form of a thesis which is very useful to all students of the primitive culture of South India.

L. K. A.

LIVE AND LEARN OR THE ART OF LIVING.—By Sir Jame Yoxall, Published by Holder and Stoughton Ltd, Price 6 Shillings, Pages 196.

The author of this interesting volume tries to solve the problem of the art of living. It is a problem, he says, that even sages have failed to solve. But it has been long ago solved by the Hindu sages, and their methods and principles have been and are even now in operation in India. Only at present owing to rapidly changing environments, there seems to be a tendency to ignore them.

"The human life is compared to the four stages of an orchestral symphony. The first is an Allegro as of youthful existence, quick, bubbling, and hopeful. The next stage is large as of more slow, broad, grave, and earnest, as if it were some hale and sage endeavour of early maturity. The third movement contains a trio as of the voices of wife, husband, and child: the artist in life must have made a happy and prosperous home. Then the last stage shapes up into a finale of glorious chords made out of all the notes in the foregoing music to represent old age as love, honour, obedience, and troops of friends."

The volume under review contains 21 chapters each of which is designated by a curious title, dealing with a subject with appropriate precepts, and examples to illustrate some line of conduct. As instance of the kind, a quotation is herein given. A birth we receive, from our parents, life, from our ancestors, our mental faculties from our race, the advantages that surround us with civilization, and from nation, the security which our development needs. We are indebted to all of them. These forces are confided to us, and we must repay them for the benefit of those of our race and nation who are to come.

The book is of invaluable help to every young and grown up man, who by a perusal of it will know what to do and how to do in order to make his life worth living.

L. K. A.

POPE:—By Lytton Strachey.

A hundred years ago critics and poets lashed themselves to fury against Pope and his school of poetry, to-day it is becoming the fashion amongst critics to lash themselves to fury on behalf of the eighteenth-century poet. Of course to-day the denunciations and the anathemas against the Romanticists have not become quite so vehement or open as those of the earlier nineteenth century critics against Pope were. The reaction against degenerate Romanticism appears, however, to have definitely set in. Is it likely that the Romanticists will be dethroned from their exalted seats and Pope and his comrades re-installed therein? We think not. We are now too firmly conscious of the primary essentials of the poetic art, too closely acquainted with masters of the lyre who can move and enthral us, to fall again at the feet of Pope and worship him as an Immortal. At the same time we know enough of the evils of degenerate Romanticism to be able to view Pope from a detached standpoint and try, if possible, to rescue the greatest writer of English correct poetry from the undeserved obloquy which was poured upon him from the time of Bowles up till the last decades of the last century. And to-day chivalrous knight-errants stand forward to give Pope his due. Lytton Strachey is one amongst these, and he does this in his Leslie Stephen Lecture at Cambridge, delivered in 1925, with much scholarship and acumen. In so far as the Augustan masters with their correctness, concreteness, clarity and lucidity form a corrective for the haziness and superficiality of latter-day Romanticism and other twentieth century—"isms", the appreciation of their works is desirable and even necessary. It is this point of view that underlies Lytton Strachey's lecture, though he has, in pressing forward the legitimate claims of the Augustan school, made himself a little merry by having a fling or two at the masters of the Romanticist cult also.

After a brief introduction, Lytton Strachey makes Mathew Arnold's observations about Pope his target of attack. Mathew Arnold with his catch-phrases "adequate criticism of life" "high seriousness" etc., is an easy enemy for Strachey

who triumphantly makes short work of the Arnoldian ideals and, through this process, exalts Pope's work. "We can discount the special pleadings of Wordsworth" says Strachey. "Not so easily" say we, "as he has been able to demolish Arnold". In our opinion, Strachey's selection of Arnold for his butt of attack prejudices the reader against Strachey and against Pope. It had been proper if Strachey had left the nineteenth century critics of Pope strictly alone and confined himself to the discussion of Pope's poetry on its merits. Strachey's defence of Pope rests on the following points:—

1. Pope's couplet is simplicity itself attained by a conscious process of Art. "What a relief" says Strachey, "to have escaped for once from *le mot propre*, from subtle elaboration of diction and metre, from complicated states of mind and all the profound obscurities of Shakespeare! How delightful to have no trouble at all, to understand so very easily every single thing that is said (?) We are not sure if there is not a gentle irony playing about these remarks. Anyway, The relief that he speaks of is certainly not ours. The difference between the Popeian poetic form and the true Shakespearean form corresponds in our opinion to the difference between the sing-song refrain of a way-side doggerel and the supreme harmony of a Mozart or Beethoven.

2. Pope's couplets while retaining to their full their early ease, polish and lucidity become later on charged with weight.

3. The essence of all Art is the accomplishment of the Impossible and Pope has achieved this in his Satires whose theme was civilisation illumined by animosity.

4. No blame should attach to Pope for being *only satirical* for "if one is to judge poets by what they are without, where is one to end?"

5. But Pope does possess sensuous beauty, occasional visions of nature, realism etc., also.

6. His descriptions of people whom he disliked show us his mastery in fettering the heroic couplet, "that bed of Procrusts," with the sinuous egoism of Addison's spirit or the pulserent nothingness of Lord Hervey's. "Pope waves his magic wand and turns his screams into poetry with the enchantment of the heroic couplet."

Lytton Strachey has indeed made a commendable effort to present Pope at his best. He has not convinced us of the superiority of Pope to the nineteenth century masters. Nor is this Strachey's aim so far as we can see. But he has effectively demonstrated and explained to us that Pope possesses to perfection certain qualities which many of the latter-day poets of the nineteenth century and many of our living songsters would have done well to have cultivated.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

ANIMALS OF LAND AND SEA.—By Austin Clark. Published by D Van Nostrand and Company, Warren Street, New York,

The author is a distinguished Biologist and Curator of the Smithsonian Institution, and was once the naturalist of the United States Fisheries Steamer Albatross. He is a famous Oceanographer in addition. The author who is a keen Zoologist is eminently fitted to present to the scientific world, an interesting volume on the Animals of Land and Sea. Unlike other books on the subject which gives a bare description of the life-history, the present volume is treated with special attention to human welfare. Biology, as popularly understood, is the study of life, but in the comprehension of average individual, it is the study of life and death and how to avoid them as also how to inflict them on other hostile living beings with minimum danger to himself.

Regarding the names of animals there are misconceptions, the reason for which is the use, in ordinary speech, of a single name to designate all kinds of living beings. The same name which designates an animal or a bird in England is applied to different ones in America. Another interesting fact is the use of animals and animal products as food. Animals are employed for transport to provide power, to furnish men with leather, silk, bone ivory, shell, perfumes, glue, dyes, and medicines. Animal products which are liked by one set of men are disliked by others. Of mammals, cattle, sheep and hogs are the only ones used on a large scale, while dogs, cats and rats, though disliked by some, are eaten by others. Man regards without prejudice all

sea creatures, and is willing to eat any of them, if only they are not offensive to his taste. Sentiments against snakes and monkeys are so widespread, but they are also consumed. Burrowing animals are also popular as food, and man has devised various traps to catch them. Nearly all kinds of animals serve as food to man. Besides these all sea-animals, whales, seals, sea-cows, sea-horses are all highly prized for food. The commercial value of sea-cucumbers in the Pacific, runs into millions, elsewhere they are not used at all. A few varieties of star-fishes are sometimes eaten. Sea worms are an important article of diet. Different kinds of molluscs, lobsters, crabs, shrimps are also used by man. But the prejudice accompanying civilization operates on diminishing the consumption of food. Bugs, locusts and spiders are no longer liked. Man has thus been omnivorous, and as he distinguished himself from other animals by the use of fire, his diet has become considerably modified in accordance with his habit of applying a high degree of heat almost to everything he liked.

Thus far have we been enumerating the names of the lands and sea animals of serving as food to man, and he becomes a prey to the attacks of animals, and forms an appreciable part of food of many of the predacious vertebrates. Many insects like bugs mosquitoes act as parasites. Within the intestines live quite a large number of protozoans-amoebas, flagellates and ciliates which under a microscope recall similar forms covering in hay infusions. Animals live on high mountain-tops where the air-pressure is only about 13 inches or even less, about six and a half pounds to a square inch, while in the ocean depths under a water-pressure of 600 atmospheres or 4 and a half tons to a square inch. Researches in Biology is as pressing and important, and each new discovery at any time of scientific work complicates the subject by increasing the multiplicity of detail. The growing mass of facts necessitates redistribution of the individual activities to a narrow sphere of work, if he is to know his subject well. The narrower the field of labour, the more detached from the worker and from the general public.

In this fascinating volume is given, an appropriate place to every animal type which is properly catalogued. It is a book of profound interest both to teachers and students of Biology. Further the book is well got up and profusely illustrated. It also contains a copious index in which every animal is properly located.

L. K. A.

What Thinkers Think

Western Spirituality: Anthroposophy

Spirituality, as the unfoldment of the inner spirit, its ascent to a higher plane of life, is the divine right of human beings all over the world. It is not a monopoly of any single age, race or clime, though the particular forms and modes of its expression may vary with the peculiarities of the time and the people and the conditions under which the unfoldment takes place. The East, as the mother of the human race and civilisation, has been long ago initiated into the life of the spirit and built up a heritage which is the supreme solace of millions. The West also, in the midst of all the travails of its deadly struggles on the material plane, seems to be slowly evolving a system of spiritual life and thought which fully reflects its scientific mind and passionate urge for action. Dr. Rudolf Steiner is the founder of a spiritual movement in Germany which goes by the name of Anthroposophy. After his death in 1925, his work is being carried on by the *Anthroposophische Gesellschaft* with its head-quarters in Dornach Switzerland. At the last Indian Philosophical Congress at Benares Dr. Hans Koester read an illuminating paper on this movement, which is published in the current number of the *Viswabharati Quarterly*. Dr. Koester depicts the following picture of the Western man realising the spiritual world by means of Anthroposophy:

Western man—I refer here only to the Western man who is striving to obtain knowledge of the spiritual world—must be imagined in an erect posture on the surface of the earth, slowly and steadily advancing. In this upright position he knows himself as the connecting link between the worlds below and those above him; in his spiritual movement over the face of the earth he proceeds in a horizontal direction. In the same way as different *mudras* indicate different static experiences of the spiritual world, so he expresses by the conscious progressive movement of his body his relationship with the whole of the Cosmos, pulsating through him. The two directions—the vertical upright one and the horizontal forward one meet each other in his heart, where they form a cross. And so he will transform himself, more and more, from the subjectively limited

personality he actually is, to a fuller objective representation of the underlying spiritual forces by which he is built up and which hold him up in truth. It is as if he were growing, using and gaining the benefit of new organs of consciousness. His feet are no longer only what they were before, they give him further ground for self-reliance, they enable him to appropriate fresh spiritual force, coming to him from mother earth. His hands not lying quiet in his lap, but moving in regular rhythm, give him the sense, as it were, of carrying at certain points within them the wonderful heaven of stars.

Western and Eastern Spirituality contrasted-

What Dr. Koester points out is that Anthroposophy is not a mere section of spiritual possibilities, but represents a true portrait of the spiritual man in the West. His imaginary picture brings out the three principal points by which Western spirituality, as distinguished from the Eastern, tries to guide itself. He says:

Western spiritual activity is represented as man's stepping forward, whereby he brings himself into harmony with the active spiritual ground of the world. While Indian spirituality does away with space and time by retiring from the limitations of activity into the full quietness of their origin, Western man overcomes and appropriates them by his own specific spiritual movement. He sees purposes which he wants to understand fully by accomplishing them. He knows the course of his life to be guided not only by *karma* but by the objective spiritual processes that uses him as an instrument for the furtherance of its own plan.

Into whatever part of Western culture you may look, you will find this trend towards activity. It may appear sometimes as if Western humanity was being constantly whipped forward; nay, its very direction occasionally seems to be wrong, as following only outer or materialistic purposes; nevertheless, the hidden source of all its energy is the work of an underlying spiritual activity. Anthroposophy wishes to strengthen and purify this hidden force so as to bring it into conscious contact with the spiritual world.

The other point implied in the progressive attitude of the Western spiritual man is the experience of his own higher Self. You of the East call this by the name of *Atman*. In order to approach it you close your eyes in deep meditation. You separate yourself from the impressions of the outer world and search for it, so to say, in the background behind yourself. The eyes of the Anthroposopher, on the other hand, are wide open; he embraces both sides along his spiritual march over the earth,—both spiritual reality as well as its appearance, as it surrounds him in the whole of the Nature. By drawing lines from the within to the with-

out, by realising the inner relationship of the different worlds within himself, he actually works out his true Self. So it may be said that this Ego, as it is named by Anthroposophy (the German word is *Ich*), lies always one step before him, a step which he has to take to identify himself with it. He has to follow his star, of which he will lose sight the moment he gives himself over solely either to the materialistic appearance, or to the temptation of bare speculative reasoning. In the Western, the Anthroposophical sense, the Ego cannot be defined by any fixed position, but only by the middle way it pursues towards its own definite goal.

That leads to the third point by which Western spirituality is marked. I have mentioned already the Spiritual Activity and the Ego. The third qualification of the spiritually erect, advancing man is his direction towards a definite goal. It is not any outwardly situated place that he wants to reach. The vision of the end towards which he is striving lies within himself. His own ego and spiritual activity—now still so weak and faint—will become stronger and stronger at every step. If they are as yet mere functions by which he is artistically shaping the materials given to him from without, they will develop and build out of themselves the real substance from which they are derived. The final stage is the full realisation of the picture I gave you at the outset: the new spiritualised man, holding and representing within his own body, born out of this substance, the entire Cosmos.

As you see, there is no room in this picture for annihilation, or Nirvana, or however you may call or describe your idea of being redeemed from the curse of Karma. With you we know that each one has to go through innumerable incarnations before he can be free from the sin of egotism. But there is the nucleus within us which gives us the spiritual hope that we are capable of and responsible for such a future shape of all being.

The Gospel of the East—not inconsistent with action

The observations of Dr. Koester in the last para quoted above show that he has but an imperfect understanding of the Gospel of the East, which he takes to mean utter inaction or annihilation. How far from the truth such an interpretation is will be realised by all who have a clear and correct knowledge of the teachings of the Bhagavad Gita. The Editor of the *Viswabharati Quarterly*, in his interesting review of the spiritual situation, in the same number, gives a summary of some important passages from Sri Aurobindo's *Essays on the Gita*, from which we extract the following:

The Gita insists on the giving up of actions: *sarva karmani sanjaya*, but inwardly to the Brahman. Brahman in the *kshara* supports wholly the action of *Prakriti*; Brahman in the *akshara*, even while continuing to support, dissociates itself from the action, preserves its freedom. The individual soul, unified with the Brahman in the *akshara*, is free and

dissociated, yet unified with the Brahman in the *kshara*, supports but is not affected; this it can do best when it sees that both are aspects of one *Purushottama*. The union of the soul with the *Purushottama* by a *yoga* of the whole being, is the complete teaching of the Gita, and not only union with the immutable self, as in the narrower doctrine which follows the exclusive way of knowledge.

The direct way to union lies through the firm realisation of the immutable self, and the Gita insists on this as a first necessity. The work of this status is the supreme peace of a calm self-extinction: *shantim nirvana-paramam*, and as if to make it quite clear that it is not the Buddhist's nirvana that it intends, the Gita always uses the phrase *Brahma-nirvana*. This Nirvana is clearly compatible with world-consciousness and with action in the world. For the sages who attain to it are conscious of and in intimate relation by works with the Divine in the mutable universe; they are occupied with the good of all creatures; *sarvabhutahite ratah*. This action in the world is not inconsistent with living in Brahman, it is rather its inevitable condition and outward result because the Brahman in whom we find nirvana,—the spiritual consciousness in which we lose the separative ego-consciousness,—is not only within us but within all these existences, exists not only above and apart from all these universal happenings, but pervades them, contains them and is extended in them.

Is this then the finale, the climax, the last word? Are we to suppose that the Gita gives this as the last movement of a process of release by dissolution, or only as a special means and a strong aid to overcome the outward-going mind? We shall find reason to regard it as both a special means, an aid, and at least one gate of a departure, not by dissolution, but by an uplifting to the supracosmic existence.

The finale comes in a verse that follows: *When a man has known Me as the Enjoyer of sacrifice and tapasya (of all austerities and energisms) the mighty Lord of all the worlds, the friend of all creatures, he comes by Peace*. When the peace of Nirvana is reached, the soul is satisfied and knows its own true and exceeding bliss, not that untroubled happiness which is the portion of the sense-man, but an inner and serene felicity in which not even the fiercest assault of physical or mental pain can disturb it.

Anthroposophy needs completion from India

Dr. Koester, however, does not consider that Anthroposophy is complete in itself. He thinks that Western Spirituality needs completion from the East. He says:

Western Spiritual activity by itself would only be like a slender stream evaporating in a vast plain, if it were not to be received by the great Ocean of Spirit itself. This knowledge of the all-penetrating, all-embracing, eternally existing Spirit is an original, a peculiar possession of Indian culture. The Western mind has to be embedded in this certitude, in this true conviction of the eternal Spiritual Reality, as is expressed in the Vedas. There it will find the counterpart for all its endeavours; it is to this underlying substance that it must correlate whatever it tries to achieve by its activity.

Thus we see: Western activity needs completion through Indian Spiritual Realism. And the same is

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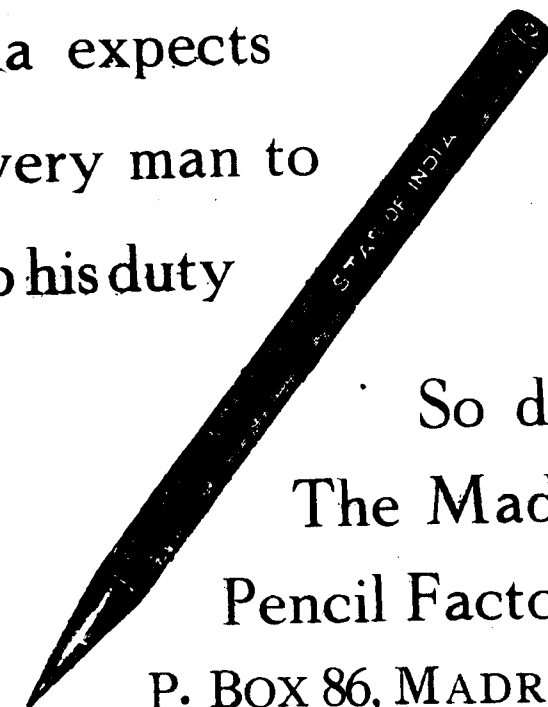
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