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SISTER NIVEDITA.

“How can one begin to describe her? As a woman, a friend or an enthusiast? As a passionate votaross of beauty in art, literature or in life? As a religious mystic, or a political missionary of the fiery cross? As an orator whose voice was like a trumpet with a silver sound, or a writer able to charm new and noble cadences from the English tongue? As an interpreter between the West and the East, or a vehement champion of the East in all its aspects against the West? As an earnest advocate of all that is best in the modern woman's movement, or herself, the proud and spotless sum of womanhood? It will perhaps be best to deal simply with a subject so vast as this transcendent personality.”

These beautiful words, written of the late Sister Nivedita (Margaret Elizabeth Noble) by an Anglo-Indian journalist may serve to convey to the reader some idea of the many-sided magnitude of the life that has just closed. Judge it how we

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may, we cannot but—unless, indeed, our judgment is fatally warped by prejudice—that life *sublime*. It was indeed one of those lives of stormy striving and peerless beneficence that now and then blossom in the midst of our sordid work-a-day world. Intellectually the late Sister was cast in the mould of giants. None can read her books, her writings, without feeling that he is face to face with a singularly original, rich and powerful mind. But her splendid intellectual gifts were the *least* part of her greatness. It is not the encyclopædic learning, not even the surpassing literary skill, nor the glow of the rich poetic fancy that irradiates her writings, which gives them their peculiar and haunting power. What is it, then, that so profoundly stirs us in her writings, wherein doth their *inspiration* consist? The inspiration lies in their *soul-elements*. It is by their sincerity, their feeling for righteousness, their white heat of spiritual fervour as of deep calling unto deep, that her writings are glorified. And hence it is, that the reader is not merely pleased and fascinated, but also *ennobled*, purified and exalted. The writings of a person are after all but a meagre revelation of the author's personality. And the Sister Nivedita

was far greater than her writings. How, indeed, can her writings be expected to picture for us, adequately, a personality, so white in its purity, so radiant in its selflessness, so powerful in its agony of austerity and prayer, so transfigured by its passion for service and holiness of self-dedication? Only those who were privileged to come in close contact with her can ever know what she was and how much India and the world have lost in her untimely death. We have spoken of the loss that the *world* has sustained, and with reason. For, the most paramount need of the modern era is the interpretation of the East and especially of India to the world. It may be true that that task of interpretation should be undertaken only by the great men of the East itself. But the East has so long been prostrate—though there are signs of an unmistakable awakening—and has been so blinded by the strange glamour of the new forces with which it has been called upon to cope, that that interpretation is a necessity to the East itself more even than to the West. And we are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that Sister Nivedita was the truest and most refined interpreter of Indian life and thought have yet found in the West. It would be idle to deny that in the

matter of interpreting India she enjoyed some exceptional advantages. Naturally gifted to an extraordinary degree and endowed with the rare faculty of penetrating beneath mere externals to the heart of things, she had the unique advantage of being the disciple of a Master who was, as many think, the very head and front of India's resurgence. But this fact does in no way minimise the greatness and arduous character of her own achievement. From the day she set foot in India, her life was one consuming effort to one herself with the Indian experience. It would be erroneous to suppose that her identification of herself with India in love and hope was a matter of no difficulty. On the other hand, it was at infinite cost to herself, infinite groping of way, infinite submerging of prepossession, that she was able to obtain that delicacy of insight, which made her not merely India's champion before the world, but also "a patriot among patriots and a messenger among messengers to the Indian peoples."

Verily, "a patriot among patriots and a messenger among messengers to the Indian peoples!" That is why all India mourns her loss to-day. "Day in and day out for more than fourteen

years, she had made her spirit one with that of the land penetrating into every nook and crevice of the Indian experience for evidences of its greatness as fewest have ever done, searching for the powers and the self-recreating spirit of India. The result and the realisation is the idea and the coinage of the term, the national consciousness." There has been no life amongst us in recent times that has made more for national integrity and national righteousness. Like a clarion-call was her message to us, to shake ourselves free of parasitism and return to our own sources of being. "Recover the Indian spirit," she was saying, "but give it modern expression." "The new form *without* that old strength is nothing but a mockery; almost equally foolish is the savage anachronism of an old-time power without fit expression,"—these are her very words. So great was her love of India that she never spoke of her except as the 'Motherland.' With all her love for India and all her reverence for her past, she never believed that the future would be a mere repetition of the past in form. The spirit is one, but the forms are legion. To her the future of India was to be a *re-translation* and *re-application* of that strength to which her

heroic past bore witness. In fact, she was as her Master had been before her, a great apostle of "Aggressive Hinduism." Why should Orthodoxy be always on the defensive, why should it always yoke itself to the car of a particular routine of outward conduct and form? Why should it not rather go forth in quest of unconquered realms, rejoicing in its own unassailable strength and fearless of new developments? It was some such inspiration that spoke to us, Hindus, through her. But in modernising ourselves, we are further to steer clear of blind *imitation*. The East and the West must exchange *ideals*, and not institutions. The imitation by India of foreign *institutions*, she held to be death. "India cannot afford to imitate foreign institutions. Neither can she afford to remain ignorant of foreign ideals." It was because she was so firm in her grasp of essentials and so unflinching in her outlook upon the future, ever sounding the note of a great joy and victory, that her influence upon the national movement in India has been so great. She was, indeed, as has been so well said of her, "the great intellectual and moral force that had come to us in a time of great national need." Her life and achievements

have been as a triumphant self-utterance given to India herself. b

Though her life was a blessing to India in so many ways, yet her own chosen mission was the cause of Indian Womanhood. How many of us understand deeply the significance of the saying that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world?" There is a general feeling abroad that all is not well with the Indian woman. We vaguely think of "education" as a sort of panacea for her ills. But some of us are aghast at the prospect of repeating in her case the experiment which has played such havoc with Indian men! What sort of education the Indian woman is to receive, what are to be its aims,—as to these there is not much of clear thinking yet. The experiment in woman's education that the Sister had been carrying on at Calcutta, undertaken as it had been by a mind steeped in educational theory, was, therefore a profoundly interesting one. It was hoped that that experiment would be successful and furnish a model to all India. We cannot but bemoan that the mind that planned should not have been spared to see the fruition, but the seeds have been sown well and promise a good harvest.

Are we not now justified in saying that the loss of such a precious life is a loss irreparable?

HER EARLY LIFE.

She was born on October 28, 1867, and was of Irish parentage on both sides, her father the Rev. S. R. Noble being a congregational minister. She received a thorough modern education, and was widely known in London before she came to India, as a prominent educationist who strove to realise the principles of Pestalozzi and Froebel. She was chiefly instrumental in founding the famous Sesame Club, and was the head of a school of her own at Wimbledon, London, when she came under the influence of the Swami Vivekananda.

Of her early life Mrs. J. O. Boss gives the following account in the "Modern Review":—

"It was no accident that had shaped her life. Her father, an eloquent English clergyman of great promise, had ungrudgingly sacrificed his young life in the service of the poor in Manchester. A great love existed between the father and the child. A friend of his, a preacher in India, had come on a visit. Being struck with the spiritual earnestness of the child's face, he had given her his blessings and said that one day the claim of India would touch her. This seemed prophetic of what was to come. Her father, too, before his death had told her young mother that he knew that one day a great call would come for the child and that the mother should then stand by her. Thus it was that she was consecrated, so that when the call did come, though the mother's

heart was full of anguish at the thought of parting, the memory of her dead husband strengthened her. Henceforth India, the object of her daughter's devotion, became hers too; and Indians always found a touch of home in her house at Wimbledon.

The child gradually developed rare intellectual powers. Even Huxley had been struck by her intellect. In time, she became the centre of a great educational movement, an outcome of which was the famous Sesame Club. At the very time when there was opened before her great possibilities in London for her splendid intellectual gifts, the call of India reached her."

She had lost faith in dogma and creed, but the motive of *service* still remained. As she herself writes: "For to me the mystery and tragedy of London had long been the microcosm of the human problem, standing as the symbol of the whole world's call." And she was busy with educational schemes when the call of India reached her through Vivekananda. What kind of educational schemes these were can be gathered from the following quotation:—

"Before coming to India, she had cherished dreams of a new method in education and of a work which should enlarge the scope of learning from mere instruction to a real awakening of mind. She had hoped much, and, it was her aspiration that womankind would enter new paths of life and develop the highest individualism of which it was capable. The newest moods of thought that occupied the leading minds of Europe were hers, and with a clear conception of a purpose of life, she turned the currents of her personal energy into founding and upholding the standard and the principles of a higher education and also of a new and expansive individualism for woman."

THE CALL OF INDIA.

In September of the year 1895 Swami Vivekananda went to London in response to invitations. Miss Noble (as she then was) was one of the select circle who were brought into intimate contact with the Swami. She heard the lectures of the season, but was not conquered. She says:—

"His system as a whole, I, for one, viewed with suspicion, as forming only another of those theologies which if a man should begin by accepting, he would surely end by transcending and rejecting. And one shrinks from the pain and humiliation of spirit that such experiences involve. The time came, before the Swami left England, when I addressed him as "Master." I had recognised the heroic fibre of the man and desired to make myself the servant of his love for his own people. But it was his *character* to which I had thus done obeisance. Nor did I at that time, though deeply attracted by his personality dream of the immense distance which I was afterwards to see as between his development and that of any other thinker or man of genius I could name."

But what were the things that marked out to her the Swami's personality at the time? She says:

"These, then, were the things I remembered and pondered over concerning the Swami, when he had left England, that winter, for America,—first, the breadth of his religious culture; second, the great intellectual newness and interest of the thought he had brought to us; and thirdly, the fact that his call was in the name of that which was strongest and finest, and not in any way dependent on the meaner elements in man."

The Master As I Saw Him.

The Swami returned to England in the year 1896, but Miss Noble's attitude towards the Swami still remained unchanged. But with his magical insight the Swami had marked her out as his faithful disciple.

"It was in the course of a conversation much more casual than this," she writes, "that he turned to me and said 'I have plans for the woman of my country in which you, I think, could be of great help to me, and I knew I had heard a call which was to change my life. The friend who afterwards called me to her side in India, chose a certain evening in London, when both the Swami and myself were her guests for an hour, to tell him of my willingness to help his work.'"

Having thus proffered her help Miss Noble sailed for India in the early part of 1898.

THE MASTER AND THE DISCIPLE.

Even after arriving in India she rebelled long against her Master. It was only gradually that the greatness of the Swami dawned on her in all its full glory and her own doubts were stilled. She accompanied the Swami in his wanderings in the year 1898, and at the end of the year we find her writing in her diary, "Beautiful have been the days of the year. In them the ideal has become the real. Everywhere have come hours never to be forgotten, words that will echo through our lives for ever, and once at

least a glimpse of the Beatific Vision." She finally cast in her lot with Vivekananda only when she had had personal experiences warranting the truth of what he taught. But let us describe in her own words the story of her attitude towards Vivekananda till it culminated in loyal acceptance and passionate worship. She writes:—

Under the influence of the Swami Swarupananda, I began seriously the attempt at meditation. And if it had not been for this help of his, one of the greatest hours of my life would have passed me by. My relation to our Master at this time can only be described as one of clash and conflict. I can see now how much there was to learn and how short was the time for learning to be, and the first of lessons doubtless is the destroying of self-sufficiency in the mind of the taught. But I had been little prepared for that constant rebuke and attack upon all my most cherished prepossessions which was now my lot. Suffering is often illogical, and I cannot attempt to justify by reason the degree of unhappiness which I experienced at this time, as I saw the dream of a friendly and beloved leader falling away from me, and the picture of one who would at least be indifferent and possibly, silently hostile, substituting itself instead.

Fortunately it never occurred to me to retract my own proffered service, but I was made to realise, as the days went by, that in this there would be no personal sweetness. And then a time came when one of the older ladies of our party, thinking perhaps that such intensity of pain inflicted might easily go too far, interceded kindly and gravely with the Swami. He listened silently and went away. At evening, however, he returned, and finding us together in the verandah, he turned to her and said with the simplicity of a child, "You were right. There must be a change. I am going away into the forests to be alone, and when I come back I shall bring back peace." Then he turned and saw that above us

the moon was new, and a sudden exaltation came into his voice as he said, "See! the Mahomedans think much of the new moon. Let us also with the new moon begin a new life!" As the words ended, he lifted his hands and blessed, with silent depths of blessing, his most rebellious disciple, by this time kneeling before him..... It was assuredly a moment of wonderful sweetness of reconciliation. But such a moment may heal a wound, it cannot restore an illusion that has been broken into fragments. And I have told its story only that I may touch upon its sequel. Long, long ago, Sri Ramakrishna had told his disciples that the day would come when his beloved "Noren" would manifest his own great gift of bestowing knowledge with a touch. That evening at Almora, I proved the truth of this prophecy. For alone, in meditation, I found myself gazing deep into an Infinite Good to the recognition of which no egoistic reasoning had led me. I learnt, too, on the physical plane, the simple everyday reality of the experience related in the Hindu books on religious psychology. And I understood, for the first time, that the greatest teachers may destroy in us a personal relation, only in order to bestow the Impersonal Vision in its place.

Having thus convinced herself Miss Noble was formally admitted into the order of Ramakrishna and became Sister Nivedita (dedicated), dedicated in very truth to the service of India. Henceforth she became a servant of servants to the Indian people. And here it is worth noting, that though she had accepted Hinduism, yet never did she pose as a religious leader. She never appeared to be *teaching* but only *serving*. It was the spirit of the work, more even than its form, its freedom from parade and vainglory, its *silent strenuousness*, that is of infinite value to us.

Those who want to realise the true greatness of Vivekananda and Nivedita's interpretation of his teaching should read her beautiful book "The Master as I saw Him," from which we shall give one other quotation touching the significance of Vivekananda's life :

"But in good sooth it is not of these things that I am attempting, in the course of the present pages, to speak. Mine is the broken and faltering witness of one who is fain to tell—not of geography nor of politics, nor yet of the ways and customs of interesting peoples and unknown races, but rather of the glimpses vouchsafed to her of a great religious life of the ancient order living itself out amidst the full and torturing consciousness of all the anomalies and perplexities of the Modern Transition. Sree Ramakrishna had been, as the Swami himself said once of him, "like a flower, living apart in the garden of a temple, simple, half-naked, orthodox, the ideal of the old time in India, suddenly burst into bloom in a world that had thought to dismiss its very memory. It was at once the greatness and the tragedy of my own Master's life, that he was not of this type. His was the modern mind in its completeness. In his consciousness, the ancient light of the mood in which man comes face to face with God, might shine, but it shone on all those questions and all those puzzles which are present to the thinkers and workers of the modern world. His hope could not pass by unheeded, it might include or it might reject—the hope of men of the nineteenth century. That sudden revelation of the misery and struggle of humanity as a whole which has been the first result of the limelight irradiation of facts by the organization of knowledge, had been made to him also, as to the European mind. We know the verdict that Europe has passed on it all. Our art, our science, our poetry, for the last sixty years or more are filled with the voices of our despair. A world summed up in the growing satisfaction and vulgarity of privilege,

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and the growing sadness and pain of the dispossessed; and a will of man too noble and high to condone the evil, yet too feeble to avert or arrest, this is the spectacle of which our greatest minds are aware. Reluctant, wringing her hands, it is true, yet seeing no other way, the culture of the West can but stand and cry, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." *Vae Victis!* Woe to the vanquished!

Is this also the verdict of the Eastern wisdom? If so what hope is there for humanity? I find in my Master's life an answer to this question. I see in him the heir to the spiritual discoveries and religious struggles of innumerable teachers and saints in the past of India and the world, and at the same time the pioneer and prophet of a new and future order of development. In the place which a problem took in his mind I find evidence regarding its final solution which—short of my own definite arrival at an opposite conclusion, as he himself would have been the first to point out—is of the highest value to myself. And thinking thus, I believe that each trace of those higher and uncommon modes of thought and consciousness to which he held the key, has its significance for the modern age. I believe much which has passed myself by, uncomprehending, will fall on its proper soil in other lives. And I pray only to give always true witness without added interpolation or falsifying colour."

Nivedita was among the greatest of the great legacies of Vivekananda to his country.

LIFE AT CALCUTTA.

In order to do the work to which her Master had called her, she had to win for herself a place in orthodox Hindu society, a Herculean task, surely! Of the life she led at Calcutta and of how she entered the very heart of Hindu society,

such that even the most conservative of Hindu women thought it a privilege to partake of the bread broken by her, we shall quote the testimony of an eye-witness, Mrs. J. C. Bose. She writes:—

"A few months after the interview in which I could hold out very little hopes for her success in her educational efforts among our orthodox sisters, I was invited to her little house in Bosepara Lane. I was astonished. She had accomplished the impossible. Having secured a house in the midst of orthodox surroundings, at first no Hindu servant would serve her; but she went without any help rather than wound the feelings of her neighbours. Many a day passed when there could be no cooking, and she lived on fruits and on what some kindly neighbour would send her. After a time however the people about came to regard her as their own in so far that even the most orthodox and saintly women felt happy to live in the house as her guest.

It is a wonderful story—how little by little she completely won the heart of the people by her patient love. At first the children of the neighbourhood came. This led to the establishment of a kindergarten school. Their mothers were not to be left behind; they too were drawn in and a separate class for grown-up women came to be started. Orphans and widows found in her a sympathetic heart always ready to succour, and they were taken in to be trained by her as teachers. In this way "The House of the Sisters" was established in the heart of the orthodox community. Her work in India became so widely recognized that some of the greatest men both of Europe and America came to see her and went back inspired with a great love for the country which she had adopted as her own.

It was through her own writing, and the help of one in the West who came to regard her as her own daughter, that she maintained the House and the school. Those living in the neighbourhood know how by far the larger portion of her income was used by her to help the needy and feed the starving even depriving herself many necessities.

"Her civic training soon found scope in keeping the Lane and its neighbourhood a picture of cleanliness. This was not easy, but she showed the way by sweeping the Lane with her own hand. It was about this time that plague broke out for the first time in Calcutta. Many will remember the wild panic that seized the people. Trains and steamers were crowded with fleeing people. When the terror was at its climax, Margaret Noble was active in her errands of mercy. She organized a band of young men, with whose help she cleansed the most insanitary spots in the northern part of the town. She personally undertook the task of nursing plague patients, contact with whom was almost certain death. One little plague-stricken child, of humble parentage, lay in her lap dying and clasped its little hands round her, taking her for its mother."

FAMINE AND FLOOD IN EAST BENGAL.

During the distress caused by famine and flood in East Bengal during 1906, the sister did heroic service. Of this passage in her life Mrs. J.

O. Bose says:—

"The news of the famine in East Bengal now reached her. For her there could be no quiet or peaceful life when there was suffering in the land. She would go. And for many days she visited village after village in Barisal wading through flooded and submerged lands. The terrible picture she saw she delineated afterwards in her "Famine and Flood in East Bengal." But that was long afterwards. The swamps she had passed through, the strain she had undergone, resulted in her being attacked by a severe type of malaria. The sufferings of the fever however were as nothing compared with the living over again of that anguish she had witnessed. It was after a long time that she recovered sufficiently to resume her work, but she was never fully free from its effects. Her dear friend in the West and medical friends here urged the absolute necessity of moving to a healthier part of the town, but she would be true to

that spot which had first given her shelter. "The Lane has adopted me and I must stay here and nowhere else." The little ones she had seen toddling about in the Lane had grown up about her and they were her children. Many a struggling one had come to her here whose lives she had ennobled. It was not for her to choose but be true to that trust that had come to her."

Her work during the plague will alone immortalise her name.

HER FIRST LITERARY ACHIEVEMENT.

Her first literary achievement was *Kali the Mother* issued in 1900 from an English publishing firm. In this little book she expounds the conception of Kali. There are many 'educated' Indians—of Christian missionaries we need not speak—who think that Kali is some blood-thirsty deity worshipped by barbarous people. To such people this book ought to be a revelation. The conception of God as Love is but half the truth, and ought to be supplemented by the conception of God as Terror. Even those who are repelled by the conception will be fascinated by the beauty and golden glow of the style of this book.

TRAVELS IN INDIA.

After the passing of her Master in July 1902, she travelled over the greater part of India and delivered lectures in all the chief cities. All the

chief places of pilgrimage she visited, often travelling long distances on foot in the manner of the pilgrims of old.

HER *Magnum Opus*.

It was in the year 1904 that she published her greatest work, that by which she is chiefly known in England and America, "*The Web of Indian Life*." Of this book, it may at once be said that it is the greatest in the English language upon India. It is not a book of travel or description, it is the revelation of the soul of a people. To those who have read it, praise would be superfluous and halting; to those who have not read it praise would be meaningless. One cannot conceive of this book growing stale. Its literary power and its insatiable immortality. Whoever cares to understand India, whether alien or child of the soil, must take up this book. The style is strong, grave, concentrated, piercing. Passages of sustained eloquence abound. In almost every sentence there is some phrase or artistic touch which abides with us. In splendour of language and marvel of insight the book is undoubtedly great; in its humanity, catholicity and sweetness, it is simply sublime. To the charge that the book idealises Hindu life

out of all relation to facts, we shall reply in the words of Mr. A. J. F. Blair :—

"They say her 'Web of Indian Life' presents us with a picture idealized out of all relation to the facts. So much the worse for the facts! And so much the more wonderful that a Western genius should have pierced beyond the "flashy screen" to the exquisite ideals which lay behind. She is also charged with seeing India through a roseate haze. Indians themselves, we are told, fail to recognize their country as it is reflected in her magic glass. With all respect I submit that this proves nothing. The sympathetic stranger may often see things to which familiarity has blinded the children of the land."

No amount of quotation will reveal the quality of the book to the uninitiated reader, but a few important passages may be cited.

THE GANGES.

Speaking of the Hindu feeling for the Ganges, she writes :—

There is nothing occult in the passion of Hindus for the Ganges. Sheer delight in physical coolness, the joy of the eyes, and the gratitude of the husbandman made independent of rain, are sufficient basis. But when we add to this the power of personification common to naive peoples, and the peculiarly Hindu genius of idealism, the whole gamut of associations is accounted for. Indeed, it would be difficult to live long beside the Ganges and not fall under the spell of her personality. Yellow, leonine, imperious, there is in her something of the caprice, of the almost treachery, of beautiful women who have swayed the wills of the world. Semiramis, Cleopatra, Mary Stuart, are far from being the Hindu ideal, but the power of them all is in that great mother whom India worships. For to the simple, the Ganges is completely mother. Does she not give life and food?

To the pious she is the bestower of purity, and as each bather steps into her flood, he stoops tenderly to place a little of the water on his head, craving pardon with words of salutation for the touch of his foot. To the philosopher she is the current of his single life, sweeping irresistibly onward to the universal. To the traveller she tells of Benares and the mountain snows and legends of Siva, the Great God, and Uma Himavati, mother of all womanhood. Or she brings memories of the Indian Christ and His youth among the shepherds in the forests of Brindaban on her tributary Jumna. And to the student of history, she is the continuity of Aryan thought and civilisation through the ages, giving unity and meaning to the lives of races and centuries as she passes through them, carrying the message of the past ever into the future, a word of immense promise, an assurance of unassailable certainty. But with all this and beyond it all, the Ganges, to her lovers, is a person. To us, who have fallen so far away from the Greek mode of seeing, this is difficult perhaps to understand. But living in a Calcutta lane the powers of the imagination revive; the moon-setting becomes again Selene, riding on the horse with the veiled feet; Phoebus Apollo rising out of one angle of a pediment is a convincing picture of the morning sky; and the day comes when one surprises oneself in the act of talking with earth and water as conscious living beings. One is ready now to understand the Hindu expression of love for river and home.

THE HINDU CONCEPTION OF MOTHERHOOD.

Speaking of the reverence paid to the mother in India and the conditions of that reverence, she says :—

We talk glibly of Dante's "Vision of Hell." How many of us have looked into hell, or even seen it from afar off, that we should appreciate what it means to descend there? When the gloom of insanity falls upon the soul so that it turns to rend and destroy its dearest and best, when the blight of some dread imagination

covers us with its shadow, is it lover, or child, or servant who still will find in our maimed and malevolent presence his chiefest good? There is One indeed whom we cannot imagine as forsaking us. One whose will for us has been the law of righteousness, and yet for whose help we shall cry out instinctively in the moment of the commission of a crime. And like the love of God in this respect is, to Hindu thinking, that of a mother. Transcending the wife's which may fluctuate with the sweetness bestowed upon it, the mother's affection, by its very nature, grows deeper with deep need, and follows the beloved even into hell. A yearning love that can never refuse us; a benediction that for ever abides with us; a presence from which we cannot grow away; a heart in which we are always safe; sweetness unfathomable, bond unbreakable, holiness without a shadow—all these indeed, and more, is motherhood. Small wonder that the innermost longing of every Hindu is to find himself at home in the Universe, with all that comes thereby of joy or sorrow, even as a baby lying against its mother's heart! This is the dream that is called Nirvana, Freedom. It is the ceasing from those preferences that withhold us that is called Renunciation.....

For what thought is it that speaks supremely to India in the great word "Mother"? Is it not the vision of a love that never seeks to possess, that is, content simply to be—a giving that could not wish return: a radiance that we do not even dream of grasping, but in which we are content to bask, letting the eternal sunshine play around and through us?

And yet, and yet, was there ever an ideal of such strength as this, that was not firm-based on some form of discipline? What, then, is the price that is paid by Hindu women for a worship so precious? The price is the absolute inviolability of marriage. The worship is, at bottom, the worship of steadfastness and purity. If it were conceivable to the Hindu son that his mother could cease for one moment to be faithful to his father—what ever the provocation, the coldness, or even cruelty, to which she might be subject—at that moment his idealism of her would become a living pain. A widow remarried is no better in Hindu eyes than a woman of no char-

acter, and this is the case even where the marriage was only betrothal, and the young fiancée has become what we know as a child-widow.

This inviolability of the marriage tie has nothing whatever to do with attraction and mutual love. Once a wife, always a wife, even though the bond be shared with others, or remain always only a name. That other men should be only as shadows to her, that her feet should be ready at all times to go forth on any path, even that of death, as the companion of her husband, these things constitute the purity of the wife in India. It is told of some wives with bated breath, how, on hearing of the approaching death of the beloved, they have turned, smiling, and gone to sleep, saying, "I must precede, not follow!" and from that sleep they never woke again.

But, if we probe deep enough, what, after all, is purity? Where and when can we say it is, and how are we to determine that here and now it is not? What is there sacred in one man's monopoly? or if it be of the mind alone, how can any physical test be rightly imposed?

Purity in every one of its forms is the central pursuit of Indian life. But even the passion of this search grows pale beside the remorseless truthfulness of Hindu logic. There is ultimately, admits India, no single thing called purity: there is the great life of the impersonal, surging through the individual, and each virtue in its turn is but another name for this.

And so the idea of the sanctity of motherhood, based on the inviolability of marriage, finds due and logical completion in the still greater doctrine of the sacredness of religious celibacy. It is the towering ideal of the supersocial life—"As Mount Meru to a fire-fly" compared to that of the householder—which gives sanction and relation to all social bonds. In proportion as the fact of manhood becomes priesthood, does it attain its full glory; and the mother, entering into the prison of a sweet dedication, that she may bestow upon her own child the mystery of breath, make possible in his eyes, by the perfect stainlessness of her devotion, the thought of that other life whose head touches the stars.

THE HINDU WIFE.

Of Wifehood in India she writes:—

The Indian bride comes to her husband much as the Western woman might enter a church. Their love is a devotion, to be offered in secret. They know well that they are the strongest influence, each in the other's life, but before the family there can be no assertion of the fact. Their first duty is to see that the claims of others are duly met, for the ideal is that a wife shall, if that be possible, love her husband's people as she never loved her own; that the new parents shall be more to her than the old; that she can bring no gift into their home so fair as a full and abundant daughterhood and a confirmation of their supreme place in their son's love. Both husband and wife must set their faces towards the welfare of the family. This, and not that they should love each the other before all created beings, is the primal intention of marriage. Yet for the woman supreme love also is a duty. Only to the man his mother must stand always first. In some sense, therefore, the relation is not mutual. And this is in full accordance with the national sentiment, which stigmatises affection that asks for equal return as "shopkeeping."

I have seen clearly and constantly that the master-note by which the Hindu woman's life can be understood in the West is that of the religious life. This is so, even with the wife. Cloistered and veiled, she devotes herself to one name, one thought, yet is never known to betray the fact, even as the nun steals away in secret to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. The ideal that she like the nun, pursues, is that of a vision which merges the finite in the infinite, making strong to mock at separation or even at change. And the point to be reached in practice is that where the whole world is made beautiful by the presence in it of the beloved, where the hungry are fed, and the needy relieved, out of a joyful recognition that they wear a common humanity with his; and where, above all, the sense of unrest and dissatisfaction is gone for ever, in the overflowing fulness of a love that asks no return except the power of more abundant loving.

She thus describes the life of the young Hindu

widow:—

An incomparable moment in the history of a Hindu family is that of the return to it of a young daughter freshly widowed. Unspeakable tenderness and delicacy are lavished on her. A score of reasons for the mitigation of her rule are thought out and urged. In spite of her reluctance the parents or parents-in-law will insist. Sometimes the whole family will adopt her austere method of living for a few months and keep pace with her self-denials step by step till she herself discovers and breaks the spell. "Well, well!" exclaimed an old father brooding over the ruin of his child's happiness at such a crisis, "it was high time for me to retire from the world; can we not renounce together, little mother?" And while she is supported by her father's strong arm, the mother's wings are open wide, to fold closer than ever before the bird that has flown home with the arrow in its heart. Indeed, this union of theirs has become proverbial, so that if some small son be uncomely helpful and chivalrous to his mother, friendly neighbours will say, in banter: "But this is no boy! This is surely your widowed daughter, mother!" So pass the years, till, it may be, the mother, herself widowed, becomes as a child, falling back upon the garnered strength of her own daughter. Life ebbs: but discipline gathers its perfect fruit, in lives stately and grave and dignified for all their simplicity and bareness; in characters that are the hidden strength alike of village and of nation; in an ideal of sainthood justified; an opportunity of power created.

In the long years of her mature life we picture the Madonna standing always beneath the Cross. And we are right. But patience! not for ever shall she stand thus. It shall yet come to pass that in high heaven a day shall dawn on which, wearing the selfsame meekness, clothed in self-same humility the Mother of Sorrows shall be crowned—and that by her own Son!

Speaking of the place of Woman in the National Life she writes:—

Hence in India, labour, rising into government, stands side by side with prayer and motherhood as the main opportunity of woman, and as her integral contribution to the national righteousness.

THE ORGANIC UNITY OF THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

In the following beautiful passage she describes the characteristics of the Indian Woman in various parts of India :—

The Bengali wife worships her husband, and serves her children and her household with all the rapt idealism of the saints. The women of Maharashtra are as strong and as actual as any in the West. The Rajputni queen prides herself on the unflinching courage of her race, that would follow her husband even into the funeral fire, yet will not permit a king to name his wife as amongst his subjects. The woman of Madras struggles with agony to reach the spiritual pole-star, building up again and again, like some careful heaver, any fragment of her wall of custom that the resistless tides of the modern world may attempt to break away. And the daughters of Guzerat are, like the women of merchant-peoples everywhere, soft and silken and flower-like, dainty and clinging as a dream.

Or we may penetrate into the Moslem zenana, to find the same graceful Indian womanhood, sometimes clad in the sari, sometimes in the short Turkish jacket, but always the self-same gentle and beautiful wifehood and motherhood, measuring itself in all its doings as much against the standards of religious obligation, and as little against those of fashion, as any of its Hindu compatriots might do.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE WEST ONLY THE MISSION OF THE ASIATIC LIFE.

Dwelling on the more altruistic character of the Eastern woman as compared to her Western sister, she writes :—

Those who, knowing the East, read the list of the seven corporal works of mercy, may well start to imagine themselves back in the Hindu home watching its laborious, pious women as they move about their daily tasks, never questioning the first necessity of feeding the hungry, harbouring the harboured, and the like. Truly the East is dominated by the motherhood, and for the reason that she has assimilated as her primary social functions what the West holds to be only the duty of officialism or the message of the Church, and to those who deeply understand it may well seem that Christianity in Europe is neither more nor less than the mission of the Asiatic Life.

IS THE ORTHODOX HINDU WOMAN UNEDUCATED ?

Here are her views :—

A census-taking, indexmaking age conceives that without literacy there is no education, as if to read the *Strand Magazine* were greater than to be the mother of Shakespeare. With such an age, it is difficult to argue regarding the existing education of a Hindu woman. Yet, if a thorough training in a national mode of living, and that extremely complicated, be an education, she has something; for the ordinary wife can act in any capacity, from that of cook or dairy-mistress to that of chief of commissariat and general administrator for a hundred or more persons. If a knowledge of language, poetry, and folk-lore, with all thereby connoted of logical and imaginative development, form an education, she has this, sometimes to the extent of understanding and reciting works in Sanskrit. More : poor women who may not be able to read and write are deeply, and even passionately, possessed of the spirit of the ancient culture. The philosophy of Maya, not seldom bewildering to the Western *savant*, has no difficulty for them. They understand to a hair the meaning of the word *Nirvana*. It is no one special command to deny oneself and take up a cross and follow, that has weight with them; but the bearing of the great law of renunciation on the personal realisation of freedom. Add to all this the inbred habit of life in community, and it will appear

that under the old scheme women found not only a training and a discipline, but also a career.

But the Hindu woman must be modernised, and a new education is necessary. On that point she writes:—

It is clear that as the objective of the old education of Indian women lay in *character*, the new cannot aim lower. The distinctive element, therefore, in their future training cannot be reading and writing—though these will undoubtedly grow more common—but the power to grasp clearly and with enthusiasm the ideas of nationality, national interests, and the responsibility of the individual to race and country.

WANTED A DYNAMIC ORTHODOXY.

Orthodoxy must become aggressive, and boldly face the new order of things. She writes:—

The weakness is easy enough to probe. The West conquers the East, as long as the East on the one hand shuns it as contamination, or, on the other, accepts it as a bribe. The idea of assimilating just so much of Western science as shall enable India to compete in the same market by the same processes as the West is as delusive as it is mean. The idea of refusing to participate in Western methods, and dying of starvation if need be, martyrs to national purity, is manifestly impracticable for the people at large, even if it had not long ago been carried out of reach of all on the high tides of economic disaster. What then?

Western Science must be recognised as holy. The idea of that Science must be grasped and pursued for its own sake. Modern astronomy must claim its "star-intoxicated" prophets in the East as in the West. Geology, physics, biology, and the sublime and growing sciences of man, history and morals, must be felt in India as new modes of the apprehension of truth, studied passionately without ulterior object, as the religious experience is now followed, at the cost of all.

Such an attitude is, indeed, of the very essence of the Asiatic genius. To it mathematics have never sunk to the position which they tend to occupy in Europe—a convenient means for the measurement of secular utilities—but have always been held as a sacred inviolable method of expressing the fundamental unity of phenomena. The learned man will mention this subject with the same throb in his voice that we may give to a great picture or a moving poem. The Indian imagination regards all knowledge as beatitude. Nor is any intellect in the world more keenly logical and inquisitive, or at the same time more disinterested and comprehensive in its grasp. A great Indian school of science is, therefore, no absurdity, but, under necessary conditions, one of the most attainable of all ambitions. The Hindu has but to realise that the world waits for the hundred and eight Upanishads of modern knowledge; the Mussulman needs only to understand that the time is again ripe for Averroes and Avicenna; and both will make, not only their own opportunity, but a new era in culture as well.

CASTE.

There is a chapter on Caste, which is the most fair-minded study of the subject we know of. To her it is synonymous with the conception, *Noblesse Oblige*, of the West. She is of opinion that caste has entailed great losses and brought great gains to India. She writes:—

Caste is race-continuity; it is the historic sense; it is the dignity of tradition and of purpose for the future. It is even more: it is the familiarity of a whole people in all its grades with the one supreme human motive—the notion of *noblesse oblige*.

We cannot forbear quoting the conclusion of the chapter. Here it is:—

For, after all, who were these old forefathers, with their marvellous cunning? What inspired them so to construct the social framework that every act of rebellion and invasion should end henceforth only in contriving a new morsel of colour to fit into the old mosaic? Ah, who were they indeed? We may well ask, for have we not all this time been calling by their name one far greater than they, one infinitely more deserving of our reverence—the Communal Consciousness, namely, of a mighty patient people, toiling on and on through the ages up the paths of knowledge, destroying never, assimilating always, what they gain of truth and science, and hesitating only a little before fresh developments, because they are so preoccupied with the problems of the past that they do not realise that that stage is done, and that the sun is risen to-day on a new landscape confronting them with fresh perils and unthought-of difficulties?

THE MESSAGE OF THE GITA.

In the chapter on the Gita, she writes:—

The book is nowhere a call to leave the world, but everywhere an interpretation of common life as the path to that which lies beyond. "Better for a man is his own duty, however badly done, than the duty of another, though that be easy." "Holding gain and loss as one, prepare for battle." That the man who throws away his weapons, and permits himself to be slain, unresisting in the battle, is *not* the hero of religion, but a sluggard and a coward; that the true seer is he who carries his vision into action, regardless of the consequences to himself; this is the doctrine of the Gita, repeated again and again. The book is really a battle-cries. Spirituality is with it no retreat from men and things, but a burning fire of knowledge that destroys bondage, consumes sluggishness and egoism, and penetrates everywhere. Not the withdrawn, but the transfigured life, radiant with power and energy, triumphant in its selflessness, is religion.

That indifference to results is the condition of efficient action is the first point in its philosophy. But there is

no doubt that the action should be strenuous. Let every muscle be hard, every limb well-knit, let the mind sweep the whole horizon of fact; with the reins in hand, the fiery steeds under control, with the whole battlefield in view, and the will of the hero lifted high to strike for justice, "Arise!" thunders the voice of Sri Krishna, "and be thou an apparent cause!"

It is the supreme imperative. Play thy whole part in the drama of time, devoting every energy, concentrating the whole force. "As the ignorant act from selfish motives, so should the wise man act, unselfishly."

THE UNIQUE CONTRIBUTION OF INDIA TO THE WORLD.

She writes:—

Other countries have produced art, chivalry, heroic poems, inventive systems. In none of these has India been altogether wanting, yet none is her distinguishing characteristic. What, then, has she given to the world that is beyond all competition? To-day her gifts are derided by all men, for to-day the mighty mother is become widowed and abased. She who has held open port to all fugitives is unable now to give bread to her own children. She with whom Parsi, Jew, and Christian have been thankful to take refuge, is despised and ostracised by all three alike. She who has prized knowledge above all her treasures, finds her learning now without value in the markets of the world. It is urged that the test of utility is the true standard for things transcendental, and that an emancipation into modern commerce and mechanics is a worthier goal for her sons' striving than the old-time aim of knowledge for its own sake, the ideal for itself.

And the modern world may be right. But, even so, has India in the past given nothing, without which our whole present would be the poorer?

Who that has caught even a whisper of what her name means can say so? Custom kept always as an open door, through which the saints may dance into our company, thought sustained at a level where religion and science are one, a maze of sublime apostrophes and world-piercing prayers; above all, the power to dream rare dreams of the Word becoming flesh and dwelling

among men that they may behold His glory—are these things nothing? If, after all, the higher transformation of man be the ultimate end of human effort, which has more deeply vindicated its right to exist, the modern nexus of commerce and finance, or that old world on which we have gazed in the pilgrims' camp?

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

She is of opinion that India will give the world its future religion. She says:—

And therefore it is from India that we shall gather that intellectualisation of belief which is to re-establish, in the name of a new and greater synthesis, our confidence in our own past. In this new synthesis every element of our own thought must find a place—the conception of humanity and the worship of truth, of course, because without these it would have no *raison d'être*. But even the emotionalism of the negro must not go unplaced, uninterpreted, any more than that wondrous mood in which the explorer of knowledge finds himself launched on a vision of Unity that he dare not name. Neither the Catholic organisation of monasticism nor the Protestant (taken from the Mohammedan) inspiration of common prayer can be left out. There must be a religious consciousness strong enough to recognise the anguish of denial as its own most heroic experience, and large enough to be tender and helpful to the ignorance of a child.

In the new up-growth of our own days, many preparatory influences now at work are to find fulfilment. All who have felt the love of the disinherited and oppressed, all who have followed truth for its own sake, all who have longed to lose themselves in a paradise of devotion and been refused by the armed reason standing at the gate, all who have felt out for a larger generalisation, as they saw the faith of their babyhood falling away from them,—all these have helped and are helping to build up the new consciousness, to make the faculty that is to recognise and assimilate the doctrine of the future. But the evangel itself will be mainly drawn from India.

But what of India herself. She writes:—

Geographical conditions impose upon India the same necessity of unification at all costs, and yet combine with other facts to make her the meeting-ground of all races. Especially is this the case in modern times, when the ocean has become a road-way instead of a boundary. She is almost a museum of races, creeds, and social formations, some hoary with age, some crude and excessive youth. Thus her problem is vastly more difficult than that of Arabia before the seventh century. Yet she contains in herself every element of self-recovery.

If the fact had been open to doubt before, the British rule, with its railways, its cheap postage, and its common language of affairs, would sufficiently have demonstrated the territorial unity of the country. We can see to-day that India's is an organic, and no mere mechanical, unity. "The North" it has been said "produces prophets, the South priests." And it is true that her intellectual and discriminating faculty, her power of recognition and formulation, lies in the South; that Mahatta, Mussulman and Sikh, form her executive; while to Bengal, the country that has fought no battle for her own boundaries, falls the office of the heart, which will yet suffuse all the rest with the realisation of the vast inclusiveness of meaning of the great word, "India." Historically the country itself could not so easily appear doubtful, the country itself could not so easily be in an instant by grasping that intuition of nationality which alone is needed to give the spiritual impulse toward consolidation.

But the bare fact of an actual social, historical and geographical unity, waiting for precipitation as a national consciousness, is not the only possession of India at the present crisis. She has a great past to return upon, and a clearly defined economy for model. Her traditions are unstained. There is no element of national life—art, poetry, literature, philosophy, science—in which she has not at some time been exceptionally strong. She has organized at least two empires of commanding character in architecture, three of the most imposing styles in the

world have been hers—the Dravidian in the South, the Buddhist across middle India from Orissa to Bombay, and the Indo-Saracenic in the North.

The distinctive spirituality of the modern world depends upon its ability to think of things as a whole, to treat immense masses of facts as units, to bring together many kinds of activity, and put them in true relation to one another. This is the reality of which map, census, and newspaper, even catalogue, museum and encyclopedia, are but outer symbols. In proportion as she grasps this inner content will India rise to the height of her own possibilities.

The sacraments of a growing nationality would lie in new developments of her old art, a new application of her old power of learnedness, new and dynamic religious interpretations, a new idealism in short, true child of the nation's own past, with which the young should throb and the old be reverent. The test of its success would be the combining of renewed local and individual vigour with a power of self-centralisation and self-expression hitherto unknown.

But before such a result could come about, we must suppose the children of every province and every sect on fire with the love of the Motherland. Sikh, Mahratta, and Musulman, we must imagine possessed each by the thought of India, not of his own group. Thus each name distinguished in the history of any part would be appropriated by the country as a whole. The Hindu would prostrate himself on the steps of the mosque, the Mohammedan offer salutation before the temple, the Aryan write the history of Islam with an enthusiasm impossible to those within its walls, the Semite stand forth as the exponent of India's heroic past, with the authority of one who sees for the first time with the eyes of manhood. For we cannot think that a mere toleration of one another's peculiarities can ever be enough to build up national sentiment in India. As the love of David and Jonathan, a love the stronger for distance of birth, such is that last and greatest passion which awakes in him who hears the sorrowful crying of the young and defenceless children of his own mother. Each difference between himself and them is a

source of joy. Each need unknown to himself feeds his passion for self-sacrifice. Their very sins meet with no condemnation from him, their sworn champion and servant.

The book closes with the following note of joy and hope:—

Jackals prowl about the buried cities and deserted temples of the Asokan era. Only a memory dwells within the marble palaces of the Mogul. Is the mighty Mother not now exhausted? Having given to the world, is it not enough? Is she again to rouse and bestir herself for the good of her own household? Who can tell? Yet in all impotence and desolation of the present, amidst the ruin of his country and the decay of his pride, an indomitable hope wakes still in the heart of the Indian peasant. "That which is, shall pass; and that which has been, shall again be," he mutters "to the end of time." And we seem to catch in his words the sound of a greater prophecy, of which this is but the echo—Whenever the dharma decays, and adharma prevails, then I manifest myself. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evil, for the firm establishment of

THE NATIONAL RIGHTOUSNESS

I am born again and again."

THE TASK BEFORE US.

On this point she writes elsewhere:—

But to-day, in the deliberate adoption of an aggressive policy, we have put all this behind us. Realising that life is struggle we are now determined that our wrestling with the powers that are against us, shall enable us to contribute to the world's sum of culture, not merely to make adaptations from it. Our part henceforth is active, and not passive. The Indianising of India, the organisation of our national thought, the laying out of our line of march,—all this is to be done by us, not by others, on our behalf. We accept no more programmes. Henceforth are we become the makers of programmes. We

obey no more policies. Henceforth do we create policies. We refuse longer to call by the name of 'education, the apprenticeship necessary for a ten-rupee clerkship. We put such things in their true place. We ordain ourselves intellectually free. What, then, is the task before us?

Our task is to translate ancient knowledge into modern equivalents. We have to clothe the old strength in a new form. The new form *without* that old strength is nothing but a mockery; almost equally foolish is the savage anachronism of an old-time power without fit expression. Spiritually, intellectually, there is no undertaking, but we must attempt it.

Great realms of the ideal open for our exploration, new conceptions of life and duty, and freedom; new ideals of citizenship; untired expressions of love and friendship; into all these we must throw ourselves with burning energy, and make them our own.

We must create a history of India in living terms. Up to the present that history, as written in English, practically begins with Warren Hastings, and crams in certain unavoidable preliminaries, which cover a few thousands of years, and troublesome as they are, cannot be altogether omitted! All this is merely childish and has to be brought to the block. The history of India has yet to be written for the first time. It has to be humanised, emotionalised, made the trumpet-voice and evangel of the races that inhabit India. And to do this, it must be reconnected with place. Calcutta, Madras and Bombay are the present view-points! Surely the heroes that sleep on ancient battle-fields, the forefathers that made for themselves the wide-walled cities, the scholars that left behind them precious thought and script, have laughed sometimes, when they have not wept to see from high heaven the grotesque docility of their descendants! The history of India consists in truth, of the strata, of at least three thousand years. Ocean-bed and river-sands forest and marsh, and ocean-floor again, lie piled one upon the other—and in each period some new point is centre. Ayodhya and Hastinapura, Indraprastha and Pataliputra, Ujjain and Delhi, Conjeeveram and Amaravati, what of the vanished worlds of which all these

were born? There is no evangel without worship. Throw yourselves, children of India, into the worship of these and your whole part. Strive passionately for *knowledge*. Yours are the spades and mattocks of this excavation. For with you and not with the foreigner, are the thought and language that will make it easy to unearth the old and significance. India's whole hope lies in a deeper research, a more rigid investigation of facts. With her encouragement, and not despair, is on the side of truth!

Great literatures have to be created in each of the vernaculars. These literatures must voice the past, translate the present, forecast the future. The science and the imagination of Europe have to be brought through the vernacular, to every door. India cannot afford to imitate foreign institutions. The history must remain ignorant of foreign ideals. True of the past has to be re-written, in simple terms. Like a hope for the time to come must fill all hearts, like a nation's Common Prayer. On the creation of such vernacular literatures, depends the effective education of women.

Art must be re-born. Not the miserable travesty of would-be Europeanism that we at present know. There is no voice like that of art, to reach the people. A song, a picture, these are the fiery crosses that reach all the tribes, and makes them one. And art *will* be re-born, for she has found a new subject, — India herself. Ah, to be a thinker in bronze and give to the world the beauty of the Southern *Pariah*, as he swings, scarce-clad, along the Beach-Road at Madras! Ah to be a Millet, and paint the woman worshipping at dawn beside the sea! Oh for a pencil that would interpret the beauty of the Indian *Sari*; the gentle life of village and temple; the coming and going at the Ganges' side; the play of the children; the faces, and the labours, of the cows! But far more, on behalf of India herself, do we need artists, half poets and half draughtsmen, who can wake

* A rough cross of charred wood used to be passed from clan to clan in the Scottish Highlands, as the call to war. We all know the folded chapathy of the Indian villages.

in us the great new sense. We want men of the Indian blood, who can portray for us the men of old,—Bhishma and Yudhishthira, Akbar and Sher Shah, Pratap Singh and Chand Bibi,—in such fashion as to stir the blood. We want through these to feel as a people, towards the new duties of the time to be. Not only to utter India to the world, but also, to voice India to herself, this is the mission of art, divine mother of the ideal, when it descends to clothe itself in forms of realism.

At each step, then, the conquest must be twofold. On this side something is to be added to the world's knowledge, and on that, an utterance to be given for the first time, for India to herself. This is the battle that opens before the present generation. On our fighting a good fight, the very existence, it may be, of the next depends. Our national life is become, perforce, a national assault. As yet the very outwork of the besieged city are almost unstormed. Herewith then let us sound the charge. Sons of the Indian past, do ye fear to sleep at night—fall on your shields? On, on, in the name of a new spirituality, to command the treasures of the modern world sack! On, on, soldiers of the Indian Motherland, seize ye the battlements and penetrate to the citadel! Place garrison and watch within the hard-won towers, or fall, that others may climb on your dead bodies, to the height ye strove to win.

OTHER WORKS.

In 1907, she published her "Cradle-Tales of Hinduism." In it she has thrown Hindu stories into enchanting literary form. The stories gain inexpressibly when Nivedita is the narrator. In 1909 she published another short work, "An Indian Study of Love and Death." We cannot think of a better offering to people in sorrow over bereavement than this little book. In 1910

was published "The Master as I saw Him," her beautiful account of Vivekananda. She had been engaged for some time before her death in completing two great works on India. We do not know if they have been completed. All this does not, however, exhaust her literary productivity. She was contributing to many magazines, and whatever she wrote, the reader was sure to find, peculiarly original and brilliant, even though the theme should be trifling.

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THE SISTER AS ORATOR AND CONVERSATIONALIST.

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Another writer says:—

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To her friends she would open her heart without the smallest reserve. She talked even more freely than she wrote and her conversation, rich, spontaneous, clear cut as a judicial utterance, threw new light upon art, literature and even science, and revealed her bold and fiery aspirations after Indian nationality."

Again another writer:

"Her conversation itself was literature."

THE SISTER AND THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN INDIA.

Her influence upon the National movement in

India, and especially in Bengal, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Two such competent judges as Messrs. Blair and S. K. Ratcliffe estimate that she more than anybody else created a passion for nationality in Bengal in recent times. Mr. Blair is of opinion that "she probably did more to create an atmosphere of unrest than all the newspapers in the world." Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe speaking from intimacy of knowledge lately wrote in the "Daily News":—

"It was through her spoken and written word that the idea of nationality became a living and absorbing force."

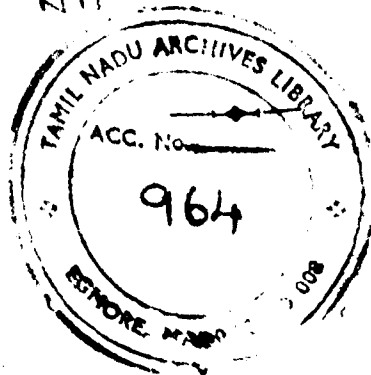
THE END.

We are now bringing this fragmentary sketch of the life of this great soul to a close. Her life had been lived at a very high level, and the strain of overwork had manifested itself in frequent illness. She had gone to Darjeeling for a change. She was attacked with hill dysentery and on the 13th October, 1911, passed away. Her last mortal remains were borne to the burning ghat on the shoulders of Hindu gentlemen and cremated. Some of the most distinguished sons of Bengal formed part of the funeral procession which was the largest that Darjeeling had ever

witnessed. Her last words were "The boat is sinking but I shall see the sun rise."

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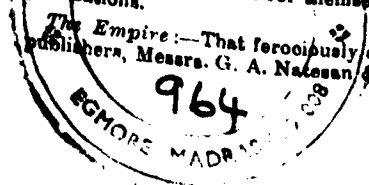
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