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Current Thought

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

—RIG VEDA



Vol. V

OCTOBER

No. 7

Art in East and West

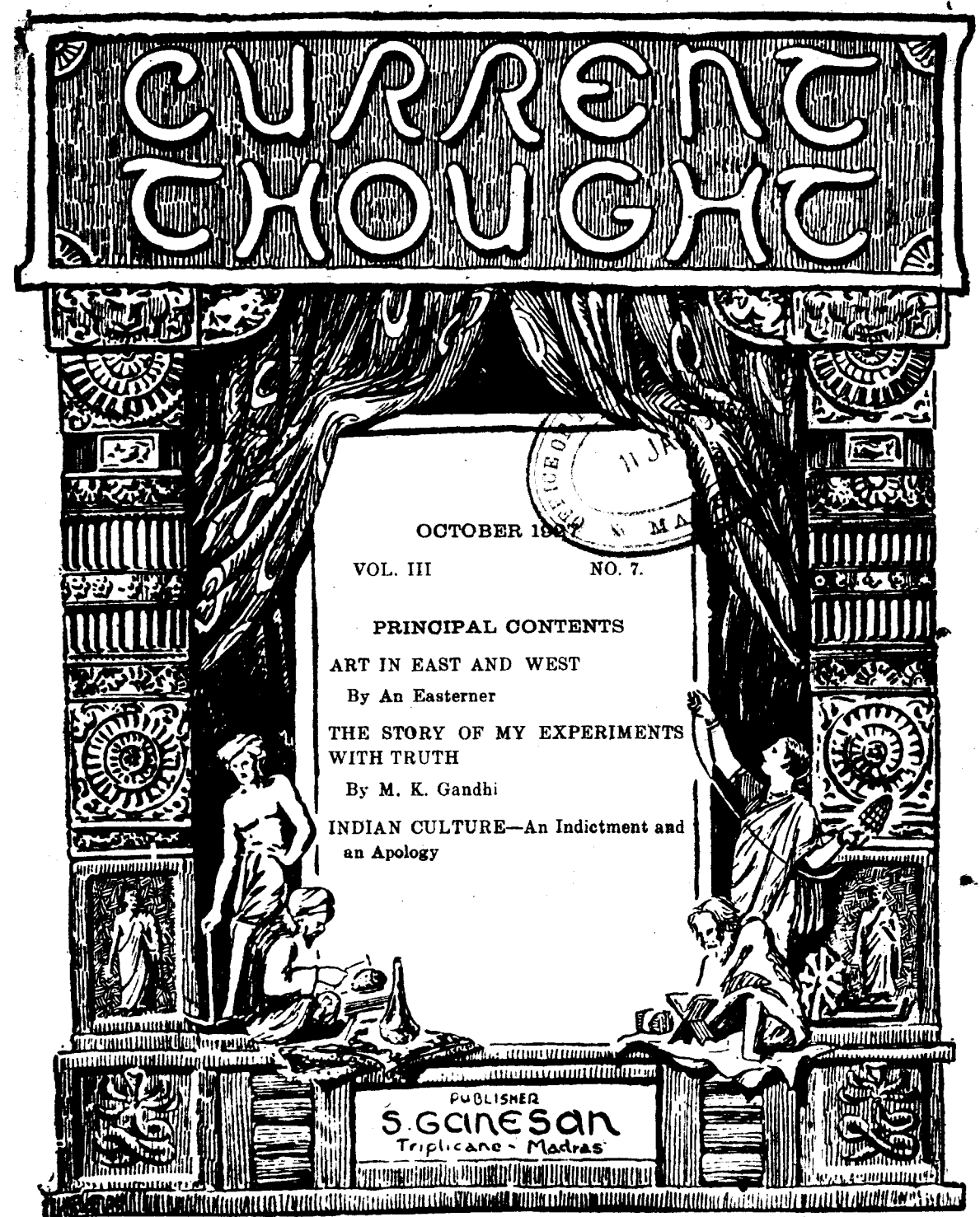
BY AN EASTERNER

THE interpretation of the art of a foreign people is by no means an easy task even for an artist. There is so much of convention which it is difficult to penetrate, and there are so many associations that cluster round which are unfamiliar; and the share of these in the total result, the foreigner is likely to miss or incorrectly estimate. He may not perceive the need felt or experienced by a people of which their art is but the outward expression. The ultimate test of art, however, is beauty which is universal in its appeal, and if particular forms in which beauty is enshrined are unfamiliar or do not appeal, the fault is, as India has always insisted, not so much in the art, which has clothed itself in the garb, as in the individual who judges. While, therefore, there is no universal standard in art, the directions it takes, and the forms it assumes, afford a correct indication of the character and tendencies of the people cultivating it.

Nowhere is the difficulty of correct interpretation so great as in the field of music, so

often described as universal language. The best of Western music leaves many an Easterner cold, and the Westerner describes the music of the East as a melancholy wail. The difficulty is mutual, and goes deep into differences of language, temperament, and spiritual needs. The clear accents of Western languages offer a field for delicacy and modulation suited to every shade and variety of emotions, which, languages of the East, more smooth and even, can produce only by artificial aids. In these latter, the emotion marches along too fast unobstructed by the accent, and resort must be had to other devices, as the "gamak", to produce minor variations and touches. The main theme has to be worked up by a number of accessory, subordinate, or minor themes until the climax is reached. The descent is often too easy, and the momentum carries the singer beyond the words of the song far into an *alapana* or tailing off. In the accented languages of the West, the accent and the variations in stress meet all the requirements of expression, and

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the subsidiary emotions need not be rendered one after another. The descent is often too hard for the softness required, and there is hardly an extension beyond the song. In Italian, in which the accent is not so conspicuous, the tendency for extension is, however, noticed.

The facilities which accent affords make for quality. In its absence music is quantitative.

It is obvious that in regard to emotions which reach their climax and descent soon, or where the syllables have to be liquid and smooth, the advantage is clearly on the side of the unaccented language. Where, however, the song reveals rather a state of mind than the emotion itself, the accented languages of the West are more appropriate. Indeed, what Western music strives to produce is rather the state of mind appropriate to the emotion, whereas in the East the emotion itself is the main consideration. This difference arises because accent is less accommodating to the free flow of emotion, which cannot be perceived but has to be measured by the extent and the mode by which the obstacles are overcome. In the West, therefore, the emotion is more the result, and in the East more the cause, of music. In the East music is more a release of feeling, an unburdening, and audiences are worked up to the emotion directly rather than through sympathy with the performer.

The difference in regard to accent has other interesting consequences. Where there is accent the voice has to jump along, as it were, from boulder to boulder, but in its absence it moves along a course which may be very tortuous. Instruments, therefore, successfully reproduce the music of the West but not of the East where the graces and inflexions are too delicate and

fine for successful imitation. Human voice, still the criterion in the East, takes a back seat in the West where the instruments are quite adequate for satisfactory rendering. Apart from this, the development of instrumental music was bound to follow, in any scheme which worked up to a state of mind which produced the emotion rather than to the emotion itself which is the result. The mental state may be produced by developing the appropriate associations. The falling of leaves, the whispers of the gentle breeze, the song of birds, these and other moods of nature appropriate to the emotion, if imitated, would produce by association the mental state required and that can only be done by concerted music in which there are a number of instruments to add variety and range of expression.

Therein lies the root-cause of the differentiation of Eastern music as melodic and Western music as harmonic. The major divisions of musical notes employed in the West enabled a number of instruments to be played together, and they could not be played so without developing harmony. The variety of instruments made for contrasts, for light and shade, if one may so put it, and for atmosphere. In the East, on the other hand, the human voice could not be successfully reproduced by instruments which, therefore, could not supersede it, and the progress in the direction of harmony, or the developments under its influence, could not take place. To the Easterner, accustomed to the elaboration of the primary emotion with its minor variations, the variety and wealth of form in which Western music is presented causes confusion if not disgust. He can understand the song of the lark, the rustle of the leaves, and the rush of the brook each by itself, but the whole

coming together he is overwhelmed and bewildered, rather than pleased.

The divergent developments are the result of different needs and requirements. The Easterner does not need to be worked up into the right mood by artifices of harmony and association. He is more emotional and can enter into the spirit of the song without these intellectual aids. The Westerner, on the other hand, dwells too much in the mind, and is not so readily receptive to emotion, nor can he switch off readily from one emotion to another. He is far too absorbed in the world to be able to take easy or rapid emotional flights but, like the balloon capable of them only when released from his moorings.

It is possible, though for me, with very great difficulty, to reduce to the same fundamental needs and tendencies the other arts of the West. But it would take me too far. Nor do I think it necessary. I would rather refer to other features of the West which are perhaps more easily deduced from architecture and sister arts. The intellectual appeal of most of the buildings with architectural pretensions in the West is recognised on all hands. The sense of discipline, of the due subordination of detail to the main theme, which is essentially of the intellect, has not been given the same recognition in India. An Indian, familiar with the over elaboration of detail in Hindu architecture, cannot fail to note this feature and give it its due recognition. In none of the famous cathedrals in Rome, Milan, Paris and London did I find ornamentation carried to a point past satiation. Viewed from the outside most of these failed to impress by their size, because of the proximity of buildings as large, or larger. But portions of them such as the magnificent towers reaching up to the skies, the thousand

spires of the Milan Cathedral, or the magnificent domes of St. Peters and St. Pauls, pleased and enthralled by the contrasts of the square blocks of the bare and even terraces of the neighbouring buildings. The magnificent proportions of the St. Peters do not impress the visitor as he views them from the front. There are too many buildings of large size in the neighbourhood, and the massive columns on either side of the approach are on the same scale, and it seemed to me deliberately designed to mask the size still further. As one entered the cathedral, however, the impression, so carefully kept back, overwhelmed and overpowered one as the eye, which so easily took in the whole structure from the outside found itself almost unable to scale up the heights along pillars and arches and walls to the dome. The worshippers and visitors appeared diminished by the distance. The sense of majesty of God and the insignificance of man so necessary to western mentality was brought home to one with striking effect, not marred by elaborate ornamentation. Every device and resource of decoration tended rather to support and accentuate the impression. That is more or less the impression that I gained from every other cathedral I visited. Notre Dame at Paris is perhaps an exception but it is essentially feminine, and appropriately so.

It need hardly be pointed out that the feelings that one gains inside of a Hindu temple are very different. Viewed from the outside Hindu Temples as those of Bhuvaneshwar and of South India impress the spectator by their size but once inside, the sense of vastness is too often lost by the shortness of pillars and by the profusion of decorative details. Indian temples are too small, and their ornamentation too profuse to engender the

sense of the majesty of God, or the insignificance of man. The sense of majesty which implies distance and formality would be insupportable to the Hindu seeking rather unions and assimilation. The Westerner, who wants to preserve his individuality, is prepared for obedience rather than surrender. The correction required is rather to his idea of self-importance; hence the discipline, magnificence and majesty.

Outside the churches, few buildings impressed me. The Houses of Parliament, the Palace at Versailles, and the capital at Washington come to my mind as I write. Of these, the last appeared to me the best in design. There is a quiet dignity and repose in its dome which is in striking contrast to the feverish American life surrounding it, but along with it there was an impression of purity and lack of strength that appeared to me almost feminine. To the other two mentioned, the situation lends a great deal of beauty, especially the Palace at Versailles, the monotony of whose enormous facade was to some extent relieved by the striking beauty, of the fountains and the gardens. The interior, far more than the exterior, is of surpassing beauty. The halls, colonnades, and stair ways are magnificent in proportion, and harmonious in decoration, which was nowhere in excess.

In the more exacting weather conditions of the West, life is spent more in the interior, and the greater beauty of the interior is appropriate. To the design and disposition of the exterior, there is less temptation, and there exist serious limitations. Towns were seldom built in the West to suit the fancy of Kings at their bidding. They grew up there from small settlements into towns to meet the demands of trade and commerce. The situations were selected for facilities of manufacture and

commerce, and not with an eye for beauty. Serious limitations are thus imposed on the architect who has to make the best he can of inappropriate localities and structures and surroundings that refuse to blend. Beauty never forgives a slight. Once neglected or forgotten or superseded, the most penitent appeal will not bring her back and the founder of few towns in the West had thought of her. She is the first in the thoughts when the Eastern King selects his site for the capital or the religious enthusiast a place for his temple, and she never deserts it even when the profanities and desecrations of latter age render her stay well nigh insupportable.

In sculpture and painting, the artist has less of the limitations which are found in architecture or music. In these spheres, Western art should lend itself to a more facile interpretation. I have gone over the vast collections of statuary in the museums at Naples, Rome, London and Paris, and I regret to have to say that I was rather disappointed. Human emotion and passion have been rendered to perfection. Beauty of form there was in abundance. No human effort could exceed the high level reached in Rome and Greece 20 centuries ago. The most natural attitudes have been faithfully reproduced in every detail however minute. No twist or turn or swell of a muscle, however small, has escaped unnoticed. The right moment has been chosen, and the correct grouping. The degree of faithfulness reached thus has to be seen to be fully realised. The bronze in the Naples museum representing the drunken waiter, unsteady on his feet and half conscious, is indescribably perfect, and yet I missed in almost every one the consummation of human portrayal, the indication of a higher feeling, that warmed up the dull cold marble

in bronze. The expression is more of attitude than of face. Even among the statues of philosophers I found not one bowed in thought. That of an old woman among the figures in Naples appeared absorbed in thought. The rest of the Caesars, philosophers, the athletes, the Gods and Goddesses impressed me with their magnificent proportions of limb and muscle and form, but did not lift me beyond to the regions of the intangible where perfections and refinements are of the spirit and the soul, and which art alone can help man to visualise.

The tangible is by no means to be despised just because it is tangible. The perfection of limb and form is desirable, but more as a means to an end. The old Greek and Roman, as the modern Westerner to-day, was of the world, worldly, and the perfections he sought were of the world in which they were absorbed. He had no striving after the spirit above and beyond the requirements of the world. Perfections of the limb and muscle were for triumphs in this world which counted with them so much. They will render possible the perfect expression of the emotion or passion which calls them forth to action. Whenever I feel inclined to criticise in this strain, the statue of Venus de Milo appears before my mind's eye to administer a rebuke, and I shrink abashed. Whatever the limitations of Western art, that statue is a justification of it for all time. No reproduction does it justice. As I saw its manifold perfections, almost ethereal, which nevertheless, almost visibly emanated from the dull cold marble, there was produced in me an enchanted stupefaction. Criticism fled from its presence, and it was long before the spell ceased.

The poverty of spiritual satisfaction in Western Art, though not a matter for serious

criticism is a distinctive feature, and nowhere is it more striking than in the pictures of Christ. I have seen scores of them, many from the world's greatest artists, but in not one did I find any Godliness, except the conventional aureola. I could not help recalling the spiritual composure of Buddha in the attractiveness of which the imperfect or even ugly delineations of the physical frame are forgotten and the Divine enlightenment of Avalokiteswari which gives so much divinity to grace, and beauty so human. The Christ of Western artists is the creation of God by man in his own image. Here is manifest a short-coming which western art has yet to overcome.

In the portrayal of animals there is another short-coming equally great in which the Eastern artist has an incontestable superiority.

The rendering of animals, even the most familiar to them, is done with little effect and feeling. As usual there is faithful reproduction of the form in every detail, but nothing above and beyond. The appeal of the monkey and the elephant in an Indian sculpture or frieze is straight to the kindly and humane disposition of the spectator, and there is stimulated a sympathetic interest and understanding almost as though they were pet animals. The lions and wolves of the West are best at their worst. In the portrayal of passion the western artists are successful, in the portrayal of feeling they fail, I cannot help recalling in this connection the lions at the foot of Nelson's column, enormous reproductions in bronze, true to every detail of form and muscle. The very size should help in the impression of dignity natural to the King of beasts, but the expression which the artist has sought to give, is fatal to that sense of Majesty. The alertness appeared to me as that of a dog.

The failure of Western art to rise to those subtler regions is due to a false Realism. In trying to produce nature by imitating her in detail the artist fails to see the forest on account of the trees. There is no truth in imitation however perfect. The artist's vocation is with human feeling, to renew through his art that which he himself has experienced. In bestowing so much attention to detail he has started at the wrong end. The Eastern artist who concentrates on the idea or the feeling itself, and seeks little or no aid from a model, is after all at the only safe anchorage. He is wrong in detail, woefully wrong perhaps, but never misses the essential, and it is there in such full measure that the inaccuracy of detail is never noticed, and, if noticed, is forgiven. To the Western mind, so deeply rooted in the concrete, any departure from correctness of detail may do too great a violence to any feeling which the picture is intended to produce, and he may turn away in

disgust. He judges a building from the portico.

That art is something more than copy is gradually dawning on Western consciousness. As long as imitation fell short of reality, the whole energy was directed towards more successful reproduction. But the technique has been so perfected that what was once considered impossible has been achieved. Still the artists of the West find the most perfect imitation lacking something vital. And with that perception has come into being a movement, feeble, yet one which is distinctly towards idealism. In these, as in many other directions, the exploration has begun in earnest as shortcomings are being discovered, but the promised land has not been sighted. But they are more kindly to the art of the East—long ridiculed and despised. That is some consolation to the East for the East may yet come into her own.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

PART IV

CHAPTER I

'LOVE'S LABOUR LOST'?

Mr. Chamberlain had come to get a gift of 35 million pounds from South Africa, and to win the hearts of Englishmen and Boers. So he gave a cold shoulder to the Indian deputation.

'You know,' he said, 'that the Imperial Government has little control over self-governing Colonies. Your grievances seem to be genuine. I shall try my best, but you must

try as best as you can to placate the Europeans, if you will live in their midst.'

The reply cast a chill over the members of the deputation. I was also disappointed and saw, that it was an eye-opener for us all and that we should start with our work *de novo*. I explained the situation to my colleagues.

In fact, there was nothing wrong about Mr. Chamberlain's reply. It was well that he did not mince matters. He had brought home to us in a rather gentle way the rule of might being right, or the law of the sword.

But sword we had none. We scarcely had

the nerve and the muscle even to receive sword-cuts.

Mr. Chamberlain had given only a short time to the sub-continent. If Shrinagar to Cape Comorin is 1,900 miles, Durban to Capetown is not less than 1,100 miles, and Mr. Chamberlain had to cover the long distance at hurricane speed. From Natal he hastened to the Transvaal. I had to prepare the case for the Indians there too and submit it to him. But how was I to go to Pretoria? Our people there were not in a position to procure the necessary legal facilities for my going there in time. The War had reduced the Transvaal into a howling wilderness. There were neither provisions, nor clothing available. Empty or closed shops were there waiting to be replenished and opened, and that was a matter of time. And even refugees could not be allowed to return there until the shops were ready with provisions. Every Transvaaller had therefore to obtain a permit. The European had no difficulty in getting it, but the Indian found it very hard.

During the war many officers and so iers had come to South Africa from India and Ceylon, and it was considered to be the duty of the British authorities to provide for such of them as decided to settle there. They had in any event to appoint new officers, and these experienced men came quite handy. The quick ingenuity of some of these created a new department. It showed their resourcefulness. There was a special department for the Negroes. Why then should there not be one for the Asiatics? The argument seemed to be quite plausible. When I reached there, the new department had already been opened and it was gradually spreading its tentacles. The officers who issued permits to the returning refugees may issue them to all, but how could

they do so in respect of the Asiatics without the intervention of the new department? And if the permits were to be issued on the recommendation of the new department, some of the responsibility and burden of the permit officers could thus be lessened. This was how they had argued. The fact, however, was that the new department wanted some apology for work and the men wanted money. If there was no work the department would be found unnecessary and be discontinued. So they found this work for themselves.

The Indians had to apply to this department, a reply would be vouchsafed many days after. And as there were many intending to return to the Transvaal, there grew up an army of intermediaries or touts, and they with the officers looted the poor Indians to the tune of thousands. I was told that no permit could be had without influence, and in some cases one had to pay up to a hundred pounds in spite of the influence that one could bring to bear. Thus there seemed to be no way open to me. I went to my old friend, the Police Superintendent of Durban, and said to him: 'Please introduce me to the Permit Officer and help me to obtain a permit. You know, that I have been a resident of the Transvaal.' Immediately he put on his hat, went out with me and got me a permit. There was hardly an hour for my train to start. I had kept my luggage ready. I thanked Superintendent Alexander and started for Pretoria.

I now had a fair idea of the difficulties ahead. On reaching Pretoria I drafted the memorial. In Durban I do not recollect the Indians having been asked to submit in advance the names of their representatives. But there was the new department here, and so the Indians were asked to do so. The

Pretoria Indians had already come to know that the officers wanted to exclude me.

But another chapter is necessary for this painful though amusing incident.

CHAPTER II

AUTOCRATS FROM ASIA.

The officers at the head of the new department were at a loss to know how I had entered the Transvaal. They inquired of the Indians who used to go to them, but these could say nothing definite. The officers only ventured a guess that I might have succeeded in entering without permit on the strength of my old connections. If that was the case, I was liable to be arrested!

It is a general practice, on the termination of a big war, to invest the Government of the day with special powers for a time. This was the case in South Africa. The Government had passed a Peace Preservation Ordinance which provided that any one entering the Transvaal without a permit was liable to be arrested and imprisoned. The question of arresting me under this provision was mooted, but no one could summon courage enough to ask me to produce my permit.

The officers had of course sent telegrams to Durban and when they found that I had entered with a permit they were disappointed. But they were not the men to be defeated by such disappointment. Though I had succeeded in entering the Transvaal, they could still successfully prevent me from waiting on Mr. Chamberlain.

So the community was asked to submit names of the representatives who were to form the deputation. Colour prejudice was of course in evidence everywhere in South Africa, but I was not prepared to find here the dirt and underhand dealing among officials

that I was familiar with in India. In South Africa the public departments were maintained for the good of the people and were responsible to public opinion. Hence officials in charge had a sort of courtesy of manners and humility about them, and coloured people also got the benefit of it more or less. With the coming of the officers from Asia, came also its autocracy, and the habits that the autocrats had imbibed there. In South Africa there was a kind of responsible government or democracy, whereas the commodity imported from Asia was autocracy pure and simple; for the Asiatics had no responsible Government, there was a foreign power governing them. In South Africa the Europeans were settled emigrants. They had become South African citizens and had control on the departmental officers. But the autocrats from Asia now appeared on the scene, and the Indians in consequence found themselves between the devil and the deep sea.

I had a fair taste of this autocracy. I was first summoned to see the chief of the department, an officer from Ceylon. Lest I should appear to exaggerate when I say that I was 'summoned' to see the chief, I shall make myself clear. No written order had been sent to me. Indian leaders had often to visit the Asiatic officers. Among these was the late Sheth Tyeb Haji Khan Mahomed. The chief of the office asked him who I was and why I had gone there.

'He is our adviser,' said Tyeb Sheth, 'and he has come here at our request.'

'Then what are we here for? Have we not been appointed to protect you? What can Gandhi know of the conditions here?' asked the autocrat.

Tyeb Sheth answered the charge somehow. 'Of course you are there. But Gandhi is our

man. He knows our language and understands us. You are after all officials.'

The Saheb ordered Tyeb Sheth to fetch me before him. I went to the Saheb in company with Tyeb Sheth and others. No seats were offered, we all kept standing.

'What brings you here?' said the Saheb addressing me.

'I have come here at the request of my Indian brethren to help them with my advice,' I replied.

'But don't you know that you have no right to come here? The permit you hold was given you by mistake. You cannot be regarded as a domiciled Indian. You must go back. You shall not wait on Mr. Chamberlain. It is for the protection of the Indians here that the Asiatic Department has specially been created. Well, you may go.' With this he bade me goodbye giving me no opportunity for a reply.

But he detained the other companions. He gave them a good scolding and advised them to send me back.

They returned chagrined, and we were now confronted with an unexpected problem.

CHAPTER III

POCKETED THE INSULT

I smarted under the insult, but as I had pocketed many such in the past I had been inured to them. I therefore decided to forget the latest one and take what course a dispassionate view of the case might suggest.

We had a letter from the chief of the Asiatic Department to the effect, that as I had seen Mr. Chamberlain in Durban, it had been found necessary to omit my name from the deputation that was to wait on him.

The letter was more than my co-workers could bear. They proposed to drop the idea

of the deputation altogether. I pointed out to them the awkward situation of the community.

'If you do not represent your case before Mr. Chamberlain,' said I, 'it will be presumed that you have no case at all. After all, the representation has to be made in writing and we have got it ready. It does not matter in the least whether I read it or some one else reads it. Mr. Chamberlain is not going to argue the matter with us. I am afraid we must swallow the insult.'

I had scarcely finished speaking, when Tyeb Sheth cried out, 'Does not an insult to you amount to an insult to the community? How can we forget that you are our representative?'

'Too true,' said I. 'But even the community will have to pocket insults like these. Have we any alternative?'

'Come what might, why should we court a fresh insult? Nothing worse can possibly happen to us. Have we many rights to lose?' asked Tyeb Sheth.

I liked the spirited reply, but I also knew that the spirit was of no avail. I was fully conscious of the limitations of the community. I pacified my friends and advised them to have, in my place, Mr. George Godfrey, an Indian barrister.

So Mr. Godfrey led the deputation. Mr. Chamberlain referred in his reply, to my exclusion. 'Rather than hear the same representative over and over again, is it not better to have some one new?' he said, and tried to heal the wound.

But all this, far from ending the matter, added to the work of the community and also to mine. We had to start afresh. 'It is at your instance that the community helped in the War, and you see the result now,' were the words with which some people taunted me. But the taunt had no effect on me. 'I do not

regret my advice,' said I. 'I maintain that we did well in taking part in the War. In doing so we simply did our duty. We may not look forward to reaping the reward of our labours, but it is my firm conviction that all good action is bound to bear fruit in the end. Let us forget the past and think of the task before us.' With which the rest chimed in.

I added: 'To tell you the truth, the work that you had called me for is practically finished. But I believe I may not leave the Transvaal, so far as it is possible, even if you permit me to return home. Instead of carrying on my work from Natal, as before, I must do so now from here. I must no longer think of returning to India within a year, and must get enrolled in the Transvaal Supreme Court. I have confidence enough to deal with this new department. If we do not do so, the community will be hounded out of the country, besides being thoroughly robbed. Every day it will have fresh insults heaped upon it. The fact that Mr. Chamberlain refused to see me and that the official insulted me is nothing before the humiliation of the whole community. It is impossible to put up with the veritable dog's life that we are expected to lead.'

So I set the ball rolling, discussed things with Indians in Pretoria and Johannesburg, and ultimately decided to set up office in Johannesburg.

It was indeed doubtful whether I would be enrolled in the Transvaal Supreme Court. But the Law Society did not oppose my application, and the Court allowed it. Now it was difficult for an Indian to secure rooms for office in a suitable locality. But I had come in fairly close contact with Mr. Ritch who was then one of the merchants there. Through the good offices of a house agent known to him, I succeeded in securing good rooms for

my office in the legal quarters of the city, and I started on my professional work.

CHAPTER IV.

QUICKENED SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE

Before I proceed with my narrative of the struggle for the settlers' rights in the Transvaal and of the dealings with the Asiatic Department, I must turn to some other aspects of my life.

Up to now there had been in me a mixed desire. The spirit of self-sacrifice was tempered by the desire to lay by something for the future.

About the time I took up Chambers in Bombay, an American insurance agent had come to Bombay—a man with a pleasing countenance and a sweet tongue. As though we were old friends he discussed with me matters of my future welfare. 'All men of your status in America have their life insured. Should you not also insure yourself against the future? Life is uncertain. We in America regard it a religious obligation to get insured. Can I not tempt you to take out a small policy?'

Heretofore I had given the cold shoulder to all the agents I had met in South Africa and India, for I thought that life assurance meant some amount of fear and want of faith in God. But now I succumbed to the temptation of the American agent. As he proceeded with his argument, I had before my mind's eye a picture of my wife and children. 'Man, you have sold almost all the ornaments of your wife,' I said to myself. 'If something were to happen of you, the burden of supporting her and the children would fall on your poor brother who has so nobly filled the place of father. How will that become you?' With these and similar

arguments I persuaded myself to take out a policy for Rs. 10,000.

But the changed mode of my life in South Africa altered my outlook. All the steps I took at this time of trial were taken in the name of God and for His service. I did not know how long I should have to stay in South Africa. I had a fear that I might never be able to get back to India, and so I had decided that I should keep my wife and children with me, and no longer impose separation on them and that I must earn enough to support them. This train of reasoning made me deplore the life policy, and feel ashamed for having been caught into the insurance agent's net. If, I said to myself, my brother is really in the position of my father, surely he would not consider it too much of a burden to support my widow, if it came to that. And what reason had I to assume that death would claim me earlier than the others? And after all, the real protector of all was the Almighty, neither I nor my brother. In getting my life insured I had robbed my wife and children of their self-reliance. Why should they not be expected to take care of themselves? What happened to the families of the countless poor in the world? Why should I not count myself as one of them?

Quite a stream of thoughts passed through my mind, but I did not immediately act upon them. I recollect having paid at least one premium in South Africa.

But outward circumstances too supported this train of thought. During my first sojourn in South Africa it was Christian influence that had kept alive the religious sense in me. Now it was the Theosophical influence that added strength to it. Mr. Ritch was a Theosophist, and he put me in touch with the Society at Johannesburg. I never became a member of

it, as I had my differences, but I came in close contact with almost every Theosophist. I had religious discussions with them every day. There used to be readings from Theosophical books and I had occasions to address their meetings too. The chief thing about Theosophy is to cultivate and promote the idea of brotherhood. We had considerable discussion over this, and I criticised the members where their conduct did not appear to me to square with the ideal. The criticism was not without its wholesome effect on me. It led to self-introspection.

CHAPTER V

RESULT OF INTROSPECTION

When in 1893 I came in close contact with Christian friends I was a mere novice. They were trying hard to bring home to me and make me accept the message of Jesus and I was a humble and respectful listener with an open mind. At this time I naturally studied Hinduism to the best of my ability and endeavoured to understand other religions.

In 1903 the position was somewhat changed. Theosophist friends certainly intended to draw me into their Society, but that was with a view to getting something from me as a Hindu. Theosophical literature is replete with Hindu influence, and so these friends had expected that I might be very helpful to them. I explained to them that my Sanskrit study was not much to speak of, that I had not read the Hindu scriptures in the original, and that even my acquaintance with them through translations was of the slightest. But being as they were believers in *sanskara* (impressions of previous births) and *punar-janma* (rebirth), they assumed that I should be able to render some help at least. And so I felt like a Triton among the minnows. I started

reading Swami Vivekananda's *Rajyoga* with some of them and M. N. Dwivedi's *Rajyoga* with others. I had to read Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras* with a friend and the *Bhagavad Gita* with quite a number. We formed a sort of Seekers' Club and had regular readings there. I had already a fascination for and faith in the Gita. Now I realised the necessity of diving deeper into it. I had with me one or two translations, by means of which I tried to understand the original Sanskrit and decided to get by heart one or two verses every day. For this purpose I employed the time of my morning ablutions. The operation took me thirty-five minutes, fifteen minutes for the tooth-brush and twenty for the bath. The first I used to do standing in the Western fashion. So on the wall opposite I would stick slips of paper with the Gita verses written thereon and referred to them from time to time to help my memory. This time was found sufficient for memorising the daily portion and recalling the verses already done. I remember having thus committed to memory thirteen chapters. But the memorising of the Gita had to give way to the increase of other work and the birth and nursing of Satyagraha which absorbed all my thinking time, as the latter may be said to be doing even now.

What effect this reading of the Gita had on the friends with whom I read it, only they can say, but for me the Gita became an infallible guide of conduct. It became my dictionary of daily reference. Just as I turned to the English dictionary for English words that I did not understand, I turned to this dictionary of conduct for a ready solution of all my troubles and trials. The words like *aparigraha* (non-possession) and *sama-bhava* (equability) gripped me. How to

cultivate and preserve that equability was the question. What was the meaning of making no distinction between insulting, insolent, and corrupt officials, co-workers of yesterday raising meaningless opposition, and men who had always been good to you? And how was one to divest himself of all possessions? Was not the body itself possession enough? Were not the wife and children possessions? Was I to burn all the cupboards of books I had? Was I to burn my boats, give up all I had and follow Him? Straight came the answer: I could not follow Him unless I gave up all I had. My study of English law came to my help. Snell's discussion of the maxims of Equity came to my memory. I understood in the light of the Gita teaching more clearly the implication of the word 'trustee'. My regard for jurisprudence increased, I discovered religion therein. I understood the Gita teaching of non-possession to mean that those who desired salvation should act like the trustee, who though having control over great possessions regards not an iota of it as his own. It became clear to me as daylight that non-possession and equability presupposed a change of heart, a change of attitude. I then wrote to Revashankerbhai to allow the policy to lapse and get whatever could be recovered or else to regard the premiums already paid as lost, for I had been convinced that God who created my wife and children as well as myself would take care of them. To the brother who had been as father to me, I wrote that I had offered him all that I had saved up to that moment, but that he should expect nothing from me in future, for all savings, if any, would be utilised for the benefit of the community.

I could not easily make my brother understand this. In stern language he explained to

me my duty towards him, I should not, he said, aspire to be wiser than father. I must support the family as he did. I submitted to him that I was doing exactly what father did, only the meaning of 'family' should be slightly widened and the wisdom of my step would be clear.

My brother gave me up, and practically stopped all communication with me. I was deeply pained, but it would have been a greater pain to give up what I considered to be my duty, and I preferred the lesser. But that did not affect my devotion to my brother which remained as pure and great as ever. His excessive love for me was the root of his misery. He did not want so much of my money as that I should be well-behaved towards the family. Towards the end of his life, however, he appreciated my view-point. When he was on his death-bed he realised that my step was right and he wrote to me a most pathetic letter. He apologised to me, if indeed a father may apologise to his son. He commended his sons to my care, to be brought up as I thought fit, and expressed his impatience to meet me. He cabled to me that he would like to come to South Africa and I cabled in reply that he could. But that was not to be. His desire as regards his sons could also not be fulfilled. He died before he could start for South Africa. His sons had been brought up in the old atmosphere and they could not change their course of life. I could not draw them to me. It was not their fault. 'Who can say thus far, no further, to the tide of his own nature?' Who can erase the indelible impressions with which one is born? It is idle to expect one's children and wards necessarily to follow the same course of evolution as oneself.

This instance somewhat serves to show

what a terrible responsibility it is to be a parent.

CHAPTER VI

A SACRIFICE TO VEGETARIANISM

As the ideals of sacrifice and simplicity were becoming more and more realised, and the religious consciousness was becoming more and more quickened in my daily life, the passion for vegetarianism as a mission went on increasing. I have known only one way of carrying on missionary work, *vis.* by personal example and discussion with searchers for knowledge.

There was in Johannesburg a vegetarian restaurant conducted by a German who believed in Kuhne's hydropathic treatment. I began visiting the restaurant myself and helped it by taking English friends there. But I saw that it could not last for any length of time as it was always in financial difficulties. I helped it as much as I thought it deserved, and spent some money on it, but it had ultimately to be closed down.

Most Theosophists are vegetarians more or less, and an enterprising lady belonging to the Society now came upon the scene with a vegetarian restaurant on a grand scale. She was fond of art, was extravagant and knew little of accounts. Her circle of friends was fairly large. She had started in a small way, but later she decided to extend the venture by taking large rooms, and she asked me for help. I knew nothing of her finances when she thus approached me, but I took it that her estimate must be fairly accurate. And I was in a position to accommodate her. My clients used to keep large sums as deposits with me. Having received the consent of one of these clients, I lent about a thousand pounds from the amount to his credit. This client was

most lare-hearted and trusting. He had originally come to South Africa as an indentured labourer. He said: 'Give away the money, if you like. I know nothing in these matters. I only know you.' His name was Badari. He afterwards took a prominent part in Satyagraha, and suffered imprisonment as well. So I advanced the loan assuming that this consent was enough.

In two or three months' time I came to know that the amount would not be recovered. I could ill-afford to sustain such a loss. There were many other purposes to which I could have applied this amount. The loan was never repaid. But how could trusting Badari be put to any loss? He had known me only. I made good the loss.

A client friend to whom I had spoken about this transaction had sweetly chid me for my folly.

'Bhai,'—I had fortunately not yet become 'Mahatma,' nor even 'Bapu' (father); friends used to call me by the loving name of 'Bhai' (brother),—said he, 'this was not for you to do. We depend upon you in so many things. You are not going to get back this amount. I know you will never allow Badari to come to grief, for you will pay him out of your pocket, but if you go on helping your reform schemes

by operating on your clients' money, the poor fellows will be ruined, and you will soon become a beggar. But you are our trustee, and you must know that if you become a beggar, all our public work will come to a stop.'

The friend, I am thankful to say, is still alive. I have not yet come across, in South Africa or anywhere else, a purer man than he. I have known him to apologise to people and to cleanse himself, when, having happened to suspect them, he had found his suspicion to be unfounded.

And I saw that he had rightly warned me. For though I made good Badari's loss, I should not have been able to find another thousand pounds for any similar loss and should have been driven to incur debt,—a thing I have never done in my life and have always abhorred. I realised that even a man's reforming zeal ought not to make him exceed his limits. I also saw that in thus lending trust-money I had disobeyed the cardinal teaching of the Gita, *viz*, the duty of a man of equipoise to act without desire for the fruit. The error became for me a beaconlight of warning.

The sacrifice offered on the altar of vegetarianism was thus neither intentional nor expected. It was a virtue of necessity.

Indian Culture

AN INDICTMENT AND AN APOLOGY

Below we give two views of Indian Culture both curiously enough, based on the work of live German writers. The one is provocative and the other persuasive. We deliberately refrain from comments on either, content to draw attention to these diametrically opposing points of view.

Dr. Oldenberg on Buddha

BY N. CHATTERJEE

The author of this book *Buddha* published by the Book Company, is Dr. Hermann Oldenberg, a professor in the University of Berlin and the editor of the *Vinaya Pitakam* and the *Dipavamsa* in Pali.

He is a German and wrote this book in German—a language of a very wide range and rich in sonorous diction. The German language is well fitted for expressing the deep philosophical and scientific thoughts which arise in the minds of the intellectual men. It is a language unique in the world of languages. It is autochthonous. It was born, grew and developed on its native soil without the borrowings from external sources, and does not owe allegiance to any of the classical languages of Europe; even, the Greek technical terms or their derivatives, adopted by other Europeans, have been supplanted by the terms of native origin. In painstaking and profound scholarship the Teutons have won the leadership among the intellectuals in 'the intellectual Europe. The book under review provides ample evidence of their primacy. Dr. Oldenberg's book has been rendered into the English language and the translation is good and faithful.

Dr. Oldenberg's intellect is so massive

and critical that nothing has been left unsaid in regard to Buddha's life, his doctrine and his order. He has ransacked every document in the original Pali bearing upon the subjects. His method of dealing with them is praiseworthy inasmuch as they have been scientifically handled. He has begun with taking a survey of the intellectual, social, religious and political conditions of India at the Vedic time and brought it down to the age when the Buddha was born, and presented the view in a clear, concise and skilful manner. The old story of the Vedic Aryans settling down into social life with the rigidity of castes and intermingling with the original inhabitants of the country, of their culture and religious views has been succinctly related. Speaking of India at the time of the conquest by Alexander, the author feelingly says;—"When he (Alexander) appeared, the Indian people had long since come, in the depth of their loneliness, to stand alone among nations, ruled by forms of life and habits of thought, which differed wholly from the standard of the non-Indian world. Without a past in their memory, without a present, which they might utilise in love and hate, without a future, for which men might hope and work, they dreamed morbid and proud dreams of that which is beyond all time, and of the peculiar government which is within these

everlasting realms". (page 3). It is a touching picture of a morose, inanimate people thinking of the world beyond the grave, who had crushed the virile qualities beneficial to the national life and exposed it to an attack from outside. We can see the same likeness in the character and mental attitude of the people during the Christian era. At the time when the Aryans came into the north-west of India and marched down over running the Gangetic valley, they lost the vigour and spring of life: "*We are able to gather some idea of how, under the influences of a new home, of Indian nature and Indian climate, a change came over the life of the people—first and foremost of the Vedic people, the tribes of the north-west—and how the popular mind received that morbid impression of sorrow and disease, which has survived all changes of fortune, and which will last as long as there is an Indian people*" (page 11).

It seems to me that the author's words are prophetic, for the Indian people's attitude of mind has not undergone the least change. He continues the analysis of the people's character in an admirable manner: "*In the sultry, moist, tropical lands of the Ganges, highly endowed by nature with rich gifts,*" (i. e. the fertility of the lands), *the people who were in the prime of youthful vigour when they penetrated hither from the north, soon ceased to be young and strong. Men and peoples come rapidly to maturity in that land, like the plants of the tropical world, only just as rapidly to fall asleep both bodily and spiritually. The sea with its invigourating breeze, and the school of noble national energy, play no part in the life of the Indians. The Indian has above all, at an early stage, turned aside from that which chiefly preserves a people young and healthy, from the battle and*

struggle for home, country, and law. The thought of freedom with all the quickening, and, it is true, also with all the deadly powers which it brings in its train, has always been unknown and incomprehensible in India." It is remarkably true what the author charges the Indian people with, but the puerile vanity and narrow prejudice of the Indian people will not permit them to admit the indictment. "*The free will of man may not chafe against the system of Brahma, the natural law of caste, which has given the people into the power of the king and the king into the power of the priest. Well might it awaken the astonishment of the Greek to see in India the peasant calmly go forth between opposing armies to till his fields.*" *The peasant is sacred and inviolable for he is the common benefactor of friend and foe*". (pages 11 and 12). In this phase of the national life there lurks not merely the mildness of the people which drew admiration from the Greek conquerors, but also the timidity of character and lack of courage. "*When Hannibal came, the Roman peasant ceased to sow his fields. The Indians are wholly strangers to the highest interests and ideals which are at the basis of all healthy national life.*" (page 12).

It is just this nature and constitution of the mind of the people, from the priest and the king to the meanest peasant, that has overwhelmed the country with ruin, and brought about its political extinction. *Life and happiness in this world break down under the burden of excessively crushing contemplation of the hereafter.*" (page 12). The religion of the Jews and of Jesus particularly alike err on this point. The aim and drift of these religions, having emanated from the very ardent disposition and warm imagination of the like Oriental peoples,

are identical with those of the Brahminical religion. The lamentations of Jeremiah and others and the reiterated warnings of Jesus in regard to the speedy dissolution of the world and mankind bear a very near resemblance to the Brahmin's insistent declaration of the world-pain and world-suffering which is the destiny of man on this earth. The remedies which these religions have prescribed for the cure of ills and sinfulness of life are hopelessly childish, emotional and tortuous. The ancient Brahmins and Semetics have presupposed a good and an evil spirit, constantly at war with each other for establishing a supremacy over mankind. The most primitive peoples to be found on this earth at the present time have precisely the same beliefs as the Semetics and the Brahmins. They adore and worship their own totems and are ever busy in placating the anger and enmity of the wicked ones.

Lord Buddha's doctrines, stripped of all the colours and shades with which his disciples might have embellished them, stand conspicuous, like the peak of a lofty mountain, in the world of thought: search for the cause of sorrows and pains in this world, and having found it, apply the remedy which your intellect and reason suggest without recourse to humble petitions to the gods and devils. It is the first in rank and dignity of all Lord Buddha's doctrines. Dr. Oldenberg now and again institutes a comparison between Lord Buddha's sayings and the deliverances uttered in the Old Testament and the New Testament. He has apparently fallen into this error owing to the early influence of the Semetic conceit and thought on his mind. Lord Buddha's cardinal principle is fundamentally different from that of the Brahmins

and the Semetics. The former relies upon the intellect and reason of man, the latter hang upon the unknown and unperceived powers outside the world. The Semeticism has so infiltrated the Europeans and the Americans, and so enveloped are the Indian people in the warp and weft of Brahminic conception of the emptiness of human life that the intellectual efforts on the part of these races to discuss the doctrine of Lord Buddha sag and faint away and become fruitless. The wine is too strong for their frail infantile brain. The northern Europeans, one might say the Europeans in general, from early life familiarise themselves with danger and regard their countries as the extensions of their homes, and have a natural, grim sense of protecting the countries against the attacks of outsiders. This sentiment overspreads the whole nature of their mind and thought. And in times of the country's peril all other emotions and considerations are cast away as irrelevant and worthless, and the whole being is bent to shield the country from foreign aggression. This feeling of patriotism they have inherited from the ancient Greeks. This character and constitution of the mind is the basis of national life. The European looks upon the realities of life with kindly eyes and cherishes with deep affection and enthusiasm his natural freedom and entertains the belief that his country is a big part of himself. His artistic, literary and religious verve is subservient to the lofty energy of natural freedom. The Europeans do not discover this quality in the Asiatic peoples, and far less in the thousand years of the history of this country. In the judgment of the Europeans, the want of healthy Indian national life and consequently its political servitude is the bottomless chasm of moral and intellectual degradation

into which the people have fallen, and out of which there is no rescuing.

Dr. Oldenberg probes the festering sore and in the act may hurt the patient. It is not possible for a surgeon to clean the wound, for healing it, without inflicting a pain. There would be no painful incision if there were no sore. The cause of the sore is not obscure; it has been made manifest in this book by the masterly survey of the mental and intellectual attitude of the ancient Brahmins towards the reality of life, and its occasion is obvious in the conquest of this country by Alexander and the establishment of a Greek kingdom in a part of the country. If any one feels the harm of the operation performed with a tenderness, he should blame his ancestors and be moved to indignation against them. Let us hear what he says, with the deliberateness of a scholar and a free born man, of the Indian people before the time of Lord Buddha: "Will and action are overgrown by thought. But when once the internal balance is disarranged and the natural relationship between the spirit and the reality of the world is disturbed, thought has no longer the power to take a wholesome grasp of what is wholesome. Whatever is, appears to the Indian worthless compared to the marginal illuminations with which his fancy surrounds it, and the images of his fancy grow in tropical luxuriance, shapeless and distorted, and turn eventually with terrific force against their creator. To him the tree would, hidden by the images of his own dreams, remain unknown, which he is unable to trust, and over which he has no control: life and happiness in this world break down under the burden of excessively crushing contemplation of the hereafter."

Even at the present day the Indian humanity lies in the false security of these thoughts.

There are a few vague symptoms of the people becoming conscious of the jangle in the life of today; but the obscure and abstruse speculations of three thousand years have changed the course of reason from its straight and natural direction in such a manner that the Indian people have lost for ever the understanding and true conception of national self-respect. The author is still more bitter and sarcastic in regard to the absolute powers of the Brahmins who have been the mighty cause of the destruction of the people's mental and bodily tissues and the ruin of national life. The author continues his minute analysis: "The visible manifestation of the world to come in the midst of the present world is the caste of the Brahmana, who have knowledge and powers, who can open and shut to man the approach to the gods, and make friends and enemies for him above. Those powers, which were excluded from development in political life, could find in the case of the Brahmins alone a sphere for creation, but verily for what a creation! Instead of a Lysurgus or a Themistocles, whom fate peremptorily denied to the Indians, they have had all the more Arunis and Yajnavalkyas, who knew how to found with masterly hand the mysteries of fire-offering and soma-offering, and to give currency in not less masterly fashion to those claims which are advanced against the secular classes by the champions of the kingdom which is not of this world."

These incisive words were written forty years ago without producing a ripple in the sea of life in this country, nor did they provoke a healthy criticism. The people remained listless despite these stimulating ideas. The reason for the supineness is plain. The indolence of body and lack of mental vigour hinder the people from the difficult exertion of com-

ing to grips with the solid realities of life. They have been spoonfed and have kept themselves in motion on the line of least resistance, like the mechanical toys running on the smooth, prepared lines. They have not the strength and ability to dig and make ready new roads for the movement of the progressive life in this ever changing world of action and thought. Perhaps, a few copies of the first edition adorn the book shelves of a few vain and self-deceptive book collectors or the pompous and showy builders of libraries. The atrophy of the brain and the sclerosis of the spine induced by the false teaching have laid the people by the heels, leaving the mimetic voice alone to them. If we keep in view the European's love for the country, his noble spirit of self-effacement, his ardour to hobnob with death in the supreme moment of his country's danger, and his advancing thought, the penetrating significance of the following remarks will be quite clear to the sensible and reasoning readers:—"And above all it must be remembered that, at that time at least, which has shaped the determination and fundamental thoughts for the intellectual efforts of a subsequent age and for Buddhism also, this priestly class was something more than a vain and greedy priest craft, that was the necessary form in which the innermost essence, the evil genius, if we may so call it, of the Indian people has embodied itself, the days of the Brahman passed in solemn routine. At every step those narrow, restraining limits which held him in the holy dignity that he represented, imposed on the inner and outer man. His adult life passed in teaching, in the village or out in the solitude of the forest in the consecrated circle,.....where alone the most secret instruction could be imparted openly to the muffled scholar.....Still, living

as a beggar, he looked on himself as exalted above earthly potentates and subjects, made of other stuff than they. 'The Brahmins,' says a Vedic song, 'carry sharp arrows; they have darts, the aim which they take fails not. They attack their enemy in their holy ardour and their fury, they pierce him through from afar.' The King whom they anoint to rule over the people, is not their King, the priest at the coronation, when he presents the ruler to his subjects says:—"This is your King, O people; the King over us Brahmins is Soma." The Young Indian of Aryan birth comes to the Brahman teacher to be inducted into the wisdom of the Vedas. 'Into my control,' then says the teacher, 'I take thy heart, let thy thought follow my thought, with all thy soul rejoice in my word.' And through long years, which the pupil passes in the master's house, he is coerced by his fear into obedience to him. In the strength and the weakness of the forms of life of this class of thinkers lies also, as it were in a germ, the strength and weakness of their thought. They were banished into a self-made world, cut off from the refreshing atmosphere of real life with nothing shaken in their unbounded belief in themselves and their unique omnipotence, in comparison with which all that gave character to the life of others must have appeared small and contemptible. And in their thought also the utmost boldness of world disclaiming abstraction shows itself, which soars beyond all that is visible into the regions of the spaceless and timeless, to caper in sickly company in baseless chimeras, without limit or aim, in fancies such as can be conceived only by a spirit which has lost all taste for the sober realities of fact."

Such is the frame of mind and the

structure of thought to which the teachers bound the souls of the king and his subjects, and of the pupils who would succeed them. The system and the teaching have left no room for original or independent thought. The minds of the pupils were strapped to a rigid mechanical plan, centrifugal in its character, causing the minds to move in a curve instead of in its natural straight line. The mind goes round and round the beaten track like the ass yoked to a grinding mill. But the ancient Brahmans formed themselves into an aristocracy the like of which the world has never seen or is likely to see. They made themselves so great, intellectually and morally, that they fell by the weight of their own greatness. They had no political consciousness, and the want of it hastened their disappearance from the world, and the downfall of their country. The Athenians, who can only be remotely compared to the ancient Brahmans, had the political awareness, almost instinctive with the Occidental peoples. From the early beginnings of the Greek expansion to the barbarian lands in Asia, Egypt and Europe, they carried with them not only their own exclusive culture but also their political system. In the midst of the barbarians, they lived in their own society debarring the natives from approaching it. (Vide, *Peuples et Civilisations*, ParHalphen et Sagnac). In spite of their wonderful culture and political sense, in a later age, the Greeks succumbed to the wild prowess of the unregenerate Romans. The Brahmans fell an easier prey to foreign conquests.

If the Brahmans of Lord Buddha's time had the understanding to accept his doctrines, the country would have been united and at the time of the country's danger,

the whole country would have presented an unbreakable and unflinching front to the enemy. The scheme of life, social, political and religious, to which Lord Buddha became the heir, was detrimental to the development of healthy national life. Lord Buddha observed the signs of decay in the whole edifice and laboured hard to stop the rot. The organised and complex body of rules and laws had so completely influenced and governed the actions and thoughts of the people that even on the acceptance of the doctrines of Lord Buddha, they became querulous, and often harked back to the ancient metaphysical speculations. Lord Buddha felt bitterly at heart the incapacity of the people to reason out things, and their timidity to step out boldly on the new ground made by him for the consolidation of the entire people; he feelingly expressed his disappointment to his favourite disciple, Ananda:—"Not a long time, Ananda, will holy living remain preserved; five hundred years, Ananda, will the doctrine of the truth abide." On this Dr. Oldenberg remarks with the greatness of heart and intellectual sympathy, :—"Who then foresaw that after five hundred years the Church of the Buddhists would overspread India, and that its missionaries far beyond India, traversing the ocean, crossing the snowy ranges of the Himalaya, wandering through the deserts of Central Asia, would bring the faith of Buddha to nations, whose name even was not then named in India—to nations among whom this faith survived and still survives to this day, while in its parent-land, the spirit of the Indian people has long since permitted the Doctrine of Buddha to decay."

Dr. Oldenberg examines with care and minuteness the clever theory of the brilliant

French Scholar, M. Senart, that Buddha was a Sun-god, and his history and life had sprung from the legends of the Sun-god which were to be found among the ancient Greeks, the Germans, the Finns and the Vedic people. Senart displayed an immense energy and a brilliancy of intellect in the discussion of the speculative thought so dear to his heart. He founded his criticism on the *Lalita-Vistara*; and the contributions collected from the Scandinavian, German and Vedic legends, have supported his untiring endeavours at constructing his theory with a considerable plausibility. His skill and ingenuity expended on the building up of this laborious speculation is the outcome of the intellectual activity and alertness which are the praiseworthy traits of the European mind. The European has a devouring passion for the acquisition of knowledge objective and subjective. His daring and soaring mind does not shrink in fear in the face of intellectual or physical dangers and difficulties. He is incited to do his best in close quarters with the things requiring labour and pain. He is more objective than subjective and is seldom liable to rapturous emotions. Critical scholars have pronounced *Lalita-Vistara* imaginative and full of exaltations.

Senart in his eagerness to prove his case made much of the elusive evidence which he lighted upon in *Lalita-Vistara*. But the grey light of criticism which Dr. Oldenberg throws upon it, makes it clear that the testimony of this book alone is insufficient to help in the defence of Senart's theory :—"But would it be allowable for anyone, who undertook to write a criticism on the life of Christ, to set aside the New Testament, and follow solely the apocryphal gospels or any legendary works whatsoever of the middle ages? or does the law of

criticism, which requires us to trace back tradition to its oldest form, before forming an opinion on it, not deserve to be as closely observed in the case of Buddhism as in that of Christianity? The most ancient traditions of Buddhism are those preserved in Ceylon and studied by the monks of that island up to the present day. The Church of Ceylon has remained true to the simple, homely, 'word of the ancients' (Theravada). It is to the Pali traditions we must go in preference to all other sources, if we desire to know whether any information is obtainable regarding Buddha and his life." Now, Senart overlooked, or at any rate did not seriously apply himself to the study of the Pali texts of Ceylon. If he had taken pains to investigate the texts and put them in the scale against *Lalita-Vistara*, his judgment would have been different. Whenever a man cherishes a pet theory he bends his energies to develop and support it with seemingly reasonable arguments. Dr. Oldenberg with no small acumen has disposed of Senart's meticulous speculation as untenable and proved that Buddha was a real person. It is one of the cardinal rules, to which a critical historian must implicitly adhere, that in writing the history of a really distinguished man, especially of a master teacher, the historian should enter into a summary description of the political, social and religious conditions and the physiography of the country. Dr. Oldenberg has faithfully observed this rule and approached these questions and discussed them with an acute mind. He is embittered against the people of Brahmanic religion and finds nothing good in them. Being a politically sagacious man and imbued with the passionate love for his country, he expected to hear a burst of martial music or an inspiring strain in the

Indian literature, and had hopes to discover a Tyrteus, him who animated the Lacedaemonians with martial song and inspired them with so much courage that they defeated the Messenians. Instead of these resplendent songs and inspiring poets, he listened to the monotonous, sombre hymns to the gods and the spell of sad melody of harrowed life, and met with poets singing gloomy songs on the emptiness of life on this earth. His valorous nature and high expectation received a sudden check and he sickened. Throughout this book I find him examining the Indian things through a pair of glasses tinted with the political bias of a citizen of a free country. Now and again he uses another pair of lenses deeply shaded with Semiticism. I cannot blame him for his inborn leaning to the free political life and his natural indignation at the Brahmins' self-made political servitude. I absolve him of his Semitic inclinations, for he and his people have been brought up in Semiticism and have lived and had their being in the Hebrew thoughts and ideals. I do not agree with him in many of his exegesis. It would require a long criticism, for which this journal is not the proper medium, to show up his fallacies and his inability to draw correct inferences.

In his description of *Kapila Vastu*, that part of the country where Lord Buddha was born, Dr. Oldenberg states that in Lord Buddha's time the country was healthy, the marshes were kept clean and drained, free from those diseases which arise from their nephetic exhalations, and that the communications in and out of the country were easy; but as soon as the Brahmanic religion forced its entrance into the country the entire aspect of it changed for the worst and it receded to its primitive and pristine ruggedness and wild-

ness. This he ascribes to the tenets of the Brahmanic religion which teaches its followers to look with apathy, aye, with contempt on the amenities and actualities of living. He praises Akbar for his beneficent works of public utility in that part of the country and passes just encomiums on the British administration of the country. The Brahmanic religion has from the beginning produced nothing but types, and failed to bring forth individuals with the characteristic strong personality who could have cut the painter taking the expansive and liberal view of the realities of life different from the typical view of the teachers. All the Brahmanic teachers who have gained renown after Lord Buddha have invariably borne the indelible stamp of the type issued from the Brahmanic factory. The Brahmanic peoples, owing to the caste restrictions imposed upon them are incapable of binding themselves together for achieving the real objects of life and self-respect.

Dr. Oldenberg indirectly but mildly reproaches the Indian Buddhist monks and teachers with their indifference and neglect to create a national sentiment of patriotism and of self-respect, such as their contemporaries in Greece had assiduously striven to instil into the minds of the Greek people. He has severely blamed the Brahmins for their unconcern in this important respect. For, their other-worldliness inducted into the very bones of their people had abolished the race; and Lord Buddha's disciples had been betrayed into the deadly pitfall dug by the Brahmins. And it resulted in the continuous stream of invasions of the country. The Brahmins' social and religious systems had completely destroyed the vim and spirit of the natural man, glowing with the aspiration for the defence of his hearth and home and country.

To some extent the Indian Buddhist monks and teachers may be answerable for the pusillanimity and subservience of the people to the foreign invaders; but the high-souled missionaries, who travelled thousands of miles beyond the Indian frontiers to preach the Doctrine of Cause and Effect and holy living, had the astuteness to leave those peoples, among whom they went and lived, in their natural valour and instinct of political self-preservation. In their progress through different countries and peoples, they met with the thoughts and ideas which had been shut out from their ken in India. In near contact with those peoples and far out of the close air of the Brahminical speculations, the knowledge of the missionaries widened and they found that the Doctrine of their Master was not inconsistent with the sense of patriotism and self-defence. Their achievement was remarkable in that the peoples of Central Asia and of the Far Eastern countries have still remained the faithful followers of their Master's Doctrine.

II

Buddha's Discourses.

BY FRANCESCO GAETA

Twenty years after the publication of the first volume of *Buddha's Discourses*, the publishers Laterza have brought out the second volume which has been translated by the senator Giuseppe de Lorenzo from the monumental German version of Karl Eugen Neumann. An event of phenomenal importance—the world-war, intervened between the two volumes. In the reaction after this supremely infamous struggle, men have begun to realise that peace could arise only from

a revival of spirituality and reform of the soul, and not from the arithmetical calculations of financiers or from the empiric ideology of which the war was in fact the festering suppuration. And what the world least expected and wished, has come about. The interest in India, the nursery of our Aryan race and the spiritual centre of the world, has passed from the library-parlour to the public at large, has become popular instead of being confined to the cultured few. Tagore travels through the world fascinating the public; while the fame of Gandhi fills continents. Indeed, there are not wanting people who would like to corrupt and complicate the movement by introducing monetary and materialistic considerations. Steamers carry over to Europe not only the authentic 'Aryan' of the East wearing turbans as in the days of old or dressed in the clumsy European suit, who chant to us Sanskrit verses from the Rig-veda and the Ramayana, but we also meet with a certain type of spurious trumpeteers of particular creeds, and also another class of Hindus, not less spurious, who practise communism in London. Let us have calmness and faith: we are not here for nothing.

The divulgatory compilations or the Discourses of Buddha are composed of two parts: those relating to the life of prince Siddhartha who seeing misery all around him abandoned the paternal throne of Kapilavastu to take to a life of religious mendicancy and attained "Knowledge" under the sacred fig-tree which still exists in India giving forth new shoots; and secondly, those relating to the doctrine which through the eightfold path leads to *Nirvana*. The German version of the *Discourses*, translated by Neumann acquired a great posthumous fame. And an equally generous welcome should fall to the work of

de Lorenzo, a prodigious wonder of sustained patience and enthusiastic geniality.

In the introduction to the present volume, the same question that Neumann dealt with, is reposed: What function and lot should Buddhism have amongst us in the West? This problem is indeed inseparable from other questions equally old: What is Buddhism? How far does it resemble, and how far does it differ from Christianity? Why was Buddhism, born in India, exiled from its native home which turned Brahmanical? Finally, considering for a moment even religious questions in the manner of current topics, which is superior,—Brahminism or Buddhism? We shall try to answer these briefly.

There is a spiritual or intuitive history which stands above what we call the documentary and deductive. In the view of the former, religious pluralism can *not* exist. Religion, in this view, is not like bankers' combines. The *religious* simply do *not* exist, but only *the* religion. And never does it represent an autonomous or specific activity but it resolves itself into the pure knowledge which means our reconjunction or reunion with God, with the reality in which stands 'Bound in one volume He who pervades and rules the Worlds.' The Indian Vedas which literally mean "Knowledge," not yet artificially trisected into poetry, philosophy and religion, are at once songs, meditations and ritual. Now "knowledge" is the exclusive privilege of the Aryan race. True, not all of us Aryans possess it, but all of us are pre-disposed to it. The other races are totally precluded from it, even though they adopt it through extrinsic imitation, even if they repeat from memory the "letter." The four castes, the first three Aryan, with Brahminism as the crown, are a protection for the Aryan race,

a shelter safeguarding "Knowledge." The *Vedas*, *Aryanism* and the *castes* are in fact three inseparable terms, indissolubly connected with one another.

The Veda is the matrix of all the religions popularly so called. It has come to us in the West, in its Aryan form but permeated by the Hebraic influence of several centuries before the destruction of Jerusalem. Fostered in Palestine, it received a Hebrew varnish and took the name of Christianity, which forming a "memento" of Aryans to Aryans, persists in the theoretical assertion of God. The Gospels are, strictly speaking, only the Western edition of the Upanishads.

Far different from us are the Mongolians of the Extreme Orient. They do not come strictly within the pale of Aryanism. China indeed is exclusively practical. Its Gods reduce themselves to the Government of State. The *tas* has nothing in common with the *Brahman* or God; it is only morality deified, serving the purpose of an introduction to the political preachings of Lao-Tse. Indeed, the Veda could not fail to exert influence over these neighbours, not through doctrinal proselytism but through the expansive force of 'Knowledge'. And behold, the Veda appealed to the Sudras and the Mongols in its moral aspects and practices, with the theoretical nucleus omitted. Thus within the pale of Brahminism, Buddhism gradually elaborated itself. The ethical conceptions of both are identical, beginning from the doctrine of non-injury to living beings up till the renunciation of enjoyment or possession,—all this on a practical or experimental basis, not through strivings towards supreme "joy" but through the adoption of the principle of freedom from sorrow.

It is indeed unjust to associate atheism with

Buddha. In one of the Discourses, the King *Passenadi* asks the Sacred One: "What, then, lord! is *Brahma*?" Let us observe here in passing that in Buddhism the discussions turn not round the *Brahman* divinely neutral but round *Brahma* who is masculine, anthropomorphic, personal and therefore more easily accessible to non-Aryans. And *Buddha* evades *Passenadi*'s question with another and leaves the explanation unsaid.

It is equally false to say that *Buddha* was a denier of castes. True, he reduced to absurdity the cherished claim of the Brahmins that they are the elect, and proclaimed the equality of all castes; but this was an equality based on the performance of duties: Good remains good by whomsoever it may be done, just as fire is fire whether produced by the twigs of the *Sal*, of pine-wood or of Sandal-wood. And as a model of excellence we have the adorable potter *Ghatikaro*, who tended his old and blind parents and, whenever he found a covey of nestlings or fledgelings, took it lovingly and placing it in a vessel used to say, "Here are grains of rice and beans and of peas; let the bird which wants them peck them off at its pleasure!"

With the march of centuries, Buddhism revealed itself rather as an article of exportation. The monastic community declined in India, the *Stupas* girdled with balustrades and adorned with bas-reliefs lost all their votive meaning and consecration. In their stead arose Tibetan cupolas amongst aghiform obelisks. China became covered with pagodas and temples guarded by fearful genii, with convents for monks and nuns, with the riches of the earth and of gold. Buddhism initiated the subjects of His Excellency Con-

fucius into the principle of kindliness for all creatures,—it does not matter whether it was through the metaphysics of the Great Vehicle, or through the precepts of *Bodhisattwa*. Buddhism taught the Chinese to say to every living creature: "Thou art a living being; let intelligence arise in thee!" Japan grafted Buddhism upon its barbarous and fabulous shentoism, adorned its monasteries which had been almost converted into bellicose castles, revered the Awakened One in its household tabernacles amongst the tablets with the names of the dead, amplified its own conscience and became vegetarian.

And now let us determine the mission which Buddhism has to fulfil amongst us. We are undoubtedly, Aryans, but in very many amongst us there remains inoculated so much of the virus of irreligion that an easy return to the Vedas is not possible. Remaining as we do at such a distance from the Divine, welcome should be to us even what cures egoism with, egoism even that which recommends asceticism not because it is saintly but because it is hygienic and economic. Let us therefore hail Buddhism which has for its propagandist in Italy—not by accident, surely,—a scientist and distinguished geologist like *Giuseppe de-Lorenzo*. Let Buddhism, then, be the path of our repatriation to our legitimate heritage! There, beyond, is the Veda as the limit, which strengthening all that there is of the intangible in Christianity and in Catholicism restores to the faith in which we are born, its genuine vivifying milien!

Translated from the Italian by

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR, M.A., B.L.

Reviews and Notices of Books

Economics.

THE CONDITIONS OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE: J. A. Hobson. George Allen and Unwin 4/6.

Mr. J. A. Hobson develops here a professedly non-socialist system of Distribution, as an effective solvent of industrial ills.

Mr. Hobson's thesis is in short as follows:

i. Modern industrial system is a unified organic structure, with elaborate interdependence of its parts, and the economic consequence of a trade dispute cannot, therefore, be confined to the disputants in the particular trade, but must always extend with varying degrees of intensity to other trades and the consuming public. Hence industrial settlement cannot be satisfactorily secured by purely piece-meal arrangements within the business or trades but must take account of these wider influences.

ii. The value of a commodity is socially determined. And, since, each productive process embodies a great heritage of traditional skill and knowledge, together with much plant and material equipment, no particular body of persons could rightly lay claim to the full value of the goods, emerging from under their hands, in virtue of their having "produced" them. The theory of the "right" of every man to filch out all he can from the national dividend, is unjust and impedes smooth industrial working.

iii. Economy as well as maximum human welfare require that workers engaged in production should get a fair "living wage", and this even when their business is temporarily unable to defray it, through causes which it could not foresee and control provided, of course, the business is one which it is socially necessary to keep up.

iv. Combinations of employers, especially in industries producing standardised articles, having a more or less universal and steady demand, and in transport and finance, are securing for enterprise, a large predatory, anti-Social

income, at the expense of workers and the consuming public, whose real incomes fall with every increase in the prices they have to pay for combination goods and services.

v. There is, at any given time and place, a rate of return which would call forth adequate capital and business ability, to keep the modern industrial machinery running efficiently. The surplus over and above the subsistence wages for Labour, the minimum return for capital, and the differential gains for exceptional working and business skill, is a very fit fund for social expenditure under state auspices.

The key stone of the new industrial structure is a permanent, advisory, National Industrial Council, in which Capital, Labour, Consumer and the Government are duly represented. Its chief immediate business would be the establishment of "provisional standards of remuneration, hours and other conditions, for various grades and classes of employees, having regard to the nature of their work, the needs of their families, and the normal capacity of the trade to bear the costs of those conditions. Such standards would furnish the rules which suitable arbitration tribunals would administer in cases of dispute referred to them when the preliminary processes of conciliation and negotiation *inter partes* had failed to reach a settlement. The arbitrators would take into consideration not merely the claims of the two parties directly concerned in the dispute, but those of outside trades and consumers affected by any settlement involving supplies or prices. On the arbitration tribunal would also be conferred the right of recommending a subsidy to meet the case where the trade, owing to causes outside its control, should be unable temporarily to meet the terms of the award out of its own resources."

Essential monopolies would be owned and worked by the State, either through its own officials, or, through the agency of private companies under rigorous regulations as to conditions of employment, rates of pay and qualities of services. "In any case, the State would have the

LITERATURE

The Trade of Fun

THE ART AND CRAFT OF HUMOUROUS WRITING: By D. Nevil Howard. George Allen & Unwin. 2/-

"The Art and Craft....." but chiefly the *craft*, the cunning, with an ulterior motive, "Humour," the author tells us, "is an inherent talent, but like many other endowments of a kindly Providence, it is often ineffectual in its raw state." This booklet is an instruction in how to turn raw humour into boiled humour, or fried, or poached, or otherwise journalistically cooked humour, because humour thus served is one of the "shortest cuts to the editor's cheque-book." Probably humorous editors are such funny fellows that they do perpetrate the little joke of running the business side of their affairs along with the editorial. The instruction given not only applies to the larger art of humour manufactured into essays and stories, but also includes certain "profitable side lines," such as the film and the radio. The author assures us that there is a world shortage of humour, and that the humourist is a benefactor of mankind. Incidentally we learn that mankind includes the humourist himself. He becomes the recipient of his own beneficence in the form of a cheque.

There are several ways of becoming a humorous benefactor. One is to get into the habit of "supposing, and you will find the secret of the successful humourist's knack of being able to find the comic elements in life's trivialities." This, however, is not so easy as it sounds, for in addition to getting born funny (and most humans are very funny when they are born), the humorous cook must avoid the danger of seeing the spiritual tragedy involved in the circumstance that he is boiling, frying or poaching the raw trivialities of life for the delectation of the humourless multitude, at a penny or more a line else might his humour become tinged with sadness. (The book does not tell us this).

Another way of becoming a humorous benefactor is to put things down. Lists of things seen and their humorous suggestions are given

right and the obligation of drawing from these monopolies, such surpluses as within its price-fixing-discretion, it may allow them to levy from the consumers of their products."

"In trades where the interests of the consumers are safeguarded by effective competition, and where supernormal profits can be earned only by unusual business capacity, or in boom periods, the intervention of the State will be confined to securing subsistence wages and other minimum conditions for labour, emergency subsidies where trades are temporarily damaged by causes outside their control or provision, and to providing equitable tribunals for settlement of disputes between employers and workers."

As now, the State would tap this surplus in four ways: taxation of the economic rents of land, excess-profits tax, a graduated income-tax, and inheritance duties. The surplus itself would largely add to the communal services rendered under State auspices, and support a carefully worked-out system of family allowances to workers.

There are many instructive paragraphs in the book, on the place which Combines have come to occupy in the modern industrial world, on the fallacy of the "Right" theory in Distribution, on the reaction of population to a family-allowance system, and what is perhaps most important for us, on the "co-operant capitalism in the advanced nations using the coloured populations of Asia and Africa as semi-servile institutions for the chief abundant supply of raw materials for their mills and foods for their workers."

From a theoretical standpoint, the system is perhaps without a flaw. But what of the serious administrative difficulties it involves? Possibly Mr. Hobson would be content with severely fixing the direction of State policy leaving the pace of the march towards the goal to be regulated as exigencies demand or permit.

G. K. RAMACHANDRAN.

in the booklet, also lists of things that it is dangerous to be publicly funny over, such as your mother-in-law. "Naturally the humourist will not use everything he enters in his note book, but he will make a point of registering every idea in black and white." But it seems curious that a really humourist cook, has no possible ingredients for what in India are called "preparations," since he has to confine himself to black and white. Surely jokes about Russia should be written in red, and those about Dean Inge in blue. Of course, "an idea may turn out to be worth nothing, or it may be good enough to win a cheque." Just so. And we have the inspiring spectacle of solemn aspirants for cheques poking about the streets of London or elsewhere with this book of instructions in one hand, a notebook in the other and a fountain-pen in the other, painfully trying to be funny—and only succeeding in looking so.

One thing must never be forgotten: the humour-cook must always have a "twist" in his last paragraph. If he cannot acquire it by fair means he should try a railway accident. Then he may hope to emulate Robert Lynd who is here celebrated as a humorous essayist. Shades of North of Ireland Presbyterianism, Robert Lynd with a twist in his last paragraph: As the drunken man said when he saw a giraffe for the first time and noticed the length of its first paragraph: "I don't believe it."

JAMES H. COUSINS.

Tukaram

TUKARAM, A VERSE-PLAY: By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya. The Shama's Publishing House, Madras. Re. 1

We must confess to a keen sense of disappointment after reading this Verse-Play by our talented young poet. Tukaram is already a saint when the play opens, and the only character which affords any scope for development is that of Avalai, his wife. But, though in the earlier scenes she shows signs of a transformation under the influence of her saintly husband, she is

finally depicted as utterly failing to profit by that influence. There is even a touch of unconscious satire in her refusal to accompany him on his last journey to Heaven on the ground that a cow big with calf holds her from going. We do not see that Tukaram's saintliness is fruitful of any good to others. He is unable, as we have seen, to convert his own wife, while his children are strangely ignored at the end. We cannot help feeling that the plot and characterisation are both equally weak and ineffective. Nor is this defect redeemed by the beauty of the verse. There are indeed stray passages of real poetic beauty, but the general level is by no means high. The print is excellent (though there seems to have been a sad dearth of commas in the Press!) but, having regard to the quality of the play, it is certainly priced too high to tempt many purchasers.

A. RAMA IYER.

In the Clutch of the Devil

IN THE CLUTCH OF THE DEVIL: By A. S. P. Ayyar, M.A., (Oxon), I. C. S., Published by A. S. D. Raja, Sayani Road, Cadell Road P.O., Bombay. Re. 1.

In this drama in five acts, Mr. A. S. P. Ayyar (whose "Indian After-Dinner Stories" has earned him a reputation as a writer) gives a realistic picture of some of the horrible practices, prevalent especially in Malabar, in connection with the worship of the devils like Kuttichathan. He has not attempted any imaginative flights, as his purpose is to depict faithfully the evils that arise from these practices, so as to wean the believers in such ceremonies from their pernicious beliefs. His characters are true to life, and he has given us a powerful picture of the results of the ignorance and superstition which lead to the resort to devils. But, as he himself says in his Preface, "Such ceremonies as depicted in this drama are fortunately becoming rarer with the spread of education. Always there has been bitter opposition to the performance of such ceremonies in Brahmin quarters even though the performers themselves might be Brahmins. The opposition

is now more formidable than ever, and the days of these ceremonies are numbered."

The style of the play cannot lay claim to any elegance or polish. There are some incongruities, as, for instance, in making an ordinary country woman appeal to "the whole history of the world" as "one long monotonous record of the bullying of the poor by the rich or the powerful", or in making her speak of a person as "poor as a church mouse". Usages like "alright", "You are now convinced, is it not?" we did not expect of an author with an English University training. But, despite these lapses, the work is quite effective for the purpose it has in view, and deserves to be read by all those who wish to know something of the "black art" as still practised in certain corners of Malabar.

A. RAMA IYER.

English Women in Literature

ENGLISH WOMEN IN LIFE AND LETTERS: By M. Phillips and W. S. Tomkinson. Oxford University Press.

We congratulate the authors in bringing out a book of this kind which is rarely met with. It is novel in its conception, beautiful in its exposition and admirable in its character. The book is a very interesting study and is at the same time highly instructive. It describes the evolution of civilisation in its various stages and the moulding of modern fashions in dress, in habit, in study, in culture. It describes the caprices of the female mind which manifest themselves in some form or other during all ages. It describes how artificial the methods of women were in order to adopt themselves to the fashion of the age rather than to the comforts of their body and mind. This book is interesting as a piece of fiction and much more as a piece of history. The author derives freely from fiction and history in order to portray the life of women in all its realism. Dorothy Osborne and Fanny Burney; Pamela Andrews and Moll Flanders play their part as natural and life-like as they do in their original setting. It is not a treatise or a scientific exposition of life or a dry sermon on morals but

the author has rendered the book as interesting as a novel and he gives it an air of reality and naturalism rarely excelled.

We are first introduced to the sixteenth century woman. The 16th Century was pre-eminently a religious age—an age of monasticism. Reading and beads were almost the only avocation of the women of that age; but the well-born lay woman led a much freer and fuller life than her sister in religion. The highly artificial dress worn in that age is remarkable—the ruff, the stiff bodice or doublet and the enormous skirt were among the essentials of their dress.

Then we come to the 17th century. The author introduces Dorothy Osborne as typical of the country gentlewoman of the age. Reading and letter writing were a fashion with them; love making was cultivated as an art. The Town lady was different from the country gentlewoman. Elizabeth Pepys illustrates that to a high degree. It was an age of patches and powders as the author describes it. Woman's wants were so variable and costly in those days, that £ 300 a year scarcely sufficed to meet them. Well-to-do ladies spent most of their time in the Theatre, at the Ball room and at cards. Clothing was elaborate and costly. A look at the illustrations on page 125 shows the fashionable head-dresses worn by women of the age, which will convince the reader how highly artificial was the nature of fashion in that age. The muff was as necessary as part of the out-door dress—as the fur in the ball room. Education was still in a primitive stage. Only very few women learned to read; but most of the women in the country were experts in their domestic affairs. Poor women were generally ignorant. The lot of servants were unhappy. Their treatment was very bad and they were ill paid. The charity and boarding schools were just being introduced but their management and equipment were bad.

In the 18th century we have the advent of the women novelists—Fanny Burney, Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte. They were women of wit and wisdom and they figured greatly at parties and dinners. They were styled by the name of "blue stockings" from a peculiar custom that

came up among them of wearing blue stockings whenever they went out. It is a notable feature of the age and they may be regarded as the prime cause of the advent of woman's education in later days.

The author describes in a separate chapter the professions pursued by women. In the earlier centuries they were mainly house-wives. They kept their houses clean, managed homes and did every sort of domestic work for use but not for wages. In that sense they pursued no profession. Acting was one of the earliest but all women cannot become actresses, as it required natural talent, intelligence and good looks more than education and training. The 18th century produced a good number of brilliant and successful actresses; but many of them had undergone great hardship before the public could recognise their deserts. Nursing was another profession generally taken up by women; but many of them were believed to be dishonest and cruel and so were not held in much respect. With the growth of education teaching was taken up by some but their lot was not very encouraging as they lacked the necessary equipment, were poorly paid and socially despised. Women in high life despised work and generally spent their time in music and in dancing which had just been introduced from the continent.

One separate chapter is devoted to the women criminals in history like Moll Flanders and Catharine Hayes and the life they led in prisons. The condition of prison life was worse than hell as the author describes it. The root cause of such a tendency in women, the author says, is to be found in the economic condition of the age. The college industries were annihilated by the introduction of factories and the introduction of machine labour. Many were thrown out of employment and they wandered poor and destitute; starvation and death were staring at their face. In such a predicament their good sense was overpowered and they committed felony and got into prison. The banishment of home industries and the sufferings of children are graphically described. But under the efforts of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry conditions improved and matters got better. It took nearly a century for

people to adapt themselves to the new conditions brought about by the industrial revolution and settle down peacefully.

The book contains a collection of witty and humorous anecdotes taken from history and novels which keeps up the interest as the reader goes through the book. The numerous illustrations that the book contains are both amusing and instructive. We hope that the public would well appreciate the theme of the authors and give it such enthusiastic reception it deserves.

M. D. Y.

A Writers' Guide

WHO'S WHO IN LITERATURE: Edited by Mark Meredith. The Literary Year Book Press.

This is the 4th volume of this name and with its three companion volumes, (1) What Editors and Publishers want, (2) Librarian's Guide, and (3) British Booksellers, gives to publishers, authors, editors, librarians, and free lance journalists in a well arranged form, much information that they need to know in their everyday work. We find in the book the names and works of almost all the notable authors, publishers and editors in the field of history, fiction, science, philosophy, painting and sculpture, travel and story writing. But we note that, when correspondents of newspapers find a place, even a bare mention is not made of Indian writers like Mahatma Gandhi.

K. R. NATARAJAN.

POLITICS

Fascism and Bolshevism

ITALY UNDER MUSSOLINI: By William Bolitho: The Macmillan Co., New York. BOLSHEVISM OR FASCISM? Par Camille Ernest Flammarion, Publishers, Paris.

Two of the greatest world-movements of today sprang up out of the disillusionment of post-war times. Fascism and Bolshevism, both are alike in their imposition of a virtual dictatorship over

billions of men, both are thorough in their methods of administration and uncompromising in their attitude, both claim to have secured for mankind the millenium or brought it within easy reach, and yet both have been attacked as menacing to civilisation by men whose sincerity and earnestness we have no reason to question. A plethoric glut of literature is growing up today round these movements, much of it violently partisan in character. In the midst of this diametrical contrariety of opinion, it is indeed difficult for one who has no first-hand knowledge of things, to form a dispassionate judgment about them. On the one hand, Pro-Fascist papers from Italy and reactionary politicians of the "blood and iron" variety are ever dinning into our ears that no movement of today has done so much as Fascism to further the happiness of Italians and save them from the Bolshevistic morass into which they were sinking. On the other hand, we have ultra-democrats, levellers of the "red" variety and anti-capitalists denouncing Fascism as having set back the clock of civilisation by centuries. In the view of some amongst these, Bolshevism or communism can alone secure salvation for mankind. In the midst of this bewildering contrariety of views, even astute politicians and public men can hardly form any settled view about these movements. What wonder then if the poet Rabindranath Tagore, straying into the whirlpools of politics from the calm regions of Art, found himself in the pretty predicament of having to pay homage to the intellectual dominance of a master-mind like Mussolini and at the same time of condemning the oppression which the application of his ideals involved.

Mr. Bolitho gives us a picture of Fascism which is directly traversed by M. Camille Aymard's account of the movement. Mr. Bolitho's purpose is to show that Italy today is like a Siberian exile of the Czarist days bound hand and foot, gagged and muzzled except to squeak out *Evviva* on pre-arranged occasions to *Il Duce*. Camille Aymard's task is to recommend to Frenchmen the imperative necessity of Fascism for France if she wants to be saved from the Bolshevistic menace threatening her today.

Mr. Bolitho strikes the main note of his book in the first sentence: "The frontage of Fascism is solid and high. They have built it specially to hide many things that are interesting to the world. And the main force of its makers is stretched to stop intruders or critics from finding what is behind. This they call the defence of Italy's prestige abroad. Fascism is a disease of our economic system, to which all modern countries are liable in the future, a product of war and tariffs, of industrialism and trade-unions. Its leader, at the same time its creator and creation, Benito Mussolini, is neither a Napoleon nor a Mohammed, but a variety of socialist boss who will run to other editions. He has robbed his own country of liberty and all that makes life in common worth while."

Mr. Bolitho treats in the volume about the meaning of the movement, its secret beginnings, the course of its acts, the motives of the leaders, and its deepest background. The organisation, finance, and the propagandist work of the movement, Fascist megalomania and Fascist tyranny are some of the topics which, discussed and analysed with an array of statistics, have made the book a formidable indictment of Fascism. Mr. Bolitho thinks that this new Pan-Italianism is as great a danger to civilisation as the Pan-Germanism of pre-war times. "In the text-books of history," says Mr. Bolitho, "imposed under the Gentile reform, the Italian boy is taught that Italy after winning the war for France and England and America, was cheated perfidiously of her just dues, the Dalmatian coast and most of the German colonies, by their spite and the 'hypocritical Wilson'. That legend is not enough for the provincial Fascists who, in imitation of the old Pan-Germans, have composed a fantastic ethnical romance in which the Pelasgians and the Pre-Etrurians who are "the blood-ancestors of the Italian stock" invented civilisation and presumably were cheated out of the glory of it by just such a perfidy as the Treaty of Versailles. To this mistaken archaeology the wild Latinism of d'Annunzio, his over-estimation of the Roman civilisation, his erroneous ethnic theories of the descent of the present Italian, are an intoxicating addition." Here is a picture of Mussolini who is

undoubtedly the leading figure in the Fascist world: "Mussolini follows his luck, instantaneously adapts himself to events. To change from republicanism to a fervent royalism, we have seen, took him exactly two days; it appears that before the war his conversion from neutralism to interventionism was equally rapid. It is one of his fascinations that he plays life in the style of a great gambler, on a system that he composes as he goes along, just following his luck. Some obstacles he bends round. Some he absorbs. Some turn him at right angles to his course. But none slacken either his speed or his momentum. It is this *elan vitale*, which has something of Mother Nature herself in it, that raises him immeasurably above his rivals and his friends.

There are many in Italy who can move a crowd as well as Mussolini—d'Annunzio for one. Mussolini's education is that of an unpersevering auto-didact, and he has curious lapses of taste and common sense. Such was his extraordinary way of cultivating personality on his first access to power, in which, beginning with a perfectly impossible pair of Napoleonic riding-boots and a horse for which nature never gave him that long body to ride, he engaged in a diverting plan in which a determination never to be photographed without a scowl and a protruding of the eyes was grafted on such another Zoological scheme, as Battling Sikki's manager thought of for his unfortunate protegee—the public petting of lion cubs."

All this shows one side of the medal. Look, however, at the following picture limned for us by M. Camille Aymard: "Fascism personifies a powerful desire for national reconstruction. It is a school of character and individual energy. It is religious, in essence. It is a faith, an ideal rather than a doctrine, a popular current rather than a party. It is, therefore, not at all surprising if around it have gathered hypocrites and mercenaries, speculators and publicans. But Fascism will chase them all out, even as Jesus of Nazareth drove away with the whip, the moneychangers from the temple." In the view of Camille Aymard, Fascism has brought about the exaltation of the idea of fatherland, restored true government in Italy, introduced social

justice, resuscitated the genius of the Italian race, produced phenomenal prosperity such the country never enjoyed before, and contributed in no insubstantial measure to the salvaging of Western civilisation which, says Aymard, is today more than ever succumbing to barbarous and anarchistic influences emanating from Asia. The civilisations of old have crumbled into dust because there were none in those days to scent disaster and concert collective measures to free them from nefarious influences. Western civilisation, today, is in danger of being exterminated by the Bolshevistic menace. And so he appeals to the youth of France: "Young men of France! You who dream of rendering unto France, your fatherland—the fairest and most glorious of fatherlands—the sentiment of its force and the pride of its victory, cast your eyes on the world which surrounds you! Two movements afford you food for thought, two models are before you for your choice: Russian Bolshevism born of the desparate Nihilism of Asiatic races and Italian Fascism born of the lucid genius of the Latin races. Bolshevism means the erasure of the individual under the most barbarous despotism known to Europe for centuries; it is the negation of the fatherland; it is destructive nihilism, frantic hatred of civilisation, of progress and of hope, the abandonment of the great dream which humanity, so often deceived, pursues in its eternal march towards better ideals.....Fascism is, on the other hand, a vibrant protest against death, against all the forces of decomposition affecting society, the restoration of the eminent dignity of the state, of discipline and of governmental hierarchy, a hymn of faith and of hope in the future of humanity; it is in short a dazzling beam of light which the Latin race, ever striving towards the millenium, has traced with its own hand on the darkness—filled the sky so as to illuminate, in front of hesitant man, the path which leads to happiness."

The first portion of M. Aymard's book is an account of the horrors, violences and atrocities of the Bolshevistic movement in many lands. In France itself, we are told, Bolsheviks are insidiously working for the overthrow of stable government. The picture is a lurid one and

A Short View of Russia

A SHORT VIEW OF RUSSIA. By John Maynard Keynes. The Hogarth Press, London, W. C. I. 2/-

This (No. XIII of the "Hogarth Essays" is a reprint of the series of three articles contributed to the *Nation* by Prof. Keynes on his return from a brief visit to Russia in 1925, as a representative of the Cambridge University at the bicentenary celebrations of the Academy of Sciences of Leningrad. The three articles are entitled, "What is the Communist Faith?", "The Economics of Soviet Russia", "Communism's Power to Survive." Prof. Keynes opens with the frank admission that "it is extraordinarily difficult to be fair-minded about Russia," and points out that, even with fair-mindedness, it is so difficult to convey a true impression of "something so unfamiliar, shifting, and contradictory, of which no one in England has a background of knowledge or experience." This at once establishes the *bona fides* of Prof. Keynes, and entitles his views to respect. He holds that Leninism is a combination of religion and business, and Lenin himself is "a Mahomet, not a Bismarck". Brought up in a free air undarkened by the horrors of religion, with nothing to be afraid of, he finds in Red Russia too much which is detestable; but he recognises that the New Order which the Communist has in view is not to be judged by the horrors of the Revolution or by the privations of the transitionary period. The essence of Leninism lies in its attitude towards the Love of Money. "Money-making and money-accumulating cannot enter into the life-calculations of a rational man who accepts the Soviet rule in the way in which they enter into ours. A Society, of which this is even partially true, is a tremendous innovation". The economic system of Soviet Russia is changing so rapidly that it is impossible to obtain a precise account of it. In fact, "almost everything one can say about the country is true and false at the same time," but Prof. Keynes's reading of the situation is as follows. "The Communist Government is able to pamper (comparatively speaking) the proletarian worker, who is of

Camille Aymard warns his countrymen that if Frenchmen did not wake up betimes to the dangers ahead, France too would fall a prey to the abominations which have, according to Aymard, thrown Russia and Hungary into sweltering strife, famine and dictatorial anarchy.

Two portraits of Fascism we have before us in these two books,—strangely opposed and diametrically different in their appeal. If we are not justified in condemning either or both as propagandist literature, which of these pictures are we, unprejudiced readers to accept as the true one? One thing, however, emerges clearly from these accusations and counter-accusations. In its search after Truth, the West is still groping in the dark. Neither Bolshevism, nor Fascism can take Europe nearer the goal which it is so frantically seeking, because both these movements are based upon violence and dictatorship. In Non-violence and Ahimsa alone can the West find that restful satisfaction and universal contentment which has all along been denied to her till now. A message of Non-violence and Ahimsa has been sent out today to the world by an Indian sage with all the living conviction of experience. He believes in the absolute identity of human nature and sees no reason why Europe, torn as it is by the excesses of violence in thought and deed, should not accept and successfully practise this new Faith of Non-Violence and Peace. What Europe lacks today is (to quote the words of this Christ of today) a set of people who would be the living embodiments of the doctrine of Ahimsa—men who would live it in every single detail of their lives!

L. V. RAMASWAMI AYER.

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course its especial care, by exploiting the peasant; whilst the peasant, in spite of this exploitation, desires no change of Government, because he has been given his land. In this way a certain equilibrium has been established both in the economic sphere and in the political, which gives the Soviet Government a breathing space in which to try its hand at a serious economic reorganisation." In spite of its disastrous factors of inefficiency, "the Soviet State is *not* so inefficient as to be unable to survive", and "conditions are manifestly on the up-grade." Prof. Keynes is confident that "if Communism achieves a certain success, it will achieve it, not as an improved economic technique, but as a religion." He knows of course that the word "religion" is anathema to the Leninist, but all practical idealism is an aspect of religion, and Russian Communism with its revolutionary attitude to money "does represent the first confused stirrings of a great religion". There is much in Russia to make one pray that one's own country may achieve its goal not in that way, but, after allowing for everything. Prof. Keynes still feels that Soviet Russia is a great advance on the Tsarist Russia. "I should detest the actions of the new tyrants not less than those of the old. But I should feel that my eyes were turned towards, and no longer away from, the possibilities of things; that out of the cruelty and stupidity of old Russia nothing could ever emerge, but that beneath the cruelty and stupidity of New Russia some speck of the ideal may lie hid."

Though Prof. Keynes does not go into details, he certainly gives us some fundamental truths about the Russia of to-day, and his dispassionate view is in striking contrast with the hysterical denunciations to which we are so much accustomed from English writers on that country in these days.

A. RAMA IYER.

PSYCHOLOGY

The Abilities of man

THE ABILITIES OF MAN—Their Nature and Measurement—By C. Spearman, Ph. D. (Leipzig.) F.R.S.—Grote Professor of Philosophy of mind at the University of London. Macmillan and Co. London, 16/-

In 1923 Prof. Spearman published his "*Nature of intelligence and the principles of cognition*," and in the volume under review he has endeavoured to demonstrate the application of the laws formulated by him in the earlier volume to individual differences of ability. A third volume is vouchsafed in which the author hopes to undertake a critical review of the contemporary general psychologies. In the Introductory note to "Mental and Scholastic tests," Cyril Burt writes "Intellectual ability is considered primarily in its broadest form—that commonly described as general intelligence." Ward between whom and the Faculty of Psychology there was no love lost, writes that Intellect is an organon." This organon is inherited—not innate, pertains to the individual's ANLAGE—not to his subjective being. It is an endowment for which as such he is neither to be praised nor blamed." (P. 454. *Psychological Principles*.)

Prof. Spearman is poignantly disappointed with the popular use of the term—intelligence. What is intelligence? Spearman feels he is under no obligation to start the discussion of the problem by himself formulating a definition of intelligence. He has devoted the opening chapter to a refutation of what he terms the "Monarchic Doctrine" of Intelligence. To Spencer life consists in a series of adjustments between the internal and external relations. So far as such adjustments are mental, intelligence is responsible for them. The concept of intelligence had a high status in biology. It soon attained even a higher one with the rapid advancement of intelligence tests. Prof. Spearman traces the vicissitudes of the concept and deeply deplores the present prevailing chaos created by the blind leading the blind in psychological realm. "In truth, intelligence has become a mere vocal sound,

word with so many meanings—that finally it has none." (P. 14.) Intelligence tests have had their heyday. Their value has been challenged. They do not succeed in measuring and testing intelligence. The term is under blight of equivocality. (p. 24.) The view that Intelligence is some sovereign power must be summarily abandoned. The Monarchic doctrine of intelligence is overthrown. The Oligarchic Doctrine with its assumption of formal faculties and mental types is next overthrown. The anarchic theory which hopes to arrive at some general level of intelligence is then repudiated. "No genuine averaging, or sampling, of anybody's abilities is made, can be made, or even has really been attempted." (P. 71.)

Any constructive task should be preceded by destructive work—in the shape of clearing the ground and the demolishing of rival hypotheses. After a refutation of the Monarchic, Oligarchic, and the Anarchic theories, Prof. Spearman formulates his own doctrine which is based on the phenomenon of correlation of abilities. The correlations calculated between measurements of different abilities (scores for tests, marks for school subjects, or estimate made on general impression) were noticed to tend towards a peculiar arrangement (hierarchy) which could be expressed in a definite mathematical formula. The formula is the *tetrad equation*. Every individual measurement of every ability can be divided into two independent parts which possess the following properties. The one part is called the general factor, and denoted by the letter G. It does vary from individual to individual. Yet it remains the same for any one individual in respect of all the correlated abilities. The second is the specific factor. It is denoted by the letter S. It reveals variation not only from individual to individual but also from ability to ability for the same individual. What is this G? It is not any concrete thing. It is only a value or magnitude. That which this magnitude measures has not been defined by declaring what it is like, but only by pointing out where it can be found. It consists just in that constituent—whatever it may be—which is common to all the abilities interconnected by the tetrad equation. (P. 76.)

Prof. Spearman is not particular about advancing any theory whatever, but he endeavoured to develop a criterion by which to adjudicate upon all theories. The criterion has been applied throughout the entire domain of cognitive activity. The theory of "NOE-GENESIS" renders possible such a general survey of cognition. According to this theory all knowing originates in three fundamental laws with corresponding processes—i. e. the awareness of one's own experience, the eduction of relations, and that of correlates.

In addition to the three qualitative laws, Prof. Spearman has made use of Five quantitative ones. They are the laws of Span, Retentivity, Fatigue, Conation, and Primordial potencies (including such influences as those of health, heredity, sex and age.)

As a result of such investigations, Prof. Spearman maintains there has been a Copernican revolution in point of view. We are all aware of the Copernican revolution in metaphysics claimed to have been achieved by Kant. He did not start with an ill-defined (or more appropriately un-defined.) entity—the intelligence. Instead he started with a definitely-defined quantitative value G. The G is a factor which enters into the measurements of *ability of all kinds*. (italics mine.) It varies greatly for different individuals. It is throughout constant for any individual. It is involved in all operations of educative nature, and concerned with Clearness and Speed. It applies to Intensity and Extensity. It is surprisingly independent of all manifestations of Retentivity. The G is thus a behaviour unit par excellence.

The second behaviour Unit is general Inertia. The Third is the general oscillations of mental efficiency. The fourth is the functional unity W.—the nearest approach to it would be self-control, though yet the term is misleading.

What is the net result of all research undertaken by Prof. Spearman and a band of devoted workers who have helped him? We are told there is a relentless and restless universal mental competition going on. The cognitive, the affective and the conative participate in the competition. Everyone of the attempts to render this

phenomenon of Universal competition intelligible would appear to have broken down. (P. 116.)

In what does the Universal mental competition consist? We are told that in ordinary waking life the commencement of any mental activity causes other activity to cease, whilst conversely, the cessation of any activity causes other activity to commence. Such mutual influence proceeds in a regular manner so that after making due allowance for all specific interaction, facilitating, inhibiting—there are quantitative equivalencies between the activities that come and go. (133.) The competition is sought to be elucidated on the basis of the hypothesis of mental energy. Such energy is what is wanted to explain G. The engines would explain the S's.

What is this G the discovery of which Prof. Spearman tells us has created a Copernican revolution in experimental psychology? The G is called a general factor. It is only a value or magnitude. (P. 75.) While G is here described as a factor itself, we read later on that "our G." (so styles Prof. Spearman affectionately; *measures* only a factor (P. 88.) Again, G has shown itself to measure a factor both in goodness and in speed of cognitive process. (P. 258.) Leaving aside the inaccuracy that G is regarded sometimes as a factor and at other times as measuring a factor, the pre-eminent question is what is this G which measures something analogous to an energy? (P. 414.) Nobody succeeds in measuring intelligence, but mental energy can be measured. That is the central thesis of Prof. Spearman. What are the engines? The neural systems. Is there an engineer? The conative law would appear to indicate the presence of an engineer as well.

Prof. Spearman is not quite clear when he asserts that C is a factor which enters into the measurements of abilities of all kinds. There is the ability of successful political and economic exploitation of the weaker nations by the stronger ones. There is the ability of the Cinema-star and the statesman, of the poet and the professional philosopher and the bookmaker. There are abilities and abilities. G is a factor which enters into the measurements of all such abilities. Even on Prof. Spearman's own showing,

the G measures mental energy. Others have said "Intelligence" can be measured. If the intelligence of the unsophisticated man in the street is presented under the terminological garb of mental energy, is the scientific world any the better?

Why should the G be confined to the cognitive sphere? There is bound to be a G for the conative or volitional as well. To Prof. Spearman a person's total cognitive ability may be regarded as an instrument or organ at the disposal of any of his conative activities. Do we know to act or act to know? Why does Prof. Spearman speak of conative activity and cognitive ability? (P. 3.) Why not one speak as well and as legitimately of cognitive activity and conative ability? There is nothing inherently impossible or contradictory in the existence of an affective G and a volitional G. The three G's, the cognitive, affective, and the conative are bound to reveal correlations. Perhaps too there is some hierarchical order in such correlations though the latter are not bound to be fool-proof.

It is not evident how the discovery of G has affected or will affect the problem of the backward pupil in reference to which the Binet-Simon tests were originally formulated. (P. 3. Mental and Scholastic tests—Burt.) If for instance the defectives can be detected with a tolerable and working accuracy, by the use of the so-called Intelligence Tests, one has no reason to speak disparagingly of them, especially when the newly-discovered G does not seem to be capable of functioning instead.

Prof. Spearman has mentioned the researches of Lehmann and Wirth in support of the possibility of measuring of equivalents in the case of mental energy, but I feel some difficulty if quantitative equivalencies can be measured between the activities that come and those that go. (Italics mine P. 133.) While I am typewriting this review, the discovery of G by Prof. Spearman and the Copernican revolution created by it, are occupying the focus of my consciousness, and according to the Law of universal mental competition, the mental activity at the given moment of reviewing, should have excluded all other

mental activity (remember the competition is mental.) If just then the machine goes out of order demanding immediate attention, a mental activity different from the first has "come." It appears to be pedantic to speak of any quantitative equivalence between the activities that come, and those that go.

In his volume entitled "Decline of the West." Oswald Spengler remarks—"I maintain that to-day many an inventor, many a diplomat, many a financier is a sounder philosopher than all those who practise the dull craft of Experimental Psychology." (P. 44. Translation from German by C. F. Atkinson.) Again "Scientific psychology has always been shallowest and most worthless disciplines of philosophy.....Its searches and solutions are fights with shadows and ghosts." (P. 299. Ibid.) I am glad that undaunted by such ill-informed and splenetic outbursts against experimental psychology, Prof. Spearman has successfully undertaken the task

of furnishing the world with a scientific demonstration of the measurability of man's abilities, and I have no hesitation in congratulating him on the formulation of the hypothesis of mental energy, engines, and the engineer not merely, but on the systematic presentation of statistical records of correlations which must have been prepared with considerable energy, trouble, and single-minded devotion. The Volume under review affords convincing proof that Prof. Spearman has succeeded in the task of "scientification of Psychology." I eagerly await the publication of the professor's promised Third Volume in which he hopes to undertake a critical examination of the chief general psychologies prevalent at the present day. Prof. Spearman's is not a cheap eclectic doctrine. It has a profounder and deeper significance.

R. NAGARAJA SARMA.

What Thinkers Think

A Thought for the Month

THE SECRET PLACE.

When tides of toil and trouble press
And surge around on every side,
Nor respite seems there from the stress
Nor place where Beauty may abide . . .
O, stay thou then within thy soul,
And close thy door on outward things—
Wait thou on God to make thee whole
For Love's most gracious ministrings.
So strengthened, fare thou forth again,
Full willing thy Cross to take up;
God's joy abides (though mixed with pain)
In Life's great sacrificial Cup.

A. E. M. B.

Fifty Years Hence

It is significant of the reviving self-complacency of the nations that they have begun to feel proud of their achievements actual and potential by way of conquest

over Nature. Thus Sir Alan Cobham writes in *Tit-Bits* what might be achieved in aerial navigation in fifty years or less:

"I believe that it will be possible to fly round the world in a day, for all that is required is the ability to travel at 1,000 miles an hour, the circumference of the earth being about 24,000 miles on any great circle."

"If we fly against the rotation of the earth, and start at noon on the Equator, going westward, the sun will remain directly above us all the time, and it will be noon at every place we pass over. To-day, after less than twenty years of practical aviation, we can fly at 300 miles an hour, so I do not consider the possibility of flying at 1,000 miles an hour in any way a wild dream. As everybody knows, the greater the altitude, the less dense becomes the atmosphere, and the thing which retards forward speed is wind or air resistance. That is why a racing machine is streamlined to the utmost.

"We have machines to-day that could fly at 1,000

miles an hour, providing we could get them to develop full power at an altitude of twelve miles. It requires as much power to drive a machine at 228 miles an hour at sea-level as it does at 1,000 miles an hour at twelve miles altitude.

"I believe that young people living to-day will in time be able to fly from America to Australia in a day, and that they will be able to journey from New York to London overnight."

The great British airman is obviously proud of the fact to the point of perfect satisfaction.

American Self-complacence.

This momentary forgetfulness of the travails of the world—it can be nothing more—has taken possession of others as well. Thus, the Rev. Dr. George W. Shelton, of Pittsburg, addressing a London audience recently, spoke as though America had attained the acme of her existence.

"Has America lost its idealism?" queried Dr. Shelton. "What really is the American ideal? We like to think that ideal is a Christian republic—strong, just, prosperous, with a world outlook, and at peace with all the earth. We are not divided into classes in America. America is based upon the average man. We think it is much better that all should prosper than that there should be a few rich and very many poor."

"The foundation of everything in America is what is best for the average man," he continued. "We have no kind of Communism and not one red flag in all the land. America is prosperous because of the friendship that exists between Capital and Labour. Many of the great business enterprises are owned in part by those who are working in those enterprises. On the New York Central Railroad one employee in every four is a stockholder. In another great enterprise 90 per cent. of the stock is held by the employees."

"Then all our business is on a scientific basis; waste and friction is removed and salesmanship studied, for we recognise that purchasing power must be cultivated as well as producing power. High wages are regarded as the best for us. Nobody in America is crying out for low wages. And all this, of course, is linked up with our policy and practice of Prohibition."

Dr. Shelton affirmed that 'until there is a complete

change of sentiment in America the war debts will not be cancelled. He claimed that 'America is on a sound, economic, social, moral, educational, and religious basis.' The church was never so powerful in its sway over the people generally and the ethical standard was never so high as to-day."

Dr. Shelton evidently forgot for the moment the other side of the shield, the fact that men were obliged to live in America as mere machines.

The Evolutionary Gospel

The scientist, too, would appear to have joined the self-complacent group. Some of them would dispose as final questions on which there has been endless discussion in the past and on which the soul of man dreads to speak save with the greatest reserve and anguished doubts. Sir Arthur Keith sought to do so in his exposition of Darwinism as the final explanation of man's origin.

"Fifty-six years have come and gone since that history was written; an enormous body of new evidence has poured in upon us." Thus began Sir Arthur Keith in his presidential address on Darwin the annual meeting of the British Association, of which an excellent summary appears in "Public Opinion." We are now able to fill in many pages which Darwin had perforce to leave blank, and we have found it necessary to alter details in his narrative, but the fundamentals of Darwin's outline of Man's History remain unshaken. Nay, so strong has his position become that I am convinced that it never can be shaken.

The evidence of Man's evolution from an ape-like being, obtained from a study of fossil remains, is definite and irrefutable, but the process has been infinitely more complex than was suspected in Darwin's time. Our older and discarded conception of Man's transformation was depicted in that well-known diagram which showed a single file of skeletons, the gibbon at one end and Man at the other. In our original simplicity we expected, as we traced Man backwards in time, that we should encounter a graded series of fossil forms—a series which would carry him in a straight line towards an anthropoid ancestor.

"We should never have made this initial mistake

we had remembered that the guide to the world of the past is the world of the present. In our time Man is represented not by one but by many and diverse races—black, brown, yellow, and white; some of these are rapidly expanding, others are as rapidly disappearing. Our searches have shown that in remote times the world was peopled, sparsely it is true, with races showing even a greater diversity than those of to-day, and that already the same process of replacement was at work. To unravel Man's pedigree, we have to thread our way not along the links of a chain, but through the meshes of a complicated network. . . .

"We ought to have been prepared to find, as we approached a distant point in the geological horizon, that the forms encountered would be as widely different as are the gorilla, chimpanzee and orang and confined, as these great anthropoids now are, to limited parts of the earth's surface. That is what we are now realising; as we go backwards in time we discover that mankind becomes broken up, not into separate races as in the world to-day, but into numerous and separate species. When we go into a still more remote past they become so unlike that we have to regard them not as belonging to separate species but different genera. It is amongst this welter of extinct fossil forms which strew the ancient world that we have to trace the zigzag line of Man's descent. Do you wonder we sometimes falter and follow false clues?"

"Why do modern anthropologists share the conviction that there has been an anthropoid stage in our ancestry?" Sir Arthur Keith asked later in his address. "They are no more blind than you are to the degree of difference which separates Man and ape in structure, in appearance and in behaviour. I must touch on the sources of this conviction only in a passing manner."

"Early in the present century Prof. G. H. F. Nuttall, of Cambridge University, discovered a trustworthy and exact method of determining the affinity of one species of animal to another by comparing the reactions of their blood. He found that the blood of Man and that of the great anthropoid apes gave almost the same reaction. Bacteriologists find that the living anthropoid body possesses almost the same susceptibilities to infections, and manifests the same reactions, as does the body of Man. So alike are the brains of Man and anthropoid in their structural organisation that surgeons and physiologists transfer experimental observations from the one to the other. When the human embryo establishes itself in the

womb it throws out structures of a most complex nature to effect a connection with the maternal body."

"We now know, that exactly the same elaborate processes occur in the anthropoid womb and in no other. We find the same vestigial structures—the same 'evolutionary post-marks'—in the bodies of Man and anthropoid. The anthropoid mother fondles, nurses and suckles her young in the human manner. This is but a tithe of the striking and intimate points in which Man resembles the anthropoid ape. In what other way can such a myriad of coincidences be explained except by presuming a common ancestry for both? . . .

"Thousands of anatomists and physiologists have studied and compared the brain of Man and ape; only a few months ago Prof. G. Elliot Smith summarised the result of this intensive inquiry as follows: 'No structures found in the brain of an ape is lacking in the human brain, and, on the other hand, the human brain reveals no formation of any sort that is not present in the brain of the gorilla or chimpanzee. . . .

The only distinctive feature of the human brain is a quantitative one.' The difference is only quantitative but its importance cannot be exaggerated. In the anthropoid brain are to be recognised all those parts which have become so enormous in the human brain. It is the expansion of just those parts which have given Man his powers of feeling, understanding, acting, speaking and learning."

"Darwin himself approached this problem not as an anatomist but as a psychologist, and after many years of painstaking and exact observation, succeeded in convincing himself that, immeasurable as are the differences between the mentality of Man and ape, they are of degree, not of kind. Prolonged researches made by modern psychologists have but verified and extended Darwin's conclusions. No matter what line of evidence we select to follow—evidence gathered by anatomists, by embryologists, by physiologists, or by psychologists—we reach the conviction that Man's brain has been evolved from that of an anthropoid ape and that in the process no new structure has been introduced and no new or strange faculty interpolated. . . .

"The evolution of new types of Man or of ape is one thing, and the evolution of new types of motor cars is another, yet for the purposes of clear thinking it will repay us to use the one example to illustrate the other. In the evolution of motor vehicles Darwin's law of Selection has prevailed; there has been severe competition and the types which have answered best to the need and tastes of the public

have survived. The public has selected on two grounds—first for utility, thus illustrating Darwin's law of Natural Selection, and secondly because of appearance's sake; for as most people know, a new car has to satisfy not only the utilitarian demands of its prospective master but also the æsthetic tastes of its prospective mistress, therein illustrating Darwin's second law—the law of Sexual Selection.

"That selection, both utilitarian and æsthetic, is producing an effect on modern races of mankind and in surviving kinds of ape, as Darwin supposed, cannot well be questioned. In recent centuries the inter-racial competition amongst men for the arable lands of the world is keener than in any known period of human history.

"The public has selected its favoured types of car, but it has had no direct hand in designing and producing modifications and improvements which have appeared year after year. To understand how such modifications are produced the inquirer must enter a factory and not only watch artisans shaping and fitting parts together, but also visit the designer's office. In this way an inquirer will obtain a glimpse of the machinery concerned in the evolution of motor cars.

"If we are to understand the machinery which underlies the evolution of Man and of ape, we have to enter the 'factories' where they are produced—look within the womb and see the ovum being transformed into an embryo, the embryo into a foetus, and the foetus into a babe. After birth we may note infancy passing into childhood, childhood into adolescence, adolescence into maturity, and maturity into old age. Merely to register the stages of change is not enough; to understand the controlling machinery we have to search out and uncover the processes which are at work within developing and growing things and the influences which co-ordinate and control all the processes of development and of growth. When we have discovered the machinery of development and of growth we shall also know the machinery of Evolution, for they are the same.

"The moment we begin to work out the simile I have used and compare the evolutionary machinery in a motor factory with that which regulates the development of an embryo within the womb, we realise how different the two processes are.

"Let us imagine for a moment what changes would be necessary were we to introduce 'embryological processes' into a car factory. We have to conceive a workshop teeming with clustering swarms of microscopic artisans, mere specks of living matter.

In one end of this factory we find swarms busy with cylinders, and as we pass along we note that every part of a car is in process of manufacture, each part being the business of a particular brigade of microscopic workmen. There is no apprenticeship in this factory, every employee is born, just as a hive-bee is, with its skill already fully developed. No plans or patterns are supplied; every workman has the needed design in his head from birth.

"There is neither manager, overseer, nor foreman to direct and co-ordinate the activities of the vast artisan armies. And yet if parts are to fit when assembled, if pinions are to mesh and engines run smoothly, there must be some method of co-ordination. It has to be a method plastic enough to permit difficulties to be overcome when such are encountered and to permit the introduction of advantageous modifications when these are needed. A modern works manager would be hard put to were he asked to devise an automatic system of control for such a factory, yet it is just such a system that we are now obtaining glimpses of in the living workshops of Nature.

"I have employed a crude simile to give the lay mind an inkling of what happened in that 'factory' where the most complicated of machines are forged—the human body and brain. The fertilised ovum divides and redivides; one brood of microscopic living units succeeds another, and as each is produced the units group themselves to form the 'parts' of an embryo. Each 'part' is a living society; the embryo is a huge congeries of interdependent societies. How are their respective needs regulated, their freedom protected, and their manoeuvres timed? Experimental embryologists have begun to explore and discover the machinery of regulation. We know enough to realise that it will take many generations of investigators to work over the great and new field which is thus opening up. When this is done we shall be in a better position to discuss the cause of 'variation' and the machinery of Evolution.

"In a brief hour I have attempted to answer a question of momentous importance to all of us—What is Man's origin?" said Sir Arthur in conclusion. "Was Darwin right when he said that Man, under the action of biological forces which can be observed and measured, has been raised from a place amongst anthropoid apes to that which he now occupies? The answer is Yes! and in returning this verdict I speak but as foreman of the jury—a jury which has been empanelled from men who have devoted a lifetime to weighing the evidence. To the best of my ability I

have avoided the role of special pleader, being content to follow Darwin's own example—Let the Truth speak for itself."

Is Man a mere Animal?

Sir Arthur Keith's *ipse dixit* have raised a lot of protests from discerning men. The serious-minded theologian, who is sure of his ground, is content to dismiss them as those of a man who does not know. Here is his view as expressed by the Rev. Rees Griffiths, M. A., B. D., in the *South Wales Daily News*:

"The theologians, who at one period waged furious war against every scientific conclusion that could not be squared with the Genesis account of Creation, are quite tolerant now of the biologists and their theories of human origins. They have gained this tolerance, not mainly or chiefly because of the certainties of scientific generalisations, but because they have themselves found a new way of handling and reading the Bible.

"The superstructure of the theologian no longer rests on the shifting sands, where the scientist can dig and undermine. His foundations are cut deeper; they are well laid on the rocks of spiritual values, which the scientist cannot reach with the instruments he has forged for his enterprise. Long ago the religious man gained a foothold above the flowing tide of biological science, and can now afford to listen to all that may come from the chair of the British Association with calm and equanimity."

The "higher scientists" such as Sir Oliver Lodge take a similar attitude. Here are his views as expressed in the *Daily Mirror*:

Man was such a step in advance that it might well be said that a Divine spirit was breathed into him, so that he became a conscious and responsible soul.

This divine element it is which constitutes the most vital, the most lasting, the truly permanent part of man.

His body became merely an instrument for manifestation, a wonderfully constructed and beautiful instrument that had taken ages to produce, but still only a temporary contrivance.

If by the term "man" we mean his mental and

spiritual aspect, then it may seem puzzling to be told that man arose from the animals.

But that is not what an anthropologist means by "man." The history of that development is not written in the rocks; nor can any traces of it be dug up out of the earth. All we can dig up and examine are bones and skulls and implements.

Everything can be looked at from two, or indeed many points of view. The colours of a sunset may be expressed in terms of either vibrations and wavelengths; but that is not the way in which a poet or an artist regards a sunset.

There are many things in man not explicable in terms of the motion of molecules and bodily ancestry.

Still less shall we be able to understand the three crosses on a hill near Jerusalem. No, there are things in human nature of which neither chemistry nor physics nor yet anatomy can give us the least inkling.

As for the average discerning scientist, his attitude is that it is not sphere to speculate on the origin of the universe. Professor J. Arthur Thomson, who may be said to represent this class, writes in the *Glasgow Herald*:

"The scientific right of way to reality is a path that requires patient plodding. For science means, as Bacon said, accustoming ourselves to things themselves, and that is not easy. It means getting to know the facts trying to understand them in their simplest terms, and formulating their uniformities into 'laws.'"

"Science is a search for lowest common denominators, such as electrons, protons, ether waves, and mind. It may be defined as a body of communicable, verifiable, precise knowledge, based on experiment and observation, and formulated by reflection thereon. It does not pretend to explain things except in the sense that it unravels the intricate, into strands we call simple and shows how the present is the child of the past and the parent of the future.

"The word ultimate is not in the scientific dictionary; science knows nothing of the beginning or the end, nor of the why and wherefore of the universe. If we must have explanations and interpretations, we must seek for them from philosophy and religion—another pathway to reality. But philosophy works with lowest common denominators. The philosopher interprets; the scientific investigator

exist from which the selection is to be made; and the Augustinian abbot, Mendel, broke the theory down from the other side. Darwin himself admitted its inadequacy when he wrote "the birth both of the individual and the species are equally parts of that grand sequence of events which the mind refuses to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts from such a conclusion."

But if it was not blind chance, what was it? Was it something else equally blind, or was it something else which is not below, but above, the human intelligence, though our nearest approach to it is through the highest that we know, the living personal will which controls and directs? Darwin himself affirmed that it was Something as far above the mind of Newton as the mind of Newton was above that of a dog.

It is not the ape that gives the clue to Shakespeare, but Shakespeare that gives the significance to the ape. Ultimately we shall have to explain the jelly-fish by what we can dimly anticipate of Godhead rather than by the nothingness that we can dimly see through a mist of electrons.

Everything in the world we know is dependent on something else but; underlying it all and working through it all, there must be Something which, whether we can grasp it or not, is sufficient to itself. This absolutely independent Something, which is its own explanation, postulates, one by one, the attributes of God. The human reason, asking where everything in existence came from, is confronted ultimately by something that transcends reason. Yet it is there—the Power that Is, externally, by Its own right. The "atheistic" poets knew it—

That Light whose smile kindles the universe.

That Beauty in which all things work and move.

To find in something lower than ourselves a complete cause for the highest that we know is to follow the example of Bertrand Russell when he said that because we derive our knowledge of Shakespeare from his books, the cause of our emotion in reading him is purely physical. The physical universe is our book, but there is a Creator behind it. It was his insight into essentials that made Kelvin say with regard to the origin of life, "Science positively affirms creative power, which she compels us to accept as an article of belief." We draw nearest to that Power and to the secret of evolution, through the only reality that we know immediately, our own personality, the self that has power to say, "Thou art Thou, I am I", and is akin to the Reality it appre-

hends in that voice from without: Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God. Believe also in Me. I am the Vine. Ye are the branches.

And that, finally is the family tree of Man.

Human Nature and Progress.

One fact that the evolutionary gospel elucidates may be accepted, and that is that it is possible for us to achieve progress by control of environment. There is no limit to the improvement of a man's mind, howsoever dull he is reputed to be. Here is what Mr. A Barrat-Brown, the Principal of the Ruskin College, is reported in the *Oxford Chronicle* to have said in the course of an address at the Summer School held in connection with the Working Men's Clubs:

"We had not yet got a type of society which would give us a basis for deciding what number of people were brilliant and what number were dullards, because at present many were made dull by their early upbringing. It was, of course, undeniable that there was a vast difference between intellectual capacities but it was important to realise that every intellectual faculty depended for its development on the kind of environment it came into.

"The sad thing about the world to-day was the number of children who were born all right, but whose qualities were stunted by lack of opportunity. The nature of man was not something fixed, but depended for expression on the opportunity that was given to it. It was not therefore right to judge human nature by the results that were seen in a particular state of society at a particular time.

"It would not be right, for instance, to say that human nature was primarily and fundamentally acquisitive simply because we happened to live in an acquisitive age. Character grew in and through early environment, and it was idle to say that circumstances did not matter. On the other hand, it was equally true that the mere abolition of slums and the finest system of public health, housing, and so on, would not of itself produce a race of intellectuals.

"Anything like a radical transformation of society certainly would require, both to bring it about and to maintain it, a society of people with very different motives from those which prevailed to-day. It depended upon better men and women than existed at

present—but better men and women depended upon a better state of society. That was the dilemma. The only solution was to press for both legislative and educational improvements simultaneously, for one would help the other. To emphasise either exclusively would not carry them far.

"There were cynics who said that though one might change conditions one could never change human nature. That argument was used, no doubt, in Neolithic times, and the Neolithic mind was still with them. If they meant human nature in its strict sense, as that with which a person came into the world, then he was prepared to admit that human nature was unchangeable.

"But to speak of it simply as our innate endowments was a pure abstraction. It was worth bearing in mind that our instincts, with which we came into the world, were neither good nor bad, but were only the raw material from which goodness or badness might be produced. All that could be called good or bad was person's attitude of mind, and the actions which followed from it.

" 'It is quite true,' he said, 'that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but who wants a silk purse? The best purse I ever had was made of pigskin. You can't make of one man a poet and of another an engineer, but must consider what they are suited for. Given a proper treatment and opportunity, there are no hopeless "duds" except the mentally deficient. Children who are considered dull and stupid are children whose interests have not been called out.'

"The most influential factors in making people what they became were to be found in their early home environment and in education. The influences were constantly changing, and were continually changing and modifying the character. Instead of saying that human nature never changed, it would be truer to say, with an American writer, 'It is human nature to change.'

The Goal of Man

Man not only achieves progress, but his progress is directed towards a conscious goal. That goal is HAPPINESS—not of the earthly sort—but of the divine variety on which these ideas are recorded in the current *Science of Thought Review*:

Happiness is not only desired by us all, we seem as it were to have an instinct for it, as if at times we

are possessed by a strong craving for it, such as a craving for food when we are hungry. But happiness as an instinct goes much deeper than any physical instinct or craving for food as we know, it is a quality of the soul that stirs into expression through us as part of our very life.

That is, in our need for happiness and the expression of it, we are up against something fundamental, so that our lack seems as if the soul were dwarfed and starved.

Since happiness is fundamental, then something fundamental is required for its satisfaction, and this is where the necessity for God in our lives comes in, that we may be happy from the very roots of our being, or from the innermost as it is expressed.

Fundamentally we cannot depend upon persons, circumstances, or environment for happiness, any more than we can depend upon ourselves, as persons, as a source of happiness. If for example we depend upon persons as a source and means of satisfying this divine instinct—for such it must be in the true aspect—even in such ideal and near relationships as those of parent, child or lover, then in effect we put a burden upon those we love; that is, we cast upon them the burden of our need for happiness, asking them to bear it for us.

So also if we allow others to depend upon us, we accept a burden from them. This is a state of mutual dependance which experience shows us soon leads right away from the very thing we seek.

The dependance of a child is very beautiful, but a child must grow up and find its own feet. The dependance of one individual upon another causes in the other a need for that one's reliance upon them. Yet this is not true or satisfying companionship or happiness, which only comes between equals who love and understand each other in the innermost, hence also who can mutually give and take.

Actually physical dependance is bound to end, because the body is bound to end; so also the dependance of one mind or heart upon another is bound to end, because human emotions and thoughts are always changing. Hence it is that if we seek happiness, and we cannot avoid doing so, since the instinct is in us, then we must awaken to these facts, so that we may know where to seek and what to seek.

We all discover sooner or later that love and happiness do not come from persons, though they come through them; that is to say, love comes from the Source of love. Hence it is that true mutual

describes and formulates. Thus they speak different languages, and their quarrels are often due to mutual misunderstanding."

The General Critic's Reply.

Sir Arthur Keith's asseverations have called forth various criticisms from varied points of view. The views of the average man of commonsense who makes a critical study of the question are contained in Mr. James Corbett's trenchant article in the *Contemporary Review*:

"Man, as a human entity," writes Mr. James Corbett, "is anything but satisfied with his particular environment, and the constant aspirations of his soul bring him wider and wider apart from the instinctive cravings of the animal. Man developed selfconsciousness right at the beginning of his separate creation, and he not only finds it possible to distinguish his superiority over all animals but he has been able to discover his correct place in the universe. Man can identify himself with his creator!"

"But being handicapped in a finite sense by the flesh, we cannot do without the brain, nor the grey and white matter composing it, but it is a mistake to imagine that all our reasoning powers came through the media of the brain. To be candid, the brain is purely functionary. It carries through the dictates of the mind, it translates the language of mind into the vehicle of thought, but before thought takes expression in brain form, the mind has already conceived both the thought and the idea.

"When the thought is conveyed to the brain, the physical attributes of this organ act like telegraph wires; the idea is sent out along different physical channels, and the psychic element of the mind is transfused into the materialism of physical thought. The brain is the tunnel of the mind, and becomes inoperative without the command of the mind. If the brain is so material, how then can it become the instrument of something so spiritual as mind as we conceive it? But when we look at a great painting, or listen to the words of some wonderful oratorio, the manifestation of beauty is found neither in canvas nor in words, but merely through the media of these agents, and in this sense the brain is but the agent of the mind!

"It is a fundamental error to conceive of the brain and the mind as a single unit, for the brain dies at

the decomposition of physical matter, while the mind lives on. As a matter of truth, we know on a physiological basis that the brain is entirely changed every seven years, and any physiologist will inform us that every segment of brain matter, every corpuscle, every drop of blood is entirely changed within this definite period of time.

"Then how do we reconcile this wonderful physical phenomenon with memory and mind? That is, we know that a man of seventy can frequently recall what happened to him when he was only seven, which indubitably proves that the mechanistic and evolutionary theory of the mind is all moonshine! The brain, it is true, may proceed from sensation to perception and from perception to conception, but the original dynamic of all these physical factors is found in the mind, which is neither transitory nor ephemeral, but eternal in essence!

"This paper is not intended to be a deliberate attack on the recognised principles of evolution, but it denies the validity of the Darwinian conception with regard to human creation. If we have really descended from the animal state, no professor has ever informed us how he arrives at that deduction.

"We are inclined to ask, in the most rational manner, if we are justified in relying upon one absolute law of evolution? Does not entry of man upon the great stage of creation represent a definite break in the continuity of evolution? Do we perceive in the psychical nature and composition of man something to justify the belief that there may be a psychical law of evolution in addition to the recognised physical law? Man is a spiritual unit from the beginning of creation. Does this mean that instinct and mind formed a junction at the dawn of human genesis? If Science will agree to the postulate of a Supreme Being, it is difficult to limit the Author of Creation to one distinct law of evolution.

"Or do the two laws of evolution to which we refer, psychic and physical, merge into a third evolutionary principle when man denies that the animal is his natural prototype? If there is only one rigid law of continuity in the age-long chain of evolution, how can we explain that every animal but man is content with a natural environment? Why is man, alone of the evolutionary species, subject to these passionate desires of his psychic nature, and why has no scientist been able to harmonise this psychic element in some human duality that will not refute the recognised law of evolution?

"Evolution, of course, has proved a vital force in history, and the greatest intellectual treat is to trace, step by step, the wonderful progress of evolution right down the ages. Yet when we enter the demesne of human destiny, when we introduce the human ego and attempt to show that there is no vital dissimilarity between man and the animal species, then, in the last analysis, the chain of reasoning breaks down, simply because the links in the theory of evolution are not complete.

"After all, there is no shame in being a traditionalist, and it is not a case of being laughed at by certain materialists for our amazing ignorance. It is simply because, for the present, the mystery of our genesis is unfathomable, and all the biologists that ever lived have never been able to make it otherwise. And I am inclined to the view of the writer who maintains that, when we rule out the supernatural and the miraculous, we are not merely dislodging the foundations of religion, but we are destroying faith—and we cannot afford to destroy faith.

"Man cannot soar to any great moral or spiritual height if he is bound hand and foot to an animal prototype," Mr. James Corbett says in conclusion, "or if he is tied to the conviction that he is only an advanced specimen of the animal species, and continually to postulate that man is an animal has a degrading influence upon the human soul. But when we convince a man that his individuality is separate and distinct from that of the animal, then his mentality leaps to a higher dimension, and we make him understand, once and for all time, that he is not eternally allied to the brute forces of creation.

"Man is highly sensitive about his definite allocation in the scheme of creation, and merely to regard him, in his best moments, as a kind of superior brute is to place an exceedingly low estimate upon his finer spiritual powers, and tends both to lower and to degrade his ethical sense of values. When the ethical sense is fully developed to a high spiritual range, then he throws over-board all those materialistic fallacies about a brute genesis, and he goes forward on the grand march with his own soul."

The Poet's Answer.

Equally trenchant as the above is the examination of Sir Arthur's exposition by Mr. Alfred Noyes who writes in the *Sunday Times inter alia*:

Sir Arthur Keith knows very well that the man-in-the-street often thinks of his "ape-like ancestor" as

living only a few thousand years before the ancient Britons, and that his ideas about evolution, are often more fantastic and crude than any that are entertained by intelligent persons to-day about the true poetic value of Genesis. It is the business of science to use precise language when it is dealing, scientifically with man's place in nature. Words like "cousin" are loose, unscientific, and misleading, in exactly the same way as Sir Arthur Keith would declare the "six days" of Genesis to be misleading, when they are substituted for the periods of geology. But genesis was not a scientific treatise. It could never mislead any one about qualitative differences as Sir Arthur Keith does in his remarks on quantitative differences. It has the greatest opening of any work in literature, and, as a scientist of European reputation affirmed lately. "On the title-page of the Book of the Universe there still stands written in indelible letters, "In the beginning God created the Heaven and Earth."

There was a time when the solar system was in a gaseous condition. Time stretched into millions of aeons, is not an explanation of the evolution of Westminster Abbey from a gas. We must not be blinded by the multiplicity of intermediate details. Suppose that Sir Arthur had seen the process of evolution passing before him as quickly as a moving-picture, from an hour when the planet was lifeless up to the hour when he saw three crosses on a hill, and heard a voice crying, "Eloi Eloi, lama sabacthani." Whether it were a God, or a man, or a cousin of a gorilla that hung there—would not that weird and terrible vision demand, even from a savant more explanation than chemistry can give us? Was this, too, due to a "merely quantitative" development? We are intellectually and imaginatively asleep to the overwhelming mystery that surrounds us on every side.

The mere facts of science may be unassailable. The scientific explanation of those facts is utterly inadequate. Something else is necessary, working through the entire process. I am not now postulating what used to be called a "First Cause." But Sir Arthur Keith runs the risk of that when he talks of "origin". It is unscientific to use the word "origin" unless you mean "origin". If you merely believe in an endless physical process, you should say that there is no real "origin" for anything, and have done with it. And a very pretty muddle you are in then. But I am speaking of a constant factor in the process itself, a factor absolutely necessary to any kind of explanation of that process. Natural selection is not enough. It cannot even begin to work until varieties of life

dependance between individuals comes when each has entire dependance upon God, for, without this, our dependance upon one another is not related to what is fundamentally true, so that it can only satisfy a passing need, and never can be a source of permanent joy.

Therefore, in order to find what we seek, dependance upon persons must be done away with, each must be able to stand alone, as if apart from all others, with all outer sources of joy cut off, IN ORDER TO RECEIVE OUR GIFT OF HAPPINESS FROM GOD; we cannot find it in ourselves, or in others, until this gift has been bestowed by God upon us. Then, in possession of this gift, we can go forth and use it putting it to good account, so that not only are we happy ourselves, but others also are made happy, because of the use we make of our gift. That is to say, personal happiness comes not from persons, but from persons sharing a gift which God has bestowed upon them.

Thus it is that we become independant in the real sense, that is, we do not put our burden upon the shoulders of another, or take their burden, but maintain ourselves in happiness. Yet, when we have received our gift, we do not keep it ourselves, but realize joy in expressing and sharing what we have. Our personal happiness must have right adjustment, then and then only is it real, true and permanent, or transcending and outlasting physical conditions, and, only in possessing the divine gifts do we have something which is a true magnet, bringing the right people, environment and circumstances to us.

Always we must share our divine gifts, always increase comes from the sharing; some people go about with nothing but sorrows to share, and so they double their sorrows—whereas they should be sharing and doubling joy—because they are not following the natural order of life, which is to seek, receive and share good.

If we are progressing, all personal dependance must lead us to divine dependance, even as a child must grow up, otherwise what we seem to possess we shall lose. That is to say, all individuals must come to a common basis, in which they find and possess something free, because it is not bounded or limited by physical personality, but spiritually realized. So we come to the Ocean of Love, the Source of Love, in which chains disappear, joy comes, and personal affection is set free from all limitations and discords.

Thus we find happiness as a gift from God, not as an abstraction, or an impersonal condition, but some-

thing which has all the qualities, and can be shared personally, specifically and universally.

The Path of Prayer

It is now being increasingly recognised that "more things are wrought by prayer" than the average man knows of. Prayer gives one the peace which is the essence of happiness. Hence it figures prominently in literature as the following notice of a recent book on the subject in *Public Opinion*—"Private Prayer in Christian Story" by Miss Stodart shows:

With astonishing industry Miss Stodart has searched history and literature for examples of the spiritual force of prayer, and with rare skill she has linked up the passages she has chosen to make a homogenous work. To show the wide outlook of the book it may be mentioned that among the host of famous folk through the ages who are quoted are men as widely apart as Thomas Carlyle, Neil Munro, William the Conqueror, John Wesley, Sir Walter Scott, Dean Inge, and the Black Prince.

Writers of fiction, too, where the author is obviously speaking through his characters, are quoted, and from the section that touches on "The Lord's Prayer," one or two examples which we give show the method of this original book. The author writes:—

"Near the close of Thackeray's novel, *The New-comer*, we find this passage: 'Boy presently fell a-crying: in spite of all the battle and fury, there was sleep in his eyes.'

" 'Maria is too busy, I suppose, to put him to bed,' said Clive, with a sad smile. 'Shall we do it, father? Come, Tommy, my son,' and he folded his arms round the child, and walked with him to the upper regions. The old man's eyes lighted up; his sacred thoughts returned to him: he followed his two children up the stairs, and saw his grandson in his little bed; and as we walked home with him he told me how sweetly Boy had said 'Our Father,' and prayed God bless all those who loved him, as they laid him to rest.

" 'So these three generations had joined in that supplication; the strong man humbled by trial and grief, whose loyal heart was yet full of love: the child, of the sweet age of those little ones whom the Blessed Speaker of the prayer first bade to come to Him; and the old man whose heart was well-nigh as tender and as innocent, and whose day

was approaching when he should be drawn to the bosom of Eternal Pity.

"Wordsworth wrote in his seventy-ninth year to his friend, John Peace: 'Many thanks to you for referring to the text in scripture which I quoted to you so long ago, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done." He who does not find support and consolation there will find it nowhere. God grant that it may be continued to me and mine, and to all sufferers.'

"After the death of his daughter Dora (Mrs. Quilinan), Wordsworth had written to John Taylor Coleridge, "Thy will be done" is perpetually in my thoughts. Upon that rock our consolation is built.

"There was a deeper understanding of the petition in the words of George Sand: 'To pray, as some religious people do, for rain or sunshine, potatoes or money, to pray against hail or thunder, sickness or death is pure idolatry, but to ask for courage, wisdom, love, is not to reverse the order of heaven's immutable laws. It is to draw closer to a hearth which would not continually attract us if, by its very nature, it were not capable of warming us.'

" 'I think,' wrote George Tyrrell, 'that as we understand things better we pray less and less for temporal benefits or even for miraculous providences of any sort, and trust ourselves rather to the "determinism" which, harsh and ruthless though it seems, is but the will of Him whose wisdom reaches from end to end and disposes of all things sweetly. We begin with "If it be possible, let the Chalice pass" and end with "Since it may not pass, Thy will be done." Though God condescends to the simpler faith, I cannot doubt but that the stronger pleases Him better, the faith of Job or of Christ. *Calicem quem dedit, mihi Pater nonne bibam ex illo?*'

"Anthony Trollope, in *The Three Clerks*, tells how 'the devil pleaded for the soul of Alaric Tudor. Alas! he did not plead in vain. Let him have but a fair hearing and he seldom does. 'Tis in this way that the truth of the awful mystery, the fall of man, comes home to us; that we cannot hear the devil plead and resist the charm of his eloquence. To listen is to be lost. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" Let that petition come forth from a man's heart, a true and earnest prayer, and he will be so led that he shall not hear the charmer, let him charm ever so wisely.'

The Path of Silence.

How does man attain his goal? Not by the silence of the stupid, for silence

is not always golden. As a leading article in the *Glasgow Herald* has it: .

"For some obscure reason proverbial philosophy and reflective verse have combined to set silence on a pedestal."

" 'Silence is golden,' is a handy club with which to smite alike the indiscreet chatterer and the inconvenient interrupter of youthful years; 'still waters run deep' has given many a man a reputation for wisdom which he has maintained by the simple process of not opening his mouth.

"Man's great gift is the spoken word; and every word, wise or foolish, is to misquote Tennyson's *Ulysses*, something saved 'from that eternal silence,' some message at least, however trivial, which reveals the speaker. Rightly regarded, the silence of men, when it is not empty, may be sinister and portentous. Even the silence of lovers may presage disaster while almost all hates and most antipathies branch in silence into a hundred cancerous growths. A wordless quarrel is by far the deadliest; on the other hand, the olive branch of peace is most often tendered by the mouth.

"Nations have perished, religions come and gone, dynasties fluttered past like the drift of autumnal leaves, and if it were not for their recorded word what were they? 'Egypt's might is tumbled down,' wrote Mary Coleridge, and Greece, Troy, Rome and Venice.

" 'But the dreams their children dreamed,
Fleeting, insubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
These remain.'

" 'These remained,' because in these they broke the silence of thought; remain, partly in art but chiefly in literature, which has the most enduring life, since mere black ink can give such immunity from the ravages of time as neither stone nor colour can. Build up your altars to Silence if you will, and in the process of a few centuries what will be their doom?"

Silence gains significance only because of the opportunity it offers for contemplation. It is not lack of activity that takes one to the goal, but the intensity of it.

Need for Vision.

The insistence on prayer is due to the fact that seldom is reality revealed by a process of ratiocination. Most often it

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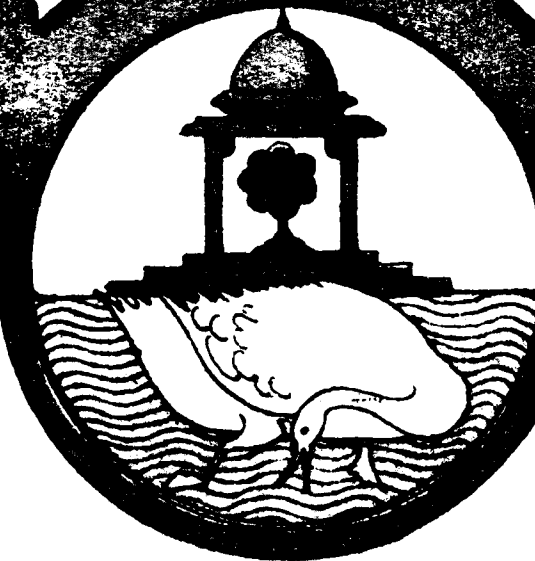
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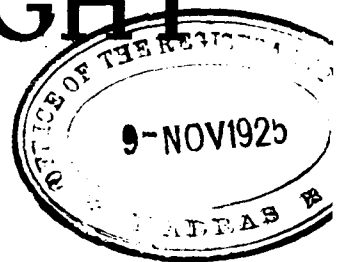
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CURRENT THOUGHT

That which exists is One:

The wise name It variously

—RIG VEDA



Vol. 2

OCTOBER 1925

No. 1

Campanella's Dream of an Ideal Republic

BY PROF. ETTORE LEVI, ROME

THE heresies of yesterday are the orthodoxies of to-day. This well-worn saying is not less true of the doctrines of Social Hygiene and Eugenics than of theology. It seems to me of value that we should cheer ourselves—we who are working in the cause of social reform and betterment—by tracing the growth of our dogmas of to-day out of the heresies of the past, that we may take heart for the development of to-morrow. It is for this reason that I have tried to follow, in the story of a countryman and a fellow-worker of more than three centuries ago, the birth of the ideals for which we strive to-day in every country of our world, with the consent of every man of goodwill.

Campanella, the philosopher, poet and social reformer of the 16th century, is little known even perhaps in his own country. He was persecuted life long for his heresies and ideals; he died in exile. He was rebuked for presumption and mocked at as a visionary. Yet when we read today the story of his ideals and of his dreams we know them as

our own. His ideals are those to which we have dedicated our service: his dream is the business of our lives. For during an imprisonment of twentyseven years, he spun out of a busy brain, to keep it in sanity and inward happiness, the scheme of the ideal life in a republic where men worked together for the common good. "To better the common fate—migliorar la comun sorte"—this was Campanella's dream for his own life. He was thwarted by the reactionary forces which were too strong for him in his own day: much of what he dreamed as the ideal is the reality of our lives.

So I believe it to be worth our while to read his story. I have written it from one point of view only; speaking of the social reformer, the evolutionist, the eugenicist, when I might also have dealt with Campanella's activities and gifts as a poet, a philosopher and a theologian. And I have discussed only one of his books—and they were many. But in this one we shall find the summing-up of our activities as workers for the betterment of the common fate. Campanella fore-

GANDHI LITERATURE

It has long been my desire to collect and publish in book form as much possible of Mahatma Gandhi's writings and speeches as are now lying scattered in various periodicals, his own as well as those of others. Thanks to Mahatmaji's permission and blessings, I have already brought out two volumes of *Young India*, the second volume having been but just issued. I have made arrangements similarly to collect and publish in book form in English and other languages Mahatmaji's writings in *Navajivan*, *Indian Opinion*, and in other periodicals in so far as they are available. My intention is to give permanent shape to everything relating to Mahatmaji's life, feelings and thought.

Thanks to the co-operation, at considerable personal trouble to themselves, of the members of Mahatmaji's Ashram, it will be my privilege to publish shortly Babu Krishna Das's *SEVEN MONTHS WITH MAHATMAJI*, a book giving valuable glimpses of Mahatmaji's life by one whose good fortune it was to serve Mahatmaji as his principal Private Secretary at the time. Another book that will follow it, is Babu Rajendra Prasad's *WITH GANDHIJI IN CHAMPARAN*, throwing light on Mahatmaji's untiring labours in the cause of the oppressed in that district.

My idea being to make the publications available to as wide a circle as desires them, the books will be priced as cheap as possible. The price as at present worked out will be approximately Rs. 2 for every 500 pages double crown size unbound. I am working out a scheme which would make it possible for those who are prepared to buy all the volumes as they are published to get them even cheaper and I shall publish the details as soon as they are ready.

In order to enable me to produce the publications as cheap as possible, I request intending purchasers to communicate to me their desire to purchase the volumes so that I might estimate the number of copies required with tolerable accuracy.

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saw, three hundred years and more ago, from a prison cell, most of what we, in freedom are working to bring to pass to-day. What is lacking among these:—Communism, Co-education, Physical Training, Vocational Training, Domestic Training, Anti-Alcoholism, Eugenics, Birth Control, Prenatal Care, Infant Welfare, Montessori Schools, Protection of Labour, Preventive Medicine, Utilization of the Unfit, Renewal of Life, Universal Military Training, Navigation and Aeronautics? They are set into the scheme of what its author called a "philosophical republic," though the reader will find that for our special purpose I have summarized in the briefest words what Campanella himself probably considered of the first importance—the philosophical, religious, administrative aspect of his imaginary state and its citizens.

Who then was this prophet of another age who sought to raise up for himself, by his own strength, the foundations upon which we are building today?

Tommaso Campanella was born at Stilo, in Calabria, in 1568. Politically, Italy—and in particular the Kingdom of Naples—lay bound under the oppression of the Spanish tyranny and the terrors of the Inquisition. Philosophically she was fettered by the Counter Reformation and the dead hand of the Aristotelian tradition. For a mind possessed by a passion for learning and speculation the cloister was the only refuge and opportunity.

Campanella entered the Dominican order at the age of fifteen. He studied philosophy, theology and physics, but the lesson which he learned most clearly, we are told by a countryman and biographer, was the "duty of fighting against the superstitions of his own age." It was not surprising that he came to be known as "a dangerous youth, of rebellious spirit, given to heresies", and that in his public disputations he made enemies by the "fiery passion of his argument and his conquest of his adversaries".

He left the convent at the age of twenty-two, living at Rome, at Florence and at Bologna, and was summoned by the Inquisition to answer to the charge of heresy and pride. In the days when Giordano Bruno was burned in the Campo del Fiori at Rome, and when lesser men recanted and renounced their faith, Campanella asserted his belief in the theories of Copernicus and made himself "the champion of political liberty, dedicating himself to the redemption of his country and to the task of arousing from their ignoble lethargy every social class among his countrymen."

After a short imprisonment he was vindicated and set free, but in 1598 organized a conspiracy against the Spanish rule in Naples, in which the conspirators were encouraged by the curious promise of Turkish aid, should they be successful. They planned the establishment of a philosophical republic in Campanella's own mountains of Calabria.

The conspiracy was discovered and Campanella was seized by the Spanish authorities; tried, mercilessly tortured and condemned to imprisonment. For more than a quarter of a century he was a prisoner in the dungeons of Naples, "in the lowest depths," where he himself wrote, "there was neither light nor air, but fetid dampness and night and perpetual cold". He recognized in himself no fault save that he "loved God and Italy" and in his cell he mediated upon these and upon "the people who suffer, the people who are all-powerful and know it not, the people who with one blow might overthrow every tyranny which through ignorance they serve, the people who destroy the prophets who seek to make them conscious of their own power and of their future".

Through the intervention of the Pope and of Richelieu the martyred philosopher was freed in 1626, but his avowed sympathies with Galileo brought new accusations of heresy against him. He was offered an asylum in France and

allowed to escape from Italy by the connivance of the Pope. In France Louis XIII and Richelieu were his patrons and protectors, but he died in exile in 1639.

It was during the years of his imprisonment that Campanella comforted himself by the dream of an ideal republic which he called *The City of the Sun—Città del Sole*. It is an astonishing compound, this vision of the Dominican friar, of medieval thought and the social ideals and science which we are seeking to put into practice to-day. Campanella was a poet: he was also a political reformer. He was a dreamer but his dream took the form of the most minute and detailed counsel for the physical as well as the moral way of life. I have prefaced the account of his ideal republic with the story of his life because we understand and appraise it the better when we read it as the reflection of his own experience and of his meditation, as he lay impotent in his prison, over the oppression and the needs of his country and people, just as the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More was a protest against the evils which he saw and hated in the England of his day. We understand Campanella's vision of the City of the Sun better when we remember that he wrote it from the "perpetual night and cold" of his dungeon. We understand his passion for liberty and equality better when we remember that his youth and his powers were chained and broken by a pitiless tyranny. We remember the pains of his tortured body and know why his Children of the Sun were trained in the fields and at the games to toil in the free air without weariness; to leap and wrestle and dance, and finally to become the progenitors of a perfect race.

For Campanella, even as we, set his mind to work at the problems and the promise of the future. He says of his poem: "We have imagined our Republic as those who await the revelation of a better life. An ideal

life, in a City of God". What was, then, his "dear City of Zeus"?

The *Città del Sole* is written in the form of a dialogue between the Grand Master of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem and a Genoese Admiral, his guest, who relates to him his experiences during a voyage round the world and his sojourn among a people living "directly under the equator, near the country of Taprobana."

A high hill, rising from a vast plain, is the setting of the Republic which the Admiral believes to be more favoured than any of this world. Seven walls gird the city precincts and keep it impregnable. At the summit of civic government is a Priest, "il gran metafisico", and under him serves a triumvirate: Power, Wisdom and Love. These divide the governance of the city. Power is concerned with the ordering of War and Peace—for though they abhor war the Solarians have not, like Sir Thomas More's Utopians, abolished it. Wisdom directs the liberal arts, mechanics and science. Love rules over procreation, education and agriculture.

"The government", says the Admiral, "is that of a philosophical republic. All things are owned in common and there is no private property, neither houses nor lands, nor wives and children." For from the individual possession of these, the Solarians believe, spring all the evils to which a state may be subject. Love of self is inseparable from them, and the will to enrich and aggrandize their offspring. But without self-love, or love of kin, the devotion of the hearts of the citizen is given to the state. "What incentive, then", asks the Grand Master, "have the Solarians to work, without hope of gain for themselves or for their children?" "The love which this people bear their country", replies the Admiral, "is almost unbelievable—and why? Because when private interest is done away with the love of the common good continually grows stronger. Friendship without hope of benefit—since already each man

possesses all things needful — is based upon mutual sympathy, upon the joy of common work, upon the succour which one friend may give another in time of need. The young bear the name of brother, the elders of father, and such is the true relation between them."

"Tell me then, further", urges the Grand Master "of the way of life of these people, from their earliest years to their habit of government and life." And the Admiral, nothing loth, unfolds the following remarkable scheme of social salvation—that scheme which Campanella, when he looked to be the Messiah of Italy, had hoped to realize in the Calabrian republic founded by the conspirators against the tyranny of Spain.

The Solarian child, born in a home where mothers are received at the time of birth, is cared for and sustained by his mother under medical supervision until the age of two, when he is given over to the care of masters and mistresses. "Boys and girls are educated together, in all the arts. Before the third year they learn language and the alphabet." The walls of the porticoes of the city have been painted with pictures which the masters explain to the pupils: there they learn the rudiments of science, mathematics and astronomy, "the earth, its construction, climate, nations, languages, agriculture, mineralogy natural history, the seas and all that move in the waters; finally the history of the nations and their great men." But before these in their earliest years, they have "begun the exercises of wrestling, of running, of disc-throwing, and of other gymnastic games which invigorate the body, always with the feet bare and the head uncovered until the seventh year. The children, divided into classes, are taken to the workshops of the artisans—of the shoe-makers, the cooks, the carpenters, the painters. Thus the special tendencies of the individual child are revealed. After the seventh year natural science is taught, and later higher mathematics, medicine and other sciences. Agriculture is studied by ob-

servation, the children going into the fields to work, under the supervision of their masters. The scholars possess in common their houses, dormitories and all that they require. Boys and girls work together at mechanical and speculative arts, but that work which requires fatigue and effort is undertaken by the boys—such as ploughing, sowing, harvesting—while the girls are trained to dairywork, the care of cattle, and gardening. All work which is done seated, or standing, is carried out by the girls—weaving, spinning, cooking, the work of the barber and chemist and tailor. The women prepare the food and spread the common table, but the service of meals is undertaken by the young girls. During the meal a youth reads from the high seat. "It is a beautiful sight," exclaims the Admiral, "to observe the common life of these people, and to see the young in decent attire, serving the old—and all in perfect amity." "To each is distributed a napkin, a plate and a portion of food. The physician instructs the cooks as to the choice and preparation of food and indicates that which is suited to the young, the sick, and the old." These last receive a diet easy of digestion, "so that life is long among the Solarians, one hundred or two hundred years of age being not uncommon." Butter, meat, honey, cheese, vegetables and fruits are eaten. "At first," explains the Admiral, "the Solarians lived upon vegetables only, deeming it cruelty to kill the animals for food. But they came later to believe that to rob a plant or fruit of life was not less cruel, and to understand that the lower forms of life were created by God to serve the higher." Wine is forbidden until the nineteenth year; until the fiftieth it must be drunk mixed with water. The elders preside over the work of the kitchens and the preparation of food, the cleanliness of rooms and beds and clothing. To this work is attached the greatest importance.

As to the clothing the "Solarians wear

Next to the skin a white shirt, and over this a dress which serves as tunic and stockings. Four sets of clothing are used during the year, and the quality and need for garments is decided upon by the physicians". Public baths are provided and the regulations for bathing and cleansing are also under medical direction. Each citizen is required to wash himself daily with cold water; to brush his hair and to cleanse his teeth, "or to chew mint, parsley or fennel; the old make use of incense for this purpose."

"Tell me now," begs the Grand Master, "something of the Solarian doctrine of generation." There is no subject upon which the Admiral waxes more eloquent! "The Solarians," he tells us "mock at our peoples, who weary ourselves to produce a perfect breed of horses and dogs, completely neglecting that of man." With them no woman before the nineteenth year may consecrate herself to the important service of procreation, while the men must have passed their twenty-first year, and if delicate in health, postpone their unions until a later period. Before this age they are allowed relations with women who are sterile or already pregnant, in order that they may not be tempted to unnatural excesses. Such relations are allowed by permission of the matron-teachers, and of the grand Magistrate of Generation. Those who are convicted of unnatural vice are compelled to wear for two days their stockings tied about their necks, a punishment which indicates their inversion of the natural instincts of nature. Further breaches of the law are punished even by death. But those who maintain their virginity until the twenty-first year, or even to the twenty-seventh receive public honours of feasting and song. Since like the ancient Spartans the young Solarians, both male and female, take part in the gymnastic exercises without clothing, the preceptors are able to distinguish those who are suited to the service of

procreation, and may also wisely choose the mate adapted for each youth. Marital relations take place every third night, after prescribed washing of the body. A strong and beautiful woman is united with a robust and passionate man, one who is fragile with a suitably delicate mate; so, by wise forethought every excess is prevented. At the setting of the sun the children enter the bedrooms and make all things ready; those designated for procreation follow, under the orders of the masters and mistresses, but may never consecrate themselves to their important ministry without first completing the processes of digestion and engaging in prayer. In the rooms are statues of beautiful youths, so displayed that the women may contemplate them, and then turning to the window, with their eyes toward heaven, supplicate heaven to grant that they may become mothers of perfect offspring. In their separate cells they sleep until the hour fixed for their unions, when the doors are opened by the hand of the mistresses. This hour is determined by the physician and the astrologer, who have consulted the stars for the moment most favourable to the parents and to the future generations. The Solarians believe that no one may form such unions who has not first preserved his chastity during three days, who has performed any unworthy act, and who has not reconciled himself with God. Those, however, who from undue passion or necessity form relations with sterile or pregnant women are not obliged to conform to any ceremony. The magistrates, who are also priests, and the masters of science may not assume the office of generation without many days of abstinence since the use of the intellectual faculties, by weakening the animal passions, makes it impossible for them to transmit to their offspring due energy of brain. For it has been observed that the children of such parents are often weak of body and lacking in intelligence. They are therefore united with women

who are lively, strong and beautiful. On the other hand, men who are ardent and of cheerful temperament are required to mate with women who are cold and fragile. The Solarians hold that the children born of unions not contracted in accordance with such ordinances are governed only by fear of the law and of God, and will either publicly or in secret eventually be detrimental to the life of the republic. If the chosen union is unfruitful the woman is given to another mate; if she is found to be sterile, she becomes common property, but is denied a seat of honour among the matrons in the temple and at the common meal. This is decreed in order that none may, for reasons of excess, procure sterility by artificial means. Those who have conceived are exempted from all fatigue for fifteen days. They are then given light employment, which is gradually increased and are fed under the direction of the physicians. After child-birth they suckle and care for their children in common homes, especially designed for the purpose. The infants are nursed by the mothers for two years and are then placed under the supervision of masters and mistresses. At the age of two begins, "almost as an amusement" the learning of the alphabet, games and stories. Children who are deficient or feeble-minded are sent into the country, where they are given out-of-door training, until they are pronounced sufficiently strong to return to the life and work of the City. Yet, for the most part, since they are born under the same favourable star and bred up under the same happy surroundings, the children are alike in temperament and understanding and feel for each other an enduring love and solicitude.

"If however," adds the Admiral—and we are glad to know that the Solarians take account of human weakness—"if a man conceives a violent passion for a woman, it is permitted to him to exchange jokes, flowers, and verses with her." It is even permitted, in the open

porticoes of the city, to engage her "in a modest dance", but if in the judgment of the state they are unsuited for a closer relation, none is permitted. No woman is allowed to disguise her physical deficiencies, either by dress or cosmetics, but since all are trained in physical culture and strengthened by out-of-door work, they are, for the most part, robust and comely. Neither laziness or a life of idleness is permitted to women. Neither does any Solarian citizen scorn any work as menial. All essential duties, being shared by every member of the community, are therefore performed willingly and without drudgery."

"But tell me again," urges the Grand Master, "if these people are not sometimes possessed by the passions of envy and jealousy, of selfishness or ambition?"

"No", replied the Admiral, "this is not the case, since each one enjoys all that life has to give. They believe that they have been brought into the world by a religious act, ordained for the benefit of the republic, and not for the satisfaction of the individual; and for this reason they willingly obey the decrees of the magistrate. Unlike ourselves they deny that it is natural for a man to desire special advantages for his offspring, or to possess for himself alone a wife, a house, a family; holding rather, with St. Thomas, that the purpose of procreation and being is the perpetuation and improvement of the race. They believe that the evils which they perceive in the public life of other nations are due to their ignorance of the functions of procreation and education and that they, who are better instructed in the more perfect way, should therefore obey the wise provisions of their rulers as the first duty and element of happiness of a people."

"They believe further that from homes such as abound in other lands, where the rich live in luxury and are supported in their idleness by the labours of others, come malefactors and intriguers who do evil to the public weal.

pride is deemed by them to be the most abhorrent of vices. No man among them believes himself to be dishonoured if he serves at table, in the kitchen or the infirmary. All work is called a ministry and none are servants. "Naples," comments Campanella, descending abruptly from the ideal to the real, "is populated by 70,000 persons, only 10,000 or 15,000 of whom work. Some therefore are overworked, others lazy and indolent." In the Solar City each man performs every domestic service for himself and his manual duties occupy perhaps four hours daily: he is therefore able to walk, talk, and take part in scientific argument. "The Solarians are therefore both rich and poor. They are rich because they possess all things needful: they are poor because they possess nothing. And in this they follow the religious life of Christians and in particular the life of the Apostles."

The Grand Master who has listened to the story of the Admiral is amazed—as we are—at the ingenuity and the achievement of the rulers of the Solar City. He asks further to be instructed. "Is there then no disease, no wrongdoing in this State? Is no child slow of intellect, no man blind or lame? Is no justice needed because no sins are committed?"

"You must know," answers the Admiral "that the Solarians, born and conceived under the same star, of parents chosen by the state, are rarely subject to disease or prone to evil. Yet these are considered and sometimes occur. As we have said, the delicate child is trained in the country, to outdoor and manual labour: the blind are taught to weave and the lame lend the light of their eyes to those who are in darkness. Even the clear voices of those who can neither see nor walk are raised for the comfort of the community. So nothing is lost and none, except those in an age of decrepitude, are exempted from work." Certain diseases are rare or unknown in the Solar City, because

of its ordered life. Bodies are kept clean by exercise, the use of the bath and oils. Phthisis is rare, but is treated "with sweet baths, with milk diet, with out-of-door life in the fields;" syphilis is prevented by washing the body with wine; epilepsy is cured by prayer. Inflammatory fevers are healed by cold water; intermittent fevers by "sleep, music and gaiety." The Solarians have also discovered (before Voronoff!) the secret of the renewal of life, every seven years.

"Tell me now," asks the Grand Master, "how these people who live in peace, face and conduct war, how they deal with conquered enemies, how they meet with citizens of other countries."

"The Solarians," answers the Admiral, "detest war: yet they must prepare to meet their envious enemies and they undergo military training that they may be strong in the hour of need. War is decided upon by the Council, who after prayer and deliberation despatch to the enemy a priest who still seeks to preserve the peace. When this is impossible, he declares war in the name of the God of Vengeance, of Sabaoth and of the Exterminator of the Wicked. During war all power passes into the hands of the triumvir, Power. The Solarians surpass all other nations in their knowledge of stratagem and armaments. Women and children accompany the troops to battle, withdrawing in moments of danger and returning after action to serve and comfort the wounded. "Their presence gives inestimable aid to the armies: not a few among these perform prodigies of valour and it is love which causes them to return victorious." Military triumphs are celebrated by public meetings, prayer, and the crowning of the conquerors. A soldier charged with cowardice is condemned to death unless mercy is craved by the entire army, who take upon themselves a part of his punishment. He who has not succoured his friend in danger is beaten with rods and the mutinous soldier is condemned to fight with wild beasts, armed

only by a rod: should he obtain the victory (which, we are told, is rare!) he is again admitted to citizenship. Conquered cities or territories are required to adopt the communal life and are governed by the Solarians, sending their children to the Solar City to be instructed in the more perfect way.

Commerce is carried on with other nations, who are allowed to bring merchandise for sale to the gates of the City, where they are paid for by exchange or by money coined by the Solarians not for their own use, but for purchase only. They are skillful navigators, "having ships propelled without either oars or sails" and have already mastered, secretly, the art of flying—"that one art," adds Campanella, half a century after Leonardo, "which is yet denied to man." They have invented astronomical instruments and believe the day to be at hand when they may have so perfected acoustics as to be able to listen to "the music of the spheres."

"Yet evil exists," admits the Admiral, we are sure reluctantly—"even in the Solar Republic. Yet not all evil. For thieves, traitors, adulterers, assassins—these wrong-doers whose sin springs from another state of society than ours, are unknown among our people. The Solar City still suffers from moral guilt—from ingratitude, laziness, anger, lying." These are considered as legal offences and are punished by the deprivation of the common meal, or of sexual relations, or of honours, as is judged right. "The Gran Metafisico is the Chief Justice and Governor of the State, aided by the triumvirs, Power, Wisdom and Love." Every new and every full moon there is a public assembly when every offender is judged. There are no prisons in the Solar City, (they were not tolerable to the imagination of the man who was condemned to the life of a dungeon cell) but only high towers for enemies or traitors. Criminals are stoned or killed by the hand of the people, and no executioner exists. Capital punishment and

the "Lex Talionis" may be administered. Pardon may be granted, but of grace, not for reasons of justice. The guilt of every individual weighs upon the city as a common sin. The condemned criminal is exhorted to repentance and to acceptance of his just fate as an expiation of the city's evil. Punishment in every case is fitted to the crime. The laws, few, short, and clear, are written upon bronze tablets upon the walls of the temple, and with them an exposition of the virtues. Under each definition sits a judge charged with the office of judging sins against the virtue he expounds. He addresses the offender, saying: "Son, you have sinned against this holy definition. Read..." And after discussion, the criminal receives the due reward of his guilt.

"Last of all," concludes the admiral, "I shall speak to you of the Solarian religion. This people believes in the immortality of the soul, which is in an after life associated with good or evil spirits, according to merit. The high temple of the city hears four times during the day the praises of God sung by the magistrate-priests." One man, chosen from the people, and relieved every hour, prays always in the temple. Hymns and sacred dances are performed. The private prayer of the citizen simple: "he prays only for health of mind and body, for happiness for himself and all men, ending with the petition: As God wills." Public prayers and confession of the sins of the community are performed in the temple. Once during the year the Gran Metafisico asks of the assembled people for one who will offer himself a sacrifice for sin, and a victim is accepted who is tied to a small altar, for thirty or forty days, fed scantily and offered as a sacrifice to God. At the end of his period of fasting and prayer he is released and usually received into the priesthood.

The Solarians believe in two principles—Being and Non-Being,—Good and Evil. Sin, they believe, springs from

the lack of the three great principles which govern the republic—power, wisdom and love. He who knows the good and has the power to do good, and does not will good, is evil. Wrong-doing in the individual results in evil to the community, since the child, innocent of his father's guilt, yet bears the resulting pain and penalty. It is because of this principle of heredity that the Solarians found their state upon the science of eugenics and education.

Finally, as they look into the future, the Solarians trust in the evolution of a more perfected humanity, since they believe that in their days more progress has been experienced than in the preceding centuries. They look to see accomplished in one hundred years of the future, more wonderful things than have been known in four thousand of the past. "Now the world waits on great events, since God is great, and he has made man free." "So,"—says the Genoese Admiral, but we feel that he speaks the words not of himself but from the very heart of the imprisoned dreamer,—"so, if a philosopher could be tortured for forty hours and no torment could draw a word from him because he had determined to keep silent, neither can the stars move or change us, and God has made us free. He will not force either himself, nor any one against him."

This was the vision of the imprisoned Dominican friar of the 17th century. Is it not true that in his dream is much that is the business and the most pressing business of our lives today? Is there not little for which we strive of which he has not foreseen or understood something—this medieval heretic? The city of the Sun purports to be truly a workable scheme, and it is, so far as my knowledge teaches me, more practical, more possible, than the Utopias which it follows or precedes, those which sprung from the mind of Plato, or of Sir Thomas More, or of Bacon, or of Rousseau.

That it was flawless even its author

did not hold. For Campanella's busy mind not only evolved the scheme of his republic, but set down also the criticism which might be levelled against it, and his answer. For the most part he is concerned in defending his thesis of communal sexual intercourse against the charge of heresy and a sin against nature. His assertions will hardly carry conviction to his readers, nor perhaps did they satisfy himself. But he does carry us with him, I think, in his defence of the value of a vision such as his. "It is perhaps true," he cries—I paraphrase his words, "it is perhaps true that such a republic has never existed, nor will exist, nor do we hope for its existence. It is perhaps true that men will never submit themselves to a law of such austerity. It is perhaps true that love of self can never be wholly rooted out of the heart of man. But in the centuries of the past how many prophets, philosophers and poets have described their vision of the ideal life? Who has perfectly followed it? What nation or what individual can imitate the perfect life of Christ? Were the Gospels then written in vain? Every man who has conceived of human life under the conditions of the ideal has done so because he believed that such an imitation, however far we may be from its perfect realization, will yet bring us nearer to happiness and perfection. We have set forth our republic as the product of the philosophical mind and of the human reason, to show the truth of the Gospel. If we may not perfectly realize its ideal, not for this is it written in vain. For we have imagined our Republic as those who wait the revelation of a better life, and it is as we live according to the dictates of reason and religion that we deserve to come into such an inheritance."

In the more spiritual moments of his later years Campanella renounced his hopes for the realization of his ideal republic, and charged himself with the sin of presumption. For had he not, in his own person, looked to be its

Messiah, the Redeemer of his people? Depending upon his own strength alone he had sought to work out his ideal. But what—in his own words—was that ideal? It was as we have seen, to “better the common fate—migliorar la comun sorte.”

Surely we who strive to work for the more ideal life of our generation and for those who shall come after, could find no more worthy cause to follow.

To better the common fate: the lot of every man—is it not this toward which all our ideals of social reform and betterment aim? And when we read the story of the dream of a fellow-worker, written nearly four hundred years ago, when all the forces of man seemed to work against him, shall we not take heart to fight our battle, with the help of all men of goodwill, for the betterment of the common fate of humanity?

Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XI

THE REWARD OF GENTLENESS,— THE BLACK ACT

THE year 1906 was well under way when this re-registration was completed. I had re-entered the Transvaal in 1903 and opened my office in Johannesburg about the middle of that year. Two years had thus passed in merely resisting the inroads of the Asiatic Department. We all expected now that re-registration would satisfy the Government and confidently looked forward to a period of comparative peace for the community. But that was not to be. The reader has been already introduced to Mr. Lionel Curtis. This gentleman held, that the whites had not attained their objective simply because the Indians changed their old permits for new certificates of registration. It was not enough in his eyes, that great measures were achieved by mutual understanding. He was of opinion that these should have the force of law behind them, and that thus only could the principles underlying them be secured for all time. Mr. Curtis wanted some such restrictions to be placed upon Indians as would produce a striking impression all over South Africa and ultimately serve as a model for the other Dominions of the Empire to imitate. He would not consider the

Transvaal to be safe so long as even a single point in South Africa was open to Indians. Again, re-registration by mutual consent was calculated to increase the prestige of the Indian community while Mr. Curtis was keen upon lowering it. He would not care to carry Indian opinion with him but would frighten us into submission to external restrictions backed up by rigorous legal sanctions. He, therefore drafted an Asiatic Bill and advised the Government that so long as his Bill was not passed, there was no provision in the laws already in force to prevent the Indians from surreptitiously entering the Transvaal or to remove unauthorised residents from the country. Mr. Curtis' arguments met with a ready response from the Government, and a draft Asiatic Law Amendment Ordinance to be introduced into the Legislative Council was published in the Transvaal Government Gazette.

Before dealing with this Ordinance in detail, it would be well to dispose of an important event in a few words. As I was the author of the Satyagraha movement, it is necessary to enable the reader fully to understand some events of my life. The Zulu 'rebellion' broke out in Natal just while attempts were thus being made to impose further disabilities upon Indians in the Transvaal, I doubted then and doubt even

now if the outbreak could be described as a rebellion, but it has always been thus described in Natal. Now as in the Boer War, many White residents of Natal joined the army as volunteers. As I too was considered a resident of Natal, I thought I must do my bit in the war. With the community's permission, therefore, I made an offer to the Government to raise a Stretcher-bearer Corps for service with the troops. The offer was accepted. I therefore broke up my Johannesburg home and sent my family to Phoenix in Natal where my co-workers had settled and from where 'Indian Opinion' was published. I did not close the office as I knew I would not be away for long.

I joined the army with a small corps of twenty or twenty-five men. Most of the provinces of India were represented even on this small body of men. The corps was on active service for a month. I have always been thankful to God for the work which then fell to our lot. We found that the wounded Zulus would have been left uncared for, unless we had attended to them. No White would help to dress their wounds. Dr. Savage, who was in charge of the ambulance, was himself a very humane person. It was no part of our duty to nurse the wounded after we had taken them to the hospital. But we had joined the war with a desire to do all we could, no matter whether it did or did not fall within the scope of our work. The good Doctor told us that he could not induce Whites to nurse the Zulus, that it was beyond his power to compel them and that he would feel obliged if we undertook this mission of mercy. We were only too glad to do this. We had to cleanse the wounds of several Zulus which had not been attended to for as many as five or six days and were therefore stinking horribly. We liked the work. The Zulus could not talk to us, but from their gestures and the expression of their eyes they seemed to feel as if God had sent us to their succour.

The work for which we had enlisted

was also fairly heavy for sometimes during the month we had to perform a march of as many as forty miles a day.

The Corps was disbanded in a month. Its work was mentioned in despatches. Each member of the Corps was awarded the medal especially struck for the occasion. The Governor wrote a letter of thanks. The three sergeants of the Corps were Gujaratis, Shriyuts Umiashankar Shelat, Surendrarai Medh, and Hari-shankar Joshi. All the three had a fine physique and worked very hard. I cannot just now recall the names of the other Indians, but I well remember that one of these was a Pathan, who used to express his astonishment on finding us carrying as large a load as, and marching abreast of, himself.

While I was working with the Corps, two ideas which had long been floating in my mind became firmly fixed. First, an aspirant after a life exclusively devoted to service must lead a life of celibacy. Secondly, he must accept poverty as a constant companion through life. He may not take up any occupation which would prevent him or make him shrink from undertaking the lowliest of duties or largest risks.

Letters and telegrams, asking me to proceed to the Transvaal at once, had poured in, even while I was serving with the Corps. On return from the war, therefore, I just met the friends at Phoenix and at once reached Johannesburg. There I read the draft Ordinance referred to above. I took the Transvaal Government Gazette Extraordinary of August 22nd 1906 in which the Ordinance was published home from the office. I went up a hill near the house in the company of a friend and began to translate the draft ordinance into Gujarati for 'Indian Opinion.' I shuddered as I read the sections of the Ordinance one after another. I saw nothing in it except hatred of Indians. It seemed to me that if the Ordinance was passed and the Indians meekly accepted it, that would spell absolute ruin for the Indians in South Africa. I clearly saw that this was

a question of life and death for them. I further saw that even in the case of memorials and representations proving fruitless, the community must not sit with folded hands. Better die than submit to such a law. But how were we to die? What should we dare and do so that there would be nothing before us except a choice of victory or death? An impenetrable wall was before me, as it were, and I could not see my way through it. I must acquaint the reader with the details of the proposed measure, which shocked me so violently. Here is a brief summary of it:

Every Indian, man, woman or child of eight years or upwards, entitled to reside in the Transvaal, must register his or her name with the Registrar of Asiatics and take out a certificate of registration.

The applicants for registration must surrender their old permits to the Registrar, and state in their applications their name, residence, caste, age, etc. The Registrar was to note down important marks of identification upon the applicant's person, and take his finger and thumb impressions. Every Indian who failed thus to apply for registration before a certain date was to forfeit his right of residence in the Transvaal. Failure to apply would be held to be an offence in law for which the defaulter could be fined, sent to prison or even deported within the discretion of the court. Parents must apply on behalf of their minor children and bring them to the Registrar in order to give their finger impression, etc. In case of parents failing to discharge this responsibility laid upon them, the minor on attaining the age of sixteen years must discharge it himself, and if he defaulted, he made himself liable to the same punishments as could be awarded to his parents. The certificate of registration issued to an applicant must be produced before any police officer whenever and wherever he may be required to do so. Failure thus to produce the certificate would be held to

be an offence for which the defaulter could be fined or sent to prison. Even a person walking on public thoroughfares could be required to produce his certificate. Police officers could enter private houses in order to inspect certificates. Indians entering the Transvaal from some place outside it must produce their certificates before the inspector on duty. Certificates must be produced on demand in courts which the holder attended on business, and in revenue offices which issued to him a trading or bicycle licence. That is to say, if an Indian wanted any Government office to do for him something within its competence, the officer could ask to see his certificate before granting his request. Refusal to produce the certificate or to supply such particulars or means of identification as may be prescribed by regulation would be also held to be an offence for which the person refusing could be fined or sent to prison.

I have never known legislation of this nature being directed against free men in any part of the world. I know that indentured Indians in Natal are subject to a drastic system of passes, but these poor fellows can hardly be classed as free men. However even the laws to which they are subject are mild in comparison to the ordinance outlined above and the penalties they impose are a mere fleabite when compared with the penalties laid down in the ordinance. A trader with assets running into *lacs* could be deported and thus faced with utter ruin in virtue of the ordinance. And the patient reader will see later on how persons were even deported for breaking some of its provisions. There are some drastic laws directed against criminal tribes in India, with which this Ordinance can be easily compared and will be found not to suffer by the comparison. The giving of finger prints, required by the Ordinance, was quite a novelty in South Africa. With a view to see some literature on the subject, I read a volume

on finger impressions by Mr. Henry, a police officer, from which I gathered that finger prints are thus required by law only from criminals. I was therefore shocked by this compulsory requirement regarding finger prints. Again, the registration of women and children under sixteen was proposed for the first time by this Ordinance.

The next day there was held a small meeting of the leading Indians to whom I explained the Ordinance word by word. It shocked them as it had shocked me. One of them said in a fit of passion, "If any one came forward to demand a certificate from my wife, I would shoot him on that spot and take the consequences." I quieted him, and addressing the meeting said, "This is a very serious crisis. If the Ordinance were passed and if we acquiesced in it, it would be imitated all over South Africa. As it seems to me, it is designed to strike at the very root of our existence in South Africa. It is not the last step, but the first step with a view to hound us out of the country. We are therefore responsible for the safety, not only of the ten or fifteen thousand Indians in the Transvaal but of the entire Indian community

in South Africa. Again, if we fully understand all the implications of this legislation, we shall find that India's honour is in our keeping. For the Ordinance seeks to humiliate not only ourselves but also the motherland. The humiliation consists in the degradation of innocent men. No one will take it upon himself to say that we have done anything to deserve such legislation. We are innocent, and insult offered to a single innocent member of a nation is tantamount to insulting the nation as a whole. It will not therefore do to be hasty, impatient or angry. That cannot save us from this onslaught. But God will come to our help, if we calmly think out and carry out in time measures of resistance, presenting a united front and bearing the hardship, which such resistance brings in its train." All present realised the seriousness of the situation and resolved to hold a public meeting at which a number of resolutions must be proposed and passed. A Jewish theatre was hired for the purpose.

Translated by V. G. Desai.

(To be continued)

Indo-Chinese Civilisation

By C. F. ANDREWS

THE article, which I wrote for the June number of "Current Thought," on Indo-Chinese Civilisation, gained a far wider notice in the Press than I had ever expected. I have also received personally so many letters about the subject, that it is clear the account of this Hindu Empire in the Far East has extraordinary interest for the Indian public as a whole. I would, therefore, continue the same subject, adding some more information about this rediscovered Hindu Kingdom. On a later occasion,

I hope to go further forward in my narrative to that field of Hindu-Buddhist spiritual conquest, which has been called by Sir Aurel Stein, 'Serindia.' This name has been given to a region in the North West and Centre of Asia, which is now dried up and turned into a sandy waste, but was once covered by an amazing Hindu civilisation. Among the letters that I have received, one from an unknown friend in Central India, seems to me to be of special interest and importance. It opens up a field of enquiry

which has not yet been fully explored. The letter is from Thakur Bhagwan Singh Kamboja, the Dewan of Rewa State. I am sure that he will gladly give me permission to publish it in full, as follows:

"It is most kind of you to take up the cause so sympathetically of the old Kamboja Race of Kshatriyas, who are called in India 'Kamboh,' and Cambodians in Cambodia. In the time of Mahabharat, Maharaja Sudakshan, the Kamboja king, with an Akshoni force, sided with the Kaurawas and was killed by Arjuna. The Kambojas, now commonly called Kamboh in the U. P. and Punjab, are the followers of Sikhism, Brahminism, Jainism and Muhammadanism. Their population is 1½ lacs in India, so far known.

"They migrated to Cambodia from Kabul and Multan side, via Sindh. They, with their priests, the Saraswat Brahmins, were once great traders and ship-builders. The Kambojas gave very stubborn opposition to the first Muhammadan invaders, in the 8th Century. The Punjab, Sindh and Gujarat were once populated by this Kshatriya caste. They invaded Magadha (Behar) and Bengal; and a pillar at Dinajpur is still reminding us of the glory of this warrior nation, bearing the date of 1060 Vikrami.

"It was my earnest desire to accompany Sir Rabindranath Tagore to Cambodia last year, when I read in the papers that he was going to visit Cambodia and Java; but my circumstances never allowed me to fulfil that desire.

"The Kambojas of India are also a dying race to-day. About four years ago, I convened a conference, called 'The All-India Kamboja Conference,' at Amritsar, in the Punjab; and this is now annually holding its sessions at different places. Dr. Zia-ud-din Ahmad C. I. E., of M. A. O. College, belongs to this very community, and so was Gene-

ral Shahwaz Khan, who conquered Bengal and Assam in the days of Akbar.

"The Kamboja Sikhs played a very important part in Sikh history too. Master Sundar Singh of Lyallpur, the great educationist among the Akalis, belongs to this caste.

"Your pious wish, in your memorable and undying words: 'It is to me a matter of intense and earnest longing, that some at least of the treasures of religious wisdom and devotion stored up in India, should reach this Hindu race in its day of adversity and save it from extinction, just as a drowning man may be saved from utter death even at the last moment of exhaustion by a timely outstretched hand,' cannot remain unfulfilled, as it comes from a heart full of love and love is God; and hence from God himself.

"The mention of this race is found in some French books, as also in Japanese ones. It may be in Chinese too.

"Ramayan, Mahabharat, Harivansh Puran, Manu Smriti, are the books wherein some mention is made about the Kambojas.

"How is Kamboja changed into Cambodia? In Sanskrit 'y' is changed into 'j,' as we call Jamna or Yamna. D is silenced. In old atlases, Cambodia is written Camboj, Cambodge. There is a book in French called 'Le Cambodge.'

"The features of Indian Kambojas, especially of Multan and Montgomery, much resemble those of Cambodians.

"My researches, regarding this race, which are mostly from Indian books, are lying at Allahabad; and so I am unable to-day to quote from them, for your information. But may God give me an opportunity to lay at your feet what is known by us from our books, and to formulate a proposal to help our brethren in Cambodia in any humble possible way, which may be open for my poor caste-fellows, the Kambojas of this country.

"Will you most kindly give me the name of the traveller and the name of the book, which you have quoted in the article, so that I may also enjoy the reading of that book?

"I belong to this very race of Kambojas, and hence am interested much more than anybody else. Any information kindly given by you in connection with this civilisation will deeply oblige all the Kambojas of India.

"Your article has put in me a great hope for the cause. Before you, a gentleman by name of Mr. Garner—perhaps a French explorer—had similarly done much to throw light on Cambodia. A mention of this is found in 'Fergusson's History of Architecture of India and Indo-China, Vol. 23.'

The letter ends at this point. and I have written a full answer to the writer, thanking him for giving me so much valuable information.

I am making enquiries with regard to the connection between the Kamboja religious body referred to, and the people of Cambodia in Indo-China. In the next number of 'Current Thought' I shall hope to deal with this subject. Meanwhile, I would add some further details with regard to Cambodia itself. I have obtained them from different writings on the subject, and especially from a valuable article by Col. Yule in the 9th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

The name 'Khmer,' which was given to the empire and dynasty of Cambodia, in the most flourishing days of Indo-China, is found in Arabic writings as 'Koma.' We have the records of two early migrations from the valley of the Ganges into this part of Asia. One of these records states, that a mission went forth at the time of Emperor Asoka and was successful in colonising 'Suvarna Bhumi.' It is not unlikely that this refers to Indo-China. The second Indian

emigration appears to have been from the North-west; and we have definitely the name of Kamboja as that of a race in the North-west of the Punjab, which took part in this second expedition. The Western region referred to, in this ancient tradition about the second emigration, is called also by the name of Rom. This probably has reference to the Rome of the Western world, the name of which had reached as far as the North-west of India.

One very striking fact is of great importance. In Ptolemy's map of the Indo-Chinese coast, the names of the places given are nearly all in Sanskrit. This must show that, in his time, the Hindu colonisation had already taken place.

There is a very strong tradition in Cambodia connecting the land with the name of Buddha-Ghosha. The date of this connection with Buddha-Ghosha would be about the middle of the 5th Century A.D. It is interesting to find that one of the kings of the middle fifth century A. D. was Phutamma Surivong, i.e., Padma Suryavansi. This period appears to have been one of the two greatest in the history of Cambodia. In Chinese records, the country is called Chin La, and it was noted for its splendour and its gold. The proverb 'as rich as Chin La' has become a part of the Chinese language. From the fifth century A. D. onwards the Khmer Empire flourished and the whole of the peninsula, which is now occupied by Siam and Burma, seems to have owned allegiance to the Khmer Hindu kings. An interesting record of the intercourse between Ceylon and Cambodia is found in the annals of Prakrama of Ceylon (1555 A. D.).

In the year A. D. 1300, we get a very complete picture of Chin La, or Cambodia, given by an envoy from Pekin. This has been translated for us by the French scholar Abel Remusat. The wri-

ter's truthfulness is shown by the extraordinary accuracy of his descriptions of the monuments of Hindu architecture which he saw. It is evident, from this picture given by the Chinese envoy, that the kingdom of Cambodia was then already on the decline. The barbarian invasions from the North had constantly swept over the land, and the power of resistance had been weakened. Then, at the end of the XVI Century, the European invasion began. The expeditions from Europe were nothing else than barbarian invasions of a new type and character. The Spaniards, Dutch and English, all engaged in this piracy, plunder and loot. The scene of the decaying Empire, with these ravenous invaders eagerly intent upon blood and spoil reminds us of the sayings of Christ; 'Wheresoever the carcass is, there shall the vultures be gathered!' For these buccaneering expeditions by sea completed the ruin which had been wrought by the barbarian invasions from the north.

The ancient capital of Cambodia, as I related in my former article, was Angkor. When Angkor was at the height of its splendour, it was probably one of the most magnificent cities in the world. The whole circumference of its walls was eight and a half miles, and they were thirty feet high with five gates. The original name of Angkor was Indra-prasthapuri,—so named after the capital of the Pandus, mentioned in the Mahabharat. One of the strangest legends with regard to the ruined monuments of Cambodia is, that they were erected by Alexander the Great. This legend, along with the tradition, already noted, that a second emigration came to Cambodia from the North-west of India, makes it not impossible that the religious body called the Kambojas, which is referred to in the letter quoted above, was the second founder of the Hindu empire in South-eastern Asia. The use

of the word 'Rom' is also significant in this connexion.

One further point remains to be mentioned. In some of the ruins which still remain standing there are pilasters, which are undoubtedly Roman-Doric in character, and this Roman-Doric architecture occurs over and over again. Pilasters of a similar kind are found in the North-west of India.

What was the actual worship in this temple at Angkor? It is difficult now to ascertain with any completeness. Certainly there was a very strong Buddhist element in that ancient religious cult, but Hindu worship also had a prominent place, and Mr. Fergusson traces monuments of Naga worship also.

With regard to the Cambodians today the following is a description by Col. H. Yule: "Khmers are tall, well and strongly built, showing less of Mongoloid feature than any of the other nations of Indo-China. They are good natured, but apathetic, and leave all the trouble and gains of trade to Chinese, Anamites and Malayas. Their religion is Buddhism of the usual Indo-China type. But they keep the hair short, leaving a top tuft. They wear the Languti, using the Hindu name for it."

The Government of the Khmers today is that of a personal monarchy with a second king, known as Yuvaraj, in attendance. The country is now under the protection of the French, who have tried as little as possible to interrupt the traditional customs and have protected the Khmers themselves from being overrun by the Chinese and Anamites and other races. It should not be impossible to revive the ancient Hinduism, which has become moribund owing to centuries of neglect. There is still, as my last article showed, a deep religious sentiment among the people and a high ideal of learning. Undoubtedly the Hindu spirit still remains predominant.

What is needed is the sympathy of modern Hinduism in order to create, among these Indo-Chinese, a passionate love for Hindu religious culture and an eager desire to spread its blessings to mankind.

Among the many other letters which I have received, that which was sent to me from the Agent of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal Mutt, Kumbakonam, interested me most of all. The letter itself and my reply to it will be found below. As I have said, I shall hope in a future number to deal with the Hindu civilisation in Central Asia when I have finished my present subject. The story of this Indian emigration is even more fascinating and romantic than the story which I have just told about Cambodia.

Dear Sir,

I have been commanded by His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya Swami of Kanchi Kamakoti Peeta, Kumbakonam, to address the following few lines to you re: the island of Java, a brief history of which is published under your signature in the pages of the "Current Thought".

His Holiness takes special interest in the investigation of the ancient Hindu Civilization in Java and keeps frequent correspondence with the scholars who are conversant with the Javanese literature, its ancient religion and civilization.

After perusing your appealing articles, His Holiness wishes to gather some more information (noted below) of which you may have a knowledge through your personal investigation.

1. Every Brahmin here belongs to a certain special Sakha of the Vedas and his worldly life is regulated by a certain Sutra pertaining to that Sakha. The Sakhas are Rig, Yajus, Sama and Atharvana Vedas and the Sutras are Aswalayana, Apastamba, Drahyayana, Kathyayana and the

like. As far as you are aware, do the Brahmins of Bali preserve the Vedas, and is every family attached to a special Sakha of them? Do the Sutras survive there or at least does the pure Sanskrit language live there besides the Kawi?

2. Do the Brahmins of Bali practise the Ahimsa Dharma in the form of abstaining from animal food like the Brahmins of South India?

3. From the sources to which we have access we come to know, only that Cambodia is under French protection. Do the French have direct control over the country or do the Khmers own any nominal kingdom under French protection, just as the Balinese Chief under Dutch suzerainty?

4. Can you give the names (as far as you are aware) of all English works relating to the modern and ancient condition of the Aryan Culture and of the peoples of Java and Bali in the form of description, of travels or history?

We would be much grateful to you if you can kindly spare a little time to favour us with a reply to the above enquiries in the midst of your multifarious and more important calls.

Yours ever sincerely,

20th June 1925.

AGENT.

I have answered personally His Holiness's kind letter and have told him how thankful I have been to hear that he is so deeply interested in Hindu culture in the Far East. With regard to his questions the following are my answers:

1. I have not got sufficient knowledge of the domestic life of the Brahmins of Bali and Java to know whether the life is regulated by the Sutra of the special Sakha of the Veda referred to in His Holiness's letter. I am not quite certain about the script used in the Sanskrit Manuscript of Bali, but I have been told that it was the Brahmi script.

2. I was not able to get to Bali personally. Therefore I cannot be quite certain whether

the Brahmins there abstain from animal food.

3. The Khmer kings in Cambodia have a nominal rule under the French protection, just as the Balini chief has a nominal rule under Dutch protection. There is little difference between them.

4. A list of books on Java may be quoted as follows:—

1. *The History of Java*. By T. S. Raffles, 2 Vols.

2. *History of the Indian Archipelago*. By John Crawford. 1820.

3. *Notices of the Indian Archipelago and adjacent countries* (including Java, Bali and Siam). By J. H. Moor. 1837.

4. *A Visit to Java*. By W. Basil Worsfold, London. 1893.

5. *Catalogus der Maleische, Javansche en Kawi Handschriften van het Bataviaasch*

Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen. Batavia. 1872.

6. *Java: the Land of Perpetual Life and Beauty*. By Capt. A. Akin-Higgins Boston.

7. *Java the Garden of the East*—By E. R. Scidmore, New York. 1912.

8. *Monumental Java*. By J. F. Scheltema, London. 1912.

9. *Tropical Holland, Java and Other Islands*. By Torchina, University of Chicago Press. 1923.

It will be the greatest pleasure to me, if the Hindu community, through its religious orders, can send out once more to those sacred lands those who will restore the message and the culture of Hindu religion among these people, who were once so fully under its sway.

C. F. A.

Long Preparations for Peace

BY MRS. C. A. F. RHYS DAVIDS.

It is written in an old Latin play: 'You ought to make long preparations for war, in order that you may more quickly conquer'. On these words I wrote, in a little work *The Will to Peace*: 'The best advice we have hitherto got from our statesmen and our journalists is just that, but with the better reason substituted: in order that you may better defend yourselves and the weak peoples. But where do we yet hear the advice of the sons of the new world that now is ours: You ought to make long preparations for peace, that war may more quickly die out? What long preparations are we making with whole-hearted good will, in councils and conferences, in school and home, in the press and in our conversation, for peace? As the saying goes, we have never given peace a chance.'

The reviewer of my book in *CURRENT THOUGHT* believes that the way to world

peace is barred till the race-problem is solved. Now I do not think, nor will he be thinking, that this 'race-problem' bars the way to our preparations for world-peace. World-peace is, as he rightly sees, of the most instant and desperate importance, and we cannot fold our hands and stay our long preparations till just this urgent, yet not universal problem—the race-question in India, the race-question in America—has found solution. Can we not be working at such preparations as do and will and must include both the removal of this obstacle and the ever recurring international jars in Europe? He finds that 'the self-consciousness of race-superiority in the West' tends rather to increase than to die out. Here history does not support him. We cannot measure the long, slow upward way of man by surface lapses here and there now and then. Let him take heart over what

is more true of to-day than what he fears, namely, that whenever intercourse and education are being keenly carried on, the sense of superiority in a given caste, nation, race becomes profoundly troubled. This sense is not peculiar to the West. Indian peoples have long felt the malady. And the more stationary, the less growing minds in any country will stiffen and assert that sense, the more it is troubled. But other minds are not standing still, are growing, and the former type of mind is being drawn, is slowly yielding ground.

What then are these long preparations for peace by which in the long run man may conquer war both within and without each caste, nation and race?

We do not hear so much of them as it would seem reasonable to expect. Why is it that our books are so plentiful and so eager over war, so scarce, so word-poor over peace? Why are our newspapers, our popular lectures, our talk so glib and lively on war, the next war, the next causes of war, the next seat of war, next bombs, next poison-gases, next war devices of air and sea and land, and so silent, so slack in wording will and plans for peace? Why do we most of us seem in a hurry to be fiddling while the time fuses for wiping us out are smouldering? One would think that the near memory of those years and these pictures of worse to come would raise a united world to will and to work and to word that these things shall never blast the earth again. Yet we are nearly dumb, we work little, we seem will-less.

There was a Roman empire, and men then would speak of a Pax Romana. We need not look too closely into that Pax, but since its day Europe has been chronically at war, no less than she used to be swept chronically by famine and by plague. The annals are there; we know that these things were. The intervals between wars were less a normal functioning of peace so much as a breathing-space and

making ready for the next war. We hear it said, that if India were given over to her own self-rule, internecine war would soon be chronic. We must be judging by the nearer case. A gentleman of Ceylon visiting us in 1912, when one of the South East European squabbles was raging, said: "I have come many times in my life to Europe but never, I believe, when in some part of her she was not at war."

There is another bad old maxim which bids us, if we will peace, prepare for war. But this is just what we have been doing. "The world has always been organized for force. We find ourselves now up against the extraordinary difficulty of organizing peace."* We have never tried seriously, wholeheartedly, unreservedly to do this. To hold the peace by preparing for war is only a phase in the 'tug-of-war.' It is in a way an effort to protract equilibrium, but it is truce, deferred war, not peace. So long as we think of armed peace, of peace as not war, of peace as what logic calls the contradictory, not the contrary of peace, we shall get no organization of a peace-world, we shall be facing war, rigid, dumb, afraid. We shall not have ordered our goings in the opposite way.

Is peace too abstract a term to think of practically. We of Britain are held to dislike abstractions. But war is no less abstract than peace, and we are voluble over war. Yet we are really voluble over not war in the abstract but the things that go, or have gone, or may go to make this or that state of war. We have tended in our much wording to avoid facing the real nature of war. And it is perhaps a hopeful sign if we do camouflage the real thing. It is a foolish evasion, but if we are really beginning to shrink from telling ourselves what war is, is come now to be, much as we shrink from much wording of disease and vice, there is hope that the outgrowing of it

* Mrs. H. Swanwick on 'Arbitration.' Women's International League, London, 1925.

is not so impossible or even so very far off as some hold.

* * *

Shall we then, for our long preparations, put aside peace as too widely abstract, and consider things that make for peace? Things like security, arbitration, disarmament. We are talking much about security. We are following a French lead. We feel we must herein follow, lest we be too insular. It is long since Dane and Norman drove their heel into our new English breast, and a good time since Dutch ships burnt ours in the Thames. Security of frontier is a wise and needful detail. But this much plotting of security between neighbours is not meet to head our preparations for peace. It is to put a detail of deference in the front rank of our dealings one with another. We do not in our, shall I say, housemanship, our housewomanship devote our attention chiefly to locks and burglar-alarms. We do not discuss with our neighbours how to make it hard for them to break in at night. We devote our attention chiefly to making our house comfortable, beautiful, hospitable.

But we may and do discuss with them comfort, beauty, hospitality, mutual aid. And we discuss these things when we are taking into account the well being of household, neighbours, visitors.

Have we not here a clue to the way in which to prepare for peace? It is a good thing to dwell secure, but security is not the object and aim of good neighbourship, or even of good citizenship.

Then there is arbitration. Herein, if security measures have failed to avert threatening attack, the intending would-be murderers, I mean, combatants, are to be invited, or must previously have pledged themselves to refer their quarrel to umpires. If the latter alternative—'have pledged themselves'—could be brought about and loyally followed up, our painful suspense would be over. We should see wars scrapped like duels for the most part have been and like very much of lynch law. The earth,

from the tribunal of calm adjustment, would come to look on wars as the devastating outbreak of some boys or some players who have not appealed to the umpire's ruling, and there are some of us in England now trying to move our Government to work for more extensive world-arbitration. It cannot secure world-peace till it is world-wide. Yet it is a preparation for peace, as are neutral zones, pledges to stand in or by, and partial disarmament. More power to such wise organization! They are not the real saving preparation for this reason: not because they can all be evaded, but because they can one and all be worked for, nay, achieved in the same spirit in which men have hitherto fought the spirit of mutual distrust, dislike, jealousy, ignorance, competition, animosity. They are rather symptoms of the war-sick, the war-weary, the war-tax-burdened, the war-scared than the forward movement of the healthy will.

Arbitration, security-measures, reduced armaments—can we be reasonably expected to get any further in peace preparations than these? We can and we must, or we shall in time see one and all of them knocked over or evaded and war's hell let loose again. What then was that clue suggested by our notion of the good householder?

He, or she, is one who secures comfort, beauty, hospitality in the house or estate by setting before him or herself the welfare of household, neighbour, visitor. Let us for 'peace', let us even for war-sick preparations undertaken in a war-latent spirit, substitute welfare, well being, or briefly 'well.' What is this 'well' that we seek in the very little world of the home and in its substitutes: The school, the club, the hostel, the hospital, the circle of friends? *Well* is that which we *will* to be, or bring to pass. Now we do will this more intimate, narrow *well*. We spend ourselves on it. We may be said in a way to breathe it out in our work, our plans, our talk. And if we are

householder, parent, brother, neighbour, schoolfellow, friend in the worthiest sense while willing *well* within these limits, it is not just *well* being of body or of mind that we will, it is the *well* of the very man, very woman, very child whom we know through those two instruments. But if we step outside these limits, if we confront the stranger, the bare acquaintance, the business acquaintance, in either fellow countryman or foreigner, our will for their *well* fades away too often at once. Either it becomes a washy abstraction, or it is changed into a neutral attitude, or into latent aloofness, not to say hostility. We are no longer breathing out will to well. We are either shut off, or we are watchful to acquit ourselves with effect, or we are hoping in some way to gain an advantage.

This last alternative—to gain an advantage is in plain words just about where our politicians still are. Is this unjust? There are individual exceptions, but I speak of the world of politics. The London *Times* bears me out. In an article of 1st June 1925 headlined and worded as a message of first class importance, it speaks of the fears of the French nationalists lest Downing Street have gained the upper hand, but hopes that even Die-hards will discover, that there is something greater than a victory over political opponents—and that is peace in our time." In these words the press-man damns the average political press of the day by reading it a lesson to will peace—'well'—rather than self-interest.

I have no will to be foolishly optimistic or pessimistic. I do but will to word truth and the really realizable in the will to get beyond war. I say that we shall only begin to get beyond war when we bring into politics, into trade, into all human intercourse outside the home-neighbour-friend circle that 'will to well' which we pursue inside that circle. We must not only make speeches, make professions, seeking to be picturesque about the welfare of our fellows; we

must definitely and specifically and constantly will it. It must radiate from us in all we do or say.

Most people, if they try to put this into practice beyond their intimate circle, will wonder to find how new a thing it is, how new, for all their vaguely accepted ideas, is the attitude! Few adopt this attitude when they seek business interviews, or sit on committees, or dine out or rise to speak. It is more usual to be occupied with the idea: how shall I acquit myself to the best advantage? But for whom?

I admit that my reviewer is right; that it is in a 'no,' in this 'change of mentality' that I see the one sure, really effective preparation for peace. I do not like his word. Mentality will never do it. I urge him and all my readers to put in its place the great little words 'will to well'. Let them make that as the very breath to their life. For to carry out this great adventure, to rise as men and women and stay war, we must think of ourselves not in terms of mind—that is, of the old, the beholding acquiescent world. We must think of ourselves as willers. We are a bookish world and a wordy world and a thought-chewing world. And thus we form ideas and discuss them, we keep up old ideas, read them, write them, so that our mentality is an artificial atmosphere enwrapping us. Thus with the ideas 'duty,' 'responsibility,' 'conversion to a creed,' 'moral benefit'—all 'ideas' of betterment—we may set about instructing advising some group of persons with a heart that is, really, a will full of latent enmity towards them. 'Mentality' has poisoned our will. But if we start with 'will to well' all that we think and do will flow from that and take its colours therefrom.

Here is a preparation which involves and includes the person exercised about race-supremacy, the person engaged in ruling our destinies, the person of the bureau, the person of the market. Yet it is a preparation that every one outside these limits can be no

less engaged upon. It would form a very magical heaven working in every line of our lives. It would form the one all-affecting preparation for peace. For peace is a factor, a very essential factor in the Well of the earth. It would not hinder the cautionary preparations of the war-sick nations, for these are efforts to ward off from earth the dread stupidity of another war. It would hinder much foolish pre-occupation with 'another war.' We should be too pre-occupied with the great and absorbing will to help towards well. Not that we should all need to run to and fro with this new way or that. We are most of us busy already. We need only to bring our businesses to this touchstone, this test: are they compatible with the well of my fellowmen? We need only to be willing that well as we carry on,

giving extra view to the will when we can. We need only, whatever be our sex or age, see that our will never lacks the 'mother' in it, see that it is a warding will.

Who will stand by us stricken mothers to ward the earth in this supreme preparation for peace? The sons of our heart who gladly gave themselves, to whom our bad old politics of self-interest and fear had left no other fate—they cannot word to us this mothering will to well. Who will speak for them? Will India who helped us then, help us yet more nobly now? No land is so the land of the mother as is she. Will she in mother-willing the well of her sons, mother even us also? Will she so help us to keep our promises to them who because of war are no more here to work for the well of the earth?

Indian and European Music

BY M. ROMAIN ROLLAND

With reference to M. Romain Rolland's views on Indian Music published in our issue for May last M. Rolland writes to us:

Dear Mr. Ganesan,—I read in the May number of CURRENT THOUGHT a letter from me to Mr. D. K. Roy which he has published with certain comments.

I request you to be so kind as to publish the following reply:

When two civilisations of art are compared with each other, there are two types of predilection which should be equally guarded against, viz., the nationalistic prejudice which consists in opposing against each other two entirely dissimilar values, and the universalistic predilection which finds resemblances between two exceedingly similar values.

Quite recently, a German nationalist has cited to me the names of La Fontaine and Beethoven, as representative types of the

one and the other with a view to establishing the fundamental distinction which, according to him, exists between French art and Teutonic art. It is clear that between these geniuses there exists really a great gulf; but it is only too easy to pit against each other different types of greatness belonging to different orders. In every people one could find the same sort of gulf between two creative geniuses and the abyss that separates the genius of La Fontaine from that of the Frenchman Cesar Franck or Delacroix or Courbet is not less deep than the abyss mentioned.

Mr. D. K. Roy adopts the same method and contrasts the harmonic art of the West with the melodic art of India. He sets an easy task for himself. The musical art of the West had its melodic period too before it entered upon the epoch of harmony. In order that the comparison might be just and fruitful, the melodic art of India should

have been compared with the melodic art of the West. It is indeed too often forgotten that the latter had once reached a state of sovereign splendour and reigned as the sole master for ten centuries in the West. It is mainly represented by the "Gregorian chant" (which should not be confounded with what it has degenerated into, viz., the "plain chant"); this Gregorian chant—the practice of which has been revived by the school of Benedictines of Solesmes—strictly homophonic, being sung by one voice or in unison by several voices without any harmonic accompaniment, was the most marvellous melodic garden which had ever blossomed with the most exquisite arabesques of vocal sounds deploying themselves like the warbles of birds. It was not merely confined to the church but it celebrated as well the joys of the re-birth of vernal Nature as much as it dealt with the emotions proper to the resurrection of Christ. For in those days no line of demarcation was drawn between the *secular* and the *religious*, and all songs were at once religious chants and bird-carols. This marvellous art had been the delight of Western Europe for centuries together and it is said that the Emperor Charles the Great (Emperor of Germany and Italy, King of France, in the ninth century) lost his throne because he passed his days in the intoxication of these beautiful songs instead of making ready for combating the Normans I know the high transports that this music can evoke. Even today I regard it as the jewel of the musical art of Europe. It is this European melodic art which should have been compared with the melodies of Asia. It is of course understandable that the vast majority of the public should remain ignorant of its existence: the vast public ignores a great many things; but such ignorance is less excusable on the part of a musical expert like Mr. D. K. Roy who ought to have first made a profound study of ancient European music before disposing of the European musical art in its entirety in a manner which is as abso-

lute as it is mistaken.

The essential difference between the music (and perhaps the entire civilisation) of Europe and that of India is that the former has been undergoing constant change from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries while the latter, though it evolves also, moves only at an infinitely less rapid pace. It appears that in certain respects Indian musical art has suddenly got arrested at its adolescent stage while European music has attained its full maturity. One does not compare two stages of evolution of the same art nearly so readily as one compares even two different arts.

Harmony had in the Occident tardy and difficult beginnings which were erudite and pedantic too. It asserted its supremacy only at the end of the fifteenth century, thanks to the labours of magnificent Franco-Flemish architects of sound who have built veritable cathedrals of music. It should not be forgotten either that till the end of the sixteenth century the dominating vogue was that of the "multiple modes" of the church, originating from the ancient Graeco-Asiatic modes, and that it was only after Monteverdi, at the beginning of the seventeenth century that the new reign of modern harmony, based on the major and minor tonalities, commenced. Thus all this harmonic music of Europe which Mr. D. K. Roy contrasts with the melodic music of Asia, has had only three centuries of existence. Its acme was not attained till in the eighteenth century from Handel to Beethoven. The nineteenth marks already its decline. To-day it has exhausted itself and it is trying to open up for itself fresh paths of development.

He who fails to note this perpetual evolution of European music with its feverish spirit of invention and renovation, will never understand it either. It has never remained stable or fixed. It is like the "Man who marches".*

*Title of a famous statue by Rodin.

Mr. D. K. Roy holds that a European could never truly appreciate Indian music because of the poetic and sentimental associations which are, for an Indian, attached to each of its melodies. Mr. Roy here confounds two elements which a really scientific analysis of the art should always distinguish: the technique of the art and the pure aesthetic value on the one hand,—and, on the other, the sentimental associations super-added by the imagination of the auditor, the effect of which process is indeed considerable but the intrinsic aesthetic value of which is nil.

We too in Europe have (and particularly had had in the past) songs and melodies which are for us associated with images, landscapes and special states of soul, and which could whenever we listened to them, lead us to the same reflections and associations, or overcome our hearts with emotion. Nevertheless these songs for all their intense appeal are not the less mediocre from the purely musical standpoint. Their richness is due to the fact that our imagination adds not a little to its appeal. A real musician should adjudge music in its bareness—denuded of all its sentimental phantasmas. Thus for instance when I have to pronounce on the merit of a descriptive page of Berlioz or of R. Strauss, I should be capable of estimating its intrinsic value, regardless of the subject-matter which it claims to treat about. Richard Strauss, master of descriptive symphony, has told me: "The subject-matter is only for me; the public has no need to know it. Is the music, intrinsically considered beautiful or not? Everything turns on this."

We have then no need, in our capacity as musicians, to know all your sentimental associations in order to appreciate the pure beauty of your Indian melodies. If they have an aesthetic value (and this is indeed very great) it must be intrinsic, in their lines, their colours and their form; and this value is independant of all emotional associations, since these latter only constitute

an element which is much too subjective, variable and foreign to the permanent essence of the art.

Do not think however that this element does not play an equally great part in our European taste. It is indeed rare, almost exceptional, for the hearer of a piece of music or the reader of a book to be able to judge the work in itself; he rather estimates it through his own self and attributes to it his individuality and emotions. One of the greatest of bibliopsychologues (*i.e.* those who have studied the psychology of books and of readers), the Russian N. Roubakine has laid it down as a law that a work of art is never received by the reader or the hearer precisely in the same spirit in which the creator conceived it, and that the richer and the more living a work of art, the more diverse are the forms which it ought to assume in the mind receiving it; so much so that the Hamlet of Shakespeare, for instance, has given birth to a multitude of Hamlet-interpretations which have no connection at all with the original English version current at about the end of the sixteenth century.

But the role of genuine scientific criticism of art is to disintegrate all these subjective elements and to try to take his firm stand on the sentimental alluvium beneath the basic granite—the solid and durable substance of the work of art. Criticism of art *ought* to do it and can do it in Europe just as well as in Asia, for though the atmosphere enveloping our lives may vary, the Indo-European soul is, in its intimate structure, essentially one and the same. One word more.

Mr. D. K. Roy has confidently attempted to contrast the variability of musical appreciation with the greater unity of literary appreciation. I shall establish, with the help of actual facts, just the reverse proposition. I do not know in France of ten artists who really understand and appreciate Shakespeare and Goethe, but I know in France of thousands who under-

stand and love Beethoven to the point of adoration. Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner have all said that the language of music is the language of the soul, the universal language. Without, however, making such a positive assertion, I can say that poetic language is richer in the diversity and variety of its elements, and more complicated than the language of music; for in poetry no sensation reaches up to our native senses in the intrinsically pure state, but it has to pass through a labyrinth of intermediary stages, rhythms, ideas, images and symbols. It is much easier to go astray here than in the case of appreciation of music whose language is homogeneous and sensorial. Undoubtedly we should secure the key to the appreciation of music, but when once we have this key, it will open all doors, whereas no key will be sufficient to open all the doors of a Goethe or a Dante. In these palaces of thought, there will always remain certain halls, certain floors, forever unexplored!

June 1925.

I Remain,

Sincerely yours,

(Sd.) ROMAIN ROLLAND.

(Translated by L. V. Ramaswamy Iyer.)

With reference to the above, Mr. D. K. Roy writes:

I had a desire to reply fully to this letter written by M. Rolland, so that my humble reply might be published in the same issue of CURRENT THOUGHT as that in which this letter has been published. But as it is a very thought-provoking letter that I have to deal with, I do not intend to reply to the same without having previously thought over the arguments carefully. However, I thank M. Rolland sincerely and warmly for having been at such pains to reply to my laconic comments so lengthily, with his usual depth of vision. I must nevertheless retain my misgivings. I will expound the reasons therefor at greater length later on. I will only confine my remarks at present to contending that I did not mean to compare the polyphonic music of Europe with the homophonic music of India. Nor did I want to compare a lower type of their music with the highest evolution of our melody, which is the import of his analogy of the German nationalist's remarks. For, surely, Monsieur Rolland does not mean to say that European harmony is inferior to her Georgian chant! In my reply I will try to show why and how our melodic music can be said to be fundamentally different from European melodic music both in outlook and line of development. So that it does not follow that it must needs appeal to the Occidental mind which generalises about the universality of music as an art only from the knowledge of Western music. I will try to show that M. Rolland takes for granted what he has to prove, which unconscious error results often enough when we generalise idealistically.

Health and the Alkalinity of Blood

BY THE HON. MR. JUSTICE V. RAMESAM

According to dietecians there is an important factor, in the preservation of health, besides vitamins, namely, the alkalinity of the blood, the supply of an adequate quantity of the alkaline elements in the food, so as to neutralise the acid-producing elements. The composition of the human body has been stated in the U.S.A. Bulletin No. 142 as follows:

	per cent.
Oxygen, about	... 65.00
Carbon, about	... 18.00

	per cent.
Hydrogen, about	... 10.00
Nitrogen, about	... 3.00
Calcium, about	... 2.00
Sodium, about	... 0.15
Magnesium, about	... 0.05
Iron, about	... 0.004
Phosphorous, about	... 1.00
Sulphur, about	... 0.25
Chlorine, about	... 0.15
besides very minute quantities of iodine, fluorine, silicon, aluminium, zinc, copper	

and manganese. Of the above the last three are acid-forming elements, that is, phosphorous, chlorine and sulphur. Phosphorous and sulphur are contained in proteid foods, and tend to produce phosphoric acid and sulphuric acid. This tendency has to be neutralised by a proper supply of the alkaline elements, namely, calcium, manganese, potassium and sodium. If the acid-forming elements are not duly neutralised by the alkaline elements, the condition called acidosis is produced which is either a potent cause of disease or aggravates disease conditions. Berg in his *Vitamines* refers to various observations that, in cases of severe diabetes, epileptic form of convulsions occurred as soon as acidosis set in. Shaw likewise found that when certain nerve degenerations were present, acidosis arose more readily and had a more powerful effect—as, for instances, in epilepsy, severe malaria, and chronic melancholia. In conjunction with the acidosis, “epileptic” paroxysms occurred, especially during the night, when the reaction of the blood is physiologically less strongly alkaline than during the day. At the same time, the blood exhibits a marked excess of hydrogen ions. In such cases, an increase of protein in the food leads to an increase in the frequency of the paroxysms, whereas the administration of the alkalies reduces their frequency.

When an excess of organic acids is taken, so that the organism is unable to effect their complete combustion into carbonic acid and water, they must have precisely the same effect as the inorganic acids, seeing that they too must be neutralised by inorganic bases before they can be excreted. Thus in human beings the immoderate ingestion of dilute citric acid (lemon juice) may lead to typical symptoms of acid poisoning, as may unfortunately be often seen in persons who are undergoing the popular “lemon cure.” Obviously, too, an immoderate supply of carbo-hydrates may arouse like manifestations, if these food-

stuffs undergo acid fermentation in the bowel. Indeed Barr regards some of the symptoms of beriberi and of experimental poly-neuritis as consequences of an acid poisoning due to the intestinal fermentation of the carbo-hydrates that are too liberally supplied in the food.

There are also numerous reports to the effect that the abundant ingestion of fat may lead to acidosis. This is well known to occur in diabetics, whose powers of oxidation are in any case impaired.

It is evident, therefore, that the blood must contain substances competent to neutralise acids without any change in the ionic concentration. The most important of these buffer salts in the blood is sodium bicarbonate, and next comes the phosphate in the blood.

The increased excretion of ammonia in urine, in conjunction with high acidity of the urine, is the only certain sign of acidosis.

The blood certainly possesses to a very high degree the power of self-regulation, but this does not suffice to explain all the phenomena. It is necessary to assume that a regulatory apparatus is at the disposal of the blood. We learn this from the frequently ascertained fact that in long-continued acidosis the body excretes less phosphoric acid and sulphur than is ingested, but that when in these circumstances fixed bases are added to the food, the balance of phosphorous and sulphur inclines strongly in the opposite direction. It follows that the blood must have temporarily deposited somewhere or other the excess of acids in the food which could not be eliminated by the kidneys or the bowel. The accumulation of such residues in the blood would certainly have bad effects and since in the conditions we are considering they cannot be excreted in the urine, they are deposited wherever they will do least mischief. Suitable depositories are offered by the comparatively inactive tissues, such as bone, cartilage, and connective tissue. A favourite site is the subcutaneous connective

tissue; and it is here, too, that sodium chloride, an excess of which is commonly ingested, is stored pending opportunity for the excretion of the surplus. Whereas sodium salts and often ammonia salts exert a paralysing influence on nerve and muscle, potassium salts have a stimulating effect. Gerrard found that functionally active organs crowded with cells, such as the muscles, the heart, the testicles, the kidneys, the liver and the brain, are comparatively rich in potassium, whereas the blood, the skin, the arteries, the lymphatic glands, cartilage, and bone, are comparatively rich in sodium. These inactive or almost inactive tissues are less injured by a fairly high sodium content. The “predilection” for acid radicals is so marked that when, for example, large quantities of sodium chloride are being given in the food, and the administration of this salt is then temporarily suspended, the sodium in it is excreted first, and the chlorine only subsequently.

Berg points out that it is possible to divide all foodstuffs into two classes in accordance with this principle. Excess of acid is characteristic of fats, seeds and buds; whereas roots as tubers, stalks and leaves, bulbs and fruits, are characterised by excess of alkali.

According to French investigators, when milk is boiled the complex calcium magnesium carbonophosphate it contains is decomposed, and is precipitated in an insoluble form; and McCallum and Parsons tell us that the precipitated salts cling to the walls of the container. Thereby the quality of the food is doubly impaired. In the first place a natural inorganic product, directly assimilable and immediately available for bony growth is metamorphosed into a form hard to assimilate, and is in part actually eliminated from the milk. In the second place and simultaneously excess of alkali in the milk (already low) is gravely reduced. Then, after boiling vegetables, the water in which they have been boiled is poured away, the result is similar, inasmuch

as the more soluble bases are removed, so that even vegetables which were primarily rich in bases will exhibit an excess of acid after such treatment.

Major Austin in his *Direct Paths to Health* says: “The truth of the matter, is, of course, this—the cause of any disease is always internal, and is frequently referred to by us as predisposition or susceptibility. Experiments by Foder and others have established the fact that the power of the body to resist infection largely depends on the chemical composition of the blood—that is to say, its degree of alkalinity. Oxidation processes and the activity of our protective substance—material employed by the body to destroy organisms—are increased by an alkaline blood serum, whereas a neutral or acid one interferes with this mechanism of defence and favours the growth and development of infections.

The blood under normal conditions is alkaline (in the sense of titration alkalinity.) The error of eating when no appetite is present and eating too hastily, thus masticating imperfectly, make for delayed digestion and its consequences—putrefactive or fermentative changes with the production of acids that are absorbed into the blood and reduce its natural alkalinity.

The most important mineral elements that pass into the blood and tissues and preserve their alkalinity are iron, soda and lime. Should any of these elements be present in insufficient quantities in our diet, acids accumulate in the blood, lower its alkalinity and lessen our vitality and resistance to disease.

The iron of the haemoglobin and the body cells renders possible the process of oxidation. The soda compounds (not sodium chloride, but sodium carbonate and phosphate) bring about the excretion of carbon dioxide and neutralise various acids found in the blood and keep it alkaline. Lime, in addition to building up the bones and the teeth, also assists in the neutralisation of acids, especially phosphoric acid.

Grains and pulses contain iron in comparative abundance, but they are all poor in alkaline salts of soda and lime. Barley and millet are richer in sodium than milk. Milk and pulses are the only protein foods that are rich in lime and soda salts. Fat, butter, and manufactured sugar are poor in iron, soda, and lime. Grains, fats, and manufactured sugar are thus known as the potential acid foods. Fruits, salads, and vegetable contain iron, soda and lime in comparative abundance. They also contain vitamins, starch, and sugar. They have thus been properly named the alkaline or health-giving foods. Potatoes are very poor in soda or lime salts. The limited quantity of vegetables eaten is usually deprived of the valuable alkaline salts by a wrong process of cooking. They are cooked with too much water, and this is thrown away along with the food salts that are dissolved in it. Fruits are considered a luxury and are only partaken of in small amounts and at certain seasons of the year only, or even avoided as injurious; whilst salads are rarely used at all. Is it any

wonder, then, that our blood is lowered in alkalinity? And most of us suffer from time to time with colds and other bacterial infections, whilst not a few are chronic sufferers.

Regarding salads and uncooked vegetables, the possibility of developing cholera, dysentery or enteric fever from eating salads and raw vegetables would never be present unless food is taken without a keen appetite.

Although vitamins are of importance, it must not be forgotten that unless the alkaline salts are present in the food the blood cannot be kept duly alkaline to carry on the normal processes of life and health. Obesity, thinness and excessive thirst are the result of living on a diet deficient in alkalinity. The malady found in the German Cruiser "Kronprinz Wilhelm" at the end of 8½ months cruising in the Atlantic was pronounced by Mr. Alfred McCann in his *Science of Eating* to be an extreme acidosis induced by a diet of acid-forming foods, lacking the alkaline bases and vitamins that are essential to health.

Reviews and Notices of Books

ART

The Art of Etching

ANDERS ZORN. Modern Masters of Etching Series. The Studio, London.

Etching is an art very little appreciated and practised in India mainly perhaps because its best effects can be fully obtained only through strong contrasts of light and shade though plate No. I of the present volume shows exceedingly subtle treatment of sunlight falling on shining water. Our schools of Art have been introducing stippling and polishing to such an extent that vigour in line and light seems to have reached the vanishing point.

The art of etching consists of drawing the subject on copper and graving the lines by means of steel needle or acid and transferring the picture on to paper. The effect resembles the pen and ink drawing but gives greater scope as regards the aesthetic distribution of light and shade. Some of the earlier masters of this art are, of course, Rembrandt, Whistler, Legras, etc.

The present volume contains excellent examples of the work of the Swedish artist Anders Zorn. Most of the plates show mastery of technique and subtlety of treatment and the vigour of his needle can be best attested by the portrait of Ernest Renan, Plate IV. The volume contains an illuminating introduction by Malcolm C. Salaman.

N. K. DEWAL.

BIOGRAPHY

Lover of Ahimsa

MEMOIRS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. By Albert Schweitzer; George Allen Unwin Ltd. 3/6.

"At the present time when violence, clothed in life, dominates the world more

cruelly than it ever has before I still remain convinced that truth, love, peaceableness, meekness, and kindness are the violence which can master all other violence. The world will be theirs as soon as ever a sufficient number of men with purity of heart, with strength and with perseverance think and live out the thoughts of love and truth, of meekness and peaceableness". So writes Dr. Albert Schweitzer towards the close of these interesting memoirs of his childhood and youth. It is a declaration of faith, refreshing and sweet like the scent of spring's first flowers, which is significant of the growing appreciation in the west of the ideal of Ahimsa which India has given to the world.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer is one of the few men in the West who have, in the wake of Tolstoy, been upholding the ideals of purity, truth and love, simplicity and non-violence. He is a theologian of great repute and is besides a celebrated organist of almost international fame. When he was thirty he devoted his life to missionary work among the natives of the Congo among whom he has now spent more than twenty years of self-sacrificing labour. He regards the service of humanity as the highest end and aim of life and has made medical relief to the sufferers from leprosy and sleeping sickness in Africa his special field of work.

It is a beautiful character the unfolding of which we have in these pages of memoirs. By far the most interesting portion of the memoirs is the narration of those experiences of his early life which shaped his thoughts leading him to reflect on the deeper and abiding verities of life. The invidious distinction he seemed to enjoy as a member of the gentry, being the pastor's son, led him before yet he was

nine years old firmly to resolve to lead a life of the utmost simplicity just like the common people, giving up all the comforts which were denied to them but which he could enjoy. Thus he had much ado with his parents in persisting to wear only wooden clogs and plain clothes like the poor and in denying himself the several comforts and luxuries which he knew the ordinary folk could not enjoy. He writes that as far back as he could remember he was saddened by the amount of misery he saw in the world. One great experience of his childhood and youth was the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" being brought home to him with the sudden peals of the Passion Tide bells as he was one day out shooting at the birds, on the Rebberg hill. Another experience of his was the sight of an old Jew of a neighbouring village patiently bearing the ill-treatment and the taunts and jibes which his much-persecuted community was always subjected to. The patient and good-natured smile of the old man overpowered the boy and from then on he learnt what it was to keep silent under persecution and return love for hatred and cruelty.

And so it was from childhood to youth and youth to early manhood that Albet Schweitzer grew up with an ever growing sense of the pain and misery and the injustice and oppressions that prevail in the world, till he came to the conclusion, which gave him an interpretation of life as a whole, that man does not live for himself alone, that no one has any right to accept happiness as a matter of course, and that the aim of our development must be to make ourselves "simpler, more truthful, purer, more peace-loving meeker, kinder, more sympathetic".

Dr. Schweitzer has a facile pen and a simple style enlivened here and there with kindly humour. With a singular felicity of manner this book has not a dull page from beginning to end and the final chapter of retrospect and reflections contains much of the

ripe philosophy of life of the author. It is a chapter well worth perusal twice over. It contains the passage found at the beginning of this brief notice and also this which may be taken to conclude it. "All ordinary violence produces its own limitations for it calls forth an answering violence which sooner or later becomes its equal or superior. But kindness works simply and perseveringly; it produces no strained relations which prejudice its working; strained relations which already exist relaxes. Mistrust and misunderstanding it puts to flight and it strengthens itself by calling forth answering kindness. Hence it is the furthest reaching and the most effective of all forces. All the kindness which a man puts out into the world works on the heart and the thoughts of mankind but we are so foolishly indifferent that we are never in earnest in the matter of kindness. We want to topple a great load over and yet will not avail ourselves of a lever which would multiply our power a hundred fold."

N. PANCHANADHA IYER.

Edward the Peace Maker

KING EDWARD VII A BIOGRAPHY.
By Sir Sidney Lee. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.
London. Vol. I.

Of late the publication of important biographies has been attended by outbursts of protest against the indiscretions of the author. It has become the fashion to enrich the narrative of a distinguished person's life with racy little anecdotes, many of them concerning people still living, which cannot fail to wound those whose intimate secrets are disclosed without pity, whose confidences are unscrupulously betrayed.

No such imputation can lie against this book, the long-awaited and "official" biography of the late King. This first volume is in many ways a companion to Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria," though lack-

ing the spice and the literary brilliance of the latter work, because here Sir Sidney Lee has reviewed His Late Majesty as Prince of Wales (1842-1901), that is, during his mother's lifetime, (the second volume, yet unpublished is to cover the period of his reign). Sir Sidney has shown what great interest Edward took, even at an early age, in current domestic and European politics and how this interest was through-out strenuously combated by his Mother, who seemingly considered that the business of the Heir-Apparent was to act solely as a ceremonial representative of the Sovereign on state occasions at Home and in foreign capitals, when the Sovereign was unable to attend in person. Yet even under these parental restrictions Edward's sincerity, his instinct for arousing sympathy and mutual respect between himself and all sorts and conditions of men made him an increasingly influential figure in "Weltpolitik"; as his biographer observes, "His tact and genial courtesy invariably carried the day", and the very real affection in which he was held by the people of Britain, was rivalled by the warm regard of a vast number of foreigners, often amounting to fervid demonstrations in his honour.

There was of course always a section of the people which was shocked by his "inordinate" addiction to sport and games, his supposed preference for Continental Society, and his many unconventional friendships, and the occasional strictures of the press which represented this puritanical section grieved and wounded the Prince of Wales no less than Queen Victoria herself. With the passage of years, however, even the most intransigent critics of the Heir-Apparent came to admit his sterling qualities, and their misconception of a nature they had at first thought to be merely pleasure loving and without depth of character.

The most important and far-reaching convictions of his life were his mistrust of

Prussia's ambitious militarism, and his spontaneous and unremitting friendship for France, pursuing which he thwarted many of Germany's plans for isolating France, her most implacable enemy, from the rest of Europe, and thus probably post-poned the conflagration which finally broke out four years after his death. But the full weight of his diplomacy, which earned him the soubriquet of "The Peacemaker", was not felt either at Home or in the chancelleries of Europe until after his accession, and his review of the latter phase Sir Sidney Lee has reserved for another volume.

In his preface is expressed the author's indebtedness to King George V for access to some of his father's papers and correspondence. A few of these are printed in facsimile in the volume, an interesting feature of this momentous biography.

E. BARRINGTON SMYTH.

ECONOMICS

Taxation and Currency

TAXATION AND CURRENCY. By Ernest Bilton; The C. W. Daniel Company, London. 2/6

Of the numerous currency panaceas Mr. Bilton's is perhaps the boldest as well as the most novel. Mr. Bilton starts off by quoting Bastiat's famous curse on Money, an inspired introduction to what follows. On the ills of present day muddles the author does not tarry long—he assumes the defects and proceeds to lay down a postulate that "the constitution of currency should be differentiated according to the functions it is required to perform." Do we perceive here an application of the specialisation-process? He next tackles taxation, which, in his opinion, "is now so general and represent so great a proportion of the produce of the nation that it should have a currency to itself, that this currency should be so constituted as to be of no use for saving or accumulation and incapable of being withdrawn from circulation." The author's

arguments are ingenious. Money Mechanisms are either of the intrinsic value type or the numerary type. Gold does not give us a stable value standard; numerary currency to be successful requires strict control and vigilance and it must possess the virtue of circulation. Bank credits ignore control and permit the increase or diminution of the circulating media at an individuals' option. So there can be no one stable and free currency. The only valid reason for the legal tender money being a government monopoly is to facilitate the assessment and collection of taxes. But can and does this monopoly stabilise the exchangeable value of legal tender money? Does it serve to maintain the adjudication of debts on a rational and ethical principle? Is it not, on the other hand, eclipsed and circumvented by such human inventions as Bank credit? The consequence is, in a word, the growing National Debt, incurred in fictitious, but payable in real, money. The cure lies in de-limiting the spheres of currency. It should represent the annual debt due by the country to the government. Taxation notes equal to the amount of the revenue demanded should be issued and government will pay its expenses by these notes. Their value will depend upon their use for payment of taxes alone, therefore they must all circulate. For international trade and commerce there will of course be another currency, conceivably based on gold. The author brushes aside unceremoniously objections based on grounds of unfairness in Debt charges and redemption—there is no practical injustice in repudiating currency fictions. He then proceeds to enumerate the advantages of Taxation Currency: no manipulation, no inflation or deflation, end of government borrowings—government needs will be obtained from current production alone—and finally more regular employment. Mr. Bilton does not stay to consider or analyse the effect of monetary holocausts or bureaucratic greed on his system. He has

a theory to propound and a policy to advocate. He does one with skill and pleads for the other with warmth and feeling. It is no demerit of Mr. Bilton's extremely suggestive essay if we affirm that we remain unconvinced and do not feel that Mr. Bilton has successfully persuaded us to cut away from our conceptions of economy in currency affairs. In multitudes of currencies there may be salvation but in our orthodox mind there appear huge impediments which need to be overcome—disintegration of credit, conflict and clash of interests, abuse of control by the Government, and perhaps impracticability. Notwithstanding we are prepared unhesitatingly to recommend Mr. Bilton's book for its freshness, its stimulating thought and its provocative arguments. Its study will lead to fruitful advancement of our ideas and conceptions about money and currency.

K. C. MAHINDRA.

HISTORY

Fall of the Mahratta Supremacy

RISE OF THE CHRISTIAN POWER IN INDIA. Vol. III. By Major B. D. Basu, (Retired) R. Chatterjee, Calcutta Rs. 5/-

The story of the rise of the British power in India naturally leads us to the numerous struggles which the British had to carry on in different parts of India. The fight began with the battle of Plassey, in which "the heaven-born general" claimed victory through the treachery of Mirjafar and other officers of the Nawab Sirajuddola. With it began a series of struggles and encounters in which bribery and treachery played a prominent part. The fights with Haider Ali and the Mahrattas were tough ones. The Mahrattas, inspired by the genius of Sivaji, the last great nation-builder of the Hindus, were spreading their influence all over India. Under the able guidance of the Peshwas, the Mahratta power had grown into a confederacy. According to Mr.

Justice Ranade, there was no such experiment of Federal Government on such a large scale undertaken in this country under either Hindu or Mahomedan Sovereigns. It was the avowed object of the English to dismember this Mahratta confederacy; 'they flattered and pitted one against the other.' How the downfall of this powerful Mahratta confederacy was brought about by intrigue of the British is well told in this interesting volume of the *Rise of the Christian Power in India* by Major Basu.

The interest created by the author in the previous volumes, already noted in these columns, is fully sustained by the present one. In this volume the account of the administration of Marquess Wellesly has been concluded. The author interprets the events and facts connected with that administration, specially the Mahratta affairs, from the Indian point of view, which is sadly lacking in other books on Modern India by English writers, who always betray a partiality towards the English administrators of the time. 'The dominant motive of these contemporary chroniclers, writing from an English point of view, was clearly to justify the policy of the Marquess Wellesly towards the Mahrattas.' It is unfortunate that we have no counter-pleading to set forth the case of the Mahrattas. If we had any contemporary record of this period written by Indians, it would have been very useful in checking the accounts of the English writers. In the absence of such records, it must be said to the credit of our author that he tries to utilise the British written records in the most impartial way possible.

In this volume Major Basu, practically gives his judgment on the works and administration of Marquess Wellesly. It begins with the treaty of Bassein, which serves as a landmark in the history of the British occupation of India. It was the thin end of the wedge introduced into the Mahratta politics which had the effect of destroying the confederacy and thus indirectly bringing about the downfall of the Mahratta power. 'This volume, in fact, tells the tale of the fall of Mahratta supremacy in Southern and North-Western India, accomplished by Marquess Wellesly his brother Arthur Wellesly, General Lake and others. The chief motive which caused the downfall of the Mahratta power was the principle—that no native state should be left to exist in India, which is not upheld by the British power, or the

political conduct of which is not under its absolute control'. Moreover, the Governor-General was suffering from that fatal disease known as 'earth-hunger.' The chief battle in this struggle with the Mahrattas was the Battle of Assaye. After examining all the available records, our author comes to the conclusion that there can be no doubt that the victory of the British at the Battle of Assaye was purchased by bribing the Europeans in the service of Scindia. The heroes of this victory were General Lake and Arthur Wellesly. Mr. W. T. Stead wrote of the former in 1898:—"General Lake, a truculent ruffian, whose character may well be discerned in the sulphurous fury of his letters, was Commander-in-chief, with a free hand to strike terror in Ulster." About Arthur Wellesly, our author maintains that 'he was a past master in the arts of intrigue and conspiracy.' He had 'tasted blood in the campaign against Tipoo, which whetted his appetite for more blood.' It is said that the perfidious General deceived the Peshwa in the same manner as his predecessors had treated poor Omichand. The European officers of Scindia did not prove true to their salt but betrayed their master in this battle of Assaye.

The destruction of the power of Scindia and the Raja of Berar on the battle-fields of Assaye, Argaum and Laswaree led to the breaking up of the powerful Mahratta confederacy and made it easy for the British to realise the dream of Dalhousie to color the whole map of India red. The Marquess Wellesly had to pay dearly for this, he had swollen the debt of E. I. Company, which could not pay a handsome dividend. 'Consequently, a hue and cry was raised in England against the Marquess Wellesly's policy based on Machiavellian maxims and suggestions and he was desired to return from India.'

The evolution of the Christian Power in India has been well traced by an English writer in the following sentence:—"We first had commerce, commerce produced factories, factories produced garrisons, garrisons produced armies, armies produced conquests, and conquests had brought us into our present situation." It must also be remembered that the Indians themselves were not responsible in a small measure for the success of the British power in India. By their mutual jealousy and fights, by entering into the service of the British—both civil and

military, and by their treachery to their own masters, they have contributed directly and indirectly to the rise of the Christian power in India. We should not miss this point in reading the story how the English gained supremacy in India.

In conclusion, we offer our warmest thanks to Major Basu for giving us new facts for the History of Modern India and for writing these interesting volumes for the advancement of knowledge.

PHANINDRANATH BOSE.

PHILOSOPHY

The Philosophy of the Gita.

BHAGVATGITA. By Subramania Bharathi, Bharathi Publishing House, Triplicane.

Re. I.

The Bhagavat Gita, like the Upanishads, is ever fresh and ever thrilling and it appeals to the layman as much as to the philosopher and to the poet; the layman is attracted by its bold utterance and its assurance of lasting bliss. The poet finds in it the hand of a master workman depicting a scene which none else can handle so superbly. The philosopher finds the everlasting truths of life summed up in elegant epigrams and crystalline phraseology. Everybody is thrilled with the grandeur of the situation and the transparent simplicity of the language. One consequence of this universal appeal of the Bhagavat Gita is that we have as many studies of the poem as there are thoughtful minds; diverse interpretations of its philosophy; and appreciations of the poem from a multitude of stand-points. So we need not be surprised when the publishers of the late Mr. Subramania Bharati's works place before us a Tamil rendering of the Gita with an elaborate introduction.

The late Mr. Bharati did to the Tamil language what Byron and Shelley combined did for the English tongue. The poet was a firm believer in strenuous action, in enterprise, in *sakti*. At the same time, the influence of Eastern thought was strong within him and the result was that he preached Karma Yoga. He emphasised that aspect of the teachings of the Lord as fundamental. He had no doubt that the promptings of a good man's heart were always for the good. Freedom to act as one liked did not raise in his mind a dilemma. A good man free to act as

he liked acted only in one determinate way, the way most pleasing to the Lord and in accordance with His plan or sport. There was no need for such a good man ceasing from action for fear of the results that might flow from it. Indeed, says the poet, emphasising the words of the Lord, mind can never be inactive and in repose, it is ever busy fleeting like a courser, and difficult to curb. Even silent meditation in a quiet corner of the world is action. If one wants to escape from the fruits of his deeds, the solution does not lie in desisting from action but in 'doing' in the right way. The right way is the way of Yoga. Yoga is equanimity. Rooted in Yoga, do your duty. Abandon your own narrow self. Know that the world is one, one in God. This is Gnana, knowledge, this is Tapas, Energy. Besides this, there is nothing else. Cease, therefore, to see differences; see oneness every where—in the Brahman, in the cow, in the dog and in the Pariah.

According to the poet, the Bhagavat Gita is not a Sanyasin's Gospel. It is the Book of Every-day life. The teacher and the taught are kings of the earth faced with the responsibilities and problems of real life. They are men, they are householders—not gods nor Sanyasins. The poet is reminded of the words of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. 'Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be faced? He is there where the tillers tilling the hard ground and the path maker is breaking stones; He is with them in sun and in shower and His garment is covered with dust.'

Why go then to the loneliness of forest life, why abandon wife and children in search of God. Salvation does not lie that way, what is necessary is not abandonment of the family but freedom from the bondage of the attachments towards the members of the family born of a narrow selfish conception of the world.

The poet's conception of *Papa* and *Punya* is characteristic. What causes sorrow is *Papa*; what brings delight is *Punya*. Running away from the family as a method towards Realisation is, according to the poet, a false doctrine of Buddhism which Upanishads of a later day lent support to. This false doctrine attained an easy sway over the populace as the real truth of the Vedas was denied them—the Vedas being written in an archaic language difficult to comprehend the exact meaning of. Sankara, according to the poet, was largely

Influenced by false Buddhist doctrine in his exposition of Vedanta.

Two other errors of Hinduism are traced by the poet to Buddhism—transmigration and forbearance from flesh eating. The evil wrought to society by an over-emphasis of these doctrines is irreparable. But more than these is the evil wrought by the doctrine of Illusion. Maya, says the poet, is not non-existent illusion; it is real: it is the very body of God. It has, however, meretricious attractions which mortals must transcend, by self-surrender, by perceiving oneness in everything by Karma Yoga. The usefulness of the Gita—such is Bharathi's interpretation whose correctness of course, there will be many to dispute—is in its controverting *Mayavada* and a false *Sanyasa*, emphasizing the duties of family and social life and promising Realisation to the honest house holder who strives in the ordained path of Karma with a clear conscience and without attachment either to one's own little self or to the fruits of one's own little deeds.

V. NARAYANAN

Life and Thought

THE TWOFOLD ASPECT OF THOUGHT. By Nicholas Petrescu, Ph. D. Watts and Co., London.

The aim of this essay is to suggest a new basis for Epistemology, and its argument is briefly as follows. Life and Thought are the sources of every conscious activity. From each arises a fundamental need which impresses upon our mind its special characteristics. From the difference of these needs arises a difference of method in our thinking. The theoretical point of view, which results from the pure need of thought gives us philosophy; while the practical point of view, which results from the pure need of life, gives us science. Analysis and induction belong to science, as synthesis and deduction belong to philosophy. These differences are by no means absolute, as life and thought are not independent, but interdependent. Our mind has an instinctive craving to restore unity. The problem of Epistemology, then, is the conflict that arises from the mixture of the two sets of motives on the one side, and the mental struggle for unity on the other side; and the solution lies in regarding knowledge not as a stationary concept, but merely as a

stepping-stone in the infinite process of life and thought motives which alternately influence the cognizing mind. This is a valuable contribution to the theory of knowledge, and will be much appreciated by students of Philosophy.

A. RAMA IYER,

POLITICS

Audi Alterum Parem

LETTRES A UN AML. By Ribot. Editions Bossard, Paris.

HISTOIRE POLITIQUE I. By Poincare. Librairie Plon, Paris.

A SEARCHLIGHT ON THE EUROPEAN WAR. By Norman. Labour Publishing Company, Ltd. London.

The literature of war passes through certain definite phases. While hostilities are actually in progress, propaganda in the strictest sense of the term is the order of the day. The combatant nations are anxious to put forward a case which will secure them the sympathy of neutrals and, if possible, will undermine the morale of their antagonists. Accordingly, there is a rigid suppression, by such agencies as the censorship, of all facts and contentions which appear to militate against the success of the dominant motive. To criticise the conduct of statesmen and of Generals is regarded as certainly unpatriotic and possibly treasonable. But with the conclusion of hostilities, the situation changes. The forces of criticism which have been dammed-up for so long break loose with additional impetus. Controversy rages as to the conduct of this or that leader. Military and political strategy are alike subjected to acid examination. Many persons who, for one reason or another, considered themselves wronged vent their grievances against all and sundry. We may thus distinguish up to this point two well marked stages. During the first, criticism is suppressed. During the second, it becomes clamant or even dominant. There is, however, a third stage. The criticism begins to produce its reaction. Public men who have been assailed for their conduct of the business of the nation are found not to lack defenders. Occasionally, even they may defend themselves. Such a course of action is not unknown in our times. This is the third and concluding stage; a stage in which

criticism is offset by polemics. This stage lasts, as has been cynically said, until the outbreak of the next war.

Of the three books whose names appear at the head of this notice, none belong to the first stage. The last may fairly be considered to find a place in the second stage. Mr. Norman, who has previously appeared as the author of certain very outspoken "Essays and Letters on Public Affairs", now comes forward to put us all right on the question of the war. Such little equanimity as he has displayed in his previous writings seems now to have vanished entirely beneath the irritation of a silence enforced upon him by the war censors, and under the stimulating influence of Communism's glorious creed. There is nothing very novel in his indictment of the Allies and in his defence of Germany. He writes as a red-hot supporter of the Russian Revolution. In fact, a militant affection for Communism is the key-note of the book. It is perhaps a pity that he has allowed himself to be so dogmatic. He pronounces categorically upon a number of issues which no man living possesses sufficient knowledge accurately to determine. With much of what he says regarding the ultimate origins of the war, many readers will find themselves in agreement. His main indictment against Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey consists in the secrecy with which their foreign policy was pursued. He appears to have imagined that the reality of the tie binding England and France was such as to demand full publicity for its existence. This is doubtless true. But Mr. Norman never faces the fact that in the restless condition of European politics, the mere publication of these obligations might in itself have been sufficient to precipitate a struggle which, with all its blunders, the Liberal Government of Great Britain was working manfully to avoid. A natural reaction seems to have driven Mr. Norman to unbounded lengths when he exalts Germany's pacific attitude prior to the war. In this connection, he omits facts which were notorious to every person who was familiar with Germany in the years 1912-13. Further, his Communistic bias leads him to make some extraordinary blunders. To label President Wilson as "the gramophone of the American plutocracy" is ridiculous. Even an elementary acquaintance with recent American politics should have told Mr. Norman that

the President, like his party, was distinctly hostile to the interests of big business. It is further quite contrary to the facts to say that it was the American plutocrats who forced the intervention of their Government after the withdrawal of the Russian army as a military factor. It was not the plutocrats at all; it was the American people; and the only reason why America did not enter into the war earlier was just because the American people were slow to be convinced that intervention was required in their own national interests. Plutocracy had nothing to do with it. Indeed, a study of the pro-and anti-intervention literature of the United States amply proves that a considerable number of the big business interests in America were from first to last ranged whole-heartedly against the war. A further example of what Dr. Johnson once described as "pure ignorance" is Mr. Norman's account of the policy of the Vatican; his theory that the Vatican favoured the Central Powers out of fear lest Russia should re-establish as an orthodox Pope at Constantinople is on the face of it fantastic. The strength of Austria in the college of cardinals supplies a much more direct and simple explanation. If, as a historian, Mr. Norman is careless as to his facts and inaccurate as to his estimates, he is still more unfortunate as a political prophet. The book was published in 1924; and the author, rolling a Communist eye suspiciously from heaven to earth, believed that the Government of India was to be transferred entirely to India before Labour could come into power in England. He makes the astounding statement that "the Bombay merchants, the princely rulers of India and Anglo-Indian vested interests are united in their fear of the Labour Secretary of State for India, especially when the Indian iron and steel industry is competing by its low-paid labour with the products of the British steel trade." It would be difficult to compress, within the course of a single sentence, so many flagrant errors both of fact and deduction.

The other two books to come under notice are of a different calibre. The one which stands at the head of the list is an interesting example of a somewhat threadbare literary device. Most of us are perhaps familiar with the college professor who announces that it is in deference to repeated requestes of his friends and pupils that he has consented to publish his

epoch-making lectures. Alexandra Ribot has also been solicited by admiring friends to confer upon them the benefit of his recollections of political life. It is, of course, nothing more than an accident that these solicitations—and their result—should appear at the very moment when the financial system of France has become the subject of the liveliest controversy. The author, it may be remarked, was Finance Minister from 1914-17. The book is curious. The letters are amazingly well-written, and display an intact faith on the part of the author in the wisdom of his own policy. In short, a typical specimen of the third stage of war literature. He fully reveals the straits to which France was subjected in the financial sphere; he recounts the inner history of the negotiations with England and with America. Throughout, he vindicates his claim to have discharged his difficult duty with courage, patriotism, and sanity. Unfortunately, he does not display with anything like the same clarity that which is the main weakness of the French financial system; namely, the unwillingness of the French people to pay taxes. He it was who initiated the disastrous policy of short-term loans which has been so largely responsible for the confusion into which French finances had fallen. Instead of launching as he did upon a widespread educational campaign regarding the profit to be derived from Government bonds, he would have served the interests of his country more adequately had he attempted to educate his fellow citizens upon the dangers of overthrowing any Government which courageously attempts to meet its obligations by increased taxes.

If the reluctance of the French people to sustain the burden of direct taxation is one of the factors which has contributed to the difficulties of French finances, there is a second characteristic of the French people which constitutes a handicap equally grave upon any Minister who desires to follow a sound financial policy. This is an ambition to play a dominant role in the affairs of Europe. French insistence upon the maintenance of her position among the great Powers involves disproportionately heavy expenditure, when it is considered that France has now definitely fallen behind England and Germany in population and in industrial resources. Accordingly the immense expenditure which has been undertaken by every French government

subsequent to the war upon armaments, has imposed upon the people of the country a burden which it is doubtful whether they can sustain. This thirst for glory is well illustrated in the second of the books which now call for notice. The name of Raymond Poincare is too well known to students all over the world to require further elucidation. This volume consists of fortnightly papers contributed to the *Revue Des Deux Mondes* from March to September, 1920. As an authoritative exposition of French sentiment and French ambitions, it can hardly be surpassed; and deserves the attention of all serious students. The gospel preached by Poincare regarding reparations; his insistence upon the ultimate justice of every particle of the French claim; his encouragement of the belief that the sums recoverable from Germany would suffice to secure the stability of his doubtful financial expedients—all these are nothing but the inevitable prelude to the Ruhr adventure and to the present misfortunes of the franc. But those persons who dwell with glee upon what they regard as the widening breach between France and Great Britain would do well to peruse these letters with the care which they deserve. Despite differences in policy, despite even differences in interest the sentiment of cordiality displayed by the distinguished author towards his Allies remains most striking.

It is characteristic of war literature in all its stages that it is largely ephemeral. Of the three books which we have noticed, that which stands second on the list alone contains anything like permanent value. The clarity of the analysis, the penetration of the judgment, the illustration of certain permanent characteristics of the French nation, suffice in themselves to redeem it from the category *Livers de circonstance*, and to elevate it into a permanent contribution to the world's political literature.

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS.

SOCIOLOGY

The Prehistoric Man

OUR PREHISTORIC FORERUNNERS.
By C. E. Villiany, F. R. G. S. London,
John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd. 7/6.

The author of this volume gives, in sixteen chapters, a popular and original account of

the Prehistoric Man, with a careful summary of the most recent discoveries and theories. The volume begins with a general outline of the subject. The chronology and classification of the prehistoric periods, as also the culture of the primitive man are next taken up for treatment. Here his material culture mainly consists in the manufacture and use of the stone implements which come under two classes, namely, those which can be unhesitatingly ascribed to a given period, and those whose distribution cannot be determined with any degree of accuracy. Paleolithic implements are not so abundantly found as those of the New Stone age.

All that can be said about the precursors of Man is that the stage in the direction of human evolution which preceded him may be described as an anthropoid stage. Man has been described as a tool-making animal. It is assumed that human standard is reached when we find his implements for simple purposes. This argues a degree of mental capacity and efficiency greatly in advance of the existing anthropoids. As regards the evolution of human types, our information is from three different discoveries, each one of which is important. The first was made in Java in 1892 by Dr. Dubois, the second in the sand-pits of Mauer near Heidelberg in 1907, and the third in a small gravel pit at Pilt-Down near Sussex in 1912. Similar finds were discovered in other localities as well. From all these the existence of pliocene man is assumed for apriori reasons. Of the Miocene Man, nothing can be said with any degree of certainty and actual proof. But opinion is unanimous as to the existence of Man in Europe toward the end of the Tertiary period, during which he began the conquest of materials that became the essential and distinguishing characteristics of his species.

Further the discoveries of fossilized bones in various parts of the world testify to the existence of several human types, the chief of which was the Neanderthal Man who occupied Europe during the mid-Paleolithic times. It appears that these men existed in larger numbers than any other type, and that they made the flint implements of the Mousterian industries. Towards the close of the Mousterian age Europe was invaded by a race superior in culture and physique to the Neanderthal man. This new race known as the "Cromagnon" race became dominant. The most interest-

ing records of them are found in the graves, which reveal a knowledge of their thoughts and customs. In their graves are found bodies placed in a conventional orthodox position with the ornaments along with the skeleton. The bones are frequently treated with the red colouring matter. Their implements were made of bone, horn and ivory. Flint also was more largely used than any other metal.

Art, says Freud, did not begin as art for art's sake. Many of the paleolithic drawings and paintings suggest magical intentions. Reindeer art is more closely alike the art of the obsolescent African Bushmen. Dress also was depicted in the cave paintings of Cogul and Alpera. The exquisitely made bone needles show that by Magdalenian times, the costumers were able to carry out work of delicate nature. Probably all clothes were made of prepared skins.

They were of the cult of the dead. Cannibalism was invariably associated with a religious concept. The virtue and courage of the dead might enter into those who ate the body. The idea of a god or gods with their personal attributes was probably derived from the cult of the ancestral dead which was the basis of all mystic thought. The mind of a savage is the same as that of a child, and both the savage and the child are unable to distinguish between words and things. This confusion of thought led to the difficulty of distinguishing between bodily life and spiritual life.

The attitude of primitive man towards other animals is a subject of great interest. He believes that he shares in the realities of the physical and spiritual life; so that the animals may be a source of physical as well as spiritual danger, as also physical as well as spiritual benefit. This simple belief of spiritual kinship with animals leads to complex lines of thought. An animal that threatens life or security may be warded off or killed. An animal yielding food or other useful material, must be killed also. The slaying of the animal is often followed by apology or prayer. The totemistic significance of animals—the spiritual ancestors and the incarnation of the protecting divinities of the tribe ensures their special treatment and veneration. Gods in the animal form are also to be found in primitive mythologies in Europe. The cult of the bull in Aegean countries and of pig among the Kelts are examples. In Africa, India

and Oceania it is still much in evidence. Many more instances of similar belief may be cited. The volume under review contains a clear account of the primitive family, marriage customs, elements of society, origin and development of property, status of women, primitive warfare, various kinds of megalithic monuments of the New Stone age, primitive arts and industries along with their developments during the bronze age, all of which are highly interesting.

Students of Prehistoric Archaeology are indebted to the author for the lucid treatment of the subject which serves as introduction to the higher studies.

L. K. A.

MISCELLANEOUS American Clerical Life

THE RECTOR OF WYCK. By May Sinclair. Macmillan's, New York.

Miss Sinclair's other book about a clergyman, "A Cure of Souls", described the life of a worldly and pleasure-loving son of the Church; the rector of Wyck is a very different type of man, and this tale is the chronicle, simply and often beautifully told, of two unselfish but most human characters, the Revd. John Crawford and his wife, and their thirty years in the Cotswold parish of Wyck.

Matty Fenwick was a high-spirited and attractive girl, who professed irreligion, and vowed she would "never marry a parson". The charm and the manly Christianity of John Crawford, however, proved irresistible, and when he became rector of Wyck-on-the-Wold in Gloucestershire, they were married, and Matty enthusiastically joined her husband in his work for the reform of that backward parish, too long neglected by John's supine and spineless predecessor.

Many were their trials and disappointments: shortage of money, lack of true friends and helpers, apathy (and often hostility) on the part of the inhabitants, and, most deeply felt of all, the estrangement of their children. The boy, Derry, was good-looking, lovable, and vicious: Milly, the girl, unattractive, self-righteous, and hard.

Derry became an incorrigible drunkard, and was sent off to Australia, whence he came back to fight and be killed in Flanders, early in the War. Milly left home to take up work in a missionary settlement in a London slum, and was too engrossed to

return even when Matty died, and the rector was left alone. But the great and steadfast love which John and Matty had for each other enabled them to endure bravely their children's defection, and all the other setbacks of a life entered upon together so joyously and full of hope. And when John in a brief moment of discouragement says to an old fellow-clergyman that he is afraid he has failed,—“I've been heartbroken over my failure. I see men I thought I had reclaimed falling back into drunkenness and sin, children that I've watched over growing up and going to the bad, people I had reconciled quarrelling again, till I've asked myself if it was any good going on. I have been in despair and you tell me I've succeeded”, the other replies: “Yes, you have looked too close, you've only seen the few cases you've failed to win...I can remember what Wyck was like thirty years ago. It was the worst parish in the country. Rough and disorderly, continual drunkenness and foul language, quarrelling and fighting in the streets, the children brought up like little hooligans. And now all that has ceased; there isn't a quieter, better-behaved village in the Kingdom. You've done a great work in Wyck, Crawford.”

John survived Matty only a few months, so “in their deaths they were not divided”

A very adequate book, written well, enough to avoid dullness, though the style is, like the tale, unexciting. Perhaps it is a mistake to attempt the survey of thirty years in one short volume, but with more space and the classic manner the theme might have become tedious, and it is better to be sketchy than a bore.

E. BARRINGTON SMYTH.

A Tamil Patriotic Novel

BHAI PARAMANANDAN (Tamil). By Tenkasi S. Chockalingam. "Tamil Nadu" Office, Salem. Re. 1/

The average Tamil novel that one comes across nowadays is a translation or an adaptation of some inferior English novel, with characters and sentiments that are bound to exert a most unwholesome influence on the minds of our half-educated youth who feed on such pabulum. There are very few original novels calculated to teach high ideals, or even to provide harmless amusement. Mr. Chockalingam has therefore, done a real service to the Tamil land by writing this *patriotic* novel,

so admirable in every way. Bhai Paramananda, the hero, brings redemption to his country of the Punjab, groaning under the oppression of a conqueror from Kashmere. In describing this oppression, the author evidently has in mind some of the worst features of British rule in India. But Bhai Paramananda achieves his victory by means of an armed rising, though, being backed up by a wholesale civil and military revolt, he has hardly to strike a blow. India's case is not on all fours with the one depicted in the novel, and her salvation cannot be achieved so easily. Apart from this, however, the story is well told, and the many adventures and exploits restrain the interest from first to last. An element of

mystery and complication has also been introduced by disguising the identity of the hero (who is really the son of the old ruler), as well as of his heroic wife Kamalini, who is at last revealed to be the daughter of the tyrant himself. We can heartily recommend this excellent work to all readers of Tamil.

The book is dedicated to Dr. P. Varadarajulu Naidu, whom the author describes as "The Tilak of the South." We mean no disparagement to Mr. Naidu, but this title does no honour either to him or the great Lokamanya, and we are sure he will be the first to repudiate the same.

A. RAMA IYER.

What Thinkers Think

The Orient and the Occident

Under the title "Les Appels de l'Orient", the French journal "Cahiers du Mois" publishes a voluminous symposium of views in reply to the following series of questions:

1. Do you think that the West and the East are totally incapable of mingling with each other or at least that, according to Mactierlinck's phrase there exists in the human head an occidental lobe and an oriental lobe which have always mutually paralysed their efforts?

2. If we, the westerners are pervious to Oriental influence, who are the interpreter, Teutonic, Slav or Asiatic through whom this influence, according to you, should act most profoundly on France?

3. Do you agree with Henri Massis in saying that this influence of the Orient would constitute a grave peril for French thought and arts and that it should therefore be urgently resisted?

Or are you of opinion that the liquidation of the Mediterranean influences has commenced and that we should, following the example of Germany, expect an enriching of our general culture and a renovation of our sensibility, from a knowledge of the East.

4. Which is the proper domain—art, letters, or philosophy—in which, according to you, this influence can be expected to give particularly the most fruitful results?

5. What are, according to you the Western values which confer superiority on the West over the East?

Or, what are the false values which in your opinion, lower our Western Civilisation?

A great many pages of this inquiry illustrate to perfection the following remarks extracted from the reply of Mons. J. Bacot:

"In the councils of state as well as in private activities, the European has a violent proneness to decision, which replaces a long process of reflection by the sum-total of shorter and more numerous reflections. The work of the mind is treated here as a matter divisible and measurable. We even go to the length of teaching the art of not reflecting,—dangerously called spirit of decision and expressed in a military formula sometimes heard before the experience of the war. "To do no matter what, rather than not to act at all." This "no matter what" often becomes irreparable. Instantaneous means of communicating questions, replies and orders have further favoured and aggravated this native want of reflexion. From this generalised method, there results an effective irresponsibility: So much so that if a catastrophe of purely human origin comes upon the peoples, it happens that the fault is attributable to none, that the whole world denies having ever wished for it, having even had the time to wish whatever it may be, and when the people stunned with their misery seek for the responsible persons, they only find men with hands on their hearts and innocent faces."

Wise words are these as much valid in matters of public enterprise as in private activities, in material matters as well as in spiritual,—which, unfortunately our bookish people, sticklers of definitions have no time to ponder over,—words which, together

with the following statement of M. Sylvain Levi should afford us food for reflection: "The Occident which never comes to unite together calls up the peril of Oriental unity."

The Problem of Hate

M. Sylvain Levi writes:

"The Occident which never comes to unite together calls up the peril of Oriental unity."—Political peril, imperialist peril—peril which, moreover, the unclean formula of "Colonialistic ambition" has contributed at least as much as our disunion to create. "The crisis," says Prof. Levi further, "from being grave develops into the tragic. It is impossible for us to ignore each other or to escape each other. Is really the question in point to find out counter-influences....? We should either mutually understand each other or destroy each other." This is a peril which our intellectuals should all the sooner busy themselves in exercising, because broadly speaking, modern Orient, through its elect representatives, yet wishes only to look towards the high flame which the really living Europe, the Europe of disinterested labours emits to-day. If the Oriental criticises us severely, it is firstly because he has learnt to distinguish between this Europe* and that of the "Colonial;" it is also because of an old and excellent Oriental habit of expecting that we could defend ourselves and remain worthy of the esteem which, more or less secretly, he shows to our discipline. The Oriental only feels contempt for him who, either through ignorance of danger or through disdain or even through noblesse, does not defend himself. This is why the light-heartedness of certain Occidentals makes us tremble.

The first duty of the revolutionary spirit appears more and more to be not to evade any difficulties but to resolve to face them.

To refuse to see reality is as much for the revolutionary as for the scholar, to be guilty of desertion: which under colour of tactical necessity is the same as to attack by preference not evil but those who denounce evil, or who create it, or who increase its venom. What indeed would be the revolutionary spirit, if it were not the critical spirit? To gradually distinguish the irrational in the rational, the unknown in the known would this not prove to be a sufficiently vast and hazardous enterprise? Should not these be considered to be the virtues of a revolutionary,—patience audacity self-effacement, inexhaustible abnegation, an ample feeling of certain fine and profound humanity of which proof should be given by the most humble combatant in this trench-fight which Soul maintains against

* Briefly styled, in the East: "the Europe of Romain Rolland."

Fatality? I know well that this form of revolutionary spirit is not the only one, could not be the only one; but on the heels of the revolutionary idea, there always follows the revolutionary act. If, on the contrary, the mind flees before the real, it is the latter which injures the former and swallows it up.

It is therefore the duty of a revolutionary to realise that amongst other elements of the problem of the Orient and the Occident we find Hate right at the beginning even before our bigger errors may have developed.

Hate,—which however, does not exclude, happily for us all, any of the opposite sentiments. And even after a period of collaboration which might be as long, as free, as friendly and fruitful as one could wish, assuredly hate will reappear,—and this time a variety of hate more dangerous than before.

The two Methods of Exorcising Hate

"Mutual understanding or mutual destruction"—this is almost M. Sylvain Levi's views. We will add: mutual destruction for the purpose of mutual understanding, and mutual understanding for the purpose of mutual destruction. This is not a mere play of words but a terrible reality which becomes all the more terrible if not properly faced.

Of the two methods of exorcising Hate which is the more worthy of free men: to conceal it to oneself and to others, to seem sympathetic, and to profess to show interest, or on the contrary to admit the existence of hate, to exaggerate it at need and to make it appear in the germinal form so as to combat it all the more actively? Flattery is only a sly sedative; frankness alone can canterize the sores of dark racial amour-propre. O! my brother of the East! Thinkest thou that there does not exist in me, stamped somewhere in some unknown corner, a wild and jealous being which is not myself, which for hating thee takes the pretext that it does not understand thee, and which to-morrow will hold out the pretext that it has understood thee only too well! Thinkest thou that I do not recognise in thee a force which precipitates itself before my own pride, which without daring to attack it, spies it, follows it, and harasses it, with greater agility, passion and ruse than I could muster for defending myself?

In vain I thrust back this impression, into the night whence it comes; in vain I try to avoid a thousand aerial powers posted like deceitful gnomes on all the roads of thy humanity,—and the jealous, wild being in me whispers that I am only acting the dupe!

This jealous being tells me that we could not—neither thou nor I—treat each other on a basis of *par* that I have not the right to give up my defence of the treasures accumulated in my very bodily fibre by the

sufferings of my ancestors; that sympathy is only a means of approaching the adversary and surprising him in his nudity; that nothing here on earth is capable of adjusting such a difference as the one existing between me and thee, and that sooner or later we will have to resort to the judgment of God.

Or again this jealous wild being in me insinuates that the need of tenderness which appears to me as the source spring where even feline intelligence goes to drink, is not perhaps the essence of the human soul, but only the essence of my soul or the soul of my people; that the spirits of the forest, of the land, of magic waters, of soft springs, of changing and smiling skies, do not pursue the same dreams as those of the desert, the steppes, of monotonous stretches of land, burning with heat or glacial with cold, swept or shaken by the breath of pitiless dragons.

This jealous being affirms that even though thou mightst be altered by tenderness, if I show the weakness to approach thee in confidence unarmed, out of a feeling of sincere attraction, I shall find in thee only the exterior of friendship; that thou hast no reasons to desire to love me but on the contrary thou hast only accounts to settle with me and that thou wouldst consider my advances only as a sign that the hour of vengeance against me is near.

This jealous and wild being in me repeats to me with an unheard-of force and insistence that thou O! my brother of the Orient, wilt never betray thy race!

But what is this shrill whistling voice in the choir of my soul? Is the duty of man not to master in himself furious instincts of Hate. Is there not in me too some being which hates those whom I cherish those who are my nearest and dearest? and also something in me which hates me myself, life and the universe?

And is there not also in me, since I have avowed to thee the mistrust thou hast inspired in me, something which impels me towards thee with a tenderness such as will make green with jealousy those who love me and whom I love! And even if thou shouldst deceive my advances, even if thy fatality were to exploit my enthusiasm in such a way that this enthusiasm of mine for thee might truly wear the aspect of treason in the eyes of my race, what matters it to me? After a certain stage, we could serve our race only by betraying it. "It is my fatality", I shout it out to thee, O! my brother of the Orient, "to love thee"! I should give thee this love which is naked, unarmed, without conditions, without reckoning.

Thus as soon as the claims of the worst side of our nature are safe-guarded, we find ourselves, poor weaklings of the East and of the West already relieved. The phenomenon assumes an almost physical turn. We are only concerned with vast sheets of contrary electric currents and with the means of neutralising them. Salvation, let us state it once more, can come

only out of sincerity, out of the courage which frees itself at one blow from its masks, so as to better defy the evil genii—People of the East or of the West, of the South or of the North, pale faces or saffron ones—dark or copper-coloured, let us agree in recognising the factor of hate, and let us not despair of a solution for it—a simple problem of pedagogy.

The Orient—a Reservoir of Spiritual Energy

The terms of the questionnaire, amongst other defects, have the defect of rendering the collaboration of the principal oriental leaders difficult. The great interest of such a questionnaire-investigation might have centred there. We have need to know our own truths expressed by other than ourselves and also likewise to compare Chinese verities, and Arab verities with Hindu truths.

If we really analyse the majority of the charges which in the course of these four hundred pages certain Occidentals have levelled against the Occident, we see that many of these faults are far from being specifically Occidental. On the other hand, the eulogium showered on the Orient relate too often only to an imaginary Orient. Mons. J. Bacot, whom we have cited above, writes:

"The disquieting thirst for change which is far from being the longing for progress and amelioration and which unsettles all things arts, letters industries is the elder sister of the revolutionary spirit." Be it so! Let us admit this for a moment, but when Mons. Bacot adds: "This is not Asiatic" every European knowing the Orient from experience will raise a protest—Restlessness is as much oriental as occidental, in Asia it assumes other forms and gives rise to other defects. "The predominant impression," writes Mons. Bacot further, "which the Whites create in the minds of the Orientals even when they prove themselves to be most insupportable to the Easterners, is an impression of puerility"—Nothing is more true . . . but on condition that we add that the reciprocal statement is also true. Similarly how could we suppress a smile when Mons. Abel Bonnard says: "It is only natural that many minds and souls hanker towards Asia where material advantages are counted for nothing and where people have not ceased to venerate real superior Truths by giving them the highest place in its hierarchies." If the great religions of Asia have maintained an obstinate struggle against the "Ego" or

"Aham", it is because the Asiatic Ego is not less obstinate and not less attached to material advantages than the European Ego!

As a matter of fact, we remain open to very grave errors if we forget to take account of the great psychological law which could be termed *the law of contradiction*, i. e., the coexistence of contradictory forces in the same soul. The Orient is, par excellence, the land of contrasts and contradictions. Do we not know for a long time past that there can exist a gulf of difference between the philosophy and the metaphysics of an individual and a people on the one hand, and the practical every-day life and temperament on the other?

Who dreams more about purity,—the pure or the sensually-inclined? Is serenity the ideal of the recluse, resigned in his retreat or that of the restless and the covetous?

Yes! there is the immobile, calm, pacific, soft, contemplative, tolerant, idealistic free Orient, but at the same time, in the same place and with the same force exists the unstable, fierce, puerile, bellicose, cruel, positive, fanatic, sensual and despotic Orient. Similarly for the Occident too.

Therefore arises the necessity for analysis, calmness, prudence and carefulness. Too many assertions and comparisons in the course of these pages of the symposium remind us of the gossip of restaurants. Now in matters of international relations, restaurant gossip easily leads to catastrophes. We should give up the beautiful formula . . . which mixes up and confuses everything. How many an error do we find in the psychological judgments which our Oriental friends pass on us, though they may have lived amongst us and studied in our schools. . . . Their experience is much less bookish than ours. This enables us to imagine what could possibly be the extent of our errors in respect of the Oriental temperament. We could not too much repeat the fact that we are concerned here with an explosive material which should be manipulated only with precaution. Conflagrations in germinal form are latent in what we call "misunderstandings". The whole world is at one in seeing in the Orient a reservoir of spiritual energy; but it is not a European but a great Indian Dr. Coomaraswami who says: "The position of idealism in modern Asia is still more precarious than in modern Europe." Let us guard ourselves against what could be called spiritual *bovaryism* as much in the interests of the Orient as in our own, in the interest of the great human ideal which Tagore defines: "This 'maitre' amongst races which, as an ideal, is an end in itself without any ulterior object. Let us follow the virile maxim of Duhamel." "Truth! the cruel, poignant, consoling, Truth! this alone, in decisive moments, can

* Letter from R. Tagore to Sylvain Levi. Vide 'Europe' no 27.

unite together men of the most diverse types even as a formidable secret enchains and binds together a multitude of conspirators.†"

Considered from this point of view, we men of Europe, on account of our disciplines and on account of our special contribution to the history of mind, have more of duties and responsibilities than our brothers of the Orient.

An Appeal to Human Unity

Let us however recognise that there is a quasounanimity in the matter of hoping for ever-increasing reciprocal understanding and union. Broadly speaking, these four hundred pages form a fraternal message, an appeal to human unity, a loud protest against the formulas of pride, of intolerance and brutality. If the interest of this document, in so far as the judgments on the Orient are concerned, is not great, the document arrests our attention, in so far as it contains a condemnation of certain errors of the modern West. Minds belonging to the four corners of the spiritual horizon agree in denouncing the insolent excesses of that monstrous slave, definitely liberated by the last war; "GOLD"! Many of the writers believe and affirm that the conviction that the Orient or the Occident or both have a mission, far from conferring rights imposes sacrifices on them. Finally some writers appear to draw the elements of a new optimism from the most profound depths of their disillusion and sorrow.

The young men whom their noble uneasiness has led to this questionnaire-investigation have afforded us some justification for not surrendering all our Western pride. We are indebted for this to those amongst us who are most sceptical of our own spirituality; for it redounds to the honour of the Western soul to feel the need for self-accusation and self-depreciation to feel the need for stepping forward readily with a burning good will to the meeting with other souls!

More Thoughts on the Problem

We give below some thoughts which have appeared to us to be particularly worthy of being extracted here from the voluminous symposium on "The Calls of the Orient."

M. Sylvain Levi:

Mutual understanding, but how? . . . Deception clips the wings too soon opened and rancour follows deception. Science austere and slow, is surer. Hate comes only out of ignorance; to understand is to admit or to acquiesce. The delicate psychology of Buddhism drawing the mystic career of the saint, lays down before every degree of knowledge a limiting stage, i. e., the corresponding patience; before the complete

† Europe No. 30.

Truth, acceptance is promising. Let us cease to live on bazar psychologies and text-book definitions. From the Occident to the Orient, from the Orient to the Occident, let us try to know ourselves, such as we are loyally, without the prestige of sympathies or of blind accusations.

Fritz von Unruh.

On the right, anglo-saxon nationalism, utilitarian and cynical, wishes to engulf me, and on the left, irrationalism, mysticism, fanaticism. . . .

In the depth of the German soul, there rages a fight to death between the demons of America and Asia, which wish to conquer the soul of Europe.

Jene Caves:

Buddha himself never wearied of inciting men to action: "Indolence is infirmity; sloth is defilement. Off with this poisoned arrow which is called indolence". And his last words were: "In reality all creation is perishable. Let truth be your refuge! Fight unceasingly".

And this is the doctrine which has been presented to us as a narcotic or an intellectual opium!

Comte Herman Keyserling:

When Europeans of to-day oppose the East to the West, it is not really the oriental ideal and the occidental ideal which they have in view, but it is the classical ideal and the ideal of the middle ages which they mean to oppose against the modern ideal *i. e.* in other words the ideal of perfection is fitted against the ideal of progress. And here is my conclusion. I prefer the East to the West because I prefer perfection in all its forms to practical result.

E. Dinet and Sliman Ben Ibrahim:

The crusade of Mons. Henri Massis is a very dangerous echo of medieval fanaticism. If it should succeed, it would result inevitably in paralysing French thought in destroying the secular influence which France enjoys in the Orient and consequently in compromising in the most grave manner, the future of French posses-

sions in North Africa. Campaigns of the same type, led by writers and political sectarians, have produced an effect ten times more efficacious, for the introduction of Bolshevism in Algeria, than encouragement and subsidies from Moscow.

It is unnecessary to lay stress on the terrible danger which France risks if she allows to Germany alone the benefit of an intellectual approachment with the Orient. The leaders of French politics should always bear in their minds this popular Arab proverb: 'Attract the Oriental to thyself, so that he may not be attracted away from thee!'

The Oriental, called up to take an intimate part in the gigantic war which recently devastated Europe is now well informed about the West. He sincerely admires and seeks to avail himself of the powerful results of modern civilisation, but on the other hand, he has lost much of the respect and fear which he used to feel towards the West hitherto.

Translated by. L. V. RAMASWAMI IYER.

ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA

Page.	Col.	Line	For	Read
530	I	39	opend	opened
531	I	13	opend	opened
531	2	42	refuse	refused
534	I	41	The policy	The wise policy
534	2	4	cannot	can
534	2	46	Shortsighed	Shortsighted
535	2	25	philosophical	philosophical
536	I	13	overwhelming	overwhelmingly
537	I	2	in	on
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His creator has said that he has always conceived and thought of the life of his hero and of the book as a river. So far as the books has a plan, that is its plan. It has no literary artifice, no plot. The words of it hang together in defiance of syntax just as the thoughts of it follow one on the other in defiance of every system of philosophy. Every phase of the book is pregnant with the next phase. It is as direct and simple as life itself, for life is simple when the truth of it is known, as it was known instinctively by Christopher. The river is explored as though, it were absolutely uncharted. Nothing that has ever been said or thought of life is accepted without being brought to the test his own life. What is not true for him does not exist: and as there are very few of the process of human decay or growth which are not analysed, there is disclosed to the reader the most comprehensive survey of modern life which has appeared in literature in this century.

The struggle all through the book is between the pure life of Christopher and the common acceptance of the second rate and second hand by the substitution of civic or social morality for individual morality which demands that every man should be delivered up to the unswerving judgment of his own soul. Everywhere Christopher is hurled against compromise and untruth, individual and national. He discovers the German lie very quickly: the French lie grimaces at him as soon as he sets his foot in Paris.

The Adventures of his soul are in a greater or less degree those of every human being who passes through this life from the tyranny of the past to the service of the future. The book contains a host of characters who became as friends or at least as interesting neighbours to the reader. Christopher gathers people in his progress and as they are all brought to the test of his genius they appear clearly for what they are. Even the most unpleasant of them is human and demands sympathy.

An open mind coming to it cannot fail to be refreshed and strengthened by its voyage down river of a man's life and if the book is followed to its end the voyager will discover with Christopher that there is joy beneath sorrow, joy through sorrow. It reveals the past and the present and leaves the future open to us.

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At writes in the *Irish Homestead*—

How true is it that the best thought is international Rabindranath Tagore writes a volume of essays on "Greater India," but there is little in the work which could not be read with profit by Irish nationalists. We find him advocating co-operative villages using power machinery for manufacture of dairy products, sugarcane crushing or the better dealing with jute. If even one such model village community could be organised, says, the example would spread widely through the country.

He wants his countrymen to be at once national and universal, and he knows that spiritually no nation can be ever self-sufficient, that if they shut out the best thought of other nations, they will shut out the best thought of their own nation. He is against race hatreds, but he is not one to allow false applications of the idea of human brotherhood to be an excuse for submitting to injustice, and he tells his Indian countrymen that they must be strong and self-reliant.

We are sure any one who reads it will feel his own nationality ennobled by the study of this great writer, and that under the bronze colour of the Hindu the humanity is identical; the intellect as keen, the spirituality as great as with the people of any white race and to receive that conviction is a great thing, for there is nothing than personal or national egomania and the belief that one's own race are unique in virtue and intellect.

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I write to congratulate you most heartily on your recent publication *Young India*. It is a real triumph to have published, in so handy a form, such a complete compendium of the writings of the great leader. It is arranged so excellently and the paper and printing are most admirable.—*W. W. Pearson*.

These many months I have set apart some hours every day to read with my sister, who is my interpreter in English, the writings of the Mahatma. I have developed towards him a religious love. Never in the world was found one purer, simpler and truer. I consider his movement essentially as the salvation of mankind. For its import goes beyond India. The entire humanity is interested in it. May he be able to know that his voice is heard far and wide, that it lives and works and that it would continue to live after he and we are all dead.—*Romain Rolland*.

In reviewing *Young India* *Æ* Writes in the *Irish Homestead*:

To most people in Ireland Mahatma Gandhi is a name vaguely associated with a non-military revolt against British rule in India. It was known that Gandhi had an extraordinary influence on the Indian people but few people in these islands were able to judge whether that influence was due to high character and a powerful intelligence or to the arts by which a skilful politician plays upon popular discontent. The publication of *Young India*, in which is collected almost all of Mahatma Gandhi's utterances from 1919 to 1922, should solve the doubt for any reader. No one can read these articles without feeling that he is making the acquaintance of a truly great spirit. We doubt whether in Europe or America there is any publicist with a character so lofty, with such a passion for truth and righteousness and the reading of this book gives us a high conception also of the character and the spirituality of the people who were so profoundly moved by Gandhi's utterances. Here are no appeals to hatred, no stirring of the baser passions of men. He makes almost the appeal of a Christ to the moral and spiritual nature. Set these utterances beside those of any popular figure in Europe and the moral superiority of the Indian appears incontestable. We cannot pretend to give any true idea of the policy Gandhi outlined for his countrymen. It is contained in hundreds of short articles. We cannot, being so remote from India, say whether the policy was wise or unwise. But we do say that hardly anybody could read this book without feeling exalted by the character revealed. In some way we are made proud of our humanity when we remember that one man made so high an appeal and so many millions responded to it. We wish Ireland had a Gandhi and a people who would listen to so great a prophet.

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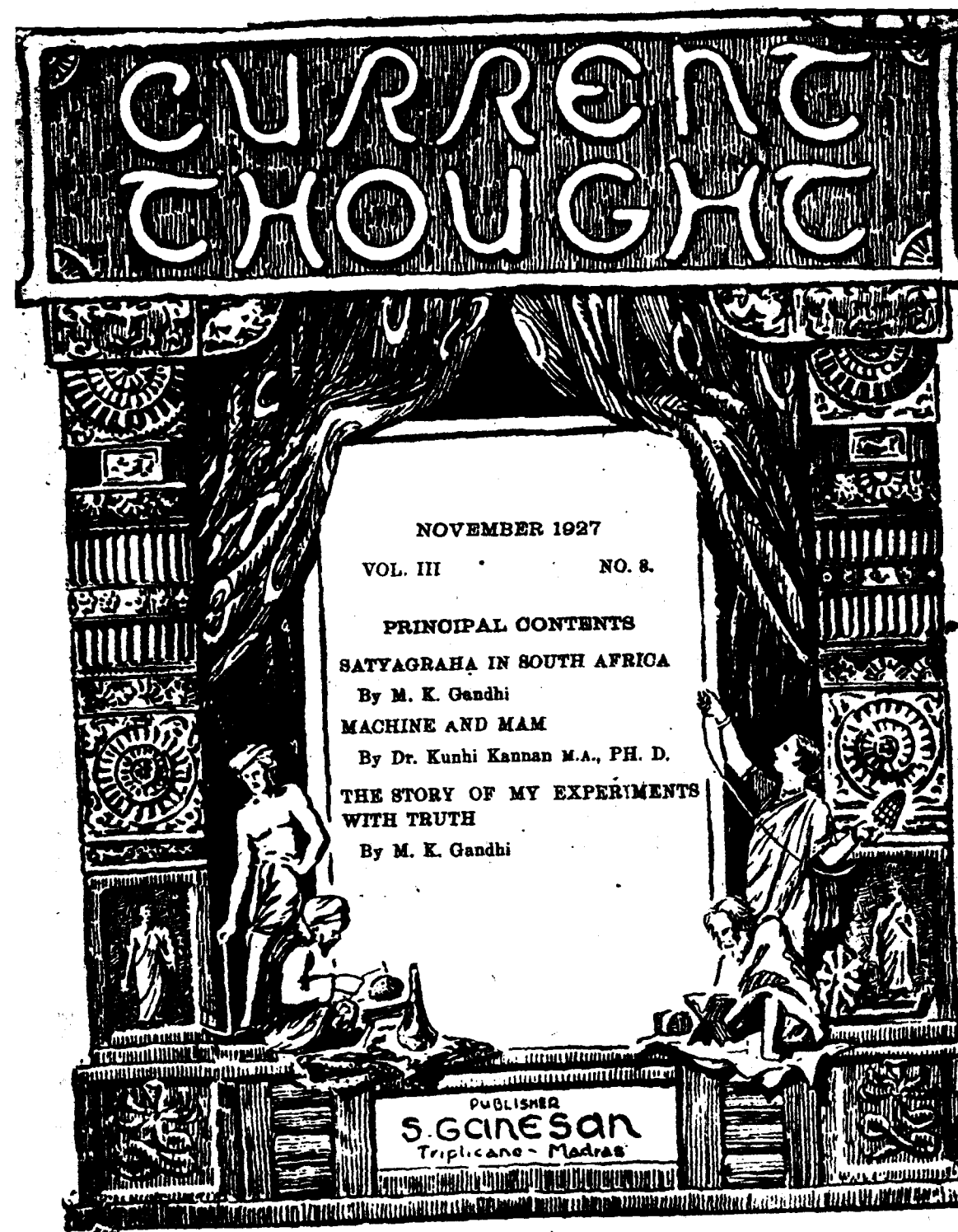
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Current Thought

That which exists is One
The wise name It variously

—RIG VEDA

NOVEMBER

No. 8

Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER XXII

OPPOSITION AND ASSAULT

I reached Johannesburg at about 9 p.m., and went direct to the Chairman, Sheth Essop Mian. He knew that I had been taken to Pretoria, and was hence rather expecting me. Still it was a pleasant surprise for him and others to find me unaccompanied by a warder. I suggested that a meeting should be called at once with such attendance as was possible at a very short notice. The Chairman and other friends agreed with me. As most of the Indians lived in the same quarter, it was not difficult to send round notice of the proposed meeting. The Chairman's house was near the Mosque, and meetings were usually held on the grounds of the Mosque. There was hence not much to be done by way of arrangement for the meeting. It was enough to have one light on the platform. The meeting was held that very night at about 11 or 12 p.m. The audience numbered nearly a thousand, in spite of the shortness of the notice and the

ed the terms of the settlement to the leaders present. A few opposed the settlement. But all of them understood the situation after they had heard me. Every one of them, however, was troubled by one doubt, 'What if General Smuts broke faith with us? The Black Act might not be enforced but it would always hang over our heads like Damocles' sword. If in the meanwhile we registered voluntarily, we would have knowingly played in the adversary's hands, and surrendered the most powerful weapon in our possession for resisting the Act. The right order for the settlement was, that the Act should be repealed first and then we should be called upon to register voluntarily.'

I liked this argument. I felt proud of the keen commonsense and high courage of those who advanced it, and saw, that such was the stuff of which Satyagrahis are made. In answer to that argument I observed: 'It is an excellent argument and deserves serious consideration. There would be nothing like it, if we registered voluntarily only after the Act was repealed. But then it would not be

means, that both the parties make large concessions on all points except where a principle is involved. Our principle is, that we would not submit to the Black Act, and therefore, would not, in virtue of it, do even such things as were otherwise unobjectionable; and to this principle we must adhere at all costs. The principle with the Government is, that in order to prevent the illegal entry of Indians into the Transvaal, it must get many Indians to take out non-transferable permits with marks of identification and thus set the suspicions of the whites at rest and allay all their fears; and the Government can never give it up on their part. We have admitted this principle of the Government by our conduct up to date, and therefore even if we feel like resisting it we may not do so until we find fresh grounds for such a departure. Our struggle aimed not at the abrogation of this principle but at removing the stigma which the Black Act sought to attach to the community. If, therefore, we now utilise the new and powerful force which has sprung up in the community for gaining a fresh point, it would ill become us, who claim to be Satyagrahis. Consequently we cannot justly object to the present settlement. As for the argument that we must not surrender our weapons before the Act is repealed, it is easily answered. A Satyagrahi bids good-bye to fear. He is therefore never afraid of trusting the opponent. Even if the opponent plays him false twenty times, the Satyagrahi is ready to trust him for the twenty first time, for an implicit trust in human nature is the very essence of his creed. Again to say that in trusting the Government we play into their hands is to betray an ignorance of the principles of Satyagraha. Suppose we register voluntarily, but the Government

commits a breach of faith and fails to redress its promise to repeal the Act. Could we not then resort to Satyagraha? If we refused to show at the proper time the certificates of registration we take out, our registration would count for nothing, and Government could not distinguish between ourselves and the Indians who might enter the Transvaal surreptitiously. Therefore, whether there is or there is not any law in force, the Government cannot exercise control over us without our co-operation. The existence of a law means, that if we refuse to accept the restriction sought to be imposed through it by the Government, we are liable to punishment, and generally it so happens, that the fear of punishment leads men to submit to the restriction. But a Satyagrahi differs from the generality of men in this, that if he submits to a restriction, he submits voluntarily, not because he is afraid of punishment, but because he thinks that such submission is essential to the common weal. And such is precisely our position regarding registration, which cannot be affected by any breach of faith, however flagrant, on the part of the Government. We are the creators of this position of ours, and we alone can change it. We are fearless and free, so long as we have the weapon of Satyagraha in our hands. And if any thinks that the community may not be as strong afterwards as it is today, I should say that he is not a Satyagrahi, nor has he any understanding of Satyagraha. That would mean, that the present strength of the community is not real strength but is in the nature of a momentary effervescence or intoxication, and if that is so, we do not deserve to win, and the fruits of victory will slip out of our hands even if we win. Suppose the Government first abrogates the Act and we then register

voluntarily. Suppose further that the Government afterwards enacts the same obnoxious law and compels the Indians to register. What can then prevent the Government from pursuing such a course of action? And if we are doubtful about our strength today, then too shall we be in an equally bad case. From whatever stand-point, therefore, we examine the settlement, it may be said that the community not only will not lose but will on the other hand gain by the compromise. And I am also of opinion, that when our opponents recognise our humility and sense of justice, they would give up or at least mitigate their opposition.

I was thus able fully to satisfy the one or two of the small company who struck a discordant note, but I did not then even dream of the storm which was to break out at the midnight meeting. I explained all the terms of the settlement to the meeting and said:

'The responsibility of the community is largely enhanced by this settlement. We must register voluntarily in order to show that we do not intend to bring a single Indian into the Transvaal surreptitiously or by fraud. If any one of us fails to register, he will not be punished at present; but that can only mean that the community does not accept the settlement. It is necessary, indeed, that you must here raise your hands as a mark of your agreeing to the settlement, but that is not enough. As soon as the arrangements for fresh registration are completed, every one of us who raises his hand should take out a certificate of registration at once, and just as many of you had volunteered before in order to explain to our compatriots why they should not register, even so should you now come forward to explain to the community why

they must register. And it is only when we have thus worthily fulfilled our part that we shall reap the real fruit of our victory.'

As soon as I finished my speech a Pathan friend stood up and greeted me with a volley of questions:

'Shall we have to give ten finger-prints under the settlement?'

'Yes and no. My own view of the matter is, that all of us should give digit impressions without the least hesitation. But those who have any conscientious objection to giving them or think it to be derogatory to their self-respect, will not be obliged to give those impressions.'

'What will you do yourself?'

'I have decided to give ten finger-prints. It may not be for me not to give them myself while advising others to do so.'

'You were writing a deal about the ten finger-prints. It was you who told us that they were required only from criminals. It was you who said that the struggle centred round the finger-prints. How does all that fit on with your attitude today?'

'Even now I fully adhere to everything that I have written before about finger-prints. Even now I say that in India finger-prints are required from criminal tribes. I have said before and say even now, that it would be a sin in virtue of the Black Act to give even our signatures not to talk of finger-prints. It is true that I have,—and I believe wisely,—laid great stress on this requisition of finger-prints. It was easier to rouse the community to a sense of the gravity of the situation by a reference to such a new and startling feature of the Act as the finger-prints than to minor items in which we had already yielded submission. And I saw from experience that the community grasped the situation at once.

fully in play, and if the differences with the adversary have been amicably settled, many take to the easy and grateful task of picking holes in the settlement. And in a democratic body it is only in the fitness of things that one has to provide satisfactory answers for the questions of every one, big and small. Even in offering battle to the adversary one does not learn the valuable lessons which come home to oneself while thus dealing with misunderstandings and strivings between friends. There is a sort of intoxication and exultation in fighting the adversary. But misunderstandings and differences between friends are rare phenomena and are therefore all the more painful. Yet it is only on such occasions that one's mettle is put to a real test. Such has been my experience without any exception, and I believe that it is only when passing through such ordeals that I have made the largest gains in things of the spirit. Many, who had not understood the real nature of the struggle while it was still going on, understood it fully in course of and after the settlement. Serious opposition was confined to the Pathans and did not travel beyond them.

The Registrar of Asiatics was soon ready to issue registration certificates under the new voluntary arrangement. The form of the certificates was altogether changed, and had been settled in consultation with the Satyagrahis.

On the morning of 10th February 1908 some of us got ready to go and take out certificates of registration. The supreme necessity of getting through the registration business with all possible expedition had been fully impressed on the community, and it had been agreed, that the leaders should be the first to take out certificates on the first day, with a

view to break down shyness, to see if the officers concerned discharged their duties with courtesy and generally to have an eye over all the arrangements.

When I reached my office, which was also the office of the Satyagraha Association, I found Mir Alam and his companions standing outside the premises. Mir Alam was an old client of mine, and used to seek my advice in all his affairs. Many Pathans in the Transvaal employed labourers to manufacture straw or coir mattresses, which they sold at a good profit, and Mir Alam did the same. He was fully six feet in height and of a large and powerful build. To-day for the first time I saw Mir Alam outside my office instead of inside it, and although his eyes met mine, he for the first time refrained from saluting me. I saluted him and he saluted me in return. As usual I asked him, 'How do you do?', and my impression is that he said he was all right. But he did not to-day wear his usual smile on the face. I noticed his angry eyes and took a mental note of the fact. I thought that something was going to happen. I entered the office. The Chairman Mr. Essop Mian and other friends arrived, and we set out for the Asiatic Office. Mir Alam and his companions followed us.

The Registration Office was at Von Brandis Square, less than a mile away from my office. On our way to it we had to pass through high roads. As we were going along Von Brandis Street, outside the premises of Messrs. Arnott and Gibson, not more than three minutes' walk from the Registration Office, Mir Alam accosted me and asked me, 'Where are you going?'

'I propose to take out a certificate of registration, giving the ten finger-prints,' I replied. 'If you will go with me, I will first get you a

certificate, with an impression only of the two thumbs, and then I will take one for myself, giving the finger prints.'

I had scarcely finished the last sentence when a heavy cudgel blow descended on my head from behind. I at once fainted with the words '*He Rama*' (Oh God!) on my lips, lay prostrate on the ground and had no notion of what followed. But Mir Alam and his companions gave me more blows and kicks, some of which were warded off by Essop Mian and Thambi Naidoo with the result that they too became a target for attack in their turn. The noise attracted some European passers-by to the scene. Mir Alam and his companions fled but were caught by the Europeans. The police arrived in the meanwhile and took them in custody. I was picked up and carried into Mr. J. C. Gibson's private office. When I regained consciousness, I saw Mr. Doke bending over me. 'How do you feel?' he asked me.

'I am all right,' I replied, 'but there is pain in the teeth and the ribs. Where is Mir Alam?'

'He has been arrested along with the rest.' 'They should be released.'

'That is all very well. But here you are in a stranger's office with your lip and cheek badly lacerated. The police are ready to take you to the hospital, but if you will go to my place, Mrs. Doke and I will minister to your comforts as best we can.'

'Yes, please take me to your place. Thank the police for their offer but tell them that I prefer to go with you.'

Mr. Chamney the Registrar of Asiatics too now arrived on the scene. I was taken in a carriage to this good clergyman's residence in Smit Street and a doctor was called in. Meanwhile I said to Mr. Chamney: 'I wished to come to your office, give ten finger-

prints and take out the first certificate of registration, but God willed it otherwise. However I have now to request you to bring the papers and allow me to register at once. I hope that you will not let any one else register before me.'

'Where is the hurry about it?' asked Mr. Chamney. 'The doctor will be here soon. You please rest yourself and all will be well. I will issue certificates to others but keep your name at the head of the list.'

'Not so,' I replied. 'I am pledged to take out the first certificate if I am alive and if it is acceptable to God. It is therefore that I insist upon the papers being brought here and now.'

Upon this Mr. Chamney went away to bring the papers.

The second thing for me to do was to wire to the Attorney-General that I did not hold Mir Alam and others guilty for the assault committed upon me, that in any case I did not wish them to be prosecuted and that I hoped they would be discharged for my sake. But the Europeans of Johannesburg addressed a strong letter to the Attorney-General, saying that whatever views Gandhi might hold as regards the punishment of criminals, they could not be given effect to in South Africa. Gandhi himself might not take any steps, but the assault was committed not in a private place but on the high roads and was therefore a public offence. Several Englishmen too were in a position to tender evidence and the offenders must be prosecuted. Upon this the Attorney-General re-arrested Mir Alam and one of his companions who were sentenced to three months' hard labour. Only I was not summoned as a witness.

But let us return to the sick room. Dr. Thwaites came in while Mr. Chamney was still away. He examined me and stitched up

the wounds in the cheek and on the upper lip. He prescribed some medicine to be applied to the ribs and enjoined silence upon me so long as the stitches were not removed. He restricted my diet to liquids only. He said that none of the injuries was serious, that I should be able to leave my bed and take up my ordinary activities in a week, but that I should be careful not to undertake much physical strain for two months more. So saying he left.

Thus speech was forbidden me, but I was still master of my hands. I addressed a short note as follows to the community through the Chairman and sent it for publication:

'I am well in the brotherly and sisterly hands of Mr. and Mrs. Doke. I hope to take up my duty shortly.

'Those who have committed the act did not know what they were doing. They thought that I was doing what was wrong. They have had their redress in the only manner they know. I therefore request that no steps be taken against them.

'Seeing that the assault was committed by a Musalman or Musalmans, the Hindus might probably feel hurt. If so, they would put themselves in the wrong before the world and their Maker. Rather let the blood spilt to-day cement the two communities indissolubly—such is my heartfelt prayer. May God grant it.

'Assault or no assault, my advice remains the same. The large majority of Asiatics ought to give finger-prints. Those who have real conscientious scruples will be exempted by the Government. To ask for more would be to show ourselves as children.

'The spirit of Satyagraha rightly understood should make the people fear none and nothing but God. No cowardly fear therefore should

deter the vast majority of sober-minded Indians from doing their duty. The promise of repeal of the Act against voluntary registration having been given, it is the sacred duty of every good Indian to help the Government and the Colony to the uttermost.'

Mr. Chamney returned with the papers and I gave my finger prints but not without pain. I then saw that tears stood in Mr. Chamney's eyes. I had often to write bitterly against him, but this showed me how man's heart may be softened by events.

The reader will easily imagine that all this did not take more than a few minutes. Mr. Doke and his good wife were anxious that I should be perfectly at rest and peaceful, and were therefore pained to witness my mental activity after the assault. They were afraid that it might react in a manner prejudicial to my health. They, therefore, by making signs and similar devices, removed all persons from near my bed, and asked me not to write or do anything. I made a request in writing, that before and in order that I might lie down quietly, their daughter Olive, who was then only a little girl, should sing for me my favourite English hymn, 'Lead, kindly light'. Mr. Doke liked this very much and acceded to my request with a sweet smile. He called Olive by signs and asked her to stand at the door and sing the hymn in a low tone. The whole scene passes before my eyes as I dictate this, and the melodious voice of little Olive reverberates in my ears.

I have included in this chapter much that, I think and the reader too will think, is irrelevant to my subject. Yet I cannot close this chapter without adding one reminiscence, too sacred to be omitted. How shall I describe the service rendered to me by the Doke family?

Mr. Joseph Doke was a Baptist minister then 46 years old and had been in New Zealand before he came to South Africa. Some six months before this assault, he came to my office and sent in his card. On seeing the word 'Reverend' before his name, I wrongly imagined that he had come, as some other clergymen did, to convert me to Christianity or to advise me to give up the struggle or perhaps to express patronising sympathy with the movement. Mr. Doke entered, and we had not talked many minutes before I saw how sadly I had misjudged him and mentally apologised to him. I found him familiar with all the facts of the struggle which were published in newspapers. He said, 'Please consider me as your friend in this struggle. I consider it my religious duty to render you such help as I can. If I have learnt any lesson from the life of Jesus, it is this that one should share and lighten the load of those who are heavily laden.' We thus got acquainted with each other, and every day marked an advance in our mutual affection and intimacy. The name of Mr. Doke will often recur in course of the present volume, but it was necessary to say a few words by way of introducing him to the reader before I describe the delicate attention I received at the hands of the Dokes.

Day and night one or other member of the family would be waiting upon me. The house became a sort of caravanserai so long as I stayed there. All classes of Indians flocked to the place to inquire after my health, and when later permitted by the doctor, to see me, from the humble hawker basket in hand with dirty clothes and dusty boots right up to the Chairman of the Transvaal British Indian Association. Mr. Doke would receive all of them in his drawing room with uniform courtesy and consideration, and so long as I lived with the

Dokes, all their time was occupied either with nursing me or with receiving the hundreds of people who looked in to see me. Even at night Mr. Doke would quietly peep twice or or thrice into my room. While living under his hospitable roof, I never so much as felt that it was not my home, or that my nearest and dearest could have looked after me better than the Dokes.

And it must not be supposed that Mr. Doke had not to suffer for according public support to the Indians in their struggle and for harbouring me under his roof. Mr. Doke was in charge of a Baptist church, and depended for his livelihood upon a congregation of Europeans, not all of whom entertained liberal views and among whom dislike of the Indians was perhaps as general as among other Europeans. But Mr. Doke was unmoved by it. I had discussed this delicate subject with him in the very beginning of our acquaintance. And he said:—'My dear friend, what do you think of the religion of Jesus? I claim to be a humble follower of Him, who cheerfully mounted the cross for the faith that was in Him, and whose love was as wide as the world. I must take a public part in your struggle if I am at all desirous of representing Christ to the Europeans who, you are afraid, will give me up as punishment for it. And I must not complain if they do thus give me up. My livelihood is indeed derived from them, but you certainly do not think that I am associated with them for living's sake, or that they are my cherishers. My cherisher is God; they are but the instruments of His almighty will. It is one of the unwritten conditions of my connection with them, that none of them may interfere with my religious liberty. Please therefore stop worrying on my account. I am taking my place beside you in this struggle

chauffeur feels exhausted after continuous driving for several hours not so much on account of the muscular energy he has spent. That is nothing much. He feels exhausted because he has had to attend to the many details of careful driving, of steering clear of ruts and obstacles, and generally of avoiding accidents. What he has spent is more nervous energy. The factory operative has to meet a similar but more exacting demand. In a saw-mill visited by me the planks came down a sliding board. There was a man, who had to sort the planks, who appeared to do little but he was all attention. As the planks came down slowly he had to determine the length at which it had to be cut and bring into action the right saw at the right place. He could not take the eye off for a moment for planks would pass down beyond the reach of the right saw. Work of this kind required effort of attention rather than of muscle. Factory labour is for the most part of this character. Indeed, one is not sure whether machinery is not precluding too much the exercise of the muscle. A machine-saw for cutting trees into logs had only to be fixed on and started, and the man, in charge had little else to do. The gardener waters lawns and plants by means of a long hose connected to a pipe which is taken round to different places and has only to remain at each for a while.

While the demand on the muscle may be little the increasing complexity of machinery and the delicacy of its manipulation is exacting to the nerves. This is bad enough. What is far worse is that the machinery is set to work at a speed determined rather by running costs than by the labourer's capacity for intensive work. The labourer's wishes do not count. The work demanded of him is mechanical, repetitive, fractional, and inten-

sive, vitiated further by the absence of proprietary interest either in the tools and machinery with which he works, or the wares he helps to manufacture. No sense of beauty can survive conditions like these. There is no charm "in the kiss" of the toothed wheel, or in the din and whirl of uproarious machinery. The worst feature yet remains to be described. The advent of machinery has gradually replaced human labour, and as it is being perfected more and more labour is being replaced. The more there is of replacement, the more the tendency to unemployment. The tendency may be checked by over-production and capture of distant markets, but is checked only for a time. The labour market is crowded usually in all industrial countries, and, more often than not, the supply exceeds the demand. The labourer is thus at the mercy of the employer. Instead of a producer of commodities, as he used to be in the old days, he is now himself a commodity subject to the laws and incidents to which commodities are subject.

The cumulative effect of these varied influences is to degrade the labourer to the level of the animal. His herding together in over-crowded slums, his poverty, the uncertainty of his employment, the wrack and ruin of his nerves, his indulgence in unhealthy excitements, rob him of his humanity. Education is lost on him. He tends to be no more than a cog or a screw in the industrial mechanism.

One has to realise fully the extent of this degradation to understand the defects of the western labourer, his indisposition to recreation which requires mental effort, his passion for the crude excitements of the cinema and the saloon, his irresponsiveness to softer and finer influences, and the poverty of his

comprehension. I saw articles in the newspapers for his benefit written in the style of children's stories. I recall one against easy contentment in the present, headed by a large illustration of a pig feeding with a self-satisfied air, thoughtless of the approaching Christmas when he was to be slaughtered. Describing the silliness of this proscine satisfaction, the article proceeded to point out that many humans were as thoughtless of the morrow as the pig. There are men all the world over as silly as the pig but I do not think these elaborate preliminaries would be required elsewhere to drive home so simple a truth. The directions given to voters to vote at the right place betrayed an opinion as low of the comprehension of the average voter.

The reduction of the number of working hours need not necessarily afford the relief which it is expected to give. From what I saw I could not help viewing from a more sympathetic standpoint the demand of labour for shorter hours which I had looked upon as fast becoming extravagant. An eight hour day had appeared to me short enough but a six hour day was in my opinion beyond all limits of reasonable demand. I cannot pretend to judge what would be a fair period, but I have no doubt that labour has substantial grounds for its demand in at least some of the industries. Machinery is being perfected from day to day and with each improvement of it and each new invention, the labourer has to adjust more and more to the speed of the machine. Delays are avoided and operations are better timed. Work therefore becomes more intense and automatic, and nervous strain is greater. It is not to be wondered at if after work of a few hours under such high pressure, where hand, mind and eye have to strain their utmost to keep up to the level of

the machine, the labourer finds himself exhausted and irresponsible to softer influences. Minds tuned up to such intense vibrations do not slow down to normal at dispersal time. The excitements of the factory are more easily exchanged for the milder excitement of the cinema and the saloon and the drink house rather than for the quiet of the home. Who is to say but labour itself that these exactions of modern factories are not past endurance and are not at the sacrifice of many a thing that sweetens and ennobles life?

There was bound to be the revolt from conditions so degrading as those described above. Labour was itself horrified at the depths to which it was sinking, and it has gradually organised to exact better terms from the employer and has succeeded in no small measure, and is bound to succeed more hereafter. In that struggle the healthier influences of industrial labour will help him in no small measure. For there is a brighter side as well to factory labour. If the labourer is reduced to the level of the machine he acquires too the hardness, strength and regularity of the machine. The work under high pressure, the effort prolonged through several hours amidst the distractions of noise, the alertness and quickness demanded, tend to steel the nerves and enable him to meet situations in which the craftsman, accustomed to more leisurely ways, may often find himself unnerved and helpless.

There is a gain elsewhere, too, to the superior staff in the factory. The range of interests, and therefore of intelligence of the individual craftsman of old, was limited to the small circle of the consumers of his wares. The forces he had to reckon with were simple, and not diversified and his comparatively feeble equipment sufficed to meet them. The

modern entrepreneur has to reckon with forces brought to bear on his professional capacity, on his leadership and control of men, on his intellect and quickness of despatch. In the control of large bodies of men rapidly being organised to take joint action in furtherance of their interests, in the increasing application of science to the improvement and perfection of machinery, in the increasing complexity and range of economic forces,

now no longer limited to localities or countries but pervading the whole world, he has to exercise judgment and forethought of the highest excellence. It is an education to have the privilege of contact with men of this description.

There is not alone the extreme of wealth and poverty in the West, but the sadder and more dangerous extreme of reason and animality.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI

CHAPTER VII

EXPERIMENTS IN EARTH AND WATER TREATMENT

With the growing simplicity of my life, my dislike for medicines steadily increased. While practising in Durban, I suffered for some time from debility and rheumatic inflammation. Dr P. J. Mehta, who had come to see me, gave me treatment, and I got well. After that, up to the time when I returned to India, I do not remember having suffered from any ailment to speak of.

But I used to be troubled with constipation and frequent headaches, while at Johannesburg. I kept myself fit with occasional laxatives and a well-regulated diet. But I could hardly call myself healthy, and always wondered, when I should get free from the incubus of these laxative medicines.

About this time, I read of the formation of a 'No Breakfast Association' in Manchester. The argument of the promoters was, that Englishmen ate too often and too much, that their doctors' bills were heavy because they

ate until midnight, and that they should at least give up breakfast, if they wanted to improve this state of affairs. Though all these things could not be said of me, I felt that the argument did partly apply in my case. I used to have three square meals daily in addition to afternoon tea. I was never a spare eater, and enjoyed as many delicacies as could be had with a vegetarian and spiceless diet. I scarcely ever got up before six or seven. I therefore argued, that if I also dropped the morning breakfast, I might become free from headaches. So I tried the experiment. For a few days it was rather hard, but the headaches entirely disappeared. This let me to conclude, that I was eating more than I needed.

But the change was far from relieving me of constipation. I tried Kuhne's hip-baths, which gave some relief, but did not completely cure me. In the meantime, the German who had a vegetarian restaurant, or some other friend, I forget who, placed in my hands Just's *Return to Nature*. In this book I read about earth treatment. The author also advocated fresh fruit and nuts as the natural diet of man.

I did not at once take to the exclusive fruit diet, but immediately began experiments in earth treatment, and with wonderful results. The treatment consisted in applying to the abdomen a bandage of clean earth moistened with cold water and spread like a poultice on fine linen. This I applied at bedtime, removing it during the night or in the morning, whenever I happened to wake up. It proved a radical cure. Since then I have tried the treatment on myself and my friends, and have never had reason to regret it. In India I have not been able to try this treatment with equal confidence. For one thing, I have never had time to settle down in one place to conduct the experiments. But my faith in the earth and water treatment remains practically the same as before. Even today I give myself the earth-treatment to a certain extent, and recommend it to my co-workers, whenever occasion arises.

Though I have had two serious illnesses in my life, I believe that man has little need to drug himself. 999 cases out of a thousand can be brought round by means of a well-regulated diet, water and earth treatment and similar household remedies. He, who runs to the doctor, *vaidya* or *hakim* for every little ailment, and swallows all kinds of vegetable and mineral drugs, not only curtails his life, but by becoming the slave of his body instead of remaining its master and thus losing self-control, ceases to be a man.

Let no one discount these observations, because they are being written in a sickbed. I know the reasons for my illnesses. I am fully conscious, that I alone am responsible for them, and it is because of that consciousness, that I have not lost patience. In fact I have thanked God for them as lessons, and have successfully resisted the temptation of taking

numerous drugs. I know my obstinacy often tries my doctors, but they kindly bear with me and do not give me up.

However I must not digress. Before proceeding further, I should give the reader a word of warning. Those who purchase Just's book, on the strength of this chapter, should not take everything in it to be gospel truth. A writer almost always presents one aspect of a case, whereas every case can be seen from no less than seven points of view, all of which are probably correct by themselves, but not correct at the same time and in the same circumstances. And then many books are written with a view to inducing customers and earning name and fame. Let those, therefore, who read these books, do so with discernment, and take the advice of some experienced man before trying any of the experiments set forth, or let them read such books with patience, and digest them thoroughly before acting upon them.

CHAPTER VIII A WARNING

I am afraid I must continue the digression until the next chapter. Along with my experiments in earth treatment, those in dietetics were also being carried on, and it may not be out of place here to make a few observations as regards the latter, though I shall have occasion to refer to them later on.

I may not, now or hereafter, enter into a detailed account of the experiments in dietetics, for I did so in a series of Gujarati articles that appeared years ago in *Indian Opinion*, and which were afterwards published in the form of a book popularly known in English as *A Guide to Health**. Among my little books this has been the most widely read alike in the East and the West, a thing that I

* Published by S. Ganesan, As. 12.

have not yet been able to understand. It was written for the benefit of the readers of *Indian Opinion*. But I know, that the booklet has profoundly influenced the lives of many, both in the East and the West, who have never seen *Indian Opinion*. For they have been corresponding with me on the subject. It has therefore appeared necessary to say something here about the booklet, for, though I see no reason to alter the views set forth in it, yet I have made certain radical changes in my actual practice, of which all readers of the book do not know, and of which, I think, they should be informed.

The booklet was written, like all my other writings with a spiritual end, which has always inspired every one of my actions, and therefore it is a matter for deep distress to me, that I am unable today to practise some of the theories propounded in the book.

It is my firm conviction, that man need take no milk at all, beyond the mother's milk that he takes as a baby. His diet should consist of nothing but sunbaked fruits and nuts. He can secure enough nourishment both for the tissues and the nerves from fruits like grapes and nuts like almonds. Restraint of the sexual and other passions becomes easy for a man who lives on such food. My co-workers and I have seen by experience, that there is much truth in the Indian proverb, that as a man eats, so shall he become. These views have been set out elaborately in the book.

But unfortunately in India I have found myself obliged to deny some of my theories in practice. Whilst I was engaged on the recruiting campaign in Kheda, an error in diet laid me low, and I was at death's door. I tried in vain to rebuild a shattered constitution without milk. I sought the help of the doctors, *vaidyas*, and scientists whom I knew to recom-

mend a substitute for milk. Some suggested *mung* water, some *mowhra* oil, some almond milk. I wore out my body in experimenting on these, but nothing could help me to leave the sickbed. The *vaidyas* read verses to me from Charaka to show, that religious scruples about diet have no place in therapeutics. So they could not be expected to help me to continue to live without milk. And how could those who recommended beef-tea and brandy without hesitation help me to persevere with milkless diet?

I might not take cow's or buffalo's milk, as I was bound by a vow. The vow of course meant the giving up all milks, but as I had mother cow's and mother buffalo's only in mind when I took the vow, and as I wanted to live, I somehow beguiled myself into emphasising the letter of the vow and decided to take goat's milk. I was fully conscious, when I started taking mother goat's milk, that the spirit of my vow was destroyed.

But the idea of leading a campaign against the Rowlatt Act had possessed me. And with it grew the desire to live. Consequently one of the greatest experiments in my life came to a stop.

I know it is argued, that the soul has nothing to do with what one eats or drinks, as the soul neither eats nor drinks; that it is not what you put inside from without, but what you express outwardly from within that matters. There is no doubt some force in this. But rather than examine this reasoning, I shall content myself with merely declaring my firm conviction, that for the seeker who would live in fear of God, and who would see Him face to face, restraint in diet both as to quantity and quality is as essential as restraint in thought and speech.

In a matter, however, where my theory has failed me, I should not only give the infor-

mation, but issue a grave warning against adopting it. I would therefore urge those who, on the strength of the theory propounded by me, may have given up milk, not to persist in the experiment, unless they find it beneficial in every way, or unless they are advised by experienced physicians. Up to now my experience here has shown me, that for those with a weak digestion and for those who are confined to bed, there is no light and nourishing diet equal to that of milk.

I should be greatly obliged, if any one with experience in this line, who happens to read this chapter, would tell me, if he has known from experience, and not from reading, of a vegetable substitute for milk, which is equally nourishing and digestible.

CHAPTER IX

A TUSSELE WITH POWER

To turn now to the Asiatic Department.

Johannesburg was the stronghold of the Asiatic officers. I had been observing that far from protecting the Indians, Chinese and others, these officers were grinding them down. Everyday I had complaints like these: 'The rightful ones are not admitted, whilst those who have no right are smuggled in on payment of £100. If you will not remedy this state of things, who will?' I shared the feeling. If I did not succeed in stamping out this evil, I should be living in the Transvaal in vain.

So I began to collect evidence, and as soon as I had gathered a fair amount, I approached the Police Commissioner. He appeared to be a just man. Far from giving me the cold shoulder, he listened to me patiently and asked me to show him all the evidence in my possession. He examined the witnesses himself and was satisfied, but he knew as well as I that it was

difficult in South Africa to get a white jury to convict a white offender against coloured men. 'But,' said he, 'let us try at any rate. It is not proper, either, to let such criminals go scot-free, for fear of the jury acquitting them. I must get them arrested, I assure you I shall leave no stone unturned.'

I did not need the assurance. I was suspecting quite a number of officers, but as I had no unchallengeable evidence against them, warrants of arrest were issued against the two about whose guilt I had not the slightest doubt.

My movements could never be kept secret. Many knew that I was going to the Police Commissioner practically daily. The two officers against whom warrants had been issued, had spies, more or less efficient. They used to patrol my office and report my movements to the officers. I must admit, however, that these officers were so bad that they could not have had many spies. Had the Indians and the Chinese not helped me, they would never have been arrested.

One of these absconded. The Police Commissioner obtained an extradition warrant against him and got him arrested and brought to the Transvaal. They were tried, and although there was strong evidence against them, and in spite of the fact that the jury had evidence of one of them having absconded, both were declared to be not guilty and acquitted.

I was sorely disappointed. The Police Commissioner also was very sorry. I got disgusted with the legal profession. The very intellect became an abomination to me inasmuch as it could be prostituted for screening crime.

However, the guilt of both of the officers was so patent that in spite of their acquittal

identity of ideals between us. Mrs. Gandhi herself does not perhaps know whether she has any ideals independently of me. It is likely that many of my doings have not her approval even today. We never discuss them, I see no good in discussing them. For she was educated neither by her parents, nor by me when I ought to have. But she is blessed with one great quality in a very considerable measure, a quality which most Hindu wives possess in a measure. And it is this; willingly or unwillingly consciously or unconsciously, she has considered herself blessed in following in my footsteps, and has never stood in the way of my endeavour to lead a life of restraint. Though, therefore, there is a wide difference between us intellectually, I have always had the feeling that ours is a life of contentment, happiness and progress.

CHAPTER XI

INTIMATE EUROPEAN CONTACTS

This chapter has brought me to a stage, where it becomes necessary for me to explain to the readers how this story is written from week to week.

When I began writing it, I had no definite plan before me. I have no diary or documents on which to base the story of my experiments. I write just as the Spirit moves me at the time of writing. I do not claim to know definitely, that all conscious thought and action on my part is directed by the Spirit. But on an examination of the greatest steps that I have taken in my life, as also of those that may be regarded as the least, I think it will not be improper to say that all of them were directed by the Spirit.

I have not seen Him, neither have I known Him. I have made the world's faith in God my own, and as my faith is ineffaceable, I

regard that faith as amounting to experience. However, as it may be said that to describe faith as experience is to tamper with truth, it may perhaps be correcter to say that I have no word for characterising my belief in God.

It is perhaps now somewhat easy to understand why I believe that I am writing this story as the Spirit prompts me. When I began the last chapter I gave it the heading I have given to this, but as I was writing it, I realised that before I narrated my experiences with Europeans, I must write something by way of a preface, which I did and altered the heading.

Now again, as I start on this chapter, I find myself confronted with a fresh problem. What things to mention and what to omit regarding the English friends I am about to write of is a serious problem. If things that are relevant are omitted, truth would be dimmed. And it is difficult to decide straightaway what is relevant, when I am not sure even about the relevancy of writing this story.

I understand clearer today what I read long ago about the inadequacy of all autobiography as history. I know that I do not set down in this story all that I remember. Who can say how much I must give and how much omit in the interests of truth? And what would be the value in a court of law of the inadequate *ex parte* evidence being submitted by me of certain events in my life? If some busybody were to cross-examine me on the chapters already written, I know that he might be able to shed much more light on them, and if it were a hostile critic's cross-examination, he might even flatter himself for having shown up 'the hollowness of many of my pretensions'.

I, therefore, wonder for a moment whether it may not be proper to stop writing these chapters. But so long as there is no prohibi-

tion from the voice within, I must continue the writing. I must follow the sage maxim, that nothing once begun should be abandoned unless it is proved to be morally wrong.

I am not writing the autobiography to please critics. Writing it is itself one of the experiments with truth. One of its objects is certainly to provide some comfort and food for reflection for my co-workers. Indeed I started writing it in compliance with their wishes. It might not have been written, had Jeramdas and Swami Anand not persisted in their suggestion. If, therefore, I am wrong in writing the autobiography, they must also share the blame.

But to take up the subject indicated in the heading. Just as I had Indians living with me as members of my family, I had English friends too so living with me in Durban. Not that all who lived with me liked this. But I persisted in having them. Nor that I was wise in every case. I had bitter experiences in some cases, but these included both Indians and Europeans. And I do not regret the experiences. In spite of them, and in spite of the inconvenience and worry that I have often caused to friends, I have not altered my conduct and friends have kindly borne with me. Whenever my contacts with strangers have been painful to friends, I have not hesitated to blame them. I hold that believers who have to see the same God in others that they see in themselves, must be able to live amongst all with sufficient detachment. And the ability to live thus can be cultivated not by fighting shy of unsought opportunities for such contacts, but by hailing them in a spirit of service, and withal keeping oneself unaffected by them.

Though, therefore, my house was full when the Boer War began, I received two English-

men come from Johannesburg. Both were Theosophists, one of them being Mr. Kitchin of whom we shall have occasion to know more later. These friends too often cost the wife bitter tears. Unfortunately she has had many such occasions on my account. This was the first time that I had English friends to live with me as intimately as members of my family. I had stayed in English houses during my days in England, but there I conformed to their ways of living and it was more or less like living in a boarding house. Here it was quite the contrary. The English friends became members of the family. They adopted the Indian style in many matters. Though the appointments in the house were in the Western fashion, the internal life was mostly Indian. I do remember having had some difficulty in keeping them as members of the family, but I can certainly say, that they had no difficulty in making themselves perfectly at home under my roof. In Johannesburg these contacts went rather forward than in Durban.

CHAPTER XII

EUROPEAN CONTACTS (Contd.)

In Johannesburg I had at one time as many as four Indian clerks, about whom it is difficult to say whether they were not more like my sons than clerks. But even these were not enough for my work. It was impossible to do without typewriting, which among us, if at all, only I know. I taught it to two of them, but they never came up to the mark because of their poor English. And then one of these I wanted to train up as an accountant. I could not get out any one from Natal, for no one could enter the Transvaal without permit, and for my own personal

the Government could not harbour them. Both were cashiered and the Asiatic Department became comparatively clean, and the Indian community was somewhat reassured.

The event enhanced my prestige and brought me more business. The bulk, though not all, of the hundreds of pounds that the community was monthly squandering in speculation, was saved. All could not be saved, for the dishonest still plied their trade. But it was now possible for the honest man to preserve his honesty.

I can say that though these officers were so bad, I had nothing against them personally. They were aware of this themselves, and when in their straits they approached me I helped them too. They had a chance of getting employed by the Johannesburg Municipality in case I did not oppose the proposal. A friend of theirs saw me in this connection and I agreed not to thwart them, and they succeeded.

This attitude of mine put the officials with whom I came in contact perfectly at ease, and though I had often to fight with their department and use strong language, they remained quite friendly with me. I was not then quite conscious that such behaviour was part of my nature. I learnt later that it was an essential part of Satyagraha, and an attribute of Ahimsa.

Man and his deed are two distinct things. Whereas a good deed should call forth approbation and a wicked deed disapprobation, the doer of the deed, whether good or wicked, always deserves respect or pity as the case may be. 'Hate the sin and not the sinner' is a precept which though easy enough to understand is rarely practised, and that is why the poison of hatred spreads in the world.

This *ahimsa* is the basis of the search for

truth. I am realising everyday that the search is vain unless it is found on *ahimsa* as a basis. It is quite proper to resist and attack a system, but to resist its author is tantamount to resisting oneself. For, we are all tarred with the same brush and yet are children of one and the same Creator, and as such the divine powers within us are infinite. To slight a single human being is to slight those divine powers, and thus to harm not only him but with him the whole world.

CHAPTER X

A SACRED RECOLLECTION AND PENANCE

A variety of incidents in my life have conspired to bring me in close contact with people of many creeds and many communities, and my experience with all of them warrants the statement, that I have known no distinction between relatives and strangers, countrymen and foreigners, white and coloured, Hindus and Indians of other faiths, whether Mussalmans, Parsis, Christians or Jews. I may say, that my heart has been incapable of making any such distinction. I cannot claim this as a special virtue, as it has been in my very nature, rather than a result of any effort on my part, whereas in the case of *ahimsa* (non-violence), *brahmacharya* (celibacy), *aparigraha* (non-possession) and other cardinal virtues, I am fully conscious of a continuous striving for the cultivation of them.

When I was practising in Durban, my office clerks often stayed with me, and there were among them Hindus and Christians, or to describe them by their provinces, Gujaratis and Tamilians. I do not recollect having ever regarded them as anything but my kith and kin. I treated them as members of my

family, and had unpleasantnesses with my wife if ever she stood in my way of treating them as such. One of the clerks was a Christian, born of Panchama parents.

The rooms of the house, which was built after the western model, had no outlets, as there should be none, for discharging dirty water. Each room had therefore chamber-pots. Rather than have these cleaned by a servant or a sweeper, my wife or I attended to them. The clerks who made themselves completely at home would naturally clean their own pots, but the Christian clerk was a new-comer, and it was our duty to attend to his bedroom. Mrs. Gandhi managed the pots of the others, but to clean those used by one who had been a Panchama seemed to her to be the limit, and we fell out. She could not bear the pots being cleaned by me, neither did she like doing so herself. Even to-day I can picture her chiding me with her eyes red with anger, and pearl-drops streaming through them, as she was descending the ladder, pot in hand. But I was a cruelly kind husband. I regarded myself as her teacher, and so harassed her out of my blind love for her.

I was far from being satisfied by her merely carrying the pot. I would have her do it cheerfully. So I said, raising my voice: 'I will not stand this nonsense in my house.'

The words pierced her like an arrow.

She shouted back: 'Keep your house to yourself and let me go.' I had forgotten myself and the spring of compassion had dried up in me. I caught her by the hand, dragged the helpless woman to the gate which was just opposite the ladder, and proceeded to open it to push her out. The tears were running down her cheeks in torrents, and she said 'Have you no sense of shame? Must you so far forget yourself? Where am I to go? I have

no parents or relatives here to harbour me. Being your wife, you think, I must put up with your cuffs and kicks? For Heaven's sake behave yourself, and shut the gate. Let us not be found making scenes like this!'

I put on a brave face, but was really ashamed, and shut the gate. If my wife could not leave me, neither could I leave her. We have had numerous bickerings, but the end has always been peace between us. The wife, with her matchless powers of endurance, has always been the victor.

Today, I am in a position to narrate the incident with some detachment, as belongs to a period out of which I have fortunately emerged. I am no longer a blind, infatuated husband, I am no more my wife's teacher. Mrs. Gandhi can, if she will, be as unpleasant to me today, as I used to be to her before. We are tried friends, the one no longer regarding the other as the object of lust. She has been a faithful nurse throughout my illnesses, serving without any thought of reward.

The incident in question occurred in 1898, when I had no conception of *brahmacharya*. It was a time, when I thought that the wife was the object of her husband's lust, born to do her husband's behest, rather than a helpmate and a comrade and a partner in the husband's joys and sorrows.

It was in the year 1900 that these ideas underwent a radical transformation, and in 1906 they took concrete shape. But of this I propose to speak in its proper place. Suffice it to say that with the gradual disappearance in me of the carnal appetite, my domestic life became and is becoming more and more peaceful, sweet and happy.

Let no one conclude from this narrative of a sacred recollection, that we are by any means an ideal couple, or that there is a complete

convenience, I was not prepared to ask a favour of the Permit Officer.

I was at my wits' end. Arrears were fast mounting up, so much so that it seemed impossible for me, however much I might try, to cope with professional and public work. I was quite willing to entertain a European clerk, but I was not sure to get a White man or woman to serve a coloured man like me. But I decided to try. I approached a typewriter's agent whom I knew, and asked him to get me a stenographer if he could. There were girls available, and he promised to try to secure the services of one. He came across a Scotch girl called Miss Dick, who had come then fresh from Scotland. She had no objection to earn an honest livelihood, wherever available, and she was in need. So the agent sent her on to me. She immediately prepossessed me.

'Dont you mind serving under an Indian?' I asked her.

'Not at all,' was her firm reply.

'What salary do you expect?'

'Would £ 17/10 be too much?'

'Not too much, if you will give me the work I want from you. When can you join?'

'This moment, if you please.'

I was very glad and started dictating letters to her. Before very long she became more a daughter or a sister to me than a mere stenotypist. Scarcely had I reason to find fault with her work. She was often entrusted with the management of funds amounting to thousands of pounds, and she was in charge of account books. She won my complete confidence, but what was perhaps more, she confided to me her innermost thoughts and feelings. She sought my advice in the final choice of her husband, and I had the privilege to give her away in marriage. As soon as

Miss Dick became Mrs. Macdonald, she had to leave me, but even after her marriage she did not fail to respond whenever under pressure I made a call upon her.

But a permanent stenotypist was now needed in her place, and I was fortunate in getting another girl. She was Miss Schlesin introduced to me by Mr. Kallenbach whom the reader will know in due course. She is at present at the head of a girls' school in the Transvaal. She was about seventeen when she came to me. Some of her idiosyncrasies were at times too much for Mr. Kallenbach and me. She had come less to work as a stenotypist than to gain experience. Colour prejudice was foreign to her temperament. She seemed to mind neither age nor experience. She would not hesitate even to the point of insulting a man and telling him to his face what she thought of him. Her impetuosity often landed me in difficulties, but her open and guileless temperament removed them as soon as they were created. I have often signed without revision letters typed by her, as I considered her English to be better than mine, and had the fullest confidence in her loyalty.

Her sacrifice was great. For a considerable period she did not draw more than £ 6, and refused ever to receive more than £ 10 a month. When I urged her to take more, she would give me a scolding and say, 'I am not here to draw a salary from you. I am here, because I like to work with you and I like your ideals.'

She had once an occasion to take £ 40 from me, but she insisted on having it as a loan, and repaid the full amount last year. Her courage was equal to her sacrifice. She is one of the few women I have been privileged to come across, with character clear as crystal

and courage that would shame a warrior. She is a grown up woman now. I do not quite know her mind as well as when she was with me, but my contact with this young lady will ever be for me a sacred recollection. I would therefore be false to truth if I kept back what I know about her.

She knew neither night nor day in toiling for the cause. She ventured out on errands in the darkness of the night all by herself, and angrily scouted any suggestion of an escort. Thousands of stalwart Indians looked up to her for guidance. When during the Satyagraha days almost every one of the leaders was in jail, she led the movement single-handed. She had the management of

thousands, a tremendous amount of correspondence, and *Indian Opinion* in her hands, but she never wearied.

I could go on thus indefinitely writing about Miss Schlesin, but I shall conclude this chapter with citing Gokhale's estimate of her. Gokhale knew every one of my co-workers. He was pleased with many of them, and would often give his estimates of them. He gave the first place to Miss Schlesin amongst all the Indian and European co-workers. 'I have rarely met with the sacrifice, the purity and the fearlessness I have seen in Miss Schlesin,' said he. 'Amongst your co-workers she takes the first place in my estimation.'

Reviews and Notices of Books

EDUCATION

Theory and Practice of Education

LECTURES ON THE THEORY AND PRACTISE OF EDUCATION (By D. Jivanagam, M.A., L.T., Lecturer in Education, Training College, Trivandrum, and Honorary Reader in Education, University of Madras. Printed at the A. R. V. Press, Fort, Trivandrum 1927. pages 309.)

Recent developments in educational science have brought with them an overflowing literature on the theory and practice of education, that the enquiring student finds often times hopelessly at sea in choosing his reading. The present work is an attempt to cover in one single volume, all the information reduced in compendiums and readable shape, available for the syllabus set for the L. T. Degree Examination of the Madras University. The syllabus has a wide range; and includes a variety of subjects, that it is impossible to find them all well treated in any one book. The paucity of such a work is well supplied by

the lectures that appear in the pages of this book, which as the author says, is devised to meet the requirements of the assiduous student who is keen to pursue his reading, but labours for want of suggestive guide, as well as of the easy-going one who wants in a nutshell all that is required for a pass in the examination. Thus it is written with a twofold purpose, to guide the reading of those who are interested to pursue investigations on educational problems, and to assist students preparing for examinations in teaching. Nevertheless, the book is also useful to other members of the teaching profession, who always want information in specific educational topics, and suggestions for advanced reading. The exhaustive bibliographies appended at the end of each lecture, are therefore not only very valuable, but will also meet the unsatisfied needs of all engaged in pedagogy.

The book comprises broadly of six chapters. The first one deals with the general principles of education, where such topics as the aim and problem of education, the essential qualifications

of a teacher, and the teacher's professional curriculum are fully discussed. The second chapter relates primarily to the treatment of Educational Psychology, where the author's profound reading and grasp of the various conflicting and up-to-date theories in the different branches of Psychology are very clearly displayed. The learned writer has here tried not only to give exhaustive information in the light of modern research in Experimental Psychology, but has also correlated and systematised into a stimulating and well-regulated thesis the abundance of his knowledge on this most important field of education which is sorely neglected in India. The next two chapters concern fully with the question of Discipline and Method in education, while the last two deal with the much slighted subject of Social Hygiene and principles of school organisation. In the treatment of all these important aspects of educational curriculum, the author has shown a remarkable perspicuity and thoroughness. One finds equally well the scholarly tone when he deals with the complex problems of the application of Psychological principles in teaching, side by side with the impressive and pedagogic treatment of the Dalton Plan and the intelligence tests. On the whole, one can unhesitatingly say, that the work, though intended in some respects as an examination guide to students of the Training schools and colleges, bears ample proof of wide scholarship and range of reading. The labours of the writer are certainly bound to be rewarded as all students and teachers employed in the profession of education, will find in it a useful guide for consultation and study.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

Hints on Health

LA DIFESA DELLA SALUTE: a book of practical Hygienic instructions published under the auspices of the Italian Institute of Hygienic Vigilance and Social Assistance, and circulated by the Italian colonial Government amongst their Mahomedan subjects of Tripoli.

The book is a testimony to the valuable and

useful work done by the Italian Institute of Hygienic Vigilance under the supervision of Prof. Ettore Levi whose name is familiar to our readers and whose admiration for Gandhiji's views on health is well known. The book is an Italian translation, rendered by Prof. Ettore Levi himself, from a French book intended to be circulated amongst the Mahomedan subjects of French Algeria. It treats, in an easy and popular way, about some of the commonest rules of health, gives instructions as to how contagious diseases could be avoided by hygienic care, as to how diseases like Typhoid fever, Dysentery, Cholera, Typhus, Chronic Fever, Bubonic Plague, Pulmonary Tuberculosis, Rabies etc., could be prevented by foresight and care, and further it contains some useful observations on the Diseases of the cattle and on the Duties of the Administrators in times of Epidemics. The treatment is exceedingly popular, technicalities being scrupulously avoided. Each chapter is introduced with a relevant quotation from the Koran so that the people might know that nothing subversive of religion is being told them but only rules which have had the sanction of their highest religious authority. "Nothing indeed can contribute to the greatness of a nation," says Prof. Levi in the introduction, "so much as the vigilant supervision of the physical health of individuals, which is inseparable from the well-being of the country and its economic potentiality, inasmuch as health is the greatest treasure the primal source of every spiritual and material progress. The work of the great prophets has, at all times and amongst all nations, aimed at the achievement of this ideal. This book which is inspired by the sayings of the Koran,—that marvellous volume which teaches the faithful the bases of all laws and morality—will contribute greatly to spreading among Mussalmans the most elementary rules of hygiene, whether relating to men or to animals which latter are so necessary to the agricultural development of the country."

The various chapters treat about the origin, the symptoms, the growth and the different varieties of the diseases and suggest preventive measures in a manner which would appeal to

any layman. The outlook of the author is based throughout upon a recognition of the inter-relationship of the body and the soul. The references to relevant portions from the Koran are calculated to make the instructions more readily acceptable and convincing. The last chapter addressed to the chiefs of the Tripolitan tribes is a mandate calling upon them to guard their flocks like shepherds. "Your rank, your age, the respect and the esteem", addresses the author, "which surround you, confer authority and prestige upon all your words. Use therefore this power, employ it for counselling the ignorant, the doubters, the unfortunates and convince them of all the different ways in which life which is a precious gift from God can be prolonged. Teach them the advantages of the cleanliness of the body, of clothes, of lodgings, and the need for strenuous vigilance against contagious and epidemic diseases. Tell them that these are essential measures which in no way detract from personal freedom, that these are of great use in the healthy protection of society and in ensuring the happiness of mankind."

The publication and circulation of the book does credit not only to Prof. Levi and his Association but to the Italian government whose solicitude for the physical welfare of their Mahomedan subjects is evidenced hereby. The example of circulating popular literature dealing with common diseases amongst the people might very well be copied by our governments here in India. The necessity for such propaganda is all the greater in the metropolitan cities where disease, squalor, dirt and illiteracy exist side by side with luxury, comfort, refinement and wealth.

L. V. RAMASWAMI Aiyer.

Literature

MEMORABILIA: GITANJALI (in Gujarati); KAVI TAGORE (in Gujarati); PRANAYABANSI; RASHRIYAGIT. Published by N. M. Tripathi & Co., Bombay.

Forcefulness and an all-pervasive originality are the characteristics of these writings which

embody deep-seated convictions and a rich experience of life gleaned from far and near, from the old and the new. The author is a profound Sanskrit scholar, but a very discriminating one too. At a very early age he had mastered the Bengali language and come under the influence of the poet Rabindranath Tagore whose "Gitanjali" he translated and interpreted to the Gujarati public with an originality that a discerning Sanskrit scholar of his vision and catholicity alone could show. He travelled extensively in America and in Europe, popularising Yoga culture and its scientific possibilities. We are told that the author's knowledge of Yoga is first-hand, himself having personally undergone all the experiences under the direction of a great Yogic master. His Yogic practices, however, have not made him stand aloof from the affairs of practical life which he observes, analyses and interprets with exceptional keenness and little regard for self-complacent orthodoxy.

His observations of life are all put together in aphoristic form in the volume "Memorabilia." This volume of practical epigrams is marked at once by the sombre poetic indignation of a prophet denouncing the shams of society, the caustic satire of an astute man of the world and the intuitive warmth of an emotional idealist like Emerson; but the outstanding quality seems to be a passionate ardour for reforming society. "There is much in this book," says the author, "which the orthodox, the so-called serious-minded and the hypocrite will strongly resent. There is at the same time much that will be hailed by the thinking young enthusiast, much that will inspire and prepare for an intellectual revolution." The author's claim would be readily granted by all readers of the book, who are not so bitterly orthodox as to feel repelled by his daring unconventionalism. The epigrams are like intellectual germicides which when they course through the system of society should come into terrific shock with the disease microbes, even if they do not demolish them outright. The sacro-sanct heresies of society form the target of the author's attack in epigrams like the following:—

"To be carried away by sentiments is like

getting into a bad storm, for one is never sure of himself as long as he is not out of it."

"They praise a personal God who are benefitted by Him."

"The fundamental difference between an orthodox man and a reformer is that while the former follows his customs, the latter follows his conveniences."

"Those who have *sinned* need to visit the sacred places. He goes to pilgrimage who has an aching conscience."

"If you want to be a public leader, you will have to be an acrobat; do your stunts and give them surprises."

The element of satire in these and other maxims is of course motivated by the hope, born of the faith in the greatness of our past, that a new society free from social heresies and faults will arise in India; yet for all this there is a trace of bitterness almost bordering on misanthropy in epigrams like the following:—

"Modern society is a net-work of selfishness; if you have no selfish interests to gain, you do not need a society."

"The mysteries of life are not so hard to explain as a woman."

"The most unnatural of all that is in Nature is the human nature."

"Some people are just fit for the company of pigs, but there are many who are not even fit for that." (This is almost Swiftian in its coarseness and brutality.)

"Idealism is merely a game of make-believe."

It will be wrong, however, to think that the author's outlook is throughout excessively pessimistic, as these instances seem to suggest, for nothing could be more sunny, more imbued with a profound faith than the very large number of epigrams that we come across everywhere in the volume and of which the following are a few examples:

"Pity is merely a waste of mental energy; help is infinitely better than pity."

"Touch this world lightly; touch it the way you would a tender petal."

"Only that life is rich which never misses an opportunity of doing some good to the other."

"You can persuade yourself to be miserable, if you just think about it."

Shri Jogendra is impatient with the narrow, priest-bound, convention-ridden religions which preach belief in personal gods. His is a larger faith, something akin to the Emersonian Faith in the Immanence of the Over-Soul:

"Do not pay anything to anyone, to plead your cause before God, unless you feel that he is an omniscient fool who can be easily cheated."

"A true religion is an unrestricted religion whose sermons are in the stones and books in the running brooks."

"It is less offensive to our intellect to believe in a pantheistic God than in a personal God with two feet and more hands."

"The savage on the edge of the Congo, if he were a spiritualist, would see Heaven exactly as things are with him—black gentlemen, all undressed, eating a dead hippopotamus on the banks of a river, then going to sleep, swollen and happy."

The author's reflections cover a very large variety of topics, not only the "great and eternal commonplaces of human occasion like love, marriage, death, religion, government etc." but also that Higher Wisdom which the author has sensed intuitively. We have no doubt that a perusal of the book will open the eyes of many among us to the need for a thorough-going reform in our social outlook. It will certainly contribute to strengthening the conviction of many amongst us that the cobwebs of ancient superstition hanging round our society have to go.

We have said that the author came early under the influence of Rabindranath Tagore. The influence is seen indirectly in all his works. Directly it shows itself in the author's translations from the Gitanjali and in an appreciative study of the poet's genius. The Gujarati translations are all from the original. Most of the poems are rendered into poetic prose in Gujarati, but there are some poetic translations too at the end of the volume. Translation from Bengali to Gujarati, especially of Rabindranath's poems, is considerably easier than translation into a language with a different structural genius as for

instance a Dravidian language. Rabindranath's vocabulary abounds in Sanskrit words and besides, the structural form of Gujarati is not greatly different from that of Bengali. Hence wonderful effects can be produced. For instance, Rabindranath's Bengali poem beginning with the stanza.

Mukti! Ore mukti kothay pabi

mukti kothay ache?

apni prabhu srishtibandhan pare

Bandha sabar kache!

appears in Shri Jogendra's poetic version thus:

Mukti! mukti vali kyan che malti;

mukti kyan rahi che?

Srishti Sriji thyanthi ja prabhue

lidha bandha shire!

The prose version of the same passage given by Shri Jogendra in his "Gitanjali" is however less happy. We would wish that Shri Jogendra had given us only poetic versions of Gitanjali poems, for in these poetic versions (a few of which are given at the end of the 'Gitanjali' volume while a good many gems lie distributed in his "Life of Tagore"), the haunting beauty of the original is reproduced wonderfully well, the melody and lyric grandeur are accurately reflected and the witchery of phraseology stands faithfully mirrored.

Shri Jogendra's appreciative sketch of Tagore's genius, though incomplete, shows keen insight into the Bengali poet's philosophy and general outlook on life. The sketch deals with the main incidents of the poet's life, gives an account of the poet's educational institution and finally treats about the main features of the poet's individual genius, his patriotism, his historical outlook, his message, his ethic conceptions and his essentially symbolic imagination which sees the Eternal through the veil of the Ephemeral. Shri Jogendra's account is based mainly on personal impressions and a reading of the poet's original works, but he has also derived help from critical works about Tagore. The best study of Rabindranath's genius, in English or any other language, is a small Bengali volume of the late Ajit Kumar Chakravarthi's, published several years ago and not yet translated into English. Shri Jogendra does not seem to have known of this book which

might have given him much useful food for reflection and elaboration; nevertheless, Shri Jogendra's understanding of Rabindranath is quite accurate and illuminating, especially in his treatment of Rabindranath's philosophy of life which Shri Jogendra relates and compares to the Upanishadaic teachings.

Symbolism appeals powerfully to Shri Jogendra and all his works are so framed as to convey at the same time appeals to the heart and to the intellect. For instance, the poems in *Pranayabansi*, besides containing in them elements of artistic beauty, are also full of instruction and moral appeals. Mere lyricism which sports and toys with a simple idea and concentrates only on empty artistry does not find favour with Shri Jogendra. All his compositions have an allegorical value which sometimes is not self-apparent. Hence he has provided us with suggestive commentaries and explanations also, with a view to making clear the symbolistic purpose. His essentially religious outlook can, as we have already seen, be gleaned from his "Memorabilia." The same outlook is worked out in detail in *Pranayabansi* which contains also some interesting adaptations from Tagore's works.

Rashtriya Sangit is a collection of patriotic lyrics, full of emotional effects and intellectual appeals. Some of these deserve to rank by the side of Bankim Chatterjee's *Bande Mataram* and Tagore's famous song, *Jana-gana-mana-jaya—bharata—bhagya—vidhata*. Though the songs are in Gujarati, they are so full of Sanskrit words that the general sense is easily understood by non-Gujarati Indians.

The rare combination of intuitive idealism and practical insight evidenced in Shri Jogendra's works entitles him to a wider All-Indian recognition and a vaster popularity than he enjoys to-day.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR, M.A., B.L.

Keats

KEATS. By W. H. Garrod, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. The Oxford University Press.

Price, 5/-

Prof. Garrod's is one of the most illuminating

among recent studies of Keats, though it does not claim to be exhaustive in any sense. His attitude to the subject is reflected in his plea for the serious intellectual study of great poetry, than which there is no surer prophylactic against the bane of a "sprawling imagination"—that direst malady of modern criticism." He has some sharp things to say about Miss. Lowell's voluminous book on Keats, because of her pompous pretensions to scholarship and authoritative judgment; and so far as one can see from the specimens cited by Prof. Garrod, her book does seem to deserve all his strictures.

The main thesis of Prof. Garrod is contained in the following passage:—" (Keats) I conceive as never wholly at home in his own perfections, but for ever plotting escape to a world sharply contrasted with that world of pure imaginative forms in which alone his genius works effectively. Between this other world and his own world, the world of his characteristic creations, the contrast presents itself to him sometimes as that between mere poetry and a poetry of social interests, sometimes as an antagonism of the senses with the mind, of the emotional life with the life of philosophic reflection. What weakness his poetry has, it draws precisely from the vacillation of his temperament between one or other of these two antitheses." That Keats was unfitted for a poetry of social interests or philosophic reflection is a view which is sure to be combated by those who hold with Mathew Arnold that he was "no merely sensuous poet", but a poet with whom passion is "intellectual and spiritual", a poet who before all else perceives "the necessary relation of beauty with truth". But Prof. Garrod's arguments seem to us quite convincing on the whole, though we may not agree with him in every detail.

He shows that, when Keats used those famous words, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts", he was thinking of the pure gospel of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Prof. Garrod is unable to share the conventional admiration for those well-known lines from the *Grecian Urn* in which Keats instructs us that "beauty is truth, truth beauty", and that we neither have, nor can want any other knowledge. To him, Keats is "the great

poet he is only when the senses capture him, when he finds truth in beauty, that is to say, when he does not trouble to find truth at all." This is evident from the very stanza of the *Grecian Urn* in which he seeks to establish the identity of truth and beauty. The first half of this stanza makes it the effect of art that it "teases us out of thought, as doth Eternity",—in spite of the fact that the effect on which our attention has hitherto been concentrated is that the Urn lifts us out of sense into thought, or at least into "the spirit". The Urn becomes for the poet, suddenly, a "Cold Pastoral",—cold with the character of everything that is enduring. The "Cold Pastoral" is in fact beginning to tease him away from thought, from those pure unchangeable ideal forms back to some creed more like himself than the rest of the Ode. And yet, in the rest of the stanza, he seeks to allay his misgivings by the thesis that there is nothing real but the beautiful, and nothing beautiful but the real.

This interpretation we know will not be accepted by many students of Keats, but we must say that it is amply vindicated by Prof. Garrod himself. His examination of the Odes, both on the side of matter and form, is one of the best things written on the subject, though it is mainly based upon the essay by Dr. Bridges. He is able to throw light on many points unnoticed by previous students, and he carries conviction by his sanity and restraint. The way in which he establishes the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge on the *Nightingale Ode* may appear at first sight far-fetched, but it is a striking instance of Prof. Garrod's critical insight. The book closes with a note on the Sonnets, in which, after a close analysis of them, he shows that, though almost all of them are worth having, yet upon the whole Keats cannot be said to have attained here. "He was only reaching forward—reaching forward to the high mark of the Odes; groping towards the forms which his genius needed; forms which would furnish at once the freedom and the restraints which were necessary to his temper."

Prof. Garrod's admiration for Keats is beyond question, and he must not be taken as belittling

him when he contends that Keats was ill-fitted for anything but "the exercise of the five senses". On the other hand, he seeks to enable us to admire Keats aright by placing him in the proper light, by showing that his "sensuousness" is, far from being a fault, his chief glory. And we think he is essentially right in his contention that "only as he sustains his earnest sensuousity to which nature dedicated him does his genius thrive", and that no study of truth, no flight from the senses to the mind, was ever likely to carry him to perfections purer or higher than those of the *Ode to a Nightingale* or the *Eve of St. Agnes*.

A. RAMA IYER.

POLITICS

THE WORLD STATE: By C. Delisle Burns, Headly Brother, Ltd. 3:6.

This is a very valuable book by a well-known writer. It is the first of a new and excellent series called *The New Commonwealth Books*. It aims at the presentation of the forces of thought and feeling which underlie and mould and direct the world politics of today.

The whole human race is involved in each man. The forces of the whole world contribute to his making and growth. Every man is born into a group or society and not on a desert island. He is the meeting point of many lines of evolution, the centre of many obligations. He is able to achieve full self-expression by means of the Society and the State. Some theorists have idolised the State; others have resented its interference and sought to restrict its scope. In modern times socialism, internationalism, syndicalism, guild socialism, bolshevism and anarchism are at work and seem destined to influence profoundly the concept of the State.

The author goes to the root of the subject when he tries to found his inquiry on the inherent nature of man. He says: "The human race is strangely complex—bestial, ignoble and unintelligent—but at the same time resolute and kindly, filled with high hopes and transforming thought. Most men are at different times each

of these, and no man is always one of these. The dealings of man with man vary between the extremes expressed in the old phrases—'Man to man a wolf' and 'man to man a sacred thing!'. (These are Seneca's phrases: *Homo Homini lupies* and *homo res sacra homini*). For no man consistently maintains one attitude towards his fellows. The wolf-man turns kindly and the benevolent at times show an unexpected meanness."

The author first takes up the question of foreign policy. He has given us a very valuable idea—one that all Hindus, should ponder over—when he says: "In one sense all policy is foreign policy, since every political action has effects outside the boundaries of one State. We cannot improve our sanitation without making the contact of foreigners with us less dangerous to foreigners, and we cannot suppress originality without lessening the chance that men in other nations will make progress. *The only way to do lasting harm to foreign nations is to injure ourselves.*" In regard to foreign policy strictly so-called, there has been a progressive—though as yet not very successful—attempt to support the gladiatorial attitude by the dominion of international law and to enthrone eventually an effective and all-powerful League of Nations.

The author then proceeds to deal with Nationality—a phenomenon which is as powerfully operative as internationalism. Nationalism has become an aggressive force in the modern era and has developed into imperialism of different varieties and degrees of national carnivorousness. Mr. Burns points out well the difference between patriotism as a passion and patriotism as a political force. He says: "Where patriotism is most genuine as a passion in small homogeneous populations, it is happily weakest as a political force. Where it is less genuine and more artificial as a passion, in the large imperial states, it is very strong politically because it serves as a driving force which uses subordinate races as its instrument. The patriotism of small nations is defensive and apologetic, that of great nations is aggressive and domineering". Both internationalism and omnivorous nationalism are equally terrible menaces to the higher life of humanity.

While the former tries to macadamize life by means of a universal language such as the Esperanto—a mad and futile effort foredoomed to ignominious failure—the latter—and especially the modern imperialism—wills that there shall be only one language and one set of institution all over the planet—that it is to say its own and none else. If humanity is able to rid itself of crude internationalism and extreme imperialism, it will be able to arrive at that wise kind of nationalism which will rejoice in internal interweaving of life in the realms literature and art and philosophy and religion and science and industry and commerce and administration and leave the regulation of international relations by the League of Nations and thus make the earth a garden of God.

In short the doctrine of the divine right of nations must be thrown on the scrap-heap just like the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Humanity cannot and will not tolerate it. The rights of human civilisation are higher than the rights of nationality. Peace hath its victories not less renowned than war. Nay, the victories of peace are infinitely more valuable and ennobling and precious and divine than the victories of war.

But the political life is fundamentally based upon economic life. We cannot have wrong economics and right politics going together. Bloated capitalism and gluts of production result in political aggression for markets and lead to the ruination of less industrialised communities and the mutual murder of the more industrialised nations. Such bloated capitalism leads also to the proletarian revolt and the depletion of the national life by class wars. If the proper political ideals are justice and liberty, the proper economic ideals are intensive utilisation of the natural resources of each country and not exploitation and subjugation.

Only then will the present enormous wastage of money over national defence come to an end. "National defence" is only camouflaged national aggression. Inter-state organisation must go simultaneously in the realms of economic and political life. Till then the Great Illusion (to use the famous phrase made current by Mr.

Norman Angell) will persist. Tariff walls and bounties and preferences are as insane as pacts and ententes and alliances. The modern Man has prided himself on his conquest of the forces of Nature. But till he knows that road to the conquest of the social forces—which itself is the result of self-conquest—there will be "lapses into barbarism such as destroyed Athens and Rome" and the City of God will never be built. The author says well in conclusion: "The Golden Age is not yet begun; but it is not too much to hope that once political justice and liberty are secured by the organisation of inter-state relations, once religion is finer and art freer and science more splendid, a greater number will believe and act upon the belief that man is to man a sacred thing".

K. S. RAMASWAMY SASTRI

Temperance and Politics

TEMPERANCE AND POLITICS. By Lord Astor. The Daily News, Ltd., London, E. C.

This is No. XII of the "New Way" Series of pamphlets issued under the auspices of the Liberal Summer Schools, and designed as a contribution towards clarifying the present confusion of social and political ideas. These pamphlets are not all written by professed Liberals, and do not preach a rigid party orthodoxy; their aim is "constructive study and enquiry, rather than dogmatic assertion or acrid denunciation". Lord Astor's pamphlet under review is a sober reasoned plea against drink. "The interest of our country today", he says, "is more than ever to have the greatest industrial efficiency; to augment our social welfare; to reduce crime, disease, mortality; to clean up politics; to bring into our daily lives the true spirit of unselfishness and active brotherhood without which religion must lack driving force," but the fact has to be faced that Drink stands in the way. Of the several ways of dealing with Drink, Lord Astor prefers Local Option, because the use of the Referendum takes Drink out of general politics, it allows of experiments without committing the country to any sweeping change, it ensures that no step forward shall be taken

without a mandate from the electorate, and it is based on the idea of collective responsibility and brotherhood which are the real gains of civilisation. His plea for Local Option may apply to English conditions, but Prohibition is by no means "an extreme policy" in India, if only the Government will agree to give up the drink revenue, and effect the necessary economies by way of compensation. The anti-drink campaign in India does not, unlike in England, "challenge some of our most ancient prejudices and false

beliefs", because our prejudices and beliefs are all emphatically in favour of Prohibition. Lord Astor is confident that when the women's vote does "awaken and move", "it will sweep away any party which puts first the insolent demand of the Drink Trade to determine British policy". Let us hope that the men's vote as well as the women's in India will ere long express itself with equal emphasis against our unholy Drink Revenue.

A. RAMA IVER.

What Thinkers Think

Thought for the Month

CLEAR THE WAY

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.

Men of thought and men of action,

CLEAR THE WAY!

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen:
Aid it hopes of honest men:
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play:

Men of thought and men of action,

CLEAR THE WAY!

—CHARLES MACKAY.

Are Nature and spirit two distinctly different things? Or do they merge into each other ultimately? How far are men capable of apprehending and appreciating the higher values and using them as their guide in the voyage of life. These are discussed in a comprehensive manner by Prof. Mackenzie in the current issue of the *Journal of Philosophical Studies*. He writes:

Nature and Spirit

If we are to make an antithesis between two aspects of the Universe, it would seem to be, on the whole, best to make it between Nature and Spirit, rather than between Matter and Mind; though it is difficult, in any case, to make quite satisfactory distinctions. Matter, as we have noted, can hardly now be regarded as fundamental. It is resolved into spatio-temporal events that cannot properly be characterized as material. They are rather modes of energy. Mind, again, is found in animals and perhaps even lower in the scale. Sir J. C. Bose thinks that he has discovered traces of it in trees. At any rate, we do not know how far down certain rudiments of it may be discoverable. I understand that even Mr. Bertrand Russell, for instance, is now inclined to think that it may, in some degree, be present everywhere; but this cannot be much more than a conjecture. It seems to me very doubtful. Probably consciousness is an "emergent" characteristic. Perhaps the distinction between the physical and the conscious might be preferable to that between Nature and Spirit; but "physical" is Greek for the Latin "natural"; and, when we descend to very low or simple forms of existence, it becomes hard to determine how far it is possible to make a clear distinction between what could be called purely physical and what may imply some rudiments of consciousness. The antithesis that does appear to stand out with a considerable degree of definiteness is that between the self-conscious existence of human beings and those that do not seem necessarily to imply any definite self-consciousness. So far as our earth is

concerned, the distinction lies between human life with its more or less explicit valuations, and all other modes of existence, in which the presence of such valuations can only be somewhat vaguely conjectured. Goethe emphasized this antithesis in his poem *Das Göttliche*. Nature is unfeeling—indifferent to good or bad; whereas man distinguishes, chooses and judges, helping forward what is good and resisting what is evil. With the very extended view that we now have of the spatio-temporal system within which we live, it is difficult to believe that our comparatively little planet is the only one on which mental or spiritual existence has been developed; but it must at least be admitted that we (or at least most of us) have no knowledge of any other.

The Pursuit of the Supreme values

I suppose it is pretty certain that most of the higher animals have some experiences of joy and grief, and are more or less aware of the distinction between their own organic experiences and those of other organisms with which they come into friendly or hostile relationships; and Wordsworth may have been right in believing that even flowers "enjoy the air they breathe." But it is at least doubtful whether any beings on earth, other than human, have any definite apprehension of the meanings that we express by such terms as "Truth," "Beauty," and "Goodness"; and it is pretty safe to say that hardly any human beings, not actually insane or idiotic, are without some apprehension of these values, though the complete understanding and application of them is extremely difficult. Plants and animals certainly exist: they are often beautiful; and their activities serve important ends. But whether they have any distinct consciousness of these values is at least open to doubt. But in human life the pursuit of these supreme values becomes more and more the most conspicuous aspect of existence. What chiefly interests us is the extent to which they can be achieved; and it is this that seems to justify us in ascribing a uniqueness and pre-eminence to human life which otherwise we could hardly claim. Apart from the use of tools and machines, which are due to our pursuit of knowledge, we are hardly able to assert our reality as potently as some animals can. The lilies of the field are more beautifully arrayed than we can hope to be; and perhaps some animals may even display a more tender devotion than is often to be found in human relationship. These excellences lie in their nature; and their nature is, or appears to be, very limited. Human nature also has

its limitations; but its limitations are not so definitely fixed. We are capable of apprehending and appreciating the higher values, and of guiding our lives by them within the limits that our special faculties assign. These highest or intrinsic values are generally recognized as three in number—Truth, Beauty and Goodness—corresponding closely to the three main aspects of our conscious life—the knowing, the feeling and the conative or active. Truth, in any complete sense of the word, is not readily attainable by any one individual acting singly. It can only be gradually reached by the co-operation of many minds. The appreciation of beauty also needs much cultivation; and the creation of it, in any high degree, is only possible to a few. Even the few can hardly achieve any considerable result without constant co-operation with others; and the same applies to any high development of goodness, which is still more obviously social in its exercise. It is evident that these three great values are intimately connected with each other; but to discuss their relations in any detail would carry us beyond our limits. It is pretty obvious, as I have indicated, that they are connected with the three main aspects of our conscious life—the intellectual, the affective and the practical; and by the proper cultivation of each we may attain to the highest perfection of which our nature is capable. It would seem that human life is the only form of existence definitely known to us in which such a result is possible; and it is in this sense that we may rightly say that man alone, of all beings on this earth, can rise above nature and achieve an excellence that may be characterized as spiritual. He is not a "clock"—to recur to Huxley's phrase—nor is he mechanically constructed by any external agency that can be properly referred to as "Nature." He is capable of knowing *why*, and not merely *how* he behaves as he does—of apprehending, more or less clearly, the values that are worth pursuing, and of guiding his life by means of them.

So long, however, as our development is imperfect, we are liable to be assailed by doubts. For a long time our goal is hardly even in sight; and it is not clear that any satisfying result can be achieved at all. In the pursuit of truth, one school of thought gives place to another. What seems good to one is apt to seem very imperfect or even evil to another. Beauty is, on the whole, more immediately satisfying; but even in that our standards are subject to frequent modification. Hence we are sometimes tempted to think that the peace of nature is preferable to the struggling life of humanity, in which we are continually being con-

fronted with what Nietzsche characterized as a "transvaluation of all values." Human life does not satisfy us, and we may long for the Superman; or we may even cry "Back to Nature!" Wordsworth may be referred to in illustration of this. "Enough of science and of art," he says; "close up these barren leaves." And he has even some scathing remarks upon the "moralist," who has "neither eyes nor ears." The animals that are closer to Nature seem to be free from our unsatisfied yearnings.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife: they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

I am afraid that is not always strictly accurate. But Wordsworth and others who advocate a Return to Nature do not really intend to throw doubt upon the pursuit of the higher values. They only mean that a one-sided devotion to certain values may lead us to neglect others that are not less important. Our pursuit of Truth may lead us to ignore Beauty or Goodness; and there may be similar one-sidedness in the pursuit of either of the latter. It is probably an exaggeration to say, as Keats did, that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty"; but at least any Beauty that is divorced from Reality tends to become a somewhat idle play of fancy. There is also a sense in which it may be said of some fanatics that they are "so good that they are good for nothing." It is possible also to pursue Truth in so abstract a way that it ceases to have any application to life. This I take to be the element of value in the contention of the Pragmatists that nothing can be held to be true unless it can be made to work; and that no action is really good if it is wholly futile—a doctrine that was perhaps a little overstressed by Carlyle, and that has, I think, been somewhat overstressed by more definitely philosophical writers, such as William James and Professor Dewey. When proper qualifications are made, the three great values endure; but to attempt to discuss their relations would carry us too far. It may be worth noting, however, that three of the great peoples of antiquity may be held to have respectively laid the emphasis on one or other of them. The Indians have always been a meditative people; and their most remarkable efforts have, from very early times, been directed to the discovery of absolute truth. Beauty and practical goodness have had a relatively subordinate place. The Greeks, in the main, emphasized Beauty; and the Jews made righteousness their main concern. It is for us in the

modern world to try to maintain a better balance between them.

The Distinction between thought and expression.

It is, of course, easy to throw doubt on the place of Value in the development of human life. We may interpret it by reference to its origin, rather than by reference to the ends at which it aims. A recent effort in this direction is represented by Professor J. B. Watson and his disciples. Their contention is that what we call thinking, in the widest acceptance of the term, is simply a mode of behaviour. To think is to speak, either in words that can be seen or heard, or in words that we utter silently to ourselves. These words are essentially modes of motion, *i. e.*, of mechanical energy; and are consequently the same in kind as what we describe as material things; and they give rise to certain movements in ourselves and others. They are "word-habits", and they lead to other modes of behaviour in ourselves and others. A view of this kind, when it is carefully explained, is not without a certain plausibility. Even Shelley said that "speech created thought"; and it can hardly be denied that it sometimes tends to usurp the place of thought; but the recognition of this fact only serves to make the distinction between thought and its expression more apparent. We can distinguish degrees in which thought is present or absent in the control of its expression. I understand that the physiological basis on which Professor Watson bases his doctrine is open to serious objections; but on that I am not competent to express an opinion. It is evident enough that we are often very liable to pay ourselves with words. When other symbols than words are used, it is perhaps even easier to manipulate them without much consciousness of their meaning. Even mathematicians have, I believe, sometimes been misled by dealing in a somewhat mechanical fashion with their symbols, not fully bearing in mind what the symbols stand for. But it may be doubted whether even parrots use words without some consciousness of their significance. When Sir Thomson came in late for dinner, his famous parrot used to call out "Late again, Sir William!" It probably realized that these words were somehow appropriate to the occasion, though it did not know why they were appropriate. Human beings generally do know. They seldom repeat words purely by rote, though they may sometimes approximate to that attitude. Emerson said of Shakespeare that one of his great excellences was that he could say what he

chose. He never appeared to be at a loss for a word. I believe it is true that his vocabulary was greater than that of any other English writer; but surely his excellence lay, not in the number of his words, but in the skill with which he selected the one that was most appropriate to the situation or to the attitude of mind of a particular character. How great an imagination, and how fine a sense of fitness, is implied in this, it can hardly be necessary to point out. It is easy to see, however, that human life is largely dependent on its antecedent conditions. Even the most creative minds do not create *in vacuo*; and it is possible to exaggerate either the creative or the reproductive aspect. If any man in comparatively recent generations might be characterized as emphatically original and creative, I suppose that man would be Goethe. But what does Goethe himself tell us about the source of his being and achievement? He tells us that essentially all that he was came to him from his parentage. To his father he owed his stature and his earnestness in the conduct of life. From his mother he got the happy disposition and love of story-telling. And he expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything in him that could properly be described as his own. Perhaps he may have exaggerated the extent of his actual inheritance. One might ask whether the profundity and fertility of his genius could be traced to either of these sources. But, on the other hand, he might have gone farther than he did in tracing the origin of his characteristic qualities. In addition to what he derived from his parents, he might have pointed to what came to him from his education, from the general circumstances of his native town and country, and from the many friends with whom he had intercourse throughout his long and varied career. All this, indeed, he explained pretty fully in his Autobiography. Does it not appear from this, it may be asked, that he was essentially a manufactured article, and that there was nothing in him that could properly be ascribed to his own individual being? The answer to this, I think, was supplied by himself in the well-known injunction, "What you have inherited from your fathers, earn, in order that you may possess it." What comes to us from without, we can only make our own by a definite act of appropriation. It is in this sense that human life may be said to be creative. All human creation is co-operative. It is not creation out of nothing; but it may involve a great transformation of what comes to it both from without and from within.

Now, of course, it is not my business to provide

anything that could be characterized as a philosophy of religion; but I believe it would be generally recognized that what religion seeks to give us is the conviction that our pursuit of the supreme values is not a vain quest. We may reach such a conviction without anything that could be described as a Theology. Mr. Russell sought to bring this out in his account of what he called "The Free Man's Worship." This was written sometime ago, and was based upon the view that the Earth on which we live must by degrees become unfit for human habitation, and that thus we cannot hope for any final realization of the values at which we aim on this planet. But, notwithstanding this somewhat tragic outlook, he urged that it still remains true that the supreme values are worthy of our devotion. We know that the intrinsic values are worth pursuing, though the skies should fall. I think this is true; but, since that Essay was written, both Mr. Russell and others have gained a new outlook that makes it at least less certain than it once seemed to be that the life of spirit is bound up with the continued existence of its terrestrial habitation. It is perhaps true that our actual knowledge of that life has not been greatly enlarged. Such speculations as those of Professor Alexander with regard to the emergence of Deity in the spatio-temporal system may not be securely based; and, even if they are, they may not have a very direct bearing upon the satisfaction of our human aspiration. But it is at least true that the enlarged conception of the Cosmos, to which modern speculations have been gradually leading us, makes it more possible than it seemed to be, in generations that some of us still remember, to extend our outlook beyond our present habitation. It is not for me to determine whether Professor Alexander's conception of Deity, or any other, is soundly based. I doubt whether it is possible for us to form any conception of Deity that is not grounded on the best that we know in human life. Such a realization of the highest values as we seem to find, for instance, in great geniuses like Plato and Shakespeare, may be said to show the emergence, in some considerable degree, of those qualities that we mean by Deity. It may be that they are even more clearly seen in some of the great prophetic Teachers; and sometimes we may even discern traces of them, hardly less admirable in very humble persons. At least we can all pursue them. And, if there is any truth in the modern conception of the Cosmos as a process of development towards higher and higher realizations of value, we need not hastily conclude that any catastrophe that

might lead to the destruction of the world that we inhabit would necessarily be fatal to the best hopes that we can entertain. Beyond that, we may venture to speculate; but I doubt whether, in any complete sense, we can know—at least by purely philosophical methods. Speculative conceptions of what is to be understood by God or the Absolute may, to some extent, be made intelligible; but, so far as I can see, they cannot be made completely comprehensible by us. We may "comprehend their incomprehensibility." We may discern, to some extent, the conditions that render any complete insight unattainable. Any perfect insight would probably involve some transcendence of the spatio-temporal conditions by which our definite thought, as well as our practical activities, are necessarily bounded. Such a transcendence seems to be involved in all the latest attempts at speculative construction in our own country—in those of Professor Alexander or Mr. Russell no less than in those of F. H. Bradley. But it is not my present business to discuss the validity of any of these speculative constructions. Religion, I believe, means mainly devotion to the best that we know; not any complete comprehension of it which is probably unattainable at present. I think it becomes increasingly important to recognize that the Best is comprehensive. It involves intellectual and æsthetic development, as well as what is specially known as goodness. Our whole spiritual nature calls out for objects capable of meeting and satisfying its deepest demands.

Life and Matter

It is but one step from the question of relationship between Nature and Spirit to that between Life and Matter. This all-absorbing question is discussed at very great length by Sir Oliver Lodge, the greatest of living physicists, in an admirable essay, appearing curiously enough, in the same Journal referred to above. Sir Oliver observes.

To treat of the relation between life and matter after the problem has been discussed from so many points of view and in the light of the teachings of philosophers of all ages, must seem perhaps ambitious and certainly presumptuous; but I presume that philosophers do not consider that they have completely solved the age-long problem, and some may be willing to hear what a physicist has to suggest in the light of our present knowledge of

nature. I have no wish to challenge controversy, but controversial topics cannot be wholly avoided. For instance, throughout I shall speak of the interaction of life and matter, as if they were two distinct, though inter-connected things, though I am well aware that this word "interaction" itself strikes a controversial note. The theories of Epiphenomenalism and Parallelism are in the field against it; and as to the question how far they are still supposed to hold that field there may be differences of opinion. Neither of those views, however, in the least commends itself to me, while the term "interaction" does; though I may admit from the outset that interaction of two distinct things cannot be the last word, and that an ultimate unification is surely the end and aim of Philosophy.

Meanwhile, whatever may be ultimately accomplished, we have not enough information at present to treat of mind and matter as *one*, in any satisfactory and scientific sense, and so for the present we must deal with them as at least different aspects of something unknown, and admit the obvious fact that they interact.

I do not propose to draw any radical distinction between life and mind, though mind is conscious of itself, and life presumably for the most part is not, I regard life as the rudiment of mind, and mind as the conscious part of life. They are, so to speak, the same thing in different stages of development; but I do not regard either as a mere consequence of the other, the complexity of material molecular organisation. Though it is true that in our present terrestrial condition, with our direct outlook limited by our animal bodies and animal senses, a material organization is necessary for our apprehension of life and mind, for they must be incorporated in or associated with a material form if we are to perceive them. We are acquainted with life by our ability to see and touch living organisms; we are acquainted with mind and consciousness in a primary and direct manner by our own experience; and we attribute the same experience to the bodies of similar shape which our senses tell us exist around us.

Mind and the sense of value

It is only through our primary experience that we have become consciously acquainted with matter. Matter, itself is an inference. The whole external world is an inference, based on our sensations. And life and mind are further inferences, not based directly on our sensations, but developed from them with a large mental contribution. It is not by direct

apprehension, but by mental contribution, that we become acquainted with works of Art, whether in the form of literature, or poetry, or music, or painting, or architecture and sculpture. The physical basis of what we call a work of art is simple enough, and can be apprehended by the animals. The artistic aspect, the whole meaning and value of such things, depends on our human interpretation; that is to say on mental faculties, highly developed in some individuals, and only dimly exercised by the majority. The physical basis alone is given by our senses: all the rest belongs to the ideal world of thought and imagination. A work of art must be constructed by the muscles, but it cannot be explained in terms of muscular action. A cathedral must be built by quarrymen and stonemasons, but the design is not theirs: it was conceived in a mind which perhaps never touched a stone. Yet the design itself had to be displayed by muscular action, even if only by the movements of a pencil. A poet or a musician has to make black marks on paper in order to display or incarnate his ideas in matter, but no one supposes that his muscular activity explains the poem or the symphony. That, in its essence, does not belong to the material world. Nevertheless it has to interact with the material world before others can perceive or realize it.

Hence the word "interaction" seems necessary and satisfactory as far as it goes. What is incorporated in matter is not the idea itself, but an incarnation of the idea, a material representation which is sufficient to call out or evoke similar ideas in other minds capable of appreciating it, and possessed of the necessary sense organs for the apprehension of the material instrument by which it is displayed. In other words, matter is an instrument in which thought can be incarnated and manifested. All our conscious actions are thus representations or manifestations of our thoughts: and without a bodily organism we could neither manifest our own thoughts nor normally apprehend those of others.

Our bodily mechanism consists not only of muscles, through which alone we act on the external world, it also contains a brain and nervous system which controls and works those muscles and receives impressions from our sense organs. The brain is, as it were, the primary instrument which mind utilizes, and through which all the rest is accomplished. If the brain is damaged, or out of order, the manifestation is imperfect, or may cease altogether; and this familiar fact has led some people to postulate that mind has no existence apart from brain, that brain is not so much the instrument of mind as mind itself, and that when the brain is destroyed the mind is destroyed too.

I urge that this does not follow at all, and that it is contrary to all analogy. A close examination of the brain will not explain thought, though it will show us the mechanism by which thought is reproduced in perceptible material form. Examination of the instruments of an orchestra, or the strings of a piano, would never yield a symphony or a sonata; and yet those instruments are necessary for its reproduction or manifestation. A savage wandering in the interior of an organ would be no nearer the understanding of music; nor would he be destroying music if he wielded a hatchet in his journey, though he would be injuring its presentation. Similarly, even if we could see the molecular processes going on in a brain, the

rhythm would be interesting, but we should not be any more enlightened than if we merely witnessed the movements of conductor and violinists in an orchestra. The printed words in a volume of Shakespeare would mean nothing to a savage, however full of human nature they are perceived to be by a competent and understanding mind.

The Mystery around Vitality and its origin.

If all this, or something like it when properly expressed, is generally admitted as representing something of the truth at the level of mind, let us apply similar considerations to the lower forms of life. A seed or a germinal vesicle is in itself a molecular aggregate consisting of an enormous number of atoms, which themselves are now known to be each a set of minute electrical particles revolving round an electrical nucleus. These atoms have grouped themselves into molecules of considerable chemical complexity; and some of these molecules, under a strange impulse, have constituted a substance known as protoplasm. If this protoplasm is interfered with in a drastic manner, it may show no sign of life; whereas if it is preserved intact, the seed is able to germinate and bud, assimilating molecules and energy from the rest of the material world, so as to build up the complex, elaborate, and perhaps beautiful structure of a plant or an animal; and it can continue the process without limit for innumerable generations. But no examination of the seed or germ will explain its vitality. Associated with or incorporated in it is something which not only enables it to build into its own structure otherwise alien material, but which exercises specific control over that material, building up a definite form and specific type—a type which does not depend on the material, but is entirely dependent on the indwelling specific essence, of which the material is only the vehicle and demonstration.

No Life Without Antecedent Life.

It is easy enough to interfere with and destroy vitality, that is to say the manifestation of life: we can assist it to flourish, or we can retard it; but we have no other control over it, and no real understanding. The essence of life is beyond us: we know not whence it comes, nor whither it goes. So far as we know at present there is no life without antecedent life. Life is passed on from one organism to another, and can increase illimitably. It is dependent on matter and physical and chemical energy for its manifestation and development; but neither matter nor energy can explain the thing itself, or give any idea of its marvellous properties.

I call the properties of life "marvellous" with due appreciation of the meaning of the term. For surely the familiar fact that an acorn contains within itself the power to produce a whole forest of oaks; and still more, perhaps the equally familiar fact that a hen's egg kept warm for a few weeks, though at first apparently a mere mass of unformed protoplasmic material, can result in a fledged creature, with bones and muscles and nervous system and eye—which can emerge and feed for itself, stand and peck with discrimination, though perhaps hatched out in a mere incubator—is as marvellous as anything we can think of, if we were not so accustomed to it as to lose the sense of wonder. And even the movements of the lowly protozoan or the amoeba, as it crawls and absorbs nutriment and excretes and grows

and subdivides and multiplies and continues, is more than anything we are able to account for in terms of the properties of matter.

Yet matter displays these properties. But I argue that vitality is due to the interaction of something which is not matter, but which utilizes matter for its manifestation. What can be said on the other side? Many of the organic compounds found in living organisms, or secreted by them, have now been made in the laboratory; beginning with urea, and continuing up to sugar and starch and numerous other compounds. And it is sometimes said by students of organic chemistry, and by the bio-chemists who study protoplasm, that if we could contrive in the laboratory to extend the manufacture of these organic compounds until we had made a mass of protoplasm, and were able to subject it to suitable treatment, they would expect that artificial protoplasm to exhibit vitality and to manifest one or other of the forms of life.

Now I would not in the least seek to deny that proposition, I certainly would not contend against it; I would even regard it as reasonable. Indeed, from some points of view, the evolution of live creatures from inorganic material must be regarded as inevitable, because of the undoubted facts, (1) that living things have appeared on this planet, and (2) that this planet was at one time a mass of molten material, or even glowing gas, in which life as we know it was impossible.

Hence it would appear that something of the kind must have gone on in the past; and what has gone on in the past may be going on in the present, and may possibly be understood and controlled and humanly managed in the future.

But what then? Many would feel afraid of such a conclusion, and think that a self-acting mechanism of that kind would remove from the universe the need for a planning and creative Mind, so as to be out of harmony with certain deeply implanted instincts and religious ideas. Their fears seem to me groundless, and to be based on the mistaken term "self-action." For the process we have assumed as possible (not yet, but some day possible), in a laboratory is surely not a self-acting process at all. A chemist who in the future may discover how to construct protoplasm and to infuse it with vitality, is himself no self-acting machine. He surely is full of knowledge and contrivance and planning, and is conducting operations full of understanding and design. That life therefore, when it appears, will not have come into being without antecedent life. The chemist or the physicist who has done it was alive, and has only designed and accomplished it through the agency of a powerful mind. The phenomenon has not occurred haphazard and without thought; there is nothing in the process to which exception need be taken, but rather it might be welcomed, even by religious people, and showing what an amount of thought was necessary to produce any imitation of what actually now is. If we are wise we would never be afraid of any progress in knowledge, we would never oppose or obstruct the achievements of science, or, like Canute, try to set a limit to its advance with a "Thus far and no farther!"

Like Sir Oliver Lodge, we fear that many people will be afraid of the possibility of the artificial protoplasm exhibiting vitality and manifesting one or other of the forms of life. But when Sir Oliver says that the

Human Mind may one day create artificial protoplasm with vitality and manifestation of that wonderful thing Life, does not wonderful consequences follow from it? If man is able artificially to manufacture life, surely it is the God in man which is creating a new life. Hence the proposition that only out of life cometh life is ever true. We realise with Sir Oliver the infinite through the finite; and the oneness of science with philosophy stands revealed.

Religion vs. Modern Civilisation.

Has religion progressed or has it deteriorated? How has the increased knowledge of man modified his attitude towards his creator. An answer to these will be found in the essay 'Recent achievements in Religion' in the October issue of the *World Tomorrow*, from which we take the following extracts.

Intellectually religion has faced a rapid accession of new knowledge issuing in a new world-view utterly diverse from the outlook on the universe implied in the Bible and the classic creeds. The new astronomy, the reign of natural law, evolution, the new physics, chemistry, psychology—how rapidly the scene has shifted until the world-view today is one which would have been unimaginable to any Biblical writer or to any classic council of the church! One often wonders what would have happened had the Protestant Reformation been postponed until after modern scientific movement was under way so that the new religion could have phrased itself naturally in terms of the new world-outlook. In that case, we might have been spared part of our problem. What actually happened, however, was that Copernicus was an incredible "astrologer" to Luther, the Westminster Confession, latest of the classic creeds, was written before Newton broached the law of gravitation; and in general, historical Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, has been set in terms of a world-view now outmoded and unbelievable. The resulting demand for adjustment and restatement has plunged Western Christianity into intellectual turmoil.

Ethically the rapidly changing situation induced by the mobile movements of Western civilization has fairly run the church's authoritative codes off their feet. Authoritative codes are cut to fit a stable Society, but when society swiftly grows,—especially if it grows hunchbacked and bandy-legged,—the task of recutting the conventions, is disconcerting. Something like that has happened in our Western world. Science has handed us not only new ideas to digest but new powers to handle, and in an unprecedented economic civilization with family problems, international problems, racial problems which old codes obviously do not fit, questions about what is right and what is wrong rise in bewildering array. Religion, in consequence, is ethically confused. It speaks no united and convincing word. Even on matters like the family—obviously in desperate straits in the United States—where religion's most intimate ethical concerns center, it fumbles for its message, and to its people, wanting seriously to know what

Right under these puzzling conditions, it commonly institutes the gusto of special pleading for intelligent leadership.

For one thing, the readjustments of religious thought to the modern world-view are going on at a much more rapid rate than the casual observer, especially if he is an outsider, commonly suspects. What he takes as typical of the churches is the fulminations of militant fundamentalists, the sustained pretense that the clergy are custodians of magical sacraments, the surrender of state legislatures to the foes of evolution, the medieval theological deliverances of ecclesiastical convention as of the Baptists in 1922 and the Presbyterians in 1923, the pronouncements of organizations like the Supreme Kingdom and the Ku Klux Klan, the anti-social attitude of the premillennialists, and even the assertions of Voliva of Zion City telling the world over the radio that the earth is flat. Such crass ignorance in the churches as these and similar factors indicate is not to be minimized. It is present, it is sometimes prevalent, and it is always serious. Moreover, it is interesting and its exhibitions make news for the papers. But such factors are not the determinative elements; the future is not theirs.

One indication of this is the collapse of the late controversy between fundamentalists and modernists. It was obviously a rear-guard action. It largely concerned matters which were not even interesting to modern intelligence and which had really been settled long ago. Its immediate occasion was the correct apprehension on the part of the conservatives that liberalism was gaining and must be ejected from the churches if the status quo was to be maintained. As a matter of fact, liberalism has not been ejected from the churches. It never was more sure of its standing ground within them than it is now.

A second gain, companion to the first, is to be found in the fact that the nature of religion has grown more clear and its discrimination from accessory entanglements have been made more possible by our modern knowledge. In the light of present information all such prophecies of religion's demise as old disbelievers once indulged in are obviously nonsense. Never was it more clear that religion is ineradicably rooted in human nature. Reduce it even to its simplest terms and it still means devotion to those concrete spiritual values, goodness, truth, beauty, love, which the human soul recognizes as suprapersonal and in consecration to which life finds its true meaning. To serve these values is to live a religious life, and to believe that these values reveal the creative reality, God, behind and in the universe is religion's central faith. Sciences may come and go but religion so rooted will persist as long as the race does. It may appear in Protean forms but it is as indestructible as earth, air, fire, or water. That has grown more plain, not less, as psychology has probed deeper into the secrets of the spirit. There is no excuse now for identifying religion's future with the fortunes of its artificial adhesions—opinions, cults, rubrics, and institution.

Because this is true, a great deal of the world's best religion exists outside religious organizations and often does not call itself religious at all. Only a narrow ecclesiastical mind will find that fact disconcerting. It is rather something to rejoice over and count upon. It is because religion, even when it is unrecognized as such, is so indispensable a function of human life at its best that the churches have any chance at all. No wise minister thinks of himself as set to inoculate men with religion. He knows that

men are religious: that a completely irreligious man, if such exists, is an insane anomaly; that human life is meaningless animal existence except as it serves spiritual values; and that the human mind will never permanently consent to think that spiritual values are a fortuitous accident born of atoms going it blind in a godless universe. He knows that when he does his work well he is working with and not against the deepest streams of human nature.

Such freedom from the obsession that any creed, cult, church or canon law constitutes religion, such humanizing of the religious experience, is a great gain. Religion so conceived is too vital to be exhaustively represented by any mental or institutional formulation. Religion creates such expression and discards them as men wear clothes and cast them off. Religion is an indispensable way of life and it would persist though every historic form of it which we have known were quite outgrown.

This fact grows increasingly clear and to any one interested in religion it should be encouraging and liberating. It leads not to irreverence toward past expressions of the spirit but to just appreciation of them, and it prophesies a future for the religious life beyond any dreams that static and conventional conceptions ever made possible.

Religion is too deep and elusive to have its gains and losses catalogued. Religion is mysticism—being strengthened with power through God's Spirit in the inward man; it is metaphysics—the assurance that not dirt but personality is the final interpreter of the Eternal. Any one endeavoring to say whether religion waxes or wanes may well end with an ancient and wise comment on the ways of the Spirit: "The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

As the writer of the above essay points out it is not possible to say whether religion waxes or wanes. Richard Roberts, an American scholar, however, holds that mankind is suffering from suppressed religion. He observes:—

What then is the matter with us? My answer is that we are suffering from suppressed religion. Rupert Brooke once wrote a poem about fish which he parodies the religious aspirations of mankind.

"Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond,
But is there anything Beyond?

This life cannot be All, they swear....., the argument being that it is as preposterous that a man should hope for a destiny beyond these scenes as it would be for a fish to aspire to any reality beyond its pond. But unfortunately for Brooke's argument, the very thing he scouts seems to have happened. Once on a time, inconceivably long ago, a marine animal did venture out of its pond on to the dry land and became the ancestor of all land animals. Every living man to this day bears in his body the marks of his marine origin. When one ponders the moving picture of life as biology shows it to us, it is difficult to escape the sense that the whole process of evolution has been an increasing effort on the part of life to push out into the unknown.

But is the adventure at an end? Is *homo sapiens*, as we know him, not only the latest but also the last of his lines. Is there no unknown into which he too in his turn can aspire to enter? William James in one of his letters remarks that the position of man in the universe is very much like that of a dog in a

drawing room. The dog has his own world of sights and sounds and smells, but the people in the drawing room have another world of ideas, ideals, and values into which the dog cannot enter. But may there not be a world of reality around us as high above our world as our world is above the dog's? To all types of naturalism and materialism the notion is of course anathema. But for the present, we may ignore the curse; or at least we may console ourselves that now the advanced physicists are sharing it with us. Eddington, at least, is telling us that the writ of physical science applies only to the measurable, ponderable aspects of reality; but that there is much more of Reality than is amenable to our pointer-measurements. The world of "quality" as distinct from "quantity," of "values" as distinct from "perceived facts"—this too is an essential element in Ultimate Reality. Beyond the world of "matter" and the "machine," is the world of "mind. . . ." The World we see is not all the World there is.

Moreover there are certain aspects of human life itself which seem to indicate that Life has not come to the end of its tether. To be sure, it seems to be agreed among the biologists with whose work I am acquainted that man's physical evolution cannot proceed much further apart from some subordinate modifications. Man's continued evolution must therefore be of what we may broadly call a spiritual sort. In any case, life seems unable to stay. It seems to be engaged in one way or other in trying to outstrip itself. It was, I think, Professor John Erskine who said that table manners are a set of devices by which we try to hide the fact that a number of animals are feeling together. This is only a humorous way of putting an important truth,—that human nature at its best tries to grow beyond itself. We form ideals; but an ideal is only thought pushing out beyond the present fact. Some of us compose poetry; but a poem, what is it but a mortal man trying his wings, trying to rise from the particular to the universal? Our philosophies are so many efforts to reconcile the many in the one, to discover the One, the Idea, the Absolute. And when the Greek mind reached its definition of Ultimate Values—Goodness, Truth and Beauty,—what had it done but name the attributes of the final home of the soul? From the world of things to the world of ideas, from the world of ideas to the world of ideals and values, there you have the earthly pilgrimage of that—whatever you call it—which makes a man a man.

But it can't stop there; and all the signs are that man has not arrived, is still on the way. But at the moment, he seems to be "stalled." Dr. L. P. Jacks tells how, looking down out of a Detroit hotel window upon the street beneath, he observed that every automobile in it was going somewhere but that the whole mass of them seemed to be going nowhere. The street itself did not change its aspect. In that he found a parable of our life.—always on the move, but in an everlasting circle; always busy, but achieving nothing that gives rest to the soul,—a vast spectacle of restless frustration. We are hag-ridden by a concealed, unidentified destiny. We can indeed drug this ache asleep; and we do. We have multiplied a hundred brands of dope,—golf, bridge, dancing, movies, the social whirligig, drink, drugs, and so through the whole dismal catalogue. And when we have had our fill today, tomorrow will find us at it again, trying to drown this nagging that comes back the moment we are alone and quiet. Walt Whitman sang in his *Song of Myself*—

I think I could turn and live with animals,
are so placid and self-contained;
I stand and look at them, long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.....

No doubt it is a quiet life back in the meadows; because the animals have reached an equilibrium with their world. They have found their level. But Walt Whitman had not, his very restlessness betrays him; his very poetry tells us his trouble. Walt Whitman could write a poem about a cow; but never a cow could write a poem about Walt Whitman. And that men, unlike the cattle, do sweat and whine about their condition simply means that they have not reached their level. They have not come to terms with their world; and without some surrender of their manhood, they cannot come to terms with this world of sense and things.

It has been the mark of our generation that it has capitulated to the notion that there is no future for man beyond the four walls of space and time. It has ceased to believe in and to care about that transliminal country in which human destiny still lies concealed; and it has largely given up the attempt to find a way into it. Even the poets have surrendered. They are caged birds.

An English critic has moreover furnished us with the explanation. He blames science; and he thinks that science may eventually destroy poetry altogether. No doubt, science is partly to blame; for a long time it has been presenting us with the picture of a world which denies and leaves no room for the magical view of it which artists have commonly accepted. The scientific "world" makes no emotional appeal; things are what they are; and there is an end of it. It is a view that leaves us with "a sense of desolation and uncertainty, of futility, of the baselessness of aspirations, of the vanity of endeavor." "So let us eat, drink and be merry; for tomorrow we die." But our critic comes the day after the fair. He hasn't heard the news.

For already science is beginning to sing a different tune. I have already alluded to the view of Professor Eddington; and he is by no means alone. Professor Whitehead, mathematician and physicist, is now telling us not that the poet must learn from the scientist but that the scientist must learn from the poet. "Instead of the poet having to realize that his intuitions are illusory and belong to a childish *demode* view of the world, it is the scientific man who must realize that his abstractions are too thin and narrow to be any longer useful and that the poet makes closer contact with reality. I cannot stay here to discuss this matter in detail; it is enough to point out that "naturalism" and "materialism" and all "this-worldly" constructions of Reality can no longer confidently look for scientific sanction. It is not the poet and the mystic who have a conflict with science today; it is rather the sceptic and the materialist. Besides, in the realm of biology, Lloyd Morgan's philosophy of "emergents" is being generally accepted today as the most adequate construction of the facts of life as biology has revealed them. The picture he offers us is of life itself first of all as an "emergent" out of matter, and then life bringing successive "emergents"—of which the two critical moments are those in which first "*mind*," and then "*spirit*" emerge..... Evidently neither the leading

aght, moists nor the leading biologists of our time believe that we are living in a closed, bottled-up world. The scientific answer to Rupert Brooke's Forlorn question "Is there anything beyond?" is, ho. Yes, there is."

Now religion is simply man's effort to win into this Beyond. It is the distinction of Religion that it conceives that the final end of life lies beyond the frontiers of this world of perceived fact. It is the sense of a concealed destiny. It is our concern with the Unknown. I am not now alluding specifically to immortality and the future life, though that is clearly involved; what religion is concerned in achieving is "eter-al life," a new quality and dimension of life attainable in the "here-and-now"; and this is what I believe Lloyd Morgan means by the emergent "spirit."

It should of course be pointed out that at the present stage the "awareness" of "eternal life," the conscious attainment of "spirit" is not a constant and unflickering experience. It is on the contrary more or less occasional and fitful. There is a piece of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in the Province of Quebec which runs in and out of the United States; and the religious experience is something like that. It is a sense of belonging to two worlds at the same time and living on and about the border line. But what is to the point just here is that this long varied effort and search that we call Religion is actually the thrust of Life itself pushing out into the Unknown Beyond, believing that there are still more worlds to conquer and going on to possess them. Religion is not an alien or exotic thing imposed on life from without; it is organic to life and its roots go back to the beginnings of life. Man's religious impulse is the oldest and the most important thing about him. Life has always been trying to force open the doors of the unknown; and in man it is still doing it. Religion is the urge and stress of life, carrying on. It is the answer of human nature to the pull of the unknown. It is the specific thing that makes a man a man; and the man who is not religious is something less than a whole man.

I have suggested that what I have called "a plague of decomposing personality" is due to suppressed religion. This generation is going to pieces because of its refusal and its neglect to carry on the torch. It professes to believe in evolution; but refuses to believe in any evolution for itself. Life has lost direction, and in consequence is disintegrating. Whatever else religion may or may not do, it does at least propound a direction and consequently works for the integration and unification of personality. The one immediate end of life is the achievement of spiritual and ethical personality; and the way to it is the practice of religion. But the practice of religion is another story into which I cannot now enter. I was bidden to write on "Religion and Life;" I have tried to show that and why life without religion is under sentence of death.

Quite a different opinion is held by J. A. Spender, who in the final chapter, Religion and Life (of his recent book Life, Journalism and Politics) says, "Looking back on the course of religious belief in my time, I should say that the great change has been a change in the idea of God". We reproduce here for the benefit of

our readers, a few paragraphs from the chapter above referred to.

"It is, as I see it a change from the idea of a terrestrial God to that of the Universe. It runs parallel with the change which transformed the God of Israel into the God of all the world, and has been resisted by the same instinct as that which led Peter and James to resist the Pauline appeal to the Gentiles. In the atmosphere in which I grew up theology was as purely terrestrial as in the Middle Ages. It was still chained to the idea that this world was the centre of all existence, and that the whole divine drama was being played out in it. The enormous extension which modern science has given to our ideas of existence has dissolved this theology without replacing it and what is to replace it is the religious problem of our time.

"It is, I think, the failure of the clergy to understand what has been going on in the minds of the religiously inclined laity which is responsible for the decline of organised religion in these times. For example, the controversy now going on about the revision of the Prayer Book passes over the heads of the great majority of intelligent and thinking people. They wonder that so much zeal and fervour should be spent on points of ceremonial and doctrine, and so little progress made in clearing religion of unbelievable and obsolete things. It amazes them that a revised Prayer Book should still contain the Athanasian Creed and the Communion Service, even as optional forms.

One commonly hears economic causes assigned for the failure or decline in quality of candidates for ordination. I cannot believe this to be the truth, or any considerable part of it. Men of genuinely religious temperament have never recoiled from a life of poverty in pursuit of their mission, and the young men of these times have certainly as much of the missionary spirit as those of the previous generation. But they cannot honestly interpret the creeds and dogmas in the mediæval sense which the traditional Churches require, and they shrink from the modernist casuistry which would interpret them as allegories and parables. These men will only be brought back if the ground is cleared of creeds and dogmas which cannot be believed in a natural sense.

"Is the world, then, less religious than it was fifty years ago? The question begs the question. The mass of people were no more religious—as the orthodox use that word—fifty years ago than they are now; but undoubtedly the few are less orthodox now than they were then, and the clergy can no longer count on them to fill their churches. On the other hand, I should say that the few are more religiously minded than they were in my youth. They are more speculative, they think more about first and last things; they are less content with the supposed certainties either of science or religion. For them the one article in the creed which seems to gain a deeper and fuller meaning as the others fade is 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life.' More and more their mind dwells on the Master's discourse with the woman of Samaria. They see the religion of the future as the religion of the Spirit—not something merely vague called the Life. Force, but the 'Holy Spirit,' compelling us, in spite of everything, to think of it as holy.

"More people than the Churches know of are, I believe, building for themselves a religion on this foundation."

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