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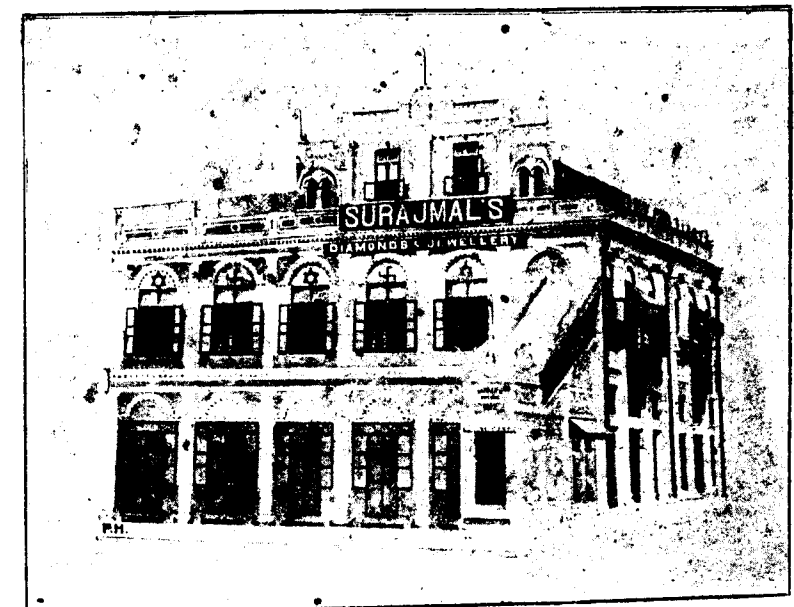
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Vol. V

JANUARY, 1930

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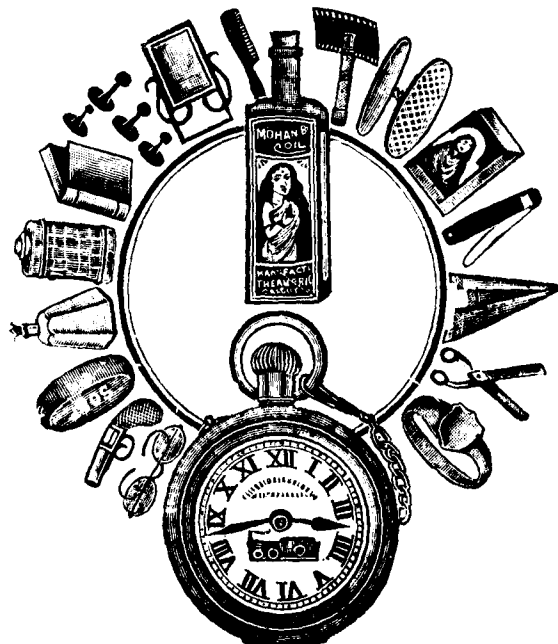
JANUARY

No. 4

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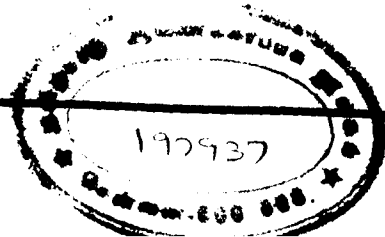
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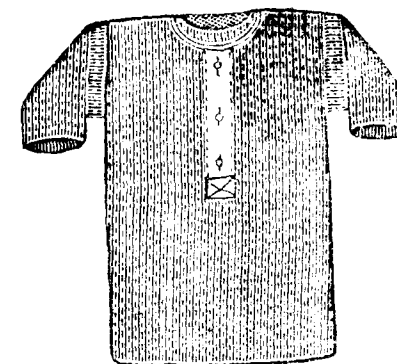
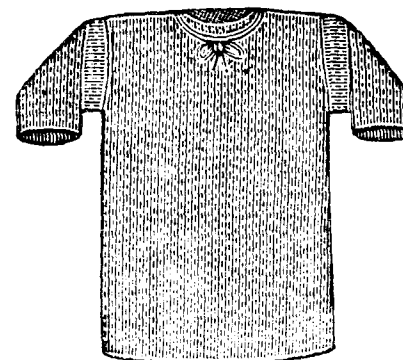
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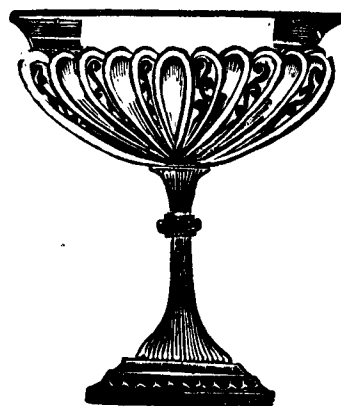
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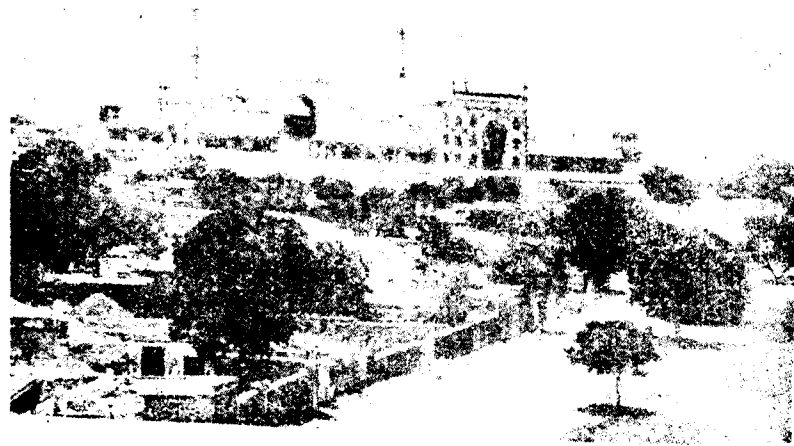
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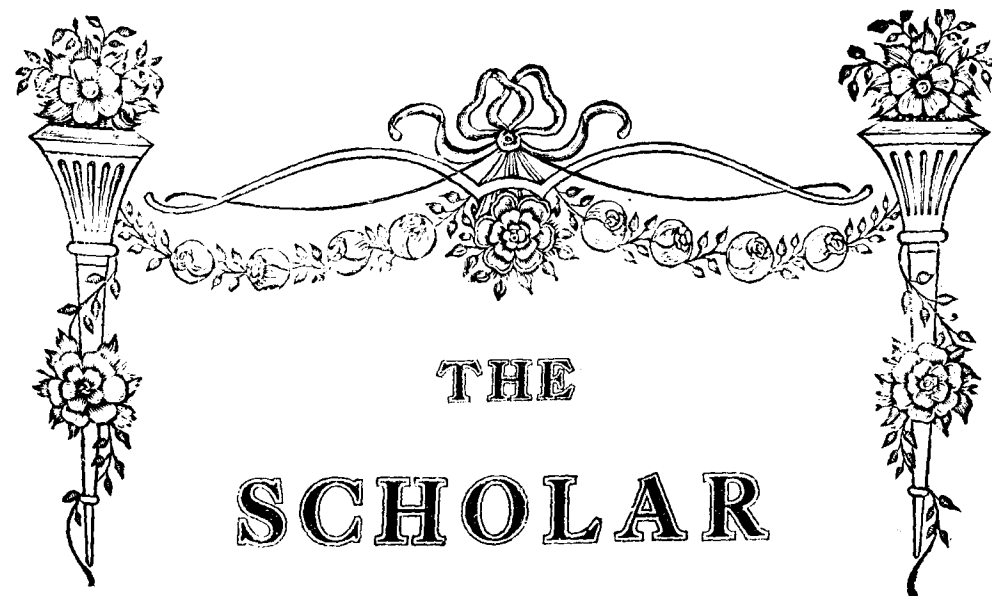
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The Jama Masjid—A panoramic view.

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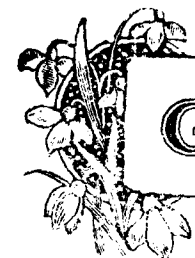
VOL. V }

JANUARY

{ NO. 4

DEMOCRACY OR DICTATORSHIP ?

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES, M. A. (OXON)



ONE are the early days of universal lip-belief in democratic principle. The world of men has tried to find Democracy and failed, and now is looking for another shibboleth to cry.

When Man was young and simple in his heart his elder brothers, mighty Rishis, could draw near to guide and help him. Those were the happy days of divine Autocracy. One Man with Wisdom and true Consecration was given all the power that he might rule. As a Father such a King would rule his subjects; he would guide, protect, and govern them as though his people were children born of his beloved wife. Then it was that Sri Rama gave in India and Usire in golden Egypt the Ideal of a perfect King. Gentle, brave and chivalrous, strong and

skilled in all the arts of war and peace, utterly devoted to the welfare of his country, passionately loyal to every call of honour, teacher, judge, defender, priest and friend of all—such was the ideal these mighty ones laid down in East and West of old. In less happy races, stirred to ambition by the sight of such absolute power and blind to the duties it entailed, men strove for Kingship. Lust, robbery and murder, reckless war and rigorous cruelty of law, barbaric display and selfishness—these were the characteristic mark of the savage type of King.

As Man grew older he chafed against the kindly despotism of his Elders and struggled more and more to express his little childish self. He drove those noble Kings away and followed Kings of the second type. Then every man with a mighty arm, with skill and boldness, and with a scant supply of honour and of piety, aspired to wear a crown and to oppress his fellows with colossal wealth and pride. Society was plunged at last in ceaseless war. Nation after Nation rose and fell as dynasties struggled for supremacy. Empires were built laboriously, cemented with the blood of myriads, to fade away in a single night with the murder of their creators. The cry of the simple village man for succour rose to God.

That cry was heard. The day of Nationalism, ushered in by a woman, Saint Joan of Arc, dawned at last and made Democracy a possibility. No longer should Nations be bartered from King to King or pass as dowries from dynasty to dynasty. They were God-made units and had work that God would have them do. In France, in England, in Spain and Italy, and now in all the world, the People became the unit, not the fallen King. With the growing concept of their duty, the People began to claim the power to fulfil it, and in the fires of Revolution and of Civil War, Democracy at length was born.

The "greatest good for the greatest number", "Government of the People, by the People, for the People", "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"—such have been the watchwords of the Democratic Age. They all were based on the essential thought that every man at bottom is himself a God, all-wise and filled with love and power. But with Democratic Government arose

the clumsy and inefficient, the tedious and dishonest, parliamentary system, and even now the backward Nations of the Earth are copying that outworn thing as though it were the latest fashion.

The World believed that with Democratic Government all problems would be solved, that enlightenment and true education would spread on every hand, that war and hatred and misunderstanding would flee away, that all would unite in fellowship to eliminate disease and dirt and ignorance, and to enthrone the Human Race above the world of Nature. Then came the recent War, and all those beautiful ideas were sadly shaken. Many individuals are too fossilised in mind to notice the significance of those appalling years; those who are awake and have studied their causes and effects know that our early hopes were vain. Man, however divine he may be at bottom, acts from superficial instincts, and those are often barely human. Far from being all-wise his actions and outlook are incredibly foolish and may be comprehensively compared to the proverbial ostrich with his head in sand. Democracy in practice leads to greater cruelty, to greater inefficiency, to greater blindness to the truth, to greater superstition and self-conceit, to greater squalidness of muddle, than all the savage lawlessness that the World has known. Parliaments are inevitably talking-shops, where neither thought nor deed are possible and where the little prides and fancies of the baby soul may prattle to its satisfaction; politicians are universally self-seeking and dishonest, void of vision and of honour; elections a stupid farce swayed by forgeries and by Press stampedes. The boasted freedom of the Press has wholly perished in its extensive trustification, education languishes so that costly challenges to the World's security and peace may fling millions into the sea at Singapore, selfishness and narrowness triumph in forcing civil strife and starvation on the finest workers of the land, tyranny of police and customs house grows to build ever higher barrier walls between a man and his neighbour across unnatural frontiers. As it has been in England, so is it in every land today.

Honesty forces on us the truth that Democracy has failed, and the younger and more vigorous of Peoples are seeking another mode of Government.

In Italy the whole of democratic structure has been ruthlessly and brusquely struck away, its shibboleths are banned by law, and the Republic has yielded to a second Caesar. Benito Mussolini, filled with the dream of ancient Roman greatness reviving in our modern days, ensouled with the fire of reckless, warm-blooded Youth, has seized all power in his hands and smashed the parliamentary machine, thrusting the puppet king into the rear. Trained in a Socialistic school of thought, inspired with a vast and brave belief in the future of Youth and of his Country, Mussolini put himself at the head of Fascist revolt against a dummy Cabinet and carried all the Youth of Italy along with him. Tyranny and outrage there have been in Italy under his rule, as in every other land; political nepotism is not extinct as yet, recklessly extravagant shakings of the sword are frequent, yet despite these drawbacks the Government of modern Italy is efficient, patriotic and *alive*. It has the overwhelming enthusiasm of the vast majority of its people, who worship its Dictator as once the great Napoleon was worshipped by the French.

In Russia, too, the older forms of Victorian democracy reared by Kerensky on cracked and slippery foundations after the fall of the stupid tyranny of the Tsar, have been finally uprooted. Here too is a Dictatorship, real though nowadays a little veiled. Here too is strong, energetic Government by a group of men, the Communistic Party, at whose head a little band of tremendously devoted, clever and efficient men work ceaselessly to realise the ideal of a World free and united. Here too, despite unceasing foreign plots against the Soviet system, despite protracted wars thrust on her by foreigners, and famine and sabotage imposed on mighty tracts of land, disorder has vanished and a highly centralised, smoothly running and idealistic machinery has come in its place. Education, Art, Science, these stand first in Russian politics today. And as in Italy, the guiding impulse of all this magnificent achievement, unfinished as it is, springs from the Young of every town and village.

In vast, incalculable China a new day has dawned for the oldest Nation of the Earth; it is born again in the agony of war and chaos. General after General tried to grab the power when

the Empire toppled over; province warred on province; the flickering hopes of 1910 were drowned in blood and misery. The work of a little Cantonese scholar, Sun-Yat-sen, was hardly known as he built up the ideal of the Kuomintang among the youths of Southern China. Intensely national and patriotic, filled with the idea of a happy human future in which all may share alike and to which all may contribute what they have, this wonderful Society has grown in power till, despite some fearful setbacks and betrayals, today it rules in all of China and has already been recognised by the American Republic as the rightful Chinese Government.

Thus in three of the greatest countries of the world the Youth have taken power from the hands of older men and are leading the way to a brighter future for Mankind. Not by a stolid loyalty to out-of-date ideals can Man progress, but by readiness to make new ideals to fit the changing world. The day of Democracy is almost sped, its sun is rushing down to sink for ever in the west; the day of Insurgent Youth has dawned.

The Young shall rule the world, for they are yet surrounded by the visions of glory they have brought from God. The Young shall rule the world, for every generation is evolved beyond the past, and every son is wiser than his father. The Young shall rule the world, for theirs is the Future and the world must not step back towards its dreary past.

In the Dictatorship of dedicated Youth lies the hope of our world today. Who will step forth in every land to train himself and lead the Young to take their throne? Who will gather round him bands of young men and boys who have consecrated themselves wholly to a glorious Future? Let him arise and the hosts of darkness will scatter before his shout of joyous confidence. God is the Ever-Young, and Youth holds the sceptre of His Power, the thyrsus of His Wisdom, the lotus of His Beauty.



INDIAN CULTURE AND PROGRESS

BY H. SUNDER RAO, B. A., (HONS)



IT is too late in the day to refute the idea of progress, and one has to admit, in spite of many assertions to the contrary, that there has been one steady process of continuous development leading from the primitive culture of the pre-historic ages to the highly complex civilisation of modern times. The history of human civilisation is a magnificent record of a strenuous endeavour to build up what we understand by the term 'human culture'. This culture means many things, but it involves a few of the fundamental elements of progress such as, organised power, accumulated wealth, social unity, recorded knowledge and artistic skill; in fact, all those elements which have contributed to the greater happiness of the human race. For, when we go deeper into the question, it is clear that all progress is progress towards greater happiness. Mr. H. G. Wells has answered this question in his own characteristic way. "There are", he says, "soundest reasons for maintaining that never, since life first appeared upon this planet, has there been so great a proportion of joy, happiness and contentment as there is about us now, nor so bright an outlook." To the average European, the modern age represents the highest point ever reached by civilisation. But the modern age has disastrously failed to achieve any harmony in regard to a great many problems that vitally affect our lives. Democracy and Science, at the beginning of the 19th century, held out vast hopes of readjusting the balance of an exhausted world; but we are yet far from any sane adjustment of many of the pressing problems of our age. Mr. Bertrand Russell in his interesting book on the Future of Science, says "Science has not given men more self-control, more kindness, or more power of discounting their passions in deciding upon a course of action. It has given communities more power to indulge their collective passions. Mens' collective passions are mainly evil." Thus it is very difficult to come to a definite conclusion on matters like this. Mr. Russell's

pessimism is one of the notes of that "Gummidge chorus," which as Mr. Wells says, is never silent.

We in India, today, are on the threshold of a new age, and whatever may be the inadequacies of Western civilisation, our impact with the West has caused considerable disturbance to the foundations of our national life. More than ever in the past, we need now definite direction and government in our national affairs on a scale and of a quality commensurate with the mighty problems our Nation has to face. The existence of Indian culture, by whatever name we may call it, is an unchallengeable proof of its capacity to survive for an indefinable period in the future. Whether Hindu culture will vindicate itself in the great task of creating a happier Nation in the future, very largely depends on the present generation and the attitude it takes towards modern life and its problems. From this point of view, the modern age marks the lowest point ever reached by Hindu culture since the beginning of the Aryan civilisation in India. It has become an obsession with us to speak of our glorious past. But the point is, how far can we speak of an ideal of progress in Indian culture?

The one supreme fact that the history of human civilisation teaches us is that sterile contemplation and isolated endeavour do not carry a Nation very far on the path of progress. It is not enough to have a great culture; using it and putting it into practice for the happiness and improvement of the Nation is the essential condition of progress. Today we are familiar with the elaborate contrast between the Hellenic spirit and the spirit which Matthew Arnold called 'Philistinism'. Greek culture dug its grave when it isolated itself from the larger issues of human life and became a lifeless creed; for, whenever it comes to pass that a Nation substitutes sentiment and emotion for reason in the direction and regulation of human life, the days of its culture are numbered. From the fall of the early civilisations, of Minoan Crete, to the fall of the Moghul Empire, or to come to the 20th century, the fall of Czarist Russia, the history of the human race is full of the tragic chapters of the wreck of great empires and the disappearance of old civilisations, and every time the destruction has been wrought by the forces of

inner corruption that had crept into the Nations. Today in India we are in the midst of a terrible wreckage of old ideas and an ancient culture, and it requires enormous human effort to recreate the culture of our race, so that the Nation may tread once more the path of progress.

II

The wider question of the so-called Western materialism does not concern us here. I am not one of those who conceive of progress as merely the increase of scientific knowledge and the harnessing of nature to serve man's needs, or even the increase of comforts and wealth, though it is futile to deny that these form a very large part of what progress undoubtedly involves. Europe today is certainly happier than what it was, say 50 years ago, and that is because there is an immense improvement in the life of the average man. The general level of education has risen; the conquest of disease is not a myth, though it may not be an established fact; schooling has become brighter and more useful; there is less drudgery, and perhaps the economic gulf between the workman and the employer is becoming less wide, though other and more difficult complications may have taken place in their mutual relationship; certainly the lot of the workman is happier today than ever it was before, and there is a general improvement in the life of the people. If we call these things materialism and condemn them, well, let us have something better to offer to the world. True progress, no doubt, is certainly more than the promotion of material happiness. India recognised from the earliest times that true progress consists in the natural harmony between matter and spirit, and there is in Indian culture an incessant urge which all schools of Indian philosophy recognise, towards the realisation of this harmony. No other religion has recognised with so much emphasis as Hinduism that the Earth is the sphere wherein we have an appointed mission to perform and that we are bound to regard it with love and reverence as the field of all of our noble efforts and as the essential link which binds us to the throne of Gods. The Gita has it: "The whole world is His body which shines through His lustre". That is why the Hindus insist so much on Ahimsa and beautiful action as the basis of *Dharma*. India's

quest through the ages has been for this ideal of life and conduct, for the worship in love and service of the "One whom the sages call by many names".

The question may be asked, How is it, then, that in spite of this magnificent ideal, India has not progressed steadily as some of the Western Nations have done and that her history after the downfall of the old Hindu empires has been one long tale of decay and stagnation?

The reason is not far to seek. The supreme tragedy of all Eastern peoples, particularly that of India, is that religious life tends to be isolated from the wider life of the community and degenerates into superstition without any bearing on practical life. The birth of the modern States in Japan and Turkey is to some extent due to the complete separation of religion from the general life of the community, religion not in its real sense, but in its degenerate aspects. Hinduism with its caste system, its thousand ceremonies that have lost all significance and meaning and all the other features which we associate with modern decadent Hinduism, has no meaning or inspiration to the average Indian today. We must never forget that when a religion no longer creates and directs action, when it does not inspire men and women to self-sacrifice, when it no longer unites man into a common bond of love and action, that religion or culture cuts at the root of progress. Not that Hinduism has not inspired men and women to noble actions; on the other hand, our history is full of the names of men and women who have served their fellowmen in love and sacrifice; but the question is whether this Hindu culture has directed and inspired the national life in India to the same extent as Christianity and Islam has done in other countries. Caste has always stood in India for disintegration. The Muslim conqueror created another caste. There has not been any fusion of races in India. On account of divisions and mutual jealousies the Afghans and the Moghuls were able to establish an empire in Hindustan. There was no constitutional struggle of any kind, no voice of protest against the personal rule of the sovereign. Only once did the Hindus unite against the foreigner: but Sivaji's attempt proved a failure.

The same process is seen in the British period. The Nation submitted meekly to a stronger power and under the British rule, we have reached a depth of degradation which is unprecedented in our long history.

It is only a revolution that can save India from the fate that has overtaken Nations in the past. The revolution need not be bloody. It is futile to say that India's degradation is entirely due to the British. It is due to various other causes which inevitably sap the energy of a Nation under an alien rule, however beneficent it may be. National progress proceeds naturally and necessarily from the increase in knowledge and the broadening outlook of many minds throughout the country. The greatest need of the hour is a sane and healthy outlook on life. We want the Hellenic spirit, the incessant search for the truth of things. "Those who would rightly judge of truth," said Aristotle, "must be arbitrators and not litigants."

III

The grinding poverty of our millions, the unhealthy social customs of our people, the "gipsy culture" of a vast majority of our men and women which made Miss Mayo speak of India as a world-menace, these are the problems that stare us in the face. The political future of India, whether she will be an independent country like Turkey or Japan, working out her own destiny, or whether she will be an equal partner in the British Commonwealth of Nations, is not so pressing a problem, as this, namely, how to check the tide of National deterioration, which our decadent culture is not in a position to stem. We want a re-valuation of our culture. We must orient our dispersed, aimless, and ineffective lives to great aims and comprehensive ideas of the modern world. It is not by going back to our past that we can create a future for our country, though our past has undoubtedly very many lessons to teach us, and contains in itself an abiding inspiration for the youth to mould the future of the country to the measure of our ancient glories. The first quality of Western culture is the abounding vigour of its social organisation. We want this social and political discipline in an increasing measure in our country. It is true that even in the West, we see signs of a terrible reaction against the immense

achievement which European culture embodies in material form; but the remedy is not to belittle this achievement and exaggerate the value of aimless and sterile contemplation which has been the bane of our national life. The evils of commercialism, of trustification, of business organisations, are self-evident; we can see them through the pages of Upton Sinclair's novel, *Oil*, which tells of a world exhausted and demoralised by the disease of commercialism. But he would indeed be a bold man who will declare that modern Europe or America is rushing into ruin. We must begin to realise that poverty is a preventable crime that by a sane adjustment of our resources which are still very great, we might give every child born in India a decent chance to enjoy the three greatest blessings of human life, 'food, shelter and leisure'. The evil and hatred that have crept into our caste system must be made to disappear; we also want an increasing sense of national solidarity. The degradation of women, her social, economic and spiritual dependence on man, will disappear the moment we train our boys and girls in the realisation of the value of woman as the companion of man, the preserver of the race, and the beautifier of life. It is only then that marriage will be made more rational, entirely based on love, sympathy and mutual understanding. We want our education to be permeated by a new ideal, of preparing our boys and girls as self-respecting citizens of a great country, and of training them in the spirit of self-imposed obedience to self-imposed rules, which is of the very essence of democracy; the tyranny of the school room and the drudgery and the dulness of the lecture-hall will vanish the moment we come to realise the inherent capacity of the youth to learn and to feel and appreciate the intellectual joy of comprehension. Our towns and villages must be clean and healthy, not the stinking breeding places of bacteria of various diseases that they are now. Religion will be stripped of its dogmas, creeds and superstitions, and if it is going to survive at all, it must be as a universal religion of love of the human race without distinction of caste or colour, and directed to the service of the Nation and of the entire humanity. The Hindu culture has failed today, because it has been isolated from the wider issues of our national life. The strenuous urge to live our lives to the fullest extent possible for us is absent in our culture and this spirit or "will to live" is the greatest legacy of our Aryan forefathers to us.

Society is an organic whole. Its progress, as history tells us, and particularly Indian history, is not dependent upon futile attempts to set up ideal theories, but on a clear grasp of true ideas and forces that check disorder and corruption, forces whose influence in the community it is desirable and practicable to promote. The greatest task our schools have to perform is to put our boys and girls on that path to seek for the truth of things for themselves and to destroy the cobwebs of sentiment which check the effective functioning of the social machinery. The pursuit of riches, of offices and jobs under Government, to which our education is now mainly directed, runs like a curse through our national life. Most of us want to be rich, to be climbers and parasites, while very few want to devote their lives to the service of the starving millions of our country. We shall truly love each other when we give up this climbing idea, and substitute in its place the idea of service; for poverty is a man-made evil and the responsibility for the perpetration of that crime rests on all of us. If we wish a new social order, it will come that day when in the depth of the universal love we each find our best self and our highest happiness in the service of our fellows. Unless these ideals inspire our education, we would not be building the great Nation of the future on a strong foundation.

Speedy Writing

It was Balzac's boast that "A Woman of Thirty" was finished in a fortnight. This would be about 20,000 words a week. He was a prodigious worker, and thought nothing of working 18 hours a day on end.

Mr. Hutchinson wrote "If Winter Comes" in six months on a typewriter. He works, on Hugh Walpole's advice, some four hours a day, which probably means an output of some 1,200 words daily.

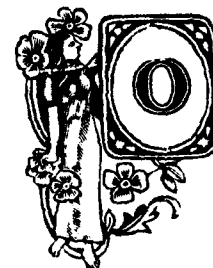
One of the most leisurely of living writers is George Moore. No one knows how many words a day George Moore writes, because no one dare ask him. If you mentioned the word output he would probably remind you gently that his name was Moore, not Ford.

BHAGAVAN SRI RAMAKRISHNA DEVA

(A STUDY)

(Continued from the December issue.)

BY P. M. HARI



ONLY the divinity and the depth of heart yet? Hardly two aspects of the multiplex Sri Ramakrishna Deva. And not even the fulness of the divinity is completely manifest yet? He has seen only the Goddess. But where is the God? He is only Prakriti. He must be Purusha. But where is the Prakriti-Purusha?

The creative, the preservative and the destructive power with all its prowess and paraphernalia. The Shakti is the grossest and the most palapable, albeit divine, and the first in its finer form, manifestation of the Supreme in the world. This is Kali—the Mother. She is full of Maya. Even in Maya—manifestation—there are fairer, finer and purer expressions of the Supreme Being. Before knowing and being Purusha absolute, the finer aspects of Prakriti, the aspects wherein Purusha predominates have to be realised. Even though Sri Rama has come and merged in him yet it is all in Maya and individual self though fine. There are aspects of Maya finer still and more full of Purusha. The pure, absolute Purusha is far behind the finest aspects of Prakriti. They must come out before Purusha. Kali—the Mother of the Universe is the gross manifestation, the fine manifestation is Krishna—the Babe of Brinda—the Babe of the Banyan Leaf. Sri Ramakrishna Deva is now power only. But love and light? Oh for the infinitude and exaltation of the selfless love of the playmate of the Gopees, and self-conscious Supreme Illumination of the preceptor of the Geeta. Sri Krishna—the beatific Bud of Gokula; the bewitching flower of Brinda; the Celestial fruit of Mathura. On for the sight of him:—the matchless giggling Knava of Brija; the rapturous Muralilal; the beatific Vanamali. The deep-blue flower of youth and loveliness clad in shining silk and gold and

jewels and fragrant wreaths, and all aflame with rapturous love and light and that transcendent smile of his. Where is he? Where? Oh where? Sri Ramakrishna Deva's heart has begun to call for him. He must see Sri Krishna. He must have Sri Krishna. He must be Sri Krishna. His soul wells up with intensive love and longing for Gopala. His bosom heaves and sighs. He cries and calls for Him with hopeless yearning and inexpressible pathos. He wants Sri Krishna. And what is life to him without Sri Krishna? He hungers and thirsts for Govinda. The Lord of the Gopees is the Lord of his heart. He cannot live without Sri Krishna. The soul of Radha is in him. It is selfless, ceaseless, insatiable, burning love and longing for Sri Krishna. It knows nothing but Gopala. It cannot be without Gopala. The pangs of the hungry soul: Oh starvation!—Oh privation!—Oh desperation! Dear old Gadadhar! He burns with the virulence of a strange high-fever. His body and being are all ablaze with an unknown and undying passion. A wild fire! He rolls and writhes in inexpressible anguish. Cramps—convulsions—excruciation? Indefinable pathos! Indescribable agony! Inextinguishable flame! Spiritual madness!—Divine inebriation—*Mahabhava*—this! Oh God! His soul is on tip-toe. His life is at its extreme. His body—tense—high-strung. Will it break? Or will he dash it to pieces? He is delirious. Oh dreadful pitch—the last limit of life. His soul is on its wings. His life-blood rushes out of the gates of his body in quest of Sri Krishna. Gopala, have mercy. Not another moment. Govinda must come or Gadadhar—? Can it be? Shall Sri Ramakrishna Deva die? Will he not come? Did not Gadadhar give him a leg?—Who comes there? The guardian angel? The Bhairavi! Look where she comes with flowers and incense, and balms and garlands. She anoints Gadadhar and garlands him and adores him with flowers and incense. And lo! he is calm—unmoved—still—stiff. Collapse—culmination—consummation? His hectic face radiates with a tell-tale smile and light. What is in him? Is agony turned to ecstasy? Oh joy! Oh bliss! Oh beatitude! He is in Samadhi—Bhava-Samadhi. The child of Dakshineswar is with the Child of Brinda. Oh God! Oh Gopala! Oh Lord supreme! The consummation *par excellence*. The child of Dakshineswar is the

Child of Brinda—the Supreme love and light, and the self-less immensity and exaltation of Sri Krishna. Sri Ramakrishna Deva is Sri Krishna. And soon will he be more.

Oh God! Oh Lord of the Universe! What expansion! What exaltation—what revelation is here! The poor boy Gadadhar! The Gods come and pay homage to him. He is their God. The Powers are at his feet. They dance attendance on him. Saints and sages marvel at him and fall down and worship him. But who cares? Who cares for divinity? Who cares for powers? They only delude. To Gadadhar, they are only illusions. He is more than they. He is yet a child—a child truly. The Gods are obsequious to him. He is satisfied with their sight and complacent in their company. But their attentions? Oh he is only annoyed at them. He has no need or use for them. He cannot be beguiled by them. He is too pure and too full. That day when the blissful Mother touched his heart, he would have shattered all bonds and burst once for all into the complete effulgence of his soul and the Supreme. But the Mighty Mother. She held him. He is not all yet. He is still disturbed and dissatisfied. He only prays and pants yet. What more does he want? Have not Rama and Krishna, Janaki and Radha, come and merged in him? Is he not Divinity—the full—the complete—the Highest? Whither hence? Is he not himself?—Not Sri Ramakrishna Deva yet!

The rampant lion has broken his bonds. But the shadow of man is still on him. His freedom and happiness are in the virgin wilderness where Mother Nature freely flourishes and sports and lavishes her bounties unknown to rebellious man. He must get there. There alone is he himself. God-speed to him. Sri Ramakrishna Deva is not yet whole—not himself yet. The veil of Maya is still clinging to him. A veil it is though fine. He has seen only God-personal. He is conditioned. He is limited. Sri Ramakrishna Deva is only personal though God. He must be impersonal—unconditioned—absolute. He is only Prakriti. A veil is a veil though fine and pure. It covers the truth. It prevents full manifestation. He must be Purusha—Maha Purusha. Then alone is he Siva-Mahadeva. Only then is he himself—full, whole—complete. Then alone is he Sri Ramakrishna

Deva. All modes and modifications, dowers and divinity are only in Maya. The last trace of the shadow must vanish. It must be wiped out. Only then can the pure soul fully manifest. The soul of Sri Ramakrishna Deva is too large—too full. It must reveal itself completely. It must manifest itself fully in all its pristine nature and purity. Then alone will he be at home. But how? When? The Mother is with the child. And she is also Jnana Maya—the breaker of all bonds. And Partha-Sarathi? Gadadhar's consummation needs no strife or effort. What difficulty when Nara and Narayana are together and in one?

The arrival of Tota Puri at Dakshineswar perhaps marks the climax in the unfoldment of the soul of Sri Ramakrishna Deva. The bird comes and sits on the branch and the fruit falls to the ground. Tota Puri is the great accessory—but only an accessory nevertheless—in the phenomenal evolution of Sri Ramakrishna Deva. An Adwaita Vedantin who attained the height of illumination through strenuous austerities and severe Yoga extending over forty years of systematic life, Tota Puri was really and literally an Avadhuta who lived and moved in a world of spirit—in the only reality of the supreme Brahman. A ripe soul thoroughly free from the trammels of flesh and blood, he was a man who could kick off his mortal frame and join the absolute Brahman at any time he liked. The world to him was a worthless flitting shadow. It had no hold on him. That he should be drawn perforce from the height of his realisation in the forests of the Himalayas to the old boy Gadadhar at Dakshineswar! The Mother is mighty; and her hold? Is it still on him? But there is no help. The Avadhuta comes to Dakshineswar and eyes his pupil with no little surprise and apprehension. He begins to teach the pupil. And the pupil soon out-runs the master. A remarkable desciple—an admirable Chela. He must be initiated into Adwaita-Vedanta. At last the auspicious moment comes—the memorable sacred moment—the great unparalleled moment. God bless. The rites are done. The Blessings O Lord! A moment—a touch—a move by the Avadhuta and—Sri Ramakrishna Deva is straight-way on the pinnacle of the transcendent—fullness and effulgence of his soul—Paramatman: The supreme Illumination—Nirvikalpa

Sawadhi! The Avadhuta doubts and wonders. The complete efflorescence of his soul? Yes, the efflorescent supreme beyond a doubt. Oh wonder! Oh miracle! Forty years of selfless strenuous Yoga and—this!—this!!—this!!! Oh Lord! Is this a man or a miracle! Is God supreme on earth? Is doomsday near! The lion is in his mountain fastness. Who can dare him? Who can snare? Sri Ramakrishna Deva is gone—gone home. For the good? Long, long has he been immersed in the supreme effulgence of his soul. Days and nights: days too many are past. Oh revel! How long? Is he dissolved? Will he not return to the world? Who can recall him? The Avadhuta shakes—despairs? Oh Mother Supreme! Thou art the only help. He is thy child. And he must come back to us. Shall Sri Ramakrishna Deva not be? Oh Lord of the Universe, O Gopala! Oh Preceptor Supreme! Is he not thou? Bring him back to us. Impatient prayers, importunate calls, and impetuous cries—Om! Hari! Om!—reverberate through the room and halls of Dakshineswar. After many an ebb and flow the soul of Sri Ramakrishna Deva is at last at the feet of the Blissful Mother. He comes down at length from Samadhi. Oh Mighty Mother! The Master's power and prowess are gone. He shivers. He is filled with wonder and joy. Who is the master and who the disciple? And the Avadhuta who never remained in a place more than three nights sojourns with Sri Ramakrishna Deva for months. On the memorable night of the vain endeavour of the great Avadhuta to cast off his body in the swelling waters of the holy Ganges the magnitude and supremacy of the young pupil fully dawns on him. It is he—he the pupil—he the child—he the Mother—he the Supreme, who frustrated the attempt. None but he. And none but he could do it. Bow to him. The master is the disciple. Henceforth Sri Ramakrishna Deva verily, literally Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Deva—The self contained, serene and inscrutable profundity and concentration of Rama, and the self-conscious and intense universality and illumination and self-consummation of Krishna with all the boundless and blissful wealth and power of the beautiful and beatific manifestation of perfection of Sri and—the transcendent absoluteness of the supreme Deva!—Verily Sri Ramakrishna Deva. Gadadhar is Sri Ramakrishna

Deva. Sri Ramakrishna Deva is fully manifest. From the tip of his hair to the depth of his heart he is soul—all soul—all God—all the supreme Brahman. Every move of his is a move of the Mother. He is Purusha supreme and every movement of his is Prakriti in the highest; not in the Vedantic sense but literally and really. He sees and feels and communes only with the good, the great, the God in the world. His life has burst into a spiritual flame—white light—of the highest and the most complete incandescence. Gloria in Excelsis!

(To be continued)

Hidden Peaks

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

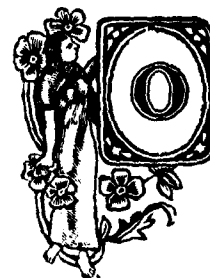
DIM path, sheer precipice,
Breath sorely drawn,
End they alas in this
Chill dripping dawn;
Mist on our gazing fire
Blown thick and pressed,
Hiding the heart's desire,
White Everest?

What then! Was upward gaze
All vainly spent,
Quenched by a drifting haze
Impermanent?
Nay, though our climbing prayer
Gain not its price,
We know the peaks are there,
Let that suffice.



ON GIVING

BY R. SIVARAMAKRISHNA IYER, B. A., L. T.,
(Personal Assistant to the Director of
Public Instruction, Travancore)



OF all the difficult things enjoined on man by religion and custom, probably the most difficult is 'giving'. It is much easier to take than to give, and yet it cannot be denied that giving affords a peculiar pleasure and that the vast majority of men and women would much rather give than take. And of those who give, there are endless varieties. The difference is not only in what is given, but also in how it is given.

At one end of the scale is the confirmed grabber with manifold tentacles ready to seize upon anything that comes his way. He does not give, he only takes; and when he does give, he takes care to get the equivalent of what he gives. The miser has been the favourite theme of novelists and story-writers from time immemorial. We have a whole gallery of misers in the literatures of the world. They are represented as the bees that gather honey assiduously for others to drink, as the dragons that guard the treasures which others are to enjoy. It has been said that the spend-thrift deceives his posterity whereas the miser deceives himself. But even the miser has his Achilles' heel, and if you touch him at that point, he parts with hard-earned money. Even he is not immune from the weakness of giving, and if he does not give, he at least builds up reserve of power and makes it possible for his posterity to give.

There is next the ostentatious giver who does not believe in the good old injunction that the left hand should not know what the right hand giveth. He gives and forthwith advertises his gift. He gives you, but leaves you in no doubt as to the author of the gift. The information is conveyed to you in broad or subtle terms according as the giver is rustic or refined. A giver of this type does not believe in wrapping up his gift in the

cloak of anonymity. He is not one 'who builds a Church to God and not to fame and never marks the marble with his name'.

Noble as anonymous giving is, it would require very much more self-abnegation than average (or even some exalted) mankind is capable of. As for the beneficiaries, they would rather receive gifts from persons whom they can see and thank, than from persons who keep themselves in hiding. An anonymous benefactor is an abstraction, not a creature of flesh and blood, and he can never become an object of affection and gratitude. We prefer to know our benefactors and to feel that a time might come when it would be possible, in ever so small a measure, to repay the debt we owe; but an anonymous benefactor, by the very fact of his anonymity, effectively shuts the door against any such repayment.

Then there is the contemptuous giver, the man who tosses his gifts in scorn, the man who gives in the spirit of that Englishman who is said to have taken off his coat which was new and given it to a beggar with the words: "Here fellow, take this coat. It is of no use to me now. I have much better ones at home." Persons of this type, while giving gifts, also give offence. They give from a sense of superiority, and kill self-respect in those who receive their gifts; but among these are to be found some of the most generous givers in the world.

Yet another type is the careless giver, the man who gives 'like wealthy people who care not how they give'. Givers of this class never calculate, never consider the consequences. The laws of Arithmetic impose no limitations on them. Till their purses become empty, and afterwards as long as they can borrow, they will give; and they give in a regal fashion with an ease and a grace which even kings to the manner born might well envy. Few things are more pathetic or more deserving of sympathy than the sight of such men reduced to poverty and forced to beg their bread.

And lastly, there is the tearful giver, to whom every act of giving means a prolonged mental struggle and painful wrench. They have the impulse to give, but the impulse is checked by limited capacity. To this class belonged the Scotchman who is

said to have presented his threadbare coat to a half-clad beggar after a good deal of sighing with the words: "Here, brother, I could wear this coat for a year more, but for thy sake I am parting with it. Take it and be happy." By far the largest number of men and women belong to this class. It is not given to them to go through life, scattering gifts on the way with careless ease and profusion. To them giving is a travail. It is painful in the act and is followed by regret. God has given them a large heart, a short purse and a head that can calculate their limitations. Theirs may be the homely virtue of justice, but the more showy virtue of generosity is beyond their reach, and when they make up their minds to give they have to give in tears.

What should a man give? Shall he give of his best or his second best? Dear old Lamb, in his time, exploded many fallacies. One of these was the fallacy contained in the old adage, 'Look not a gift horse in the mouth.' "Why should I not?" asks Lamb. "If a man tries to palm off on me a limping, toothless, purblind, old animal which cannot walk two paces without falling and to earn thereby the merit of having made a gift, I have got every right to protest against the insult. Either he gives me a gift worthy of my acceptance or I have nothing to do with him. I have certainly the right to look his gift horse in the mouth before I accept it." Lamb is here enunciating a sound principle viz. that if a man means to give, he must give of his best. It is a difficult thing to do, and, like all other difficult things, it must be steadily practised before it can become easy. How often, when obliged to give, we choose for the purpose the thing that can be most easily spared, often one that is worse than useless!

Should we give at all, and if so, why? I can conceive of no better justification for giving than the happiness that it confers upon the giver, apart from the pleasure it gives to the receiver. The vast inequality of wealth which we find in the world and the consequent inequality in happiness can only be redressed by more and more of voluntary giving by those who are blessed with an abundance of the good things of the world. The great givers of the world are thus redressing the balance and

taking the wind out of the sails of Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists and other 'ists' who propound artificial remedies for the removal of all inequality in wealth. Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked that if a whole province or state were to be burnt down in order to bring about equality, a new class of millionaires might soon arise from trading in the ashes. The more industrious and enterprising of the people would collect the ashes, and by trading on them, pile up wealth again. The only effective way, then, by which wealth and the comforts that flow from it can be more evenly distributed in a world of inequalities is for those who have, to give freely of their wealth to those who have not, seeking their reward in the pure joy that comes from giving and the happiness which it is their proud privilege to dispense. The truly great possessors of wealth have always looked upon their wealth as a sacred trust and freely spent it on noble causes, to the lasting good of mankind.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceas'd to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art being and Breath,
And what Thou art can never be destroy'd.

Emily Bronte (in East-West)

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

(A SURVEY)

BY PROF. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.



(Concluded from our last issue.)

IF in fiction the present age is pre-eminent, in Drama it is no less so. Without doubt there is no Shakespeare. But when is Shakespeare's equal to be found? Probably never. That is no reason, however, why one should be blind to the manifold and wonderful creations of a Shaw, a Barrie, a Milne, a Yeats, or a Barker. The person who dominates Modern Drama is, of course, Shaw. Dramatic canons drawn exclusively from Shakespeare will only shower ridicule on Shaw and on his plays. But the world has at last learnt to adore him as a dramatist and is willing to believe that his plays are the best written in this century. Unfortunately, Shaw the preacher is mixed with Shaw the dramatist, so much so that many of his plays are only social pamphlets masquerading as drama. Many of his plays have only local or temporary interest: his 'Inca of Penisalem' is about the Kaiser's abdication and 'O' Flahedy V. C.' is about the recruitment of soldiers during the Great War. His dramas are punctuated profusely with wit and hold any audience or any reader in thrall. But will the passage of time leave the sparkle uncorroded? Apparently Shaw reckons not. He is content to coat the 'didactic pill' in his dramas and 'wash it down our throats with a draught of laughter'. That is why he makes his characters shoot too often missiles of propaganda in an undisguised form. But there are exceptions—and glorious exceptions! In 'St. Joan' 'Back to Methuselah' and 'Man and Superman' Shaw has won a triple achievement in drama won by no other writer of modern times.

Galsworthy is another category and Barrie a third. The former is what may be called a serious playwright. He is no pamphleteer like Shaw nor an 'imp of mischief' like Barrie. He is a pessimist, in an artistic sense though. 'Everywhere'

says Miss Sheila Kaye Smith; 'he sees ills—the trampling of the weak and the poor, the conflict of instinct and civilization, the pariahdom of the enlightened, the tyranny of unimaginativeness, hypocrisy and greed'. He does not suggest remedies. He only paints slices of life wherein some spiritual quality is at variance with and, therefore impinging on, its environment. His dialogues are natural and never overflows with didacticism or with the swish-swash of loose sentiment. To crown all, Galsworthy has a sterling sincerity that rings with a singularly beautiful sensitiveness, marking him out as a dramatist par excellence with no affinities and no tradition,—a solitary star.

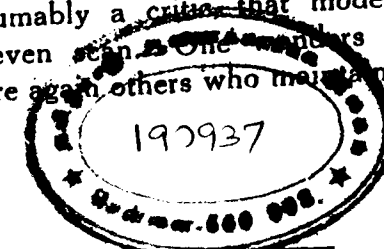
There are many more. Granville Barker, Somerset Maugham, Arthur Pinero and Alfred Sutro, all have been writing and flooding the stage with really first-rate plays. Sir James Barrie in his 'Peter Pan', 'Dear Brutus' and 'Mary Rose' has made one's dreamland more dear and more real than the world of one's own being. A. A. Milne can be as funny and as whimsical as he likes but he can be gripping also with a strange seriousness. Miss Clemence Dane and Eugene O'Neill, the latter an American, have both written plays of distinction though perhaps they have not yet passed beyond the stage of successful experimentation. A high place, on the contrary, should be assigned to the poetic dramas of Mr. Drinkwater: his 'Abraham Lincoln' is certainly a play of haunting and subtle beauty. But, with the advent of Ibsen about the last quarter of the nineteenth century, genuine poetic drama save for one or two honourable exceptions came to an end. With Ibsen and his followers the vehicle of expression has been natural prose and not the discredited blank verse, nor the doubly defecting heroic verse. Whatever might have been the loss to Drama, it is worth it in exchange for the gradual perfection of the technique of realism which the loss has made possible. The great aim of post-Ibsen Drama has been to apply the surface appearances of truth to life in such a manner that social institutions can be analysed the more minutely and remedies, if any, be suggested the more openly. The Russian Realist, Anton Tchekhov, carried realism further, and now realistic prose plays have become the order of the day.

A word may not be out of place here about modern criticism. For one thing every one is a critic nowadays, and the

authors themselves are the most pulverising of critics. Bennet, Walpole, Gould, Murry, Chesterton, Dane, Priestly, all contribute to the growing volume of criticism in the columns of London Newspapers. There are besides the professors. One could not dare to ignore them. Professors Saintsbury, Elton, Chambers, Hereford and the lesser luminaries of the profession fill the literary world with their ample criticisms. And then there is Lytton Strachey. If any book of criticism were to be read a hundred years later, its sparkle and vigour undiminished, its acuteness unquestioned, that book can be none other than Mr. Lytton Strachey's 'Books and Characters'. The book scarcely extending to three hundred pages contains the pure gold of criticism, and when it was first published in 1922, was immediately hailed by the whole London Press as the work of the highest critical intelligence. The vivid and penetrating studies of Beddoes and Browne, Blake and Beyle, Racine and Rousseau, assure for Strachey a permanent place among the great critics of the world. His 'Landmarks of French Literature' in the Home University series forms in itself one of the best achievements of modern criticism. To read Strachey describing Voltaire's devastating grin or Hugo's command over the French language is to have discovered a new nourishment for the intellect, a new music for the ear. And when in his criticism the biographical touch is imparted by this author of 'Queen Victoria', 'Eminent Victorians' and 'Elizabeth and Essex' the result as in the essay 'Voltaire and Frederick' is unapproachable for the clarity of his critical judgments, the uniqueness of the portraiture, or for the pure and cutting precision of his phrases. In 'Books and Persons', perhaps, Mr. Arnold Bennet is in his best vein as critic. Yet beside Strachey he is nowhere. A Strachey certainly twentieth century has produced. And perhaps in Mr. Middleton Murry a weak second. The rest is a mere blank.

Let me come to Modern Poetry. Diametrically opposed views are held about this subject. It was recently remarked by a certain gentleman, presumably a critic, that modern poets write poetry that does not even ~~seem to be~~ ^{mean} what he may have meant! There are again others who maintain that the

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Georgian Era is one of the most fertile epochs in the production of good, and even of great, poetry. They even go so far as to say that one is witnessing a revival of poetry these days. Mr. Robert Lynd, in the course of a brilliant introduction to an anthology of Modern Poetry, and Sir Henry Newbolt in another, plead that present-day poetry is not after all so barren as it is said to be. Perhaps! But the selections themselves that follow seem rather to give the lie direct to their assurances. A certain critic quoting the following stanza from one of Mr. A. E. Houseman's poems calls it a part of 'an exquisite lyric' and wonders 'how packed' it is with matter:

The candles burn the sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels the packets,
And wonders what 's to pay.

If the last two lines are 'exquisite' and 'packed with matter'—one should have acquired a piece of knowledge which is both curious and profound. Mr. Houseman may be a good poet: but these lines do not prove that he is. If they prove anything at all they prove quite the opposite. The same is true of Davies, Flecker, Eliot and Freeman. Hardy, Bridges, and the elders wrote poems of some worth: often profound and sometimes reaching heights of pure lyrical grandeur. So are some of the poems of Walter de la mare, Mr. Yeats and of Sturge Moore. But one could not easily keep out the mischievous notion that some of the finer pieces are more the result of chance than due to any innate poetic impulse. Modern poets write so much, and yet when the winnowing is over, so little remains that's not of the earth, earthy. One is mistaken perhaps: perhaps one is out of tune with the main trends of modern poetry. The fact remains, however, that there is not one Shelley among the moderns nor one Tennyson. Not all the countless orbs in the sky would be substitute enough for the solitary moon. A thousand and one weak Fleckers, good as they are, cannot be substitute for a poet born, not one nurtured within study walls. A Tagore whispers from Bengal with ineffaceable music. A Sarojini sings with rapture of flowers and birds and things under the Indian sky. Ah! the music of her lines:—

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What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of
the sea-god drives?
He, who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in His breast
our lives.

The moving profundity of Tagore's poetry, or the exquisite fluidity of Sarojini's while transmitting 'the fugitive beauties of Nature' across the transparency of her poetic medium—these one can understand. In vain does one search the English anthologies of modern verse or the collected editions of individual poets for passages of similar animation in proportion to the bulk! The moderns indisputably excel in fiction: in drama they maintain a high level of excellence and utility. The Essay in the hands of a Lynd, a Lucas, a Priestly has come to its own. But in poetry? One is wistful. Might it not be said, then, that the Romantic Revival of Wordsworth and Coleridge has indeed come full circle and that a new era of Classicism is in its first beginnings? The proposition may at least be given the benefit of a doubt. Unwilling to dogmatise further one must be content to leave the matter there.

Thoughts of the Great.

Each generation takes a special pleasure in removing the household gods of its parents from their pedestals and consigning them to the cupboard.

The grandest and most fully representative figures in all Victorian literature is, of course, Alfred Tennyson.

Behind the problem of our future rises the great question whether any Nation which aims at being a working man's paradise can long flourish.

The future will show whether civilisation, as we know it, can be mended or must be ended. The time seems ripe for a new birth of religious and spiritual life, which may remould society as a no less potent force would have the strength to do—

Dean Inge in his "Outspoken Essays."

SIR CHETTOOR SANKARAN NAIR



BY MR. S. K. SARMA, B. A., B. L.

THE most pathetic and lonely figure at present in the public life of the country is Sir Chettur Sankaran Nair. A man of singular worth and proved capacity he plies a lonely furrow at the ripe old age of seventy with none to second his efforts or heave for him so much as a sigh. A darling of fortune ever since his first entry into the political ring, he forgot the rules of the game as to when to retire. Fortune is a dame with whom a perpetual dalliance leaves only bitterness behind, and Sir Sankaran has persisted in wooing when he should know that nought but a rebuff could await his overtures. If he was ambitious, they have been realised to the full. He has been everything that a talented Indian can aspire to be, and that at a time when the summit was considered unapproachable. He held the leadership of the presidency before he was thirty-five, and was invited to preside over the Congress at one of its critical sessions. He was returned to the Legislature in its earliest days and sponsored a piece of legislation which should have effected a tremendous upheaval but for the extreme conservatism of his class. He has been a leader of the bar, a Judge of the High Court and a Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. A much-travelled Madrassee, every visit of his to London seemed at one time to fetch him some preferment or other. The crown of ambition was reached when he got a seat in the executive of the Viceroy's Council, and the crowning act of his life was his resignation of that high office. His sun began to set then and a wise man would have consulted the heavens, the birds and the oracles as to what lay in store for him. But he struggled against his fate, and the price is his fall from every place of vantage which popular applause and official patronage had conjointly secured for him.

And yet one may wonder if he does not suffer from the merits of his own qualities. He has been the victim of a pride which it would be difficult to say if it is racial or intellectual.

The Nairs have been the most virile among the peoples of the South, and Sir Sankaran is typical of the physical and intellectual manhood of his race. His giant proportions were united to a broad and cultivated mind, but its chief foible was that it was not as communicative as it was receptive. He nurtured a feeling of social inferiority which not even the freedom of his political and moral outlook could succeed in assuaging. It deepened as time rolled on; and as age and experience sharpened his wit and clothed him with respect and authority, he conceived himself to be a sort of Coriolanus,

Distinct amidst the genius of the land,
and of whom it may well be said,
He hath not bowed him to the vulgar call,
Nor bid his countenance shine obsequious, band,
But let his dark eye keep its high command,
And gather'd 'from the few' his coronal.

This sense of personal pride marred the success of a career, sedate though not bright, persevering though not fruitful. If he took a just proportion of his own services to the land he loved and the people he wanted to serve, he would have been a little less blind to his faults and a little more kind to those whom he looked askance at with the instinct of heredity.

But the pride that goeth before fall has the backing of a rare and sustained moral courage. That has been his distinguishing trait. Whether he took his cudgels against the bureaucracy or against the creed of the Mahatma, his loneliness had a certain moral elevation, his tone a prolonged consistency. Having realised in his own person the full ambit of British Indian citizenship, he could not deny his countrymen the benefit of such rights. The severance of British rule means to him the breaking of that compact between the two great civilisations which have been brought together by the vicissitudes of history. He is a firm believer in an Indo-European synthesis which will be a healthy outcome of the essential conflict between the gross materialism of the west and the tense spiritualism of the East. Consistently with that principle he could not help in the withdrawal of British influence though not its paramountcy. Hence too his opposition to the Gandhi-cult, the spinning-wheel and the semi-nude pastoral life. But he is deeply informed at the same time with

the uninstructed folly of a succession of statesmen who have carried no better than the knowledge of a petty grocer in the progressive administration of a vast empire. To the average Anglo-Indian Official, he is an economic heretic who is deeply and unalterably convinced of the growing poverty and destitution of the people. He surprised the Joint Select Committee of Parliament by his brusque observation that the poverty of India was on the increase and the staying power of the people to confront famines was more and more diminishing. The colloquy between Lord Sydenham and Sir Sankaran, participated in by others as well, is an instructive reminder of the strength of his conviction on the economic deterioration of the masses.

And what is the recipe which Sir Sankaran would prescribe for the ills of which he has a more assured intelligence than any? His avowed antipathy to the methods of civil disobedience is easily explained. His own example to non-co-operate with his official colleagues in the Council board of the Viceroy is not even a veiled tribute to the principles of the Satyagrahi. In his case it was purely a matter of conscience. He could not participate in the methods of government for which he had but collective responsibility. What is an appropriate weapon in the hands of a veteran statesman is not necessarily so in the hands of an exaggerated Barnardine. But there was as little moral effect by his theatrical display as the walkings-in and walkings-out of the Swarajist legislator, for some one was ready to step in the moment he stepped out. His own work in the reformed legislatures must have been a pitiful exposition of the art of cajolery in wresting political concessions from a determined foe. He does not even believe in the doctrine of gentle expostulations which is the main armour of his whilom colleagues of the moderate school. He has renounced their faith and their principles. He has forsworn the creed that gave him the need for prescience. He stands today the most celebrated exponent of abject pacifism as a means of pressing the rights of subject peoples. He has borrowed the very begging bowl of the *Dhimis*, the *bete noir* of his class. The lion that roared till now has aggravated his voice so that it roars as gently as any sucking dove, a very fox for his valour, and, as Shakespeare would make Theseus say, a very goose for his discretion.

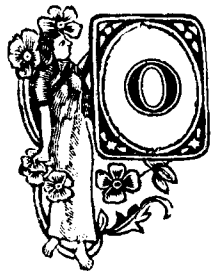
If Sir Sankaran believed that discretion is the better part of valour, he learnt the lesson at too late a stage of his life. In his own personal combats he used to fight *a outrance*. It may be the Nemesis of fate that his very exposition of the creed of Gandhi as the parent of anarchy should have exposed him to the risks of a *cause celebre*, entertaining to many, but tremendously costly to him. He fought with Sir Michael O'Dwyer a forlorn fight and endangered his reputation for sobriety and truth. He lost the suit and learnt the lesson that a British jury is not the pink of justice, especially when a political game is afoot. What right has he to believe that a partisan jury will be fairer in its verdict in a wider field? Does wisdom warrant it or experience suggest it? Hope springs eternal in human breast; but if one deliberately shuts himself out of the tabernacle, he cannot cry if he is denied the mercy of the soul. It has not taken long for Sir Sankaran to find his disillusionment. He has received as hard a kick from Sir John and his comrades as he got from Sir Michael O'Dwyer, but the kick pricks not only him but the whole country. Oh! the pity of it. It is this aspect of the situation that must be disconcerting to him in the serener moments of his life as he looks back upon his splendid past and its ignominious ending. If history teaches its students any lesson it is that national upheavals are never retarded or hastened by temporizing. If he had met his rebuff from Sir John Simon alone, he would have some consolation in that there were others at least who shared in his ignominy. But his colleagues on the Committee rebuke him with equal ardour. Verily he is between, the devil and the deep sea, a lonely voyager in troubled waters.

A Nation cannot be betrayed oftener than we have been; and if examples ever prove correctives, Sir Sankaran's will be a beacon light for his successors. Among the great actors of modern Indian history, Sir Sankaran Nair will stand as a brilliant example of what a leader of men ought not to be. He belies the vain dictum of certain political scientists that occasion brings the men. It has brought the man to our perpetual dismay. A great man lost will be the verdict of a kind posterity; a good man turned hostile is the verdict of his kindest contemporaries. And under that verdict let him lie.

TRAVEL NOTES

BY P. R. C.

II



ONE of the aspects of preparation and equipment in travelling in Europe is as to the dress that is necessary. One travelling for the first time feels on return that if he only had known before he left what he gets to know in the course of the travels he would have saved himself from some of the encumbrances he

had loaded himself with by way of superfluous luggage, and probably he would also feel that he might have saved himself some worry and expense by equipment. The first thing to be remembered is that up to Port Said the climatic conditions are those of the tropics, and cotton clothing alone is fit until the Mediterranean is reached. I am assuming that the traveller as usual leaves the shores of India in the summer months. Very often, even up to Marseilles, tropical conditions prevail and anything more than cotton ware would seem to be too warm. It is then to be remembered that the boat has an excellent laundry working in it, and there is no meaning in over-loading oneself with too much clothing which could not always be carried without being washed. Thus, the traveller needs to be equipped only with a sufficient number of garments just as they would be necessary in our own country. On board the steamer again passengers dress themselves with perfect ease and comfort and what are called glad-neck shirts or half-forms could well be worn, and that saves the passenger from the more formal collars and ties. In regard to what is called dinner dress, there is no such thing necessary for the mere second class passenger, though on the first class side they are a little more formal in regard to it. Indians often save themselves troubles by wearing close, black, long coats, but after all it ought not to be very difficult to have a black suit which would quite do for dinner dress. Thus, so far as the voyage is concerned, 4 to 6 trousers and about 4 coats, together with what are called blazer coats which could always

be worn, should be more than enough. Banians in cotton would be quite enough for the voyage. It may not be known to those who have not travelled in the West that everywhere the shoes worn are polished over-night by the servants either on the boat or in the hotel. In fine weather, it is thus often possible to go about even with a single pair of shoes. When you retire to bed you place the shoes outside the cabin or room in the hotel or the boarding house, and they would be found neatly polished and placed at the same spot in the morning. For the risk of the shoes getting wet at any time, a second pair is, of course, necessary and desirable, but it would be foolish to load oneself with more than two pairs. A sort of slippers or sandals are necessary to knock about in the cabin or from the cabin to the bath rooms.

The Dressing Gown

Woe unto the passenger who forgets to equip himself with what is called a dressing gown. Nobody should allow himself to be seen outside his room or cabin unless fully dressed, and that is the great nuisance that Indians would find in travelling abroad. In moving about, as to the bath rooms, the passenger could not conveniently be fully dressed especially when he goes to take his bath and the dressing-gown over whatever is worn under would cover a multitude of sins in the direction of clothing. When retiring to bed for the night or when inside the cabin or the room, people would wear what are called pyjama suits and one or two pairs are always necessary. Indians use *dhotis* too in the place of pyjamas.

Dressing in Europe.

As regards England and the Continent itself, everybody wears only a sort of tweed; it is almost impossible to find anybody wearing in England anything other than something like a tweed suit even at the cost of some discomfort. It is notorious how in the West women have come to be more and more lightly clothed and men more and more heavily. It was only in Geneva that I could come across a European who ventured out in a silk suit. I might mention at once that nobody after all cares how you are dressed, and it is only our own obsession that we should

dress in a particular manner or even over-dress. When I asked some of our Indian friends why while the weather is still hot people wear the warm clothing and in black or in colours allied to it, the answer was that it saves the laundry bill also. All labour is unduly dear in England—but they claim that the cut and other things in tailoring compensate for the extraordinary cost there. The best thing to do, therefore, is to take two tweed suits from India as the visitor cannot but fail to yield to the temptation of having one or two suits at least in England, and these should more than avail for use in England and on the Continent itself. It might be good to have about 2 flannel shirts, but in the summer months *i. e.*, from April to September there may not be the need or the temptation to use flannel at all. England in Summer is much warmer than Ootacamund and probably is just like Coonoor and the Continent is even more warm.

No Bedding.

Then again, the would-be-traveller should remember that throughout the West bedding is always provided at the place where he is lodged; this is never found inadequate and includes rugs, cotton and woollen, and pillows and sheets. It is, therefore, not wise to encumber oneself with bedding as we are used to in travelling in India. Even if he is taken as a guest in a private house that is only if there is spare bed-room and that is always renewed whenever they get soiled or whenever the occupant of a bed changes, and, therefore, there can be no scruple to use them. Then again towels for the bath and for the hand are always provided everywhere. These again need not be carried as they have to be when travelling in India. On the railways in Europe no sleeping accommodation is provided except on special charges being paid for the same even though the traveller travels first class.

Wharfage and Customs.

It is always convenient to be as little encumbered with 'baggage'—as the word is for what we call luggage in travelling abroad. One thing that we Indians are not aware of, and discover late to our cost, is that at every port of embarkation and disembarkation, the port authorities charge what they call wharfage for no reason that the travellers can appreciate. At Bombay, for instance, as much as Re. 1/- per item of baggage is charged,

and if one has the sin of carrying his *samans* in an unnecessarily large number of receptacles he has to pay the penalty by being charged so many extra rupees for wharfage. It is, therefore, always desirable to have a smaller number of packages, though each may itself be larger in dimensions than we might otherwise be inclined to have them. There are then the Customs regulations which the traveller would be wise to be acquainted with; on the one hand, things may be unnecessarily carried that are liable to Customs duties, and on the other, in the unnecessary fear of Customs duties being levied people may give up buying and having things which they would otherwise have acquired. In landing at Bombay, for instance, practically nothing that a non-smoker and a non-drinker carries for *his own personal benefit* is liable to Customs duties, and yet in the fear of such Customs duties, travellers are afraid of buying more of certain things in countries where they are particularly good and cheap. To give a small illustration, collars and ties are very cheap in France and the buying of them in any number for one's own personal use does not make the passenger liable to Customs duties.

Knowledge of French.

Apart from the aspect of dress and bedding, it is always desirable for one who thinks of travelling on the Continent to have some knowledge of the French language, though it is not altogether impossible to get on without a knowledge of French; it is very often difficult to make oneself understood either in the hotel or in the shops on the Continent. The difficulties are so great that it is significant that hotels and shops seeking to have the custom of people who know only English often notify that English is spoken within, but very often this is found to be a very exaggerated statement, and the result is that the traveller suffers in his conveniences and gets mulcted more than what he need properly pay. It is, therefore, often convenient to go, first to England and get to know the environments of life in the West and take French lessons from the numerous people that seek to coach up in languages and then cross over to France. Such an excellent teacher in French to whom Indians go in plenty, for instance, is Midlle. Duhaldeborde at 239, Finchley Road, Hampstead N. W. 3.

FROM THE WORLD'S TABLOID

BY A GALLOPPING GOSSIPER

The Nobel Prize—This time, the Nobel Prize for literature has been won by Thomas Mann, the German novelist, litterateur and philosopher, and according to the continental press, the Swedish Academy, in honouring the man, has added new lustre to the Nobel prize, for it has given its laurels to one who has been already recognised as a great world citizen and philosopher. The prize amounts to £ 12,000 this year, and although Thornton Wilder, the young American genius and writer, as also Remarque, the author of the famous War book, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, were competing candidates for the same, the Academy has made the wisest choice in awarding it to the author of *Magic Mountain* and *Death of Venice*. His greatest work is the former. The scene in the novel is laid in a Tuberculosis Sanatorium in the Swiss mountains, in which the great author ingeniously symbolises the diseased, capitalistic society of pre-War Europe, the world which made the War inevitable. According to a great European critic, the novel is "a prose epic, a philosophic symphony which seeks to affirm, picture and pass judgment in an era, and does so without the sense of putrefaction which marks so many lesser efforts to epitomise the age." It is a happy coincidence that at the same time the Nobel prize was awarded to the author, his essays were for the first time translated and published in English, and in one of these profound and critical observations on life and nature, the author sums up his attitude to Literature. "Literature" is to him "a heroic activity, a consecrated life," and Mann's philosophy revolves around the idea that the ideal towards which evolution moves is not the intellectual type of man but the man of action.

Harold Begbie—Some sensation was caused in the literary world of England by the revelation of the authorship of *The Mirrors of Downing Street* and other famous political books and pamphlets containing the best, most vivid and impartial portraits

and pen-pictures of politicians and statesmen under the pseudonym of "A Gentleman with a Duster". Harold Begbie, the famous novelist, in his last will and testament admits the authorship of these controversial books, and it was a great surprise to many of his literary friends and admirers how one, who through his novels has always been associated with a sweet and suave temper, large human kindness and cheerful disposition, could have developed such biting sarcasm and a cold, almost inhuman analysis of human nature and psychology as are found in these masterly portraits and caricatures of men and things in twentieth century England. Begbie died last month, and these instructions in his will as to his funeral are quite characteristic: "I do not wish any religious service to be performed over my dead body, believing all such services to be relics of superstitious fear, and I likewise desire that no stone or monument of any kind shall be erected over my ashes."

Darwinism Refuted—A striking challenge to the age-long evolutionary theory of Darwin is made by America's greatest living naturalist, Dr. Henry Osborn, Director of the American Museum of Natural History, and one of the world's greatest authorities on Zoology. Dr. Osborn's denial of Darwinism, published in an American Science journal, has created a sensation amongst his colleagues and continental naturalists and scientists. A subscriber to the common Darwinian belief that man came from ape-like ancestors till five years ago, the Doctor states that some intensive research and explorations in the Gobi Desert, in Central Asia, have brought great misgivings and led him to a complete change of mind. These explorations revealed the limb proportions of some primordial races which did not contain any trace of ape-ancestry and observation of the fossil hands of two Neanderthan men of half a million years ago showed that they were 100 per cent human, their fingers not being ape-like in the least. Discoveries like this strengthened Dr. Osborn's rejection of the Darwinian theory and the eminent Doctor's conclusions briefly are that man and monkey had no common ancestor, that the ape-man is a myth and that man has been completely human all through his evolution. But Joseph MacCabe, himself an eminent authority on the subject, dubs this latest fad of Dr. Osborn, as scientific heresy, and observes

humorously, at the conclusion of an article repudiating Dr. Osborn's theory, that "all except Osborn, still keep an ape-like form in the genealogical tree that hangs over the busts of Washington and Wilson".

Cinema Stars and their Salaries—It is well-known that cinema stars and stunt kings are drawing almost fabulous salaries in Hollywood and Continental Picture Studios. Charlie Chaplin earns his £ 1,00,000 per annum and Jackie Coogan, the young prodigy, £ 50,000. And this year brings some sensational record salaries. *The Film Weekly* states that Paul Whiteman, the Jazz king, is paid by Carl Laemle, £ 16,000 a week in the talkie "King of Jazz", about £ 1,00,000 for six weeks, indeed one of the highest salaries in the world. The highest record, however, is that of Al. Jobson, the creator of talking pictures, who has now joined the United Artists, and Al. Jobson may safely anticipate an monthly income of about £ 1,00,000.

Stories of the Famous—Some "spotlights of the famous" are found in the interesting book of Hannen Swaffer, a well-known journalist and the best known and also the best hated theatrical critic of Europe. Mr. Swaffer has met every one of note, and about each he has excellent stories to tell, in his "Who is Who" stories which are relieved from that plague of many books about celebrities, in that they have not been told before. The following is one about Maurice Maeterlinck, the eminent Belgian author and dramatist, which may be taken as a fair specimen of the interesting and humorous collection. Maeterlinck was invited to go to Hollywood to write film scenarios and Sam Goldwyn saw him off from New York. For weeks in Hollywood they waited for Maeterlinck's first scenario with bated breath, and then one studio manager screamed, "Gee, his leading man is a bee!" For a week Maeterlinck endured two films a day, and when he tried again, it was one long bed-room scene! "We wanted love, not adultery," they screamed. "After seeing your films," replied Maeterlinck, "I am convinced that in America there is no difference."

FROM THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

BY P. R. CHIDAMBARA IYER, B. A., F. R. A. S.

THERE is an experiment in science which will illustrate the fact that what to us commonly appears as a solid may be a fluid, and that the terms 'solid' and 'fluid' are but convenient words which in fact express only a relative state of things. Take a rod of sealing wax and place it horizontally supporting the two ends and leaving the middle unsupported. Many will think that sealing wax under ordinary temperatures is a solid, but the truth will be known if the rod mentioned above is left for a few days in the position described. It will be seen that the rod will have bent in the middle on account of the gradual action of gravity in the unsupported portion of the rod. This means that the rod is not sufficiently rigid to resist the pull of the earth. It is then really a fluid. In practice, it is very difficult to have a solid which will strictly answer the definition of a solid. We can only have solids which are more or less such. It is now well-known that the substance of the Earth can be broadly divided into two kinds of solids, called the *sial* and *sima*. *Sial* is the substance of the great continental blocks and is more or less a perfect solid. *Sima* is the material under the beds of the oceans and beneath the continental blocks. It is comparatively a fluid under great pressures. So, what we have on the earth is a sea of *sima*, a fluid, on which float the great land masses. If we picture to ourselves discs of wax floating on basins of treacle, we shall be correctly picturing the state of things on the earth. Under this state, if there is any chance for the big masses to split into smaller ones, it is very likely that the pieces formed by splitting are free to drift away from each other. This is really what has happened on the earth. The New World was originally one with the Old, but has separated by this splitting and drift. This is the theory of continental drift propounded by the scientist, Wegner. One evidence for the

truth of this theory is that the contour of the east of the American mass (North and South America together) is so like the western contour of the Europe-African mass, that if you could lift the former and place it alongside the latter, the two will dovetail into each other perfectly and form one mass again. It is now accepted that there is a good deal of truth in this theory of Wegner.

* * *

There is evidence of great activity at the present time on the surface of the big planet, Jupiter. In a telescope the planet will present a belted appearance, the belts running parallel to its equator. There are outbreaks of dark spots taking place in the south edge of the North Temperate belt of the planet.

* * *

Prof. H N Russell has made a quantitative estimate of the relative abundance of the various elements present in the Sun, from a study of the lines in the solar spectrum. He gives tables of the relative abundance of fifty-six elements and finds that six of the elements—sodium, magnesium, silicon, phosphorus, calcium and iron—contribute 95 per cent of the whole mass of the solar atmosphere. Of the non-metals, oxygen appears to be as abundant by weight as all the metals together, but hydrogen appears to be almost incredibly abundant in the Sun's atmosphere. He estimates that there are 60 parts of hydrogen by volume, 2 of helium, 2 of oxygen, 1 of metallic vapour and 0.8 of free electrons.

* * *

Bottled radium water, derived from a Portuguese medicinal radium spring, is to be distributed throughout the world by a British Company. A Harely Street physician and Mr. Waldron Smithers, M. P. for Chislehurst, are mainly responsible for this enterprise. The physician visited Beira Baixa, the site of the springs, and was astounded at the invigorating effects of the waters and the radio-active "mud". He used the "mud" for joint and skin cases, and mixed the water with his medicines. He found both extraordinary cures and has testified to the effect upon various forms of illnesses, including kidney diseases and liver complaints, of the radium water. The first radium-spa in the world has been established at Beira Baixa, and 6,000,000 bottles of radium water are to be distributed yearly.

BOOK REVIEWS

Letters from a Father to his Daughter, by Pandit Jawharlal Nehru, published by the Allahabad Law Journal Press. Price not mentioned.

It is not often that we find a book that can convey the genuine thrill of discovery in World History to the Fourth Form boy, and inspire the dry bones of fossiliferous rocks with the fire of life. Such a book is this from the gifted hand of India's honoured Congress President. And what a touching picture of the great man's family life the discerning eye can see in the thoughtful love which gave these letters to his little daughter, bodied in words of that simple grandeur which is the essence of all greatness!

Here in short but glowing chapters we trace the creation and infancy of our mighty world, sketched with a pen of power. The mind traces many pages in the Book of Nature,—from the first, when Earth reeled, a whirling vortex of chaos from the embrace of her parent Sun,—on through ages of strange and nightmare monsters, uprising from the youngest feeble pulses of life,—on to the dawn of Man and his conquests of the Fire and Savagery. Here the first hesitating experiments in Society are sketched in bold outline, and the origins of robber kingships, of capitalistic enterprise and nationalist isolation, are portrayed in language almost baffling for its sufficiency and simplicity.

We shall eagerly welcome the Hindi edition, promised soon to be in print, and, if we may be allowed, would like to make a few suggestions, so as to make this valuable gift more perfect.

1. The Egyptian Sphinx (page 81) does not portray a woman's head but is a portrait of the King who raised it: in the case of the Great Sphinx at Giza, this is now known to be King Khafre of the Fourth Dynasty,—represented in the form of what we may call Narasimha, the Man-Lion, God in Egypt of the Victor Sun, Harakhte.

2. The body of Tutankhamen was not found in a pyramid,—no original burial ever has been found in one.—but in a subterranean chamber at the end of a short passage into the rocky cliff.

3. The great lake of the Fayum was named, not Meridu, as stated on page 82, but *Moer* (Great Water) in Egyptian, and *Moeris* in Greek.

4. A curious confusion between King Midas with the golden touch and Minos, apparently the title of the Kings of Crete, appears twice in the book (on pages 83 and 92). This name probably means something similar

to the Egyptian *Per'o*, conventionally Anglicised as Pharaoh (Great House), or the Egyptian *Manni* (Shepherd, Guide).

5. As it is very doubtful whether water vapour exists in the extremely rare atmosphere of the Moon, the author's fancy of great glaciers and ice-fields there seems hardly likely.

6. It is a little unkind of the author to equate savagery with barbarism, as he does on page 49, for the word is more generally used to denote that stage of pseudo-civilisation characterised often with great material splendour, and often with quite amazing cruelties. The culture of today has much that is truly barbaric in its make-up, but we hope is not altogether savage!

7. Finally, the Phoenicians did not live on "the western coast of Asia Minor", but on the coasts of Syria, which since the War have been under British and French control, not Turkish, as stated on page 88.

The appearance of the book is tasteful and refined; the printing, first-rate. A few minor misprints may be attended to in the Second Edition. Such are spellings of *breathe* on page 14, *Telugu* on page 44, *Pharaoh* on pages 82 and 103, *Mediterranean* on page 83, *sea* at the foot of page 88, *worshipped* on page 102, *Mamnon* at the top of page 111, and *Hindi* on page 120.

Trifling errors such as these do not, however, in any way mar the value of a book which seems to the present reviewer at least eminently suited to bring a "world view" and a "world consciousness" to the mind of the Indian child. May our libraries be enriched with other treasures from the hands of India's statesman-scientist Leader, and may his gifts to his own daughter be shared by many a child of the great Motherland!

Duncan Greenlees.

Deus Homo, by George Chainey. Published by The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U. S. A.

Symbolism is the common feature of all religions. Although mostly misunderstood, misconstrued and misapplied, it is indispensable to religion. Spirituality being abstract any intelligible and effective exposition of it can be only by means of symbols. Naturally in process of time men mostly lose sight of the substance behind and catch hold of the long shadow. Even priests forget the principles of their prophets and only cling to or clamour for their person. This sin has beset Christianity most. The kernel of Christianity has long been buried and lost. And the Christian zealots and priesthood have only been clattering the empty, if not battered, shell; thereby kicking up unwelcome controversies and criticism. Since the days of Saint Francis of Assisi the correct meaning and the true life of the Christian religion has little been understood and less realised in the Christian world.

'*Deus Homo*' is a very valuable exposition of the religion of Jesus Christ. That religion is perfect spiritual life: being and becoming God here and now, is the common conception of Hinduism. But the Christian religion has all along been a matter of mere faith and belief—mere faith and belief in the words and works of a person or prophet known as Jesus Christ. This has at once been the cause of its popularity as a creed and of its failure as a religion. The Christian hopes to be saved not by his working out the perfection of his life but by believing in the life and saving power of Jesus Christ. The author of '*Deus Homo*' casts off the old shibboleth of one man's blood saving all humanity for the matter of a bare belief in him, and affirms that each man must shed his own blood to save himself—that salvation is solely a matter of individual attainment by the development through hard devotional exercises and meditation, of the perfect life of *Deus Homo* in everyone. He shows that the true Christian religion is the building up of life—the perfect life—the life of God-in-man and Man-in-God. '*Deus Homo*' is a correct and true interpretation of the Christian religion. Mr. Chainey proves that the true Christian religion is the development of Christ in man.

The book is a great intellectual attempt to interpret the high principles of the religion of Christianity. And like all intellectual attempts in the super-intellectual field of spirituality it has its shortcomings. The higher principles of religion being far beyond the reach of the intellect can only be apprehended by the pure and free Spirit. The author of '*Deus Homo*' does not rise to such heights. But unlike other purely intellectual interpretations '*Deus Homo*' is neither shallow nor obtuse. It helps one substantially to understand rightly the fundamentals of the Christian religion and puts one in the path to the realisation of God-in-man.

To the orthodox Christian '*Deus Homo*' presents a new cult. It is none-the-less valuable or true. Mr. Chainey has done invaluable service to the Christian faith. Christianity spreads fast and wide because it sat easy on life. It humoured well the world-mania and material avidity of the West. And it failed as a religion because it could not satisfy the inner spiritual craving of man. It did not develop individual perfection. '*Deus Homo*' shows what is really meant by the revealed religion. It is not an easy-going capricious life hanging by the belief in a Jesus Christ, but being and becoming *Deus Homo*—the manifestation of Christ in man. If Christianity should live as a religion it must be as the cult of *Deus Homo*—making religion as the means of evolving the perfect man.

The book smacks of autobiography. And as the outcome of the great endeavour of a sincere soul to understand and realise the truth of the religion from its birth the book has a special value and deserves particular commendation and attention. No correct understanding or interpretation of religion is possible without the light and guidance of substantial spiritual life. '*Deus Homo*' bears marks of its maker's religious life. And such life

and attainments in a Western author merit high praise and good wishes. May he fully realise the Deus Homo in him and explore the higher regions of religion and spirituality.

The Psychology and Strategy of Gandhi's Non-Violent Resistance, by Richard B. Gregg. Published by S. Ganesan, Madras.

Almost anybody now-a-days knows what is Gandhiji's Non-Violent Resistance. But hardly any has taken care to examine its foundation and importance. Mr. Gregg who has been a close student of Gandhiji and his creed has in this book analysed the psychology of Non-Violent Resistance. He shows that Non-Violent Resistance is founded on strong moral character with an intense sense of justice and virtue. It involves a conversion of the animal and brutal instincts in man to human and humane virtues. It also evokes a better sense of right and justice in the opponent.

As a weapon of war, as Mr. Gregg shows, it is superior to violence. Its strategic importance is great. It makes war economical and easy and sometimes even disarms the opponent thoroughly. But non-violent resistance requires as much discipline and sacrifice as violent militarism, if not more than that. The method is useful only for a righteous cause and for men of very good mental and moral calibre. In the hands of a rabble it leads to utter ruin.

The results of a successful non-violent resistance are, says Mr. Gregg, more salutary and satisfactory, as, at the end of such a war, the parties have clean breasts and warm hearts to one another. The character and discipline necessary for non-violent resisters, adds the author, makes for good citizenship as well.

Mr. Gregg views the subject in the light of good psychologists and great military men and says that non-violent resistance is with the growth of the strength of moral character in men and Nations, fit to supersede violent methods of war.

Report of the Music Conference, Madras (1929).

The report before us shows that the Music Academy of Madras is doing good work. There appears a spirit of revival of good old Indian Music, of study of it on a scientific basis and of an understanding of some of the principles and purposes underlying Indian Music. It is gratifying to see that there are not only able musicians but also sound scholars of music in South India also. Evidently the Conference has had a successful session. We hope to see even greater things done by the Madras Music Academy in future.

P. M. Hari.

NOTES

MUCH water has flown under the bridge since these notes appeared in the pages of this journal. The march of events has, therefore, left us very much behind. For one thing, we have missed the **The National Week and After**. National Week in the closing days of the last year and the innumerable Congresses and Conferences that usually take place along with the sittings of the Indian National Congress, which met this time at Lahore. In the Congress itself, radical and vital changes, both in policy and programme, have been decided upon, and their bearing and reaction on each one of us and the country is too great to be ignored. It is no part of our duty, however, here to go either into the wisdom or the merits of such purely political questions as the change of creed into complete Independence, the boycott of legislatures and the resort to civil disobedience. But we cannot help noticing with regret the serious split these have caused even in the Congress ranks, not to speak of the deadly blow they have struck at the newly-built unity among the Nationalists of the various political parties. Once again, as on the introduction of the Montagu Reforms, political India stands divided into two broad divisions: the Congress, the premier political organisation of the land, standing aloof with its demand for complete Independence and the Liberals and other minor political parties clamouring for the lesser, but much more practicable, ideal of Dominion Status. Time alone can show how, from this welter of controversy and squabble, we are going to emerge.

IT is somewhat consoling to reflect that if our political world is full of unrest and unrelieved pessimism, the signs are indeed propitious in the field of social reform. **Social Reform.** Hindu Society is waking up to a sense of the evils in its social polity, and many reforming Bills, like the Sarda Act, can be looked forward to in the near future when this awakening permeates our young men and women as it is rapidly doing. Of the Sarda

Act itself, we do not hear much now, orthodoxy having spent itself by its very violence—of language and temper, of course. The Governments of Bombay and Madras are busy taking steps to make known the measure and its provisions to the masses, and while we realise it is their duty to do so, we also wish that they are helped in this work by the non-official public much more than is the case now. We have descanted before at some length on the duty which this Act enjoins on the young men and women of our country at this juncture. In the large number of the ludicrously too early marriages that are now taking place in all parts of the country, particularly in our presidency, we hope there are not many young men past the age of childhood and, therefore, in a position to know what they do. We are not very much concerned with the cases of the very young—boys of eight or ten and girls of three or four—who are made to go through the farce of a marriage with such unreasoning haste. For, the responsibility in their case is that of the parents. Knowing as we do the inhibitions imposed against re-marriage by custom and other disabilities laid by tradition, we can only stand appalled at the fool-hardiness of parents who would expose their little ones to such immense risks, so vital to their future; in the attempt to defy or circumvent a comparatively innocuous danger for the sake of a supposedly unalterable principle they forget that they expose their children to much worse ones. Let us hope and pray, for the sake of these innocent souls, that nothing worse will befall them than what has befallen now and that a beneficent Providence will see to it that they are not called upon to answer for the sins of their parents.

THANKS to the irresistible drive of Gandhiji, the campaign against "untouchability" is rapidly realising its purpose. The invaluable work of the Congress Campaign Sub-Committee in this field last year, under the leadership of Seth Jamanlal Bajaj, has been productive of immense results. Temple after temple in the Bombay Presidency has been thrown open to the "untouchables", due largely to the Seth's persuasive eloquence, and as the history of *Satyagraha* of the untouchables in Bombay and Poona shows, there has been a distinct change

of outlook on the part of Trustees themselves. One gathers the impression that they give battle to the *Satyagrahis* not so much because of their conviction that the untouchables should be denied their right of entry into temples but because they believe honestly that that particular innovation goes against the provisions (specific or implied) and practices (sanctioned by tradition or custom) of the Trust. If our reading is correct, we think both the Government and the public should put their heads together, and, without much difficulty, secure a change of provisions whenever possible.

THOUGH belated, we do not like to pass by without comment the All-India Teachers' Conference which was held at Madras in the last week of December. Both the Conference and the excellent Educational Exhibition that was arranged for the occasion must be deemed unqualified successes, and as evidence of the organising capacity of the teachers are of immense future import. Obviously, the teaching profession in India stands most in need of such organisation, which alone has the means and the power born of numbers to demand its due and get it. Frankly, we could conceive of no other profession which is so badly treated as is this one. Under-paid as they are, the teachers are denied the right and the means for a cultured existence and suitable environment. Denied the security of tenure, they have been deterred from making full use of their native initiative and enterprise without fear of consequences. In the majority of cases, the problem of the bread kills all high thinking and ambitious endeavours, qualities which are so essential to inspire the young and properly mould their lives. That in spite of this depressing state of affairs, our educational service has not been without its Doctor Arnolds, is a source of credit and pride to us. It is, therefore, not merely a new system of education that we want, but also a more contented and more well-placed educational service. And the only way to secure the latter, let us not forget, is by organisation.

AMONG the resolutions passed at the Teachers' Conference, we would like to single out one, and that is the one regarding the demand for better provision for **Physical Education**. Towards this end, the resolution passed by the Conference makes several specific suggestions, which may usefully be reviewed here. It demands (i) that physical training and games be made compulsory for all pupils, (ii) that trained instructors with special knowledge of hygiene and First Aid be appointed (iii) that suitable play-grounds be provided with Government help (iv) that health instruction be made compulsory in all institutions (v) that grants-in-aid be given for voluntary institutions conducted for this purpose and (vi) that Provincial Boards of Experts for taking action on the medical inspection reports be constituted. With every one of these proposals we cordially agree.

THE current issue of the *South Indian Teacher* contains an S. O. S. which throws a flood of light on the plight of teachers in India. It is in the form of a telegram **A Tell-Tale** from Hospet, which reads: "Permanent posts **Circular** High School abolished. Three months' notice served on permanent teachers; work dislocated. Pray redress President, Teachers' Association." And this action, we are told, has been taken by a *Municipal School*! which only shows that, from the point of view of security of tenure, there is nothing to choose between a private-aided school and a quasi-Governmental institution. The essential inhumanity and despicable meanness of the proposal is self-evident. But what pains us is not so much the unfairness of this specific proposal as the state of things which makes such an event possible. If the mentality which actuates such proposals is reprehensible in the extreme, it is time that we young men who are striving for a better order of things make the people responsible for this meanness find their place soon. The matter would, of course, go up to the Minister of Education, and let us hope that ere many days pass he will undo the harm proposed to be done on a body of innocent men.

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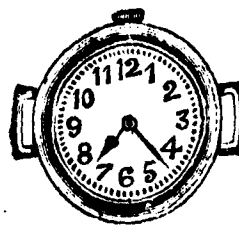
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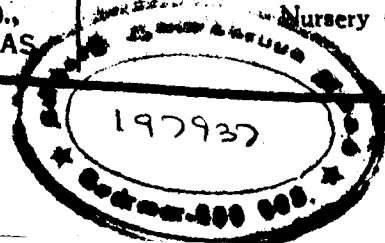
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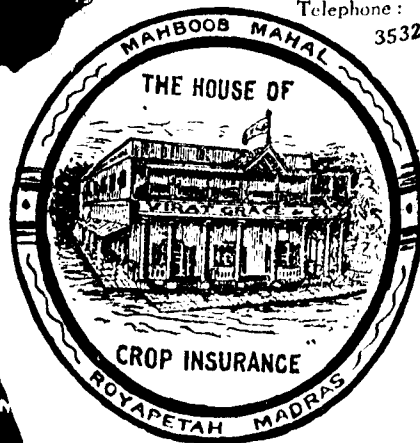
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