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MHATMA GANDHI

(THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAN)

WITH AN APPRECIATION

BY

LALA LAJPAT RAI

UC-NRLF



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"He is a man who may be well described as a man among men, a hero among heroes, a patriot amongst patriots and we may well say that in him, Indian humanity at the present time, has really reached its high water mark."

—G. K. Gokhale.

"I see in Mr. Gandhi the patient sufferer for the cause of righteousness and mercy, a truer representative of the Crucified Saviour than the men who have thrown him into prison and yet call themselves by the name of Christ"

—Lord Bishop of Madras.

National Literature Publishing Company, Bombay.

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THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS DEFEAT IN
NONVIOLENCE. THE END OF VIOLENCE IS
SUREST DEFEAT.

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GANDHI

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Publishers' Note.

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The publishers owe no apology in placing this book before the public. Mahatma Gandhi who occupies the foremost place in Indian politics is engaging the world's attention and what the world thinks of him will be found by a perusal of this book. We are fortunate in getting an appreciation from Lala Lajpat Rai from the latest issue of the New York "Nation." At the suggestion of Mahatma Gandhi, we have included the inspiring Messages of our leaders now in jail.

We cannot sufficiently thank the proprietors of the Karnatak Press without whose co-operation, we would not have been able to place this book before the reader so early.

We trust that the patronage given to us by our readers in connection with our last two publications will be continued in this case also.

*Opp. Portuguese Church,
Girgaon, Bombay,
20th January 1922.*

THE PUBLISHERS.

CONTENTS.

Publishers' Note.			
An Appreciation—Lala Lajpat Rai			
The World's Greatest Man—John Haynes Holmes	1
Mahatma Gandhi—W. W. Pearson, M. A.	21
An Estimate of Mahatma Gandhi—Percival Landon	33
The Indian Saint—Col. J. C. Wedgwood, M. P.	38
Moulder of the Future of the World—Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore	41
The Saviour of India—Blanche Watson	43
Gandhi (a Poem)—B. C. Woodbury	46
Gandhi Sahib—	47
Peasant-Politician-Statesman—Arthur S. Drape	53
Mahatma Gandhi—Ben Spoor, M. P.	57
India's Roll Call (a poem)—Maude Ralston Sharman	58
Mahatma Gandhi—D. P.	59
The Revolt of Passivity— <i>The Nation and the Atheneum</i>	60
The Soul of It—Prof. Gilbert Murray	65
The Oppression of the Poor—Rev. C. F. Andrews, M. A.	69
The Price of Swaraj—S. E. Stokes...	80
Gandhi and Tagore—C. S. R.	87
The New Light of Asia— <i>The New York Nation</i>	88
Mahatma Gandhi's India—Vincent Anderson	92
Appendix—The Leaders' Messages	95

AN APPRECIATION.

Gandhi's simplicity, openness, frankness and directness confound the modern politician, parliamentarian and publicist. They suspect him of some deep design. He fears no one and frightens no one. He recognises no conventions except such as are absolutely necessary not to remove him from society of men and women. He recognises no masters and no *gurus*. He claims no *chelas* though he has many. He has and pretends to no supernatural powers, though credulous people believe that he is endowed with them. He owns no property, keeps no bank accounts, makes no investments, yet makes no fuss about asking for anything he needs. Such of his countrymen as have drunk deep from the fountains of European history and European politics and who have developed a deep love for European manners and European culture neither understand nor like him. In their eyes he is a barbarian, a visionary, and a dreamer. He has probably something of all these qualities, because he is nearest to the verities of life and can look at things with plain eyes without the glasses of civilization and sophistry.

Some say he is a nihilist; others that he is an anarchist; others again that he is a Tolstoian. He is none of these things. He is a plain Indian patriot who believes in God, religion and the Scriptures. He believes even in caste, not the present-day sub-division and sub-sections of it, but the four original castes of the ancient Aryans. He does not believe in the superiority or domination of one caste over another, but he believes in their different occupations according to their inherited ability. He is so orthodox as to believe that caste is heritable. Far from being an anarchist, he believes in discipline, organisation

and authority. His cult is not one of negation as some say but of positive discipline made up of self-denial and self-assertion. He does not believe in the inherent superiority of the white race or in its God-given mission of ruling other people by making tools of them. He does not hate the European civilization, but he abhors the industrial system upon which civilization of Europe rests, and the double-mindedness which characterises European politicians. The doctrine of non-co-operation which he preaches and practises is not a negation. It is the withdrawal of that help which the Indian people have voluntarily been giving the English which has made it possible for them to rule India and exploit her for their own ends.

The non-co-operation programme consists of (a) rejection of all Government titles, honours and honorary offices, (b) abstention from drink, (c) withdrawal of all boys and girls from a system of education which has reconciled the best of Indians to slavery under foreign domination, without feeling the sting of it, and which has made of them parasites sucking the blood of the classes that produce and work, (d) establishment of such Schools and Colleges as will give a secondary place to the study of English and other European literature, reserving the first for the spoken languages of India and for manual training, (e) boycott of English forms of "justice", their Courts and their lawyers, (f) boycott of foreign cloth and the rehabilitation of Swadeshi, (g) withdrawal of Indians from the services of the British Government and from service in the British Army and the British police, (h) non-payment of taxes.

This is the provisional programme which is by no means exhaustive and which is not to be put in practice all at once. Gandhi and his associates have been working on this programme for only twelve months and the success

they have achieved is marvellous. It is true that not many people have given up their titles and honorary offices. It is also true that only a small proportion of lawyers have given up their practice. As regards withdrawal of students, the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, an Indian High Court Judge in the confidence of the British, complained the other day that in Bengal the attendance at Colleges had fallen by 23 per cent and at schools by 27 per cent, and that the University had suffered a great loss of income from examination fees. As regards the boycott of foreign cloth, he has succeeded remarkably well. Lancashire is already feeling the pinch, and the sale of foreign cloth in Indian bazaars has gone down to less than 25 per cent. It may be safely said that the masses and the middle classes are with and the wealthy against him. There are a sufficiently good number of wealthy men also with him as was proved by the phenomenal success of the Tilak Swaraj Fund for which ten million rupees were collected in less than three months. In these three months, he perfected the Congress organisation which now has the registered membership of about ten millions. He called upon the country to introduce two million new spinning wheels in the same period and the response was more than adequate. These are concrete items of his success, but to my mind his great success lies in having created a universal love for freedom and a spirit of non-violence among the people. The Indian patriot of Mr. Gandhi's School is quite distinguishable from the old revolutionaries of Russia. He works in the open and has no secret affiliations either in India or abroad. He is frankly out to destroy the present system of Government and win full freedom for his country, with full discretion to remain in or go out of the British Empire as it suits him best.

It is true that the "higher" and "respectable" classes of the intelligentsia who have thrown themselves on the side of the Government are opposed to his programme because it would reduce them to positions of comparative poverty and nothingness. The British in India have accepted these intelligentsia as subordinate partners in their business of exploitation. Imperialism is as much a business as capitalism. For 150 years the intelligentsia cried for reforms. The Government did not listen to them. At first they did not ask even for Home Rule. They merely wanted a few more posts and offices and extension of education. In 1905 rose a party which set up a flag of independence. Both the Government and the intelligentsia saw that the game was up. That astute scholar-politician, John Morley, started the policy of "Rally the moderates." So he decided to throw them a few crumbs. They accepted them gratefully, sang Hallelujahs of gratitude and praise, and conspired to root out the extremists, both by repression and propaganda.

In the meantime came the war. Lord Morley's disciples and the princes immediately declared for the British, and persuaded the people to believe that British victory would bring them freedom. The country was 'bled white'. Men and money, munitions and provisions were poured into the theatres of war, though the country itself lost millions of souls (six millions from influenza alone in six months) from disease and distress. Victory came and was immediately followed by the Rowlatt Act which was a negation of freedom. Gandhi who during the war had been recruiting for the Government, but had caught the popular fancy by his simple life, and fearless championship of the poor and the peasant, declared for passive resistance.

All kinds of repression have been resorted to; meetings proclaimed and prohibited, speakers and writers arrested and imprisoned; but the movement has progressed unchecked. India is in a state of non-violent revolt. The most pleasing feature of the new movement is the active support it is getting from the women, who flock to the non-co-operation meetings, clad in *Khaddar*, by thousands. Millions worth of foreign cloth has been destroyed in order to intensify the feeling against it. Thousands are ready to adopt general civil disobedience of British laws as the cult of their lives, but the leaders are withholding their consent in their desire to keep the movement strictly non-violent. When a man is arrested, he refuses to give bail and goes straight to the lock-up with a view to spreading the idea that he has no confidence in and he does not recognise the authority of the Government and its Courts. In some places people have lost self-control and committed outrages on the police and government men. Gandhi has denounced them and advised expiation.

The movement for Indian freedom has taken deep root and gone out of the control of the Government and the "respectable" section of the intelligentsia. The Government can repress, but it cannot suppress. The greater part of Mr. Gandhi's following may even now accept a dominion from of government within the British Empire, but a little more delay and the weight of public opinion will not be satisfied with anything less than full independence.

LAJPAT RAI.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAN

By

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

I am going to speak to you this morning upon what I hope will be the interesting question as to who is the greatest man in the world to-day. In seeking an answer to this inquiry, I imagine that all of our minds instinctively go back to the days of the Great War, and run over the names of the men who held position of vast responsibility and power in that stupendous conflict. Especially do we think of the great gathering of the war-leaders in Paris, in the opening months of the year 1919. Two years ago, at this time, we would all of us have agreed that if the greatest man in the world was anywhere to be found, it was in this council of the premiers and statesmen of the Allied Governments. These were the men who had been tested by the most awful peril which had ever threatened the civilization of the world, and who had brought out of that peril a victory which was as complete as it was sudden. Now they were being tested by the challenge of peace—by the great problem as to how to use a victory after it has been won. And it is just here, in this most rigorous of all tests, that these leaders of the nations failed who can say, in view of what happened at Versailles, and especially in view of what has happened since the signing of the treaty, that any one of these men responsible for the great disaster of the peace, has any substantial or permanent claims to greatness, in the true sense of the word? Of all the men who sat in that Peace Conference two years ago, there is only one, it seems to me, who still preserves a reputation that is without serious question. I refer, of course, to General Smuts, the Premier of

South Africa, the man of whom Mr. Walter Lippman said so vividly that, of all the peace conferences who signed the treaty in the famous Hotel of Mirrors at Versailles, he was the only one who saw mankind and not himself in the glass. If you would know how great a man was General Smuts at the Conference, I ask you to read three immortal documents—first, his public apologia for the signing of the treaty; secondly, his “farewell to the people of Europe,” published on the eve of his departure from London for Johannesburg; and thirdly, his noble and generous tribute to President Wilson on the latter’s retirement from office on March 4 last. General Smuts fought the war with consummate ability and unfaltering idealism; in the moment of triumph on the battlefield, he sought forgiveness of the enemy, and healing of the bleeding wounds of men; in the moment of defeat in the Council Chamber, he confessed his failure in honesty of spirit, and sought at once to repair the damage, which he had been unable to prevent. General Smuts is a great man—the only great man who is left to us to-day out of the wreckage of the war. All the rest of those leaders, who filled on world for a little time with the noise of their fame, have faded, or are fading, into oblivion, never again to be restored, I believe, to the reverence of men. Ours to-day must be the cry of David, after the battle of Mt. Gilboa—“How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

I turn away, therefore, from the storm of the Great War, and from the men who rode that storm to power and place; and I look elsewhere for that man who impresses me as the greatest man who is living in the world to-day. And immediately I hit upon three men, very different from one another in origin and character, who I believe may not unworthily qualify for this position.

The first man whom I would name is the Frenchman, Romain Rolland, author of that immortal novel, *Jean Christophe*, pacifist exile from his native land during the Great War, the leading internationalist in this perplexing period of the aftermath of the war. Rolland is supremely great in the field not so much of achievement as of ideals. I can best indicate my estimate of him by stating that I always think of him as the true successor, in character and influence, though not of course in personality, of Leo Tolstoi, who was himself the greatest single moral influence produced during the whole course of the nineteenth century. Like Tolstoi, Romain Rolland lives a life of rigorous simplicity. Like Tolstoi, he unites a gigantic intellect with a soul of ineffable beauty and power. Like Tolstoi, again, he lives and moves and has his being in that sublime realm of moral and spiritual idealism, where love is recognized as the perfect law of life, and the brotherhood of man as the fulfilment of this law upon the earth.

Before the war, Rolland was one of the few men in Europe who saw the coming of the great catastrophe, and did his utmost to prevent it. He sent out his call to poets, musicians and artists of the continent; gathered about him, as a master his students, the young and ardent souls of all countries; and strove to lead them to those heights of pure idealism in the atmosphere of which he knew it would be impossible for the prejudices and hostilities of contemporary nationalism to survive. *Jean Christophe* was written in answer not so much to artistic passion, as to a desire to interpret Germany to France, and France to Germany, and thus make clear the essential kinship between the two. With the outbreak of the War, he conceived it his unique privilege and duty to keep alive those higher instincts of the soul,

which are the first to suffer in the strife of arms. Never for a moment did he deceive himself into believing that the war would purge the heart of man, or quicken it permanently to nobler impulses of devotion ; on the contrary, he knew that this war, like every war, was a dirty and ugly thing, subversive of all that is pure and good in human life. Therefore did he deliberately set himself, as a priest at the altar of humanity, to guard from extinction the spirit's flame, that when the conflict was at an end, the race might not wander as one lost for ever in impenetrable dark. And now, with the close of the disastrous struggle, Rolland is building anew his international fraternity, to the end of persuading men to sheath their swords, to cleanse their hearts of the poison of patriotism, and to toil for the coming of that great Kingdom of the living God which shall mean wars and rumours of wars no more.

If there is any civilization in Europe to-day, and light shining through the gross darkness of the present chaos, any hope for the ultimate realization of the dreams and visions which beset us of a better world. I believe this is due more truly to Romain Rolland than to Foch or Clemenceau, Lloyd George or Woodrow Wilson, or any other of the men who struggled vainly to bring good out of the evil of the War. Rolland remained true to his ideal, served it with a flawless courage, and therewith did a work which marks him as a spiritual, genius of the first order. If he falls short, as I think he does, it is in what we may term the realm of practical affairs. In this he does not fail; he simply does not enter at all. For Rolland is an artist, an intellectual, a man of the utmost sensitiveness and delicacy. It is difficult to conceive of him as dwelling among the trodden ways of men. He could never be the leader of a revolution, the moulder of great masses of

the common people to a world-upheaval, the builder of the structure or the writer of the constitution of a new political and social state. Rolland, by the very necessities of his nature, as Tolstoi by the deliberate plan of his life, must move "above the battle," and not in the midst of its bloodshed and affright. For Rolland is an idealist and not realist. I think of him as a silver star shining resplendent above the murk and mist of earth, a light to steer by and to worship. Others must serve as the smoky torches which show terribly the pathways of men's climbing.

The mention of the contrast between the idealist and the realist, brings me to the second name which I desire to present this morning in this discussion. I refer to the Russian, Nicolai Lenin, Premier of the Soviet republic, a man who wields a greater degree of personal power than any other man in the world to-day. In making an estimate of the position of Lenin among the great men of this time, it is necessary for us to disregard entirely such unfavorable ideas as we may chance to have of the work that he is attempting to do among his people. We may think that his principles are bad, his policies dangerous, his whole influence destructive of the best interests of civilization; but these opinions should not, and indeed cannot, affect in any way the facts as to his ability. Many people, for example, regard Napoleon Bonaparte as one of the most immoral personages that ever lived, and describe his achievements as among the most disastrous in the whole range of human history, but I have never met any body, except Mr H. G. Wells, in his "The Outline of History," who denied his consummate greatness as a man. So also with Nicolai Lenin! We may think him the vilest monster alive upon the earth to-day, if we so choose, but there stands the fact of his greatness all the same. This man moves among his contemporaries like a giant among pygmies. He is at the

moment the centre of the world's life. The affairs of the race move round his central figure like the rim and spokes of a wheel about its axle. I am not at all sure, but what in future ages, this present period, which has followed upon the close of the Great War is destined to be described by historians as the age of Lenin, just as we speak to-day of the age of Elizabeth or of Louis XIV.

If we would seek for evidence of the surpassing greatness of Lenin, we have only to cite the testimony of those who have seen him and studied him at close range. At first, he seems to make little impression upon those who meet him, for his personal presence is evidently one of utter insignificance. He does not look like a hero, he does not walk the stride of a hero. Mr. Wells, who was as little impressed as anybody, speaks of him simply as a little man sitting behind a big desk. Bertrand Russell describes him as "very friendly, and apparently simple entirely without a trace of hauteur. If one met him without knowing who he was, he would not guess that he was possessed of great power, and never that he was in any way eminent. I have never met a personage so destitute of self-importance." The only thing impressive about Lenin's appearance, so far as I can judge, is his head, which is that of a stupendous intellectual genius. To see the great dome of his brow, as depicted, for example, in Mrs. Clare Sheridan's bust, is to think at once of the head of Shakespeare. Aside from this single feature, however, Lenin's presence is apparently as unimpressive as his bearing is modest.

That Lenin is a great man, however, is admitted by everybody who has seen him. Arthur Ransome, who is favourably inclined toward the Bolshevist regime, declares that he is "one of the greatest personalities of his time."

Burtrand Russel, who is now opposed to Bolshevism, refers to Lenin without qualification as "a great man." Raymond Robbins, who stands midway between the position of friend and foe, asserts his belief that the Soviet premier is "the greatest living statesman in Europe." Even those who view him at a distance, cannot disguise their admiration. Mr. Frank Vanderlip, for example, has said that Lenin impresses him as "a man of most extraordinary ability." Nor can I refrain from quoting the opinion of most extraordinary ability." Nor can I refrain from quoting the opinion of the "New York Times," which can hardly be described as friendly to the Bolshevists. Speaking at an unguarded moment, on one of the numerous occasions Lenin's reported death, the "Times" referred to him as "the most remarkable personality brought by the world war into prominence."

What moves all these persons who have seen or studied Nicholai Lenin, to speak of him in these laudatory terms, is undoubtedly the consciousness of the stupendous things which this man has accomplished during the last three years. His deeds are almost unparalleled in history. In the first place, he has beaten back upon every front, the attacks brought against him by the enemies of Russia at home and abroad. Army after army has been organized and led against Moscow, only to be destroyed by the "red" armies fighting without resources, in a distracted country, and amid a starving population. It is the fashion of these days to compare Lenin with Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, the leaders of France in the bloody days of the "Reign of Terror." The true comparison, however, is with Carnot, the great war minister who raised the levies of the Revolution, and hurled back triumphantly the invading armies of autocratic Europe.

Secondly, Lenin and his commissaries have saved the civilisation of Russia from the utter collapse which was threatened, and is still being threatened, as a result of the catastrophe of the Great War. This is just the opposite of what is ordinarily assumed, for most people believe that it is the advent of Bolshevism which has caused the human misery and social disintegration which are everywhere prevailing in Russia at the present time. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth! The empire of the Czar collapsed of its own rottenness and decay nine months before the Bolsheviks found their way into the seats of power. This collapse was the immediate result of the impact of the Great War, which in its end, if not in its conscious purpose, was a struggle for the destruction, and not at all for the preservation of civilization. What happened in Russia in 1917, was only what would have happened in France had the War continued another year, and in Great Britain had it continued another four or five years. Russia simply went to pieces, because she was the least developed and most corrupt of modern capitalistic countries, and therefore the least able to bear the strain. The first revolutionary government which succeeded the Czar, tried to control the situation, but ignominiously failed. Then came Kerensky, who likewise failed. Then came Lenin, who put his mighty shoulders beneath the toppling fabric of the state, and has thus far prevented it from falling. That Russia is not to-day a realm of utter chaos—that its cities are not empty, its railroads streaks of rust running across vast wastes of desert country, its peoples swarming hordes of wanderers trooping madly to the west in search of food—all this is due more to Nicolai Lenin than to any other single force in the world to-day. If H. G. Wells is right in his surmise that the fate of Europe is identical with the fate o

Russia, I venture to prophesy that the time will come when this man will be remembered not as a destroyer, but as the saviour of the social structure of civilization.

Lastly, as we survey the achievements of Lenin, we see his great constructive undertakings in the field of statesmanship. Amid unexampled confusion and difficulties, he has worked out a new formula of economic relations—communism; he has builded a new structure of social order—the Soviet; he has visioned a new type of social idealism—a democracy of the workers; he has created out of abstract theory a new technique of practical achievement—the dictatorship of the proletariat.

These are the deeds of a man of the first order of practical genius. If Lenin falls short anywhere, and I am certain that he does it is in the field of moral idealism. He seems to be absolutely devoid, not in character but in thought, of everything that we mean by ethical or spiritual principle. He boasts of the fact that he has no religion but lives contentedly in the realm of materialism. He denies that there is any such reality as a moral law to which it is proper or necessary for him to give acknowledgment. What we ordinarily describe and recognize as a system of ethics, calling for the allegiance of all right-minded people, he regards as an artificial code created by the strong, and imposed by them upon the weak for the better protection of their property and privileges. To Lenin's way of thinking anything is right that serves the class interest of the workers; by the same token, anything is wrong that delays or hinders the emancipation of the workers. In his activities as leader of the proletariat and chief executive of the Soviet republic, Lenin acts upon exactly the same law of necessity which holds away upon the field of battle. Like the soldier, in other words, he

does anything which it is necessary to do in order to defeat the enemy and thus clinch victory for his cause. "The end justifies the means!" Lenin is seeking a great end of human redemption and social liberation; any means which are necessary for the attainment of this end, are justifiable in the period which must intervene before men are ready and able to reach the goal. It is this realist point of view of life which explains the extraordinary contradictions in Lenin's career. Thus Lenin is a democrat; but he sustains one of the most absolute tyrannies that mankind has ever known. He is not a terrorist, and yet he carried through the six weeks of the "red terror" with ruthless severity. He is not a militarist, and yet he has builded on the foundation of universal conscription, the most powerful and successful military machine in the world to-day. What we have in Lenin is a phenomenon which has never before appeared in history, so far as I know—a reformer of unquestioned personal integrity, rigorously pure in private character, simple and unpretentious in his ways of life, devoted to the ideal of a better world, seeking nothing for himself and everything for his fellow-men, and yet a man arrogant, autocratic, stern, hard in outline, untouched by any softness save a love for children. At bottom, there is nothing gentle or lovely about this man; he suggests only the strength of granite, and the coldness of steel. This is the reason, I take it, why Mr. Wells, when he thinks of Lenin, finds himself recalling the figure of Mohammed. Bertrand Russell, when he saw Lenin and his regime, was put in mind of Cromwell and the Puritans, I have to confess that I always think, in this connection, of Napoleon Bonaparte. All these parallels are defective—the last outrageously so; but they serve at least to reveal the realistic pattern of the man, and the stupendous order of his genius.

It is obvious that we have not yet found our greatest man. Rolland, the idealist is defective on the side of practicality ; Lenin, the realist, falls short on the side of ideality. What we need is a universal man—a man who combines in perfect balance the supreme qualities of the Frenchman and the Russian—a man who is at once an idealist and a realist, a dreamer and a doer, a prophet who sees “ the heavenly vision ” and, “ not unfaithful to (that) vision ” makes it to come true. Is there any such person living in the world ?

I believe that there is—unquestionably the greatest man living in the world to-day, and one of the greatest men who has ever lived. I heard of him first in 1917, through an article by Professor Gilbert Murray in the “ Hibbert Journal.” I did not learn anything of him again until a few months ago, when there came to my desk a little paper-covered pamphlet containing extracts from his speeches and writings. This is meagre information ; but when I read it, I felt as did John Keats when he first read Chapman’s translation of the “ Iliad ”—

“ Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes.
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men.
 Looked at each other with a mild surmise.
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The man whom I have in mind is Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the Indian leader of the present great revolutionary movement against British rule in India, known and revered by his countrymen as Mahatma, “ the Saint.” I wonder how many of you have ever heard of him, or know the story of his life. Listen while I tell

this story, and see if I am not right in calling its hero the greatest man in the world to-day !

Gandhi was born some fifty odd years ago in India of a rich, clever and cultivated family. He was reared as the sons of such families are always reared, possessed of everything that money can buy and the imagination of devoted parents can conceive. In 1889 he came to England to study law. He took his degree in regular course, returned to India, and became a successful lawyer in Bombay. Already, however, he had found that religion was coming to have a dominant place within his life. Even before his journey to England, he had taken the Jain vow to abstain from wine, flesh, and sexual intercourse. On his return to India, his asceticism increased. Finding that money was inconsistent with his ideal of spirituality, he gave away his fortune to good causes, keeping only the barest pittance for himself. Later on, he took the vow of poverty, and thus became, what he is still to-day, a beggar. Later still he became converted to the doctrine of non-resistance, which he calls "the root of Hinduism," and therefore abandoned the practice of the law as "a system which tried to do right by violence." When Gilbert Murray saw him in England in 1914, he ate only rice, drank only water, and slept on the bare boards of a wooden floor. "His conversation," says Professor Murray, "was that of a cultivated and well-read man, with a certain indefinable suggestion of saintliness." Gandhi was indeed become a saint. He had deliberately swept out of his life every last vestige of self-indulgence, that no slightest desire of the flesh might stand in the way of devotion to his ideals. From early in his life, he was a man apart, with every last energy of soul and body dedicated to the service of humankind.

His public career divides itself into two distinct periods. The first extends from 1893 to 1913, and is identified with South Africa. The second, which belongs to India itself, runs from 1913 to the present day.

In South Africa, in the early nineties of the last century, there were located some 1,50,000 Indians, chiefly in the province of Natal. The presence of these aliens had led to a situation very similar to that now prevailing in California as a result of the influx of the Japanese. The color question, in other words, had become acute, and the South African Government determined to meet it, first by forbidding the immigration of any more natives from India, and secondly by expelling the Indians who were already there. This last it was found, could not legally be done as it violated a treaty and was opposed by Natal where industry was depended upon cheap "coolie" labour and was objected to by the Indian Government. The first proposal of course could easily be met by the passage of an exclusion act. At once began a long and bitter struggle. The whites of South Africa, baffled in their desires, did what the whites in all parts of the world have always done under such circumstances—namely, persecuted and outraged those whom they detested as so-called inferiors. Systematically they undertook to make life in South Africa as miserable an affair for all Indians, especially those above the labour class, as malice and cruelty could provide. Thus, these Indians were burdened with special taxes; they were forced to register in degrading ways; their thumb-prints were taken as though they were criminals; they were publicly insulted and discriminated against. In cases where the law could not be conveniently utilized the South African whites did what we do so proudly here in America—organised patriotic mobs to loot, burn and lynch. Nothing was left undone to harry these

unhappy Indians and drive them in wretchedness and horror from the land.

It was in 1893 that the Indians in South Africa appealed to Gandhi, and asked him to come and help them. At once he responded to their call, for it was his conviction that if his countrymen were anywhere suffering it was his duty and privilege alike to suffer with them. He came, therefore, to Natal in 1893, and there he remained with the exception of one short interval of time, until 1913. As he was still a lawyer at this time, he began his fight against the Asiatic Exclusion Act, and won it in the face of the most bitter and unfair opposition on grounds of constitutionality. Then came the terrific battle for equitable political and social recognition—a struggle fought from beginning to end with the weapons of passive or non-resistance. Not once in all the years of the protracted struggle was there resort to violence or yielding to the temptation of retaliation and revenge.

Acting as the leader and counsellor of his people, Gandhi founded a settlement in the open country just outside the city of Durban. Here he gathered the Indians, placed them on the land for self-support and bound them by the solemn vow of poverty. Here for years these organized thousands of resisters suffering constant deprivation and frequent outrage, carried on their struggle against the government. It was in essence, I suppose a strike—a withdrawal of the Indians from labour in the towns and villages and a paralysis, therefore, of the industrial and social life of the republic. It was such a strike as Moses declared in incident Egypt when he led the Israelites out of the land of Pharaoh into the vast reaches of the wilderness. But this strike if it may so be called was in one thing different from any previous strike in human history! Universally in movements of this kind the resisters make

it their business to take quick and sharp advantage of any difficulty into which their opponents may fail and press their claim the harder for this advantage. Gandhi however, took the opposite course. Whenever in these years of struggle the Government became embarrassed by unexpected troubles, Gandhi, instead of pushing the fight ruthlessly to victory, would call a truce and come to the succour of his enemy. In 1899 for instance the Boer War broke out. Gandhi immediately called off his strike and organized an Indian Red Cross unit which served throughout the war, was twice mentioned in dispatches, and was publicly thanked for bravery under fire. In 1904, there came a visitation of the plague in Johannesburg. Instantly the strike was "off" and Gandhi was busying himself in organizing a hospital in the pest-ridden city. In 1906 there was a native rebellion in Natal. Again the strike was suspended while Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of stretcher-bearers, whose work was dangerous and painful. On this occasion he was publicly thanked by the Governor of Natal—and shortly afterwards on the resumption of the resistant movement thrown into a common jail in Johannesburg. It would be impossible for me to tell this morning the indignities and cruelties which were visited upon Gandhi during these years of intermittent resistance and forgiveness. He was thrown into prison countless times, placed in solitary confinement bound hand and foot to the bars of his cage. He was again and again set upon by raging mobs beaten into insensibility and left for dead by the side of the road. When not outraged in this fashion he was insulted in public mortified and humiliated with the most exquisite pains. But nothing shook his courage, disturbed his equanimity, exhausted his patience or poisoned his love and forgiveness of his foes. And at last, after twenty years of trial and suffering he won.

the victory. In 1913 the Indian case was taken up by Lord Hardinge ; an imperial commission reported in Gandhi's favour on nearly all the points at issue and an act was passed giving official recognition to his claims. I know of no more astonishing illustration of a battle won by doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring without resentment all the punishment the enemy can inflict, until at last he becomes weary and ashamed of punishment.

The second period of Gandhi's life began in 1913, and is at this moment in the full tide of its career. This period of course, has to do with the great revolutionary movement in India which had been slowly developing during his years of absence in South Africa. Immediately upon his return he took the leadership of this movement; but in 1914, with the outbreak of the war with Germany suspended all operations against English rule. To strike at England at such a moment, he contended was to strike her in the back and it was as reprehensible to strike a nation in this cowardly fashion as to strike a man. Throughout the war, therefore, Gandhi gave enthusiastic support to the Empire in every way not inconsistent with his religious ideals.

Immediately that the war was closed however quickened by the outrages visited upon the Indians during this period by the oppression of English tyranny, Gandhi lifted again his banner of revolt and organized that stupendous Non-Co-operative movement, which is shaking the British Empire at this moment to its foundations. What we have here, under Gandhi's leadership is a revolution—but a revolution different from any other of which history has knowledge. It is characterized by four distinctive features.

In the first place, it is a movement directed straight and hard against English rule in India. There is no concealment of Gandhi's determination to free his people from the injustice and cruelty implicit in alien domination. "So long" he says "as the Government spells injustice it may regard me as its enemy—implacable enemy." Again he declares, "I seek to paralyze this Government until we have wrung justice from unwilling hands that is what I stand for." Still again he asserts, "I deliberately oppose the Government to the extent of trying to put its very existence in jeopardy." That this is sedition, Gandhi sees as clearly as any one. If he were charged under the sedition section of the Indian Penal Code he says that he could not plead not guilty. . . . "For my speeches are intended to create disaffection such that the people might consider it a shame to assist or co-operate with a Government that had forfeited all title to confidence, respect or support."

With all this unbending opposition to English rule, however, there is mingled no hatred against the English people. Gandhi has never at any time been guilty of the sin to which most of us were tempted during the war with Germany, of confusing a Government with its people. "I tell the British people," says Gandhi, "that I love them, and that I want their association," but this must be on conditions not inconsistent with self-respect and . . . absolute equality."

Secondly, Gandhi's movement is a revolution which has no place for force or violence of any kind. "Non-violence" is its most conspicuous motto and slogan. For Gandhi, as we have seen, is a non-resistant; and in India, as in South Africa, will win his victory by peaceful means, or not at all "Violence." he says, "whatever end it may

serve in Europe, will never serve us in India." We must fight our battles with cleaner weapons, on a nobler plane of combat. Thus, "we (must) meet their ungodliness by godliness; we (must) meet their untruth by truth; we (must) meet their cunning and their craft by openness and simplicity; we (must) meet their terrorism and frightfulness by bravery and patient suffering." Further, he says, "We must bring no violence against those who do not join our ranks"—how well were it, if Lenin practised this rule of conduct! And he adjures his followers to hold "every English life, and the life of every officer serving the Government, as sacred as those of our own dear ones"—think of what it would mean to Ireland if Sinn Fein observed this precept! "As soon as India," says Gandhi, "accepts the doctrine of the sword, my life as an Indian is finished.Then India will cease to be the pride of my heart."

In advocating thus the policy of non-violence, Gandhi takes pains to emphasize that he is not doing this because the Indians are weak. On the contrary he commends non-violence just because India is so strong and thus so well able to meet the hazards involved. "I believe in the doctrine of non-violence," says Gandhi, "as a weapon not of the weak but of the strong. I believe that man is the strongest soldier who dies unarmed with his breast bare before the enemy." Again, he says, ". . . I want India to practise non-violence because of her strength and power. No arms are required for her. We seem to need it because we seem to think that we are but a lump of flesh. I want India to recognize that she has a soul that cannot perish, and that can rise triumphant above every physical weakness and defy the physical combination of the world."

At bottom, of course, Gandhi advocates and practises non-resistance because he thinks it right. "The true thing," he declares, "for any human being on earth, is not justice based on violence but justice based on sacrifice of self." Again he says, "Non-violence is noble and right. . . . Forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Forgiveness adorns a soldier." It is from this point of view, I take it, that Gandhi refers to his movement as "this religious battle"! He is insistent, however that non-resistance is not only right but expedient. It is the one sure way of attaining a triumph that will endure. "The condition of success," he says, "is to ensure entire absence of violence." Again, "India might resort to destruction of life and property, but it could serve no purpose. You need but the one weapon of suffering." Such truth is obvious to any one, says Gandhi, who understands the laws of a universe which is spiritual. "If we would realize the secret of this peaceful and infallible doctrine, we will know and find that we will not want to use even an angry word when they lift the sword, we will not want even to lift a little finger."

Non-violence, however, is not enough. Non-resistance means something more than mere acquiescence in suffering. It must have a positive or aggressive policy—and it is this which Gandhi provides in what he calls "Non-Co-operation." To all his followers Gandhi recommends refusal to co-operate in any of the political or social functions which are essential to the continuance of British rule in India. He urges that the Indians boycott everything English, and thus paralyze the whole English system of control. Thus he advises that his countrymen refuse to sit on the local Councils; that native lawyers refuse to practise in the courts; that parents withdraw their children from the schools; that title-holders

give up their titles. On the occasion of the recent tour of the Prince of Wales, he urged all Indians to refuse welcome or recognition to the Royal visitor. Even a boycott of English goods is under consideration, but of this Gandhi voices his disapproval. Such policy, of course, if effectively carried out on a large scale, would destroy English rule in India; it would little by little bring paralysis to the Government as the hemlock brought inch by inch the chill of the death to the limbs of Socrates. "The peaceullest revolution the world has ever seen" would be triumphant.

Lastly, as the crown of his great movement, Gandhi seeks the moral and spiritual regeneration of India on the lines of Indian thought, Indian custom, and Indian idealism. This means the exclusion, so far as possible, of the influence of the West, with its industrial slavery, its materialism, its money-worship and its wars. The first step in his endeavour is to wipe out the barriers which divide the Indians from one another, and make them one great united brotherhood. Thus, he seeks the obliteration of caste distinction and religious differences; Mohammedan must live peaceably with Hindu, and Hindu with Mohammedan. Then must come a leadership of mankind in ways of peace and amity. "I believe absolutely," says Gandhi, "that India has a mission for the world." His idealism, therefore, transcends the boundaries of race and country and seeks to make itself one with the highest hopes of humanity. "My religion," he cries, "has no geographical limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself."

Such is Mahatma Gandhi! In this great spirit, he lives among the people. As he moves from city to city, crowds of thirty and even fifty thousand people assemble

to hear his words. As he pauses for the night in a village, or in the open countryside, great throngs come to him as to a holy shrine. He would seem to be what the Indians regard him—the perfect and universal man. In his personal character, he is simple and undefiled. In his political endeavours, he is as stern a realist as Lenin, working steadfastly toward a far goal of liberation which must be won. At the same time, however, he is an idealist, like Romain Rolland living ever in the pure radiance of the spirit. When I think of Rolland, as I have said, I think of Tolstoi. When I think of Lenin, I think of Napoleon. But when I think of Gandhi, I think of Jesus Christ. He lives his life ; he speaks his word ; he suffers, strives, and will some day nobly die, for His kingdom upon earth.

Do you recall how it is told of Jesus, that one day, as he was journeying, he heard his disciples quarrelling ? And he said, "What were ye reasoning on the way ?" And they said they had disputed who was the greatest. And Jesus said, "If any man would be first among you, let him be the servant of all."

MAHATMA GANDHI

BY

W. W. PEARSON.

Whatever may be one's personal opinion of the Indian leader, M. K. Gandhi, there can be no doubt that he is a remarkable man. Remarkable because his standard of conduct and method of action are so entirely different from those of other Indian leaders. Statesmen and politicians are seldom guided by the motives which compel Gandhi to action, and the very fact that in him we see a man who wields enormous influence over his countrymen

by a character—the exact antithesis of the ordinary political leader—gives to his personality a peculiar interest. One Governor of a British Province in the East has described him as “a dangerous and misguided saint.” Everyone, whether foe or friend, agrees in regarding him as a saint. And it is because of his evident saintliness of character that he has such an unparalleled influence in India at the present day.

In a recent article on Gandhi in an American magazine he was described as “A Monk who imperils British Rule in India.” That one man by the force of his austere and ascetic character should be regarded as a menace to one of the greatest Empires that has ever existed, is in itself a remarkable phenomenon. Accounts from India recently have described how, during the Duke of Connaught’s visit to the large cities of the different provinces, the streets on many occasions when the Duke was passing through the city, were almost deserted. This is a striking enough circumstance in view of the great reverence with which royalty has been regarded in India throughout her history, and is a contrast to the welcome which was given to King George on his visit. But more striking than the deserted streets in the presence of the uncle of the Emperor were the crowded streets whenever Gandhi passed through any of these cities. In Delhi, the present capital, when Gandhi arrived a crowd of 80,000 took possession of the railway station and was permitted by the station officials to superintend the arrival of the train in which the popular leader was travelling. As he drove through the streets of Delhi there were crowds lining every thoroughfare numbering more than 1,00,000.

The explanation of this phenomenon is simple. Not only do the people, the masses of India, reverence Gandhi

as a saint, but he has practically unlimited influence over them in the sphere of national aspiration. But this is not because he is primarily a politician. He has none of the usual qualifications for political success. He is not Diplomatic, for he lays all his cards on the table. He never compromises and has never been known in his public life to rely on expediency rather than on principle. He belongs to no party and has therefore no party ambition, and he is unmoved by the criticism of friends and enemies alike. He himself has said:—

“Most religious men I have met are politicians in disguise: I, however, who wear the guise of a politician, am at heart a religious man.”

MAHATMAJI'S HOLD ON MASSES

He is a man who, by the very example of this ascetic life would attract the masses in India whatever his policy might happen to be, and it is just because of the great influence which he exercises over the people that he is regarded as so dangerous an opponent of British rule in India. He cannot be bribed or tempted by personal ambition to change his methods. He is a man who, having once accepted a principle, will not yield an inch even to those whom he knows to be his friends, even though he knows that by yielding he might gain large numbers of adherents. Some people have said that he is easily influenced by those around him, and is being used as a tool by the Extremist leaders who regard his fame as a saint as a valuable asset for their own propaganda. As a matter of fact no man is less readily influenced or diverted by external pressure from his purpose than Mr. Gandhi. I came across a striking example of this some years ago when I first had the privilege of meeting Mr. Gandhi.

It was in the autumn of 1913 that trouble arose in South Africa because of the treatment of the Indian residents in that Colony. Gandhi had for years been struggling on behalf of his fellow-countrymen to assert their rights in South Africa as fellow-citizens with the white subjects of the British Empire. He had given up a lucrative legal practice in order to devote his whole time to this cause. A crisis was reached in October 1913 owing to the action of Mr. Gandhi in starting an extensive Passive Resistance Movement aimed at inducing the Union Government to grant their demands. As a result of his appeal thousands of men, women and children marched without permits from Natal into the Transvaal, while many others went on strike in the mines and sugar plantations. The government arrested and imprisoned thousands converting the mines into jails to accommodate the unprecedented number of prisoners. Mr. Gandhi as well as two or three European sympathisers were also imprisoned. Feeling in India at the news ran high, so high indeed that the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, made a strong public protest in a speech in Madras against the treatment of Indian citizens of the Empire in South Africa. In every province of India the people united in protest and the government both in India and in England became alarmed. At last the South African government realising the danger to the Empire, hastily appointed a Commission to inquire into the grievances of the Indian leaders in order that they might give evidence. But in appointing the commissioners they did not appoint any nominee or representative of the Indian community. They did not even consult the Indian leaders as to the scope and character of the Commission. Mr. Gandhi protested and asked that the Indian community be allowed to appoint at least one representative to serve on this Commission, but the Govern-

ment refused. Mr. Gandhi then made the announcement that as a protest he would neither give evidence himself nor could he advise any self-respecting Indian to give evidence. This would obviously stultify the work of the Commission and at the same time would give to the critics of Indian aspirations the occasion for saying that the Indians refused to give evidence simply because their evidence was weak. In India, the great Indian statesman and politician, the Hon. G. K. Gokhale, for whom Gandhi had the profoundest admiration and love, saw this clearly enough and was almost daily sending cables to Mr. Gandhi urging him to reconsider this decision. Mr. Gokhale felt that such a boycott of the Commission would be sure to have a detrimental effect on any sympathy which the Indian case had aroused both in England and in South Africa itself. But Mr. Gandhi was adamant on this point. He regarded the honour and self-respect of the Indian community as at stake, and although he realised that he was going against the wishes of the one Indian whom he respected above all others, and that Mr. Gokhale was right in so far as political expediency was concerned, he would not retract, and the Commission sat without hearing the evidence either of Gandhi or any other Indian of position or influence.

ALLEGIANCE TO PRINCIPLES

I remember clearly being greatly struck with this unusual and unyielding allegiance to principle. On a point of honour Mr. Gandhi would never compromise, and since then though I have seen him under very different circumstances I have never known him to compromise the honour and self-respect of India. It is this quality which seems to some to be his weakness because for the sake of some distant and unattained ideal he often loses for the time being some obvious but temporary advantage. But in

reality it is this quality which constitutes Gandhi's strength; for, everyone who has to deal with him knows that he will never accept any policy or accede to any request which he himself believes to be contrary to his principle of Truth. We may disagree with him as to what is Truth, we may disapprove of the methods he adopts for achieving his ends, but one thing is self-evident to all who come into contact with him and that is the fact that Gandhi is absolutely disinterested in his actions and cares not at all for his own personal popularity or position.

In appearance he is not at first striking. His very asceticism makes him insignificant physically. He personifies an idea and when he is expressing it his body does not seem to count. When I first met him in South Africa he was taking only one meal a day and that consisted of fruits, nuts, and whole meal bread with olive oil. He took very little sleep and from early morning till late at night he was busy interviewing people, discussing plans of campaign, and writing important despatches to India and to the government authorities in Pretoria. But however busy he was, he always had time to talk with the poorest of the coolies who came to see him and to consult him constantly. He would ask them often to come and sit by him as he took his meals in order that he might have more time for talking to them. The poorest people felt that he was their friend; for he had a word for all. When he went to Pretoria to see General Smuts and General Botha he was dressed in the simple home-spun which he always wears, and walked barefoot. His face expresses great patience and love, and to me he seemed nearer to my idea of Saint Francis of Assisi than anyone I had ever seen. He believed intensely in the ultimate victory of those who try to "Conquer hatred by love," and never allowed people to express hatred towards those whom he

regarded as treating his fellow-countrymen unjustly. He strives with implacable insistence by the force of moral suasion to compel his rulers to yield to his demands for fair and just treatment.

He expects this unfaltering loyalty to Truth in his followers, and although gentle and very tolerant towards those who differ from him, over those who once ally themselves to him he exerts a moral authority which is almost despotic. Regarding celibacy as the highest estate for service of humanity he expects those who live in his community to observe the same rule of continence that he has imposed upon himself. Also he is a rigid vegetarian though I remember his once advising me to eat meat when I had been ill.

He is chivalrous to his opponents and never takes advantage of the weakness of those who are opposing him however tempting the opportunity may be. This quality he has shown once or twice in his recent campaign. But the following example will suffice. Shortly after his release from jail early in 1914 a serious strike broke out amongst the white labourers on the Rand. Gandhi had a week previously threatened to re-start the Passive Resistance Movement and to call the Indian coolies in the mines and on the plantations out on strike as a protest against the lack of representation on the Commission referred to above. Instead of taking advantage of the difficulty in which the Government was placed, Gandhi announced that the Passive Resistance Movement would be entirely suspended until the Government was free from the embarrassment caused by the strike on the Rand. Had he chosen he could have carried out his threat while the Government's hands were filled with the Rand Strike, and probably might have gained much for which he had been

for so long struggling. But he was chivalrous to his opponent and General Smuts was the man to appreciate chivalry of this kind, for when later the Indian question again came up for discussion he was found in a frame of mind much more ready to listen to the Indian point of view. But this was not done as a matter of tactics; it was a point of honour to fight clean. In the end it proved to be good tactics also, for by the middle of 1914 most of the demands of the Indian community were met and laws were passed in the Union Parliament granting juster treatment to Indians in the Colony.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE

I have described Mr. Gandhi's public activities in South Africa, but in order to know the complete character of the man it is necessary to say something of his private life. Near Durban he had a Settlement which was a community based on the principles of service. It was situated at Phoenix, and it was there that one saw Gandhi in the atmosphere and surroundings in which his characteristic unselfishness was most apparent. It was modelled on the lines which Tolstoi had advocated at the close of the last century. Mr. Gandhi had a profound admiration for Tolstoi and his teachings, and possibly owes more of his present attitude on the value of Passive Resistance to that great Western Teacher than to the teachings of his own religion, though "*ahimsa*" (aversion to slaughter or inoffensiveness) is one of the chief doctrines of the Hinduism which Gandhi both practises and preaches.

It was at this Settlement that one saw Mr. Gandhi co-operating in the work which the boys and other members of the community were engaged in. Often did I protest against the way in which Mr. Gandhi spent his valuable time, in the midst of his great public responsibilities

in menial tasks which could so easily have been carried out by less prominent members of the Settlement. When the Hon. Mr. Gokhale was guest at Phoenix, he had the same experience, and he often told humorously of the heartless tyranny of his host who insisted upon doing the most menial tasks, including that of the sweeper, for his guests. To protests he would reply that as regards a piece of work which had to be done and got through there was no highness or lowness about it—if a piece of work was thought to be too dirty for him (Gandhi), it should be regarded as too dirty and low even for any poor sweeper, who was just as much a human being as he himself.

It is this readiness to make the same sacrifices which he asks those who follow him to make which gives to him his moral authority. As a writer in India has said of him :

“Mr. Gandhi has always been prepared to accept and has always actually accepted for himself the direct logical outcome of his principles, whatever hardship and breach of social convention it may involve. This, combined with his utter sincerity, the austere simplicity of his life and his readiness to serve the people at all costs and sacrifice, explains his unparalleled hold over his countrymen. No trick or posing can give such influence to any leader.”

When Mr. Gandhi gave up a lucrative legal practice in Johannesburg, the annual income from which was over Dols. 15,000, in order that he might serve his countrymen, he was obeying the same impelling call which came to Saint Francis of Assisi, and later to Tolstoi. But although he felt that poverty was necessary to himself because it gave him freedom, he does not ask others to follow his example and amongst many of his most enthusiastic friends

and admirers are men of wealth and position. His desire was to win for the Indians of South Africa the equality which he regarded not only as the right to every citizen of the British Empire but also as the right of every human being. But although he fought the Government to win the justice he knew was the right of his countrymen, he co-operated whenever possible with the very government whose abuses he was attempting to remove. He received the Zulu war medal for his services as the officer in charge of the Indian Volunteer Service Corps in 1906, and the Boer war medal for his services as Assistant Superintendent of the Indian Volunteer Stretcher Bearer Corps during the Boer War of 1899—1900. He was also later decorated by the Indian Government with the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal for his humanitarian work in South Africa. It was his hope that by showing the readiness and ability of Indians to share in the dangers and responsibilities of the Empire he would win for them some measure of respect. These medals he has now returned to the British Government as a protest against the action of the authorities in regard to the Turkish Peace Treaty and their attitude to those who were responsible for the shooting of hundreds of innocent people at Amritsar. Up till quite recently he had believed in the ultimate triumph of justice because he trusted the British people to see that justice was done. Now that hope he has surrendered as will be seen from his letter to "Every Englishman in India."

"A CLEVER POLITICIAN"

Most Englishmen in India regard Gandhi as a clever politician who attains his political ends by masquerading under the cloak of a saint. It is true that no other politician in India has succeeded in doing what Gandhi has done, uniting the people of every Province in a common demand

for freedom. Even the late Mr. Gokhale, the greatest Indian statesman of modern times and Gandhi's ideal politician, did not succeed simply because he measured the immediate consequences of his actions in a way which Gandhi never does.

Gandhi has succeeded in awakening the common feeling of nationality of which Sir John Seeley speaks in his "Expansion of England." When, referring to India, he wrote :—

" If there could arise in India a nationality movement similar to that which we witnessed in Italy, the English power could not even make the resistance that was made in Italy by Austria, but must succumb at once."

NO MORE OF FOREIGN DOMINATION

Mr. Gandhi believed for many years in the doctrine of gradual evolution towards self-government and tried the method of co-operation with the British Government whenever possible. But at length he has adopted a more incisive method, and has created in the masses the feeling that it is shameful to be under foreign domination. Sir John Seeley wrote—

" If the feeling of a common nationality began to exist in India only feebly ; if, without any active desire to drive out the foreigner, it only created a notion that it was shameful to assist the foreigner in maintaining his dominion, from that day, almost, our Empire would cease to exist."

Sir Michael O'Dwyer writing recently in the London "Fortnightly" has said :

" Since the Mutiny, the position of our government was never so weak, its credit never so low.

“ Our margin of safety in India was never very large, and in these days of world-wide anxiety and peril it has been reduced almost to vanishing point.”

But it would not have been possible for Gandhi to have created this feeling had not external circumstances concurrently converted the masses of the people to the belief that the continuance of foreign rule was no longer tolerable. For the last twenty years the desire for a greater share in the government of their country has been growing rapidly in India, and many methods have been attempted to attain this end. The Indian National Congress has met year after year and talked, the Swadeshi movement in Bengal, which started after Lord Curzon's attempt to partition Bengal in the teeth of the unanimous opposition of the people had its enthusiastic response in the imagination of the whole of Bengal, while religious organizations like the Arya Samaj in the Punjab, and the Ram Krishna Mission started by followers of Swami Vivekananda in Bengal all had their share in educating the people to a realisation of their own rights. But none of these went so directly to the root of the matter as Gandhi's preaching of Non-co-operation. He showed that in thousands of subtle ways Indians were by their co-operation with the existing form of government simply prolonging its life. He pointed out that no government can exist except with the co-operation of the people.

Seeley's words are coming true, and, they are coming true because of the influence of this one man, Gandhi. A recent writer in "India" has said of him :

“ Mahatma Gandhi cuts at the very root of the disease. He is like a surgeon performing an operation, rather than a physician administering soothing drugs. And, as his

surgeon's knife cuts deep, we can see at once the recovery of self-respect and manhood and independence."

* * * * *

Gandhi has been able to unite the people of India as they have never before been united not only because of his unfaltering loyalty to a moral ideal and by his austere and ascetic personal life, but because the British Government has itself fed fuel to the fires of national aspiration. Confronting the most powerful Empire in existence stands one man, Gandhi, who cares nothing for his own personal life, who is uncompromising and fearless in the application of principles which he has once accepted, and who scorns any longer to receive or beg for favours from a Government which he regards as having "forfeited all title to confidence, respect or support." He believes in conquering hate by love, in the triumph of right over might, and all the effort of his public life is directed towards persuading the masses of India of the truth of this ideal.

—*The Asian Review.*

AN ESTIMATE OF MAHATMA GANDHI

By

PERCIVAL LANDON.

Yesterday I spent a long time in the frankest conversation with Mr. Gandhi, and at length succeeded in forming a complete, though almost incredible, estimate of his attitude to the campaign to which he has devoted every faculty and every moment of his life. "No one understands Mr. Gandhi's crusade," said a sage man to me in Bombay, "who does not know Mr. Gandhi." What I have to say, therefore, may probably seem impossible to those who have never met this amazing and dangerous man, who in solitude bestrides the field of Indian sedition

like a colossus. In truth he is alone. He does not seem to need lieutenants or councillors, who embarrass him with their practical suggestions as much as Mr. Gandhi bewilders them by his pure Utopianism. Whether they remain or desert him makes no difference; his appeal is to the lowest of the population, and his strength lies precisely in the fact that his teaching is a visionary reconstruction of the Golden Age based upon universal loving-kindness. He preaches to the heart and despises the head. And, therefore, he has no parallel in the world to-day, either in the semi-divine character of his influence or in the magnitude of the disaster which will attend his success.

Seated on the floor in a small, barely-furnished room, I found the Mahatma, clad in rough, white home-spun. He turned up to me, with a smile of welcome the typical head of the idealist—the skull well formed and finely modelled; the face narrowing to the pointed chin. His eyes are deep, kindly, and entirely same; his hair is greying a little over the forehead. He speaks gently and well, and in his voice is a note of detachment which lends uncanny force to the strange doctrines that he has given up his life to teach. One could not imagine him ruffled, hasty, or resentful, not the least part of the moral supremacy in his crusade is his universally-known willingness to turn the other cheek to the smiter. From the first it must be realised that consciously his teaching has been influenced by that of Christ, for whom his admiration has long been the almost dominating feature of his spiritual life and probably the external character of his daily activity, has been modelled also upon Him. He made a curious observation during our conversation, which throws some light upon his interpretation of the Galilean Teacher. In answer to a remark of mine that Christ strictly abstained from interfering in

politics, Mr. Gandhi answered. "I do not think so but, if you are right, the less Christ in that was He."

AN IDEAL WORLD

The achievement of an ideal world built upon selflessness and governed by loving kindness alone, which has proved too much for the Christian nations seems to Mr. Gandhi a self-evident possibility. The danger, the very real danger, of the man lies in the fact that his belief is exactly that best calculated appeal to the Oriental, and most certain, if adopted, to lead in India to internecine bloodshed and disintegration and—should our long patience become exhausted—to Indian servitude to some other Power more willing than ourselves to keep the sabre rattling in its sheath. It is precisely his idealism which makes him the worst enemy of his own people.

Courteous, implacable, and refined, Mr. Gandhi explained to me the faith that was in him, and as he did so my hopes of an understanding between him and the English grew less and less. The hated civilisation and rule of England must go. I suggested the unprotected state of India should our work come to an end.

"If India has sufficient unity to expel the British, she can also protect herself against foreign aggression; universal love and soul force will keep our shores inviolate. It is by making armaments that war is made."

"But what of the religious antagonism between Hindu and Moslem?"

"No trouble will come."

I thought of the transfigured face of a certain distinguished Moslem follower of Mr. Gandhi, in the Punjab, and his eager anticipation of the day when the coast would be clear and Islam would crush Hindu opposition and

re-establish India as the Sovereign Moslem State—and I renewed the question to which he replied :

“ If trouble should ensue I shall be ready to accpet it. If even all India were submerged in the struggle it would only be a proof that India was evil, and it would be for the best.”

His attitude not unnaturally made me ask what he thought about Lenin. He said he did not know enough about Lenin, but in any case he would prefer Bolshevism to British rule. Unless what has been said before is borne in mind, this answer might seem to justify much that has been charged against Mr. Gandhi, but I am convinced that idealism uncontrolled, and now uncontrollable, is at the root of every extravagant view enunciated by Mr. Gandhi. We agreed that Western and Eastern standards were irreconcilable, but I asked him if he could find no good in Englishmen and English civilisation. He said it was not against individual Englishmen that he directed his campaign. He admitted that several Englishmen had shown a willingness to work unselfishly for India, and instanced Bradlaugh, Jardine, Wedderburn, and Montagu. Asked why, then, he opposed the reforms, he said that the justice they intended had been whittled away by those to whom their application had been entrusted. He would not admit that he could have carried on his campaign inside the Chambers by sending deputies—a remark which gives food for thought. Either he believes that the intense centralisation of the non-co-operative movement would be destroyed thereby, or he wishes as yet to avoid a definite issue between himself and the moderates. In any case his famous justification of his use of such bad products of British civilisation as railways and post offices, on the ground of helping the cause, should apply here also. His

policy in this matter suggests weakness in political organisation.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

His bitterness against modern civilisation is at once the strength and weakness of his campaign. Presented as the protest of Hinduism against the Black Age in which we are now living, it makes a direct appeal to the country districts, whose antagonism to the large towns is one of the disregarded factors in the present Indian situation. He frankly admitted that in two matters, sanitation and organisation, he admired British methods, but he did not seem to realise that the latter covered almost the whole ground of our administration of India. Similar inconsistencies between Western and Eastern standpoints account for much in Mr. Gandhi's teaching, but he seems to forget that India has already attempted something like his Utopia and found it unpractical. Listening to Mr. Gandhi, one was again and again reminded of the beautiful vision of a world of selfless kindness that Gautama inculcated twenty-four centuries ago—a world that never existed, a vision which has left human nature unchanged.

Coming to essentials, I asked him directly whether he did not see that his campaign of non-violence as he conducted it must inevitably result in violence, for which he must be held responsible.

“There will be no trouble unless the Englishmen begin it.” This was so like the German contention that France began hostilities that I asked him if he had said that he believed that the Government at Bihar had recently provoked violence. He said he did not believe it, and added, with a smile, that much was alleged of him that he had never said.

Courteous and refined he remained to the end, but implacable he remained also, and I could only sum up my impression of my visit in the conviction that a pure idealist, whom the people of India revered as a god, must through the very qualities which had enthroned him, end by delivering them over to bloodshed and misery.

—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE INDIAN SAINT

By

COL. JOSIAH C. WEDGEWOOD, M. P.

India is drifting into anarchy. To understand what is now happening in India one must first understand Mahatma Gandhi, and then the state of the clay which he is moulding. The saint or Mahatma has India at his feet; the "intelligensia" differs from him in private, rarely in public; property differs from him and trembles; the Government, any Government, differs from him (because he goes to the root of all Government), and thinks it best to—wait.

The last time I saw him he was sitting cross-legged on a mattress on the floor, eating a dish of rice, and surrounded by a semi-circle of squatting disciples. All he wore was his small white convict cap and a pair of coarse white trousers. "Why have you not brought Mrs. Wedgwood?" said he. On the whole, I was glad I had not, for I know few things more unpleasant than being perched up on a chair, in boots, when all around are silent strangers on the floor.

Gandhi specializes in giving up, in reducing his wants; his recreation is fasting, and making his disciples fast. He looks so physically frail and weak and small that one

could carry him as one does a child, and he makes one feel like that towards him. He is as serious as any child, and as pure. All this has captured India. One does not feel it blasphemous to compare him with Christ; and Christ, too, one suspects, gave infinite trouble to reasonable and respectable followers. For Gandhi is a philosophic anarchist—a new edition of Tolstoy, without Tolstoy's past and a Tolstoy who has long since subdued Nature and shrunk into simplicity.

He tells me that when first he came to London he took lessons in dancing and elocution to fit himself for the polite world. But he is a Jain, peculiarly averse to taking life, and while still a child, he had already found the efficacy of non-resistance; he now came upon Ruskin's "Unto this last," and the dancing lessons ceased. A loathing of civilization, especially Western civilization, grew up. He read Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You," and it fitted in. In South Africa in the early years of the century, he was still nominally a lawyer, but the practice died out, and instead the gaols of the Transvaal and Natal began to be full of his disciples. The last cure for oppression by Government is to be completely indifferent to whatever Government may do. Non-recognition of law, non-cooperation with the State which is the embodiment of civilization, was born in South Africa. It is a terrible weapon, but it can be used only by those who are prepared to lose all. That is a condition which is just beginning to be understood by Indian Nationalists, and they are beginning to shy. It does not deflect the Mahatma. Three times he was gaoled; once he was left for dead, murdered by his own followers for imagined treachery.

In South Africa, too, he wrote his first book, "Indian Home Rule" and sketched the same scheme. If you

would destroy English rule, you must go to the root—cease to use the schools and law courts, refuse to plead, go to gaol gladly. “The Western civilization has corrupted you. Cast it out—by non-co-operation.” But he is not so much interested in destroying Western rule as Western civilization, Western wants, and the parasitic work of towns. Such cotton clothes as he has are hand-spun, hand-woven, and hand-made. His food (when not fasting) is too simple to create fear of gaol fare. (Only, he does use a highpowered motor and the railway train [third class], and the Philistines jeer !)

All this shows why he has such a hold on India, the land of resignation, and also why the fear of him grows too. He takes the students away from the colleges without asking the parents' leave saying, “Follow me.” Education may be a universal need, but educationalists are a Western product, and they squirm. Pandit Malaviya will even fight for his child, the Benares University. Parliaments and Councils are the machinery of Western Government. “Do not join them !” and the Indian politicians, exasperated by Punjab Martial Law, give up them too, and hand the Councils over to the Moderates. They do not like it but they obey. I fear he tolerates Democracy as little as Autocracy on account of their last two syllables. Only he cannot get the lawyers to leave their practices or officials to leave their posts. Only—Gandhi himself is not mighty enough to destroy Western civilization, even by precept and practice, or by his hold on the masses—masses crying, “Mahatma Gandhi ki jai”—“to Gandhi the victory,” though that victory lead them they know not where. Gandhi alone is not enough to drive India to anarchy. There are his allies, the Moslem fanatics; and there is the Government, which for fear of prestige, dare not apologize. —“*The Nation.*”

MOULDER OF THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

What do you think of Mahatma Gandhi ?

‘What do I think of Mahatma Gandhi ? said the poet-philosopher, emphatically; why I think very highly of Gandhi. He is a great man—a great soul.’

‘He to-day wields tremendous power over the teeming millions of India. What is really the secret of his success?’

‘The secret of Gandhi’s success,’ said the Hindu Nobel prizeman enthusiastically, lies in his dynamic spiritual strength and incessant self-sacrifice. Many public men make sacrifices for selfish reasons. It is a sort of investment that yields handsome dividends, Gandhi is altogether different. He is unique in the nobility. His very life is another name for sacrifice. He is sacrifice itself.

‘He covets no power, no position, no wealth, no name and no fame. Offer him the throne of all India, he will refuse to sit on it, but will sell the jewels and distribute the money among the needy.’

‘Give him all the money America possesses, and he will certainly refuse to accept it, unless to be given away for a worthy cause for the uplift of humanity.’

‘His soul is perpetually anxious to give and he expects absolutely nothing in return—not even thanks. This is no exaggeration, for I know him well.’

‘He came to our school at Bolpur and lived with us for some time. His power of sacrifice becomes all the more irresistible because it is wedded with his paramount fearlessness.’

‘Emperors and Maharajas, guns and bayonets, imprisonments and tortures, insult and injuries, even death itself, can never daunt the spirit of Gandhi.’

'His is a liberated soul. If any one strangles me, I shall be crying for help ; but if Gandhi were strangled, I am sure he would not cry. He may laugh at his strangler; and if he has to die, he will die smiling.'

'His simplicity of life is childlike, his adherence to truth is unflinching ; his love for mankind is positive and aggressive. He has what is known as the Christ spirit. The longer I know him, the better I like him. It is needless for me to say that this great man is destined to play a prominent part in moulding the future of the world.'

'Such a great man deserves to be better known in the world. Why don't you make him known, you are a world figure', I said.

'How can I make him known? I am nothing compared to his illumined soul. And no truly great man has to be made great. They are great in their own glory, and when the world is ready they become famous by dint of their own greatness. When their time comes Gandhi will be known, for the world needs him and his message of love, liberty and brotherhood.'

'The soul of the East has found a worthy symbol in Gandhi ; for he is most eloquently proving that man is essentially a spiritual being, that he flourishes the best in the realm of the moral and the spiritual, and most positively perishes both body and soul in the atmosphere of hatred and gunpowder smoke.'

'A few months ago he said that India would win Swaraj (national government) within a year. It may not come to pass within the time indicated but he is sincere and he believes in it. It goes without saying that he will spare no pains, no privations and sacrifice to attain the end in view.'

His South African fight, the moral fight of passive resistance extending over eight years, was crowned with success. Truth may be crushed by brute forces for a while, but it is sure to triumph in the long run.'

'What do you really think of the non-co-operation movement in India?'

'It is great movement indeed. It is a conflict of ideas with physical violence. I have more faith in force of ideas than in physical force. It is fortunate that this movement is headed by a man like Gandhi whose saintly life has made him adored all over India. As long as he is at the helm I am not afraid of the ship, or doubtful of its safe arrival at the port of destination.'

—*Interview with Dr. Tagore by an American correspondent.*

THE SAVIOUR OF INDIA.

By

BLANCHE WATSON.

The first act of the new British Viceroy of India, Lord Reading, was to request an audience with Gandhi, whose activity has been keeping some of the British Government officials awake at nights. Although little is known of the results of the conversation, Gandhi is reported as saying that he and the Viceroy had "understood" each other—which "understanding," be it said, has caused no let up on the part of the non-cooperationists, as Gandhi's followers are known. Under his inspired leadership, millions have, during the past year, discontinued the use of imported cloths and taken to wearing home-made cotton, in pursuance of the idea that *Swaraj* (freedom) "lies hidden in the spinning-wheel." It is the spinning wheel by the way, which has been chosen for the symbol on the new national flag.

The events of the past seven months in India have written a chapter that has never been matched, in modern times at least. There has been opposition to Gandhi's programme of non-co-operation that was only to be expected. "Tories" have come to the fore in India in the twentieth century as they came in America in the eighteenth. But the spirit of 76 has come into being among the teeming millions of this great country. Their goal is the same as that of the American patriots that stood behind Hancock and Adams; it is only their methods that differ. Refusal to help the ruling class to rule has taken the place of mobilization; the vow in which every non-co-operationist promises to abstain from violence precludes resort to arms; good-will has taken the place of hate. Gandhi says, "I would not raise my hand against you even if I had the power, I expect to conquer you only by my suffering. Bravery on the battlefield is impossible for us. Bravery of the soul still remains open to us. I am engaged in invoking that bravery."

And the people respond in a way that is almost inexplicable to the Western mind. There is an authentic account of mob of 30,000 being quietly dispersed by a couple of a Swamis who reminded them of their vow to non-violence. Non-co-operationists, when arrested, make no defence. There is the idea of *Satyagraha*—or passive resistance—the holding fast at any cost to eternal truth. It is this that is supplying the resistance which no mere physical force can ever destroy.

Meantime non-co-operation with an alien people, which connotes co-operation with the best in the national life—for this policy has a positive as well as a negative side—is creating within the shell of the old, a new Indian State, to supersede the present dependent State, wherein

are being destroyed all that makes slaves of 300,000,000 people. It is giving India a new psychology of action—the will to live as a free nation—to create arbitration courts, to build up the village organization system, to start new schools, to revive Indian industries, in a word, to provide for a better life, a new life, and more life for the down-trodden masses.

Non-co-operation of the Indians with the ruling power may be described as rejection; but rejection of the evil means acceptance of the good, and this acceptance it is—this putting aside of death for life—that has brought about the Indian renaissance. It is the positive side of the non-co-operation movement and it is the crowning success of Gandhi's whole programme.

The strangest revolutionary programme that the world has ever seen! And well may the world think on what it will mean to the future if such a programme succeeds—the outlawing of physical force in every field and the fulfilment of Christ's admonition expressed in the so little understood words, "Turn the other cheek!" This means, the saving of humanity from that terrible god, Moloch, who takes his toll from the finest of the men of the race, lays his fell hand upon the children, and reaches into the future—even unto the fourth generation.

Although Gandhi is the greatest foe to the Government of India from the point of view of the British, and although, by his own admission, he is seditious, he is standing between the government and open, armed insurrection. Now and again reports of uprisings come through in spite of the British censorship. India is having more than a rebellion. It is having a struggle between Caesar's and Christ's way of fighting.

The West is watching the people whose high privilege it is to prove to the world that the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are practicable. Gandhi is a born leader, and all sorts and conditions of people are seconding him. These millions of men and women are carrying the fight for independence to the high ground of the spirit, and their goal is a free India. And India freed by such methods will mean a free world ! —*The "Sinn Feiner" of New York.*

GANDHI

By

BENJAMIN COLLINS WOODBURY.

When shall there be again revealed a Saint,
 A holy man, a Saviour of his race,
 When shall the Christ once more reveal his face ?
 Gautama left his ' bode without complaint,
 Till weary, hungered, desolate and faint.
 He sank beneath the bo-tree with his load,
 As on the Path of solitude he strode ;
 And Jesus died to still the sinner's plaint.
 Lives there a man as faithful to his vow ?
 Mahatma to a bounded race of men ?
 Aye, Gandhi seeks his nation's soul to free ;
 Unto the least. ye do it unto Me !
 Hath Buddha found in peace *Nirvana* now ;
 Or doth a Christ walk on the earth again ?

"Unity" Chicago.

GANDHI SAHIB

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Who is this "egregious Mr. Gandhi" whose quaint designs propounded with all solemnity to bring the British Government to its knees and hasten the establishment of complete self-government in India arouse the enthusiasm of Indians and the ridicule of Europeans? He is the soul of India in revolt, the spirit of Indian discontent, the assertion of the East's equality with the West, most powerful and at the same time the most puzzling personality in India to-day. Physically, he hardly counts: scarce 5ft. 6in. in height, frail of body, humble in dress and, devoid of good looks, he presents an altogether undistinguished figure; but a light in the eye and a spring in the step mark him off from the common herd. Birth and caste yield him little prestige; his father was an obscure official in a native state and he himself is a barrister who ceased to practice some years ago. He comes not from the proud ranks of priest or soldier; his caste is that of the trader; but seven years in England and twenty in South Africa have familiarised him, with the wider world of men and affairs and given him a knowledge of the English language possessed by few of his countrymen. He is no orator; and yet he commands the ear of India. He lays no claim to scholarship, he has written nothing with any prospect of immortality. He is the nominee of no party, and yet to-day at the early age of 52 he holds the first place in the hearts of his countrymen. Wherein lies his power? The answer is obvious—in the man himself. This man of humble birth with the light in his eye and the step of a pioneer, this saint turned politician, this returned exile breathing the doctrines of Tolstoy and Ruskin, this "egregious Mr. Gandhi"

is the biggest man in India. We have nobody in this country to whom we can liken him: a General Booth turned politician or a Reverend Roth Smillie might serve as a possible approach to a Western comparison, but even there we should be far from the real Gandhi. He baffles classification. Here, for example, are a few estimates that came within my own knowledge. 'Sir, he is a God,' was the reverent verdict of a Bengali station-master; 'God has given only one Gandhi Sahib in this millennium,' was the fine tribute of an unlettered villager. 'Gandhi is our Mahatma' (our superman) was the faith of a student disciple. "This man reminds me of the Apostle Paul," said a shrewd Government official who had evidently been to a Sunday school in his youth; 'Beware of Gandhi,' wrote a valued friend, 'he is a revolutionary of a most dangerous type.' I have heard him further described as a 'charlatan,' a 'madman,' a 'visionary,' 'a menace to British rule,' an 'astute politician who hides his real designs under a mask of guileless simplicity,' an 'irresponsible and unscrupulous agitator,' or 'a country cousin,' the 'saviour of his country,' and the 'egregious Mr. Gandhi.' This, then, is no common man, be he revolutionary or evolutionary, prophet or politician, saint or sinner, agitator or statesman, madman or wise man, saviour or wrecker, mere man or superman; come he in peace or come he in war, he arrests attention and demands a hearing. He is not to be dismissed by the fine sarcasm of an editorial in an English newspaper nor rendered ridiculous by the foolish worship of admiring disciples: in him the current discontents of India begotten of certain unpopular legislative measures, agrarian and industrial grievances, social inequalities at home and abroad, the implications of the great war and the aftermath of martial law in the Punjab, find expression and he can only be silenced when these are remedied or allayed.

But what manner of man is this? He is a patriot. I have never known a more Indian Indian. He is, moreover, a man of the people. Poverty is the badge of his tribe; the clothes he wears were probably woven by himself—one of his hobbies is handloom weaving; his wants are few—he exists mainly on nuts and fruits; he always travels third class on the railway—a sure token of humility in India, and he is big enough and human enough to break through the conventions of caste and custom in order to eat with pariahs. He will even dine with a Christian missionary! Either a touch of nature makes him wondrous kind or diplomacy drives him to strange companionships and unlikely dinner parties. He is a saint in homespun; but the man is never lost in the saint, for this strangely assorted democrat maintains against heavy odds a keen sense of humour. Then he is a man who bears in his body the marks of suffering. Here, if anywhere, we light on the secret of his power. This man has suffered for being an Indian; his patriotism has been put to the test, time and again, notably in South Africa, where he surrendered a lucrative practice at the bar in order to share the afflictions of his people, and where his championship of their cause led him frequently to prison and on one occasion to the verge of a violent death at the hands of a misguided countryman. These marks command respect. He is of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

A partisan in politics, Gandhi is no bigot in religion. He calls himself a Hindu, but that is a term exceeding broad, and in many matters he shares common ground with Christians and Mahomedans. In fact, his ardent sympathy with the latter contributed largely to the gravity of the Khilafat agitation. He is a disciple of Tolstoy and Ruskin; but he reverences the Christ, and quotes as freely from the Sermon on the Mount as from

the Gita. He sees in the Apostle Paul's eulogy of love a foreshadowing of his own doctrine of 'soul force,' and Calvary as the supreme symbol of sacrifice, is to him holy ground. Familiarity with the Christian Scriptures is a remarkable feature of this remarkable man. Courage and sincerity are closely allied and Gandhi fears neither friend nor foe. He speaks his mind with refreshing candour; and herein he is a man apart, for Indians generally are disinclined to say what they think and state unpleasant truths. Determination is another arresting characteristic. Determination is not far removed from doggedness and we must confess that the 'egregious Mr. Gandhi' is a 'thrown devil.' Once set on a certain course nothing moves him but disaster. This was tragically illustrated in his advocacy of 'passive resistance,' which led, in some measure at least, to the outburst of mob fury that ushered in the reign of terror in the Punjab. Notwithstanding this obstinate strain in him he knows the value of compromise, and has proved himself more than once a shrewd man of affairs. Few practical politicians at the age of 52 have a better record of something attempted, something done. His record in South Africa will bear the closest scrutiny, and all who read it must bear tribute, however reluctantly, to his resource as well as his patriotism. Returning to India late in life, he plunged with eager spirit into its problems, and many hailed him as the natural successor of Gokhale—one of the greatest Indians of all time. For a time social and economic questions claimed him; he intervened effectively in agrarian troubles in Champaran and Kaira and showed so little (?) resource in handling labour problems; he advocated the revival of cottage industries, notably handloom weaving, and pleaded earnestly for the recovery of self-respect among his people; female emancipation found in him an ardent champion, and education, on

Indian lines, a powerful advocate. Ultimately, impelled by the sovereign motive of patriotism, he entered the troubled arena of Indian politics and he stands out to-day the acknowledged leader of the extremist wing of the Nationalist party and the author of the policy of non-co-operation. This is frankly a policy of boycott, and its avowed object is by rendering the present Government futile and impossible, to win complete self-government for India. Primarily it had in view the modification of the Peace Treaty with Turkey and reparation for the alleged miscarriage of justice in the Punjab; but these minor claims are now merged in the supreme claim for immediate and complete Home Rule.

We do well to remember that this no-co-operation movement has behind it not only the dominating personality of Gandhi but also the following sources of discontent:—(1) The Rowlatt Act—a measure designed to deal immediately and drastically with sedition, but carried through in the teeth of the vehement opposition of educated India. (2) The Peace Treaty with Turkey, the terms of which by their alleged unfairness to the Sultan of Turkey and his empire, aroused the deep resentment of Indian Mohammedans. (3) The unfortunate and tragic happenings in the Punjab in April, 1919: 'martial law and no damned nonsense' may be a sovereign remedy in desperate emergencies, but in the Punjab if it averted a mutiny, as its defenders claim, it left behind an embittered populace and wounded the heart of the province. (4) The treatment of Indians in South Africa and elsewhere—the badge of inferiority is harder to bear as the national consciousness in India gains in strength. (5) The acute economic pressure created by the war and the apparent helplessness of Government to relieve the situation. (6) Ever-recurring agrarian and industrial troubles, turned so easily to politi-

cal account, since the grievances, as a rule, are genuine ; and (7) The universal spirit of revolt against things as they are in the world to day, and vocal in India as elsewhere. Bearing these things in mind, it is not altogether surprising that ardent spirits like Mr. Gandhi have come to the conclusion that British Administration in India has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Things, they argue, could not be worse under Indian rule. That they are mistaken hardly affects the issue, they are out to make India mistress within her own house and the spirit of haste now dominates their counsels. Hitherto the goal of educated India has been self-government within the Empire, today the extremist wing of the Nationalist party define their objective 'as self-government by all legitimate and peaceful means.' The reassuring words within 'the British Empire' are dropped, and the possibility of separation must therefore be faced. In the meantime India may become a vast Ireland.

I am of opinion, however, that the policy of non-cooperation will fail in its immediate objective for two very good reasons. (1) It runs counter to human nature. It asks the lawyer to give up his practice, the trader to confine himself to Indian goods, the political to shun the Councils, the politician to renounce his titles, the students to withdraw from Government schools, and the parent to cease propagating his kind till Home Rule is won. This is magnificent, but it levies an impossible tax on Indian human nature as at present constituted. (2) It is dictated by no overmastering need. It overlooks the salient fact that the peasant, the man that really matters in India, and to whom political power must ultimately pass—has yet to be persuaded that Home Rule is a good thing, far less than immediate necessity. But whether non-cooperation succeeded or fail, Gandhi himself will triumph, for he repre-

sents the soul of a people and the man is bigger than his methods. Ere we part from him let us remember that his campaign is inspired by love of India rather than hatred of Great Britain. He is singularly free from race prejudice. He was with us heart and soul in the struggle with Germany as he was with us years ago when as captain of an Indian company of stretcher bearers, he helped us against the Boers. He counted among his friends the late Lord Roberts; he may find another in Lord Reading. When in course of time the 'United States of India,' come into existence, I hazard the opinion that history will regard the spectacle as an outcome of the works and worth of the 'egregious Mr. Gandhi,' as well as the crowning triumph of British statesmanship in India. —*The Glasgow Herald.*

PEASANT-POLITICIAN-STATESMAN

By

ARTHUR S. DRAPE

London Representative of "New York Tribune"—

A host of officials in the India Office in Whitehall, a swarm of government servants in India, a thousand and one traders in London, Bombay and Calcutta know, "M. Gandhi" and fear him. To them he appears a greater menace to the British Empire than all the revolutionists, Bolshevik, agitators. Indian fanatics and other trouble makers of the last fifty years.

But who is "M. Gandhi"? In the "Asiatic Review" for October, N. M. Samarth, a distinguished lawyer and prominent leader of the Moderate Movement in India, writes:—

"M. Gandhi is not an extremist in the sense in which that term is generally applied and understood in Indian

politics. Indian extremists, rightly viewed are Indian patriots in an angry mood. That mood necessarily postulates absence of cool-headedness.

“ M. Gandhi is nothing, if not cool-headed. He is an idealist pure and simple—an idealist, with an unshakable faith in adamantine “ soul force ” as the only force opposed to physical force, which can compel the most powerful Government, however stern and unbending, to yield to the dictates.

STRENGTH IN SINCERITY.

“ His strength lies in his transparent sincerity and honesty of purpose and his unflinching determination to practise what he preaches at all risks and at all hazards.

Though the name of “ M. Gandhi ” appears in every article on India published in this review, which reflects to a more or less degree the Government view, there is not one word against him morally, no charge that he is corrupt, that he is seeking personal honour or reward. “ M. Gandhi ” is incorruptible. He cannot be bought.

This remarkable Indian, with the wisdom of a statesman, the cleverness of a politician, the simplicity of a peasant, is fearless, idolized by a large part of his countrymen, feared by many but hated by none. His non-cooperation programme adopted by a majority of the delegates of Indian National Congress at Calcutta provided for one of the greatest boycott in the history of the world.

He asked for the boycott of the Courts by Indian lawyers and foreign goods by the public generally. M. Gandhi would withdraw boys and girls from schools and colleges and boycott the legislative councils which have just been reformed in an effort to meet the discontent in India.

This is the grave danger which England fears. M. Gandhi is at pains to warn his followers against the use of force. He urges them merely, to sit tight and that policy is infinitely harder to beat than a force of revolutionists.

WON AID OF CONGRESS.

In the opinion of Bombay correspondent of "The London Times" M. Gandhi won the Indian National Congress to his programme because of the almost universal bitterness following the Punjab disturbances. On the other hand, Mr. Samarth quoted earlier, declares that M. Gandhi found the soil ready after the passage of the Rowlatt Act by the Government of India, "betraying a spirit of riding rough shod on Indian public opinion as though it was absolutely unworthy of considerate treatment."

Then came the Khilafat agitation—the Muslim embitterment at the way in which Turkey was treated by the Allies, even though it is now common knowledge that the British Government took an extremely lenient attitude toward the Turk. These are only a few of the causes of the discontent, rather explanations of the tremendous "growth of the Gandhi movement."

Despite the efforts of the Indian Government to prove that it pressed the cause of Indian Muslims at the Peace Conference the belief apparently still exists that the British have been interfering with their religion and that the Sultan of Turkey, the Khilafat had been endangered."

An Indian writing recently in the "Nation" drew an interesting pen picture of M. Gandhi as now a revivalist "clad in the simplest of hand-woven garments, living on the most frugal diet."

According to this writer, M. Gandhi is not a Nationalist who points out to his following like a modern Moses the land of promise lying in the distance. He is not enamoured of western institutions. He has no belief in industrialism which is bound to follow in the wake of western civilization.

GANDHI A REVIVALIST.

He is a revivalist. His appeal is to the past. What do the traditions, philosophy and culture of India lack, says he that we should wholesale import western ideas and thus endanger our immemorial social fabric, which has provided so many saints and heroes? It is because India has turned away her gaze from the Vedas and the ancient philosophy that she had fallen upon evil days.

“Let her return to the past and all will be well. Here lies the irresistible appeal of M. Gandhi to the populace. For in matters of religion and social reform the average Indian is what the average European was in the Middle Ages.

“Religion is yet everything to him; he has not yet learned what the European has learned through bitter experience—to divorce politics from religion.”

BRITISH ARE PUZZLED.

Here too, lies the distrust that most of the younger generations feel against M. Gandhi's proposals. For good or for evil, India has been committed to a system of government which, rightly or wrongly has been called Western, we have too, plunged into the deepest recesses of industrialism. M. Gandhi would have us deliberately set ~~the hands of the clock backward~~. Away with lawyers, doctors, railways, machinery, they are an abomination before the sight of the Lord.”

British Government have had many problems, many strange opponents to handle. President De Valera of the "Irish Republic" is a worthy antagonist but his methods are not new or unusual. Generals Botha and Smuts were tough enemies twenty years ago, but they fought along orthodox lines. Lenin and Trotsky have introduced some new tactics but their strategy generally is not new. M. Gandhi is different; he is a radical reactionary. He is fighting in his own way for Indian progress, but banning all western methods. He is the antithesis of Lenin and De Valera. The British are frank to confess that they are puzzled.

MAHATMA GANDHI

By

BEN SPOOR, M. P.

Of course, the central figure (in the Congress) was Mahatma Gandhi. Who and what is this man of whom it can be said as it was said of one of old that even his enemies "can find no fault in him"? His bitterest opponents unite in tributes to his transparent sincerity, moral courage, and spiritual intensity. (One can, of course, disregard the irresponsible comments of certain members of the British Parliament whose cloudy prejudice obscures judgment—their remedy of "hang Gandhi" has just that weight which a pitiful bigotry ensures). Even Sir Valentine Chirol, while of opinion that Gandhi is "more unbalanced," suggests that he has "increased in spiritual stature." Some folks believe Mahatmaji is mad—all who know him agree that he is good. In this topsy-turvy world it may well be that goodness and honesty lie strangely near to madness. In an age of false values what chance has Right? And with Truth on the scaffold and Wrong

on the throne, it is too much to expect fair estimates of men and movements. Still, to those who have met and talked with Gandhi, who have seen him in a small business meeting or holding vast multitudes under same subtler spell than mere oratory produces; we have sat alone with him in the quiet, or seen the eager throng pressing around to touch the hem of his garment or to kneel and touch his feet—to those he seems to possess a power granted to few. Call it madness if you like, there is a strength in that frail body which defies all the combinations of political expediency however highly-organised they may be. Gandhi has probably a larger following than any living man. And it is not the "masses" only who accept his leadership. He is "Mahatmaji" to intellectuals, even highly-placed officers of the Government exist who recognise in him the compelling authority of real character. The West has produced a Lenin, strong, masterful, relentless alike in logic and method. The East had given birth to a Gandhi, equally strong, masterful and relentless. But whilst the former pins his faith on force the latter relies on non-resistance. One trusts the sword, the other trusts the spirit. In an extraordinary manner these men appear to incarnate those fundamentally opposing forces that—behind all the surface struggles of our day—are fighting for supremacy. —*Farewell letter to the Press, Jan. 1921.*

INDIA'S ROLL-CALL

By

MAUDE RALSTON SHARMAN.

Hail Gandhi! soul of Asia, who works for *Dharma's*
rule

And calls upon a Higher Self, man's lower self to
school

Who raises high the standard of India's *Awatars*,
 That shine in matchless splendour from a galaxy of
 stars,
 Who wakens the discernment, and sets aflame the
 heart,
 To melt and fuse those differences that keep mankind
 apart.
 In *thee*, Mahatma Gandhi, we find the man we seek,
 Through thee, the Mother answers, we hear *All India*
 speak.
 We answer to the Roll Call, arise upon our feet,
 And pledge ourselves to Gandhi, his lifework to com-
 plete,
 Elect to be sufficient to meet our daily needs,
 And throne a reign of plenty where *freedom* leads ;
 United, free in spirit, we move despite our chains,
 And wield for war's blunt weapons, fine moral force
 and brains,
 And though, were bound in dungeons, our bodies
 doomed to die,
 Unshackled and triumphant, '*We'll live again,*' we cry.
 DETROIT, MICHIGAN (U. S. A.) } M. R. S.
 May, 19.

MAHATMA GANDHI

By

" D. P. "

What kind of man is this who excites equal extremes
 of affection and obloquy ; who rejects Western civilisation
 and denounces our modern improvements—factories, rail-
 ways, telephones, hospitals—as either futile or Satanic ?

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi is 51, with greying hair, unflinchingly truthful eyes, and slim, eloquent hands. His voice is low-pitched and monotonous yet pleasing, whether in Gujerati or English.....

'G.'s' genius lies in making lost causes live. To his disarming sweetness of a saint he adds all the arts of the advocate. In South Africa he matched even General Smuts. They sparred for years over Indian claims without quarrelling.....

The key to Gandhi and Gandhism is wrapped in his self-revealing sentence: 'Most religious men I have met are politicians in disguise: I, however, who wear the guise of politician, am at heart a religious man.'

—*The Daily Mail.*

“ THE REVOLT OF PASSIVITY.”

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF NON-CO-OPERATION.

“ The Nation and the Atheneum ” writes—Mr. Gandhi is a figure of such significance that even the remoteness, mental and physical, of India cannot obscure him. One realizes that he is in India what Tolstoy was in Russia, a personality which incarnates the characteristic spiritual vision of his race. His tactics may seem exasperating to our Western minds, and they most certainly set a baffling problem for the Indian administration but the peculiarity of them is that they are evidently much more than tactics. A Western politician, when he invents tactics, simply adapts means to ends on the plane of everyday reality. There is a certain similarity between the methods of Sinn Fein and those of the Indian Non-Co-operators, but Irishmen are Westerners like the rest of us, and there is no spiritual mystery about their methods.

On the surface, perhaps, Mr. Gandhi's notion of the way to achieve "Swaraj" looks as realistic as the earlier tactics of Sinn Fein. One proclaims in principle a boycott of Anglo-Indians and of the whole official machine. In particular, one abstains from elections. The coolies are recalled from the Assam plantations. Above all, no English goods, and especially no Lancashire goods, must be purchased. Students are withdrawn from all the official or Westernizing colleges. Then, since Indians must have cotton goods, and the native mills are not numerous enough to supply them, the students and other enthusiasts are bidden to provide themselves with spinning-wheels and from the working of this primitive hand tool, plied by amateurs and boys, India is exhorted to expect her freedom. Mr. Gandhi's predictions are sanguine. He has positively said that complete success is possible by October, and that the movement will have failed unless full "Swaraj" is attained by the last day of the present year. Imperialism is we think, a tougher force than he realizes. But his conception is reasonable enough as a tactic. The root of all modern Imperialism is economic, and if the Indian market were to disappear beyond hope of recovery, there certainly might be a disposition to consider whether we need delay longer in conceding the full Dominion status. For our part we have no belief in the method of slow and gradual concessions when once a nation is really roused to demand the instant satisfaction of its claim.

But there is a disquieting aspect in this Indian movement. Rabindranath Tagore, fresh from interpreting the East to Europe, has drawn attention to it. He has, he says, brought himself only with great reluctance to dissent from the method of non-co-operation. He is an Indian patriot, and he gave up his knighthood as his own

form of protesting against our brutalities in the Punjab. But he is out of sympathy with the passivity of Mr. Gandhi's attitude. This pride in being able to dispense with everything, even with the gifts of Western science is certainly Oriental. But it is unconstructive and negative. It is a lapse into the instinctive Buddhism of the East. The Oriental attains to spiritual perfection and to a vision of the Infinite by denying and renouncing everything. All particular things, are discarded, and the Infinite is, therefore, a mere emptiness and abstraction. The higher spirits may gain a personal sublimity in the process, but in the mass this attitude tends only to vacancy, to apathy, and to lethargy. The Western mind seeks its Infinite in the system of particular things. We all know its foible. It pursues the particulars and misses the system. It is earthbound, but it is busy, interested, active. The ideal of men like Tagore is rather a synthesis of the two attitudes. The East must learn to seek the Infinite in the fullness and harmony and system of particular things, but it must avoid our vulgar habit of immersing ourselves in them till we lose all vision of the whole.

It is easy to apply this metaphysics to the particular case. To recur to our comparison with Sin Fein. The Irish movement had its own method of emancipating the Irish consumer and producer from the English middleman. It fostered the farmers' co-operative organization. In so doing it advanced from a rather primitive economic system to an evidently higher one, from wasteful individualism to co-ordinated, economic progress with defence against doing, it combined foreign exploitation. When the Indian Non-co-operator substitutes the primeval spinning-wheel for the steamdriven "jenny" of Lancashire, he is attempting to beat a higher form of production by a

lower. One need not be blind to the ugliness of the industrial system to realize that mass production by machinery means an immense economy of human effort.

The attempt is pitiable, and even ludicrous, when young men who should be studying at a University are invited to do with their hands and feet, in weeks of dull toil what a machine would do as well in an hour. Does India really mean to turn her back on science and technical achievement? To our thinking, the road to Swaraj to the emancipation of India from foreign exploitation, lies very largely in the study of Western technology. We should have thought that a constructive patriot instead of setting these students to the sore and hopeless task of vieing with machinery would have bidden them work with redoubled zeal to master engineering, or chemistry, or the science of agriculture.

That advice is not English materialism. Mr. Gandhi's spinning tactics are realistic, economic, even materialistic. But it is a resourceless, primitive materialism. If Mr. Gandhi would do for the wasteful, unproductive, primeval agriculture of India what Mr. Russell has done for the agriculture of Ireland he would reach his goal more surely, if also slowly. It would be the work of a generation and not of a few months. But at the end of it the whole standard of life, the entire habits of thought of the Indian peasantry, would be raised with the fertility of the soil itself. If in doing this he could keep at arm's length the native exploiter and create a truly social system of production (as Irishmen are doing), he would make a moral, as well as an economic, advance. The last thing one wants to see acclimatized in the East is our grasping, gain-loving mentality and its commercial and predatory habits. But at the risk of seeming insular, we do not like to see the East turning its back on Western science. To go no

higher and no further, we are sure that without it the horror of over-population in India and in China can never be met. To take higher ground, we are equally sure that such a man as Sir J. C. Bose, with his fascinating revelations about plant life, has done more to realize the Infinite than all the negations of all the fakirs.

We should be sorry to seem to preach to Indians, however, and to leave our own offences unnoticed. If they are being driven into fanaticism which strikes us as deplorable, not merely because it is anti-British, but because it is unconstructive, the goad to this folly came from us. It was the brutalities and insults of the O'Dwyers and the Dyers which shook the balance of a movement which had and will have again, better possibilities. It is because some of our officials and soldiers made Indians, feel that our yoke is inconsistent with elementary self-respect, that they cast about them for any means of emancipation that might yield its results in a few months. Nor can we forget the provocations of our Turkish policy. What Indians specially resent, about it is that against a people with an Oriental religion we back Greek Imperialism, simply because it is nominally Christian. Our own personal view, based upon a fairly close experience, is that, on the average, the morals of the Eastern Christian, whether in public or in private life, are no higher than those of the Moslem. His religion has no relation whatever to conduct. It is partly an authorized magic, partly a nationalist cult, but it is wholly unethical. The Eastern Christians are frequently, and have been recently, guilty, when they get the chance, of massacre on a horrible scale. The instinctive partisanship which sides with an Eastern race because it is Christian is natural, but it does not stand the test of experience, and it is rightly calculated to turn the rest of the East against us. We have a duty to protect all suffering

minorities, and that duty our Government, in the case of the Armenians, has shamefully neglected. But to turn from this to the promotion of racial or religious wars of conquest is an error of temper which is costing us dear in India. Until we insist on peace in Turkey, on terms that are fair to Turks as well as to Greeks, India will reflect in her unsest the facilities of her people.

THE SOUL OF IT

BY

Prof. GILBERT MURRAY.

Let me take a present day instance of this battle between a soul and a Government, a very curious instance, because it is almost impossible without more knowledge than most people in England possess to say who was wrong and who right.

About the year 1889 a young Indian student, called Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, came to England to study law. He was rich and clever, of a cultivated family, gentle and modest in his manner. He dressed and behaved like other people. There was nothing particular about him to show that he had already taken a Jain vow to abstain from wine, from flesh, and from sexual intercourse.

He took his degree and became a successful lawyer in Bombay, but he cared more for religion than law. Gradually his asceticism increased. He gave away all his money to good causes except the meagrest allowance. He took vows of poverty. He ceased to practise at the law because his religion—a mysticism which seems to be as closely related to Christianity as it is to any traditional Indian religion— forbade him to take part in a system which tried to do right by violence. When I met him in England in 1914, he ate, I believe, only rice, and drank only water, and slept

on the floor; and his wife who seemed to be his companion in everything lived in the same way. His conversation was that of a cultivated and well-read man with a certain indefinable suggestion of saintliness. His patriotism, which is combined with an enthusiastic support of England against Germany is interwoven with his religion, and aims at the moral regeneration of India on the lines of Indian thought, with no barriers between one Indian and another, to the exclusion as far as possible of the influence of the West with its industrial slavery, its material civilisation, its moneyworship, and its wars. (I am merely stating this view, of course, not either criticising it or suggesting that it is right.)

Oriental peoples, perhaps owing to causes connected with their form of civilisation, are apt to be enormously influenced by great saintliness of character when they see it. Like all great masses of ignorant people, however, they need some very plain and simple test to assure them that their hero is really a saint and not a humbug, and the test they habitually apply is that of self-denial. Take vows of poverty, live on rice and water, and they will listen to your preaching, as several of our missionaries have found; come to them eating and drinking and dressed in expensive European clothes—and they feel differently. It is far from a perfect test, but there is something in it. At any rate I am told that Gandhi's influence in India is now enormous, almost equal to that of his friend the late Mr. Gokhale.

And now for the battle. In South Africa there are some 150,000 Indians, chiefly in Natal; and the South African Government, feeling that the colour question in its territories was quite sufficiently difficult already, determined to prevent the immigration of any more Indians, and if possible to expel those who were already there. This

last could not be done. It violated a treaty; it was opposed by Natal, where much of the industry depended on Indian labour; and it was objected to by Indian Government and the Home Government. Then began a long struggle. The whites of South Africa determined to make life in South Africa undesirable, if not for all Indians, at least for all Indians above the coolie class. Indians were specially taxed, were made to register in a degrading way, they were classed with Negroes, their thumb-prints were taken by the police as if they were criminals. If owing to the scruples of the Government the law was in any case too lenient, patriotic mobs undertook to remedy the defect. Quite early in the struggle the Indians in South Africa asked Mr. Gandhi to come and help them. He came as a barrister in 1893; he was forbidden to plead. He proved his right to plead; he won his case against the Asiatic Exclusion Act on grounds of constitutional law, and returned to India. Gandhi came again in 1895. He was mobbed and nearly killed at Durban. I will not tell in detail how he settled down eventually in South Africa as a leader and counsellor to his people; how he found a settlement in the country outside Durban, where the workers should live directly on the land, and all be bound by a vow of poverty. For many years he was engaged in constant passive resistance to the Government and constant efforts to raise and ennoble the inward life of the Indian community. But he was unlike other strikers or resisters in this: that mostly the resister takes advantage of any difficulty of the Government in order to press his claim the harder. Gandhi, when the Government was in any difficulty that he thought serious, always relaxed his resistance and offered his help. In 1899 came the Boer War. Gandhi immediately organised an Indian Red Cross unit. There was a popular movement for refusing it and treating it as seditious. But it

was needed. The soldiers wanted it served through the War, and was mentioned in despatches, and thanked publicly for its skilful work and courage under fire. In 1904 there was an outbreak of plague in Johannesburg and Gandhi had private hospital opened before the public authorities had begun to act. In 1906 there was a Native rebellion in Natal; Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of stretcher-bearers, whose work seems to have proved particularly dangerous and painful. Gandhi was thanked by the Governor in Natal and shortly afterwards thrown into jail in Johannesburg.

Lastly in 1913, when he was being repeatedly imprisoned among criminals of the lowest class, and his followers were in jail to the number 2,500; in the very midst of the general strike of Indians in the Transvaal and Natal there occurred the sudden and dangerous railway strike which endangered for the time the very existence of organised society in South Africa. From the ordinary agitator's point of view the game was in Gandhi's hands. He had only to strike his hardest. Instead he gave order for his people to resume work till the Government should be safe again. I cannot say how often he was imprisoned, how often mobbed and assaulted, or what pains were taken to mortify and humiliate him in public. But by 1913 the Indian case had been taken up by Lord Hardinge and the Government of India. An Imperial Commission reported in his favour on most of the points at issue and an Act was passed according to the Commission's recommendations, entitled the Indian Relief Act.

My sketch is very imperfect; the story forms an extraordinary illustration of a contest which was won, or practically won, by a policy of doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring all the punishment the other side could inflict until they became weary and

ashamed of punishing. A battle of the unaided human soul against overwhelming material force, and it ends by the units of material force gradually deserting their own banners and coming round to the side of the soul!

Persons in power should be very careful how they deal with a man who cares nothing for sensual pleasure, nothing for riches, nothing for comfort or praise or promotion, but is simply determined to do what he believes to be right. He is a dangerous and uncomfortable enemy because his body, which you can always conquer, gives you so little purchase upon his soul. (*Hibbert Journal.*)

THE OPPRESSION OF THE POOR

BY

Rev. C. F. ANDREWS, M. A.

WHEN I was asked the question a short time ago,—“What is the central problem of India to-day?” the answer that came to my lips, without a moment’s hesitation, was this,—

“*The Oppression of the Poor.*”

I have just come out of the furnace of affliction at Chandpur, where, in a cholera encampment, we were forced to see, day after day, the misery of our brothers and sisters and their little children, the refugees from Assam. If this article bears upon its surface the marks of the fire that burnt within us, I know that I shall be pardoned by all those who read my words with understanding hearts. For I cannot, at such a time, keep a judicial aloofness from my subject. I must put down just that which is in my mind. This article is written soon after the occurrence, with the vision of the scene itself still in front of me and with all the recent suffering still vividly present before me. I can picture it while I am writing. What we have just

been through cannot be forgotten easily and lightly. I am giving hot memories, not cold, calculated thoughts,—memories that still burn, even while I put them down in this Shantiniketan Ashram, where all around me is smiling with peace, in the pure joy of the fresh monsoon rains, and where nature herself is rejoicing in the beauty of new life.

The story has been already told, how the refugees came down from the tea gradens of Assam, emaciated beyond description; with stark hunger looking out of their eyes; with scarcely sufficient rags to cover their own nakedness; with little children who could hardly stand, their legs were so thin; with babies, pinched by hunger, seeking in vain to draw nourishment from their mothers' breasts. I have seen many sights of misery and destitution before,—in a sense, my life has been full of such sights; for I have lived and worked among the poor. But I have never seen such utter misery as I saw among these refugees, when I met them on the railway platform at Naihati first of all, and then afterwards at Chandpur itself. What was the actual origin of their exodus, has still to be investigated. But one thing at least was evident, from first to last, as we went in and out among them. In their destitution, they were miserable beyond description. Misery was the spur which had goaded them forward on their journey. They had one hope left, to which they clung with a pathos that was as great as their suffering itself. It was the hope, that through Mahatma Gandhi, deliverance would come from all their burden of sorrow and affliction.

We watched each day these poor refugees from Assam in the cholera encampments on both sides of the river channel. We saw the courage that sustained them. We noticed how their spirits were kept up, during those long-drawn days of disappointment, by this hope which I have mentioned. To the men, who were refugees, it gave

patience and endurance. To the women, it was like a passion of the soul; and they were able to enkindle something of their enthusiasm even in their little children. The national volunteers, who worked among them, used to talk to one another with wonder about this. It was a transforming faith that raised the whole scene above the commonplace, and touched it with spiritual beauty.

It is true, indeed, that Mahatma Gandhi himself has set his face firmly against any religious cult being originated in his name. He has repeatedly stated, that he is an ordinary man with no claim to supernatural powers, beyond those to which ordinary men may attain by trust in the supreme. But this devotion which we all witnessed at Chandpur, among these poor refugees, was rather the devotion to an idea than to a person. Mahatma Gandhi represented to them that idea, tinged with his own personality, and it filled their minds to the full. His name was the concrete symbol which expressed it. He was the embodiment to them of their ultimate deliverance from oppression.

I must tell, at some length, one story which touched my heart most deeply. As we made our voyage with the ast contingent of refugees from Chandpur to Goalundo, I had been walking to and fro along the decks of the crowded steamer. We had left behind us for good, oh ! how thankfully, the cholera camp with all its misery. There was a busy eagerness among the refugees and a hum of expectation. One slender figure on the upper deck had stirred my compassion each time I had lingered near him. He was a little boy, about twelve years old, who had recovered (so I was told) from cholera, but was still so weak and thin, that he had to be carried on board and to lie on the deck during the voyage. While I stood beside him, we happened to pass out of the midstream of the

great river. The steamer came round a bend of the river quite close to the shore. Bright, healthy children on the bank were running along and shouting,—“Gandhi Maharaj ki jai! Gandhi Maharaj ki jai!”

I looked at the invalid child on deck. His face shone with excitement and he raised his head with great difficulty. Then he waved his hand to the children running along the bank, and cried in a voice that was pitifully weak,—“Gandhi Maharaj ki jai!”

Out of all the suffering and misery, which we have been through, the haunting face of that child still stands out before my mind. There was something in it, through all the weakness, that seemed to have conquered death. It carried a light within the soul, which the Upanishads have called, ‘the joy that is deathless.’ As I stood watching him, lying there on the deck and waving his hand, the tears came streaming from my eyes. I remembered the words of the great prayer,—

Asato ma sad gamaya,
Tamaso ma jyotir gamaya,
Mrityor mamritam gamaya,.....
Avir, Avir, ma edhi.

“Lead me from untruth to truth; lead me from darkness to light; lead me from death to immortality. O thou Manifest One, be thou Manifest in me.”

The thought came like a flash to me, that here, in this child’s faith, God himself was being revealed. Through all this suffering and pain, the words were finding their fulfilment,—“God manifests himself in forms of deathless joy.”

In the midst of all these scenes, the question was borne in upon my mind with great insistence,—“Is this that I have seen one of the signs of a new religious awakening throughout the length and breadth of India?” It has

seemed to me, that there is much to-day which points to a positive answer. The poor of India, who have been so terribly oppressed by governments and priestcrafts, by landowners and profiteers, have cried to God for deliverance. They are becoming more and more certain, that the hour of their freedom is at hand. During the past few months, it has been my own lot in life to travel over almost every part of the North of India, from East to West and from West to East,—to places as far distant from one another as Sindh and East Bengal. On these journeys, I have seen strange happenings and witnessed a new spirit. This new spirit, I am convinced, goes far deeper than the political movement of our times. It has its own initial impulse from the poor. Again and again, it has appeared to me to bear striking analogy to what we read in history concerning the fateful days before the French Revolution, when the oppressed peasantry of France awoke to the new idea of the equality and brotherhood of Man.

Let me try to put my thought more concretely, even at the risk of repetition. The one thing that has impressed itself upon my mind and heart lately, more than any other, is this. The countless millions of the poor in India are all astir. They are coming forth out of their long dark night of ignorance and oppression. They have symbolised their yearning for deliverance in the person of Mahatma Gandhi. Pitifully, eagerly, pathetically, and sometimes almost tragically, they have placed their all,—their destiny, their hopes, their aims, their very life itself,—in his keeping. They are quite firm in their faith, that he alone can bring deliverance. This is not happening in one place only. Time after time, recently, I have been in the company of the poor and the outcast and the destitute; I have been to gatherings, where the untouchables and others have flocked together in crowds to meet me and I have listened

with intense pain to the story of their afflictions. They appear now everywhere to be taking their courage in both hands as they have never done before. The incidents with regard to oppression which they relate,—with reference to forced labour and forced supplies and forced impositions by the police and subordinate officers and with reference also to the forced impositions of caste customs and caste restrictions, equally tyrannical,—have made my blood boil to hear. They have often exhibited an emotion which was almost violent in its urge upwards towards the surface. I have seen in it something of that *elan vital*, of which Henri Bergson writes, and have thanked God for it, even though it has not seldom startled me by its explosive energy. I do not think there can be any question, that a flame has been kindled within and the fire has begun to burn. Again I would make reference to the days before the French Revolution, as perhaps the closest analogy to what is happening before our very eyes in India to-day.

There is one picture, which I may give, by way of illustration. I was in Patna Junction Railway Station on my way back from Gorakhpur. Late in the day, as the sun was setting behind a ridge of dark monsoon clouds, with streaks of gold piercing through the gathering darkness, I was waiting quietly on the platform, trying as best as I could to collect my thoughts while the evening was drawing to its close. Many persons had come to see me and quiet was difficult at such a time and place. The porters and sweepers and others,—whom the railway authorities call the 'menial staff'—having heard of my arrival, gathered round me in a body. They knew that I was a friend of Mahatma Gandhi, and they welcomed me on that account.

At first, they greeted me in silence, with their uplifted hands placed together in an attitude of prayer. Then one

of them, who was in the forefront as their leader, cried out,—“Gandhi Maharaj ki jai !” It was not a conventional and jovial shout, such as is often heard from processions that pass along the street. It was rather the solemn call of religion. A light came into their eyes, and their hands continued to be uplifted in prayer to the end. It was like an act of evening worship.

After this, they went back to their various duties on the railway. It was only a momentary flash, that I had seen,—a look, a gaze, a gesture ; but it spoke to me at once of the same emotion, which I had witnessed so many times before. It told me what depth of religious idealism there is in the hearts of the simple poor, and that evening scene in Patna Station, with the setting sun and the gathering darkness, brought back with a strange power the memory of sunsets at Chandpur. For there at Chandpur, again and again, just as the sun was setting, I had passed along the road and mingled with the groups of the Assam refugees, sitting in dejection, and had seen the look of hope return to their eyes, as they had raised the cry,—“Gandhi Maharaj ki jai !”

The darkness of that despair at Chandpur had been broken with a golden light of hope, even as those monsoon clouds, which formed the background of the scene at Patna Station. However great might be the sufferings of the poor, whether as the menial staff of a railway, or on the tea plantations, or elsewhere, life to them with such ideals of emancipation, as they were now enthusiastically grasping, was at least a nobler thing than the dull monotony that went before with no hope, no faith to cheer them. The crust of the surface of their poverty-stricken existence had been broken. The waters of life from beneath the hard rock had gushed forth ; and even if all should end in outward failure, who should say that it had been in vain ?

How wonderful is this spring of freshness that ever wells up from the hearts of the poor! And withal, how tragic is their suffering! People have often spoken slightly of the poor, and called them the 'lower classes',—as though the uneducated were also the unrefined; as though the illiterate were also the unlearned. But it is not so in truth. There is a wisdom and a refinement, which come from the very suffering itself, which the poor have constantly to bear. Who are we to despise them? It was Christ himself who turned away from the luxurious cities of Capernaum and Bethsaida, and went directly to the oppressed peasants of Galilee and pronounced blessing upon them, rather than upon the rich. "Blessed," he said, "are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven." Nay, further, Christ preferred even the company of the publicans and sinners, with their open vices, to the society of the wealthy Scribes and Pharisees, with their cloak of self-righteousness. For the very vices of those who are the outcast of society are on the surface, and they suffer punishment often beyond their deserving. But the vices of the wealthy are glozed over with all kinds of soothing palliatives, and therefore in this life they rarely suffer for their vices to the full.

Thus, there is always a fertile soil in the heart of the poor, which is ready to receive the good seed and to make it fruitful. A religious faith, that is able to strike its roots deep in this soil, is far more likely to flourish than some respectable and artificial creed, which owes its origin to conventionally-educated mankind. It is Mahatma Gandhi's fellowsuffering with the suffering poor: his fellow-poverty with the poverty-stricken poor: his fellow-hardship with the hardship-bearing poor, which has endeared him to their hearts. It is this which has won from them an instinctive reverence for his goodness. It is this, which

has made them flock to him from every country-side wherever he goes. It is this, which has made them follow his simple precepts, so that, in a few short months, intoxicating drink and 'drugs have marvellously decreased. It is this, which has caused a new hope to be born in millions of hearts, where before reigned only the blank apathy of despair.

What does this all mean? What will happen, if the signs which I have been trying to read are true?

There is a grim story about the French Revolution, which, if my memory serves, is told by Carlyle,—how the encyclopædists and the state record-keepers were busily absorbed in their files, when the Revolution burst upon them. They were told by the revolutionaries that, if they did not side with the poor, their "skins should form the parchments for the next records."—I do not believe, that the religious and social revolution in India, which is now so close upon us, will be violent in its character like the French Revolution. There is an innate love of peace in India which is not present in any other country. It is not in vain that the teaching of the Buddha permeated India for more than a thousand years. But, while there may be no ultimate appeal to force and force alone, yet the misery of the conflict will be terrible indeed, if the present almost complete aloofness of the officials from the common people continues, and if these same officials set themselves in final opposition to those whose lives are lived among the people and who suffer with the people.

I can well remember the year 1907, in the Punjab, and the popular disturbances of that year. At a most critical time, I implored an official to do some very simple thing in order to come in touch with the people. He turned to me sharply and said,—“Look at those files.” I told him,

Carlyle's story about the French Revolution that I have just mentioned.

There has been no sign of any change for the better from that time to this. Rather, the heap of official files has grown greater. The mountain tops are still regarded as necessary for health and comfort. The foreign character of the Government is becoming still more foreign, in spite of the reforms and the added Indian members. This, at least, has been my own experience at Chandpur, where a crucial test was applied and the failure of Government to meet the test was manifest.

But I would go still further in recalling the bitterness of my experience. The English education which the country has been receiving, has created a gulf between the 'classes' and the 'masses', which is almost as wide as that between the Government and the poor. If Government's recent action, when tried in the balance has been found wanting, there has been much also that has been found wanting among those who have received to the full their English education, but, while obtaining it, have shamefully neglected the poor. The truth is, and it cannot be, too clearly stated, the English mode of life, with its motor car comforts, continually prevents the educated Indian, just as much as it does the educated Englishman, from coming into close and intimate contact with the poor of India.

Mahatma Gandhi has written in 'Young India' the following words:—"The fact is that it is impossible for any Viceroy to see the truth, living as he does on the mountain tops seven months in the year and in complete isolation. Even when he lives on the plains—with the big 'business house' of Government in Simla and the growing millions on the plains, there is a solid dead rock ;

and even the piercing cry of the feeble millions is broken into nothingness, as it heaves up to the mountain top from the plains." That is true of Darjeeling as well as Simla.

In the same copy of 'Young India,' we have a letter from Mr. Abbas Tyabji showing how the abandonment of the life-long habits formed by an almost purely English education and the taking to 'khaddar' had brought Mr. Abbas Tyabji himself close to the heart of the poor.

"I assure you," he writes, "you need not have the slightest anxiety about my health. The 'khaddar,' adopted at Bezwada, has made me twenty years younger. What an experience I am having! Everywhere I am received most cordially and affectionately, even by the women of the villages.....Some of our workers are lacking in 'go'. I suppose they represent the very respectable class, to which I have ceased to belong. Good heavens! What an experience! I have so much love and affection from the common folk to whom it is now an honour to belong. It is this *fakir's* dress, which has broken down all barriers. Now, men and women meet me, as I would have them meet me. If I had only known, years ago, how the *fenta*, the *saya*, the *angarakha*, the boots and stockings, separated me from my poorer brethren!"

I would go one step further still. The inhuman restrictions which have grown up along with the caste system, especially with regard to untouchability, have also placed a barrier between the higher castes and the poorest of the poor, which is no less a disgrace to mankind, than the separation between the 'classes' and the 'masses'. If I have burnt with indignation at the action of the Gurkha soldiers, who were turned out to beat and

wound defenceless and sickly refugees by Government officials, I have also burnt with indignation no less deep at the wrongs done to my own Indian brothers and sisters by those, who have beaten and wounded the souls of the poor through branding them with the curse of untouchability. I write with shame as a Christian, as well as a humanitarian, because I have found out, after careful enquiry, that in the South of India my own Christian brothers and sisters are not seldom treated in this manner by Christians, who keep caste, even as my brothers and sisters among the Hindus are treated by high-caste Hindus.

I have written from a very full heart. What I have here stated in writing has been pent up in my mind for many weeks, some of it for many years. At the conclusion of this article, I repeat with all the emphasis I can command, what I wrote at the beginning, *The central problem of India to-day is the oppression of the poor!*

PRICE OF SWARAJYA

BY

S. E. STOKES.

“It is not the arbitrary power of a national sovereign, but subjection to a foreign one, that destroys national character and extinguishes national spirit. When a people ceases to have a national character to maintain, they lose the main spring of whatever is laudable both in public and in private life, and the private sinks with the public character.” (Sir Thomas Munro.)

At times, as I ponder the strange incapacity of certain classes in this land to appreciate the significance of Mahatmaji's advent into the political life of India, a curious surpicion crosses my mind: Can it be that these good and

worthy people are worried and perplexed because a *man* has been born into the Indian nation—one who in all things sees, feels and acts as a free man? May it not be that unconsciously—instinctively—they shrink from such a being as from a sort of monstrosity? Is it not that they are unable to understand the psychological outlook of one who frankly takes it for granted that certain of his fundamental rights as a man are being infringed, and that the obvious thing is for him to refuse to permit it? Is it not possible that the whole training of their lives has rendered it difficult for them to understand how the question of wrongs done to India and Indians may be approached, except in the rather apologetic and tentative manner of those who are prepared to accept gratefully as a kindness that which Mahatmaji insists upon as a *right*?

If there be any truth in this suspicion, we shall be forced to infer that it demonstrates in the clearest manner the vital necessity of an immediate rectification of the relations between the rulers and the ruled in India, for it indicates that the psychological emasculation of certain important sections of the nation is an accomplished fact.

I can well understand that an Indian with the mental outlook of a *free man*, must be an altogether disconcerting phenomenon to the bureaucracy. It would be astonishing if it were otherwise, for that august body has not been evolved upon the supposition that it would have to deal with such an absurdity as a being who was both *an Indian and an equal*. But if the spectacle is as disconcerting to Mahatmaji's cultured and educated countrymen it is an ominous sign, and should lead to anxious reflection.

Yet that his point of view is disconcerting to many of them, there can be little doubt. They fear that the movement he has initiated may lead to violence and excess.

The very *idea* of such a state of affairs unnerves them; the thought of a course attended with any peril gives them a feeling of helplessness. In times of crisis and danger they would depend upon others, and trust to lawyers and legislation to win them a place among the free and self-respecting nations of the world. They would have Swarajya, but have it comfortably and without undue inconvenience. In short, they would argue and vote their nation freedom, pausing from time to time upon the way when there appeared to be any prospect of their efforts resulting in violence, or of danger to person or property. Yet by no such timorous road has any nation ever achieved Swarajya since the dawn of history.

SWARAJYA NO FOUNDLING.

We Nationalists do not believe that a people can calmly, gently, unconsciously enter into any Swarajya which is worth the having; or that a people can cease to be slaves without knowing it. To those who think differently we would say, "Other nations through pain and anguish of spirit, through sufferings of persons and property, by high-souled courage and endurance have attained that which you desire to win for the ignorant myriads of India by petitions, representations and legislative efforts. The greatest value to a people of Swarajya, is the soul-experience of the nation while attaining it. You would obtain Swarajya for slaves and then teach them to be free-spirited, but freedom has never come in this way to a people. It cannot be given from without; its advent is like child-birth. Mother India must bring it forth as her child, and travail in anguish for it as a mother. The Swarajya you dream of would be a *foundling* and no true offspring."

The ideal of the Congress Party precludes any desire to change one bureaucracy for another. To those asso-

ciated with it, *Swarajya* does not imply an India governed more sympathetically and understandingly by a limited group of worthy Indian literate. The *Swarajya* for which they are labouring must be born of the travail and the *karma* of the whole people; it must be the conscious expression of the awakened aspiration of all India. To secure this, they are prepared—if need be—that India should suffer the pangs of child-birth; they are not prepared to receive ‘a baby in a basket.’

India will attain *Swarajya* if her sons are prepared to suffer and sacrifice for their country—not otherwise.

“—Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
 But these out brothers fought for her,
 At life’s dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her !
 Their higher instinct knew,
 They love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do !
 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
 But beautiful,—with danger’s sweetness round her:
 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed.”

So sang a bard in those days when men not only dreamed but *dared* to make their dreams realities. Truth and justice,—the conviction that God has “created all men free and equal”—these were not to them abstract theories, subjects for essays and orations, or the alms that men should beg on bended knee. They were men’s *right*,

to be sought for, to be fought for, to be grasped upon those heights where they shone resplendent with 'danger's sweetness' round them.

And India has dreamed a dream, has seen a vision of a time when the people of this land—no longer the slaves of other men's ambitions—shall be able to look the rest of mankind in the face with the level glance of equals. It is a glorious dream and our hearts are fired by it.

PRICE OF SWARAJYA.

Swarajya! What man, in whom there survives any last shred of self-respect, does not thrill at the thought of it? What have not men in past ages suffered for it? What have they not endured to make their dream reality?

For Swarajya have tattered and hungry armies trudged through the wilderness, staining the snow-covered ground as they advanced with the blood of their bare and wounded feet. Emaciated and shelterless they have crouched shivering by their camp-fires through the long winter nights, chilled to the bone by icy winds and sleet and snow.

For Swarajya have mothers sent forth their sons, wives their husbands, maidens their lovers, to die alone and untended on distant battle-fields.

For the sake of Swarajya have men suffered the loss of all things, choosing rather to see their fields devastated and the homes they loved a mass of glowing embers, than to purchase a dishonourable security by subservience.

For Swarajya have men—and women too—suffered as exiles among strangers, languished for years in prison, died under the whip, by the bullet and on the gallows, esteeming it better to die as men than to live as slaves.

In all ages and among all nations to such has been given the place of honour; and rightly so, for it is through

the faith, the fearlessness and the self-sacrifice of such as these that humanity ever reaches upward toward the goal of its high destiny.

They have never been mendicants. They have never hunted for crumbs at the door of the powerful. They have never begged as a largest from others, what they knew they should achieve for themselves as men. Well might they have taken for themselves the famous motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*, for putting their trust in God they struggled for their *right* and the right of their fellows, in the face of overwhelming odds.

And yet, how often they achieved the apparently impossible. Before the depth of their conviction that their cause was just, and their profound faith that God was with them, potentates shrank back aghast and mighty empires clattered to the ground.

“ They were men,
Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,
Though leading to the lion's den.
They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they—
Unhappy who was last.”

Of such is Mahatma Gandhi.

MIRACLES ARE NOT PAST.

One of the greatest living Indians remarked some weeks ago that ‘Days of miracles are past.’ Why? How? When? There never was an age in which miracles were wrought except *by the power of a mighty faith*. He only can work no miracle who believes that miracles are no longer possible.

Men of India, do you really and truly desire Swarajya? Do you desire it as other peoples in other

ages and other lands have desired it? Are you prepared to suffer as they have suffered for it—to sacrifice as they have done?

Do you believe from your hearts that it is your *right*—that God wills it for you? Have you this *Vishwas*, this *Nischaya*. If so, know that for you the day of miracles is *not* past; you will certainly achieve the miraculous.

And nothing but a miracle will win Swarajya for India. Nothing short of this will disentangle the snarled up coil of her present situation. Yet such a miracle is possible if we have the faith. This, and readiness for self-sacrifice, are the only essentials.

At this time, therefore, measure the value of a leader to India by the measure of his faith. Choose for your guide one who does not believe that the days of miracles are past. He only can lead us to Swarajya who believes absolutely in India's power to attain Swarajya, and is capable of inspiring the masses with that belief.

My own conviction is that such a leader has been granted to India in the hour of her supreme need. My further conviction is that it would be political madness not to support him at this juncture, and that in cabling about details of his programme with which we do not agree, we are doing a very real disservice to the national cause. At last we have found a MAN, honest, fearless, and fired with true patriotism—a man whom the common people trust and one who is able to fire them with the flame of his own idealism. If we sacrifice him to our petty doubts and fears the time will come when we shall deeply and vainly regret it, for such leaders are not granted to a nation every day.

There is no question as to whether Mahatmaji is worthy to lead India; it remains to be seen if India is

worthy of its great leader, and will loyally support him in his great act of faith.

GANDHI AND TAGORE.

In Rabindranath and Gandhi we have representatives of the Greek and the Christian conceptions of life. Rabindranath reminds one of Plato. He is the philosopher-poet-mystic-educationist who abstains carefully from forcing his views, on his pupils but enables them to become their own masters. He never flatters, never dogmatizes but works on the head and the hearts by his sweet speech and subtle humour. By the generous and noble thoughts he expresses in his gracious poetry, he touches the heart and rouses an enthusiasm for the ideal. He is the typical genius of Bengal, famous for her art and culture, lecturing at Santiniketan, like Plato in the olive grove of the Academy. Sauntering among the tall trees, pacing the colonnades, he delights his pupils with fresh springs of thought and new pastures of feeling. It is his heart's desire to establish a *Vishvabhârati* where may be gathered all the wit and genius of the day, artists, poets and philosophers. An idealist trying to live ever in the pure radiance of the spirit, "he is like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along." Gandhi hails from the hard-headed matter-of-fact Bombay. He is a democrat of democrats and a born leader of men who is able to control all by virtue of the divine principle of love he embodies in himself. None can be blind to the beauty of the great law he lives and propounds. In him we have the ideal man of India, of unlimited patience, of transcendent virtue, who cares for nothing, wants nothing for himself, neither fortune nor fame, and yet out of the abundance of his love for humanity

is devoting himself to the cause of justice and truth for his native land. We subscribe whole-heartedly to the statement of the Rev. Mr. Holmes that Gandhi is the greatest man of the world to-day. "When I think of Roland, I think of Tolstoi. When I think of Lenin, I think of Napoleon. But when I think of Gandhi, I think of Jesus Christ. He lives his life, He speaks his word, He suffers, strives, and will some day nobly die for his kingdom on earth."

C. S. R. in the "*Calcutta Review*."

THE NEW LIGHT OF ASIA.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF GANDHISM.

The Indian event of unique significance to mankind is not the serious Malabar rising but the work of Gandhi and his non-co-operation movement. In an age men call cynical, materialistic and disillusioned, the national hero and leader of India is a saint whose singular devotion, unselfishness and spiritual power have won him the almost superstitious reverence of his own people and the respect of the most sceptical critics. At a time when the Western world is unable to think of concerted resistance in other terms than those of war, Gandhi has been able to persuade the organised Indian National movement to use non-co-operation as its weapon. The freedom of India, he realises, may have to spring from the blood of her heroes, but he pleads "Let it be said by coming generations that the only blood shed was our own." Not only violence of deeds but of thought is a spiritual weakness. The brave man will renounce hate even of the oppressor.

But this spritual weapon is also intensely practical. Having begun with the renunciation of British titles by

Hindoo patriots, non-co-operation will march step by step, as Indian support may warrant any British resistance, to a general strike more thorough going than any Western nation has seen. Before such a strike, properly organised, the British garrison in India would be powerless.

At present the best known activity of the non-co-operators is the boycott of foreign cloth and the effort to revive handweaving in order to win for India something like economic independence. Gandhi himself dramatically inaugurated the boycott on August 1 by lighting a great bonfire of foreign cloth. Much of the 4,000,000 fund raised by the National Congress is to go for the purchase of looms for those who will make homespun. Gandhi urges this reversion to domestic industry not merely as a tactical means to bring pressure on Britain. Japanese cloth as well as English is under the ban. The non-co-operators see in the revival of handweaving a return to economic independence. India's bitter poverty dates from the destruction of her ancient looms. It will, they believe, end when spinning mills hum in the peasant cottages; and with domestic manufacture will return native art which machinery destroyed. The necessity of foreign trade is recognised; it is only on foreign cloth that the boycott falls.

But the boycott is only one of the many remarkable phases on the movement which seeks Hindu Moslem fraternity, establishes national schools, breaks down the worst barriers of caste and fights the opium and liquor traffic. Mr. Gandhi has announced that the time may soon come when he himself will feel compelled to practise the duty of civil disobedience to the laws of an unjust state. Already men are in prison because in accordance with the recommendation of the last National Congress they would not defend themselves in the British courts. The same Congress solemnly urged all Indian soldiers, in the event

of British hostilities against the Turkish Government of Angora, to refuse all service. This particular sensitiveness to the relations between British Empire and Turkey is inspired not only by Moslem concern for the sanctity of the Caliphate but by Indian concern, Hindu as well as Moslem, that Indian resources of men and money should not be wasted in Imperial wars. The nationalist movement also appears to be behind the numerous strikes whose primary cause is the miserable condition of the workers. But in all this Gandhi has kept his own soul free from hate. The literature of revolution contains no documents so uncompromising, yet so reasonable and sweet-spirited, as his Letter to Every Englishman and his appeals to the cloth merchants and consumers.

So much one can affirm with reasonable certainty in spite of meagre and often contradictory despatches from British sources. And even fair-minded critics admit that the Nationalist movement has accomplished what a few years ago would have seemed miraculous. But for the future they have doubts. India, they remind us, far more truly than Italy before Mazzini, is a geographical expression. The people are desperately poor, illiterate, divided by caste, religion and language. The more prosperous elements of the community stand aloof from the austere and sacrificial demands of Mahatma Gandhi. (Has it not been ever thus with great religious movements?) But, the critics continue, the masses have not so much caught Gandhi's spirit as lowered him to the level of a wonder-working saint. They do not carry non-co-operation in orderly fashion. Such spontaneous strikes as that of Assam have inconvenienced the British but they have brought enormous suffering on the natives. Gandhi may preach peaceful resistance, but inevitably his agitation stirs up violence. He himself has recognised that his

comrades do not share his religious views on this matter and has denounced the English for disarming the people. In particular, the critics allege that the union of Moslems and Hindus is very superficial. In making his own the religious question of the Caliphate, Gandhi is playing with dangerous fires of Moslem fanaticism. An English critic even alleges that the Ali Brothers, Gandhi's Moslem aids, are more interested in Pan-Islam than in united India. Finally, Gandhi's attempt to revive hand-weaving is criticised and he is reproached for his lack of a constructive programme for an independent India. He, they say, is a saint, and like most saints, with all his powers of leadership, he is essentially and in the noblest sense an anarchist. His supreme tragedy may yet be not persecution by the British but a choice between rejection by his own people of renunciation of his cherished ideals.

We have summarised these criticisms not because we accept any or all of them, but because they matter profoundly. The complete verdict on the course of Indian nationalism can only be written by time. But even now it is possible to say that British, or rather Western, Imperialism is doomed. We are witnessing one of the great historic movements of our time in the awakening of Asia. However that awakening manifests itself in India, whether in the slow or constitutional progress of the Moderates; the spontaneous revolt, half blind and often violent, of exploited workers and hungry peasants; or the ordered resistance, spiritual and economic, of the non-co-operators, the struggle of those long oppressed deserves the sympathetic understanding of every man who waits for a new birth of freedom in every land. But if the triumph of India should mean the triumph of the spirit and method of Gandhi, then, indeed, would a new day dawn for all mankind. For war would be shown to be as unnecessary for winning the outer semblance of freedom, as it is destructive to the realisation of its inner spirit.

—*The New York Nation.*”

MAHATMA GANDHI'S INDIA

BY

VINCENT ANDERSON.

All India is at the feet of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. Preaching a political creed that is new to the Hindu and renewing Vedic ideals of asceticism and sacrifice in his own life, this man has within a brief span of months united Hindu and Mohammedan in a common bond of fraternity that has not existed in India since the days of Gautama. A small, slim, dark, composed man with a tremendous personal magnetism a man with the untiring energy of Roosevelt, the human sympathy of Debs and the philosophy of Tolstoy, Gandhi has developed into a force so potent that the English dare not imprison him.

And Gandhi has a new religion. It is not altogether new to the Occident. Anyone who steeps himself sympathetically in Bernard Shaw and Tolstoy, who tries long enough to recognise and remedy the ills that industrialism has brought, may arrive at the conclusion that the defect of Modern civilisation is civilisation itself. This is new, however, to the India that is adopting English and becoming commercial and learning what a factory and a labour problem is. An industrial and political, intellectual and economic civilization is in India like a hurricane; and Gandhi is trying to forestall it. He declares:

“Formerly when people wanted to fight one another, they measured between them their bodily strength; now it is possible to take away thousands of lives by one man working behind a hill from a gun. This is civilization. Formerly, men worked in the open air only so much as they liked. Now thousands of workmen meet together and for the sake of maintenance work in factories and mines.

Their condition is worse than that of beasts. They are obliged to work, at the risk of their lives, at most dangerous occupations for the sake of millionaires. This civilisation is such that one has only to be patient and it will be self-destroyed."

To Westerners Gandhi's primitive programme will seem Quixotic. So it is. True, a gigantic Swadeshi Movement back to the spinning wheel and home manufacture—has arisen, but for a different reason than Gandhi's. It is not because Indians are against civilisation but against England, not because they are in favour of the old manner of living but because they are against the new.

What is Gandhi's solution? We are suffering, he says. We have two alternatives, to fight actively or passively. If we fight actively, we will be killed like flies by the millions; we lack bodily energy, ammunition and guns. If we fight passively we at least have a chance to win. If we take a physical sword, we will perish spiritually. Evil cannot overcome evil. We will then become as the men we are fighting. Hate and civilisation will have eaten us up. We will then be defeated. There can be no victory in such a material conquest.

The Indians listen to this; they like it immensely for they always have been hero-worshippers. And here is a saint and a revolutionary in one. If Gandhi's dream of social love could come true, it would be the most stupendous event in the history of our world. But the foe is within the gates. Hate is in the heart of the Hindu. Gaunt cheeks, protruding ribs, bloated bellies of children, blear of hunger in women's eyes—these are the outward evidences of an exploitation which makes it absurd to use the same word of the lesser sufferings of the West. Can you blame the Indians if they hate the English?

Resistance is coming. A bloody revolution is not only likely but I believe inevitable. Gandhi fears it. But he says, everything must be done against such an expression of India's desires. If his Tolstoian philosophy of pacifism is not practical, or possible for a whole nation to follow, if his Shavian condemnation of an unnatural social order and a defective civilisation cannot halt that civilization, nevertheless the Hindus, at least, are getting great ideas in a modern form; Gandhi will be an educator for the future if he cannot be the Saviour of the present.

—*"The New York Nation."*

* Mr. Vincent Anderson is an American Journalist, recently returned from a long residence in India.—Ed.

Appendix A.
Leaders' Inspiring Messages.

CHITTA RANJAN DAS

" TO MY COUNTRY MEN "

The recent communique of the Government of Bengal, the order of the Commissioner of Police, and the various orders under Section 144 issued by Magistrates in different districts of Bengal, make it absolutely clear that the Bureaucracy has made up its mind to crush the movement of Non-Co-operation. The people of Bengal have therefore resolved to preserve with all their strength in the struggle for freedom. My message to them is one of hope and encouragement. I knew from the beginning that the Bureaucracy would be the first to break the law. It began its illegal career at the very outset by occasional orders under Section 144. It continued the unjust and illegal application of the Section in opposition to this movement. Now that the movement is about to succeed, it has adopted forgotten laws and forsaken methods, and Section 144 is being indiscriminately used to further the same object.

Our duty is clear. The Indian National Congress has declared that Swaraj is our only goal and that Non-Co-operation is the only method by which to reach that goal. Whatever the Bureaucracy does the Nationalists of Bengal cannot forget their ideal. The people of Bengal are now on their trial. It entirely depends on them whether they would win or lose. I ask my countrymen to be patient, I appeal to them to undergo all sufferings cheerfully, I call upon them not to forsake the sacred work which the Indian National Congress has enjoined.

The Congress work is done and can only be done by volunteers. Let it be clearly understood that every worker, young or old, man or woman is a volunteer. I offer myself as a volunteer in the Service of the Congress. I trust that within a few days, there will be a million volunteers for the work of the Province. Our cause is sacred, our method is peaceful and non-violent. Do you not realise that the Service of our country is Service of God? I charge you to remember that no communique of earthly Governments can be allowed to stop God's worship.

I appeal to the people of Bengal to realise this truth. I pray to God that it may be given to the Bureaucracy to understand, appreciate and recognise this great truth.

THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

MR. DAS'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS WORKERS.

My first word and my last word to you is never to forsake the ideal of Non-violent non-co-operation. I know it is a difficult creed to follow. I know that some time the provocation is so great that it is extremely difficult to remain non-violent in thought, word and deed. The success of the movement however, depends on this great principle and every worker must strengthen himself to withstand such a provocation. We are too apt to throw the blame on other persons. For instance, if there is a riot in a city, we say that the hooligans were provoked to commit the riot. Let us not forget that these so-called hooligans are our country men. Let us not forget that we the Non-Co-operators claim to hold the country. Let us realise that to the extent to which we do not succeed in so controlling the masses, be they hooligans or not, to that extent Non-Co-operation has failed. The responsibility is ours. It does not lie in our mouth to say that the

wicked people have instigated the masses to break the law and order. Do you not realise that the success of our movement depends on this, that no other people wicked or otherwise should be able to lead the masses or any section of our countrymen towards violence and bloodshed? If we fail to exercise control over the masses, how can we claim to have success? I am not discouraged. I do not want you to be discouraged. I pray to God that you may have sufficient strength to carry on this great battle peacefully never forsaking the ideal of non-violent Non-Co-operation in all its bearing.

THE TEST OF SUCCESS.

MR. DAS'S ANALYSIS.

I said the other day that the Congress must be judged by the claim it makes. As we claim to hold the country we must accept responsibility for any violence anywhere in this country. One must in fairness except those places where the message of the Congress has not been allowed to be heard. We accept no responsibility with regard to the Moplah outrage. I firmly believe that that rebellion would have been impossible, had the Congress and the Khilafat workers been permitted to carry the gospel of non-violent Non-Co-operation. But the position of the Congress is different regarding the recent violence in Bombay and the application of such violence under similar circumstances. Let us understand clearly the real issue which governs this assumption of responsibility. I have stated it before, but I find its real significance has not been appreciated.

Do we assert that the movement of non-violent Non-Co-operation has succeeded? If it has, is it not quite clear that it is because the Congress may be said to have esta-

blished its control over the masses in this country ? That is the only test of the success of this movement.

The continuance of such control is the measure of our success, its discontinuance must be the measure of our failure. This is also the standard by which the bureaucracy must be judged. The bureaucracy claims to hold this country. I am attaching no importance to its claim so far as that claim is based on physical force. If that had been the only basis of its enormous claim I would have unhesitatingly declared that the bureaucracy was no more. I am dealing only with its claim so far as it depends only on the moral control which it may still exercise. Our rulers are never tired of quoting Mahatma Gandhi's assumption of responsibility as an admission of the failure of the Non-Co-operation movement. That great soul never expresses himself in the faltering accents of half truth and untruth. If there has been a weakening of the control which the Indian National Congress has established let the fact be clearly admitted—so it was admitted. May I not point out with equal force and with equal truth that every case of violence such as was practised in Bombay proves, and must prove, the failure of the bureaucracy to that extent ? If such violence proves that the Congress had lost its hold on those who were guilty of violence, to my mind it proves as convincingly that the bureaucracy also had lost its control.

This brings out the real issue. I state it once again so that my countrymen may realise its deeper significance. The struggle for Swaraj is a struggle for this control. The India of to-day is a country of opposing claims and uncertain control. The Indian National Congress claims to hold the country. The bureaucracy makes the same claim. Are we right ? Are they right ? The coming events must furnish the answer.

APPEAL TO SUFFER CHEERFULLY.

“ Our duty is clear. The Indian National Congress has declared that Swaraj is our only goal and that Non-co-operation is the only method by which to reach that goal. Whatever the bureaucracy does the nationalists of Bengal cannot forget their ideal. The people of Bengal are now on their trial, it entirely depends on them whether they would win or lose. I ask my countrymen to be patient. I appeal to them to undergo all sufferings cheerfully. I call upon them not to forsake the sacred work which the Indian National Congress has enjoined. The Congress work is done and can only be done by volunteers. Let it be clearly understood that every worker, young or old, man or woman, is a volunteer in the service of the Congress. I trust that within a few days there will be a million volunteers for the work of the province. Our cause is sacred, our method is peaceful and non-violent. Do you not realise that the service of our country is service of God ? I charge you to remember that no communique of earthly Government can be allowed to stop God’s worship.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CALCUTTA.

I do not know how long I shall be allowed to remain out of jail. I repeat with all the emphasis I can command that every Congress and Khilafat worker must remain absolutely non-violent in thought, word and deed. I ask every citizen of Calcutta who has any sympathy for the work of the Congress and Khilafat to remember that the best and the surest way to destroy this work is to help violence in any shape or form.

I ask the people of Calcutta not to gather in large numbers at street corners as they did to-day. I knew that soldiers would be posted. I was not afraid because I had every confidence in our workers. There is no doubt there will be ample provocation. You must expect it. We

must withstand this provocation, otherwise we deserve to lose. I say to our workers again that they must expect to be assaulted and they must be prepared not to be provoked into vice.

Fear of Jail, fear of assaults and fear of being shot down—these are the 3 fears which every worker must conquer before we can get Swaraj. We have conquered the fear of Jail; we are about to conquer the fear of assault. It depends on the Bureaucracy when we shall succeed in conquering the fear of being shot down.

In the meantime, I charge every one to remember that our success can only depend on non-violence so real, so perfect that all God fearing men and women must come over to our side.

MESSAGE TO THE PERSECUTED.

What shall I say to those who have suffered, who are suffering, and to those who are prepared to suffer for the cause of freedom? I repeat the message which was delivered by a Persian Poet.

Truth, love and courage:—that is all you need to learn, all that you need to remember. Faith, Fortitude, Firmness, will they falter and fail and fade at the hour of trial, in the moment of despair, asked the Saqi in a mournful strain, or will they, tried and tested emerge from the fire of life radiant, strengthened, ennobled, purified?

Nor will I forsake them, answered the youth; not even were the heavens to fall.

Thine then, said the Saqi, is the path of glory; thine a nation's gratitude; thine the fadeless crown.

Would that courage, unfailing courage, unbent courage, such as thine, be the proud possession of all?

For naught but courage winneth life's battle, naught
 but courage secureth soul's freedom, man's noblest
 highest prize. Let courage, then be thy gift, O God, to
 this wondrous land of Love and Light.

TO THE STUDENTS.

MR. DAS ON MR. JITENDRA LAL'S IMPRISONMENT.

"If it is a sin to have demanded liberty for my
 countrymen with full and passionate intensity of soul,
 then I have sinned—grievously sinned beyond pardon or
 penitence and rejoice that I have so sinned. If it is an
 offence to have asked my people to shake off the fetters
 of a foreign servitude that degrades and dwarfs our
 humanity then I am one of the most offending souls alive,
 and I rejoice and am thankful that God gave me the
 courage and hardihood to commit such an offence. And
 as the All-merciful gave me courage and strength in the
 past to speak out the truth that is within me, so I hope
 that he will give me endurance in the future to go
 through the agony of man's unrighteous persecution."

So said Jitendralal Banerjee as I find from a certified
 copy of his statement made to the Magistrate. We all
 know Jitendralal Bannerjee. I have been intimately con-
 nected with him certainly for the last five or six years of
 our national activity. Two years of rigorous imprison-
 ment for saying what he believed to be true! A man who
 undergoes such suffering as this for the sake of truth
 must be understood and appreciated.

What is Jitendralal Bannerjee? I ask the student
 community to realise the essential truth of his life. His
 life has been lived up to the present moment practically
 before the students of Bengal. He passed his M. A.

Examination in 1902 standing first in the First Class. After that he obtained the State Scholarship to proceed to England but he chose to educate himself and to educate others in this country. He served as professor of English in various Colleges always preferring Indian to Government Institutions. His last appointment was in the Ripon College where he served till 1911. In that year his services were dispensed with by the College authorities because he refused to give an undertaking that he would no longer take part in politics. Then began his career at the bar.

Although he always took part in politics from 1911-1912 he became a prominent figure in the Congress. A devoted follower of Surendra Nath Bannerjee—he broke away from him at the time when the whole of Bengal was intensely agitated on the question of Mrs. Besant's election to the Presidential chair of the Congress. Since then he has been working unceasingly in support of the National cause.

There was no man in our political circle who was a more sincere friend and wellwisher of the student community. He was like a brother to every one of them who came to him, helping them with advice, with his money and in every possible way. An ardent patriot who yielded to none in his love for his country with a heart tender and yet stern and unbending. I wish he had been among our midst at the present moment for Bengal hath need of him. We want his sincerity. We want his courage, we want his love for truth. Let his sacrifice ennoble us.

What is Jitendralal Bannerjee? I ask the students of Calcutta to realise the truth of his life. Words cannot convey it. The work that he did, the life which he lived, the qualities of his head and heart all culminating in the

grand sacrifice which he had the courage to make—these are more eloquent than any words that I can employ.

I ask again: what is Jitendralal Bannerjee? I wish with all the craving of my heart that the students of Calcutta knew how to answer this question! He gave up his life for the well-being of his dear and devoted students. Are there none now to tell us the meaning of his sacrifice not by speaking angry words, nor by shedding idle tears but by taking up the cause which he loved so well and by strengthening that cause by their own sacrifice?

Merely existing is not living. I wish I could say as the students of Calcutta were living as men should live. Jitendralal Bannerjee lived. Now that his body is imprisoned is there no one amongst the students of Calcutta who has the heart to hear the call of his soul?

C. R. DAS.

APPEAL TO CALCUTTA STUDENTS.

The arrest of Lala Lajpat Rai has opened a new chapter in the history of our movement. To my mind the meaning of this arrest is significant. The bureaucracy is impatient of our success. It has lost its temper and naturally it has commenced to strike. Hitherto the attack of the bureaucracy has been more or less indirect. This is direct. Lajpat Rai is one of the pillars of the Congress movement. Through him the Congress itself has been struck. I welcome this direct attack. It means an open trial of strength between the bureaucracy and the Congress, and as the Congress year is about to close, it is time for the result to be proclaimed.

In Bengal the arrests have been equally significant. They took away Pir Badsa Mian and Doctor Suresh hand-

cuffed and chained together as the most eloquent symbol of the bondage and unity of the Hindus and the Musalmans. Jatindra Mohan Sen Gupta is in jail, proving the worth and triumph of Chittagong. Nripendra, one of the most popular Professors, has shared the same fate. Professor Birendra Nath Mukherji of Rungpur has already led a thousand volunteers to prison, leaving twenty thousand more awaiting the glory of arrest. Brihmanbaria in Commilla is ready with more victims than our masters want.

But what of Calcutta ? That is the question which distresses me to-day. Only five thousand workers have volunteered, only five thousand in this great City with so many schools and so many Colleges ! To-day six of these volunteers were arrested. They were doing Congress work, selling Khaddi and introducing Charkas. So the bureaucracy has made up its mind to stop the work of the Congress. Only five thousand in this great City and the work of the Congress about to be stopped ! Have the students of Calcutta nothing to say ? Is this the time for study ? Art and Literature, Science and Mathematics:—O the shame of it all when the Mother calls and these have not the heart to hear.

I feel so desolate in this great City. I see thousands and thousands of young men all around me wherever I go, but their faces are old with worldly wisdom and their hearts are cold and dead. I wish God had given me the strength to rekindle the fire of life in their hearts so that the young men of Calcutta may be young again. It is the young who fought the battle of freedom in every age and in every clime. It is the young who are purer in spirit and are ever ready for sacrifice.

I am growing old and infirm and the battle has just commenced. They have not taken me yet but I feel the

handcuffs on my wrist and the weight of iron chains on my body. It is the agony of bondage. The whole of India is a vast prison. What matters it whether I am taken or left.

One thing is certain. The work of the Congress must be carried on whether I am dead or alive. Only five thousand in this great City and the work of the Congress about to be stopped ! I ask again, have the students of Calcutta no answer to make ?

C. R. DAS.

Mr. DAS'S MESSAGE.

The arrest of Mr. Das was quietly effected. Two Deputy Commissioners of Police, with a small force, arrived in the afternoon at his residence in Bhowanipore when he was in his study. He was arrested under Section 17 of the Criminal Amendment Act XIV of 1918. Mr. Das received the order calmly. There was a minor demonstration outside. Mr. Das was taken to the Presidency Jail.

Just after his arrest Mr. Das issued the following message:

This is my last message to you, men and women of India. Victory is in sight, if you are prepared to win it by suffering. It is in such agony as that through which we are passing that nations are born; but you must bear this agony with fortitude, with courage and with perfect self-composure ! Remember that so long as you follow the path of non-violence, you put the bureaucracy in the wrong; but move by a hair's breadth from the path which Mahatma Gandhi has mapped out for you, and you give away the battle to the bureaucracy. Swaraj is our goal, Swaraj not in compartments, not by instalments; but swaraj whole and entire ! Now it is for you, men and women to say whether we shall attain the goal for which we are striving !

To my Moderate friends I say this : Survey the history of the world from the beginning of all time; has any nation won freedom by pursuing the path which you are pursuing ? If the appeal should reach any waverer amongst you, I ask him to consider whether he will now stand on the side of India in her conflict or with the bureaucracy ? There may be compromise in the matter of details, but there can be no compromise in the essential question that divides us from the bureaucracy. And if you do not stand by for India, you assuredly stand for the bureaucracy.

And to the students. I say this: You are at once the hope and the glory of India. True education does not consist in learning to add two and two to make four ; but it lies in the service which you are prepared to give to the Mother of us all. There is work to be done for the Mother. Who, amongst you, is prepared to answer the call ?

Mrs. C. R. DAS' MESSAGE.

“Awake ! Arise ! Hear ye not your mother's call ? Oft, in days gone by, she came to you and spoke to you and you heard her not. She stands before you again to-day—and speaks in accents clear and irresistible. And should she speak in vain ? Would you still hide your face in fear or would you, a free being as you are, rise and respond to her stern and imperious call ?

“The National Congress sits on the 26th of December. Many of its trusted leaders and workers, young and old, will be absent from its deliberations for reasons which are known to you. These high-souled and selfless patriots, though absent, will be present there in spirit. Would you not be there to be cheered and inspired by their presence ? The President's chair will remain vacant. What then ? His message to the Congress he has left with me and on

the eve of his arrest, he charged me, his wife, with the sacred duty of delivering it to you. Poor and unworthy as I am, I shall try to discharge that sacred duty. That is my husband's wish. That is Mahatma Gandhi's wish. Will you not come and stand by me in this my solemn hour of trial? Remember that for the last 40 years or more the Congress has been the only national institution and its pandal, the chosen field of our action. Here it is that our fathers decided to give battle to the powers that be. Here it is that the Swaraj Flag was hoisted and kept flying by those who have gone before us. Shall we abandon the flag at this critical moment and allow it to be captured by our opponents to be trampled on to our eternal shame? I know you will not suffer it. Forget your differences. Come in your thousands. Rally round the Congress and keep the Swaraj Flag flying; sacrifice yourselves if need be on its sacred ramparts. The last call sounds: Hark—"Arise"! "Awake."

"Men and women of Bengal: I am proud of what you have achieved during the course of a week. I glory in your sacrifices unstintedly and ungrudgingly made for the cause. Who can read the long roll of arrests and imprisonments, but with a thrill of joy and hope? Who can witness the cheerful march of the pilgrims to the Swaraj Ashram but with tears of admiration in his eyes? The fight has just begun. The fight will be long and arduous. If soul-force counts for anything in the world, the victory is ours. See you not the powers that be already quake and tremble.

"The Congress has decided that a Hartal should be observed in Calcutta on the 24th of December. In this, no insult is intended to the Prince. I, as a mother, should be the last person to hurt the feelings of one, so young and tender withal so brave. But the nation has decided that

it is unable to extend to the Prince any welcome as a nation. It is your solemn duty to observe the Hartal. But remember that the Hartal is an expression of our national mourning. Observe it in a spirit of reverence and humility above all, non-violence.

“To you my younger brothers and sisters I say you are your Mother’s hope, her pride, her joy. March onward to victory and to glory.”

BASANTI DEBI.
(Mrs. C. R. Das.)

Dr. P. C. RAY’S TRIBUTE TO Mr. DAS.

Dr. P. C. Ray has addressed the following letter to Mrs. C. R. Das:—

My Dear Sister,

I am so much choked up with feelings that I can scarcely give vent to them. Ever since his historic defence of Aurobindo Ghosh, which will always rank as one of the classics in the State trials your husband has loomed large before the public. His unbounded charity, his lofty patriotism his high idealism, his heroic and chivalrous defence of the weak have always evoked our admiration. Although I do not see eye to eye with him in some matters I have always felt attracted to him, and I do not at all wonder that his striking personality should capture the imagination of Young Bengal, or for the matter of that of Young India. Even those who differ from him in political matters cannot withhold their admiration for the unparalleled self sacrifice he has made. Our hearts go out to Chittaranjan in this hour of his trial. I know the limitations of the expert, and from my position of

isolation and detachment, I am afraid, I fail to realise the full significance of his life's mission. Has not the poet said—

The man of Science is fond of glory and vain."

An eye well practised in Nature but a spirit bounded and poor."

Possibly, exclusive lifelong devotion to my favourite subject has blurred my vision and my spirit has become circumscribed. I can assure you, however, dear sister, that in serving my favourite science I have only one idea in my mind, namely, that through her I should serve my country. Our aspirations are the same. God knows, I have no other object in my life.

Cheerfully and heroically you have been bearing your tribulations, and you have set an example to modern Bengal and her womanhood which has been rarely met with since the days of Rajput glory.

I sincerely hope that the dark clouds which have overshadowed our dear Motherland will soon be dispelled and your husband restored to us.

Yours sincerely,

P. C. RAY.

LALA LAJPATRAI.

TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Countrymen—The Provincial Congress Committee meets to-day at 2 p. m. This meeting has been convened under my instructions. This meeting is in every sense a private meeting, according to the law and cannot be termed a public meeting. The object of this meeting is that the

Provincial Congress Committee, after taking into consideration the present situation might draw up the programme or work and devise means to maintain peace and order in the Province in the present crisis. The Deputy Commissioner has prohibited the meeting under the Prevention of Seditious Meetings Act, and in the meantime, I have received orders from Mahatma Gandhi that, as far as possible, I should save myself from arrest. The meeting is highly important. The order of the Deputy Commissioner is illegal and "*ultravires*," and it seems that the Punjab officials do not care much for law. Under these circumstances, my conscience does not allow me to stop the meeting or to allow it to be held and myself not attend it. I have therefore, decided to attend the meeting and get myself arrested, if the District authorities desire to take me into custody, I believe that had he been in that position, Mahatma Gandhi himself would have acted in that manner, and that, had he known the later developments he would not have advised me, as he has done. I quite realize that I might perhaps have rendered you better service by avoiding arrest at the present stage of our national struggle, but I also believe that for me to save myself from arrest under the present circumstances would be improper. I am sure, you would not like me to act in a manner that might render my conduct liable to be misunderstood. I am not deliberately courting arrest on account of the weakness of my heart. My faith, my conscience, my desire to do my duty—all compel me to attend the meeting. If, under these circumstances, I am committing a blunder, I believe that you, my countrymen, and Mahatmaji will forgive me.

We have decided, that in my absence, Agha Mohamed Safdar Sahib, would act as the President of the Provincial Congress Committee. The patriotism and high intel-

lectual attainments of Agha Mohamad Safdar are well-known to you; and I believe that under his guidance and leadership all the Congress Committees and all Congressmen in the Province would fulfil their duties loyally and bravely.

When I left the shores of America, I knew that I would not be allowed to remain outside the jail for a long time; and on my departure from there, I had told my friends that I would be satisfied if I were allowed to work amongst my people even for six months. But now through the grace of God I have been enabled to work with you for about 19 months, and I go to jail with a glad heart and with the firm belief that whatever we have done we have done according to our conscience and our God. I have no misgivings or fears in my mind. I am convinced that the path we have chosen is the right path, and our success is sure. I also believe that I shall soon return amongst you and resume my work; but even if that is not to be, I assure you that I shall have nothing to be sorry for when I return to my Creator. I am a weak and frail man, and do not claim to possess the splendid spirituality of Mahatma Gandhi. Sometimes I am not able to control my anger, nor can I say that I have never harboured feelings which I ought not to have entertained. But this I can truthfully assert that I have always kept the interests of my country and nation before my mind and my actions have been directed with a sole eye to the interests of my country. I know that I have made many mistakes in the discharge of my duties, and have sometimes indulged in criticism which might have given offence to some of my countrymen. For all that I beg for forgiveness. I hope that they will forgive me, especially my Moderate and Arya Samajist brothers.

The position of those of my countrymen who are Government servants is peculiar; and I quite realise their difficulties. I regret that the question of livelihood compels them to act in a manner which is repugnant even to their own feelings. I wish that no non-co-operator should regard those Government servants with contempt or disdain, nor needlessly use a harsh word against, them.

The success of our movement requires that:—

(1) There should be complete unanimity between different communities and denominations. It is a sin to disturb that mutual goodwill and concord even for a religious object.

(2) There should be no violence in the country. The Government officials are provoking the people in many ways. Courage, patriotism and regard for duty all demand that we should remain non-violent even in the face of the gravest provocation. There is every danger that at the present moment violence might lead to internal dissension, which is bound to ruin us. I, therefore, with the utmost respect and sincerity of purpose, urge on my countrymen to restrain their feelings. They should not have hartal or hold meeting over the arrests, nor should they go to the courts. Every person should continue his everyday work with a calm and cool mind, should not disobey the order of the Congress and should regard it his duty to carry out the orders of the local and provincial leaders. To maintain non-violence and to keep the movement of non-co-operation free from that taint are essential for our success.

(3) There should be no break in the work of the Congress. The "khaddar" propaganda should be carried with increasing vigour and the boycott of foreign cloth should be made complete. On the occasion of the forth-coming visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of

Wales there ought to be no public decorations or rejoicings, and no one should participate in the processions or other functions held in his honour. And, above all, you should act in accordance with the wishes of Mahatma Gandhi.

TO PUNJAB YOUTHS.

Young men of the Punjab—I want to address a word to you. To pass a university examination is not the "*summum bonum*" of your life. Any man who models his course of life on a selfish basis is not a human being; and if in our young age we curb our nobler ambitions and finer emotions and in their place plant baser passions and a desire for luxurious living in our breasts, then also our life is worse than death. I do not wish that you should act in a state of undue excitement. But you should at least do two things; wear *khaddar* and boycott the visit of the Prince.

TO PUNJABI WOMEN.

Women of the Panjab:—I know that you, too, are imbued with a spirit of patriotism and a desire to serve your country, and that you would not care if in that service you lose your liberty. Many of you are prepared to go to jail. But the Indian jails are hells upon earth; vice and corruption reigns there supreme. I, therefore, request you to give up the idea of courting imprisonment; and direct your energies towards the preaching of Swadeshi clothes. There is one other thing which you can do. You can take care of the young children who are left behind by those who go to jail in the country's cause.

My countrymen, I now bid you good-bye. I go to jail in the firm belief that the honour of my beloved country and nation is safe in your keeping. The "Bande Mataram"

and the Tilak School of Politics are my two children; and these also I leave in your keeping.

Those of my brothers who are in Lahore and have not attended to-day's meeting have done so at my request, so that our work may not be interrupted.

Your well-wisher,
LAJPAT RAI.

PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU.

CONTINUE NON-VIOLENT NON-COOPERATION.

To my comrades and countrymen :—

Having served you to the best of my ability while working amongst you it is now my high privilege to serve the Motherland by going to jail with my only son. What shall I say of him to you, who know him so well? I am fully confident that we shall meet again at no distant date as free men. I have only one parting word to say. Continue non-violent non-co-operation without a break until Swaraj is attained, and enlist as volunteers in your tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. Let the march of pilgrims to the only Temple of Liberty now existing in India, which has escaped sacrilege at the hands of the bureaucracy, viz., the jail, be kept up in uninterrupted stream, swelling strength and volume as each day passes. Adieu!

PANDIT JAWAHARLAL TO HIS COLLEAGUES.

"KEEP THE FLAG FLYING"

To my colleagues of the U. P. Congress Committee: Some days ago, you did me the high honour of appointing me General Secretary of the Committee. I have not been able to serve in that capacity for long. To-day, a higher

honour and a greater service await me ; and I welcome it with the conviction that you will carry on the work of the Committee more vigorously and successfully than my co-secretaries and myself were able to do. It has pleased Providence to give this Province a chance of leading the fight for Liberty. May you, the representatives, of the people, prove worthy of this high trust. The work of the Provincial Committee must on no account suffer. Workers from the districts must come to the head-quarters and keep the flag flying at the citadel. I trust that there will be a full attendance of members at the General Meeting on the 13th in Allahabad.

Theirs will be a great responsibility. May God guide their deliberations and give them strength and wisdom. One thing I would have you remember. There can be no compromise or parleying. This struggle must end and can only end in complete victory for the people. Any weakening, any giving up of the principles, will be a betrayal of the thousands who have given of their best for the cause. "An revoir." We meet again, I hope, as free men.

PANDIT JAWAHARLAL TO THE CITIZENS OF ALLAHABAD.

Friends.

I go to jail with the greatest pleasure and with the fullest conviction that therein lies the achievement of our goal. Forget not that there is a complete hartal on the 12th instant, and that it is the duty of every man to enlist as a volunteer. The most important thing is to preserve complete peace and an atmosphere of non-violence. In your hands is the honour of Allahabad and I hope it is

quite safe therein. I trust you will always be in the firing line in the battle of Swaraj and make the name of our city immortal in our annals.

I am your friend.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.

PANDIT MOHANLAL.

In a short Urdu message to the citizens of Allahabad the Pandit says :—

I go to jail with the greatest pleasure. The only answer to repression is to choke up the jails. In your duty to make the hartal of the 12th an unprecedented success, fail not. No gari should be plying on hire no shop should be open.

WHISPERING OF ATMA.

Mrs. MOTILAL NEHRU'S MESSAGE.

Dear brothers and Sisters,

I rejoice in the great privilege that has been vouchsafed to me of sending my dear husband and my only son to jail. I will not pretend that my heart is entirely free from wrench of separation from my dear ones. My heart is full of it because love is a trying thing after all. The knowledge that theirs is not a life which can stand the hardships of jail makes my heart weep. And yet my Atma whispers to me that I should rejoice with my husband and my son over their arrests. I will not disgrace them by sorrowing over the very happenings they had set their hearts upon.

JOY OF SUFFERING.

I have seen it in my life that those who sleep on feather beds hardly ever know true happiness. Suffering and penance have a joy and happiness all their own. My heart trembles to think of the life of hardships that Jewaharlal has been leading, but my soul rejoices in the fact that great capacity to lead a life of suffering is a fortune which rarely falls to the lot of the greatest of men.

THE ANCIENT WAY.

That is the ancient way. Ramchandraji, Nalraja and others found happiness by treading that path of suffering, and made the world also happy. Was Sita ever out of Rama's heart? And yet apparently for her, but for the good of mankind, God chose to enforce a life of penance on Rama. These reflections bring me joy and peace. Let them bring the same to you.

MY HOPE.

And how may I sorrow over the imprisonment of my only son? Mahatma Gandhi told me once that others in the world have also their only sons. And a time is coming when whole families will have to march to jail. I have just heard of the arrest of the whole family of Deshbandhu C. R. Das. I hope the same good fortune may come to me and my daughter-in-law.

MY HUSBAND'S MESSAGE.

What message can I give you but the one my husband has given "Go and do likewise"? Let those that remain behind turn their spinning-wheels and work for peace. If we could answer the present repressive policy with firm and determined Satyagraha for just a short while, I have no doubt that Swaraj would be at our door before the month is out.

A RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE.

I may say again that my heart prays that my son's and husband's life in jail may be a bed of roses. I have faith that this is a religious struggle, and suffering religiously endured must bear its fruit. God has shown us an easy way of winning our goal—Swaraj. If we but follow it cheerfully, we may never have to be confronted with the far more difficult task of laying down our lives therefor. I trust you will not fail to seize this golden opportunity. For as Tulsidas has well said, 'What boots repentance, once a great opportunity has been frittered away'?

SARUPRANI NEHRU.

U. P. LEADERS.

MESSAGE FROM JAIL.

The following message was given to the "Independent's" representative by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, during his trial, on behalf of Pandit Motilal Nehru, Srijiut Purushotam Das Tandon, Syed Kamaludin Ahmad Jaffri and Srijiut Ranendra Nath Basu:—

"Men and Women of the United Provinces:—We are in Jail but we are most happy for we know that you are carrying on the great fight. We know that you have responded to the great call. The great cities of Lucknow, Allahabad and Benares have demonstrated your determination. You are to-day making history which your children and your children's children freed for ever from a foreign yoke, will glory in and unborn generations will bless your name. We pray for you. May the Lord bless you and give you strength to fight on till victory crowns your sacrifices."

"To our own city of Allahabad what shall we say? How shall we, who are of it, congratulate it or of us? **Brave citizens!** The great and peaceful hartal, the march of **hun-**

dreds of its children to jail and the enrolment of thousands in the army of Swaraj fill us with joy and hope. Our hearts are too full for many words. We can but offer our prayerful thanks for the Giver of all strength. May the flag of freedom that Allahabad has unfurled ever fly and the sons and daughters of our city come forward in an unending stream to sacrifice themselves at the altar of Swaraj."

HOPE AT LAST.

BY SJT. C. RAJAGOPALACHAR.

"But things are shaping themselves beautifully without our having to force the pace" so, writes Mahatma Gandhi on 10th instant. When otherwise, in December, men would have doubted whether we had done well or failed, when we were anxiously thinking how to shape our programme in order that we might get greater momentum, Providence has led our rulers into a policy which if met by a little courage on our part and a little sacrifice will surely take us to the promised land in less than a month.

Civil disobedience was inevitable, but the danger of disorder made us draw a distinction between mass and individual disobedience. We were striving to find out what law or orders were best fitted for civil disobedience. We laid down conditions, moving most cautiously. When we were thus anxiously feeling our way our rulers have come to our help. The hand of God is clearly seen in recent events. Clean simple Civil Disobedience, with all the advantages of individual as well as of mass disobedience, with the risks of violence reduced to a minimum, has been rendered possible by the wholesale prohibitions of Congress executive work, which is now being promulgated as law in province after province.

We made the mistake of giving our honorary Congress Workers a bad English name. We called them *Volunteers* and the government is taking full advantage of the word. "Volunteer" suggests guns, sticks or at least some amount of drill. Under the pretence of supressing a potential army of revolutionaries, which in European countries would call itself by such a name, Government is trying to make illegal all congress work, such as Swadeshi or temperance or organisation of branches and even to make it practically impossible to see to the physical needs of our meetings and gatherings. To such a wide prohibition, no nation with a future before it, can submit. The young men of this province have tarried too long. A chance is now offered to them. In hundreds and thousands, I expect them now to come forward, give their names as congress volunteers and go to prison if the government is resolved to send to prison, men whose main and only object is to make men praceful, non-violent, industrious, brave and godly.

There is no more time to be lost. God has taken away wisdom from our rulers and guided them into the path of folly, so that we might have our birth-right. Only, we should purify ourselves with a little sacrifice and a little courage. The Criminal Law amendment Act will bring us Swaraj within the year, if our young men wake up now.

BABU SHYAM SUNDER CHAKRABUTTY.

OUR STUDENTS.

Students of Bengal ! You have ever been her hope and strength. It is you who have always felt, worked and suffered for her; you have obeyed her call, regardless of consequences; you have held your country dearer than

prospects in life; you have been shadowed, spied on, insulted, imprisoned and exiled with hardly a word of love, sympathy or commiseration breathed for you. You have been misunderstood, misrepresented and maligned, but you have not swerved from your duty. You have fed the famished, relieved the flood-stricken, regulated the rush of pilgrims during festivals, furthered the cause of peace and progress, received encomiums of the guardians of law and order, but at the next moment been handed over to the tender mercies of the police as criminals and culprits of the basest type. You have known many ups and downs, but have never been unduly elated or depressed. I am one of those who have an intimate knowledge of what you had to pay for your self-less devotion to your country. I am one of those who drained with you the bitter cup to the dregs. I know the stuff that is in you, I feel the pulse that beats in you, I dream the dream that sustains and inspires you on your dreary march. Will you then fail the country in this supreme crisis when she has just begun to go your way? The stern discipline of suffering, the salutary schooling of experience, the example and precept of the greatest living Indian have at last set you on the right road to salvation. Bring therefore to the altar of the Mother the offering of your holy ardour and enthusiasm. What is your education and instinct worth if interested cry is suffered to pass for public opinion, if sycophancy is suffered to masquerade as citizenship, if tales of petty personal inconveniences are suffered to flaunt themselves as correct reports of national happenings, if an honest appeal to national self-respect is suffered to be stigmatised as coercion and intimidation, if the proud man's *ipse dixit* are suffered to be elevated to the rank of facts and truths, if the most unwarranted restriction of your commonest right—the right to speak, write, associate and

serve—is suffered to assume the sanctity and majesty of law? Will you allow the God in you to be thus insulted? If not, then accept this challenge to your divinity; if not, then call up the spirit in you, if not, then meet hatred with love, misrepresentation with becoming silence, and persecution with noble self-suffering. You are out to teach how wrong ought to be righted, how the very germ of evil is to be killed by goodness, how to make the creed of suffering and sacrifice the established creed of the world, in short, to vindicate the innate dignity and majesty of your soul. One supreme effort is called for. Think and act.

BABU BHAGVAN DAS.

MESSAGE TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Suffering for the sake of an ideal is good for the soul. The opportunity for such suffering has been sent to me also by Providence and I am thankful. The achieving of true Swaraj, true Self-Government, the Government of the Higher Self over the lower in the individual as well as the communal life is a high ideal. I have tried to express my idea of its nature and form in various writings. I hope the Congress authorities may accept it and publish it to the people in order to guide and steady the people's enthusiasm by clear vision of the goal. I hope that friends in Benares and elsewhere will help to keep alive the Kashi Vidya Pitha, my last effort with the most generous help of my dear goldhearted friend Shivaprasad Gupta and others to establish a new centre of reformed education the foundation of reformed individual and communal life. I hope that the leaders of the various creeds will teach their followings to distinguish between the heart essentials which are common to all and the external rites and cere-

monies which are special to each and accidental and thereby bring about the mutual understanding and peace between the races and the nations. I express my deep gratitude to my brothers the English gentlemen who constitute the Government of India for making themselves the instruments of Providence to test the capacity of the Indian people for self-sacrifice which is the only foundation of true Self-Government—the self-sacrifice of suffering for truth and right without retaliation which is specially becoming to the soul of India and will help to re-establish the universal religion of peace on earth and good will among men. I hope that all to whom I may have caused any hurt will forgive me. I send greetings to all Theosophist friends personally known and unknown in all countries.

MOULANA ABDUL KALAM AZAD.

HIS MESSAGE TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

SIR—After Moulana Abdul Kalam's arrest I found the following message with some other notes among Moulana's papers, and I send it to the press as desired by him.

Yours faithfully,

F. D. AHMAD,

Private Secy.

to Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad.

BEFORE THE ARREST.

To-day is the morning of the 8th instant. Last evening I received information from some reliable sources that the Government of Bengal has after consulting the Viceroy decided to arrest me and Mr. C. R. Das. As for me, the

Government seems to have decided to prosecute me if I do not happen to go out of Calcutta by the 11th instant and thus a great burden of responsibility will have been taken away from their shoulders, were I to leave Calcutta for the Jamiatul-Ulema Conference at Budaon and in that case Mr. Das will only be arrested.

My time was invariably being spent out of Bengal in the service of the Nation. I was as well busy at present with certain important affairs in connection with the movement and had accordingly drawn up my programme up to the 25th, of this month. All of a sudden, however, the Government of Bengal began wholeheartedly to contemplate plans of a new policy which the other provinces readily followed. I was at Bombay on account of the meeting of the All India Congress Committee. I consulted Mahatmaji and he advised me to proceed to Calcutta for a few days as he thought it absolutely necessary. Consequently I arrived here on the 1st December. I found that Government had contemplated some desperate measures against the movement and that there was nothing unlawful that was not being done to prevent the *hartal* of the 24th. The people on the other hand were perfectly firm and peaceful and thus they will continue to be upto the end.

My first duty was that I should ascertain the capacity of the people to maintain peace and forbearance and by the 5th instant I felt perfectly sure of this. I now began to consider the desirability of leaving Calcutta or otherwise. My presence at the Jamiatul-Ulema Conference at Budaon was absolutely necessary. I could not decide anything up to the 6th. I wrote to Mahatmaji saying that Mr. C. R. Das would look up to the affairs at Calcutta and that I was coming to Bombay *via* Budaon. In the

evening of the 6th however matters took a different turn. I felt that the Government had concentrated all their strength on Calcutta which was going to be the field of our final battle and therefore it was necessary for me to give up all other work and devote myself solely to the affairs here and I decided accordingly.

I also found that Government was bent upon crushing the Congress and the Khilafat Committees one by one. The workers were being arrested and prosecuted. The national papers were also likely to be gagged. Mr. Das is now the only person left to work and in this case it was impossible for me to leave Calcutta.

It is true that the Government wanted to avoid the risk of arresting me and they awaited my departure from Calcutta. A friend sent to me by the Government gave me a timely warning to this effect. But I regret that I had to disappoint the Government in this respect also as well as another as my creed at the present moment is not to obey but to disobey.

I decided this on full consideration. For many reasons my presence here was indispensable. By reasons I mean that any time that is available should not be wasted. By the grace of God the opportunity now given to Calcutta is much more valuable and important than anything else and I am sure I am not wrong in this belief. The Government has very kindly relieved me of the great responsibility by deciding on my arrest. God alone knows how much it pained me to have remained outside the jail so far. Those who go ahead scarcely know the feelings of those left behind. Mohammad Ali, Shaukat Ali, Lala Lajpat Rai and Pandit Motilal Nehru have completed their journeys while I am still lagging behind in the way. I have now begun to feel that I am coming to the end of my

journey and my heart is full of joy and happiness because I am leaving the last but a successful field behind.

I have called the present field of activity in Calcutta "the last and successful field" and that is what I fairly believe it to be. In a short time the country will see what could not be accomplished in the last three years by the whole country, will be done by Calcutta within a few days. Of course to bring all this to a final issue only one further step was necessary but I am not now anxious on this score as I believe that the Government of Bengal will complete our work by its own actions. If both myself and Mr. C. R. Das are arrested within the next two or three days the incident will bring a new life and awakening not only to Calcutta but to the whole of Bengal. The last three years of my Liberty could not arouse Bengal from its profound sleep but I hope our arrest would do that in a moment.

In my arrest I see a new turn on the part of the Mussalmans of India and I especially look upon my brothers in the Punjab and N. W. Frontier and Behar. My Muslim brothers of these provinces have always given a willing and an affectionate ear to my words and have always believed in and relied upon them. For the last ten years they have been the centre of all my hopes. I believe that my arrest will prove for them my last message. By my silence after my arrest they will understand fully what I could not explain to them by my continuous speeches and writings during the last three years. Thus the Government of Bengal is rendering a valuable service not only to Bengal but to the whole of India.

FIRST CONGRATULATIONS TO MAHATMAJI.

If I am arrested the following message be sent to Mahatmaji on my behalf :—

I take the opportunity to congratulate you on your success. I hope you will not accuse me of being hasty in this respect. I am looking forward to that much longed-for moment and I would not like others to surprise me in tendering the congratulations. You are every day running short of human aid as your colleagues are being frequently arrested but Divine Aid is on the other hand increasing. The recent disturbance in Bombay had caused you great pain and I felt much aggrieved to see you so unhappy and restless on that account. But Calcutta is now aroused in order to present to you the pleasant fruits of success in place of your sorrowful feelings of the past.

We had last had a talk about Calcutta on the 25th November and I am glad that the assurance given to you then has proved to be right. I am working in Calcutta for the last 15 years and my family have been residing here for about 50 years and therefore the assurance given was based on my personal knowledge and belief. The Musslims of Calcutta have done most important work in connection with the Khilafat movement during the last three years, and in this last stage also Calcutta will take the lead. It has understood the moral of peaceful sacrifice. It will neither flare up nor extinguish but the fire will continue to burn on. It appears that the share of completing the stage of peaceful civil disobedience has fallen on Calcutta, to which it has a right.

My first message of ten years ago is also my last message of to-day *i. e.*, "Be neither harassed nor sorrowful. If you can cultivate the real faith in you, you can predominate all". The foundation of our success is based upon the following four principles—*viz.*

- (1) Complete unity among Hindus and Mussalmans,
- (2) Peace, (3) Organization, (4) Sacrifice and firmness.

TO MUSSALMANS.

I will particularly appeal to my Muslim brothers to keep in mind their religious traditions and truths and to get ahead of their Hindu brethren in these present critical times. If they lag behind it will be for them an act of utter shame and disgrace in the eyes of the forty crores of Musalmans of the world. I will also particularly ask them to be faithful to their Hindu brothers and even if one or a few of them were to do something unpleasant they would excuse them for it but not in any way hurt their feelings. They should also see that they do not commit an act which would give cause to friction in their sacred unity. Secondly they should place complete confidence in the Mahatmaji and act up to his instructions with full sincerity and firmness unless he asks them to do anything against Islam (which, I know, he would never do).

TO CENTRAL KHILAFAT COMMITTEE.

As for the work done by the above Committee, I am fully satisfied. The presence of its courageous and ardent President, Saith Chhotani is in itself a guarantee of its success. My friend, Dr. Sayed Mahmood, is already working vigorously as Secretary. Mr. M. Saddiq Khatri is also there to help him. I trust the office-bearers and officials have not forgotten what I told them while last at Bombay and their united life and activities will not let our absence be felt.

TO HAKIM MOHOMMED AJMAL KHAN SAHIB AND DR. ANSARI.

The present circumstances have thrown on your shoulders the burden of our duties in addition to those of yours. It seems to have been destined that all the work in the outside should be done by you. It would be well if you go to Bombay and leave Delhi to itself.

ANGORA FUND.

I regret I could not get time to finish the programme of the above fund. Presumably ten lakhs have been collected by now. Formerly, the time for these collections was fixed up to the end of this month but I think it should be extended for a month more and collections continued up to the end of January. I was thinking of fixing a date at the middle of December for the purpose and work on the lines of census work. I was to notify before hand that the collectors of this fund will go out on a particular day or days, that everybody should remain indoors on that particular day and give their little mite to the fund. It should be arranged at least once for all that the Muslims of India should make some sacrifice for the protection of Islam and the Khilafat. But when I reached Calcutta I found that the times were not suited for such a step. I now wish that a declaration to this effect be made at the Ahmedabad Khilafat Conference and date fixed for the purpose in the month of January.

JAMIAT-UL-ULEMA.

The body of the Jamiat Ul-Ulema is at present very important with a big responsibility. This is a Council of Ulemas and there is none besides them to guide the Muslims in their religious and worldly matters. The Jamiat have before them an important religious item. May God give them strength and guide them to arrive at a better conclusion with due concurrence. At the present moment I respectfully beg to remind them of the following points:—

(1) Unity among your members is the fundamental principle of our success. (2) You are not far from looking into the necessity of Hindu-Muslim unity and its importance from a religious point of view. It should be

preserved at all costs, and it is entirely in your hands. (3) All the Ulemas, and specially, members of the Jamiat should attend the Ahmedabad Congress and this should be arranged by the Jamiat-ul-Ulema. (4) Action be at once taken on the Resolution passed at Lahore, for enlisting members and bring it to the fixed number as early as possible.

TO GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL.

I would also like to say a word or two to Sir Henry Wheeler and Mr. Clarke, Commissioner of Police Calcutta, and that is that there shall be a "complete and successful *hartal*" on the 24th and the work of the Congress and Khilafat Committees will continue with re-doubled zeal and energy after we are arrested.

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

After four years' of my internment I was set at liberty in December 1919 and now after two years I am again going to jail. May God help and guide you and keep you all firm in the path of truth and the cause of the country.

ABDUL KALAM AZAD.

Calcutta, 8th December, 1921.

LALA LAJPAT RAI'S LAST MESSAGE.

The following article was handed over to the editor of the *Bande Mataram* by Lala Lajpat Rai after judgment had been pronounced.

My dear countrymen,

Upto to-day I was an under-trial prisoner but now I am a convict. Most probably, till the expiry of my term, I shall have no opportunity of exchanging ideas with you, so I present to you the following few thoughts on the current events.

At the outset, I desire to assure you that I am perfectly happy. I am grateful to God for the opportunities of performing moral *Sadhans* (practices) afforded to me through the grace of the present Government. I am trying so that those elements of pride, vanity, selfishness and self-love which may still form part of my character may be destroyed in the forage of jail life, thus enabling me to come out of this place purified. Last time when I was imprisoned, I had no experience of jail life and I had no opportunity of witnessing the spectacle wherein human beings are degraded from humanity. The experience that I am having this time has taught me that it is not possible to increase the dignity inherent in being a mere man by means of wealth, riches, learning and position. There were very few *men* in the world and therefore my only desire is to become a *man*. Around me there are innumerable men, many of them are prisoners and some officials. In my judgment a large majority of those people who are outside jails and owing to the possession of wealth, riches, learning or position are looked upon with respect by society, are not better than these prisoners. They are outside jail because Society as at present constituted punishes Poverty and Helplessness and not Crime. There is hardly any man within the jail who does not commit an "offence" (*Badmashi*). But while the poor and helpless prisoner is cruelly degraded from the pedestal of humanity, others get the reward for this *Badmashi* in the shape of increment and prosperity. A prisoner is deprived of treatment deserving of a man, merely because he is a prisoner so much so that gradually all the finer qualities in him are wiped away and he becomes a quadruped. Their warders or guards become quadrupeds or beasts because society tolerates or encourages them. The result in both cases is the same. I have felt that it is necessary

for us to love men merely because they are men and not because of their wealth, riches, learning or position. Jails are the Satan's home. Within these there is no end of dirt, both outward and inward. Within them there is also dishonesty and mischief not fit to be described. But my heart longs to love more and more, these dirty, mischievous, misery-stricken "Criminals." They are wicked and criminals because society by its inhuman treatment has made them so, otherwise every one of them possesses within himself the same priceless gift with which Mahatma Gandhi is endowed. These jails have not been made for reform purposes but in order that certain persons, who are in possession of power, may find an opportunity of fostering their pride. These people are themselves helpless. Their education and training are responsible for their helplessness. That is why they are themselves deserving of pity. I am trying to make my mind free (from any unkind thoughts) towards them also so that there may remain in my mind no trace of any feeling of grudge or anger against them. Owing to these reasons I look upon my imprisonment as an unequalled blessing. There is no better school than this for practising self-control and learning humility, provided one can adapt one's nature to practise these. So far about my jail life.

Now I wish you to understand clearly why we have been imprisoned. The act for which we have been punished was not an act of Civil Disobedience. We have not till now started Civil Disobedience. It is our faith that freedom of speech and writing is our birthright. There can be only one limitation to it and it is this, that by that freedom we may not encroach upon the natural rights of others and we may not do anything against morality. Similarly it is our birthright to confer together and to

benefit by association with one another. There is one limitation to this also, and it is this, that we should not use this right to injure another. If we act contrary to these principles, society is entitled to punish us. But no society has the right to punish the whole society for our mistake and deprive it of these birthrights. Whatever I did on the 3rd December, I did in defence of these birthrights of myself and of society. I believe that in prohibiting our meeting and arresting us: Government has broken its own law. But I do not wish to enter into a verbal discussion."

Proceeding further Lala Lajpat Rai emphasizes the fact that they had not yet embarked on civil disobedience which was to commence from the 15th January.

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