WORKS OF TAGORE

FROM

THE MODERN REVIEW 1909-1924

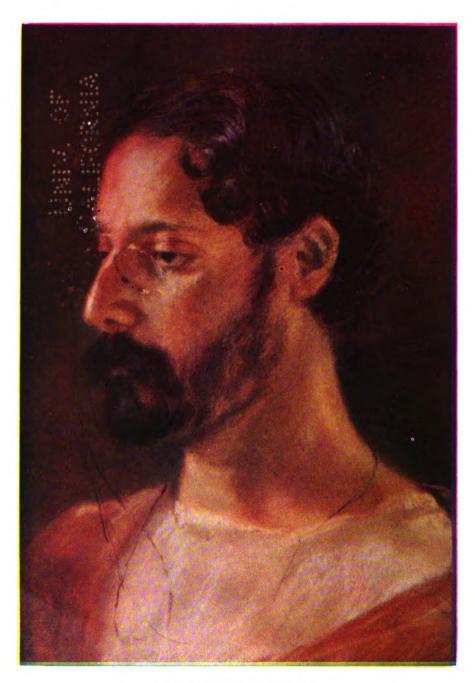
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

TRANSLATED BY

VARIOUS WRITERS

EXTRACTED FROM

THE MODERN REVIEW
CALCUTTA



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[AT THE AGE OF ABOUT 32].

From a painting by Babu Abanindra Nath Tagore, by kind permission of Dr. J. C. Bose

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The Fourfold Way of India	August 1924	original	Essay
The Schoolmaster	October 1924	-do-	-do-

^{* -} Included by Jadunath Sarkar in the list of his translations from Tagore. This list was published in *Prabasi*, Phalgun 1352 B.E. (1945). This list was cited in an article on Jadunath Sarkar, by Tagore researcher Pulin Bihari Sen, in *Visvabharati News*, January 1971.

- † Name of Andrews given on the next page, after the second poem.
- ‡ April 1916 in page header, due to printing error.

Not included

- Eyesore, January to December, 1914
- My Reminiscences, January to December, 1916
- Letters, January to August, 1917 (later published as Glimpses of Bengal)
- At Home and Outside, January to December, 1918 (later published as *The Home and the World*)
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Rabindranath Tagore: The Problems of Nationalism	December 1920	André Varagnac	Essay
Rabindranath Tagore in the 'Palais de Justice'	January 1921	-	Report, translated from Gaston Denys Perier
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The Post Office	February 1922	Arabinda Mohan Bose	Book review
Tagore in Alpineland	March 1922	Ida Stielker	Essay
Rabindranath Tagore's Balaka	May, 1922	Edward John Thompson	-do-
Rabindranath Tagore in Hungary	December 1922	-	Report
Rabindranath Tagore in	July 1923	Moriz Winternitz	Essay, tr.
Indian Literature			M. Collins
Tilak and Tagore	November 1923	-	Report
Rabindranath Tagore's Visit to China	August 1924	Leonard Knight Elmhirst	Essay
Rabindranath Tagore in	-do-	-	Report
Japan	do		пероп
Rabindranath Tagore's	September 1924	K.	Essay
Visva-Bharati Mission Rabindranath Reviewed	-do-	Harinada Chasal	Review
	-uo- -do-	Haripada Ghosal	
Rabindranath Tagore's Visit to China	-00-	-	Report
Dr. Tagore's Visit to	October 1924	-	-do-
China Rabindranath Tagore	-do-	-	-do-
and Institution Building Tagore as a Revolutionary	November 1924	-	-do-

gave a remarkable proof of the consummate skill he has acquired in his art by making the sketch in less than ten minutes. sculpture shows in spendid relief a stately royal barge propelled by lusty oarsmen with all their might and one almost hears the very splash of their oars: the through which it cuts its way is thrown into ripples and waves indicated by a few simple and yet masterly touches; and the entire scene is one of dash and hurry, indicative of the desparate speed of a flight or escape from danger. The beauty of the cabin, and the simplicity of its design are particularly noticeable: the chain that hangs from the top which the master of the vessel grasps by the hand to make himself steady amidst rolling is a most ingenious invention. It is difficult to ascertain what particular scene from our Sastras is here represented, for it is very probably not a mere secular picture or ornament. The interpretation put upon it by one of the many Pandas of whom I inquired about it seems to be acceptable: according to him, the scene here represented is that of Srikrishna being secretly and hurriedly carried away beyond the destructive reach of king Kamsa. vessel is that of the Madhyamadira (मध्यमन्दिरा) type as defined in the Yuktikalpataru.

The same representation of a barge, I was also credibly informed, appears among the sculptures on the Great Temple at Bhubaneshwar, that triumph of Indian art, which however we missed because we had no information about it beforehand.

Lastly, I may mention that in the Great Temple at Madura, among the fresco paintings that cover the walls of the corridors round the Swarnapushpakarini tank there is a fine representation of the sea and of a ship in full sail on the main, as big as that among the sculptures of Borobudur.

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THE RIDDLE SOLVED

(A SHORT STORY)

(From the Bengali of Ravindra Nath Tagore)

BABU Krishna Gopal Sircar, zemindar of Jhikrakota made over 1 his eldest son and retired to the holy city of Benares, as befits a good Hindoo, to spend the evening of his life in religious All the poor and the destitute devotion. of the neighbourhood were in tears at the parting. Every one declared that such piety and benevolence were rare in these degenerate days.

His son Bepin Bihari was a young man well-educated on modern lines, holding the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He sported a pair of spectacles, wore a beard and seldom mixed with others. His private life was unsullied. He did not even smoke and never touched cards. He was a man of stern disposition, though he looked soft and pliable. This trait of his character soon came home to his tenantry in diverse ways. Unlike his father, he would on no account allow a remission of one single pice out of the rents justly due to him. Under no circumstances would he grant any tenant one single day's grace in paying up.

On taking over management of the property, Bepin Bihari discovered that his father had allowed a large number of Brahmins to hold land entirely rent-free and a larger number to hold at rents much below the prevailing rates. His father was incapable of resisting the importunate solicitation of others-such was the weakness of his character.

Bepin Bihari said, this could never be. could not in this way abandon the income of half his property—and he reasoned with himself thus:-Firstly, the persons who were in actual enjoyment of the concessions and getting fat at his expense were a lot of worthless people and so undeserving of charity. Charity bestowed on such objects only encouraged idleness. Secondly, living now-a-days had become much costlier than in the days of his ancestors. Wants had increased apace. For a gentleman to keep up his position had become four times as expensive as in days past. So he could not afford to scatter gifts right and left as his father had done. On the contrary it was his bounden duty to call back as many of them as he possibly could.

So Bepin Bihari lost no time in carrying into effect what he conceived to be his duty. He was a man of strict principles.

What had gone out of his grasp, returned to him little by little. Only a very small portion of his father's grants did he allow to remain undisturbed and he took good care to arrange that those even should not be deemed permanent.

The wails of the tenants reached Krishna Gopal at Benares through the post. Some even made a journey to that place to represent their grievances to him personally. Krishna Gopal wrote to his son intimating Bepin Bihari his displeasure. pointing out, how the times had changed. In former days, he said, the Zemindar was compensated for the gifts he made by the many customary presents he used to receive from his tenantry. Recent statutes made all such impositions illegal. zemindar had now to rest content with just the stipulated rent and nothing more. "Unless"—he continued - "we keep a strict watch over the realisation of our just dues, what would be left to us? Since the tenants won't give us anything extra now, how can we allow them concessions? Our relations must henceforth be strictly contractual. shall be ruined if we go on making gifts and endowments, and the preservation of our property and the keeping up of our position will be rendered extremely difficult."

Krishna Gopal became very uneasy at finding that times should have changed so. "Well--well"—he murmurred to himself—"the younger generation know best, I suppose. Our out of date methods won't do now. If I interfere, my son might refuse to manage the property and insist on my going back. No, thank you—I would rather not. The few days that are left to me—I would much rather devote them to the service of my God."

H

So things went on. Bepin Bihari put his affairs in order after much litigation in the Courts and less constitutional methods outside. Most of the tenants submitted to his will out of fear. Only a fellow called Asimuddin, son of Mirza Bibi, still remained refractory.

Bepin's displeasure was keenest as regards this man. He could quite understand his father having granted rent-free lands to Brahmins, but why this Mohamedan should be holding so much land, some free and some at rents lower than the prevailing rates was a riddle to him. And what was he?—The son of a low Mohamedan widow giving himself airs and defying the whole world, simply because he had learnt to read and write a little at the village school. To Bepin it was intolerable.

He made enquiries of his officers about Asimuddin's holdings. All that they could tell him was that Babu Krishna Gopal himself had made these grants to the family many years back, but they had no idea as to what his motive might have been. They imagined however that perhaps the widow won the compassion of the kindhearted zemindar by representing to him her woe and misery.

To Bepin these favours seemed to be utterly undeserved. He had not seen the pitiable condition of these people in days gone by. Their comparative ease of the present day and their arrogance drove him to the conclusion that they had impudently swindled his tender-hearted father out of a part of his legitimate income.

Asimuddin was a stiff-necked sort of a fellow, too. He vowed that he would lay down his life sooner than give up an inch of his land. Open hostilities ensued.

The poor old widow tried her best to pacify her son. "It is no good fighting with the zemindar"—she would often say to him.
—"His kindness has kept us alive so long, let us depend upon him still, though he may curtail his favours. Surrender to him part of the lands as he desires."

"O, mother!"—protested Asimuddin— "What do you know of these matters pray?"

One by one, Asimuddin lost the cases instituted against him. The more he lost

his zid increased the more. For the sake of his all, he staked all that was his.

One afternoon, Mirza Bibi collected some fruits and vegetables from her little garden and unbeknown to her son went and sought an interview with Bepin Babu. She looked at him with a tenderness maternal in its intensity and spoke—"May Allah bless you, son. Do not destroy Asim---it wouldn't be right of you. To your charge I commit him. Take him as though he were one whom it is your duty to supportas though he were a ne'er-do-weel younger brother of yours. Vast is your wealthdon't grudge him a small particle of it, my son."

This assumption of familiarity on the part of the garrulous old woman annoyed Bepin not a little. "What do you know of these things, my good woman?"—he condescended to say—"If you have any representations to make, send your son to me."

Being assured for the second time that she knew nothing about these affairs, Mirza Bibi returned home wiping her eyes with her apron all the way and offering her silent prayers to Allah.

III

The litigation dragged its weary length from the Criminal to the Civil Courts and thence to the High Court, where at last Asimuddin met with a partial success. Eighteen months passed in this way. But he was a ruined man now—plunged in debts up to his very ears. His creditors took this opportunity to execute the decrees they had obtained against him. A date was fixed for putting up to auction every stick and stone that he had left.

It was Monday;—the village market had assembled by the side of a tiny river, now swollen by the rains. Buying and selling was going on partly on the bank and partly in the boats moored there. The hubub was great. Among the commodities for sale, jack-fruits preponderated, it being the month of Asadh. Hilsa fish were seen in large quantities also. The sky was cloudy. Many of the stall-holders, apprehending a downpour, had stretched a piece of cloth overhead, across bamboo poles put up for the purpose.

Asimuddin had come too—but he had not a copper with him. No shopkeepers

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allowed him credit now a days. He therefore had brought a brass thali and a dao with him, These he would pawn and then buy his necessaries.

Towards evening, Bepin Babu was out for a walk attended by two or three retainers armed with lathis. Attracted by the noise, he directed his steps towards the market. Getting there, he stepped awhile before the stall of Dwari the oilman, and made kindly enquires about his business. All on a sudden Asimuddin raised his dao and ran towards Bepin Babu, roaring like a tiger. The market people caught hold of him half way and quickly disarmed him. He was forthwith given in custody of the Police. Business in the market then went on as usual.

We cannot say that Bepin Babu was not inwardly pleased at this incident. It is intolerable that the creature we are hunting down should turn round and show fight. "The budmash"--Bepin chuckled "I have got him at last."

The ladies of Bepin Babu's house, when they heard the news, exclaimed with horror, —"O the ruffian! What a mercy they seized him in time." They found consolation at the prospect of the man being punished as he richly deserved.

In another part of the village the same evening the widow's humble cottage, devoid of bread and bereft of her son, became darker than death. Others dismissed the incident of the afternoon from their minds, sat down to their meals, retired to bed and went to sleep, but to the widow the event loomed larger than anything else in this wide world. But alas, who was there to combat it—only a bundle of wearied bones and a helpless mother's heart trembling with fear.

IV

Three days have passed in the meanwhile. To-morrow the case will come up for trial before a Deputy Magistrate. Bepin Babu will have to be examined as a witness. Never before this did a zemindar of Jhikrakota appear in the witness-box, but Bepin did not mind.

The next day at the appointed hour, Bepin Babu arrived at the Court in a palanquin in great state. He wore a turban on his head and a watch-chain dangled on his breast. The Deputy Magistrate invited him to a seat on the dais, beside his own. The Court-room was crowded to suffocation. A sensation of this magnitude had not been witnessed in this Court for many years.

When the time for the case to be called on drew near, a *chuprassi* came and whispered something in Bepin Babu's ear. He got up very much agitated and walked out begging the Deputy Magistrate to excuse him for a few minutes.

Coming outside, he saw his old father a little way off, standing under a banian tree barefooted and wrapped in a piece of namavali. A string of beads was in his hand. His slender form shone with a gentle lustre and tranquil compassion seemed to radiate from his forehead.

Bepin, hampered by his close-fitting trousers and his flowing chupkan, touched his father's feet with his forehead. In doing so his turban came off and kissed his nose and his watch popped out of his pocket and swung to and fro in the air. Bepin adjusted his attire hurriedly and begged his father to come to his pleader's house close by.

"No thank you"—Krishna Gopal replied
—"I will tell you here what I have got
to say."

A curious crowd had gathered there by this time. Bepin's attendants pushed them back.

Krishna Gopal then said—"You must do what you can to get Asim acquitted and restore him the lands that you have taken away from him."

"Is it for this, father"—said Bepin very much surprised—"that you have come all the way from Benares? Would you tell me why you have made them the objects of your special favour?"

"What would you gain by knowing it, my boy?"

But Bepin persisted. "It is only this father;" he went on "I have revoked many a grant because I thought the parties were not deserving. There were many Brahmins amongst them—but you never said a word then. Are you so keen about these Mohamedans now? After all that has happened, if I drop this case against Asim and give him back his lands, what shall I say to people?"

Krishna Gopal maintained a silence for

some moments. Then, passing the beads through his shaky fingers with rapidity, he spoke with a tremulous voice—"Should it be necessary to explain your conduct to people, you may tell them that Asimuddin is my son—and your brother."

"What?"—exclaimed Bepin in painful surprise—"By the Mohamedan woman?"

"It is so, my son"—was the calm reply.

Bepin stood there for some time in mute astonishment. Then he found words to say—"Come home, father—we shall talk about it afterwards."

"No, my son"—replied the old man—
"Having once relinquished the world for serving my God, I cannot go home again. I return from here. Now I leave you to do as your sense of duty may suggest to you". He then blessed his son and checking his tears with difficulty walked off with tottering steps.

Bepin was dumb-founded, not knowing what to say and what to do. "So, - such was the piety of the older generation"—he said to himself. He reflected with pride how superior he was to his father in point of education and morality. This was the result, he concluded, of not having a principle to guide one's actions.

Returning to the Court he saw Asimuddin outside between two constables, awaiting his trial. He looked emaciated and worn out. His lips were pale and dry and his eyes unnaturally bright. A dirty piece of cloth gone into shreds, covered his person. "This, my brother!"—Bepin shuddered to think.

The Deputy Magistrate and Bepin were friends, so the case ended in a fiasco. In a few days Asimuddin was restored to his former condition. Why all this happened, he could not understand. The village people were greatly surprised also.

The news of Krishna Gopal's arrival just before the trial soon got abroad however. People began to exchange meaning glances. The pleaders in their shrewdness guessed the whole affair. One of them, Babu Ram Taran, was beholden to Krishna Gopal for his education and his start in life. Somehow or other he had always suspected that the virtue and the piety of his benefactor was all sham. Now he was fully convinced that if a searching enquiry were made, all "pious" men might be found out. "Let

them tell their beads as much as they like"

-he thought with glee—"everybody in
this world is just as bad as myself. The
only difference between a good and a bad
man is that the good practise dissimulation
while the bad don't." The revelation,
however, that Krishna Gopal's far-famed
piety, benevolence and magnanimity were

nothing but a cloak of hypocrisy solved a problem that had puzzled Babu Ram Taran for many years. By what process of reasoning, we do not know, the burden of gratitude was greatly lifted off his mind. It was such a relief to him!

Translated by Prabhat Kumar Mukerji.

MR. GANDHI'S SECOND JAIL EXPERIENCE

PREFATORY.

consider the experience I gained this time much better than the one I had in January last, as I have learnt much from it and I think it would prove of greater benefit to Indians.

The struggle by passive resistance is possible to be carried on in many ways, but the great remedy for redressing political wrongs seems to lie in passing through the ordeal of imprisonment. I believe that we shall have to go to jail often, and that also not in the present cause, but for wrongs which might be inflicted in future too. For this purpose it is the duty of every Indian to try to know as much as possible about Jails.

ARREST.

When Mr. Sorabji was arrested I wished that I too were arrested or that the struggle might end before he was released. But I was disappointed. The same wish again came over me when the brave leaders of Natal were arrested, and this time it was fulfilled. On my return from Durban, I was arrested on the 7th of October in the Volksrust Station, as I had not got a voluntary certificate with me and refused to give my finger marks.

My object in going to Durban was to bring back from Natal the educated Indians, and also those who were the old residents of the Transvaal. I had hopes that many Indians from there would follow their Natal leaders. Government also was of the same opinion and therefore the Jailor had orders to make arrangements for the accomodation of more than a hundred Indians, and tents,

blankets, utensils &c., were sent on from Pretoria. When I got down at Volksrust with my companions I found many police men in the Station. But all their preparations were useless, as I was accompanied by very few Indians and the Police and the Jailor were disappointed. There were six with me, and eight more started by the next train from Durban, so that there were fourteen of us only. We were arrested and taken to the Jail, and placed before Magistrate next day. The hearing was adjourned for seven days. We declined to be released on bail. Two days after, Mr. Mavji Kursanji Kothari, who inspite of suffering from piles had elected to come with us, on his ailment becoming more serious, and there being the need of a picket at Volksrust, was sent out on bail.

THE JAIL.

When we went in, we saw there Mr. Mahamad, Mr. Rustamji, Mr. Angalia (with whom began the second instalment of the struggle), Mr. Sorabji Adajania, and about 25 more Indians. It was the month of Ramazan and the Mohammedans were keeping fast, and as by special permission they were allowed to take food supplied in the evening by Mr. Isap Suleman Kazi, they were able to observe their fast properly. It is not allowable to burn lights in outside jails, still on account of Ramazan they were allowed to keep lights and a clock. Mr. Angalia led them in prayer. Those who kept fast were in their first days given heavy work, but afterwards it was stopped.

For the rest of the Indians, permission

"WE CROWN THEE KING."

(A SHORT STORY)

From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore.

VIHEN Navendu Sekhar was allied in matrimony to Arunlekha, the God of marriage smiled a little from behind the sacrificial fire. Alas, what is sport for the gods is not always a joke to

us, poor mortals.

Purnendu Sekhar, the father of Navendu, was a man well-known amongst the English officials of the Government. In the voyage of life he had arrived at the high and dry shores of Rai Bahadurship by diligently plying his oars of salaams only. He held in reserve resources enough for further advancement, but at the age of fiftyfive, with his tender gaze still fixed on the not-so-distant misty peak of Rajah-hood he suddenly found himself transported to a region where earthly honours and decorations were naught and his salaam-wearied neck-bone found everlasting repose on the funeral pyre.

But according to modern science, force has no destruction but merely conversion of form and change of the point of its application. In this case the salaam-force, the constant hand-maid of the Goddess of Fortune, descended from the shoulder of the father to that of his worthy and the youthful head of Navendu Sekhar began to move up and down at the doors of high-placed Englishmen, like unto a pumpkin[®] driven by gusts of wind.

The traditions of the family into which he had just married were of an entirely different character. Its eldest son, Pramathanath, had won for himself the love of his kinsfolk and the regard of all who knew him. His relations and his neighbours looked up to him as their ideal in every-

thing.

Pramathanath was a University-man holding the degree of Banchelor of Arts and

* In Bengali parlance, pumpkin symbolises stupidity.

in addition was gifted with a large amount of common-sense. But he did not occupy any high official position carrying a handsome salary nor did he enjoy the reputation of wielding a mighty pen. There was no one among the powers that be, who would lend him a helping hand and this was because he was as anxious himself to keep his distance from Englishmen, as the latter themselves were in this respect. So it happened that Pramathanath shone within the limited sphere of his family and his friends, but failed to excite the admiration of those outside it.

Yet this Pramathanath, on a certain occasion, hade made a sojourn in England for a period of three years or so. During his stay there, the kindly treatment he received at the hands of the English people so overpowered him that he completely forgot the sorrow and the humiliation of his own country and returned home decked in European attire. It rather grieved his brothers and his sisters at first, but after a few days they began to think that European clothes suited nobody to better advantage, and gradually their minds became saturated with the pride and dignity of those clothes.

When returning from England, Pramathanath resolved that he would show the world how to associate with the Anglo-Indians on terms of equality. Those of our countrymen who thought that no such association was possible unless we bent our knees to' them, showed their utter lack of self-respect and were also unjust to the English—so opined Pramathanath.

He had brought with him letters of introduction from many prominent Englishmen at home and these gave him some amount of recognition in Anglo-Indian He and his wife occasionally enjoved their hospitality at tea, dinner, sports and other entertainments. Such good luck intoxicated him and began to produce a tingling sensation in every vein of his body.

About this time, on the occasion of the opening of a new railway line, many gentlemen of the town, proud recipients of official favour, joined the Lieutenant Governor on invitation to take the first trip. Pramathanath was among them. On the return journey, a European Sergeant of the Police, expelled some Indian gentlemen from a certain compartment in a highly insulting manner. Pramathanath, dressed in his European clothes, was there among them. He too was getting down when the Sergeant said to him - "You needn't move, Sir. Keep your seat, please."

At first Pramathanath felt a little flattered at the special respect thus shown to him. When, however, the train left, the dull rays of the setting sun at the western extremity of the fields, now ploughed up and devoid of green, seemed in his eyes, as though spreading over the whole country a glow of shame. Sitting near the window of his lonely compartment, he seemed to catch a glimpse of the down-cast eyes of his Motherland, hidden behind the trees. 'As Pramathanath sat there lost in reverie, burning tears flowed down his cheeks and his heart was bursting with indignation.

He now recollected the story of a donkey who was drawing the chariot of an idol along the street. The wayfarers were bowing down to the idol touching the dusty ground with their foreheads. The foolish donkey imagined that it was to him that all this reverence was being shown. "The only difference"—said Pramathanath to himself—"between the donkey and myself is that I understand today that the respect I receive is not rendered to me but to the burden on my back."

Arriving home Pramathanath called together all the children of the household and lighting up a big bonfire, threw one by one all his European clothes into it. The children began to dance round and round it and the higher the flames shot up, the greater was their merriment. After that Pramathanath gave up his sip of tea and bits of toast in Anglo-Indian houses and once again sat inaccessible within his castle of a house, while the insulted title-holders aforesaid went about from the door of one Englishman to that of another, bending their turbaned heads as before.

By a strange irony of fate, poor Navendu

Sekhar married the second daughter of this house. His sisters-in-law were welleducated and a very handsome set of girls Navendu considered he had made a lucky bargain. But he lost no time in trying to impress on the family that it was a rare bargain on their side also. As if by mistake he would often pass on to the hands of his sisters-in-law, sundry letters that his late father had received from Europeans. When however the cherry lips of those young ladies betrayed a sharp sarcastic smile, like the point of a shining dagger peeping out of its sheath of red velvet, the unfortunate man realised his situation and regretted his error.

Labanyalekha, the eldest sister, surpassed the rest in beauty and cleverness. Finding an auspicious day, she put on the mantelshelf of Navendu's bedroom, two pairs of English boots* bedaubed with vermilion, and arranged before them flowers, sandalpaste, incense and a couple of burning candles, in right ceremonial fashion. When Navendu came in, the two sisters-in-law stood on either side of him and said with mock solemnity—"Bow down to your gods and may your position† increase through their blessings."

The third sister Kiranlekha spent many days in embroidering with red silk one hundred common English names such as Jones, Smith, Brown, Thomson, &c., on a chadar. When ready, she presented this namavali‡ to Navendu Sekhar with great ceremony.

The fourth, Sasankalekha, although of no account owing to her tender age, said—"I will make you a string of beads, brother, with which to tell the names of your gods—the sahibs." Her sisters reproved her, saying—"Run away, you saucy girl."

Feelings of shame and irritation assailed the mind of Navendu Sekhar by turns. Still he could not forego the company of

- * Worshiping the feet betokens extreme submission according to Hindoo ideals.
- † The word in the original Bengali is pad which has a dual meaning, viz., legs and also position. The real meaning of the pun is, "May you turn a beast (quadruped)." Probably that is why two pairs of boots are mentioned.
- ‡ A namavali is a sheet of cloth printed all over with the names of Hindoo gods and goddesses and worn by pious Hindoos when engaged in devotional exercises.

his sisters-in-law, - especially as the eldest one was so pretty. Her honey was no less than her thorns—and Navendu's mind felt the exhilaration of the one and the stings of the other, simultaneously. The butterfly with its wings bruised buzzes round the flower in blind fury, unable to depart.

The society of his sisters-in-law so infatuated him that at last Navendu began to disavow his craving for European favours. On occasions when he went to salaam the Burra Sahib, he used to pretend that he was off to listen to a speech by Mr. Surendranath Banerjea. When going to the railway station to pay respects to the Chota Sahib returning from Darjeeling, he would tell his sisters-in-law that his youngest uncle was expected.

It was a sore trial to the unfortunate man placed between the cross-fires of his Sahibs and his sisters-in-law. The latter however secretly vowed that they would not rest till

the former had been put to rout.

About this time it was rumoured that Navendu's name would be included in the forth-coming list of Birthday honours and that he would mount the first step of the ladder to Paradise by becoming a Rai Bahadur. But the poor fellow had not the courage to break the news, so overwhelmingly joyful, to his sisters-in-law. evening, however, when the autumn moon was flooding the earth with its mischievous beams, Navendu's heart was so full that he could not contain himself any longer and told his wife. The next day Mrs. Navendu betook herself to her eldest sister's house in a palanquin and in a voice choked in tears, bewailed her lot.

"He isn't going to grow a tail"—said Labanya—"by becoming a Rai Bahadur is he? Why should you feel so very humiliated?"

"Oh no, sissy dear"—said Arunlekha repeatedly—"I am prepared to be anything —but not a Rai-Bahadurni." The fact was that amongst her circle of acquaintances there was one Bhutnath Babu who was a Rai Bahadur—and that explained her intense aversion to that title.

Labanya said to her sister in soothing tones—"Don't you be upset about it, dear—I will see what I can do to prevent it."

Babu Nilratan,—the husband of Labanya—was a pleader at Buxar. When the

autumn was over, Navendu received an invitation from Labanya to pay them a visit there. Before long he started for that

place greatly pleased.

The early winter of the western province endowed Labanyalekha with new health and beauty and brought a glowing colour to her pale cheeks. She looked like the flower-laden kasa reeds on a clear autumn day, growing by the lonely bank of a rivulet. To Navendu's enchanted eyes she appeared like a malati plant in full blossom showering dew-drops resplendent with the morning light.

Navendu never felt better in his life before. The exhilaration of his own health and the genial company of his pretty sisterin-law made him feel as though he was light enough to tread on the air. The Ganges in front of their garden seemed to him to be flowing with an incessant noise to regions unknown, as though giving

shape to his own wild fantasies.

When returning after his early morning constitutional on the bank of the river, the mellow rays of the winter sun gave his whole frame that pleasing sensation of warmth which lovers feel in each other's arms. Coming home he would occasionally find his sister-in-law amusing herself by cooking some dishes. He would offer his co-operation displaying his want of skill and ignorance at every step. But Navendu did not appear to be at all anxious to improve himself by practice and attention. On the contrary he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the rebukes he received from his sister-in-law. He was at great pains to demonstrate every day that he was inefficient and helpless as a new-born babe in the matter of mixing spices in proportion, . handling the sauce-pan and regulating the , ' heat so as to prevent things getting burnt -and he was duly rewarded with pitiful smiles and scoldings.

In the middle of the day, he did ample justice to the excellent viands set before him, driven on by his keen appetite and the coaxing of his sister-in-law. Later on, he would sit down to a game of cards—at which even, he betrayed the same lack of ability. He would cheat, pry into his adversary hand, start quarrels—but never could he win a single rubber, and worse still, he would not acknowledge his defeat. This

brought him no end of opprobrium every day but still he remained incorrigible.

There was however one matter in which his reform was complete. For the time being at least, he had forgotten that to win the smiles of Sahibs was the final goal of life. He was beginning to understand how happy and worthy we might feel by winning the affection and esteem of those near and dear to us.

Besides, Navendu was now moving in a new atmosphere. Labanya's husband, Babu Nilratan, a senior pleader of the bar there, was the subject of comment in certain quarters because he refrained from calling on European officials to pay his respects. To these criticisms Nilratan would reply—"No, thank you,—if they are not polite enough to return my call, then the politeness that I offer them is a loss that can never be made up for. May be that the sands of the desert are very white and shiny, but I would much rather sow my seeds in black soil where I can expect a return."

Navendu, too, began to adopt similar ideas, foregoing all thoughts of the future. His chance of Rai Bahadurship throve on the soil carefully prepared by his late father—and also by himself in days gone by, and no fresh watering was required. At great expense he had laid out a splendid race-course in a town which was the fashinonable resort of the European community.

The Congress season drew near and Nilratan received a request from head-quarters to collect subscriptions. Navendu, free from any anxiety, was merrily engaged in a game of cards with his sister-in-law when Nilratan Babu came upon him with a subscription-book in his hand, and said—"Your signature, please."

His past habit of mind made him look horrified. Labanya, assuming an air of great concern and anxiety, said—"Never do that. It would ruin your race-course beyond repair."

Navendu blustered forth—"Do you suppose I pass sleepless nights through fear of that?"

"We won't publish your name in the papers"—said Nilratan reassuringly.

Labanya, looking grave and anxious, said—"Still it wouldn't be safe. Things spread so, from mouth to mouth—"

Navendu replied with vehemence—"My name wouldn't suffer by appearing in the newspapers." Saying so, he snatched the subscription list from Nilratan's hand and signed away a thousand rupees. He, however, hoped secretly that the papers would not publish the news.

Labanya struck her forehead with her palm and gasped out—"What—have you—done?"

"Nothing wrong"—said Navendu boast-

"But--but--" drawled Labanya--"The Guard-sahib of Sealdah Station, the shop-assistant at Whiteaway's, the syce-sahib of Hart Bros.—these gentlemen might be angry with you and decline to come to your Poojah dinner to drink your champagne, you know. Just think they mightn't pat you on the back when you meet them again"

"It wouldn't break my heart"--Navendu snapped out.

A few days passed. One morning Navendu was sipping his tea and glancing at a newspaper. Suddenly a correspondence, signed "X" caught his eye. The writer thanked him profusely for his donation and remarked that the increase of strength the Congress had acquired by having such a man as he within its fold, was simply inestimable.

Alas, father Purnendu Sekhar!—Was it to increase the strength of the Congress that you brought this wretch into the world?

But the misfortune had its silver lining too. That he was not a mere cypher was patent from the fact that the Anglo-Indian community on the one side and the Congress on the other were each waiting patiently, eager to hook him and land him to their own side. So Navendu, beaming with pleasure, took the paper to his sister-in-law and showed her the correspondence. Looking as though she knew nothing about it, Labanya exclaimed in surprise—"Oh, what a pity! Everything has come out! Who bore you such ill will? Oh, how nasty of him—how wicked of him!"

Navendu laughed out, saying—"Now-now—don't call him names, Labanya. I forgive him with all my heart—and bless him too."

A couple of days after this, an anti-Congress Anglo-Indian paper reached

Navendu through the post. There was a letter in it signed "One who knows"--contradicting the above report. "Those who have the pleasure of Babu Navendu Sekhar's personal acquaintance"—the writer went on -- "cannot for a moment believe this absurd libel to be true. For him to turn a Congresswalla is as impossible as it is for the leopard to change his spots. He is a man of genuine worth and neither a candidate for Government disappointed employ nor a briefless pleader. He is not one of those who after a brief sojourn in England, return aping our dress and manners, audaciously try to thrust themselves on Anglo-Indian society and finally go back dejection. So there is absolutely no reason why Babu Navendu Sekhar," &c., &c.

Ah, father Purnendu Sekhar!—What a reputation you had made with the Euro-

peans before you died!

This correspondence also was fit to be paraded before his sister-in-law, for did it not assert that he was no mean, contemptible scallywag—but a man of real worth?

Labanya exclaimed again in feigned surprise—"Which of your friends wrote it now? Oh come—is it the Ticket Collector or the hide merchant or is it the drum-major of the Fort?"

"You ought to send in a contradiction, I think"—said Nilratan.

"Is it necessary?"—said Navendu loftily "Must I contradict every little thing they
choose to say against me?"

Labanya filled the room with a deluge of laughter. Nevendu felt a little disconcerted at this and said—"Why? What's the matter?" She went on laughing, unable to check herself, and her vouthful slender form waved to and fro. This torrent of jollity had the effect of overthrowing Navendu completely and he said in pitiable accents—"Do you imagine that I am afraid to contradict it?"

"Oh dear, no"—said Labanya—"I was thinking that you haven't yet ceased trying to save that race course of yours, so full of promise. While there is life there is hope, you know."

"That's what I am afraid of, you think, do you? Very well, you shall see" - said Navendu desperately and forthwith sat down to write his contradiction. When he finished, Labanya and Nifratan read it

through and said-"It isn't strong enough. We must give it them pretty hot, mustn't we?"—and they kindly undertook to revise the composition. It ran - "When one connected to us by ties of blood turns our enemy he becomes far more dangerous than any outsider can possibly be. To the Government of India, the haughty 'Anglo-Indians are worse enemies than the Russians or the frontier Pathans themselves - they are the impenetrable barrier, for ever hindering the growth of any bond of friendship between the Government and people of the country. It is the Congress which has opened up the royal road to a better understanding between the rulers and the ruled and these Anglo-Indian papers have planted themselves like thorns across the whole breadth of that road," &c. &c.

Navendu had an inward fear as to the mischief this letter might create but at the same time felt elated at the excellence of its composition which he fondly imagined to be his own. It was duly published and for some days comments, replies and rejoinders went on in various newspapers and the air was full of the trumpet-notes proclaiming the fact of Navendu's having joined the Congress and the amount of his subscription.

Navendu had now grown desperate and talked as though he was a patriot of the most furious type. Labanya laughed inwardly and said to herself—"Well—well—you have to pass through the ordeal of

fire yet."

One morning when Navendu, preparatory to his bath, had finished rubbing oil over his chest and was trying various devices to reach the inaccessible portions of his back, the bearer brought in a card inscribed with the name of the District Magistrate himself! Good heavens !- What would he do? He could not possibly go and receive the Magistrate Sahib, in his present oil-besmeared codition. He shook and twitched like a koi-fish, ready dressed for the frying pan. He finished his bath in a great hurry, tugged on his clothes some how and ran breathlessly to the outer apartments. The bearer said that the Sahib had just 1-ft after waiting for a long time.—What portion of the sin for concocting this drama of totally false inNavendu's heart convulsed with pain within his breast, like the tail of a lizard just cut off. He went about moping like an owl all day long.

Labanya banished from her face all traces of her inward merriment and kept on enquiring in very anxious tones—"What has happened to you? You are not ill, I hope?"

Navendu made great efforts to smile and find a humorous reply. "How can there be"—he managed to say—"any illness within your jurisdiction since you are the Goddess of Health yourself?"

But the smile flickered out the next moment. His thoughts were—"I subscribed to the Congress fund to begin with, published a nasty letter in a newspaper and on the top of that, when the Magistrate Sahib himself did me the honour to call on me—I kept him in waiting. I wonder what he is thinking of me."

Alas, Father Purnendu Sekhar, by a strange irony of Fate I am made to appear what I am not.

The next morning, Navendu decked himself in his best clothes, wore his watch and chain and put a big turban on his head.

"Where are you off to?"—enquired his sister-in-law.

"Urgent business"—Navendu replied. Labanya kept quiet.

Arriving at the Magistrate's gate, he took out his card-case.

"You cannot see him now"—said the orderly peon icily.

Navendu took out a couple of rupees from his pocket. The peon at once salaamed him and said—"There are five of us, sir." Immediately Navendu pulled out a tenrupee note and handed it to him.

He was sent for by the Magistrate, who was doing some writing work in his dressing gown and bed-room slippers. Navendu salaamed him. The Magistrate pointed to a chair with his finger and without raising his eyes from the paper before him said—"What can I do for you, Babu?"

Fingering his watch-chain nervously, Navendu said in shaky tones—"Yesterday you were good enough to call at my place, sir—".

The Sahib knitted his brows and lifting just one eye from his paper, said—"I called at your place! Babu, what nonsense are you talking?

"Beg your pardon, Sir"—faltered out Navendu—"There has been a mistake—some confusion"—and wet with perspiration, tumbled out of the room somehow. And that night as he lay tossing on his bed, came into his ear with a recurring persistency a distant dream-like voice—"Babu, you are a howling idiot."

On his way back home Navendu came to the conclusion that the Magistrate denied having called, simply because he was highly offended.

Coming home he explained to Labanya that he had been out purchasing rose-water. No sooner had he uttered the words than halfa-dozen chuprassis wearing the Collectorate badge made their appearance and after salaaming Navendu, stood there grinning.

"Have they come to arrest you because you subscribed to the Congress Fund?"—whispered Labanya with a smile.

The six peons displayed a dozen rows of teeth and said—"Bakshish—Babu-saheb."

From a side room Nilratan came out and said in an irritated manner—"Bakshish? What for?"

The peons, grinning as before, answered— "The Babu-Saheb went to see the Magistrate—so we have come for bakshish."

"I didn't know"—laughed out Labanya—"that the Magistrate was selling rosewater now-a-days. Coolness wasn't the special feature of his trade before."

Navendu in trying to reconcile the story of his purchase with his visit to the Magistrate, uttered some incoherent words which nobody could make the sense of.

Nilratan spoke to the peons—"There has been no occasion for Bakshish,—you shan't have it."

Navendu said, feeling very small—"Oh they are poor men—what's the harm of giving them something?"—and he took out a currency note. Nilratan snatched it away from Navendu's hand, remarking—"There are poorer men in the world—I will give it to them for you."

Navendu felt greatly distressed in not being able to appease these ghostly retainers

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of the angry Siva. When the peons were leaving with thunder in their eyes, he looked at them languishingly as much as to say—"You know every thing, gentlemen, it is not my fault."

The Congress was to be held at Calcutta this year. Nilratan went down to the metropolis with his wife to attend its sittings. Navendu also accompanied them.

As soon as they arrived at Calcutta, the Congress party surrounded Navendu and their delight and enthusiasm knew no bounds. They cheered him, honoured him and extolled him up to the skies. Everybody said that unless leading men like him devoted themselves to the cause, there was no hope for the country. Navendu was disposed to agree with them and emerged as a leader of the country out of the chaos of mistake and confusion. When he entered the Congress Pavilion on the first day, every body stood up and shouted "Hip, hip, hurrah" in a loud outlandish voice, hearing which our Motherland reddened with shame to the root of her ears.

In due time the Queen's birthday came, Navendu's name was not found in the list of Rai Bahadurs.

He received an invitation from Labanya for that evening. When he arrived there, Labanya with great pomp and ceremony presented him with a robe of honour and with her own hand put a mark of red sandal paste on the middle of his forehead. Each of the other sisters threw round his neck a garland of flowers woven by herself. Decked in a pink Saree and dazzling jewels his wife Arunlekha was waiting in a side room, her face lit up with smiles and blushes. Her sisters rushed to her and placing another garland in her hand, persisted that she also should come and do her part in the ceremony -but she would not listen to it—and that principal garland, cherishing a desire for Navendu's neck, waited for the still and cosiness of midnight, holding its soul in secret patience.

The sisters said to Navendu—"To-day we crown thee King. Such honour will not be possible for anybody else in Hindoostan."

Whether Navendu derived any consolation from this, he alone can tell—but we greatly doubt it. We do believe that he will become a Rai Bahadur before he has done and the Englishman and the Pioneer will write heart-rending articles lamenting his demise. So, in the meanwhile, Three Cheers for Babu Purnendu Sekhar! Hip, hip, hurrah—Hip, hip, hurrah—Hip, hip, hurrah.

Translated by Prabhat Kumar Mukerjee.

Mr. GANDHI'S THIRD JAIL EXPERIENCE

VOLKSRUST.

HEN on the 25th February I got three months' hard labor, and once again embraced my brother Indians and my son in the Volksrust Jail, I little thought that I should have had to say much in connection with my third "pilgrimage" to the jail, but with many other human assumptions, this too proved to be false. My experience this time was unique, and what I learnt therefrom I could not have learnt after years of study. I consider these three months invaluable. I saw many vivid pictures of passive resistance, and I have become, therefore, a more confirmed resister than what I was three months ago. For

all this, I have to thank the Government of this place (the Transvaal).

Several officers had betted this time that I should not get less than six months. My friends—old and renowned Indians—my own son—had got six months and so I too was wishing that they might win their bets. Still I had my own misgivings, and they proved true. I got only three months, that being the maximum under the law.

After going there, I was glad to meet Messrs. Dawood Muhammad, Rustamji, Sorabji, Pillay, Hajura Sing, Lal Bahadur Sing and other "fighters." Excepting for about ten all others were accommodated in tents, pitched in the jail compound, for

Lord Elphinstone, one of the members of the Committee asked Wilson,—

"7237. Was it not the fact that what Lord William Bentinck recommended was not the introduction of English to supersede the vernacular languages, but only the employment of English as a medium of education, instead of the Persian and the Sanskrit?"

Wilson, in reply said,—

"No, there was no qualification in regard to the vernacular languages; the order begins with this sentence, 'It is the opinion of the Governor-General that all funds which are available for the purposes of education should be applied to the cultivation of English alone.'" * * *

THE HUNGRY STONES

A SHORT STORY

From the Bengali of Rubindranath Tagore.

Y relation and myself were returning to Calcutta from our Pujah trip when we met the gentleman in a From his dress and deportment we mistook him at first for an upcountry Mahomedan, but we felt more puzzled as we heard him talk. He went on discoursing on all conceivable subjects in a manner so confident that one would almost think that the Disposer of all things consulted him on all occasions in all that He did. That such secret and unheard of forces were actually working within, that the Russians had advanced so close to us, that the English had such deep and secret policies, that confusion among the native chiefs had come to such a head, we had not the remotest idea, and were heretofore perfectly at ease. But our newly acquired friend said with a sly smile, "There happen things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are reported in your newspapers." had never stirred out of our homes before, the whole demeanour of the man simply struck us dumb with wonder. Be the topic ever so trivial, the man would now quote science, now comment on the Vedas, now repeat quatrains from some Persian poet, and as we had no pretensions to a knowledge of either science or the Vedas or Persian, our admiration for him went on increasing, and my theosophist relation was even firmly convinced that our fellow-passenger must have had some connection with supernatural, some strange "magnetism" or "occult power" or "astral body" or something of that kind. He was listening to even the tritest remark that fell from the lips of that extraordinary mortal almost with devotional raptures and secretly taking down notes of his conversation. I fancy that the extraordinary man perceived it and was a little pleased with it.

When the train reached the junction, we all assembled in the waiting-room for the next corresponding train. It was then IO P. M., and as the train, we heard, was likely to be very late owing to something wrong in the lines I spread my bed on the table and was about to lie down for a comfortable doze, when that extraordinary person deliberately set about spinning the following yarn. Of course, I could get no sleep that night.

When owing to a disagreement respecting some questions of administrative policy I threw up my appointment at Junagarh and entered the service of the Nizam of Hyderabad, as a hardy young man they appointed me at once as the collector of cotton duties at Barich.

Barich is a very lovely place. The Susta (Sans. Swachchha-toya) 'chatters over strony ways and babbles on the pebbles' tripping, like a skilled dancing girl, along her meandering course through the woods below the lonely hills. Right on the river's brim above a flight of 150 steps rising from the river stands at the foot of the hills a lone-some marble palace. Around it there is no habitation of man—the village and the cotton mart of Barich being far off.

About 250 years ago the Emperor Mahmud Shah II had built this palace for his pleasure and luxury on this lonely spot. In those days jets of rose-water would spurt out from the fountains of its baths, and there on the cold marble floors of the secluded spray-cooled rooms would sit the young Persian damsels, their hair dishevelled before bath, and, stretching their soft naked feet in the clear water of the reservoirs, would sing, to the tune of the guitar, the ghazals of their vineyards.

Now the fountains do not play, the songs have ceased, and the snowy feet no longer step gracefully on the snowy marble. It is now the vast and solitary quarters for cess-collectors like us, oppressed with solitude and destitute of female society. But Karim Khan, the old clerk of my office, warned me repeatedly not to take up my quarters here. "Pass the day there, if you like", said he, "but never stay there at night." I passed it off with a light laugh. The servants said that they would work till dark but go away at night. I gave my ready assent to it. The house had such a bad repute that even thieves would not venture near it after dark.

At first the solitude of that deserted palace weighed upon my chest like a night-mare, but I would stay out and work hard as long as possible, return home at night jaded and tired, go to bed and fall asleep.

But before a week had passed, the house began to exert upon me a weird fascination. It is difficult to describe it or to induce people to believe it, but I felt as if the whole house was like a living organism slowly and imperceptibly digesting me by the action of its stupefying gastric juice.

Perhaps the process had commenced as soon as I set my foot in the house, but I edistinctly remember the day on which I first

consciously felt its beginning.

It was then the beginning of summer and the market being dull I had no work on hand. A little before sunset I was sitting in an arm-chair near the water's edge below the steps. The Susta had shrunk and sunk low, a broad patch of the sands on the other side was glowing with the hues of the evening, and on this side the pebbles at the bottom of the clear shallow waters were glistening. There was not a breath of wind anywhere and the still air was laden with an oppressive scent from the spicy shrubs growing on the hills close by.

As the sun sank behind the hill tops a long dark curtain fell on the stage of day,

as the intervening hills cut short the period of the mingling of light and shade at sunset. I thought of going out for a ride and was about to rise when I heard a footfall on the steps behind. I looked back, but there was none.

As I sat down again thinking it to be an illusion. I heard quite a number of steps, as if a large number of persons were rushing down the steps. A strange thrill of delight slightly tinged with fear passed through my frame, and though before my eyes there was not a figure, methought I saw a number of gav frolicsome girls coming down the steps to bathe in the Susta in that summer evening. Not a sound was there in the valley, in the river, in the palace, to break the silence of the evening, but I almost distinctly heard their gay and mirthful laugh, like the gurgle of a spring gushing forth in a hundred cascades, as they ran past me in quick playful pursuit of each other towards the river without noticing me at all. As they were invisible to me, so I was as it were invisible The river was perfectly calm, but I almost distinctly felt that its still, shallow and clear waters were suddenly stirred by the splash of many an arm jingling with its bracelets, that the girls laughed and dashed and spattered water at one another and that the feet of the fair swimmers threw up the water in small pearly showers.

I felt a thrill at my heart—I cannot say whether the excitement was due exactly to fear or delight or curiosity. I felt a strong desire to see them more clearly, but naught could I see before me; I thought I could catch all that they said only if I strained my ears. But however hard did I strain them, I heard nothing but the chirping of the crickets in the woods. It seemed as if a dark curtain of 250 years was hanging before me and I would fain tremblingly lift a corner of it and peer through, though the grand assembly on the other side was completely enveloped in darkness.

The oppressive closeness of the evening was broken by a sudden gust of wind and the still surface of the Susta rippled and curled like the hair of a nymph, and the woods wrapt in the evening gloom gave forth a simultaneous murmur all at once and seemed to awaken from a black dream. Call it reality or dream, the momentary glimpse of that invisible mirage reflected

from a far-off 250-year-old world vanished in a flash. The mystic forms that brushed past me with their quick unbodied steps, and loud voiceless laughter and threw themselves into the river, did not go back past me wringing their dripping apparels as they came. Like fragrance wafted away by the wind they were dispersed by a single breath of the spring.

Then I was filled with a lively apprehension that it was the Muse that had taken advantage of my solitude and possessed me—the witch had evidently come to ruin a poor devil like myself making a living by collecting cotton duties. I decided to have a substantial dinner—it is the empty stomach that all sorts of incurable diseases find an easy prey. I sent for my cook and gave orders for a rich sumptuous 'moghlai'

dinner redolent of spices and ghee.

Next morning the whole affair appeared awfully funny. With a light heart I put on a sola hat like the sahibs and drove out to do my supervising work. I was to have written my quarterly report that day and expected to return late; but before it was dark I felt strangely drawn to my house—by whom I could not say—but I thought as if they were all waiting and I should delay no longer. Leaving my report unfinished I rose, put on my sola hat, and startling by the rattle of my carriage the shady desolate path wrapped in evening gloom I reached that vast silent palace standing on the dark skirts of the hills.

In the first floor the stairs led to a very spacious hall, its roof stretching wide over ornamental arches resting on three rows of massive pillars, and groaning day and night under the weight of its own intense solitude. The day had just closed and the lamps had not yet been lighted. As I pushed the door open a great bustle seemed to follow within, as if an assembly broke up in confusion and rushed out through the doors and windows and corridors and verandahs and rooms, to make their hurried escape.

As I saw no one I stood bewildered, my hair on end in a kind of ecstatic delight, and a faint scent of attar and unguents almost effaced by age lingered in my nose. Standing in the darkness of that vast desolate hall between the rows of those ancient pillars, I could hear the gurgle of fountains

emptying on the marble floor, a strange tune in the guitar, the jingle of ornaments and the tinkle of anklets, the clang of bells announcing the hours, the distant note of 'nahabat', the din of the crystal pendants of chandeliers shaken by the breeze, the song of bulbuls from the cages in the corridors, the cackle of storks in the gardens, all creating round me a strange unearthly music.

Then I came under such a spell that this intangible, inaccessible, unearthly affair appeared to be the only reality in the world—and all else a mere dream. That I, that is to say, Srijut so-and-so, the eldest son of so-and-so of blessed memory, was drawing a monthly salary of Rs. 450 by the discharge of my duties as collector of cotton duties, and driving in my dog-cart to office every day in a short coat and sola hat, appeared to me to be such an astonishingly ludicrous illusion that I burst into a horse-laugh, as I stood in the gloom of that vast silent hall.

At that moment my servant entered with a lighted kerosene lamp in his hand. I do not know whether he thought me mad but I came at once to remember that I was in very deed, Srijut so-and-so, son of so-and-so of blessed memory, and that while our poets, great and small, alone could say whether inside or outside the earth there was a region where unseen fountains perpetually played and fairy guitars struck by invisible fingers sent forth an eternal harmony, this at any rate was certain that I collected duties at the cotton market at Barich and earned thereby Rs. 450 per mensem as my salary. I laughed in great glee over my curious illusion as I sat over the newspaper at my camp-table lighted by the kerosene lamp.

After I had finished my paper and eaten my 'Moghlai' dinner I put out the lamp and lay down on my bed in a small side-room. Through the open window a radiant star, high above the Avalli hills skirted by the darkness of its woods, was gazing intently from millions and millions of miles away in the sky at Mr. Collector lying on a humble camp-bedstead, and I wondered and felt amused at the idea, and do not know when I fell asleep or how long I slept, but I suddenly awoke with a start, though I heard no sound and saw no intruder—

only that steady bright star on the hilltop had set, and the dim light of the new moon was stealthily entering the room through the open window as if shrinking from the intrusion.

I saw no one but still I felt distinctly as if some one was gently pushing me. As I awoke she said not a word, but beckoned me with her five fingers bedecked with rings to follow her cautiously. I got up noiselessly, and though not a soul save myself was there in the countless apartments of that deserted palace with its slumbering sounds and waking echoes I feared at every step lest any one should wake up. Most of the rooms of that palace were always kept closed and I had never entered them.

I followed breathless and with noiseless steps my invisible guide—I cannot now say where. What endless dark and narrow passages, long corridors, silent and solemn audience-chambers and close secret cells I crossed!

Though I could not see my fair guide, her form was not invisible to my mind's eye. An Arab girl, her arms hard and smooth as marble visible through her loose sleeves, a thin veil falling on her face from the fringe of her cap, and a curved dagger at her waist.

Methought that one of the thousand and one Arabian Nights had been wafted to me from the world of romance and that at the dead of night I was wending through the dark narrow alleys of slumbering Bagdad on my way to a trysting-place fraught with peril.

At last my fair guide abruptly stopped · before a deep blue screen and seemed to point to something below. There was nothing there, but a sudden dread froze the blood in my heart—methought I saw there on the floor at the foot of the screen a terrible negro eunuch in rich brocade sitting and dosing with outstretched legs, a naked sword on his lap. My fair guide lightly tripped over his legs and held up a fringe of the screen. I could catch a glimpse of a part of the room spread with a Persian carpet--some one was sitting inside on a bed-I could not see her, but only caught a glimpse of two exquisite feet in goldembroidered slippers hanging out from loose saffron-coloured paijama's and placed idly on the orange-coloured velvet carpet. On

one side there was a bluish crystal tray on which a few apples, pears, oranges and bunches of grapes in plenty, two small cups and a gold-tinted decanter were evidently awaiting the guest. A fragrant intoxicating vapour issuing from a strange sort of incense burning within almost overpowered my senses.

As with a trembling heart I made an attempt to step across the outstretched legs of the eunuch he woke up suddenly with a start and the sword fell from his lap with a

sharp clang on the marble floor.

A terrific scream made me violently start and I saw I was sitting on that camp bedstead of mine sweating heavily and the crescent moon looking pale in the morning rays like a weary sleepless patient at dawn, and our crazy Meher Ali crying out as was his daily custom, "Stand back! Stand back!!" while going round the lonely road.

Such was the abrupt close of one of my Arabian Nights but there were yet a

thousand nights left.

Then followed a great discord between my days and nights. During the day I would go to my work worn and tired cursing the bewitching night and her empty dreams, but as night came my daily life with its bonds and shackles of work would appear a petty, false, ludicrous vanity.

After nightfall I was caught and overwhelmed in the snare of a strange intoxication. I would be then transformed into some unknown individual of some bygone age figuring in some unwritten history; and the short English coat and tight breeches would not suit me in the least. With a red velvet cap on my head, loose paijamas, an embroidered vest, a long flowing silk gown, and coloured handkerchiefs scented with attar. I would complete my elaborate toilet, and sit on a high-cushioned chair, my cigarette replaced by a many-coiled narghileh filled with rose water as if in eager expectation of a strange meeting with the beloved one.

As the gloom of the night deepened, the marvellous incidents that would go on unfolding themselves I have no power to describe. I felt as if in the curious apartments of that vast edifice flew about in a sudden gust of vernal breeze the fragments of a charming story, which I could follow for some distance, but of which I could never see the end. But all the same I

would wander from room to room in the pursuit of those whirling fragments the whole of the night.

Amid the whirling eddy of those dreamy-fragments, amid the occasional smell of henna and the twangling of the guitar and the waves of air charged with fragrant spray, I would catch like a flash of lightning the momentary glimpse of a fair demoiselle. She it was who had those saffroncoloured paijamas, her white ruddy soft feet in gold embroidered slippers with curved toes, on her bosom a closefitting bodice wrought with gold, a red cap on her head from which a golden frill fell on her snowy brow and cheeks.

She had made me mad. It was after her that I wandered from room to room, from path to path among the bewildering maze of alleys of that enchanted dreamland in the nether world of sleep.

Sometimes of an evening while dressing myself carefully as a prince of the bloodroyal before a large mirror with a candle burning on either side, I would see a sudden reflection of that Persian beauty by the side of my own, and then a sudden turn of her neck, a quick eager glance of intense passion and pain glowing in her large dark eyes, just a suspicion of language on her moist dainty cherry lips, her figure, fair and slim, crowned with youth like a blossoming creeper quickly uplifted in her graceful tilting gait, a dazzling flash of pain and craving and ecstacy and smile and glance and blaze of jewels and silk, and she melted away. A wild gust of wind laden with all the fragrance of hills and woods would put out my light, and I would fling aside my dress and lie down on my bed in the dressing room, my eyes closed and body thrilling with delight, and there around me amid that breeze and all the perfume of the woods and hills, floated about in the silent gloom many a caress and many a kiss and many a tender touch of hands, and gentle murmurs in my ears, and fragrant breaths on my brow, and a delightfully perfumed kerchief was wafted again and again on my cheeks. A fascinating serpent would, as it were, slowly twist round me her stupefying coils, and heaving a heavy sigh I would lapse into insensibility followed by profound slumber.

One evening I decided to go out on my

horse—I do not know who implored me to stay—but I would listen to no entreaties that day. My English hat and coat were resting on a rack and I was about to take them down, when a sudden blast of whirlwind crested with the sands of the Susta and the dead leaves of the Avalli hills caught them up whirling them round and round, while a loud peal of merry laughter rose higher and higher striking all the chords of mirth till it died away in the regions of sunset.

I could not go out for my ride, and from the next day I gave up my queer English

coat and hat for good.

That day again at dead of night I heard the stifled heart-breaking sobs of some one—as if below the bed, below the floor, below the stony foundation of that gigantic palace, from the depths of a dark damp grave, some one piteously cried and implored: "Oh, rescue me! Break through these doors of hard illusions, deathlike slumber and fruitless dreams, place me by your side on the saddle, press me to your heart and tearing through hills and woods and across the river take me to the radiance of warm your sunny rooms above!"

Who am 1? Oh, how can I rescue thee! What drowning beauty, what incarnate passion shall I drag to the shore from this whirling flux of dreams? O lovely ethereal apparition! Where didst thou flourish and when? By what cool spring, under the shade of what date-groves, wast thou born-in the lap of what homeless wanderer the desert? What Bedouin brigand snatched thee from thy mother's arms like. opening bud plucked from a wild creeper, placed thee on a horse swift as lightning, crossed the burning sands and took thee to the slave-market of what royal city? And there, what officer of the Badshah observing the beauty of thy bashful blossoming youth paid for thee in gold. placed thee in a golden palanquin, and offered thee as a present for the seraglio of his master? And Oh, the history of that place! That music of the sareng, the jingle of anklets, the occasional flash of dagger through the golden wine of Shiraz, the gall of poison, and the piercing flashing glance! infinite 'grandeur, what endless slavery! The slave girls to thy right and

left waving the 'chamar' as diamonds flashed from their bracelets, the Badshah, the king of kings, in front of thee fallen on his knees at thy snowy feet in bejewelled shoes, and outside the Abyssinian eunuch looking like a messenger of death but clothed like an angel standing with a naked sword in his hand! Then, Oh. thou flower of the desert, swept away by bloodstained dazzling ocean grandeur with its foam of jealousy and rocks and shoals of intrigue, on what land of cruel death wast thou cast, or on what other land more splendid but more cruel?

Suddenly at this moment that crazy Meher Ali screamed out, "Stand back! Stand back!! All is false! All is false!!" I opened my eyes and saw that it was already light. My chaprasi came and handed me my letters and the cook waited with a salam for my

orders about the meal.

I said, "No, I can't stay here any longer." That very day I packed up and removed to my office. Old Karim Khan of my office smiled a little as he saw me. I felt nettled at it but said nothing and fell to my work.

As evening approached I grew absentminded, I felt as if I had an appointment to keep and the work of examining the cotton accounts appeared wholly useless, even the Nizamat of the Nizam did not appear to be of much worth. Whatever belonged to the present, whatever was moving and acting and working for bread at the moment appeared exceedingly trivial, meaningless, and contemptible.

I threw my pen down, closed my ledgers, got into my dog-cart and drove away. noticed that it stopped of itself at the gate of the marble palace just at the hour of twilight. With quick steps I climbed the stairs and entered the room.

A heavy silence was reigning within. The dark rooms were looking sullen as if they had taken offence. My heart was full of contrition but there was no one to whom I could lay it bare, or of whom I could ask forgiveness. I wandered about the dark rooms with a vacant mind. I wished I had a musical instrument to which I could sing to the unknown: "O fire, the poor moth that made a vain effort to fly away has come back to thee! Forgive it but this once, burn both its wings and consume it in thy flame!"

Suddenly two tear drops fell from overhead on my brow. Dark masses of clouds overcast the top of the Avalli hills that day. The gloomy woods and the sooty waters of the Susta were waiting in a terrible suspense in an ominous calm. Suddenly the land, water and sky shivered and a wild tempestblast rushed howling through the distant displaying its lightning pathless woods teeth like a raving maniac who had broken his chains. The desolate halls of the palace banged their doors and moaned in bitterness of anguish.

The servants were all in office and there was no one to light the lamps here. night was cloudy and moonless. In the dense gloom within I could distinctly feel that a woman was lying on her face on the carpet below the bed -her desperate fingers clasping and tearing her long dishevelled hair. Blood was trickling down her fair brow and she was now laughing a hard harsh mirthless laugh, now bursting into violent wringing sobs, now rending her bodice and striking at her bare bosom as the wind roared in through the window and rain poured in torrents and soaked her through and through.

All night there was no cessation of the storm or of the passionate cry. I wandered from room to room in the dark in unavailing sorrow. Whom could I console when no one was by? Whose was this agony of intense mortification? Whence arose this inconsolable sorrow?

The mad man now cried out, "Stand back! Stand back!! All is false! All is false!!"

I saw the day had dawned and Meher Ali was going round and round the palace with his usual cry in that dreadful weather. Suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps that man also had once lived in that house and that though he had come out mad he came there every day and went round and round, fascinated by the weird spell cast by the marble demon.

Despite the storm and rain I ran to him and asked "Ho, Meher Ali, what is false?"

The man made no reply, but pushing me aside went round and round with his frantic cry like a fascinated bird flying round the jaws of a serpent, only making a desperate effort to warn himself by repeatedly crying, "Stand back! Stand back!! All is false! All is false!!"

I ran like a mad man through the pelting rain to my office and asked Karim Khan, "Tell me the meaning of all this!"

What I gathered from that old man was this: That at one time countless unrequited passions and unsatisfied longings and lurid flames of wild blazing pleasure raged within that palace and that the curse of those heartaches and blasted hopes had made every stone of that palace thirsty and hungry, eager to swallow up like a famished ogress any living man who might chance to come. Not one of those who lived there for three consecutive nights could escape these cruel jaws save Meher Ali who had come out at the cost of his reason.

I asked, "Is there no means whatever of my release?" The old man said, "There is only one means, but that is extremely difficult. I will tell you what it is, but first you must hear the history of a young Persian girl who once lived in that pleasuredome. A stranger or a more heart-rending event never happened on this earth."

of Just at this stage the coolies announced that the train was coming. So soon? We hurriedly packed up our luggage when the train steamed in. An English gentleman apparently just aroused from slumber was looking out of a first-class carriage endeavouring to read the name of the station. As soon as he caught sight of our fellow-passenger, he cried, "hallo", and took him into his own compartment. As we got into a second-class carriage we had no opportunity of finding out who the gentleman was nor could hear the end of his story.

I said, "The man evidently took us for fools and imposed upon us out of fun. The story is pure fabrication from start to finish." The discussion that followed ended in a lifelong rupture between my theosophist relation and myself.

PANNA LAL BASU.

Bangabasi College, Jan., 1910.

TRAFFIC BY RAILWAY

THE Indian Railways are mainly supported by two sorts of traffic, viz., Coaching and Goods. The traffic which is carried by passenger trains is called Coaching and that which is carried by other trains is called Goods. A want of either of the two is not likely to make any Railway Railway paying. The authorities, believe, are conscious of the fact, but it is much to be regretted, that in many cases, by their indiscretion, they more discourage the traffic than encourage it. The best way encourage any traffic is to give the merchants every possible facility in the transport of goods and to redress their grievances. But so far as my experience goes, very little of the sort is being done, unless the consigner happens to be of the ruling race.

The conduct of the Railway underlings, from the Pointsman to the Station Master, is far from what is desired. The Station Master thinks himself to be "the undisputed monarch of all he surveys", and I believe,

he does not often remember that he is a public servant, and that he is bound by the rules of his department to be civil to the The third-class passengers, who are the "back-bone" of passenger traffic. as the Agent of the East Indian Railway very justly said sometime ago, are treated with the utmost contempt and indifference. In cases of rush of passengers, they are forced into cattle-wagons and are subjected to trouble and difficulties beyond expression, though they pay for carriage by passenger trains. They sometimes even do not get drinking water when they require it, for often the water-man has little leisure to attend to their needs. The principal duties of a water-man at a road-side station, are to cook for the Station Master, to feed his cows, to full his children to sleep or attend hats, and the public cannot therefore expect him to attend to his station duties for which he is the Railway Company. course, the water-man can be seen at the station platform with his coat and pugree a clear break from the European tradition. Though Anglo-Saxon in language and origin, they may now be regarded as 'American' as distinct from 'English' in type. This form of civilisation may roughly be designated 'Anglo-American'. Into the midst of this United States' equation, there has been taken one vast insoluble quantity,—the Negro, with his vigorous powers of reproduction. Unless amalgamation takes place, this factor will be an increasing hindrance to national unification; for the negro population will spread more rapidly than that of the white who is American-born.

The civilisation which pervades the centre and south, may be termed 'Latin-American' as distinct from that of the United States. It draws its origin from the Roman Catholic countries of Spain and Portugal on the one hand, and from the indigenous peoples who survived the cruelties of European conquest on the other. The racial problem in this area has been partly solved by inter-mixture, and though the climatic conditions are in most parts a bar to rapid and vigorous progress, yet a considerable advance has been made. Educational and other reforms have been

recently brought about and the future is not without hope. The opening of the Panama Canal will increase communication and trade facilities, and this will help to bring these countries into closer contact with the modern world. It is possible also that there may come, with the advance of education, a further liberalising of religion.

The reflex action of the East upon America will increase in power and intensity in future years. There is here the possibility of serious conflicts of interests and clashings of ideals. The West that meets the East on this side of the world, will be the young and eager West of the forward march of the United States and Canada, not the older and more settled West that Asia already knows from European contact. No one can yet predict what consequences this may have upon the history of the world. One thing, however, may be predicted with some certainty. China and Japan will not be the only powers in Asia to feel this impact. Its effects will be felt in India also; and India by her thought, and culture, if not in more material ways, will have her own contribution to give to this new world problem.

DELHI. C. F. ANDREWS.

THE SKELETON

A SHORT STORY.

(From the Bengali of Ravindra Nath Tagore).

A whole human skeleton used to hang against the wall of the room adjacent to the one in which we slept as boys. The bones, shaken by the wind, used to produce a rattling noise at night. In the day time we boys had to handle the bones. In those days we used to study Meghnadbadh* under a pandit and a student of the Cambell Medical School gave us lessons in Anatomy. Our parents had the ambition of turning us into masters of various branches of knowledge all at once. It is needless to tell our friends how far that

* Meghwadhadh—the best epic poem in modern Bengali. ambition has been realised; - and as regards strangers, we prefer to maintain a discreet silence.

Years have passed since. In the meantime, the skeleton from the room and the knowledge of Anatomy from our brains have disappeared and any search for their present whereabouts would be entirely infructuous.

Owing to a sudden household emergency a few days ago, I had to pass a night in that room. I could not sleep in this unaccustomed place and lay tossing about, for a long time during which the neighbouring church-clock finished striking all the longish hours of the evening, one after another. In a corner of the room, the flame of the lamp after gasping for about five minutes, went

out. Having undergone one or two family bereavements shortly before, it naturally reminded me of death. "In the hour of midnight here"—thought I—"a flame of light has dissolved into eternal darkness. To Nature, the sudden extinction of human lives, sometimes in the day and sometimes at night, is nothing more serious than this".

Gradually my thoughts ran back to that skeleton of yore. As I was trying to imagine what it might have been during life, I suddenly seemed to perceive that some live thing was walking round and round my bed, groping over the walls in the dark. I seemed to hear its heavy breathing too, -as though it was searching for some object, -and pacing faster and faster as it could not find what it wanted. I felt certain that there was nothing except in my sleepless, heated brain and I must be mistaking for rapid footfalls, the tumultuous rush of blood inside my own head. But still, I confess, I felt it a bit uncanny. In order to rid myself of this unreasonable fear, I said--"Who's there?"-The footfalls came towards my bed-curtain and stopped and then came the reply-"Tis me. I have come to look for that skeleton of mine."

Thinking it ridiculous to be frightened by a creature of my own imagination, I said non-chalantly—"A nice job for you to do at this hour! What do you want it now for,

pray?"

"What do you mean?"—Came the reply from a spot quite close to my bed—"Did it not contain the very ribs of my heart? The youthful bloom of my twenty-six years once adorned that skeleton. Is it strange that I should like to see it again?"

"Yes, you are right"—I said immediately—
"You may go on searching. I will try to

get a little sleep now."

"You are alone here—are you?"—She said in a tone sweetly sad—"Let me sit and have a chat with you. Thirty-five years ago I used to sit with human beings and talk with them. This thirty-five years have I drifted about in the moaning wind of cremation-grounds. I shall sit by you and talk like a human being once more."

I perceived some one sitting down near my bed-curtain. Since it could not be helped I mustered courage to say—"Thanks, it would be nice. Tell me some pleasant

story."

"If you want to hear something very interesting"—said she "I will tell you the story of my own life." At this moment the church-clock proclaimed the hour of two. She went on—

"When I was a human being and quite small, I used to fear one person as the very Yama* himself-and that person was my husband. My feelings in respect to him were like those of a fish after swallowing a hook. To me he seemed a horrid stranger determined to drag me out of the deep and tranguil waters of my birth-lake and from whose hands I had no chance of escape. Two months after my marriage, my husband died and my people bewailed my lot for me. My father-in-law made a scrutinising inspection of my personal features and said to his wife—"This girl is what is described as a poison-maid in our ancient books." Oh, I distinctly remember his words. But, are you listening?-How do yo like the story?"

"Very well, indeed"-I replied-"The

beginning is just delightful."

"Listen then. Joyfully I returned to my paternal home. Day by day I grew up into a pretty girl. People tried to conceal it from me but I knew perfectly well that beauty like mine was not to be found everywhere. What is your opinion?"

"Very probably"—I answered—"Only, I

never had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Hadn't you, really? Why, that skeleton of mine?"-and she burst into a rippling laughter-"I was only joking. How can I persuade you now that those two empty sockets once contained two large black eyes and the smile that used to play on my crimson lips could in no way be compared with the hideous grin you saw in the skeleton's teeth-bare mouth. relate to you the grace and beauty that blossomed forth every day round those dry and lanky bones, the absurdity of it tickles me and provokes me to anger too. Not even the greatest doctor in those days could believe that lessons in Anatomy might be learnt from my frame. I am aware that one particular doctor mentioned me as Kanak Chámbá to an intimate friend of his. It meant that all-other human bodies might furnish object-lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, only I was like a flower, the embodiment of beauty. There is no skeleton

*Yama-the God of Death in Hindoo mythology.

hidden in a Kanak Chámpá flower-is there?

"When I walked, I was conscious that every movement of my body sent forth waves of beauty in all directions, just as light sparkles from every facet of a piece of diamond in motion. Sometimes, I would gaze and gaze on my own pretty arms-two arms such as could bridle the mouth of the entire manhood of the world, and bring it under sweet control. Subhadra, perhaps, had arms such as mine, round though delicate, two such roseate palms and such tapering fingers like flames of beauty-when she drove the chariot of her lover Arjuna through the three worlds looking on in silent amazement.

"But that shameless, bare skeleton bore false testimony to you against myself. At that time I was mute and helpless. is why I am most angry with you -of all men in the world. How I wish I could hold before you that form of mine, adorned with the beauty-roses of sixteen summers and banish sleep from your eyes for a long time to come, and the knowledge of Anatomy from your head"

"Believe me, dear lady", I exclaimed-"my head is entirely free now from the least trace of that knowledge and as regards your all-enchanting beauty, it is before my mental vision, glowing against the dismal background of night."

She continued—"I had no companions of my own sex. My brother had decided not to marry-so I was the only woman in the family. In the evening I would sit underneath a tree in our garden and imagine that all the world was loving meall the stars were gazing at me-and the breeze, pretending unconcern, passed and repassed me sighing mournfully. I indulged in the fancy that the turf on which my feet were laid might have gone into ecstasy were it capable of feeling, -- and that the

my heart inexpressibly sad. "My brother had a friend, Sasi Sekhar, who passed out of the Medical College and became our family physician. Before this, I had seen him occasionally, myself unseen. My brother was a peculiar sort of an individual-he did not condescend to look at

young men of all the world had come there

in the guise of grass to lie there in silent

adoration. Such thoughts as these made

the world around him with open eyes, Life to him was not airy enough so he gradually moved away to a remote corner of it, giving himself as little concern about others as possible.

"Sasi Sekhar was the only friend that he had, -so this was the young man outside the family circle whom I had frequent opportunities of seeing. In the evenings when I sat alone like a queen, in our garden under some flower-tree, holding an imaginary reception,-all the young men of the world presented themselves to me in the form of Sasi Sekhar. But, are you listening? What is passing in your mind?"

"I was wishing I were Sasi Sekhar myself"-I said with a sigh.

"Hear the whole story first .- It was a rainy day. I was suffering from fever. The doctor came to see me that was the first time that we met face to face.

"I was looking towards an open window so that the ruddy glow of the setting sun might fall on my face and conceal its paleness. The Doctor came in and looked at me. At that moment I imagined myself. to be the doctor and a mental picture floated before my eyes. And what was that picture?-Reclining on a soft pillow, the subdued light of approaching evening, a face delicate as a flower, indicating perhaps a little weariness,ringlets of hair lying unrestrained on the forehead and two large bashful eyelids casting shadows on the cheeks below.

"In a tone politely low, the doctor said to my brother - 'Might I feel her pulse?'

"From beneath the folds of my shaw! I gently put out my wearied arm. I shot a glance at it and felt how prettier it would have looked, if I had on bracelets made of blue-crystal. Never before had I seen a doctor hesitating so in feeling the pulse of a patient. His fingers trembled as he held my wrist. He gauged the strength of my fever, but I could also form an idea to some extent of how his mental pulse was beating. Can't you believe it?"

"Oh, quite" - I replied - "The human pulse

isn't the same in all circumstances."

Then she resumed her story.—"After a few more occasions of illness and recovery I found that the number of young men who attended my imaginary receptions in the evenings dwindled into one single being and the world of my creation became very nearly depopulated. Only one doctor and

one patient was all that remained.

"I used to put on a saree of orange-colour, do my hair with great pains, wear a crown of bela flowers and go and sit in the garden with a little mirror in my hand. And why? -Wouldn't I tire of looking at myself?-I wouldn't indeed; -because it was not I who looked at myself. Mine was a dual existence then. One part of me was my lover, looking on my other part, - admiring me, loving me and bestowing fond caresses on me. Still, there always was a sigh of pain inside my heart.

"Since that time I was never alone. When I walked, I would look down to see with what grace of motion my feet were touching the earth and try to imagine how it would strike our newly passed doctor. In the midday when a deep hush reigned outside, only occasionally disturbed by the shrill notes of a kite flying very high up in the air or perhaps the sing-song voice of a hawker selling toys and chooris outside our garden wall, I would often spread a snowwhite sheet on my bed and lie down. Throwing a bare arm carelessly on the soft bed I would shut my eyes and imagine that somebody sees it in that position, takes it up in both his hands and imprinting a kiss on its rosy palm, glides softly away. - Suppose the story should end here?"

"Yes, it wouldn't be bad"--I remarked-"It would remain somewhat incomplete, no doubt, but one could pass the night trying

to imagine the conclusion."

"Yes-but then the story would become so solemnly serious-wouldn't it? Where would the joke of it come in? Where would be the skeleton of the story displaying its

full set of teeth in derision?

"Listen again. As business increased, Sasi Sekhar opened his dispensary in a suite of ground-floor rooms of our house. I then frequently used to ask him in a laughing manner all about medicines, poisons and means by which one could attain an easy death. Such professional topics fired him with eloquence. As a result of these discussions, Death became familiar to me like one of my own people. All the world over, I could see only Love and Death.

"My story has nearly come to a close-

only a very little remains".

"The night is also nearing its end"-I

"For some days"-She continued-"I noticed that the doctor was very much absent-minded and betrayed a sense of self-reproach when in my presence. Later on, one day he borrowed my brother's carriage and pair for the evening.

"I could not restrain myself any longer. Going to my brother, I said-'where is the doctor going to in your carriage to-night?'

"Perdition'-replied my brother, laconically.

'Do tell me, where ?'-insisted I.

"My brother was a little more explicit this time, saying—'to marry?'
'Is he, really?'—I said,—and laughed and

laughed till tears stood in my eyes.

"Little by little I gathered that he would bring home with his bride a very handsome

dowry.

"But why did he offer me this insult, I pondered, by concealing this news from me. Did I ever tell him, clasping his feet, that if he did such a thing I would die of a broken heart? There is no trusting these men. I knew only one man in the world and one moment was enough for me to judge the rest of his kind at their proper value

"The doctor came home in the afternoon, having finished his round of daily calls.

went up to him saying --

"Doctor !-doctor !-are you going to be married to-night?"-and I burst into a

fit of laughter.

"Seeing me so jolly over it, he not only felt ashamed but looked very grieved also. 'How is it'-I went on in the same strain-'How is it that there is no band to accompany the procession?'

"A little sigh escaped the doctor as he replied-'Is marriage such a joyful event,

after all ?'

"Relapsing into another fit of laughter, I said-'Oh, I never!-That won't do at all. There must be music and torches too, to accompany the procession.'

"I so teased and worried my brother about it that he immediately began to make arrangements to celebrate the event with

befitting eclat.

"I chattered away unceasingly as to what would happen and what I would do when the bride came home. Suddenly I asked the bridegroom--- would you still go about

doctor, feeling people's pulse, after you are married?—Dear, oh dear! Although the minds of human beings, especially of the male portion of them, are not visible to the eyes, still, depend upon me,—my words penetrated into his heart like so many arrows.

"The auspicious moment for the ceremony to begin was fixed at a late hour of the night. Early in the evening the doctor and my brother sat down, as was their custom, to drink a glass or two of brandy. Gradually the moon rose in the sky.

"I approached them and remarked smilingly—'Have you forgotten, doctor, that it is your wedding night? You ought to be

starting now'.

"I should mention here one little detail of a trifling nature. Earlier in the day I had gone into the dispensary and obtained from there surreptitiously a quantity of a certain white powder. I took opportunity to place unnoticed some portion of that powder in the doctor's tumbler. Was it not he who had taught me which powder killed people?

"At my remark, the doctor quickly drained off his glass and rose. Turning towards me with a look of extreme mental agony, he said in a voice choked with emotion—

"Good-bye."

"He left. The band played the opening bars. I draped myself in a Benares Saree*, put on every article of jewellery that I possessed and decorated my forehead with a streak of vermilion paint. I then went and spread my bed under my vakula tree of old.

"It was a beautiful, moonlit night. A south-wind was blowing, wiping away the

* A variety of costly silk saree embroidered with gold thread.

† This vermilien point is the sign of a married woman who has her husband living.

fatigue of the slumbering world. The scent of jesamines filled the whole garden.

"As I lay there, the melodious notes of the band seemed to recede farther and farther away from me—the bright moonlight grew dimmer and dimmer in my eyes —the sky—the earth around me with its trees and flowers and my lifelong familiar home seemed to melt away into nothingness. I then closed my eyes and—smiled.

"I longed that when people would come to look at me, they might see this smile clinging to my lips. I hoped to carry this smile with me when entering into my bridal chamber of eternal night. Ah!-where was my bridal chamber and where my wedding garments!-Hearing a rattling noise within myself I woke up to find that three boys were learning Anatomy from my bones. A teacher was pointing his cane to my bosom and telling the boys the names of different bones there-my bosom, which once used to throb with my joy and my grief and where every day the bud of youth opened a fresh petal of a lovely hue. And that farewell smile of mine with which I had adorned my lips-did you see any trace of it left?"

She ceased. After a brief interval she spoke again—"How do you like the story?"

"Very pleasant, indeed"-I answered.

At this moment I heard the first crow cawing.

"Are you still there?"-I enquired, but

there was no reply.

Faint beams of daylight straggled into my room.

Translated by

PRABHAT KUMAR MUKERJI.

THE GUN AND THE MAN BEHIND IT

By Frank H. Shaw.

SOMETIMES you will read in your daily paper that H. M. S. So-and-so has created a new record in gunnery, and has increased her percentage of hits con-

siderably. On reading which you say that the British Navy is still the old-time, impregnable institution that it has ever been, and then, as likely as not, you forget all about it until the next naval estimates are

possible to repatriate these, comprising, as they do, some thousands of colonial-born men and women, to whom South Africa is their permanent home, just as much as it is that of the Europeans born in the country. No, the South African Indian problem must be solved on the spot. The Transvaal trouble merely touches the fringe of the question but the methods of solution have undoubtedly been discovered by the Transvaal Indians -immense moderation, the willingness to compromise on matters of comparatively unimportant detail, in the hope of awakening at a later date a sense of appreciation on the part of their adversaries, and the opposing of an adamantine front in matters of principle, however unimportant these may seem to be; the exercise of self-res-

traint, the performance of duties, the assumption of responsibilities and obligations, the development of man's higher nature, and the capacity to suffer in their own persons to the uttermost for the sake of a cherished ideal—in a word, the true passive resistance that opposes the spirit of love to that of brute force. In the whole course of this struggle in the Transvaal there has been no genuinely proved act of violence, and it is the meekness, the gentleness, the real humility, the toleration and the steel-like courage displayed by this disfranchised minority that have won the respect, the regard, and the admiration of the aforetime unanimously hostile European majority in the country.

M. S. L. POLAK.

THE TRUST PROPERTY

A SHORT STORY (From the Bengali of Ravindra NATH TAGORE)

BRINDABAN Kundu came to his father in high rage and soil " moment."

"Ungrateful wretch," -- sneered the father Jaggonath Kundu, -- "when you have reimbursed me for all that I have spent on your food and clothing, it would be time enough to give yourself these airs."

Such food and clothing as was customary in Jaggonath's household, could not have cost very much. Our rishis of old managed to feed and clothe themselves at an outlay incredibly low. Jaggonath's behaviour shewed that his ideal in these respects was equally high. That he could not fully live up to it was partly ascribable to the bad influence of the degenerate society around him and partly to certain unreasonable demands of nature in her attempt to keep the body together with the soul.

So long as Brindaban was single, things passed smoothly enough but after his marriage he began to depart from the high and rarefied standard cherished by his sire. It was noticeable that the son's ideas of comfort were moving away from spiritual to the material and imitating the ways of the world, unwilling to put up with any discomfort arising from heat and cold, thirst and hunger, his minimum of food and clothing was rising apace.

Frequent were the quarrels between the father and the son in this connection. Eventually Brindaban's wife became seriously ill and a kaviraj was called in. But when the latter prescribed a costly medicine for his patient, Jaggonath took it as a proof of his sheer incompetence and turned him out immediately. At first Brindahan besought his father to allow the treatment to continue, then he quarrelled with him about it, but to no purpose. When his wife died he abused his father and called him a murderer.

"Nonsense,"—said father—"Don't the people die even after swallowing all kinds of drugs? If costly medicines could save life, how is it that kings and emperors are not immortal? You don't expect your wife to die with more pomp and ceremony than did your mother and your grandmother before her, do you?"

Brindaban might really have derived a great consolation from these words, had he not been overwhelmed with grief and incapable of proper thinking. Neither his mother nor his grandmother had taken any medicine before making their exit from this world—and this was the time-honoured custom of the family. But alas, the younger generation were unwilling to die even, according to ancient custom. The English had newly come to the country at the time we are speaking of. Even in those remote days the good old folks used to be horrified at the unorthodox ways of the new generation and sit speechless, trying to draw consolation from their hookahs.

Be that as it may, he-then up-to-date Brindaban said to his old fogey of a father—"I am off."

The father gave his immediate assent and declared publicly that should he ever give his son one single pice in future, might the gods reckon his act as amounting to shedding the holy blood of cows. Brindaban in his turn similarly declared that should he ever accept anything from his father, might his act tantamount to matricide.

The people of the village looked upon this small revolution as a great relief after a prolonged period of monotony. Especially as Jaggonath disinherited his only son, every one exerted himself to the uttermost to console him. They were unanimous in their opinion that to quarrel with a father for the sake of a mere wife became possible only in these degenerate days. And the reason they gave was very sound too. "When your wife dies," they said, "you could obtain a second without delay; but when your father dies you can't have another to replace him for love or money." Their logic no doubt was perfect, but we suspect that the utter hopelessness of getting another father would not have troubled the misguided son very much. On the contrary he might look upon it as a mercy.

Separation from Brindaban did not seem to weigh heavily on the mind of his father. In the first place, his absence from home reduced the household expenses. Then again, he was freed from a great anxiety. The fear of being poisoned by his son and heir had always haunted him. When partaking of his scanty fare, he could never banish the thought of poison from his mind. This anxiety had abated somewhat after the death of his daughter in-law and now that the son was gone it disappeared altogether.

But there was one tender spot in the old man's heart. Brindaban had taken away with him his four year old son, Gokul Chandra. Now, the expenses of his keep were comparatively small and so Jaggonath's affection for him was without its counterpoise. Still when Brindaban took him away, the first moments of his grief, sincere as it was, got mingled with a sense of calculation as to how much would be saved per month in consequence of the absence of the two, how much it would come to in the year and what would be the capital, to fetch that sum as interest.

But the empty house, without Gokul Chandra in it to create any became more and more difficult for the old man to live in. There was no one now to play any tricks with him when he was engaged in his Poojah, no one to snatch away his food and eat it up himself and no one fit enough to run away with his inkpot when he was writing up his accounts. His daily routine of life, now gone through without interruption, became an intolerable burden to him. It struck him that such unworried peace was only possible in the world to come. When he set his eyes on the holes worked in his quilt by his grandchild and the pen-and-ink sketches executed by the same artist on his rush-mat, his heart became heavy with grief. At one time the boy suffered no end of reproach because he had torn his dhoti into pieces within the short space of two years, but now tears stood in Jaggonath's eyes as he gazed upon the dirty remnants of it lying in the bed room. He carefully put it away in his sindook and registered a vow that should Gokul ever come back again he shouldn't be reprimanded even if he destroyed one dhoti a year.

But Gokul did not return and poor Jaggonath aged away rapidly. His empty home seemed emptier to him every day.

No longer could the old man stay peacefully at home. Even in the middle of the day when all respectable folks in the village enjoyed their after-dinner siesta, Jaggonath could be seen roaming over the village, hookah in hand. The boys, at the sight of him, used to give up their play and retiring in a body to a safe distance, chant out verses composed by a local poet, eulogistic of the old gentleman's economical habits. No one ventured to pronounce his real name lest he should have to go without his meal that day -- and so people gave him names after their own Elderly people called him Jaggonash,† but the reason why the younger generation preferred to call him a vampire was hard to guess. It may be that the bloodless, dried up skin of the old man had some physical resemblance to the said habitué of the aerial regions.

One afternoon when Jaggonath was engaged on his usual ramble through the village lanes shaded by mango topes, he saw a boy, apparently a stranger, assuming the captaincy of the village boys and explaining to them the modus operandi of a new prank. Captivated by the force of his character and the startling novelty of his ideas, all the boys had sworn allegiance to him. Unlike other boys, he did not run away from the old man as he approached, but came quite close to him and began to shake his own The result was that a live lizard chadar. sprang out of it on to the old man's body, descended down his back and ran away towards the jungle. Sudden fright made the poor man shiver from head to foot, to the great amusement of the other boys, who sent up a chorus of glee. Before Jaggonath had gone far, cursing and swearing, the gamcha that was lying on his shoulder suddenly disappeared and the next moment it was seen on the head of the new boy, transformed into a turban.

The novel form of courtesy which he experienced at the hands of this manikin, came as a great relief to Jaggonath. It was long long since any boy had taken such liberties with him. After a good deal of coaxing and many fair promises he at last persuaded the boy to come near him and the following conversation ensued.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Nitai Pal".

"Where's your home?"

"Won't tell."

"Who's your father?"

"Won't tell."

* It is a superstition current in Bengal that if a man pronounces the name of a very miserly individual, the former has to go without his meal that day.

+ Jaggonath means the Lord of Festivity and Jaggonash would mean the despoiler of it.

"Why won't you?"

"Because I have run away from home."

"What made you do it?"

"My father wanted to send me to school." It occurred to Jaggonath what useless

extravagance it would be to send such a specimen to school and how foolish and unpractical the father must have been not to have seen it.

"Well-well," said Jaggonath, would you like to come and stay with me?"

"Don't mind" said the boy and forthwith he installed himself in Jaggonath's house. He felt as little hesitation about it as though it were the shadow of a tree by the wayside. And not only that. He began to proclaim his wishes as regards his food and clothing with such coolness that one would think he had paid up his reckoning in full beforehand, and when anything was unsatisfactory, he started regular quarrels with the old man. It had been easy enough for Jaggonath to get the better of his own child, but now that other people's child was concerned, he had to acknowledge defeat.

III

The people of the village marvelled at the unexpected scene of Nitai Pal being made so much of by Jaggonath. sure that the old man's end was near and the prospect of his bequeathing all his property to this unknown brat made their hearts sore. They became furious with envy and determined to do the boy some injury, but the old man used to take care of him as though he was a rib in his breast.

At times, the boy used to threaten that he would go away and the old man used to say to him temptingly—"I will leave you all the property I possess". Young as he was the boy fully understood the grandeur of

this promise.

The village people then began to make enquiries after the father of the boy. hearts melted with compassion for the agonising parents and they declared that the son must be a rascal to make them suffer so. They heaped abuses on his head but the heat with which they did it betrayed envy rather than a sense of justice.

One day the old man learned from a wayfarer that Damodar Pal was making a tour of search for his lost son and was now com-

ing towards this village. Nitai, when he heard this, became very restless and was ready to flee, leaving his future wealth to take care of itself. Jaggorath gave him repeated assurances, saying,—"I mean to hide you in such a place that nobody would be able to find you - not even the village people themselves."

This whetted the curiosity of the boy and he said—"O, where? Do shew it to me."

"People will know if I shew it to you Wait till it is night"—said Jaggonow. nath.

The hope of discovering this mysterious hiding place was simply delicious to Nitai. He planned to himself how, as soon as his father should go away unsuccessful, he would have a bet with his comrades and play hide and seek. Nobody would be able to find him Wouldn't it be fun! The father too would ransack the whole village and not find him—that would be rare fun also.

At noon, Jaggonath shut the boy up in his house and disappeared for some time. When he came home again, Nitai worried him, with questions.

No sooner it was dark, Nitai said—"Grandfather, shall we go now?"

"It isn't night yet"-replied Jaggonath. A little while later the boy exclaimed—

"It is night now, grandfather, come let's go." "The village-people haven't gone to bed vet"---whispered Jaggonath.

Nitai waited but a moment and said-"They have gone to bed now, grandfather, I am sure they have. Let's start now."

The night advanced. Sleep began to weigh heavily on the eye-lids of the poor boy and it was a hard struggle for him to keep awake. When it was midnight, Jaggonath caught hold of the boy's arm and left the house, groping through the dark lanes of the sleeping village. Not a sound to disturb the stillness of the night, except the occasional howl of a dog when all the other dogs far and near, would join in a chorus, or perhaps the flapping of the wings of a night-bird, scared away by the sound of human footsteps at that unusual hour. Nitai trembled with fear and held Jaggonath fast by the arm.

Across many a field they went and at last penetrated into a jungle where stood a dilapidated temple without any god in it. "What, here!"—exclaimed Nitai in a tone of disappointment. It was nothing like what he had imagined. There was not much mystery about it. Not infrequently, since running away from home, he had to pass nights in deserted temples like this. Although not a bad place for playing hide and seek, still it was quite possible that his comrades might track him there.

From the middle of the floor inside, Jaggonath removed a slab of stone, and an underground room with a lamp burning in it was revealed to the astonished sight of the boy. Fear and curiosity assailed his little heart. Jaggonath descended

a ladder and Nitai followed him.

Looking around, the boy saw that there were brass ghurras on all sides of him. In the middle lay spread an assant and in front of it were arranged vermilion, sandal paste, flowers and other articles of poojah. ‡ To satisfy his curiosity the boy dipped his hand into some of the ghurras and drew out their contents. They were rupees and gold mohurs.

Jaggonath addressing the boy, said-"I told you, Nitai, that I would give you all my money. I have not got much,these ghurras are all that I possess. These I will make over to you today."

The boy jumped with delight. "All?" he exclaimed—"you wont take back a

rupee, would you?"

"If I do," said the old man in solemn tones, "may my hand be attacked with leprosy. But there is one condition. ever my grandson Gokul Chandra, or his son, or his grandson, or his great grandson or any of his progeny should happen to pass this way, then you must make over to him or to them, every rupee and every mohur here."

The boy thought that the old man was raving. "Very well"—he replied.

"Then sit on this assan"—said Jaggonath. "What for?"

"Because poojah will be done to you."

"But why?"--said the boy, taken aback.

"This is the rule."

The boy squatted on the assan as desired. Jaggonath smeared his forehead sandal-paste, put a mark of vermilion between his eye-brows, flung a garland of

- * A water pot holding about 3 gallons of water,
- + A prayer carpet.
- ‡ A ceremonial worship.

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flowers round his neck and began to recite mantras.*

To sit there like a god and hear mantras recited made poor Nitai feel very uneasy. "Grandfather"—he whispered.

But Jaggonath did not reply and went

on muttering his incantations.

Finally with great difficulty he dragged

each ghurra before the boy and made him repeat the following vow after him:-"I do solemnly promise that I would

make over all this treasure to Gokul Chandra Kundu, the son of Brindaban Kundu, the grandson of Jaggonath Kundu, or to the son or to the grandson of the said Gokul Chandra Kundu or to any other progeny of his who may be the rightful heir."

In the process of repeating this over and over again, the boy felt stupefied and his tongue began to grow stiff in his mouth. When the ceremony was over, the air of the cave was laden with the smoke of earthen lamp and the breath-poison of the two. The boy could feel that the roof of his mouth had become dry as dust and the extremities of his hands and feet were burning. He was very nearly suffocated.

The lamp became dimmer and dimmer and then it went out altogether. In the total darkness that followed, Nitai could perceive the old man was climbing up the ladder. "Grandfather, where are you going to?"—said the lad greatly distressed.

"I am going now," replied Jaggonath, "you remain here. No one will be able to discover you. Remember the name Gokul Chandra, the son of Brindaban and the grandson of Jaggonath."

He then withdrew the ladder. In a stifled, agonised voice the boy implored—"I want to go back to father."

Jaggonath replaced the slab of stone at the mouth of the cave. He then knelt down and placed his ear on the stone. Nitai's voice was heard once more— "Father"—and then came a sound of some heavy object falling with a bump—and then—everything was still.

Having thus placed his wealth in the hands of a wakt, Jaggonath began to cover

* Solemn incantations.

†Yak or Yaksa is a supernatural being described in Sanskrit mythology and poetry. In Bengal, Yak has come to mean a ghostly custodian of treasure, under circumstances described in this story.

up the stone with earth. Then he piled broken bricks and loose mortar over it. On the top of all he planted turfs of grass and jungle weeds. The night was almost spent but he could not tear himself away from the spot. Now and again he placed his ear on the ground and tried to listen. It seemed to him that from far far below—from the abysmal depth of the earth's interior,—came a wailing sound. It seemed to him that the night-sky was flooded with that one sound, that the sleeping humanity of all the world had waken up and were sitting on their beds, trying to listen.

The old man in his frenzy kept on heaping earth higher and higher. He wanted somehow to stifle that sound but still he fancied he could hear—"Father."

He struck the spot with all his might and said--"Be quiet—people might hear you." But still he imagined he heard-"Father."

The sun lighted up the eastern horizon. Jaggonath then left the temple and came into the open fields.

There too, somebody called out—"Father." Startled at the sound, he turned back and saw his son at his heels.

"Father," said Brindaban, "I hear my boy is hiding himself in your house. I must have him back."

With eyes dilated and a distorted mouth, the old man leaned forward and exclaimed — "your boy?"

"Yes, my boy Gokul. He is Nitai Pal now and I myself go by the name of Damodar Pal. Your fame has spread so in the neighbourhood that we were obliged to cover up our origin, otherwise people would have refused to pronounce our names."

Slowly the old man lifted up both his arms above his head. His fingers began to twitch convulsively as though he was trying to catch hold of some imaginary object in the air. He then fell down on the ground.

When he came to his senses again, he dragged his son towards the ruined temple. When they were both inside it, he said—"Do you hear any wailing sound?"

"No, I dont"---said Brindaban.

"Just listen very carefully. Do you hear anybody calling out—'Father'?"

"No."

This seemed to relieve him to a great extent.



From that day forward, he used to go about, asking people—"Do you hear any wailing sound?" They laughed at the

raving dotard.

About four years later, Jaggonath lay on his death-bed. When the light of this world was gradually fading away from his eyes and his breathing becoming more and more difficult, he suddenly sat up in a state of delirium. Throwing both his hands in the air he seemed to grope about for something, muttering-"Nitai, who has removed my ladder?"

Unable to find the ladder for climbing out of his terrible dungeon where there was no light to see and no air to breathe, he fell on his bed once more and disappeared into the region whence no one has ever been found out in the eternal game of world's hide and seek.*

Translated by PRABHAT KUMAR MUKERJI.

* The incidents described in this story, now happily a thing of the past, were by no means rare in Bengal at one time. Our author, however, slightly departs from the current accounts. Such criminally superstitious practices were resorted to by miserly persons under the idea that they themselves would re-acquire the treasure in a future state of existence. "When you see me in a future birth passing this way, you must make over all this treasure to me. Guard it till then and stir not,"-was the usual promise exacted from the victim before he became yak. Many were the "true" stories we heard in childhood of people becoming suddenly rich by coming across ghostly custodians of wealth belonging to them in a past birth.

THE HISTORY OF AURANGZIB

CHAPTER III.

FIRST VICEROYALTY OF THE DECCAN. 1636—1644.

TOWARDS the close of Akbar's reign the Mughal Empire began to extend beyond the Narmada river, which had

so long been its southern The Mughals enter boundary except for the

coast strip running from Guzerat to Surat. Khandesh, the rich Tapti valley, was annexed in the year 1599. Taking advantage of the discord and weakness reigning in Ahmadnagar. Akbar wrested from it Berar, the southern portion of the present Central Provinces. The murder of the heroic Chand Bibi by her factious nobles delivered the city of Ahmadnagar into his hands (1600); the boy Sultan was deposed and the kingdom annexed.† Thus in a few years the Mughal frontier had been pushed from the Narmada to the upper courses of the Krishna river (called the Bhimá.) But the annexation was in form only. The new territory was too large to be effectively governed or even fully conquered. Everywhere especially in the south and the west,

* Berar in Ellios, VI. 84, 94, 98. Khandesh, VI.

† Elliot, VI. 99-101. •

local officers of the old dynasty refused to obey the conqueror, or began to set up puppet princes as a screen for their selfassertion. The Sultans of Bijapur and Golkonda seized the adjacent districts of their fallen neighbour.

During Jahangir's feeble reign the Mughal advance was stayed and even beaten back.

The Emperor lay under the Pause during voluptuous spell of Nur Jahangir's reign Jahan. His generals took bribes from the Deccani kings and let the war languish. A great leader, too, arose in the south. Malik Ambar, an Abyssinian of rare genius and capacity, became prime minister of the shadowy king of Ahmadnagar, and for a time restored the vanished glories of the house. His wise revenue system made the peasantry happy, while enriching the state. A born leader of men, he conciliated all parties, maintained order, and left a name for justice vigour and public benefit which has not been forgotten vet.† Building up a grand alliance of the

* For the Mughal wars in the Deccan in Jahangir's reign, see Abdul Hamid, I. B, 182-201, Khafi Khan, i. 282—294, 304—307, 314—324, 347—350. Gladwin, 19, 21, 25, 37—39, 51—54, etc.

† For Malik Ambar see Abdul Hamid, 1. B., 34,

197-200, Khafi Khan, i, 273-276, 282-285, 291-294, 304, 305, 314-322, 347-350. Gladwin, 51-54,

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The use of a manure in the form of an alkali in ancient India is in favour of the existence of Nitre Industry in those early days.

known in India is a fact drawn from the existence of terms in Sanskrit literature such as सार (Sara). These were scattered over into the fields for a better or greater yield of

Originally i.e., before the manufacture of nitre did actually come into operation, the people might have been engaged in the production of common salt alone out of the nitre efflorescence and they used, most probably, to throw out the mother liquor, after the salt was taken out, into the fields and as a result of this the discovery of a better production of crop in them might have induced the people to use it year after year as manure-a practice which is still carried out in every nitre-producing district by the villagers in the cultivation of tobacco, chillies, rice etc. From an enquiry whether the practice came unto them from the European Indigo Planters

within the last two centuries, I have been satisfied that it is inconsistent to give indulgence to any thought in that direction. The idea most probably is of purely indigenous growth. It seems to be an inherited belief of the modern peasantry reigning supreme in their minds. No one could trace as to its true origin, but the methods they adopt even now give it a true ancient native character and the originality we may claim to be our own. The term vajrakshara (वज्रचार) an alkali (probably Nitre) identified with Sara (बार) is a support of the theory that nitre was in olden times used in India as manure. From this point of view, viz. the use of nitre as manure in ancient India, we can claim the existence of a nitre-industry in old days of India.

MANINDRANATH BANERJEE.

BENGIL NATIONAL (OI LEGE, (ALCUITA

THE ELDER SISTER

(A SHORT STORY.)

CHAPTER I.

AVING recounted at length the misdeeds of a wicked tyrannical husband of an unfortunate woman of the village, her neighbour Tara very shortly, declared her verdict by saying, "Fire be to such a husband's mouth."

At this Joygopal Babu's wife felt much hurt; it did not become womankind to wish in any circumstances whatever, any other species of fire than that of the cigar in husbandkind's mouth.

When, therefore, she expressed a mild deprecation on the point, hard-hearted Tara cried with redoubled vehemence, "Twere better to be a widow seven births over than be the wife of such a husband" and saying this she broke up the meeting and left.

Sosi said within herself 'Can't imagine any offence of the husband that could so harden the heart against him.' Even as she was turning the matter over in her mind all the tenderness of her loving soul gushed forth towards her husband now abroad; throwing herself with stretched arms in that part of the bed which used to be accupied by her husband, she kissed the empty pillow and felt in it the smell of his husband's head, and shutting up the door she brought out from a wooden box a very old and almost faded photo of her husband and some letters in his handwriting and sat on with them. That hushed noon-tide thus passed away in the retired chamber in solitary musings amidst old memories, and in tears of sadness.

It was no new conjugality this between Sosikala and Joygopal. They had been married at an early age and had children since then. From prolonged association with each other, the days had passed by in a very easy, commonplace sort of way; on neither side had any symptoms of an excessive passion been visible. Having lived together nearly sixteen years without a break, when her husband was suddenly called away from home on business, a great impulse of love awoke in Sosi's soul. As separation strained the tie, love's knot tightened all the harder, and what in a

relaxed state was not even felt as existing,

now began to throb with pain.

So it happened that after such long years, at such an age and being the mother children, Sosi, on this spring-noon, in her lonely chamber, lying in the bed of separation, began to dream the sweet dream of a bride of budding youth. That love, which had been flowing before her life without her being conscious of it, suddenly roused her with its murmuring music, and she went a long way up the stream and saw many a golden mansion and many a grove on its either bank,—but no foothold was to be had now amidst those vanished possibilities of happiness. She began to say to herself that when she next met her husband, she would not let the life be insipid nor the spring go in vain. On how many days, how very often, in idle disputation or some petty quarrel, she had teased her husband. With a penitent heart she now vowed in all the singleness of her mind that she would ne er show such impatience again, never oppose her husband's wishes, bear all his command, and with a heart filled with tenderness submit to all his dealings, good or ill; for the husband was all-in-all, the husband was the dearest object of love, the husband was divine.

For a long time Sosikala had been the sole and petted daughter of her parents. For his reason, though Joygopal held a small blace, he had no anxieties about the future. His father-in-law had enough property to apport one in a royal style in a village. Just then very untimely, almost in his old ige, a son was born to Sosikala's father. I'o will the truth, at this unlooked-for, improper unjust action on the part of her parents, so if felt very sore in her mind; nor was Joy-

sopal particularly pleased.

The parents' love centered strongly on his son of their advanced years. When this newly-arrived, diminutive, sleepy suckling if a brother-in-law seized all the hopes and expectations of Joygopal within the tiny his of his two weak hands, Joygopal took

ervice in a tea-garden in Assam.

People pressed him to look for employment near about—but whether out of a genetil seeling of resentment, or knowing the finant of rapid rise in a tea-garden, Joytopal would not pay heed to anybody; he ent his wife and children to his father-inlaw's and left for Assam. This was the first separation between husband and wife in their married life.

This incident made Sosikala very angry with her baby brother. That soreness of heat which may not pass over lips rages the more keenly within. When the little fellow sucked and slept away at his ease, his big sister was making a hundred occasions, such as the rice is cold, the boys are too late for school, to worry herself and others, day and night, with her petulances and humours.

In a short time, the child's mother died. Before her death, she committed her infant

son into her daughter's hand.

Then in no time the motherless child easily conquered his sister's heart. When with loud whoops he would fling himself on her and with right good-will try to grab up her mouth, nose, eyes within his tiny mouth; when he would sieze her locks within his little fists and refuse to give up possession; when awaking before the dawn he would roll up to her side and thrill her with delight with his soft touch and make a huge babble; --when, later on, he would call her jiji and jijima, and in hours of work and rest, by doing forbidden things, eating forbidden food, going to forbidden places, set up a regular tyranny on her, then Sosi could resist no longer. She surrendered herself completely to this wayward, little tyrant. As the child had no mother, his influence over her became all the greater.

CHAPTER II.

The child was named Nilmani. When he was two years old his father fell seriously ill. A letter reached Joygopal asking him to come away as quickly as possible. When after much pains Joygopal obtained leave and arrived, Kaliprasanna's last hour had come.

Before he died Kaliprasanna entrusted Joygopal with the charge of his minor son and devised a quarter of his estate to his daughter.

So Joygopal had to give up his appointment and come home to look after the properties.

After a long time husband and with the again. When a material body brooks it might be set again edge to edge. The whole

two human beings are divided, after a long separation, they never re-unite at the same place, and to the same time; for the mind is a living thing, and moment by moment it develops and changes.

For Sosi, this new union stirred a new emotion in her. The numbness of age-long habit in their old conjugality was entirely removed by the longing born of separation, and she seemed to get her husband much more completely than before, -and she vowed in her mind that whatever days might come and how long soever they might be, she would never allow the brightness of this glowing love to her husband to be dimmed.

At this new union, however, Joygopal felt differently. When before they were unremittingly together he had a bond of union with his wife through all his interests and idiosyncrasies, the wife was then a living truth in his life,—and there would, on a sudden, be a great rent in the web of his daily habit if she were left out. Consequently Joygopal found himself in deep waters at first when he went abroad. But in time this breach in habit was patched up by a new habit.

And this was not all. Formerly his days went by in the most indolent and careless fashion. Latterly, for two years, the stimulus of bettering his condition had stirred so powerfully in his breast that he had nothing else in his thoughts. As compared to the intensity of this new passion, his old life looked like an un-substantial shadow. The greatest changes in a woman's nature are wrought by love; in a man's, by ambition.

Joygopal when he returned after two years did not get back his wife quite the same as of old. To his wife's life his infant brotherin-law had added a new breadth. This part of her life was wholly unfamiliar to her-here he had no community with his wife. The wife tried hard to share this love for the child with him, but it cannot be said that she succeeded. Sosi would come with the child in her arms and hold him before her husband with a smiling face-Nilmani would clasp Sosi's neck for all he was worth and hide his face on her shoulder and admit no obligations of minimushow Joygopai all the arts he had

learnt to capture a man's mind. But Joygopal was not particularly keen about it, how would the child show any enthusiasm. Joygopal could not at all understand what there was in the heavy-pated, grave-faced, dusky child that so much love should be wasted on him.

Women quickly understand the ways of love. Sosi at once understood that Joygopal was not particularly attached to Nilmani. Henceforth she used to screen her brother with the greatest care—to keep him away from the unloving, repelling look of her husband. Thus the child came to be the treasure of her secret care, the object of her isolated love.

Joygopal was greatly annoyed when Nilmani cried, so Sosi would quickly press the child to her breast and, with her whole heart and soul, try to soothe him; specially, when Nilmani's cry happened to disturb Joygopal's sleep at night, and the latter would, with an expression of the most sinister hate, and in a tortured spirit, growl at the brat, Sosi felt humbled and fluttered like a guilty thing, and instantly taking up the child in her lap, she would retire to a distance, and in a voice of the most pleading love, and with such endearmen:s as my gold, by treasure, by jewel, lull him to sleep.

Children will fall out for a hundred things. Formerly in such cases, Sosi would punish her children and side with her brother, for he was motherless. Now the law changed with the judge. Now Nilmani had often to bear heavy punishment without fault and without inquiry. This wrong went like daggers to Sosi's heart; so she would take her punished brother into her room, and with sweets and toys, and by caressing and kissing him, solace as much as she could, the child's stricken heart.

So it appeared that more Sosi loved Nilmani, the more was Joygopal annoyed with him. On the other hand, the more Joygopal showed his contempt for Nilmani, the more would Sosi bathe the child with the nector of her love.

The fellow Joygopal would ever behave harshly to his wife, and Sosi would minister to her husband silently, meekly, and with loving kindness, only, inwardly, they hart each other, moment by moment, about this Nilmani.

The hidden clashings of a silent conflict like this, are far harder to bear than an open quarrel.

CHAPTER III.

Of his whole body Nilmani's head was the foremost. It seemed as if the Creator had blown through a slender stick a big bubble at its top. The doctors also occasionally expressed the apprehension that the child might be as frail and evanescent as a bubble. For a long time, he could not speak or walk. Looking at his sad grave face it seemed as if his parents had all the weight of care of their advanced years on the head of this little child.

With her sister's care and nursing, Nilmani passed the period of danger and

stepped into his sixth year.

In the month of Kartik, on the bhaiphota? day, Sosi had dressed Nilmani up as a little Babu, in coat and chader and redbordered dhoti, and was giving him the 'brother's mark' when the aforenamed candid-spoken neighbour Tara came and, from one thing or another, started quarrel.

"'Tis no use," cried she, "giving the 'brother's mark' with so much show ruining

the brother in secret.'

At this Sosi was thunderstruck with astonishment, rage and pain. At last she heard that husband and wife they had conspired together to put up the minor Nilmani's property to sale for arrears of rent and purchase it in the benami of her husband's cousin. When Sosi heard this, she uttered a curse that those who could spread such a foul lie might be smitten with leprosy in the mouth. And then she went weeping to her husband and told him of the gossip. Joygopal said, "Nobody can be trusted in these days. Upen is my aunt's son, I felt quite secure by leaving him in charge of the properties - when did he allow the taluk Hasilpur to fall into arrears and purchase it himself in secret, if I had the least inkling about it."

"Won't you sue then?" asked Sosi in astonishment.

· Lit, the 'brother's mark'. A beautiful and touching ceremony in which a Hindu sister makes a mark of sandalwood-paste on the forehead of her brother and utters a formula, 'putting the barrier in Yama's dderway' (figurative for wishing long life'. On these occasions, the sisters entertain their brothers and make them presents of clothes, &c.

"How to sue one's cousin!" remarked Joygopal, "Besides, there will be no use, it

will be simple waste of money."

It was Sos 's supreme duty to trust in her husband's words, but Sosi could not, by any means. Then, this happy home, this domesticity of love showed themselves before her in a ferocious, hideous shape. That home-life which had seemed to be her supreme refuge-all at once she saw it was nothing more than a cruel snare of selfinterest, which had surrounded theni. brother and sister, from all sides. She was a woman, single-handed, and she felt herself quite at sea as to how she should save Nilmani. The the helpless more she thought, the more her heart filled with terror, loathing and an infinite love for her imperilled, little brother She thought that, if she only knew how, she would appear before the Lat Sahib, nay, write to the Maharani herself, to save her brother's property. The Maharani would not surely allow Nilmani's taluk of Hasilpur, with an income of seven hundred fifty-eight rupees a year, to be sold.

When Sosi was thus thinking of bringing her husband's cousin completely to book by appealing straight to the Maharani herself, Nilmani was suddenly seized with

fever attended with convulsions.

Joygopal called in the village doctor. When Sosi asked for a better doctor, Joygopal said, "Why, Matilal isn't a bad

Sosi fell at his feet and charged him with an oath on her own head; whereupon Joygopal said, "Well, I shall send for the

doctor from town."

Sosi lay with Nilmani in her lap, in her bosom. Nilmani also will not loose her out of sight for a minute; he clung to her lest she should by some pretence escape; even while he slept he would not loosen his hold of her cloth-end.

whole day wore out thus, and Joygopal came after nightfall and said that the doctor was not found in town, he had gone to see a patient at a distance. He added that he had to leave that very day on account of some litigation but he had told Matilal, and the latter would regularly call At night Nilmani wandered in steer As and see the patient.

soon as the morning dawned, Sosi,

the least scruple, took a boat, with his sick brother, to town, and went straight to the doctor's house. The doctor was at home

-he had not left the town. Seeing a respectable female, he quickly found lodgings for her, and having installed her there under the care of an elderly widow, took up the treatment of the boy.

The next day Joygopal arrived. Blazing with fury, he ordered his wife to return

home at once with him.

"Even if you cut me up, I won't return," replied the wife. "You all want to kill my Nilmani—he has no father, no mother, he has none else but me -I will save him."

"Then you remain here, and don't come back to my house," cried Joygopal indignantly.

Sosi at length fired up. "Your house!

why, it is my brother's !"

"All right, we'll see," said Joygopal. The neighbours made a good stir over this incident for some time. Neighbour Tara said, "If you want to quarrel with your husband, do so at home. What is the good of leaving the home. After all he is your husband."

By spending all the money she had with her, and selling her ornaments, Sosi saved his brother from the jaws of death. Then she heard that the big jote they had in Dwarigram, whereon their dwelling house stood, the income of which from different sources was more than Rs. 1500 yearly—that this jote Joygopal had, in concert with the Zemindar, got Kharijed in his own name. Now the whole property belonged to them—not to her brother.

On recovery from the illness, Nılmani would plaintively cry, "Let us go home, sister." His heart was pining for his nephews and nieces, his companions. So he repeatedly said, 'Let us go home, sister, -that old house of ours.' At this Sosi wept. Where

was their home!

But it was no good simply crying, her brother had no one else besides herself in the world. Sosi thought this, wiped her tears, and entering the Zenana of the Deputy Magistrate Tarini Bahu, appealed to his wife. The Deputy Magistrate knew Joygopal. That a respectable female should forsake her home and seek to engage in a dispute with her husband regarding matters of property greatly annoyed him against Sosi. White keeping Sosi diverted, Tarini Babu

instantly wrote to Joygopal. Joygopal forcibly put his wife and brother in-law into a boat and brought them home.

Husband and wife, after a second separation, met again for the second time! The

decree of Prajapati !*

Having got back his old companions after such a long while, Nilmani sported about in great glee. Seeing his unsuspecting joy, Sosi felt as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER IV.

The Magistrate was touring in the Mofussil during the cold weather and pitched his tent within the village for a shooting. The Sahib met Nilmani on the village way. The other boys gave him a wide berth by varying Chanakya's couplet a little, and adding the Sahib to the category of 'the clawed, the toothed and the horned beast.' But grave-natured Nilmani, in imperturbable curiosity serenely gazed at the Sahib.

The Sahib felt amused and came up and asked in Bengali, "You read at the path-

sala?"

The boy silently nodded, yes. 'What Pustakas' do you read?' asked the Sahib.

Nilmani did not understand the word pustak, so he silently fixed his gaze on the magistrate's face. Nilmani detailed the story of the meeting with the Magistrate with

great enthusiasm to her sister.

At noon, Joygopal, dressed in pantaloons, chapkan and pagree, had gone to pay his salams to the Sahib. Suitors, chaprasies, and constables had made a huge crowd around. Fearing the heat, the Sahib had seated himself at a court-table outside the tent, in the open shade, and placing Joygopal in a chair, was questioning him about the local conditions. Having won this seat of honour in open view of the entire community of the village, Joygopal swelled inwardly and thought it would be a good thing if any of the Chakravarties or Nandis came and saw him there.

At this moment, a woman, closely veiled, and accompanied by Nilmani, came straight up to the Magistrate. She said, "Sahib, into your hands I resign my helpless brother here, save him." The Shahib seeing the large

* The Hindu god of marriage.

† A literary word for books. The colloquial will be ahr.

headed, grave-natured boy whose acquaintthe head made before, and thinking that the woman must be of respectable family, at once stood up and said, "Please enter the tent."

The woman said "What I have got to say

I will say here."

Joygopal writhed with a pale face. The eurious villagers thought it a capital fun and attempted to press closer. But the moment the Sahib lifted his cane they

scampered off.

Holding her brother by the hand Sost narrated the history of the orphan from start to finish. As Joygopal tried to interrupt now and then, the magistrate thundered with a flushed face, 'Chup rao', and with the tip of his cane motioned to Joygopal to leave the chair and stand up.

Joygopal inwardly raging against Sosi stood on speechless. Nilmani nestled up close to his sister and listened awe-struck.

When Sosi had finished her story, the magistrate put a few questions to Jovgopal, and on hearing his answers, kept silence for a long while and then addressed Sosi thus: "My good woman, though this matter may not come up before me, still rest assured, I will do all the needful about it, you can return home with your brother without the least misgiving."

Sosi said, "Sahib, so long as he does not get back his own home, I dare not take him there. Unless you keep Nilmani with you, none else will be able to save him."
"And what would you do?" queried the

Sahib.

"I will retire to my husband's house," said Sosi, "there is nothing to fear about me."

The Sahib smiled a little, and, as there was no other alternative, agreed to take charge of this Bengali boy-this lean, dusty, grave, sedate, gentle child with his neck covered with amulets.

When Sosi was about to take her leave, the boy clutched her cloth-end. 'No fear baba, -come,' said the Sahib. With tears streaming behind her veil, Sosi said, "Do go, my brother, my darling brother—you will

meet your sister again !"

Saying this she embraced him and stroked his head and back, and somehow releasing her cloth-end, hastily withdrew; and just then the Sahib clasped Nilmani round with his left arm. The child wailed out, "Sister, O my sister!" Sosi turned round at once, and with her arm out-stretched sent a speechless solace, and with a bursting heart withdrew.

Again in that old, ever-familiar house husband and wife met. The decree of

Prajapati!

But this union did not last long. For not long after the villagers learnt one morning that Sosi had died of cholera in the night—and her cremation had been finished in course of the night too.

None uttered a word about it. Only that neighbour Tara would sometimes be on the point of bursting out, but people would shut up her mouth saying, 'Hush.'

At the parting, Sosi gave her word to her brother, they would meet again. Where

that word was kept none can tell.

RASHBEHARI MOOKERJEE.

From the Bengali of Babu Rabindranath Tagore.

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT AND LIFE

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PASSING OF KING EDWARD VII.

THE world's tribute to King Edward VII is clearly a proof of the reaction that has been working for some time past in favour of monarchical constitutions, all over the modern world. Republicanism has been on its trial for more than a

century; and it has not been the great success which its apostles and advicates had claimed and predicted for the government of the people, by the people, for the people,—is still an unrealisted ideal. Republicanism has done away with the king, but has set up rival caucuses in his place. In place of the old definite

emotions that music conjures up translated from tone into line and colour. There were dancers in a garden with falling fountains, Yogis talking under a peepul tree by moonlight, worshippers at evening before the door of the shrine.

The Mogul drawings owe more to the art of Central Asia than to that of Persia, many of the artists signing themselves as coming from Bukhara or Samarcand. The drawing exhibited of Timur himself gives him

distinctively Tartar features. Later on there was even some Christian influence in the art, and drawings are found of definitely Christian subjects. These drawings although extremely fine and delicate were, like Japanese and Chinese drawings, all brushwork.

Altogether the meeting was very successful and augured well for the future of the new society.

J. D. W.

THE RENUNCIATION

A SHORT STORY.

(From the Bengali of Ravindra Nath Tagore.)

T was a full-moon night early in the month of Phagun. The vouthful spring was sending forth in all directions its breeze laden with the fragrance of mango-blossoms. The melodious notes of an untiring papiya concealing itself within the thick foliage of an old lichi tree standing by the side of a tank, were penetrating into a sleepless bedroom of the Mukerji family. There, Hemanto in a restless manner would now twist round his finger a lock of his wife's hair, now beat her choori against her wristlet to produce a tinkling sound and now pull at the chaplet of flowers round her head and leave it hanging against her face. His mood was that of an evening breeze disporting round its beloved flower shrub, gently shaking her from this side now and that side the next moment, in its endeavour to rouse her into animation.

But Kusum sat motionless looking out of the open window, with her eyes immersed in the moon-lit depth of never ending space beyond. Her husband's caresses seemed to be lost on her entirely.

At last Hemanto clasped both the hands of his wife and shaking them gently, said-"Kusum, where are you? A patient search

* One of the sweetest songsters in Bengal. Anglofadian writers have nick-named it the "brain-fever bird" which is a sheer libel. through a big telescope would reveal you only as a small speck—you seem to have receded so far away. O, do come closer to me, dear. See how beautiful the night is."

Kusum turned her eyes from the void of space and directing them towards her husband, slowly said -"I know a mantra* which could in one moment shatter into pieces this spring night and the moon."

"If you do," laughed Hemanto, "pray don't utter it then. If any mantra of yours could bring three or four Saturdays during the week and prolong the nights till 5 p. m. the next day,—do try by all means."

Saying this, he tried to pull his wife a little closer to him. Kusum, freeing herself from the embrace, said—"Do you know, to-night I feel a longing to tell you what I promised to reveal only on my death-bed. To-night I feel that I could endure whatever punishment you might inflict on me."

Hemanto was about to indulge in a little pleasantry regarding punishments by reciting a verse from Jaydeva when the sound of an angry pair of slippers was rapidly heard approaching. They were the familiar footsteps of his father Harihar Mukerji, and Hemanto, not knowing what it meant, was in a flutter of excitement.

Standing outside the door Harihar roared out -"Hemanto, turn your wife out of the house immediately."

Hemanto looked at his wife but could detect no trace of surprise in her features.

* A set of magic words.

She merely buried her face within the palms of her hands and with all the strength and intensity of her soul, wished that she could then and there melt into nothingness. It was the same papiya whose song floated into the room with the south breeze, but no one heard it. How endless are the beauties of the earth—but alas, how easily everything goes out of gear.

11

Returning from the outside Hemanto asked his wife - "Is it true?"

"It is"-replied Kusum.

"Why didn't you tell me so long?"
"I did make an attempt many a time
but I always failed. I am a wretched
woman."

"Then tell me everything now."

Kusum gravely related the incidents in a firm unshaken voice. She waded barefooted through fire, as it were, with slow unflinching steps—nobody knowing the extent to which she was scalded. Having heard her to the end. Hemanto rose and walked out.

Kusum thought that her husband had gone-never to return to her again. It did not strike her as anything extraordinary. She took it as naturally as any other occurrence of everyday life -so dry and apathetic her mind had become during the last few moments of her existence. Only the world and love seemed to her as a void and makebelieve from beginning to end. Even the memory of the protestations of love which her husband had made to her in days past brought to her lips a dry, hard, joyless smile, like a sharp cruel knife which had cut through her heart from end to end. She was thinking, perhaps, that the love which seemed to fill so much of one's life, which brought in its train such fondness and depth of feeling, which made even the briefest separation so exquisitely painful and a moment's union so intensely delicious, which seemed so boundless in its extent and eternal in its duration, the cessation of which could not be imagined even in births to comeand this was that love! So feeble was its support! No sooner does the priesthood hit it with the least little force, your "eternal" love crumbles into a handful of dust! Only a short while ago Hemanto had whispered to her-"What a beautiful night!"-The same night has not terminated yet, the same

papiya was still warbling, the same southbreeze still flowed into the room making the bed curtain shiver and the same moonlight lay on the bed next the open window, sleeping like a beautiful heroine exhausted with gaiety. All this was unreal! Love was more false and dissembling than even she herself!

III

The next morning Hemanto, fagged after a sleepless night and looking like one distracted, called at the house of Peary Sankar Ghosal. "What news, my son?"—Peary Sankar greeted him.

Hemanto, flaring up like a big fire, said in a trembling voice—"You have defiled our caste. You have brought destruction on us. - And you will have to rue for it." He could not say further as he felt choked.

"And you have preserved my caste, prevented my ostracism from the community and patted me on the back affectionately!" asaid Peary Sankar with a slight sarcastic smile.

Hemanto wished that his Brahmin-fury could reduce Peary Sankar to ashes in a moment--but his rage burnt only himself, while Peary Sankar sat before him unscathed and in the best of health.

"Did I ever do you any harm?"- demand-

ed Hemanto in a broken voice.

"Let me ask you one question,"—said Peary Sankar. "My daughter my only child—what harm had she done your father? You were very young then and probably don't know. Listen then. Now, don't you excite yourself. There is much humour in what I am going to relate to you.

"You were quite small when my son-inlaw Navakanto ran away to England after stealing my daughter's jewels. You might however faintly recollect the commotion in the village when he returned as a barrister five years later. Or, perhaps, you were unaware of it, being at school in Calcutta at the time. Your father arrogating to himself the lead of the community, declared that if I sent my daughter to her husband's home, I must renounce her for good and never again allow her to cross my threshold. I fell at your father's feet and implored him saying-"Brother, save me for the nonce. I will make the boy swallow cow-dung and go through the prayaschittam ceremony. Do take him back into caste' But your father remaimed obdurate my part, I could not disown my only child, and, bidding good bye to my village and my connections betook myself to Calcutta There too my troubles followed When I had made every arrangement for my nephew's marriage, your father stirred up the girl's people and they broke the match off Then I took a solemn vow that if there was a drop of Brahmin blood flowing in my veins, I would avenge myself You understand the business to some extent now, don't you? But wait a little longer. You would enjoy it when I tell you the whole story it is rather interesting

"When you were attending college, one Biprodass Chatterjee used to live next door to your lodgings. The poor fellow is dead now In his house lived a child widow called Kusum, the destitute orphan of a Kayesth gentleman. The girl was extremely pretty and the old Brahmin was very anxious to shield her from the hungry gaze of college students But, for a young girl to throw dust in the eyes of her old guardian, was not at all a difficult task She frequently used to go up to the top of the roof to hang her washings to dry, and I believe, you too found your own roof best suited for your studies. Whether you two spoke to each other when on your respective roofs I cannot tell, but the girl's deportment excited suspicion in the old man's mind. She made frequent mistakes in her household duties and like Parvati engaged in her devotions, began gradually to renounce food and sleep. On evenings, she would sometimes burst into tears in the presence of the old gentleman, without any apparent reason

"Eventually he discovered that you two saw each other from the roofs pretty frequently and that you even went the length of absenting yourself from college to sit on the roof at midday with a book in your hand—you had suddenly grown so fond of solitary study. Biprodass came to me for advice and told me everything. 'Uncle,' said I to him, 'for a long while you have been cherishing a desire to go on a pilgrimage to Benares. You had better do it now, leaving the girl in my charge. I

will take care of her.'

"So he went. I lodged the girl in the

house of Sripati Chatterjee, passing him off as her father. What happened next is known to you. I feel a great relief to-day, having told you everything from the beginning. It sounds like a romance doesn't it? I have an idea of turning it into a book and getting it printed. But I am not a writing-man myself. They say my nephew has some aptitude that way—I will get him to write it for me. But the best thing would be if you should collaborate with him, because the conclusion of the story is not known to me so well."

Without paying much attention to the concluding remarks of Peary Sankar, Hemanto asked—"Did not Kusum object

to this marriage ?"

"Well," said Peary Sankar, "it is very difficult to guess You know, my boy, how female minds are constituted When they say 'no' they mean 'yes'. During the first few days after her removal to the new home, she went almost crazy at not seeing You too seemed to have discovered her new address somehow, as you used to lose your way after starting for college and lotter about in front of Sripati's house. Your eyes did not appear to be exactly in search of the Presidency College though, as they were directed towards the windows of a private dwelling house through which nothing but insects and the hearts of moon. struck young men could obtain access. I felt very sorry for you both I could see that your studies were being seriously interrupted and that the plight of the girl was very pitiable also

"One day I called Kusum to me and said 'Listen to me, my daughter. I am an old man and you need feel no delicacy in my presence I know whom you desire at heart. The young man's condition is hopeless too. I wish I could bring about your union' At this Kusum suddenly melted into tears and ran away. On several evenings after that I visited Sripati's house and calling Kusum to me, discussed with her matters relating to you and so I succeeded in gradually prevailing over her shynes. At last when I said that I would try to bring about a marriage, she asked me-'How can it be?' 'Never mind', I said, 'I would pass you off as a Brahmin maiden.' After a good deal of argument she begged me to find out whether you would approve of it. 'What

nonsense,' replied I, 'the boy is well-nigh mad as it were, what's the use of disclosing all these complications to him? Let the ceremony be over smoothly and then—all's well that ends well. Especially as there is not the slightest risk of its ever leaking out, why go out of the way to make a fellow miserable for life?'

"I do not know whether the plan had Kusum's assent or not. At times she wept and at other times she remained silent. If I said—'Let us drop it then'—she would become very restless. When things were in this condition, I sent Sripati to you with the proposal of marriage, you consented without a moment's hesitation. Every thing was settled.

"Shortly before the day fixed, Kusum became so obstinate that I had the greatest difficulty in bringing her round again 'Do let it drop, uncle'—she said to me constantly. 'What do you mean, you silly child,' I rebuked her, 'how can we back out now when everything has been settled?'

"'Spread a rumour that I am dead'. -She implored. 'Send me away somewhere'.

"What would happen to the young man then?"—said I. 'He is now in the seventh heaven of delight expecting that his long-cherished desire would be fulfilled to-morrow;—and today you want me to send him the news of your death? The result would be that tomorrow I shall have to bear news of his death to you and the same evening your death would be reported to me. Do you imagine, child, that I am capable of committing a girl-murder and a Brahmin-murder at my age?"

"Eventually the happy marriage was celebrated at the auspicious moment, and I felt relieved of a burdensome duty I owed to myself. What happened afterwards you

know best."

"Couldn't you stop after having done us an irreparable injury?"- burst out Hemanto after a short silence. "Why have you given it out now?"

With the utmost composure, Peary Sankar replied—"When I saw that all arrangements had been made for the wedding of your sister, I said to myself—"Well, I have fouled the caste of one Brahmin, but that was only from a sense of duty. Here, another Bramin's caste is imperilled and this time it is my plain duty

to prevent it'. So I wrote to them saying that I was in a position to prove that you had taken the daughter of a sudra for wife."

Controlling himself with a gigantic effort, Hemonto said—"What will become of this girl whom I shall abandon now? Would

you give her food and shelter?"

"I have done what was mine to do," replied Peary Sankar calmly. "It is no part of my duty to look after the discarded wives of other people. Anybody there? Get a glass of green cocoanut milk for Hemanto Babu with ice in it. And some pan too."

Hemanto rose and took his departure without waiting for this luxurious hospi-

tality

IV

It was the fifth night of the waning of the moon and the night was dark. No birds were singing. The lichi tree by the tank looked like a smudge of ink on a background a shade less deep. The south-breeze was blindly roaming about in the darkness as though in a state of somnambulism. The stars in the sky with vigilant unblinking eyes were trying to penetrate the darkness in their effort to fathom some mystery or other.

No light shone in the bedroom. Hemanto was sitting on the side of the bed next the open window, gazing at the darkness in front of him. Kusum lay on the floor clasping her husband's feet with both her arms and her face resting on them. Time stood like an ocean hushed into stillness. On the background of eternal night Fate seemed to have painted this one single picture for all time—annihilation on every side, the judge in the centre of it and the guilty one at his feet.

The sound of slippers was heard again. Approaching the door, Harihar Mukerji said—"You have had enough time,—I can't allow you more. Turn the girl out of the house."

Kusum, as she heard this, embraced her husband's feet with all the ardour of a lifetime, covered them with kisses, and touching her forehead to them reverentially, withdrew herself.

Hemanto rose and walking to the door, said—"Father, I won't forsake my wile."

"What!"-roared out Harihar-"Would you lose your caste, Sir?"

"I don't care for caste"—was Hemanto's calm reply.

"Then you too I renounce."

Translated by
PRABHAT KUMAR MUKERJI.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN GERMANY

IMPORTANCE OF COMPARATIVE STUDY. IFFERENT people have evolved different systems of education in course of their social development and on the whole have achieved satisfactory results. Nowhere, however, the educational question is considered to be solved once for all. A healthy society must necessarily be dynamic. A static society is doomed to decay. Institutions should change with advancement in intellectual and moral ideals. And education, which is generally considered to be the most potent creative force in modern civilisation, should undergo modification and re-adjustment with new needs and aspirations of the time. The educational question, therefore, is everywhere a vital one, especially so in this country at the present moment. It has long since been learnt that in order to act wisely in any matter one must make himself familiar with the results worked out by others. Thus comparative study is now considered indis pensable in scientific lines. To devote a little while to the consideration of the educational system of a foreign country may not, therefore, be unprofitable.

WIDE INFLUENCE OF THE GERMAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

The German system of national education has been exercising greater influence on the educational organizations and policies of modern times than any other system. And as regards University education Germany is unquestionably the teacher of the civilized world. The public schools of the United States have been organised more or less on an independent basis in accordance with the peculiar needs of the country; but when the old colleges of Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania and others were raised into modern Universities, American educators took the German

Universities as their model. And even today, of all the foreign countries represented at the German Universities, America contributes the largest quota of students, and the Doctor's degree from Berlin, Hiedelberg, Leipzic, Gottingen and Munich is an open Sesame to the chairs of American Universities. I'ake again Japan. She has combined German discipline with American methods in her public schools; but her Universities and professional schools are distinctly based on the German model. In England, though venerable Oxford still rules her intellectual domain, the new "commercial" Universities of Manchester, Birmingham and others which are based on the German model are gradually becoming more and more popular; and it looks as though veteran Oxford and Cambridge will not long be able to keep their ancient heritage from the encroachment of those youngsters. It is not presumed here to present to the reader an exhaustive, nor even an adequate, study of the entire educational system of the German Empire. The writer will rather endeavour to draw his or her attention to the subject of this paper by introducing certain pertinent features. To avoid misapprehension it should be added that the paper is based on a study and not on personal knowledge.

EDUCATIONAL IDEALS.

It is needless to say that the educational system of the German empire is based on her political and social ideals. Here society is classified. Intelligence, power and experience repose in the upper stratum of the society. Governmental power is largely exercised by a particular community. Those in charge of the Government are not engaged in carrying out the mandate of a particular popular party. They are agents of the sovereign appointed to enforce

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of the life of man. His wife awaits him, gently, lovingly, yet with a sympathy, an heroic potentiality that is still deeper than all her longing sweetness. Yasodhara had a place, it seems in the dreams of the monkpainters of Ajanta, and it was the place of one who could cling in the hour of tenderness, and as easily stand alone and inspire the farewell of a higher call. It was the place of one who was true and faithful to the greatness of her husband, not merely to his daily needs. It was the place of one who attained as a wife, because she was already great as a woman. These were the forms that looked down upon the noble Mahratta and Rajput 'youth of the Kingdom of the Chalukyas, in their proudest days.

* The Mahi itt is are described, as the people of the Apinta country by Hiouen-Tsang. The throne was

Students trained here may have been amongst those who officered the constant wars of their soveriegns against the Pallavas of Conjeeveram, and repelled the invasions that began to fall upon India by the west coast, from the late seventh century onwards. In their country homes in the rich Indian land, or round the bivoute fires on the field of battle in the after-years, they would turn in their thoughts to these faces, speaking of a nobility and pity that stand alone in human history. A man is what his dreams make him. Can we wonder that that age was great in India whose dreams were even such as these?

held in the 6th, 7th, and 8th centuries by Chalukya Rajputs

SUBHA

1 RANSLATED FROM THE BENGALL OF St. RABINDRA NATH FAGORE

(1)

WHIN the girl was named Subhásini,*
who knew that she would grow up
a dumb girl! Her two elder sisters
were called Sukeshini and Suhásini, and for
the sake of alliteration the father gave the
name of Subhásini to his youngest daughter.
And people abbreviated the name into
Subhá.

The two elder girls had been matched at great expense and after a mighty hunt for a bridegroom; now the youngest one weighed heavily upon the oppressed heart of her parents.

It does not come home to every one that one who cannot speak, is capable of feeling; and so, everybody gave vent to their sense of dark misgivings with regard to her future in her very presence. It was borne in upon her from her infancy that she had been born as the curse of God in her father's house; and in consequence of it she always tried to hide herself away from the view

* The epithet is in the feminine gender and literally means 'One who speaks well'. of observing eyes. She thought that it would be mighty relief to her if every one could forget her. But does any one forget his pain? She was ever-present in her parents' minds

Especially, her mother looked upon her in the light of a defect of her own self. For, a mother often deems her daughter to be more closely a part of herself than her son, and any imperfection in the daughter is considered by her to be an occasion for her own disgrace. The father Banikantha rather loved Subha more than his other daughters; but her mother thinking her to be the curse of her womb

Subha had no power of speech, but she had a pair of large, dark, long-lashed eyes, and her delicate lips quivered like tender shoots at the slightest touch of feeling.

did not take kindly to her.

The thoughts that we express through the medium of language have to be shaped and moulded to a great extent by our own efforts—something like the process of translation; it does not always come quite up to the mark, and often we blunder for lack of power. But dark eyes have to translate nothing,—the mind directly casts

its image on them; the thoughts sometimes dilate upon them, at other times contract; now they light up brightly and now they turn dim; at one moment they gaze steadily like the setting moon and at another they reflect and refract in all directions like a sudden, swift flash of lightning. eloquence of the eyes of one who has, from her birth, no other language than the expression of the face, is unlimited, unfathomable, deep and vast-much like the transparent sky, the silent stage of the rising and setting of the bright orbs, of light and shade. In this speechless creature there was a lonesome majesty as that of Great Nature herself. For these reasons, she was held in something like an awe by the common herd of boys and girls; and they did not play with her. She was silent and solitary like the still mid-day.

(2)

Chandipur was the name of the village. The river was a little stream of Bengal—a village maiden, as it were. She did not stretch far; the tiny rivulet flowed along 'without haste, without rest'; doing her work and never straying beyond the bourne of her banks; she was connected, as it were, in one way or another with everybody in the villages along her course. On either sides stood human habitations and high banks over-shadowed by trees and the stream, like a veritable goddess of plenty presiding over the village, glided along swiftly and merrily all forgetful of self, busy with her numberless beneficent deeds.

Right on the bank of the river was Banikantha's house; his bamboo fencing, his thatched house, his cow-shed, his shed for the husking pedal, has straw-heap, his tamarind tree, his orchards of mango-trees, jack-fruit-trees, and plantain-trees attracted the notice of every one sailing by. I cannot say whether any one noticed the dumb maiden in the midst of this domestic ease and affluence; but whenever she found leisure, she came to the river-side.

Nature compensated, as it were, for her lack of language. Nature seemed to speak for her. The babbling of the brook, the busy sum of men, the songs of boatmen, the twittering of birds, the rustling of leaves, all blended together into one barmonions whole with the bustle and

movement on all sides, broke against the ever-silent beach of the girl's heart, like the surging waves of the sea. These various notes and strange motions of Nature, too, are, as it were, a language of the mute—a world-wide expansion of the long-eye-lashed Subha's language; from the grassy plot resonant with the chirpings of the crickets up to the starry regions beyond the range of sound—there are only signs, gestures, songs, sobs and sighs.

And when in the mid-day, the fishermen and the boatmen retired for their meals, when the householders enjoyed their siesta, the birds hushed their singing, the ferry-boats stopped their course, when the noisy world suddenly stopped in the midst of its work and assumed an awful aspect of solitude, then under the great fiery firmament sat silent and face to face, mute Nature and a mute maiden one under the wide expanse of sunlight, the other under the shade of trees.

Not that Subha had not a number of intimate friends. These were the two cows of the cow-shed—Sharvasi and Panguli. They had never heard their names pronounced by her lips but they knew the sound of her foot-steps which had for them a speechless pathetic tune and was more eloquent and suggestive to them than any language. They could understand Subha's caresses, rebukes, and entreaties more clearly and fully than human beings.

Entering the cow-shed and encircling her arms round Sharvasi's neck Subha rubbed her own cheek against her ear and Panguli gazed at her and licked her body. The girl regularly visited the cow-shed thrice a day and besides that, there were surprise visits too; and when she met with any hard words at home she repaired to these her dumb friends at unexpected hours; they could, by some blind instinct, feel, as it were, the heart-ache of the girl from her sad, gentle looks of patient endurance and drawing closer to her they rubbed their horn against her arms and thus tried to solace her with a mute eargerness.

Besides these, there were a goat and a kitten; but with them Subha's friendship was not on such a footing of equality; yet they shewed enough of obedience to her. Day and night, in season, and out of season, little pussy unhesitatingly

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availed herself of Subha's cosy warm lap with the purpose of indulging in a sweet nap, and shewed by signs, that her sleep would be much expedited if Subha would smooth her neck and back with her soft delicate fingers.

(3)

Subha managed to pick up another companion from among creatures belonging to a higher scale in creation; but the exact nature of the relation between them is rather difficult to ascertain, for he was a creature gifted with the power of speech and so they had between them, no common

language.

He was Protap, the youngest scion of the Goswami family. He was a hopeless ne'erdo-well. After many efforts his parents had given up the hope that he would ever exert himself to better the condition of the family by some work or other. Worthless people have this advantage that though their own kith and kin become disgusted with them, they become favourite with aliens, for being tied to nothing they become public property, so to say. As a few public parks not attached to dwellinghouses are necessary to a town, so a few men without occupation, who are a sort of public property, are absolutely necessary to a village. They always come handy whenever a hand falls short in a festivity or a ceremony.

Angling was Protap's main hobby. It easily killed a great deal of time. In the afternoon he was often found engaged in this occupation by the river-side, and on these occasions he often met Subha. In whatever work he might be engaged, Protap liked to have a companion; and a silent companion is the best during angling; hence Protap appreciated Subha's worth. For this reason, he called her Su with an extra dose of fondness, though everybody else called her Subha.

Subha sat under a tamarind tree, and near by, dropping the rod on the ground, Protap gazed at the water. He used to get regularly his daily allowance of pan from her, which she prepared with her own hands. And I suppose, sitting there for long hours, she looked and looked and desired to be of some help to Protap, to be at any service to him, and to intimate to him that even she was not an insignifi-

cant creature after all in the world. But she had absolutely nothing to do. Then she inwardly prayed to Heaven for some supernatural power and she wished to perform by the power of mantrus some marvellous feat, at which Protap would be astonished and would say "Ah! who knew that our Subhi possessed such marvellous powers?"

Suppose, Subha were a water-nymph; slowly emerging from her watery bed, she would place a jewel of the serpent's crown on the ghat. Leaving his contemptible occupation of angling, Protap with the jewel in his hand would dive into the water, and lo! there in the nether regions, his eyes would light upon-whom? seated on a golden bedstead in the silver palace -that dumb girl Su of our Banikantha's house - our Su, the sole princess of that deep, silent, diamond-illumined Patala. Could it not be so? Was it so very impossible? No, nothing is impossible in reality. But still Su was born in the house of Banikantha instead of in the royal family of the deserted Patala and could, by no means, astonish Protap, a scion of the Goswami family.

Subha was growing fast. By degrees, she could, as it were, realise her own self. As if, on a certain full-moon night a flood-tide from an unknown sea was filling her innermost self with a new unutterable sense of life. She looked to herself, thought, questioned, and could not understand.

It was on a bright full-moon night that she opened the door of her bed-room and timidly peeped outside. Nature, too, on that moon-light-night sat like her waking, companionless, brooding over the sleeping world—she had reached, as it were, the utmost limit of the illimitable stillness—nay beyond that—and was shimmering with the mystery of her youth, with mirth and pensiveness, and could not utter a single syllable. On the verge of this silent craving Nature, stood a craving mute maiden.

Meanwhile the parents burdened with this marriageable daughter grew anxious. People, too, had begun to talk. Even a rumour that they would be excommunicated, was afloat. Banikantha was in easy

In Hindu Society, every girl must be married, and married before she reaches the age of puberty. Otherwise there is strong social odium. circumstances and had his two meals of rice and fish every day. -So he had many enemies.

After much laying of their heads together, the parents came to a definite point. Banikantha went abroad for some days.

Returning at last, he said "Come, let us

repair to Calcutta."

Preparations were forward for the journey. Like a misty morning, Subha's whole heart was enshrouded, as it were, in the mist of her tears. For some days, she, like a dumb animal, persistently followed her parents with a vague sense of some uncertain dread. With her large, wide eyes she looked to their face and tried to understand she knew not what; but they did not tell her aught by way of explanation.

Meanwhile, one afternoon while angling, Protap laughingly said "Hey, Su, has a bridegroom at last been found for you? – and you are going to be married! Look here, don't forget us!" After which he directed his attention towards his fishing-

rod.

As a deer pierced to the heart looks towards the hunter and seems to say in silent speech "What had I done to you!" thus did Subha cast her glance at Protap. That day she sat no more under the tree. She came where Banikantha was pulling at his hookah in his bed-room, after his mid-day siesta, and sitting near his feet she began to weep with her eyes fixed upon him. At last while he tried to console her, tears began to steal down his withered cheeks.

The day after had been fixed for their trip to Calcutta. Subha went to the cowshed to bid adieu to the companions of her childhood. She fed them with her own hands and with arms round their necks she looked at their faces with her eyes eloquent with all the words that she could pack into them—tears trickling down the eye-lashes.

It was the 12th night of the waxing moon. Subha came put of her bed-room and rolled on the grassy bed on the ever-familiar river-side, and clasping, as it were, this mighty mute Mother of markind—with her two hands, she would be in the standard of comfort in Bengal

fain tell her "Don't you let me go, mother. Clasp thou too with thy two hands and keep me back."

One day, in a hired house in Calcutta, Subha's mother dressed her in a superb style. She did her hair tightly with gold lace round her chiquon, covered her whole body with articles of jewellery and thus obliterated her natural beauty as much as she could. Fears flowed fast from Subha's eyes and her mother sharply reprimanded her fearing lest the swollen eyes would make her look ugly, but the tears brooked not these accents of reproof.

The bridegroom came in person with a friend of his to see the bride. The parents grew anxious, afraid and uneasy, as if some god had himself came down to choose the animal to be sacrificed at his altar. The mother doubly increased the girl's torrents of tears by her rebukes and reproaches administered from behind the scenes and sent her to the examiner

After protracted scrutiny the examinei

gave in his verdict "So, so."

Specially, from the girl's tears he came to infer that she possessed a heart; and he counted that the heart which now wept at the sad prospect of separation from her parents, might but tomorrow come to his own use. Her tears only increased her worth like the pearl in the oyster-shell and did not plead a word in her behalf:

After a consultation of the almanac the ceremony was performed on a very auspicious day.

The parents gave away their dumb daughter to a stranger and returned home – thus their caste was preserved and the life after ensured.

The bridegroom served in the N. W. P.* and very soon after the wedding he tookhis wife there.

Within a week or so, all came to see that the new bride was dumb. None understood that she was not to blame for it. She had not deceived any one. Her big pair of eyes had told everything but none could understand it. She looked in all directions but could find no language. She did not see the faces familiar to her from her birth, that understood the mute's language.

. Now, the United Provinces of Agra and Dools.

sorrow began to ring within the girl's ever-silent heart; none, save the Searcher of hearts did hear it.

This time her husband examined with both the senses of ear and eye and brought home a bride gifted with the power of speech.

ANATH NATH MITTER.

BANGABASI COLLEGE, CALCUTTA,

FRUIT PRESERVING IN MUZAFFARPUR

THERE was a time in Bengal when it was considered degrading for any bhadra-lok or gentleman to engage in industrial pursuits. His highest ambition was to be a lawyer or a "Deputy" or a Doctor, and failing that, to have the comfortable post of a teacher or a clerk. These professions becoming overcrowded, and other openings being practically shut to him, there has been great difficulty for him in obtaining a living. If there is an advertisement for a clerk on Rs. 20 a month, hundreds of applications pour in with piteous tales of distress, but if it be for a skilled workman on Rs. 30 a month very few will be found to apply, and those who do apply will dictate their own terms. The difference in treatment on the part of employers is also very noticeable. In the case of workmen agreements are taken and care is taken to see that they are contented and stick to their posts, while in the case of clerks no such care is taken. There have even been cases of clerks being assaulted and pulled by the ear.

Since the impetus given to steadeshi and other things by the partition of Bengal, the aversion for industry has given place to an anxiety to do something to promote it, and it is now universally accepted that the only way out of the distressing situation, lies in the industrial regeneration of the Unfortunately the moneyed country. classes in Bengal, with a few honorable exceptions, have not joined the movement, and continue their investments in land and Government promissory notes, and much of the swadeshi business of the country is suffering from want of financial support.

in such a state of things it is very gratify-

being undertaken by men of education and position. Mr. Basanti Charan Sinha, M.A., a vakil of the High Court practising in the District Court of Muzaffarpur, and enjoying a good reputation in the bar, has been a genuine and quiet worker for swadeshi. His admirable earnestness in everything he takes up coupled with his high character, commands the respect of all who know him. Last year Mr. Sinha in communication with Mr. A. B. Sircar, who was then studying Fruit Chemistry in the Stanford University, California, made some experiments in canning the Tirhut mangoes and lichis and his general scientific knowledge (Mr. Sinha is an M.A. in science) helped him materially to carry out the experiments successfully. The preserves were highly spoken of by European gentlemen, and Mr. Maude, the Commissioner of the Patna Division, in his opening speech at the Behar Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition held at Bankipur in February last, spoke of " o o canned fruit exported from Muzaffarpur, possibly in the near future to places all over the world." He was awarded medals at the Bankipur and Dhubri Exhibitions.

No doubt the preservation of fruits in sugar is an ancient industry in India, but in the process employed and the excessive amount of sugar used, the fruits lose their flavour and do not last long. While the fruits preserved by the modern scientific method, retain their flavour so well, that it is often difficult to say that one is not having the taste of the fresh fruit. Some fruits, such as the pine-apple, improve in flavour in canning. Of course the fruits will-last as long as the tin will last.

Muzaffarpur is famous for its mangoes and lichis, and with such good raw material

illustrated by the various pictures given in this and previous numbers of this Review, of Munda and Uraon Christian men and women, aboriginal Christian boys and girls on the one hand, and, on the other, of non-Christian Mundas and Uraons at their feasts and elsewhere, will, we hope, help the reader towards an appreciation of the brilliant achievements of the Christian Missions in their noble work of civilising and educating the aborigines of Chotanagpur.

SARAT CHANDRA RAY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INDIAN HISTORY

(From the Bengali of Ravindra Nath Tagore.)

THE history of India that we read and commit to the memory for our examinations is only the story of a night-mare that troubled us in India's dark night. Diverse races coming from diverse regions, fight and slaughter, strife for the throne between father and son, brother and brother, one race retiring and another lifting up its head we know not whence,-Pathans and Mughals, Portuguese, French and English, -all these have combined to make the dream more and more complex.

But we shall fail to see the true India if we look at her through this blood-red shifting scene of dreamland. The current histories do not tell us where the people of India were all this time. Indeed, they leave the impression that there was no Indian people, and that the only human beings in the country were those who fought and slew each other.

No, not even in those dark days was this strife and bloodshed the sole event of Indian life. The storm may roar its loudest, but we cannot admit that on a stormy day the tempest is the chief event. Even on such a day the course of birth and death, joy and sorrow, that moves through each home of the village under the dust-veiled sky is the chief incident for man, however much it may be concealed by the weather. But to a foreign traveller this storm is the most noticeable affair, everything else is hidden from him by the clouds of dust, because he is not swithin our house but outside it. Hence it is that the histories of India written by foreigners tell us only of this dust, this storm, and not of our home. They make the reader imagine that no such

thing as India existed in those days; only the loud-roaring whirlwind of Pathans and Mughals was sweeping round and round from north to south and west to east, lifting up a streamer of dry leaves in the sky!

But there was a real India in those days, just as there were foreign countries. For if it were not so, who gave birth to Kabir and Nanak, Chaitanya and Tukaram, amidst all this tumult? In those days we had Delhi and Agra no doubt, but we had Benares and Navadwip too. History has not recorded the stream of life that was then coursing through the true India, the activity that was surging up, the social changes that were establishing themselves. But it is with this India, ignored by the modern school histories, that we are concerned. Our hearts become homeless when we lose the historical thread of that continuity stretching through long centuries. We are not exotics, we are not useless weeds in India; through many hundred centuries we have twined our roots round her vital core. But, alas! such are the histories taught in our schools that it is this very fact that our children forget. They think as if they were nobodies in India, and that the fighting immigrants were her only people!

Whence can we draw our vital spirit if we consider our connection with our country as so very slight? In such circumstances we feel no hesitation in placing any foreign land in the seat of our Home, we cannot feel a deadly shame in any disgrace done to India. We admit comptacently that we had nothing before, and that we must

porrow from foreign lands all our food and garment, manners and customs.

In happier lands, the people can find the eternal spirit of their country in its history; from boyhood they come to know their country through its history. Our case is just the other way. Indian history has concealed the true India. The narrative of our history from the invasion of Mahmud of Ghazni to Lord Curzon's outbursts of Imperialistic pride, is only a variegated mist so far as India is concerned. It does not help us to realise our true country, it only veils our gaze. It throws its false light in such a way that the side which truly represents our country is darkened to us. Amidst that darkness the jewels of dancing girls glitter under the candelabra of the Nawab's pleasure-pavillion, the ruddy froth mantling the Badshah's wine cup suggests the flashing sleepless red eyes of Intoxication; amidst that darkness our ancient temples hide their heads, while the richly carved domes of the mausoleums of favourite Sultanas aspire to kiss the starry vault. Amidst that darkness the tramp of cavalry, the bellowing of elephants, the clash of arms, the white billows of long rows of tents, the sheen of cloth of gold, the bubble-like stone domes of mosques, the mystery and silence of harems guarded by eunuchs, -- all these, with their varied sounds, colours and sentiments, create a magic world, which we miscall the history of This history has, as it were, slipped the true holy book of India within a volume of the marvellous Arabian Nights' Tales. Our boys learn by rote every line of this Arabian Nights, but none opens the sacred volume of India's inner history.

Later, in the night of cataclysm when the Mughal Empire was in its death gasp, the vultures assembled from afar in the funeral heath, began their mutual squabble, deception and intrigue. Can we call that the history of India? In the next age we have the British administration regularly divided into periods of five years each, like the squares of a chess-board. Here the true India grows even smaller. Nay more, the India of this period differs from a chess-board in this that while the ordinary chequers are alternately black and white, on this historical chess-board fully fifteen parts out of eixteen are coloured white. It is as

if we were bartering away our food-stuffs for good government, good justice, good education, in some gigantic Whiteaway Laidlaw & Co.'s firm, while all other shops were closed. In this huge administrative workshop everything from justice to commerce may be 'good'; but our India occupies only an insignificant corner of its clerical department.

We must, at the outset, discard the false notion that history must be cast in the same mould in all countries. One who has read the life of Rothschild will, on coming to the life of Christ, call for His account books and office diary, and if these are not forthcoming he will turn up his nose and say, "A biography forsooth! of a man who was not worth a penny in the world!" Similarly, most critics, when they fail to get from India's political archives any genealogical tree or despatches of battle, despair of being able to construct India's history, and complain, "How could a country have a history when it had no politics?" But we must liken such critics to the man who looks out for brinjals in a rice-field and when he fails to get them, in disgust despises the rice as no grain at all ! He is truly wise who knows that all fields do not grow the same crop, but looks out for a grain in its proper soil.

If we examine Christ's account books we may despise Him, but when we look at another side of His life, all documents and account books sink into nothingness. Similarly, India's lack of political development becomes a negligible matter when she is regarded from another and special point of view. It is because we have never looked at India in her own special aspect, that we have from our very boyhood made her small, and dwarfed ourselves in consequence. An English boy knows that his forefathers won many victories, annexed many lands, and established a world-wide commerce: so, he too longs to win glory in war, trade, and empire. We, on the other hand, know that our ancestors did not conquer lands nor extend their commerce, - and the object of the current Indian histories is to teach this lesson only! We are not told what our ancestors did and so we have no ideal of what we ourselves should do. The necessary consequence of this teaching is that we ape other nations.

Who is to blame for this state of things? The method in which we are taught from our childhood dissociates us every day from our country, till at last we cherish a feeling of repulsion from her.

At times our educated men ask in a sort of utter perplexity, "What is it that you call our country? What is its peculiar spirit? Wherein lies that spirit? And wherein did it lie in the past?" We have no ready answer to the question, because the matter is so delicate and yet so comprehensive that it cannot be explained by a mere

appeal to reason.

The English and the French, in fact every nation, fail to express in one word what the peculiar spirit of their country is, or where the true heart of their homeland resides. Like the life that animates our body, this national spirit is a manifest reality and yet inexpressible in terms and concepts. From our very childhood it enters into our knowledge, our love, our imagination, by a hundred unseen paths, in a hundred different forms. Its marvellous power moulds us secretly, keeps up the continuity between our past and present;it is the link that ties us together in a community and prevents us from becoming unconnected atoms. How can we express to the sceptic inquirer this marvellous, active, secret and primeval force, by means of a !ew terms of language?

We can give a clear answer to the question, 'What is India's chief mission in the world?' and the history of India will bear out that answer. We see that throughout the ages India's only endeavour has been to establish harmony amidst differences, to incline various roads to the same goal, to make us realise the One in the midst of the many with an undoubting inner conviction: not to do away with outward differences, and yet to attain to the deeper oneness that

underlies all such differences.

It is quie natural for India to realise this inner harmony and to try to spread it to the uttermost. This spirit has in all ages made her indifferent to political greatness, because the root of such greatness is discord. Unless we keenly feel foreign nations to be absolutely alien to us, we cannot regard extension of empire as the supreme end of our life. The endeavour to assert ourselves against others is the basis

of political progress, while the attempt to unite ourselves socially with others, and to establish harmony amidst the diverse and conflicting interests of our people, is the foundation of moral and social advancement. The union that European civilisation has sought is based on conflict, while the union adopted by India is founded on reconciliation. The real element of conflict lying hidden in the political union of a European nation can, no doubt, keep that nation apart from other nations, but it cannot create harmony among its own members. I herefore, a spirit of separation and conflict between man and man, between king and subject, the rich and the poor, is ever kept alive there. It is not the case in Europe that all classes do their respective legitimate functions and thus by their collective efforts maintain the social organisation. On the contrary, they are mutually antagonistic; every class is always on the alert to prevent others from growing stronger. In such a society, where the members are incessantly jostling another, the social forces cannot be harmonised. In such a society mere majority by count of head comes in time to be considered as a higher principle than merit, the piled up riches of traders overpowers the treasure of householders. Thus the social harmony is destroyed and the State is driven to make law after law to hold together, somehow or other, all these discordant elements of society. Such a result is inevitable, because if you sow conflict you must reap conflict, never mind how luxuriant and many-leaved your plant may look.

India has tried to reconcile things that are naturally alien to each other. Where there is true diversity, each member must be assigned its proper place, each must be restrained, before harmony among them is possible. It is not by a stroke of legislation that we can create unity amidst diversity. The only way to establish a connection between things that are naturally foreign to each other is to assign a separate place to each. If two foreign elements are united by force, they are sure to be one day parted by force and to produce a convulsion in the course of parting. India knew this secret of the art of harmonising. The French Revolution presumptionally tried to wash out

all human differences with blood, i.e., by force; but the result has been just the reverse. In Europe the conflict between king and people, capital and labour, is daily growing bitterer. India, too, aimed at drawing together all classes by one string, but she followed a different method. She set limits to and fenced off all the rival conflicting forces of society and thus made the social organism one and capable of doing its complex functions. She prevented these forces from constantly trying to go beyond their respective spheres and thereby keeping alive discord and disorder. Europe has directed all her social forces to the path of mutual competition, and thus made them ever militant, but at the same time she has rendered her religion, business and home ever-revolving, turbid and wild. Not so India. Her aim was to find out the real points of union, to effect harmony, to give to each the opportunity of achieving full development and self-realisation in an atmosphere

of peace and repose.

God has attracted diverse races to India from a very remote past. India has had opportunities of developing that peculiar force with which the Indo-Arvans were endowed. She has ever been building, out of diverse materials, the foundations of that civilisation of harmony which is the highest type of human civilisation. She has expelled none as an alien, none as a non-Arvan, none as heterogeneous to the body social. She has admitted all and assimilated all. For preserving her individuality after the admission of to many elements from outside, she had to impose on them her own laws, her own system; she could not leave them to prey upon the another like wild heasts, let loose in the arena of a Roman amphitheatre. After making each of them a separate entity by means of proper regulation, she united them by means of a root ciple. These elements came from varies countries, but the system and roots reciple imposed on hem were India's and India's alone. Torope tries to secure social safety by sutting out or exterminating alicus, as is proved today by the policy of America, Australia, New Zealand and South Affica. The reason of it is that the spirit of a precedil regulated order is manting in European society; -it has rule wet learnt how to masign to its

different members their proper places, so that the limbs of the body social have become burdensome outgrowths on it. How, then, can such a society harbour within itself aliens? A household in which the very kinsmen are ready to disturb its peace, does not wish to give shelter to strangers. Foreign elements can be most easily assimilated by a society that has order, rules of harmony, and a separate sphere and function for each class. There are only two ways of dealing with aliens: either you must expel and exterminate them and so preserve your own society and civilisation; or you must control them by your own laws and thus plant them in a world of well-regulated order. Europe, by adopting the former policy, is ever in conflict with the rest of the universe. India, by following the latter course, is gradually attempting to make all aliens her own people. If we believe in spiritual laws, if we accept spirituality as the highest ideal of human civilisation, then we must give the palm to the Indian method.

Genius is needed in assimilating alien peoples. Genius alone knows the spell by which to enter into the hearts of others and to make others fully one with ourselves. India has displayed this genius. She has freely spread her influence over the hearts of alien races and as freely borrowed institutions and beliefs from them. What foreigners call polytheism had no terror or disgust for India. She has accepted hideous looking deities from the non-Aryan, savage tribes, but infused them with her own spirit. Even through such gods she has given expression to her spiritual ideas. She has rejected nothing, while everything that she has accepted she has made her own.

This establishment of harmony and order is manifest not only in our social structure but also in our religious system. The attempt of the Gita to perfectly reconcile Knowledge, Faith and Deed, is peculiarly Indian. The word 'Religion' as used by Europe cannot be translated into any Indian tongue, because the spirit of India opposes any analysis of Dharma into its intellectual components. Our Dharma is a totality,—the totality of our reasoned convictions, our beliefs and our practices, this world and the next, all summed together. India has not split up her Dharma

by setting apart one side of it for practical and the other for ornamental purposes. The life that pervades our arm or leg, head or stomach, is one and not many; similarly, India has not allowed any resolution of our Dharma into 'the religion of belief', 'the religion of conduct', 'the religion of Sunday'. 'the religion of week days', 'the religion of the Church,' and 'the religion of the home'! Dharma in India is religion for the whole of society, its roots reach deep under ground, but its top touches the heavens; and India has not contemplated the top apart from the root, - she has looked on religion as embracing the earth and heaven alike, overspreading the whole life of man, like a gigantic Banvan tree.

Indian history proves this fact that in

the civilised world India stands forth as the example of how the many can be harmonised into one. To realise the One in the universe and lso in our own inner nature, to set up that One amidst diversity, to dismeans of knowledge, to cover it by estallish it by means of action, to perceive it by means of love, and to preach it by means of conduct, -this is the work that India has been doing in spite of many obstacles and calamities, in ill success and good fortune alike. When our historical studies will make us realise this eternal SPIRIT OF INDIA, then and then only will the severance between our past and our present cease to be.

S. D. VARMA.

ALLAHABAD

THE holy city of Prayag, better known by its later name of Allahabad, comes into unusual prominence before the Indian public during this month and the following month on account numerous public functions of which it will he the scene during the next few weeks. First amongst these is the opening of the great Industrial Exhibition which is being widely advertised as the first show of the century and which is expected to attract to the city of the confluence of two of the greatest of the Himalayan streams, many distinguished visitors from all parts of the civilized world. The varied functions in connection with the Exhibition would keep Allahabad prominently in evidence before the Indian public for many weeks to come but the one event on which public interest will be centred and for which all classes of the people are entertaining highly-raised expectations is the first aviation meeting of the East which is to come off between the 28th December and the third of January and where there wilk be a display of aeroplanes in actual working order, engaged in navigating the subtle element that envelopes the earth on all sides, under the guidance of experienced masters of that art.

The sittings of the Indian National Congress under the presidency of that accomplished politician and that tried friend of India, Sir Willian Wedderburn, on the historic plain facing Akhar's fort are likely to form a great attraction to the educated community all over India who are employed in government service. The All-India Moslem league has decided to have its meetings at Allahabad in super train of its previous plans and the Industrial Conference, the Social Conference the All-India Temperance Conference is well as other bodies have fixed their annual strings too in the city of Allahabad. It is therefore expected that Allahabad would be approached Allahabad would be unusually crowded during the latter half of December and the first half of January and those who would not be able to come to that city one reason or another would watch the receedings of its many public functions are read the accounts of many interesting events with attention. It would not therefore be out of place to place at the disposal of our readers an account of Allahabad as it is with some reference to its past history and traditions with such information as is likely to be useful to the new-comer who will now set his foot for the first sime on

nty per cent, are lost track of, while five cent. are known to return to their evil

avs.

At first the prison authorities looked askance at Mrs. Booth's enterprise; for they had no faith in the possibility of reclaiming a convict to respectable manhood. They were of the old school of penologists, "once a convict, always a convict" was their theory. But when they realized that practically none of the men she had taken in hand were returned to the prisons for crimes committed subsequent to their release, although that had been the invariable rule up to that time, they capitulated, and from being luke-warm loookers-on they became enthusiastic helpers in the new work that was making men out of helpless wrecks. The gaol officials now say that Mrs. Booth has reduced the difficulties of prison management by fifty per cent.

Not only has she convinced the gaol authorities that the convict can be saved if the proper methods are used, but she has also succeeded in making the people of the brutal world realize that the ex-prisoner is to be trusted, and today she finds little difficulty in securing work for the men who have finished serving their sentences. Indeed, so faithful are they that employers who have tried the experiment of hiring one of Mrs. Booth's "boys", frequently write to her asking her to send them more helpers of the same kind. She never sends

out to seek for work for the men whom she wishes to help, but depends upon requests for laborers coming in voluntarily.

Besides looking after the welfare of the ex-convict, she also remembers the wives and children of the imprisoned offenders and sends them a Christmas "box" every

vear.

The money for the support of the work is all raised by means of lectures, which Mrs. Booth gives. All the proceeds of the lectures which the talented "prison mother" gives practically every day, are devoted to the work of the League; and it usually happens that her appeals so soften the hearts of her listeners that they contribute munificently to the cause of converting the convict into a conscientious citizen.

Thus goes on the good work of literally lifting the criminal out of the gutter and making a man of him. It is no wild theory no wild-cat scheme—in which I am endeavouring to interest my Mother-land. It is an intensely practical work—successful as few human enterprizes are. I have compared our criminals with those of the United States of America and other lands. As a result, I refuse to believe that the Indian offender is more hardened in sin than his confrere abroad. Let us study the problem and see if something practical can be done to convert the criminal of this country into a respectable citizen.

INDO-AMERICAN.

THE POSTMASTER

[TRANSLATED FROM A STORY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE.]

O'N commencing service the postmaster had to come to Ulapur. It was a petty village. Hard by, there was an Indigo Factory. The Sahib of the factory had after a great deal of trouble got this post office established.

Our postmaster was a Calcutta cockney. He was like a fish out of water in this village post office. His office was held in a gloomy thatched house; at no great distance there was a pond mantled with

duckweed, and dense jungle covered the banks. The officers of the factory had hardly any leisure nor were they fit company for gentlemen.

Besides a Calcutta cockney never feels himself at home among strangers. In a strange place he either bears himself haughtily or fights shy of the people. For this reason he could not freely mix with the people of the locality. Nor had he much work on his hands. Sometimes he

would dabble in poetry. His poems would give vent to the sentiment that life may pass very happily by gazing on the trees and creepers trembling in the wind and on the clouds flitting on the sky, but God knows that if some genie of the "Arabian Nights" could, in a single night, level those trees, root and branch, and make paved roads and could by means of rows of houses screen from his view the clouds on the sky, then this half-dead gentleman would regain a new life.

The postmaster's pay was very small. He had to cook his own meals, and a homeless orphan girl of the village did the household work for him and got her meals there. The name of the girl was Ratan. She was about twelve or thirteen years of age. There was little prospect of

her marriage.

When in the evening volumes of smoke rose in curly streams from up the village cowsheds, the army of mosquitoes, having struck up their band among the jungles of the Shaora plants for a long time and having enjoyed the evening breeze, developed a keen appetite and got access to human habitations, when from every bush the cicalas chirped afar, tipsy bands of bauls* with cymbals and drums would set up loud noisy songs, when sitting alone on the dark verandah of the thatched house the trembling of the trees would wake up a tremor even in the poet's heartthe postmaster would light a dim lamp in a corner of his room and would call "Ratan." Seated at the door Ratan would wait for this call but instead of coming in at the first call, she would say "Why Sir, do you want me?"

Postmaster—What are you at?

Ratan—I shall have to light the oven presently—of the kitchen.

Postmaster—Never mind your kitchen, look to it after; do let me have a smoke of tobacco.

Very soon after Ratan entered with inflated cheeks blowing upon the chilum. Taking over the chilum from her hand the postmaster abruptly asked "Well Ratan, do you remember your mother?" That was a long story; she remembered certain things and other things had slipped

A class of musicians.

from her memory. Her father loved her more than her mother did-she had a faint recollection of him. Her father returned in the evening after the day's labour and of such evenings one or two had been clearly outlined in her memory as a picture. While thus chatting Ratan would sit down on the dust at the feet of the postmaster. She remembered a little brother-long ago in the wet season one day they had played at angling with the broken branch of a tree for a fishing-rod in a pond. And this fact would come to her mind more readily than even graver events. In such chitchat the night would far advance and for sheer laziness the postmaster would feel disinclined to cooking. Some stale hodgepodge there was remaining from the morning's cooking and Ratan would hastily light the oven and bake some chapaties which served as their evening meal.

Sometimes the postmaster sitting in a corner of the large thatched house on a wooden stool of his office would talk of his own home-talk about his little brother. mother and elder sister-those for whom his heart ached in this strange place far away from home. Things which were always uppermost in his mind but which could not at all be broached to the gomastas of the Indigo factory, he would relate without the least thought of any impropriety to an unlettered village girl. At last the situation reached such intimacy that the girl would mention the people of his home as 'mother', 'sister', 'brother,' as if she had known them all her life. She had even managed to sketch out their figures in imagination on the tiny tablet of her heart.

It was on a cloudless noon in the rainy season, a soft warm breeze was blowing pleasantly, the wet grass and trees were giving out a peculiar fragrance under the sun—it seemed as if the warm breath of the tired earth was wafting over the bodies of men and a certain obstinate bird was persistently pouring out her complaints at the bar of Nature in a plaintive monotonous tune. The postmaster had no work on his hands—the quivering of the smooth, shining, rain-washed shoots of the leaves and the scattered sunlit piles of white clouds of this fag-end of the rainy season were really enjoyable sights. The postmaster looked on

and thought, "would there were some one dear to his heart near to him now-some human idol of love and affection bound up with his heart!' Gradually it struck him that the bird too was repeating the same tale over and over. And the murmuring of the trees in that solitary shady noon conveyed the same idea. None will believe it, none can know it, but in the heart of a subpostmaster drawing a small salary in a small village such feelings are awakened in a deep silent noon of a long holiday.

The postmaster heaving a deep sigh called "Ratan". Ratan was then sitting with her legs stretched out, eating green guavas. On hearing the voice of her master she immediately came running and asked in a panting voice "Dada Babu (elder brother), do you want me?" The postmaster said "I shall give you short lessons in reading from day to day". And the whole noon he taught her the alphabet. Thus in a few days the compound letters were gone through.

It was the month of Sravan, rain poured down in unceasing torrents. Ditches marshes—tanks overflowed with water. The noise of the rain and the croaking of frogs were heard day and night. The village thoroughfares were almost stopped the hat (market) could be reached only in boats.

One day the rain had set in heavily from the morning. The postmaster's pupil waited long at the door but missing the usual call she entered the room slowly with her books and papers and saw the postmaster lying upon his bed. Thinking that he was taking a short nap she was about to retire from the room noiselessly again, when suddenly she heard "Ratan". She turned back quickly and asked "Dada Babu, were you sleeping?" The postmaster in a plaintive voice said "I don't feel welljust feel my brow."

In the heavy rains, lying ill and alone in a strange place, a man craves for some nursing. He remembers the sweet touch of hands, with shell bracelets on, on his fevered brow. He craves for the presence of the womanly tenderness of mother and sister at the sick bed. In this case the sojourner's wishes did not remain unfulfilled. The girl Ratan was no longer a girl. She immediately took up the mother's role, called in the physician and duly gave him pills, sat up the whole night at his bed, cooked the sickman's diet and asked hundreds of times "well Dádá Babu, do you feel a little better now?"

After a long time the postmaster left his sick bed weak in body and determined that he would stay there no more and anyhow he must get himself transferred from that place. He immediately applied to the authorities in Calcutta for a transfer on the ground of the unhealthiness of the locality.

Being freed from nursing, Ratan occupied her own place outside the room. But she received no calls as before. Sometimes she peeped in and saw the postmaster sitting on the stool or lying on his bed very much absent-minded. When Ratan was waiting expectant for his bidding he was awaiting a reply to his application with an uneasy heart. The girl sitting behind the door went through her old lessons many times. She was afraid lest she should make a muddle of her compound letters when the sudden call for her lessons would come. At last after a week one evening the call came. With a full heart Ratan entered the room and asked "Dada Babu, did you call me?" The postmaster said "Ratan, I am going away to-morrow."

Ratan-Where are you going, Dada Babu"?

Postmaster—I am going home. Ratan -- When do you come back? Postmaster -I shan't come back again.

Ratan did not ask any more questions. The postmaster told her of his own accord that he had applied for a transfer and his application had been rejected. He had therefore resigned his post and was proceeding home. For a long time neither spoke a word. The lamp burnt dimly and pitpat the rain fell on an earthen plate through a chink in the dilapidated thatched roof.

A little while after Ratan went away slowly to the kitchen to prepare the chapaties, but it was not done so quickly as on other days. Probably there arose many thoughts in her head. After the postmaster had finished his meal the girl suddenly asked him "Dada Babu, will you take me home with you?" The postmaster laughed and said "how can it be?" Why the matter was not possible he did not think it worth his while to explain to her.

The whole night asleep or awake the laughing voice of the postmaster "how can it be?" rang in her ears.

Early in the morning the postmaster saw that the water for his bath was ready. According to his habit in Calcutta he used to bathe in drawn water. For some reason the girl could not ask the postmaster when he would start; and lest he would want his bath in the morning Ratan had drawn water from the river late in the night. Having finished his bath the postmaster called Ratan. She entered noiselessly and looked up silently to his face awaiting his orders. Her master said "Ratan, I shall leave instructions to the man who comes to relieve me to take care of you as I have done, you need not be anxious because I am going away." There was no doubt that these words were the outcome of a kind and affectionate heart; but who can read the heart of a woman? Ratan had many a time quietly taken the rebukes of her master but could not bear these gentle words. With a surcharged heart she wept aloud and said, 'No, no, you need not tell anyone for me. I shall not stay here."

The postmaster had never seen Ratan behave thus and so he was struck dumb with amazement.

The new postmaster came. Having made over his charge the late postmaster was about to start. At the time of departing, he called "Ratan" and said "Ratan, I have never been able to give you anything; now while taking my leave, I give you something which will keep you at ease for a few days." Saying this, he took out all he had earned as his salary, retaining only the fare for his journey. Then Ratan fell on the dust at his feet and clinging to them said "Dada Bahu, I beg you humbly, you need not give me anything, none should be

anxious for me," and saying this she ran away from that place.

Our late postmaster drawing a long breath took up his carpet bag in his hand, an umbrella on his shoulder, put his queer tin-trunk striped blue and white on the head of a coolie and slowly strode on towards the boat.

When he got to the boat and the boat started -the overflowing and widening river of the rainy season splashed on all sides and sparkled like the overflowing tears of the earth, he felt a smart pang in his heart—the pitiful picture of a simple village girl's face expressed a vast world-wide inexpressible heartache. Once he actually thought of coming back to take with him the forlorn orphan-girl-but the sails had caught the wind, the swollen current of the rainy season was flowing fast, the village had been left behind, and the burning-ghat by the riverside came in view. In the sad heart of the voyager floating down the river the truth crept in -in this life there are innumerable such partings, innumerable deaths, what is the good of going back?

But Ratan's mind knew not the light of such truth. Flooded in tears she hovered round and round the post office. Ferhaps a faint flicker of hope was in her heart—that Dádá Babu might come back and this thought held her as a bond and she could not leave the place.

Oh! foolish human heart, delusion never breaks off, the dictates of reason come but too late, the strongest proofs are set aside and false hopes are clung to with the whole life and heart, till at last the nerves torn asunder, the blood of the heart sucked up—hope flies away, then one comes to to one's senses and again the heart yearns for the snares of a second delusion.

DEBENDRA NATH MITTER.

ARE THE BENGALI HINDUS A DYING RACE?*

This nicely got-up little book has been written expressly by way of a counterblast to the wellknown pamphlet. 'A Dying Race' by Lt. Colonel Dr. U. N. Mukherji. In that pamphlet Dr. Mukherji laid down * Bangiya Hindu Fati Ki Dhwansonmukh? Are

* Bangiya Hindu Fati Ki Dhwansonmukh? Are the Bengali Hindus a Dying Race?): by Sakharam Ganes Deuskar, Professor of History in the Bengal National College. Price five annnas. 71-1 Sukea Street, Calcutta. Aswin, 1317. (Pp. 123).

the somewhat alarming proposition that "we are a decaying race. Every census reveals the same fact. We are getting proportionately fewer and fewer. There is no actual decrease; but the rate of increase compared with that of the Mahomedans is extremely small" (p. 4). Professor Deuskar attempts to show—and we are bound to admit that in this attempt he has largely succeeded—that a careful analysis of the census returns does not bear out Dr. Mukherji's

interesting a newspaper is in our good country of Germany! The Prince has made his entry in such and such town, and so on."

Nowadays, however, the journals speak out their minds quite frankly, and discuss everything. The most striking example of this change has been given by the campaign of the Zukumft of Maximilien Harden, who brought about the downfall of Prince Phillippe Eulenburg and the discomfiture of the too famous camarilla, in the wake of the scandals provoked by the revelations of the singular practices of the 'Round Table' at the Castle of Liebenberg.

He held there among intimates a court on a small scale, and there were hatched the intrigues which had their inevitable effect on the internal and external politics of the country. It was here that the downfall of the Chancellor Caprivi was decreed, on the 27th of October, 1894, because he had inspired an article, written by Herr Fischer, Judicial Councillor, against Count Eulenburg, the president of the Council of Ministers. And the pitiless campaign carried on by Harden in his weekly Review, The Future, brought in its train the ruin of that ultra-smart set, by showing it to the world in its true colours.

Harden—his real name is Wittkowsky—has become famous in the Press since he took upon himself with ardour, the defence of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, after his fall.

Afterwards he contributed to the columns of the Gegenwart and in 1892, founded Die Zukunft. This weekly sheet at once made its mark by its copious and reliable

news on matters political, economical, and Harden maintains excellent The latter relations with the Rathenaus. are in close and intimate alliance with the powerful Israelite Banker, Carl Furstenburg, the master of the 'Commercial Society of Berlin" (Berliner Handelsgesellschaft), which has a capital of one hundred million marks; and with Ballin. A brother of Harden, the Government Councillor Witting, is the Director of the National Bank of Germany, and Witting was an intimate friend and confidant of Bulow. Director of the Zukunft is therefore one of the best informed men in Germany, on all topics of the day, as well as those of tomorrow.

The most curious thing is that Harden lives in a very retired fashion in his villa at Grunewald. He himself goes out very little, but those who want to speak to him call on him at his residence. Parliamentarians, financiers and diplomats visit him when it suits their interests to do so, that is to say, very often. Except in his home, Maximilien Harden scarcely, if ever, makes his appearance in Berlin Society. The attachés at the Embassies, who go everywhere, must have attended hundreds of dinners in the worlds of high Finance, and Politics, without meeting once the celebrated publicist and polemic. He hardly shows himself in public. He generally prefers his own company. He allows his pen to speak or that of his colleagues. which latter, however, he inspires and even takes care to edit before publication.

K. K. ATHAVALE.

SAKUNTALA: ITS INNER MEANING

(Translated from the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore.)

Wouldest thou the young years blossoms and the fruits of its decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed,
Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole name combine?
I name thee, O Sakuntala!
and all at ance is said.

-Goethe.

OETHE, the master-poet of Europe, has summed up his criticism of Sakuntala in a single quatrain; he has not

taken the poem to pieces. This quatrain seems to be a small thing like the flame of a candle, but it lights up the whole drama in an instant and reveals its inner nature. In Goethe's words, Sakuntala blends together the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its maturity; it combines heaven and earth in one.

We are apt to pass over this eulogy lightly as a mere poetical outburst. We are apt

to consider that it only means in effect that Goethe regarded Sakuntala as fine poetry. But it is not really so. His stanza breathes not the exaggeration of rapture, but the deliberate judgment of a true critic. There is a special point in his words. Goethe says expressly that Sakuntala contains the history of a development,—the development of flower into fruit, of earth into heaven, of matter into spirit.

In truth there are two unions in Sakuntala; and the motif of the play is the progress from the earlier union of the First Act, with its earthly unstable beauty and romance, to the higher union in the heavenly hermitage of eternal bliss described in the last Act. This drama was meant not for dealing with a particular passion, not for developing a particular character, but for translating the whole subject from one world to another,—to elevate love from the sphere of physical beauty to the eternal heaven of moral beauty.

With the greatest ease Kalidas has effected this junction of earth with heaven. His earth so naturally passes into heaven that we do not mark the boundary-line between the two. In the First Act the poet has not concealed the gross earthiness of the fall of Sakuntala: he has clearly shown, in the conduct of the hero and the heroine alike, how much desire contributed to that fall. He has fully painted all the bladishments, playfulness and fluttering of the intoxicating sense of youth, the struggle between deep bashfulness and strong self-expression. This is a proof of the simplicity of Sakuntala; she was not prepared beforehand for the outburst of passion which the occasion Dushvanta's visit called forth. Hence she had not learned how to restrain herself, how to hide her feelings. Sakuntala had not known Cupid before; hence her heart was bare of armour, and she could not distrust either the sentiment of love or the character of her lover. The daughter of the hermitage was off her guard, just as the deer there knew not fear.

Dushyanta's conquest of Sakuntala has been very naturally drawn. With equal ease has the poet shown the deeper purity of her character in spite of her fall,—her unimpaired innate chastity. This is another proof of her simplicity.

The flower of the forest needs no servant

to brush the dust off her petals. She stands bare; dust settles on her; but in spite of it she easily retains her own beautiful cleanliness. Dirt did settle on Sakuntala, but she was not even conscious of it. Like the simple wild deer, like the mountain spring, she stood forth pure in spite of mud.

Kalidas has let his hermitage-bred youthful heroine follow the unsuspecting path of Nature; nowhere has he restrained her. And yet he has developed her into the model of a devoted wife, with her reserve, endurance of sorrow, and life of rigid spiritual discipline. At the beginning we see her self-forgetful and obedient to Nature's impulses like the plants and flowers; at the end we see her deeper feminine soul,-sober, patient under ill, intent on austerities, strictly regulated by the sacred laws of piety. With matchless art Kalidas has placed his heroine on the meeting-point of action and calmness, of Nature and Law, of river and ocean, as it were. Her father was a hermit, but her mother was a nymph. Her birth was the outcome of interrupted austerities, but her nurture was in a hermitage, which is just the spot where Nature and austerities, beauty and restraint, are harmonised. There is none of the conventional bonds of society there, and yet we have the harder regulations of religion. Her gandharva marriage, too, was of the same type; it had the wildness of Nature joined to the social tie of wedlock. The drama Sakuntala stands alone and unrivalled in all literature, because it depicts how Restraint can be harmonised with Freedom. All its joys and sorrows, unions and partings, proceed from the conflict of these two forces.

Sakuntala's simplicity is natural, that of Miranda is unnatural. The different circumstances under which the two were brought up, account for this difference. Sakuntala's simplicity was not girt round by ignorance, as was the case with Miranda. We see in the First Act that Sakuntala's two companions did not let her remain unaware of the fact that she was in the first bloom of youth. She had learnt to be bashful. But all these things are external. Her simplicity, on the other hand, is more deeply seated, and so also is her purity. To the very end the poet shows that she had no experience of the outside, would,

Her simplicity is innate. True, she knew something of the world, because hermitage did not stand altogether outside society; the rules of home life were observed here too. She was inexperienced though not ignorant of the outside world; but trustfulness was firmly enthroned in her heart. The simplicity which springs from such trustfulness had for a moment caused her fall, but it also redeemed her for ever. This trustfulness kept her constant to patience, forgiveness and loving kindness, inspite of the cruellest breach of her confidence. Miranda's simplicity was never subjected to such a fiery ordeal; it never clashed with knowledge of the world.

Our rebellious passions raise storms. this drama Kalidas has extinguished the volcanic fire of tumultuous passion by means of the tears of the penitent heart. But he has not dwelt too long on the disease,- he has just given us a glimpse of it and then dropped the veil. The desertion of Sakuntala by the polygamous Dushyanta, which in real life would have happened as the natural consequence of his character, is here brought about by the curse of Durbasa. Otherwise, the desertion would have been so extremely cruel and pathetic as to destroy the peace and harmony of the whole play. But the poet has left a small rent in the veil through which we can get an idea of the royal sin. It is in the Fifth Act. Just before Sakuntala arrives at court and is repudiated by her husband, the poet momentarily draws aside the curtain from the King's love affairs. Queen Hansapadika is singing to herself in her music room:

"O honey-bee! having sucked the mango-blossoms in your search for new honey, you have clean forgotten your recent loving wel-

come by the lotus!"

This tear-stained song of a stricken heart in the royal harem gives us a rude shock, especially as our heart was hitherto filled with Dushyanta's love-passages Sakuntala. Only in the preceding Act we saw Sakuntala setting out for her husband's home in a very holy, sweet, and tender mood, carrying with herself the blessings of the hoary sage Kanva and the good wishes of the whole forest world. And now a stain falls on the picture we had so hopefully logued of the home of love to which she was going.

When the Jester asked, "What means this song?" Dushyanta smiled and said, "We desert our lasses after a short spell of lovemaking, and therefore I have deserved this strong rebuke from Queen Hansapadika." This indication of the fickleness of royal love is not purposeless at the beginning of the Fifth Act. With masterly skill the poet here shows that what Durbasa's curse had brought about had its seeds in human nature.

In passing from the Fourth Act to the Fifth we suddenly enter a new atmosphere; from the ideal world of the hermitage we go forth to the royal court with its hard hearts, crooked ways of love-making, difficulties of union. The beauteous dream of the hermitage is about to be broken. The two young monks who are escorting Sakuntala, at once feel that they have entered an altogether different world, "a house encircled by fire!" By such touches at the beginning of the Fifth Act, the poet prepares us for the repudiation of Sankuntala at its end. lest the blow should be too severe for us.

Then comes the repudiation. Sakuntala feels as if she has been suddenly struck with a thunderbolt. Like a deer stricken by a trusted hand, this daughter of the forest looks on in blank surprise, terror, and anguish. At one blow she is hurled away from the hermitage, both literal and metaphorical, in which she has so long lived. She loses her connection with the loving friends, the birds, beasts and plants, and the beauty, peace, and purity of her former life. She now stands alone, shelterless. In one moment the music of the first four Acts is stilled!

O the deep silence and loneliness that then surround her! She whose tender heart had made the whole world of the hermitage her own folk, today stands absolutely alone. She fills this vast vacuity with her mighty sorrow. With rare poetic insight Kalidas has declined to restore Sakuntala to Kanva's hermitage. After the renunciation Dushvanta it was impossible for her to live in harmony with that hermitage in the way she had done before.... She was no longer her former self; her relation with the universe had changed. Had she been placed again amidst her old surroundings, it would only have cruelly exhibited the utter inconsistency of the whole situation. A

mighty silence was now needed, worthy of the mighty grief of the mourner. But the poet has not shown us the picture of Sakuntala in the new hermitage,—parted from the friends of her girlhood, and nursing the grief of separation from her lover. The silence of the poet only deepens our sense of the silence and vacancy which here reigned round Sakuntala. Had the repudiated wife been taken back to Kanva's home, that hermitage would have spoken. our imagination its trees and creepers would have wept, the two girl friends would have mourned for Sakuntala, even if the poet had not said a word about it. But in the unfamiliar hermitage of Marich, all is still and silent to us; only we have before our mind's eye a picture of the world-abandoned Sakuntala's infinite sorrow, disciplined by penance, sedate and resigned, seated like a recluse rapt in meditation.

Dushyanta is now consumed by remorse. This remorse is tapasya. So long as Sakuntala was not won by means of this repentance, there was no glory in winning her.... One sudden gust of youthful impulse had in a moment given her up to Dushvanta, but that was not the true, the full winning of her. The best means of winning is by devotion, by tapasya. What is easily gained is as easily lost.... Therefore, the poet has made the two lovers undergo a long and austere tapasya that they may gain each other truly eternally. If Dushyanta had accepted Sakuntala when she was first brought to his court, she would have only added to the number of Hansapadikas, occupied a corner of the royal harem, and passed the rest of her life in neglect, gloom and uselessness!

It was a blessing in disguise for Sakuntala Dushyanta abjured her with cruel sternness. When afterwards this cruelty reacted on himself, it prevented him from remaining indifferent to Sakuntala. His unceasing and intense grief fused his heart and welded Sakuntala with it. Never before had the king met with such an experience. Never before had he had the occasion and means of loving truly. Kings are unlucky in this respect; their desires are so easily satisfied that they never get what is to be gained by devotion alone. Fate now plunged Dushyanta into deep grief and thus made him worthy of true love, made him renounce the role of a rake.

Thus has Kalidas burnt away vice in the internal fire of the sinner's heart; he has not tried to conceal it from the outside. When the curtain drops on the last Act, we feel that all the evil has been destroyed as on a funeral pyre, and the peace born of a perfect and satisfactory fruition reigns in our hearts. Kalidas has internally, deeply cut away the roots of the poison tree, which a sudden force from the outside had planted. He has made the physical union of Dushyanta and Sakuntala tread the path of sorrow, and thereby chastened and sublimated it into a moral union. Hence did Goethe rightly say that Sakuntala combines the blossoms of Spring with the fruits of Autumn, it combines Heaven and Earth. Truly in Sakuntala there is one Paradise lost and another Paradise regained.

The poet has shown how the union of Dushyanta and Sakuntala in the First Act as mere lovers is futile, while their union in the last Act as the parents of Bharat is a true union. The First Act is full of brilliancy and movement. We there have a hermit's daughter in the exuberance of youth, her two companions running over with playfulness, the newly flowering forest creeper, the bee intoxicated with perfume, the fascinated king peeping from behind the trees. From this Eden of bliss Sakuntala, the mere sweetheart of Dushyanta, is exiled in disgrace. But far different was the aspect of the other hermitage where Sakuntala, -- the mother of Bharat and the incarnation of goodness,-took refuge. There no hermit girls water the trees, nor bedew the creepers with their loving sister-like looks, nor feed the young fawn with handfuls of paddy. There a single boy fills the loving bosom of the entire forest world; he absorbs all the liveliness of the trees, creepers, flowers and foliage. The matrons of the hermitage, in their loving anxiety, are fully taken up with the unruly boy. When Sakuntala appears, we see her clad in a dusty robe, face pale with austerities,... doing the penance of a lorn wife, puresouled. Her long penances have purged her of the evil of her first union with Dushyanta: she is now invested with the dignity of a matron, the is the image of motherhood, tender and good, who can repudiate her now?

The poet has shown here, as in Rumara-

sambhava, that the Beauty that goes hand in hand with Moral Law is eternal, that the calm, controlled and beneficent form of Love is its best form, that Beauty is truly charming under restraint and decays quickly when it gets wild and unfettered. This ancient poet of India refuses to recognise Love as its own highest glory; he proclaims that Goodness is the final goal of Love. He teaches us that the love of man and woman is not beautiful, not lasting, not fruitful,—so long as it is self-centred, so long as it does not diffuse itself in society over son and daughter, guests and neighbours.

The two peculiar principles of India are the beneficent tie of home life on the one hand, and the liberty of the soul abstracted from the world on the other. In the world India is variously connected with many races and many creeds; she cannot reject any of them. But on the altar of devotion (tapasyá) India sits alone. Kalidas has shown, both in Sakuntala and Kumarasambhava, that there is a harmony between these two principles, an easy transition from the one to the other. In his hermitage

human boys play with lion cubs, and the hermit-spirit is reconciled with the spirit of the householder.

On the foundation of the hermitage of recluses Kalidas has built the home of the householder. He has rescued the relation of the sexes from the sway of lust and enthroned it on the holy and pure seat of In the sacred books of the asceticism. Hindus the ordered relation of the sexes has been defined by strict injunctions and Laws. Kalidas has demonstrated that relation by means of the elements of Beauty. Beauty that he adores is lit up by grace, modesty, and goodness; in its intensity it is true to one for ever; in its range it embraces the whole universe. It is fulfilled by renunciation, gratified by sorrow, and rendered eternal by religion. In the midst of this Beauty, the impetuous unruly love of man and woman has restrained itself and attained to a profound peace, like a wild torrent merged in the ocean of Goodness. Therefore is such Love higher and more wonderful than wild and unrestrained Passion.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

A GREAT OCCASION AND AN APPEAL

N May 1911, happens the 2500th anniversary of the enlightenment of Gautama Buddha, perhaps the greatest historical figure in human history, and undoubtedly the greatest and the noblest son of India of the historical period. On the full-moon day of Asarha (July', the Gentle Master preached His first sermon in the Deer Park near Benares, and in October, He sent His first disciples to preach the Law of the There can be no greater occasion for India to begin to pay her long neglected homage to the memory of her most adorable Teacher, by a great national festival and pilgrimage to either Budh-Gya or Sarnath. It seems in the licable as to why India with her gentil for hero-worship allowed one of her in heroes to drop altogether from nation accognition. To say, that Buddha is more ded by Hindu India as one of the ten avatars of Vishnu. is to utter only a half-truth. Among all the literary references of Buddha's avatarhood in Sanskrit literature, that of Jayadeva in his immortal lyrics only seems to show, a national as well as a historical sense. To Hindu India, whether to the orthodox or the common people, the name of Buddha is little known and less does He inspire any of them to nobler thoughts or actions. Even in Budh-Gya, where millions of Hindu pilgrims go to perform rites in memory of their departed ancestors under the Akshaya Bat, and incidentally with their characteristic devotion offer a few flowers and a prayer at the feet of the Blessed One, never do they realize the greatness of the occasion or ever suspect that He is the real object of the pilgrimage continued from the old old days, but now diverted! Yet during the

tirthas, in the Mahabharata! It would appear, indeed, that when the Himawant began to be parcelled out into a series of Mahabharata stations, sometime under the later Guptas, the undertaking was in direct and conscious succession to an earlier appropriation of the regions further west, as stations of the Jatakas, or Birth stories of Buddha. We ought not, in the attempt to follow up some of the thousand and one threads of interest that our traveller leaves for us, to forget the one or two glimpses of himself that he vouchsafes us. Never can one who has read it, forget the story of his visit to the cave that he knew, on the hill of Gridhrakuta, where Buddha used to meditate, in Old Rajgir:

"Fa-Hian, having purchased in the new town perfumes, flowers, and oil lamps, hired two aged bhikshus to conduct him to the grots and to the hill Khi-che. Having made an oblation of the perfumes and the flowers, the lamps increased the brilliance. Grief and emotion affected him even to tears. He said: 'Formerly, in this very place was Buddha. Here he taught the Sheou-leng-yan:* Fa-Hian, unable to behold Buddha in life, has but witnessed the traces of his sojourn. Still, it is something to have recited the Sheon-leng-yan before the cave, and to have dwelt there one night!"

But Fa-Hian, enthusiast as he was, and capable of supreme exertions, in the cause of the Faith and China, was not this alone. There was also, in that grave and modest nature, a chord that vibrated to the thought of home. "He longed ardently," he says, when he has already reached the South of China, "to see Chhang'an again, but that which he had at heart being a weighty matter, he halted, in the South, where the masters published the Sacred Books the Precepts." Thus he excuses himself for a brief delay on the way back to his native province. But if he feels

* The things which are difficult to discriminate from one another.

thus, when he has already landed on Chinese shores, what must have been his longing, while still in foreign lands? In Ceylon, seated before the blue jasper image of Buddha, perhaps at Anuradhapura, he pauses to tell us:

"Many years had now elapsed, since Fa-Hian left the land of Han. The people with whom he mingled were men of foreign lands. The hills, the rivers, the plants, the trees, everything that had met his eyes, was strange to him. And what was more, those who had begun the journey with him, were now separated from him. Some had remained behind, and some had died. Ever reflecting on the past, his heart was thoughtful and dejected. Suddenly, while at the side of this jasper figure, he beheld a merchant, presenting in homage to it a fan of white lute-string, of the country of Tsin. Without any one perceiving it, this excited so great an emotion, that the tears flowed and filled his eyes."

Nor can we forget the simple and beautiful counter-signature which seems to have been affixed by the learned body to whom he presented it, to Fa-Hian's Written Summary of his Travels. After telling how they met Fa-Hian, and discoursed with him, interrogating him, and after telling how his words inspired trust, his good faith lent confidence to his recital, the scribe of the Chinese University, or Secretary to the Imperial Geographical Society, as it may have been, "the masters" as in any case, he calls them, ends thus:—

"They were touched with these words. They were touched to behold such a man: they observed amongst themselves that a very few had indeed expatriated themselves for the sake of the Doctrine, but no one had ever forgotten Self, in quest of the law, as Fa-Hian had done. One must know the conviction which truth produces, otherwise one cannot partake of the zeal which produces carnestness. Without merit and without activity, nothing is achieved. On accomplishing aught, with merit and with activity, how shall one be abandoned to oblivion? To lose what is esteemed—to esteem what mankind forget—Oh!"

NIVEDITA OF RK.-V.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA

(From the Bengali of Ravindra Nath Tagore.)

NDIA'S History is the History of what people? On a day afar off the white Aryans entered India after overcoming all the stupendous barriers of nature and man; by pushing aside like a thick curtain

the dark wide forests which had spread over the face of this vast land from east to west, they opened the doors of a theatre, brightly lit up, open to the sky, rich with varied crops and plants. There wisdom, their power, their devotion that day laid the foundations of Indian history. But they could not say "India is ours only."

The Aryans merged in the non-Aryans. Even in the primitive age when the Arvan power was unimpaired, they used to marry non-Aryan Sudra women below their caste. Thereafter in the Buddhistic age this amalgamation became more unrestricted. When Buddhism declined and Hindu society set to repair its ring-fence and wished to raise a granite wall round itself, the country's condition was such that in many places no pure Brahman could be met with, in many places Brahmans had to be invited from other provinces, and in many others, as tradition records, the king's command invested men with the sacred thread and turned them into Brahmans. The purity of race on which the Aryans once prided themselves, has been defiled; the Aryans, by mixing with the Sudras, adopting many non-Aryan customs, creeds, gods and rites, and incorporating them into their society, have created a new society named Hindu Society which is not only different from but in many respects also antagonistic to Vedic Society.

Did Indian history come to a full stop at this point in the past? Did God allow her to say "The history of India is only the history of the Hindus"? In the India of the Hindus, when the Rajput princes displayed the suicidal pride of valour by mutual war and carnage, in that age the Muslims entered the land through that loophole of internal discord; the new-comers spread on all sides, and by living and dying here for generations made the soil their own.

If we draw the line here and say, "Thus far, and no farther", we shall be only turning Indian history into a mere Hindu-Musalman history. But the Supreme Architect who is ever building up human society wider and wider from a narrow centre to a vast circumference,—will He drop that plan to gratify our pride?

It is a mistake to imagine that God's Court attaches any importance to the question as to who will own India,—you or I, Hindu or Musalman or any other race that may set up its dominion here. Don't think that God is holding a court where the lawyers of different parties are fighting over their respective claims, and that when the case

is finally decided, one party—Hindu, Musalman, English or any other race,—will get a full decree and set up its banner of ownership on the land. In our vain pride we imagine that in this world legal right fights against legal rights, whereas the only fight waged is between truth and falsehood.

Whatever is best, whatever is fullest, whatever is the supreme truth, that is for all; and that is ever trying to assert itself through every conflict and opposition. In proportion as we try to advance that with all our will, in that proportion only will our efforts succeed. The attempt to secure one's own triumph, either as an individual or as a part of a nation, has no abiding influence on the divine order of things. The banner of Grecian conquest, under Alexander's guidance, failed to bring the whole earth under one sceptre. The failure dashed to the ground Grecian ambition, but that ambition has no bearing on the world today. Roman universal empire in the course of its building was split up and scattered over Europe by collision with the Barbarians. Rome's ambition was unrealised, but who in the world will mourn the loss today? Greece and Rome have loaded the reaped harvest of their achievements in the golden boat of Time, but they themselves have not got any seat for ever in that boat, and Time is no loser by this fact, only it has been spared a useless burden.

The final purpose of the history that is being built up in India is not that the Hindus or any other race will predominate here. Indian history has no less an object than this,—that here the history of man will attain to a special fulfilment and give an unprecedented form to its perfection, and make that perfection the property of all mankind. If in modelling the image of this perfection, the Hindu, Muslim or Englishman utterly removes all trace of his own existing individual features, he may thereby no doubt destroy his national pride, but neither Truth nor Goodness will suffer.

We are here to build up the Greater India. We are only an ingredient of it. But if any building material turns contumacious and says, "We are the final thing, we will not mix with the whole, we will preserve

* The allusion is to the author's poem, Sonar Tari, or The Golden Boat.

our separate existence,"—then all calculations are upset. A bit of ingredient that cannot be built into a vast structure but persists in maintaining its life apart, is sure to be discarded one day. But he who says "I am nothing in myself; I am wholly reserved for that whole which is being built," will lose his littleness and will be preserved for ever as a part of a vaster thing. Similarly, that element of India which refuses to mix with the whole, which wants to stand isolated from the rest by concealing itself under the veil of a particular past, -will only set up obstructions round itself, and the Divine Ordainer of India's history will send down on such an element blow after blow till at last it will be either crushed by supreme suffering into sameness with the rest, or swept off altogether as a useless encumbrance. For, remember, India's history is not merely our history; on the other hand we have been collected here for building Indian history with. If we do not render ourselves worthy of this task, we alone shall perish. If we take pride in keeping ourselves pure and isolated by avoiding every sort of connection with every race, if we imagine that our history has been destined to perpetuate this pride in our successive generations,if we imagine that our religion is ours only, that our ceremonies are peculiar to us, that none else should enter our place of worship, that our (sacred) lore should be locked up in our special iron safe,—then we shall be unwillingly declaring only this that we have been sentenced to death in the universe, and are waiting for it in a prison of our own building.

Recently the English have come from the west and occupied a chief place in Indian This event is not uncalled for, not accidental. India would have been shorn of fulness if it had missed contact with the west. The lamp of Europe is still burning. We must kindle our old extinguished lamp at that flame and start again on the road of Time. Do you think that our ancestors had 3000 years ago finished acquiring whatever the world can ever give to man? No, we are not so unfortunate, nor is the world so poor, as that supposition implies. If it be true that all that is possible for us to achieve was already achieved in the bast, then we are utterly useless in the world's field of action, and the earth will not retain such a burden as our race. If we believe that we attained to our utmost possible of perfection in the age of our great grandfathers, if we try, by means of all our ceremonies and dogmas, to avoid contact with the present,—then what present can urge us, what future can lure us on to an active existence? The English have battered down our shaky door and entered our house like the messengers of the world's Feastgiver in order to kindle among us energy—an energy which will prove our conviction that we too are needed by this world, that our work here is not confined to our petty selves but must ever remain alive and keep us alive by forming a daily increasing and manifold tie of knowledge, of love, of deed, between us and general humanity,by means of many contrivances, many instigations. So long as we do not achieve the true purpose of the coming of the English, so long as we do not start in their company to join the world's great sacrifical feast,—even so long will they hustle us, break our easy slothful slumber.

So long as we do not respond to the call of the English, so long as our contact with them does not bear its true fruit, we shall have no power to drive them out by force. The English have been sent (by the Most High) on a mission, viz., to prepare that India which sprouted in the Past and is now developing its branches towards the Future. That India is the India of all humanity, what right have we to exclude the English from that India before the time is ripe for it? What are we to Great India? Is that the India of us only? And what are "we"? -Bengalis only, Marathas only? Panjabis only? Hindus only, or Muhammadans? No, those who will one day be able to say with perfect truth "we are India, we are Indians," all (whether Hindus, Muslims, Englishmen or any other race) who will join that undivided vast 'we' and be incorporated with it,—they and they alone will have the right to order who should stay in India and who should go out of it.

We must fulfil the purpose of our connection with the English. This is our task to-day in the building up of Great India. If we turn our face aside, if we isolate ourselves, if we refuse to accept any new

element, we shall still fail to resist the march of Time, we shall fail to impoverish and defraud Indian history.

The highest intellects of our country in the modern age have spent their lives at the task of reconciling the West to the East. For instance, Ram Mohan Ray. One day he stood up alone to unite India with the rest of the world on the common basis of humanity; no custom, no convention could obstruct his vision. With a wonderfully liberal heart and liberal head he could accept the West without discarding the East. In every department he alone laid the foundations of New Bengal. Thus in the teeth of every opposition from his fellowcountrymen, he all alone extended the field of our thought and action from the East to the West, he gave us the eternal heritage of man, the free heritage of Truth, he made us realise that we are of the whole earth, that Buddha, Christ and Muhammad lived and died for us, too. For each one of us has been garnered the fruit of the devotion of India's sages (rishis); in whatever quarter of the globe a great man has removed the barrier to Truth, or taken off the chains of inertia and set free the fettered powers of man, he is truly our own, each of us is truly blessed by him. Ram Mohan Ray did not keep the soul of India contracted or hedged round; he has made it spread in space and time, he has built a bridge between India and Europe; therefore it is that he still continues as a force in India's reconstruction. No blind habit, no petty pride, could lead him to wage a foolish conflict with the purpose of great Time;of that purpose which did not expire in the Past, but, is advancing towards the Future, he has borne the banner, like a hero in scorn of all obstacles.

In Southern India, M. G. Ranade spent his life in linking together the East and the West. In his nature lay that creative power, that spirit of harmony, which binds men together, which builds up society, which banishes discord, and disarms the forces marshalled against truth, charity and activity. Therefore he could rise above all the sorrows and pettiness of the day, in spite of the diversity of customs and conflict of interests between Indians and Englishmen. His capacious heart and liberal intellect were ceaselessly busy in broadening the road by

which India can acquire the materials for Great India's history which the English are bringing,—in removing every obstacle to the completion of India.

The great man whom Bengal lost a few years ago, Vivekanaud, too, stood midway between the East and the West. His life's lesson is not that we should exclude the influence of the West from Indian history and keep India shrunk and stunted for ever amidst narrow conventions. His was the genius that can assimilate, harmonise, create. He consecrated his life to the task of building a road by which Indian ideals may reach the West, and western ideals may reach India.

From the day when Bankim Chandra in his Bangadarshan magazine suddenly proclaimed the feast of union between the East and the West,—an immortal spirit entered Bengali literature; Bengali literature took the road to success by joining in the purpose of great Time. That Bengali literature has so rapidly grown is only because it has torn off all those artificial bands which prevented it from uniting with the world's literature. It is being gradually so developed that it can easily make the ideas and spirit of the West its own. Bankim is great not merely by reason of what he himself wrote, but also because his genius smoothed the highroad of intellectual traffic between the East and the West in Bengali literature. The fact that this spirit of harmony has been set up amidst Bengali literature, has inspired its creative power.

Thus we see from every side that the truly great men of modern India, the inspirers of the new age, have such an innate liberality of mental constitution that in their lives neither the East nor the West is opposed and repressed, but both attain to fruition together.

Our educated men now-a-days think that the attempt of the various races in India to unite proceeds from a desire to gain political strength. But by so thinking we make what is large subordinate to what is small. The union of all races in India is higher than all other aims, because it is the only means of attaining to the fulness of humanity. Our failure to unite contracts the root of our humanity, hence all our powers have grown weak and are receiving

checks everywhere. It is our sin; it has impaired our virtue, hence it has impaired

all our powers.

Our efforts at union will succeed only if we look at this movement for union from that religious point of view. But the religious spirit is not limited within to any petty pride of race or political need. If we follow that religious spirit, our harmonising desire will not be limited to the numerous petty races of India, but will ever try to make even the English a part of the Indian nation.

How should we regard the hostility which has recently sprung up between the English and the educated (and even uneducated) public of India? Is there no true principle involved in it? Is it merely due to the arts of a few conspirators? Is the present countergale of hostility entirely opposed to the history that is being built up by the union and conflict of the various races and forces that have assembled in the broad field of India? Let us ascertain the real significance of this hostility.

The Indian philosophy of bhakti regards even hostility as an element of union. The legend runs that Ravana gained salvation by fighting against God! The meaning of the story is that we perceive a truth most intimately when we are defeated by it. If we accept a truth easily, unquestioningly, we do not get the whole of it. Therefore scientific truth has established itself only by fighting hard against doubt and contradiction.

We once went abegging to Europe, foolishly, inertly. Our reason was so clouded that we could not see that true acquisition cannot come from begging, that knowledge and political power alike have to be earned, i.e., to be acquired by one's own power in the teeth of opposition and conflict; what is put as alms into our hands is not truly our own. A manner of acquisition which is humiliating to us cannot be a source of gain to us.

From this cause it is that for some time past we have rebelled against Western education and influence. A new-born self-respect has pushed us back from Europe towards our own country. In obedience to the will of great Time, this necessary self-respect arose in us. Hitherto we had been taking things from the West without examination, without objection, weakly, humbly;

we could not test them, appraise their value and thereby make them our own; these foreign acquisitions had become the accidents or luxuries of our life. Hence there has come a force of reaction against them.

That Ram Mohan Ray could absorb the Western spirit was because the West did not overpower him, he was not weak within. He stood on his own achievements when he was gathering in foreign things. He knew wherein India's true wealth lay, and he had made it his own; so, when he got anything from any other country, he had the instrument for weighing and measuring it. He did not, like a simpleton, sell himself for things whose value he could not understand.

This power which lay innate in the character of the first leader of New India, is now trying to express itself in us through many movements and counter-movements, actions and reactions. Therefore, this attempt runs to the opposite extremes in turn. Extreme Anglo-philism and extreme Anglo-phobia are alike pushing us and their resultant force is leading us on to our goal.

The present conflict between the English and the Indians is the result of this reaction;—our inner nature was being crushed while we took in English thought and power inertly, submissively. The pain in our nature accumulated unseen, and has now suddenly revealed itself and turned the hearts of the country strongly away

from things English.

Nor is this the only cause. The West has entered the house of India, we cannot turn it out in disappointment, we must make it our own by our own strength. If we lack that native power of absorption, then the aim of Time meets with a check and causes a revolution. On the other hand, if the West grudges to express its true self to us, that too will bring about unrest.

If we do not meet with what is best, what is true, in the English people, if we see the English chiefly as soldiers or merchants, or as the mere drivers of the official machine by which the administration is conducted, if we do not come in contact with them in the field where men meet men as friends and can take each other to the heart, if we are kept under regulation and isolation from one another,—then each must certainly

be a cause of great sorrow to the other. In such circumstances the stronger party can pass Sedition Acts and try to tie down in iron chains the discontent of the weaker party, but it will be only chaining discontent not removing it. Yet the discontent does not affect one party only. The English have no joy whatever while they live among the Indians. The Englishman in India tries every means to shun the company of Indians as a painful thing to be put up with. At one time great souls like David Hare came very close to us and held before us a picture of the nobility of English character, and the Indian students of that age really surrendered their hearts to the English race. But the English professors of the present day not only fail to bring to us the best features of their race, but they, by lowering the English ideal to us, also make our hearts averse to the English from our childhood. The result is that our modern students do not accept English learning and English literature with all their heart as the first set of our students did; they swallow but do not assimilate. We do not now see any Indian student steeping his soul in the poetry of Shakespeare or Byron with passionate enthusiasm as in the days of the old Hindu College. The loving connection which English literature can establish between us and the English race, is now meeting with checks. The Englishman in India,—be he professor, magistrate, merchant, or police superintendent,-in all his dealings with us is not freely placing before us an example of the highest development of English civilisation. So the English are depriving us of the highest benefit we can derive from their coming to India, they are repressing our inherent powers, and curbing our self-respect. Good government and good laws alone are not the highest benefits to mankind. Office, court, law, rule,—these things do not constitute man. Man wants man, and if he gets that, he is ready to put up with many sorrows and many wants. Justice and law as a substitute for man is like stone as a substitute for bread. stone may be a rare and precious thing, but it cannot remove (the heart's) hunger.

It is because the full union of the East and the West is being thus obstructed, that all sorts of troubles are now raising their heads. It is an intolerable and harmful state of things when two races live close together and yet do not mix. One day the effort to remedy this situation is sure to assert itself. It is a revolt of the heart, and hence it does not count the cost of its consequences, it is even ready to accept suicide.

But, for all that, it is true that this repulsion is temporary, because we are bound to unite truly with the West, and India has no escape from accepting whatever is worthy of acceptance in the West. So long as a fruit is not ripe it must cling to the branch, and if it is then detached from the branch it will not attain to maturity.

We are responsible for the failure of the English to fully unfold in India whatever is best in their race. Remove our want, and their miserliness will vanish of itself. The Scripture rightly says, "Unto him that hath, will be given."

We must gain strength of every kind; then only can the English give us that which they have come here to impart. So long as they despise us, our union with them is impossible, and we must again and again return empty-handed from their doors.

We cannot acquire with ease whatever is greatest, whatever is best in the English; we must win them. If the English are good to us out of pity, it will not benefit us. It is only by our humanity that we can rouse their humanity; there is no easier way than this to gain truth. Remember that whatever is best among English institutions has been acquired even by the English at the cost of hard suffering, storm and stress. If we wish to get that truly, we must have strength within us. Those of us who present themselves at the court of the English with folded palms and lowered head, in search of title, honour or post, only draw out the Englishman's meaner elements; they corrupt the manner of England's expression of herself in India. Again, those of us who, in reckless uncontrolled fury, want to attack the English wildly, only rouse the baser nature of the foreigner. If we say that India has stimulated to an extreme the Englishman's cupidity, haughtiness, cowardice or cruelty, then it will not do to cast the blame for it on the English, we must bear the major portion of the offence.

In their own land, English society is ever applying various means from all directions

to keep down the lower nature of the Englishman and rouse his nobler self; the whole force of society is working without respite to keep each member on a high level. By this means English society by sleepless vigilance is exacting for itself the fullest benefit that in general it can possibly derive from its body.

In India this influence of English society does not fully operate on the Englishman. Here the Englishman is not joined to any society with the fulness of man. English society here is a narrow professional Civilian Society, Merchant Society, or Military Society. The conventions of each such society are constantly raising round it a hard crust, but there is no force in powerful operation around it to break the crust by causing a contact with full huma-The Indian environment can only develop them into strong civilians, devoted merchants, and pucca soldiers; hence we do not feel their contact as human contact. Therefore, when a Civilian sits on the Criminal Bench of the High Court we are seized with despair, because we fear that from him we can only expect a Civilian's justice and not a judge's justice.

Again, in our trade with England. Indian society, by reason of its misery and weakness, cannot keep awake the Englishism of the English. Therefore, India is being deprived of the benefit which she might have got if true Englishmen had come here. We only meet with Western merchants, soldiers and Burra Sahibs of courts and offices, but the Eastern man does not meet the Western man. It is only because the western man is not revealing himself, that we are having all our unrest and conflict, all our sorrow and shame. And we must confess that there is failing on our part too, for which the true English nature is not revealing itself, nay, even undergoing a distortion here. As the Upanishads have it, "The Supreme Spirit cannot be attained by the weak"; no great truth can be gained by the weak; he who wishes to gain a god must have divine qualities in his own nature.

that one's strength is shown. Sacrifice is the sign of strength. So long as the Indians will not welcome the good by displaying a spirit of self-sacrifice, so long as they

will not be able to renounce fear, self-interest and comfort, for the good of the whole country,—even so long all that we ask for from the English will be like begging alms, and all that we get by so begging will only increase our shame and weakness. When we make our country truly our own by our exertions, by our sacrifices, when establish our true right over our country by devoting all our powers to promote education and public health, and thereby remove all the wants of the country and make every improvement,-then we shall not have to stand humbly before the English. Then we shall be comrades of our English rulers in India, then the English will have to live in harmony with us, then no meanness among us there will be and consequently no short-coming on the part of the English. So long as we, out of personal or collective ignorance, cannot treat our countrymen properly like men, so long as our landlords regard their tenants as a mere part of their property, so long as the strong in our country will consider it the eternal law to trample on the weak, the higher castes will despise the lower as worse than beasts,—even so long we cannot claim gentlemanly treatment from the English as a matter of right, even so long we shall fail to truly waken the English character, even so long will India continue to be defrauded of her due and humiliated. Today India is on every side defrauding and humiliating herself in scripture, religion, and society; she is not awakening her own soul by means of truth and sacrifice; therefore she is not getting from others what she otherwise might have had. Therefore the union with the West is not becoming complete in India (as it has done in Japan); that union is not bearing full fruit, but only giving us shame and pain. We cannot escape from this misery by overthrowing the English by force or cunning. When England's union with India is perfected, all need of this conflict (between the English and us) will cease of itself. Then in India province will join province, race will join race, knowledge will be linked with knowledge, endeavour with endeavour; then the present chapter of Indian history will end and she will merge in the larger history of the world. S. D. VARMA.

JANMAKATHA*

[BIRTH-STORY].

'Where have I come from, Oh where didst thou find me?'

A baby is asking its mother:
Folding the babe to her breast,
Half crying, half laughing, she answers
'Thou wast in my heart as its desire,
My dearest darling.

'Thou wast in the dolls of my
childhood's games,
And when I made figures of Siva in clay,
I made and unmade thee then:
Thou wast enthroned
With our household God;
In His worship, I worshipped thee,
My dearest darling.

'In all sweet hopes that ever were mine,
In all my loves and desires,
In the life of my mother and in
grandmother's life hast thou lived:
In the lap of the Lady
Who rules in our house
Thou hast for ages been hidden,
My dearest darling.

'When in girlhood my heart
Like a flower was opening
Thou wast a sweet fragrance about it:

* Translated by A. K. Chakravarti and A. K. Coomaraswamy.

Thy own tender softness Thou gavest, unknown, To my youthful form,

My dearest darling.

'Thou pet of all Shining Ones,
Thou eternal, unchanging,
Co-aged with dawn—
From the world's dream-life
Thou hast been borne on a torrent of bliss
As a real thing to play with my heart,
My dearest darling.

'As I gaze on thy face
Thy mystery I cannot understand:
Thou belongest to all and how can'st
thou be mine?

My body I kiss in thine
Since now thou art mother's babe:
Laughing thou cam'st to the world,
My dearest darling.

'Lest I should lose thee
I hold thee tight to my breast
I cry if I see thee not every moment!
I know not what snare of máyá
Could entrap the world's treasure
In these slender arms of mine,
My dearest darling'.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

N.B.—Contributors to this section are requested kindly to make their observations as brief as practiable, as there is always great pressure on our space.

Rabindranath Tagore on Sakuntala.

The paper on Sakuntala published last month is about the most suggestive and brilliant thing which we have read for sometime past in that order of writing. Mr. Sarkar's rendering of the original in English is not only most chaste, it is also most fascinating. There is no barbarization of a single

We cannot as a rule give to any single contribute more than two pages. A page in small type contains 1200 words approximately.

thought or phrase: there is, on the contrary, quite a distinct literary flavour.

Alone among modern Bengali authors Babu Rabindranath Tagore satisfies the most fastidious taste and inspires the warmest enthusiasm in the widest circle of readers. His position among men of letters is unique: he is at once a poet, a novelist, a critic, a song-writer, the like of whom the world has



very fine grade, the sort of clay that is made into Chinaware. Quite by accident the farmer who owned the hillside in which we slept discovered our value. It was a great day for him when he made the discovery, for he was very poor and was about to lose everything he owned. Because of us he was able to sell the hillside for a large sum of money. But so long as we remained asleep in the hill, we might as well have been ordinary dirt for all the good our value did to us or to the world. It was necessary for us to be torn away from our home, and burnt and ground on the wheel, and put through all kinds of dreadful experiences in order to bring out our good qualities, in order to make the most

of ourselves. As for me, I am glad to have suffered all the pain I have undergone to find myself in this beautiful form today. Better pain if it means progress than pleasure that is nothing less than death. Now that we have been through the crucible, our agony is past and life for us now means simply being our lovely selves—lovely because of the pain through which we have passed—and making everybody who merely looks at us pleased and happy."

And the two vases sighed contentedly and settled down to a new life, a life of usefulness and activity, and forgot all about the pain that had made them what

they were.

C. SINGH.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SIKH POWER

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore).

THE chief difference between Sikh history and Maratha history lies in this that Sivaji, the first and foremost leader of the Marathas, introduced the Maratha race on the stage of history after having clearly formed in his mind the ideal of setting up a Hindu Empire; all his conquests, slaughters, annexations were only parts of a great plan which embraced the whole of India.

(But the Sikhs originated as a religious sect. The liberation which Baba Nanak realised in his heart was not political liberty: idol-worship is limited by the fancies and practices of individual provinces or races; it does not freely admit but rather shuts out the heart of mankind in general; Nanak's heart had gained emancipation from the bondage of such a narrow Pauranic religion, and he dedicated his life to the task of preaching this spiritual freedom to all,

Those who were drawn by Nanak's teaching to accept his faith were called Sikhs, i.e, Shishyas or disciples. All could embrace this religion irrespective of race; hence their beginning did not promise that the followers of Nanak would ever build

up the history of a nation. But Mughal oppression contracted the disciples of Nanak Into a particular sect, and their chief aim was changed from the preaching of religion to the public to the defence of their own community from destruction and oppression.) Thus did external pressure solidify the Sikhs into a compact nation. The last Guru of the Sikhs set himself especially, to this latter task. He checked the work of preaching the religion to mankind and made it his life's mission to form the Sikhs into a strong body. In its essence this is not the work of a religious teacher, but rather that of a general and statesman. Guru Govind had the qualities of the latter. He was a leader qualified by his matchless perseverance to organise a band of men for repressing foes. He it was who turned a sect into large army, and left the seat of the preaching Guru vacant.

Guru Govind could not keep his gaze steadily fixed on that sense of liberation which Guru Nanak had regarded as the greatest of all things; he only stamped on the hearts of his disciples an intense longing to be liberated from earthly enemies. True, this change of teaching made Sikh Months flare up brightly on the

pages of history for a short period, true it gave them martial qualities; but here they exhausted the spiritual viaticum with which Baba Nanak had started them on a noble path, here their progress ended.)

Thereafter we have only a history of fight and conquest. In proportion as the Mughal power grew feeble and the Sikhs became successful in their struggles, their defensive wars ceased and their greed of domination increased.) So long as our enemies are strong, the instinct of selfpreservation remains intense within us and the sense of a common danger, keeps us firmly knit together. When that external pressure is removed, what force is there to keep in check the intoxication of victory? A martial spirit is developed by the struggle for self-defence, but who in the day of success can divert this spirit from the path of foreign conquest to that of building up our own selves?

There was a force which could have done it; but Guru Govind had curbed it in his blind desire to serve a temporary need of the sect. To the Sikhs he bequeathed not another Guru but the sword.) At his passing away, the great truth proclaimed by Nanak came to be confined in a book (the Granth Sihib); the succession of Gurus had hithertto flowed unchecked like a living stream carrying the precious water of spiritual truth to fertilise the hearts of mankind; that water now ceased to advance, it became impounded in one place. Then the strength of the Sikhs very rapidly becamet greedy and uncontrollable, the gods disappeared and the demons descended on the stage, spoliation and faction became rampant. In the midst of this suicidal disorder tanjit Singh appeared. For a time he unit the scattered Sikhs, but it was by force tone. He subdued all others because was the strongest man among "them.

He who unites men by force, succeeds in so doing only by weakening others. Nay, worse still, he gains his end only by overpowering and crippling the eternal root-principle of true union, namely love. It was to gain his selfish ends that Ranjit Singh firmly tied the Sikhs together by stratagem, force, and policy. He did not breathe into their hearts any such noble

sentiment as might have held them together in his absence. He merely stands as an example of resistless cunning and sleepless perserverance in self-aggrandisement.

There was no limit to his greed and no restraint on his voluptuous sensuality. His only title to praise is that he got whatever he wished for, and nothing could baffle him. Once and only once did he check his irresistible will,—no intensity of ambition could make him cross the blood-red line of the British frontier, his self-interest held him back here.

However, he achieved success. Nothing brings men into trouble so much as examples of success. Such examples overpower our good sense, and stir our greedy passions, they point the way to self-destruction.

Nanak, the founder of the Sikhs was an example of ill-success. For this he was much persecuted by his tradesman father. We all know what sort of profit Nanak made in the salt-trade. He was poor, but this unpractical penniless devotee accumulated that power which enabled Jat peasants to grow great by defying death and scorning sorrow.

But what did Rapit Singh leave to the Sikhs,—Ranjit the Maharajah, the model of worldly success,—who crushed the hereditary foes of the Sikhs, whose will no failure could daunt, whose sudden blaze lit up with crimson the evening sky in which the Mughal empire was setting and the English dominion just climbing to the ascendant? He left them—disunion, mutual distrust, lawlessness.

The Sikh leaders had learnt from the success of Ranjit Singh only the lesson that Might is Right; they did not learn sacrifice or self-surrender, they forgot the truth that Righteousness exalteth Power. In other words, the force by means of which the poor and homely Nanak had knit them together was now burnt to ashes by this powerful king; so that the Sikhs flashed through the sky of history with meteoric splendour for a moment and then sank down for ever.

Today, there is no force of progress among the Sikhs. They have crystallised into a small sect, they are not growing larger, centuries have failed to prompted

new spiritual teacher from among them; they have not added any new wealth to the world's stock of knowledge, faith or action.

No doubt today Nanak's followers can fight well. But we cannot admit that it is at all a glorious end for the inheritors of Nanak's spiritual ardour that they would only enter the army, and fight now in Kabul, now in China, now in Africa. Nanak did not consecrate his life for this end that in the wide world of humanity his disciples should pass their lives in drill in cantonments.

Nanak had called upon his disciples to free themselves from selfishness, from narrow bigotry, from spiritual lethargy,—he wished to realise their humanity in all its fulness. Guru Govind organised the Sikhs to suit a special purpose, and in order that they might not forget that purpose he deeply stamped it on their hearts by giving them a new name, new dress, new equipment, new ceremonies. Thus he called in the human energy of the Sikhs from all other sides and made it flow in a particular direction only. By this means the Sikh nation was poured into the mould of a special purpose and acquired solidity.

When the Sikhs ceased to be full, free men and became merely the instruments of a special purpose, a strong king used them for his needs, and they have been so employed to the present day as the special instruments of the strong. So in Greece Sparta contracted its humanity to serve a purpose; it could fight, but it special dwarfed itself, because ability to fight is not the final end of man. In this way men sacrifice their highest good for the sake of a temporary need, of which history records many examples; and even now this short-sighted greed makes all societies offer human sacrifice, i.e., destroy true and full manhood. The blood-thirsty demon to whom we offer such sacrifice assumes different names—such as Society, State, Religion, or some fascinating catch-word of the time,—when it plies its task of destruction.

The end of Sikh history appears very sad to me. When a river, which left the pure mou-white cloud-kissing hill-top to reach the ocean, disappears in a sandy plain, lesing its motion, losing its song, its failure is a sight. Even so, when the pure white

stream of force, which had issued from a bhakta's heart to cleanse and fertilise the earth, ends in the red mire of a military cantonment, men can find no glory, no pleasure in it.

One day this Sikh history had lost its aim at the attraction of revenge or some other petty object, and had slipped down from the plane of human perfection, but it also failed to achieve any glory even in the lower stage of national success. The empire founded by Ranjit Singh was only Ranjit Singh's empire; – the wais waged by Guru Govind were merely wars of the Sikh sect. He did not extend his aim beyond his own followers.

Herein Maratha history differs from Sikh history. Shivaji's endeavour was not confined to a petty sect, chiefly because the Hindu race and Hindu creed, which he was resolved to emancipate from Muslim rule, were much wider in extent than the Sikh race and the Sikh religion. Hence it is beyond a doubt that Shivaji's aim was to reconstruct the history of all India.

Guru Govind was almost contemporary of Shivaji. In their age the liberal policy of Akbar had been abandoned, and hence Mughal rule had roused the instinct of self-preservation in every non-Musalman creed and society of India. Indeed, in many places all over India a new religious life seems to have been awakened by pressure from within and without. This stir of life in Hinduism showed itself especially in the form of new religious upheavals under different holy men in the Deccan. It was only natural that amidst this spiritual consciousness of Hindu Society a heroic soul like Shivaji would, as the result of Aurangzib's persecution, take the vow of making his religion triumphant in India.

Again, at the same time, at the western end of India, the force of a new spirit pervading the Sikh creed had filled the hearts of the Sikhs with animation. Therefore it was that the oppression of Mughal rule could not subdue them, but made them fiercer like a flame which has been stirred. But though there was the same kind of internal force and external pressure on Guru Govind and Shivaji, its operation differed in the two cases. Guru Govind's many fights with the Mughals appear desultory, as he was chiefly haspired by revenge and self-defence. But

Shivaji's wars were the well-connected steps of a ladder; they were not mere outbursts of passion, not mere wrangles. There was a grand sequence, a linking together of the parts, in his wars; they only carried out one comprehensive design which steadily kept in view all India and a remote future. They were not a manifestation of any sectarian upheaval; they were only the preliminary steps of a vast pain.

But for all that we see that the history of the Sikh and Maratha races alike ended in the same kind, of failure at the same

epoch.

Why was it so? My answer is, -An idea which wishes to comprehend the whole country cannot achieve success if it is taken up by one great man or a few great men only. If you wish to convert a spark of fire into a flame of light, you must have a proper wick, proper materials, to catch the spark; it will not be enough to strike the flint with the iron with all your might. Shivaji's heart had not succeeded in linking itself with that of all his countrymen. Hence it was that whatever his own aim might have been, his effort could not transform itself into a whole country's endeavour; for which reason this energy of Maharashtra finally took the cruel form of plundering raids on the other races of India.

If an ideal of universal good be not enthroned in the hearts of all, if it be confined to one leader or to a few of his partisans, it ceases to be beneficent and gradually becomes a source of trouble to others. The pure ideal of Shivaji gradually corrupted into individual selfishness among the Peshwas. But this corruption would have been averted if a road had been opened for spreading the idea among the general public of the land. Then the great idea would have got its proper place and nourishment in that vast receptacle. Then the death of one champion of it would have been spontaneously followed by the rise of another, like fire leaping from an expiring log to a fresh one.

India's history has repeatedly shown that forces orginate here but are not carried on continuously. Great men come and great men pass away, but we have no natural opportunity of accepting their advent, cherishing it, fully maturing it. The cause is our mutual suparation. A loose sandy soil

may have a seed carried to it by the wind or by a bird, but the seed does not germinate or at best withers away after sending forth a few leaves, because the loose earth cannot retain moisture for nourishing plant life. So, too, in our society there are endless differences,-in religion, work, food, pleasure, social intercourse, everywhere we have diversity. Hence it comes that the flood of a new thought descends from on high, but soon disappears in the sand,—the spark of a new life touches us but soon expires in smoke; hence it is that a great idea does not become a universal idea, and our geniuses sink down after only demonstrating clearly the receptive incapacity of the general public of India.

A comparison of the causes of the rise and fall of the Sikhs and the Marathas, leads to the conclusion /that the Sikhs were one day gathered togèther at the call of a very great idea,—they had heard the good news of a truth which was not restricted to the old custom of a particular place, which was not generated by the agitation of a particular time, which comprehended all men and all time, which expanded the rights and liberated the souls of great and small alike, and the acceptance of which enabled every man to realise the fullest glory of humanity. At the call of this liberal faith of Nanak, the Sikhs grew for centuries in spite of many sufferings. This religious consciousness and the chastening influence of this suffering established unseen the bond of a noble union among the Sikhs.

Guru Govind converted this spiritual unity of the Sikhs into a means of worldly success. Keeping in view a particular temporary need, he dwarfed the unity of a religious sect into an instrument of political advancement. But he took the occasion of narrowing the community to intensify its union,—he totally rooted up the caste system which was a strong obstacle to its union.

Guru Govind could at a word banish caste differences from Sikh society, chiefly because the liberalising faith of Nanak had already secretly sapped the foundations of artificial distinctions among them. At a blow from Guru Govind the already weakened caste system tumbled down to the earth. If the round had not been

thoroughly prepared before, even the most pressing necessity could not have crowned Guru Govind's attempt with success. Nay, he could not even have conceived the plan of abolishing the suicidal caste system.

But what did he actually do? While he strengthened the union of the Sikhs, he also dethroned the great spiritual force which had made his success possible. (He made the Sikhs aim at material profit, and he

stopped the succession of Gurus.)

Union is the only channel of ideas. Therefore every great idea devotes its strength to carve this channel out for itself. The greatness of the channel merely reflects the greatness of the idea it conveys. An ephemeral outburst of passion, a temporary sense of need, made Guru Govind exalt the channel but hereby he only lowered the idea.

The result was that for the time being he gained some success, but a force that was making for liberty became fettered; the Sikhs now got a contrivance for closer union among themselves, but lost their progressive power. Hence the Sikhs, who had been advancing gloriously for several centuries to be true MEN, now suddenly stopped short and became mere SOLDIERS; and here their history ended.

The ideal to which Shivaji devoted his life was not based on any narrow temporary need, and the ground had been somewhat prepared for it beforehand by the teaching of the religious reformers of the South. Therefore his enthusiasm for a time seemed to infect the whole Maratha race.

A cracked cup may be filled brimful, but it cannot retain the water. A temporary enthusiasm sweeps over the country, and we imagine that it has been united, but the cracks and holes in our body social do their work secretly; we cannot retain any noble idea long; hence every life-giving thought gives place to the tyranny of dry lifeless ceremonies in Hindu Society.

To such a large extent did Shivaji impart a powerful idea to the Maratha Hindu Society of his time that even after his death its force continued to work for a period.

But he could not make the receptacle of this idea sound, he did not even attempt the task; he only/pushed forth into the raging sea without at all heeding the wide rents in the hull of his ship: It was no inexorable necessity, no utter lack of resource, that compelled him to embark in such a ship; he aimed at preserving the rents: Shivaji wished to save from Mughal attack a Hindu Society of which ceremonial distinctions and isolation of castes are the very breath of life. This heterogeneous society he wanted to make triumphant over all India,—he wove ropes of sand, he attempted the impossible!

Shivaii did not embrace and preach any such idea as can fill up the rents in Hindu society. It is natural, no doubt, to resent the oppression and insult by outsiders on our own religion and to wish to make it triumph all over the country. But such a wish is not destined to succeed, because where a religion is being oppressed by its own members, where it contains internal restrictions which are constantly separating and degrading men, -there it is impossible for any man, it is opposed to the divine law of the universe, to establish the Swaraj of such a caste-ridden isolated internally torn religious community over a vast continent like India. No nation can become great or predominant merely from the anger and pride roused by external oppression. So long as the perception of Oneness does not find scope of work in the religious consciousness of the community, so long as a unifying force, vivified for ever by some noble idea, does not drive the society from all sides, within and without, to the goal of union, even so long can no pressure from outside, no heroism of any individual genius, make such a society firmly knit and instinct with life and sensibility.*

JADUNATH SARKAR.

* The original article was published as a preface to The Sikh Gurus and the Sikh People, a Bengali work by Babu Sarat Kumar Ray of the Shanti Niketan School, Bolpur.

"BIDAY"

(FAREWELL.)

Mother darling! let me go, Oh! let me go! In the dim and early dawn,
When you stretch your empty arms
And cry 'O Baby mine',
I shall whisper 'Baby is not here.'
Mother darling, let me go!

I shall be as a breath of the blowing wind And pass by your breast in a sigh. You never can hold me fast in your arms: I shall be a wave of the water And none can ever know what I am. When you bathe I shall play all around you.

When at night the rain falls down in showers
You will lie in our bed alone and think of me:
The patter of rain on the leaves will be my voice.
I shall flash in lightning through your windows—
Do you think you will know my wild laughter then?

When the night is late and dark
And you are wakeful and sad
I'll be a star and softly whisper 'Sleep, mother dear!'
When at last you are sleeping worn and tired
I'll be the moonbeam that rests on your bed
And kiss your sweet closed eyes.

If your eyelids are open ever so little I shall come peeping in as a dream, And Iove you while you're asleep. Then you will wake with a start And feel for me in the bed, But I shall have vanished, where nobody knows.

In the Puja holiday time
Children will come to play in our garden
Saying 'Baby is not in this home.'
Even then in the sound of the flute
I shall pass through the sunlit sky
And follow you in all your work in the house.

When aunty comes and questions you
—With holiday presents in her hands—
'Sister, where has your baby gone?'
Say to her, 'Baby is everywhere,
He is in the pupils of my eyes,
He is on my breast and rests in my lap.'

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Few 'Swadeshists' care how much the workers may be exploited or degraded, so long as it is only done in India and the profits are retained by an Indian. Indians, and their English friends for them, do not claim political freedom, for India as a nation, on the solid ground of their fundamentally different temperament and inherited culture: but, forsooth, on the ground that they are now sufficiently anglicised and educated to manage their own affairs—in the English way.

Just so women and their male supporters do not claim political rights because they are different from men and wish to turn the world upside down. They want a share in the inestimable privilege of maintaining the status quo. They spend breath and paper and ink and statistics to prove that their brains are just like men's—that is to say, that nothing particular will come of it if any power is given to them. Two heads, however, are only better than one if the contents of the heads are not exactly alike. No woman whose mind is like a man's is of so much value as a real man just as no Indian whose mind is like an Englishman's is of so much value as a real Englishman.

A remarkable book, 'The Psychology of Sex', was written some years ago by a young German named Weininger. This misogynistic work as a rule infuriates women, and not without reason. It declares that, as women, they have no souls: but they have souls only insofar as they rise above sex, insofar, that is, as their mentality is essentially masculine. This also is the

standpoint of religious asceticism, and we find Buddhist nuns two thousand years ago rejoicing in their escape from their feminine, and realisation of their human nature, in language almost identical with (though more exalted than) that of the neutral, motherhood-dreading, sex that is beginning to be conspicuous today. I do not say that this religious standpoint is not philosophically sound, that is to say, ultimately true: but it is true, or valid, at any given time only for a very few (those who are 'ripe' for emancipation - moksha) and applied to the majority has merely a deadening and For the distinction decolourising effect. between Purusha and Sakti must remain for each individual a distinction, until determination (ahamkara, the illusion of individual existence) for that individual Moreover, there is salvation devotion as well as by wisdom. while it cannot be denied that suffragettes who base their claim to status entirely on the ground of humanity and not of sex are misogynists in exactly the same sense as Weininger, or the Buddhist nuns. Similarly the Indian who ignores his own culture and by desperate imitation shows a real belief in the superiority of Western civilisation, is not a nationalist, however much he may wish for political and economic freedom. It is this profound selfdistrust which is the most essential weakness in the English woman's movement, as well as in the Indian nationalist movement. Neither women nor Indians really want to be themselves.

FRUITLESS CRY*

Fruitless our cry
Fruitless the rebel longing of our souls!

The day is dying!

Darkness holds th'earth and light the sky,

While noiseless creeps behind With downcast eyes Weary eve with her mourning sigh. I hold thy hands in mine
My hungry eyes
Look deep into thine
And seek for thee!
Thee! The real thee!
Thy self! Thy essence! The sweetness
veiled

Behind that mortal frame!

Translated from the Bengali of Babu Rabindranath Tagore.

tal thee!

In the dark depth of thy eyes, Quiver the soul's mysterious beams, As th'infinite mystery of heavenly light Through star-set darkness tremulous gleams.

Thus, ever I gaze.

A quenchless thirst, like the sandy flood Of fierce simoon,

Drowns my soul and being,

In thy eyes.

Behind thy smile,
In thy melodious speech,
Or in the calm peace that radiates from
thee,
Where shall I find the true, th'immor-

I seek and weep.

In vain! In vain!
In vain the cry,
The mad presumptuous hope!
Not for thee this fullest rapture,
Holy and hidden.
Be thine the spoken word,
The fleeting smile,
And love shadowed in a passing glance;
Let this suffice.

What hast thou?
Hast infinite Love?
Canst meet Life's infinite want?
That seekest the whole human being In perfect completion!
Alone and helpless thou!
Canst thread thy path

Amid the throng of worlds,
Through ignorance and error,
The chequered maze of light and shade,
Or the labyrinth of daily change?
And lead thy chosen partner,
Thy eternal companion,
Thro' all eternity?
Thou fearful, tired, and weak,
Bent with the weight of thy own soul,
Darest thou seek
The burden of another charge?

Not food for thy hunger Is the human soul; Nor aught that with greedy clutch Thou may'st grasp and hold! Wouldst thou with keen desire Pluck the Lily in its bloom, That with tender care From the subtlest essence Of Beauty, Time, and Space God fashioned for his own shrine, And universal joy. Be thou content, That for thee Is its sweetest perfume; That thou may'st love, And thy soul bathe itself pure In that loveliness sublime; Nor stretch thy impious covetous hand. The breath of calm and gentle peace Hath stilled all sound in th'evening air. Cool with tears thy hot desire. Away! This cry of hunger cease.

L. PALIT.

THE CENSUS IN ANCIENT INDIA

By Norendra Nath Law, M.A.

T is interesting to know that there was some form of census current in India over two thousand years ago in the age of Chandragupta. Megasthenes hints at this in the following extract we make from his account:—

"The third body of superintendents consists of those who inquire when and how births and deaths occur with the view not only of levying a tax but also

in order that births and deaths among both high and low may not escape the cognizance of government."*

The testimony of Megasthenes is amply confirmed by the details of census and similar operations preserved in the famous Arthasastra of Kautilya. The necessity to Government of an intimate knowledge of

* Megasthenes Bk. III, Fragm. XXXII.

or womanhood, submits to the fashions and follies of the times, and allows the brute or the animal in him or her, to control and rule the true spirit within. Indeed there are far greater opportunities for real freedom and the development of true manhood and womanhood, in the simple life of Asia, than there are in all our modern western civilisation. And signs of a healthy reaction are already visible on all sides. The cry for the simple life has already been raised. As I write, a simple life conference and exhibition are in session at Westminster. The attempt is good; but we shall require a thorough overhauling of all our civilised institutions before the old ideal of plain living and high thinking can get any chance of realisation among us. But at this juncture, when our boasted civilisation has got the search light of a new criticism suddenly turned upon it, Asiatic, and more particularly Indian, experience is likely to be of infinite value to modern humanity. It may be the salvation of Europe, and thereby the salvation of Asia too. For Asia is still under the spell of Europe. But the East in her present position will not be able to lead Europe into the new light. She must at find herself: recover her own consciousness and strength; bring herself out of the dead past, into the living, moving present. For it is then, and only then, that she will be able to lead the new renaissance for which the dried up heart and soul of Europe is waiting. It will be a bad day for Asia, and bad for the world also, if the revived consciousness of her peoples were to be overcome by the casualities of the modern life and if the Asiatic peoples rise out of their age-long slumber simply to make Asia a second Europe-individualistic and capitalistic, materialistic and unspiritual.

London, March 24th, 1911.

THE IMPACT OF EUROPE ON INDIA

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore).

Ī.

TE Indians are an old people—very ancient and very much worn out. I often feel in myself the immense antiquity of our race. Whenever I look carefully within, I find there only pensiveness, repose, and world-weariness,—as if there were a long holiday within me and without,—as if we had finished our office-work, in the morning of the world's history, so that now in this hot noon when all other nations are busy at their tasks, we are resting peacefully within closed doors. We have earned our wages to the full, retired from active life, and are now living on pension. What a tranquil life is ours!

But now all of a sudden we find our circumstances changed. The rent-free land we had got long long ago has been escheated to the State under the new regime, as we have failed to show a valid title-dead. We

have suddenly turned poor! We too must now toil and pay rent like the peasants of the world. This ancient race has been suddenly called upon to put forth new efforts.

Therefore, we must quit meditation, quit repose, quit the cosy nook of the home. It will no longer do for us to remain absorbed in Sanskrit Grammar and Logic, Hindu Theology and Law, or daily rites and domestic duties. We must break clods of earth, fertilise the soil, and pay the due revenue to the king of Modern Humanity; we must study in colleges, dine at hotels, and work in offices.

Alas! who has demolished the city wall of India and dragged us out into this vast and unsheltered field of work? We had thrown up intellectual embankments round ourselves, dammed up the stream of Time, and were reposing quietly with all things arranged to our liking. Restless Change roared incessantly outside India like the encircling sea, but we sat rooted amidst unshaken tranquility and forgot the exis-

tence of the moving changing universe outside. Just then through some loophole the ever-restless human stream poured into our country and tore up our social order, it mingled the new with our old, doubt with our belief, discontent with our prevailing content, and thereby threw all into confusion.

If the mountain and sea barriers round us had been more thoroughly impassable. a race of men could have found the means of attaining to a contracted development in peaceful stillness amidst their obscure and barrier walls. isolating They would have learnt little of what was happening in the world, their knowledge of Geography would have been very imperfect. Only their poetry, their social system, their theology, their philosophy would have gained matchless beauty, charm, and maturity. They would have seemed to be living in some smaller orb outside our earth; their history, arts. science, wealth and happiness would have been confined to themselves,even as in time layers of earth cut off a part of the sea, and turn it into a lonely, peaceful and lovely lake which flushes with the varied colours of the dawn and the sunset without even being thrown into a ripple, and in the darkness of the night, under the winkless stars, broods in motionless abstraction over the eternal mystery.

True, we can learn a very strong lesson and win a hardy civilisation, by being tossed about in the swift current of Time, at the centre of tumultuous Change, in the battlefield of Nature's countless Forces. But can we say that no gem is to be acquired by diving within solitude, silence and profoundess?

No other race in this raging ocean of a world got the chance of that stillness. Methinks India alone in a far off age by good tuck attained to that perfect isolation, and dived into the Unfathomable. The human soul is limitless like the material universe. It is sheer scepticism to say that those who had explored that undiscovered inner world did not gain any new truth or new bliss.

India was then like a secluded mysterious laboratory closed from within,—a wonderful moral civilisation has been secretly tested within her. As the alchemists of mediæval Europe buried themselves in their secret studies to search for the clixir vitae

with the help of many strange instruments,—so did our sages in secrecy and caution search for the means of eternal spiritual life. They asked themselves, 'What shall we do with things that cannot give us immortality?' (Upanishads) And so they sought within themselves for that elixir of immortality by the most difficult processes.

Who can say what such a quest would have gained [if it had not been interrupted]? Who can say what secret new power would have been discovered for man from their ascetic devotion, just as alchemy has gained chemistry for us?

But suddenly the doors have been forced; men of violence have entered that holy laboratory of India, and the result of that spiritual experiment has been lost to the public for ever. Who knows if we shall ever again have the same full opportunity of making this experiment, amidst the tumult of modern civilisation.?

What did the men of the outer world see on entering this laboratory of ours? An ageworn hermit, without raiment, without ornament, ignorant of the world's history—who tried to speak of a subject which even now lacks an adequately expressive language, ocular proof, and tangible result.

Therefore, rise thou, pensive unworldly old man! Get up, and engage in political agitation, or lie in the bed of slothfulness, proclaim the valour of your long past youth, brandish your skeleton frame, and see if this conduct can hide your shame.

But such a course repels me. I cannot venture to steer into this vast world ocean with only a sail of newspaper sheets. When the wind is gentle and favourable, this sail will swell with pride; but suddenly a tempest may blow from the sea and tear into shreds our helpless pride.

If it had been so ordained that there was a safe harbour named Progress somewhere hard by, and we had only to reach it any how in order to have all cakes and no work,—then no doubt I might have tried to cleverly cross to it after carefully watching the sky for an easy voyage. But I know that there is no terminus in the road of progress, there is no harbour where we can anchor our boat and enjoy a sleep,—ever the unsetting Polestar over hand and the shoreless sea in front,—the wind most often

adverse, and the sea always rough. Who in such a case would wish to spend his time merely in making toy-boats of foolscap

paper?

Yet I long to launch a boat of my own, when I see the stream of humanity moving on, all around me the mingled din of many sounds, impetuous forces, swift advance, ceaseless labour;—then my heart too is roused. I too wish to cut off my old ties with home and set out in the wide wide world. But ah! the next moment I look at my empty hands, and ask myself, where have I the fare for the voyage? Where have I the boundless hope of heart, the tireless strength of vitality, the unconquerable vigour of confidence [of Europe]? Then it is better for me to live thus in obscurity in a corner of the world, it is enough if I can have this low content and lifeless repose.

Then in idle quiet I console myself by arguing, "We cannot manufacture machines, we cannot unravel the secrets of the universe, but we can love, we can forgive, we can let live. What's the good of roving restlessly in pursuit of ambition? What's the harm if we remain in an obscure corner, what's the harm if our names do not figure in the world's herald, The Times news-

paper?"

But there is among us sorrow, there is poverty, oppression by the strong, insult of the helpless;—how would you remedy these by retiring to obscurity and practising the domestic virtues and charity to others?

Ah, that is the bitter TRAGEDY OF INDIA! Against what shall we fight? Against the eternal cruelty of the untained human nature;—against that stone whose sterile hardness has not yet been softened by the pure blood of Christ! How shall we overcome the primitive animal instinct which makes Strength ever cruel to Weakness? By holding meetings? By submitting petitions? Receiving in reply a boon to-day and a reprimand to-morrow? No, never.

If not, we are to match the strong in strength, are we? That is possible no doubt. But when I reflect how very strong Europe is and in how many ways, when I fully realise within and without this impetuous strength of Europe, what hope of success is left in me? Then [my heart sinks and] I feel disposed to cry out, "Come, brothers, let us have and do good

only. Let our little work in the world be genuine work and not sham. It is the chief danger of Incapacity that as it fails to achieve great works, it prefers great makebeliefs. It knows not that in attaining to humanity a small truth is more valuable than a big unreality."

But I have not come here to read a lecture to you. I have been only trying to examine for myself our real condition. For this purpose we should neither depict an imaginary age by quoting favourable texts from our ancient Vedas, Puranas, and Samhitas,nor should we erect a huge fort of ambition on the slender basis of our new modern education, by merging ourselves fancifully in the character and history of another race; we must see where we really stand now. From our present position we behold the mirages of the Past coming from the East and of the Future from the West. Without looking upon either of these two as reliable truths, let us examine the solid earth on which we stand.

We live in a decayed old town,—a town so old that its history is wellnigh lost, its monuments carved by the human hand are buried under moss. Hence we are apt to mistake this city for a thing outside human history, as an ancient capital of eternal Nature. Nature has effaced the marks of human history from India and spread her own green characters all over our land in diverse forms. A thousand years' rain has left its streak of tears here; a thousand years' spring has recorded in verdure the date of its visit on every chink of its foundation. From one point of view it is a city, from another a forest. Here dwell only shade and repose, thought and sorrow. Amidst its forest resonant with the hum of the beetle, amidst its fantastic Banyan branches dropping long slender roots to the ground, and its mysterious old palace ruins, we are apt to mistake countless shades for bodied beings, and bodied beings for mere visions! Amidst this primeval all-embracing shade, Truth and Fancy live peacefully together like brother and sister, i.e., the real handiwork of Nature and the subjective creation of the human Mind have thoroughly intertwined and built shady arbours of various shapes. Here boys and girls play the livelong day without knowing that it is play only. Here old people dream daydreams and believe it to be work! When the noontide rays of the sun from the outer world enter in at the crevices of our roof, we mistake them for bits of gem! The fierce storms of the outer world are so effectually barred out by our hundreds of closely interwoven branches that we hear them only as gentle sighings of the wind! Here Life and Death, Joy and Sorrow, Hope and Despair, have removed their dividing lines; here Fatalism and Activity, Indifference and Worldliness have marched arm in The useful and the unnecessary, the Supreme Deity and clay idols, the uprooted withered Past and the newly budding living Present, have been equally valued. Our true scripture lies where it has fallen down, and in our indolent piety we have not tried to remove the thousand ceremonies which have covered our scripture as with an ant-We venerate equally as our sacred lore the letters of the book and the holes, made by the book-worms in its pages! In our ruined temples, split by the roots of the Banyan tree, gods and goblins have taken shelter together.

Europe! is such a country a suitable place for pitching your cantonments for the Armageddon? Are our ruined foundations suitable for erecting your factories, and the workshops of your fire-spitting thousand-armed iron demons? The force of your restless energy can raze to the ground our old brick heaps; but where then will this very ancient bed-ridden race of men find shelter? If you destroy this motionless dense and vast forest of a city, its presiding old Dryad will be turned homeless after losing her intensely secluded abode of a thousand dead years!

Our subtlest thinkers declare it our greatest glory that for long ages we have not built any house with our own hands, we have not practised that art! This boast of theirs is very true, true beyond the possibility of contradiction. We had indeed never had occasion to quit the ancestral home of the very ancient primeval man. We have never, when troubled by any inconvenience, presumed to build a new house or repair our old one with our own hands! No, not even our enemies can accuse us of having displayed such activity or care for the material world.

In this dense forest deserted by its wood-

goddess, in this dilapidated city leftl onely of its tutelary deity, we clothe ourselves in loose thin robes, step about languidly, take a nap after our midday meal, play at cards or chess in the shade, very readily believe whatever is impossible and outside the range of the practical world, and can never fully conquer our scepticism about every thing that is practical or visible! And if any young man among us displays a featherweight of unrest against this social order, we all gravely shake our heads and cry out together, "This is running to an extreme!"

So lived we, when Europe suddenly arrived, we know not whence, vigorously nudged our worn ribs once or twice and shouted, "Get up! We want to set up an office in this your bedroom. Don't imagine that the world was sleeping because you were sleeping. The world has greatly changed in the meantime. There goes the bell; it is the world's noonday, it is work time."

At this, some of us have started up and are fussing about the corners of the room in search of the work for themselves. But the fat and puffed up among us only turn in their beds and reply, "Hullo! who talks of work? Do you mean to say that we are not men of action? What a sad delusion! India has been the only field of action in the world's history......If you will not believe us, dig up with your antiquarian spade the layers of oblivion accumulated by ages over India, and you will see the marks of our hand on the foundations of human civilisation. In the meantime, we shall take another nap.".....

But those of us who dream day-dreams, who waver between thought and action, who realise the rottenness of the old order and yet feel the imperfections of the new, —they repeatedly shake their heads and address Europe thus:

"O New Men of the West, the new work you have begun has not yet reached completion, the truth or falsity of the whole of it has not been yet ascertained, you have not yet solved any of the eternal problems of human destiny.

"You have known much, you have acquired much, but have you gained happiness? We sit down inertly regarding the material universe as a mere illusion, while you hold to it as an eternal verity and toil and moil for it; but are you therefore happier than

we? You are daily discovering new wants, which deepen the poverty of the poor; you are dragging your population away from the healthy refuge of the home to the whirl of incessant work; you have crowned Toil as the supreme lord of life, and seated Intoxication in the chair of Repose. But can you clearly foresee where your vaunted

Progress is leading you?

"We know full well where we have arrived. We live at home, feeling few wants and deep affection, being mutually linked together, and performing our small daily social duties. What little of happiness and wealth we gained, we have distributed among our rich and poor, stranger and kinsmen, guests, servants and beggars. Our whole society is passing its days in as much happiness as is possible [under the circumstances]; none wishes to exclude others, and none is compelled by the struggle for existence [in such a "low standard" society] to exclude others.

"India never asked for pleasure. India asked for contentment, and that contentment she got and established in every department in all possible ways. So now

she has no work to do. She would rather sit down in her parlour and gaze on your mad life struggle and so feel a secret doubt about the final triumph of your civilisation. She may well doubt whether, when the day will at last arrive for you to stop your work, you will be able to retire to quiet as gently and easily as we have done. Will you be able to attain to a delicate and hearty maturity like ours? Will you succeed in gaining a sweet completion, such as comes when effort gradually loses itself in the thing aimed at, or when the hot day, clothing itself in the fulness of its beauty, dips in the darkness of sunset? Or, will your civilisation rather end in a violent and terrible catastrophe, as when a machine is suddenly thrown out of work, a boiler bursts after accumulating excessive steam and heat, or two railway trains running towards each other on the same track crash together in a sudden collision?

"Be that as it may, you have now set out to discover the unknown shore of an unexplored ocean. Go your own way, while we stay in our old home. That is best."

JADUNATH SARKAR.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA AND THE DUTY OF THE STATE

T is significant that though the plague has been in India for a far longer period and has killed a much larger number of men than in Manchuria, yet the British people seem to be more interested in investigating and putting an end to the epidemic in the latter country than in their own Indian possessions. Does it go against their grain to admit that there can be something wrong in their administration of India which may be a cause of the plague? Has their self-love produced an ingrained belief that whereas in other lands epidemics may be due to human causes over which man has control, in British India they must be due either to purely natural causes or to the perversity of Indian human nature? Or does it give them greater pleasure to find fault with others than with their own kinsmen in India? Anyhow, Professor Simpson,

the famous authority on plague, has been led to write that the rise of plague in India after a period of healing probably portends renewed activity, and to ask what is going to be done to prevent it. While 20,000 Chinese died of plague in three months, 20,000 Indians are dying weekly, says Professor Simpson, and he urges that British money be employed for the relief of India and not of China.*

• Dr. Simpson's figures for India are an underestimate, as will appear from the following telegram from the morning papers:—

PLAGUE MORTALITY.
LAST WREK'S FIGURES.
(Associated Press of India.)

The plague mortality during the last week totalled 37,348 against 42,363 cases. The provincial figures are:—Bombay Presidency 1,650 maths. Madras 48, Bengal 3,283, United Provinces \$1,275, Punjab 8,990

speculation regarding morals and religion, this view also presents only a half truth. In India, among the Hindus, the physiological reference of psychology and the psychological basis of ethics were fully recognised, but still both psychology and ethics were brought under the highest generalisations of philosophy, both were discussed in relation to what may be called, the Philosophy of the Absolute. Mr. Frank Harris has no appreciation of this philosophy, and naturally enough, therefore, his Thoughts on Morals do not soar above the physical and the psychological plane. The end of morals, to him, is to secure physical health and happiness for the individual, and virility for the race. Though he does not plainly say so, yet to those who can read between the lines, it would seem clear that his ethics is really a department of what they call Eugenics here,—the science of healthy breeding. And in view of it, one readily understands why Mr. Harris considers the following ethical rules of the Japanese as far superior to either Hebrew or Christian There can be no doubt, he assures us, that the majority of these Japanese rules are nearer scientific exactitude than the rules of Moses or than the ordinary practice of modern English life. following are these,--

JAPANESE COMMANDMENTS.

- Spend as much time as possible in the open air.
- Never eat meat more than once a day.
- (3)Take a very hot bath daily.
- Wear rough warm clothes.
- Early to bed and early to rise.
- Sleep at least six hours each night and at most, seven and a half hours in a dark room with open windows.
- (7) Rest on the seventh day, and during that day, do not read or write.
- (8)Avoid every expression of anger; never exercise
- the brain too much or too long. Marry early widows and widowers should
- remarry as soon as possible.
- Drink coffee and tea in strictest moderation

- do not smoke at all never touch alcohol in any form.
- (11) Avoid hot rooms, and indeed all rooms heated artificially.
- (12) In order to strengthen such organs as may be weakened by age or use, nourish yourself on the corresponding organs of animals.

THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL MORALITY.

There is, however, a refreshing breeziness in Mr. Harris's criticism of the present-day methods and ideals of both physical and mental culture of the English Schools. The youths should be guarded against over-exertion or strain. English boys are often over-developed to such an extent that as soon as youth is passed, the mere sustenance of the large muscles involves an undue strain on the organism. It is a truism that great athletes usually die young. Similarly, in mental training—young boys are crammed with books like chickens tube-fed, bevond power of assimilation. The majority of them are content to parrot the thoughts of other men from youth to senility.

"In no English school is one encouraged to think for oneself, and an original opinion, or even an opinion that is not an opinion of the governing caste, is taboo. This vulgar love of uniformity is so cherished in England that one recognises a public school-boy by his mind as easily as by his dress."

And the writer's thoughts on morals lead him to formulate two fundamental commandments as follows: -

The first commandment is .- be yourself: never conform: be proud of yourself and wilful, for there is no one in the world like you, nor ever has been, and your unlikeness to all others is the reason of your existence, and its solitary justification. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

The second commandment is a corollary of the first: find out wherein you excel naturally, and with the most case, and make that quality your breadwinner. If you have a good head, you will soon turn that craft into an art, and if you happen to have one of the best heads, whatever you do you will do with mastery, and find in it the likeness to everything in this world that is well done. You, too, will be one of the Creators.

N. H. D.

THE IMPACT OF EUROPE ON INDIA

(From the Bengali of Ravindra Nath TAGORE).

П.

BUT men will not let us alone. we want to repose, the rest of the world is still untired. While the householder is sunk in sleep, the houseless infest the streets in many guises.

Remember also that in this world as soon as you come to a standatill, your decay begins, because then you alone shall be at a stay, while the rest of the world will be moving on. If you cannot keep pace with the stream of the world's advance, the full onset of the current will dash against you, either overwhelming you at once or slowly sapping your foundations till at last you topple down and are swallowed up by the stream of Time. Advance ceaselessly and live, or take rest and perish: such is the law of Nature.

In sighing over our lot, we proceed on the belief that we had contrived to be an exception to the above general law for a long time,—even as our yogis had discovered the secret of living for ages in a death-like trance by suspending their own animation and thereby escaping the universal law of decay and death. In that trance their growth was arrested, no doubt, but so also was their decay. In general to arrest the movement of life brings on death, but in their case such a deliberate retaidation made them deathless.

The analogy applies to our race. What kills off other races served as a secret for prolonging the life of our race. Other races decline and perish when their ambition loses its ardour, when their energy tires and slackens. But we had taken infinite pains to curb our ambitions and paralyse our energy, in order to prolong our life in the same peaceful even course. And it seems to me that we had gained some success in this direction.

They say that some years back a very old yogi absorbed in trance was discovered in a neighbouring forest and brought to Calcutta. Here by all sorts of violent means he was brought back to consciousness,—and immediately afterwards gave up the ghost. So, our national trance, too, has been broken by the violent impact of men from outside. We no longer differ from other nations except in this that, having been for ages indifferent to external things, we are quite unaccustomed to the struggle for existence. From a world of religious trance we have been all of a sudden transported to a world of bustle and hubbub.

What then should we do? Let us for the present follow the natural laws and prevailing practices in order to preserve ourselves. Let us cut off our long matted locks and overgrown finger-nails, take the normal bath and dinner, dress like the moderns,

and begin to exercise our [stiffened] limbs a little.

Our present condition is this: we have no doubt clipped our long hair and nails, we have entered the modern world and begun to mix with human society, but our ideas are unchanged. We sit on our doorsteps, cast idle indifferent looks at the busy world, and spend our days in merely "taking the air." We forget that conduct which was admirable in a yogi seated in a trance, is a piece of hideous barbarism in a member of society. A body without life is a thing defiled; so is ceremonialism without the proper spirit. Our society affords many examples of the latter in this transition period..... We ape the dress and language of the rishis of old, while living in the modern world, and observe ancient forms with which our entire life is at variance.

Take the Brahmans, as an example. In primeval society they formed a special class, with a special task. In order to qualify themselves for that task, they drew around themselves a boundary line of certain ceremonies and institutions, and very heedfully kept their hearts from straying beyond. Every function has its due boundaries, which in the case of all other functions become mere hindrances. You cannot set up an attorney's office in a bakery, nor transport a bakery to an attorney's chambers, without causing confusion, friction and waste.

In the present age the Brahmans have no longer that special function. They are no longer engaged solely in study, teaching, and religious culture. Most of them are professional men of the world, not one is an ascetic. They no longer differ functionally from the non-Brahman castes, and in such an altered state of things there is neither gain nor propriety in keeping them confined within the strict limits of the ancient Brahman mode of life.

We ought to realise clearly that, in the modern society to which we have been suddenly removed, it will not do for us to stickle about minute ceremonies and purifications, to draw up the hem of our dress scrupulously from the ground, sniff the air in scorn, and walk through the world with extreme caution,—if we at all wish to save our life and honour. If we wish to maintain ourselves in this age, we must have broad

liberality of the heart, a well-balanced and sound healthy condition, strength of mind and limb, wide range of knowledge, and

sleepless readiness.

I call it spiritual foppishness to scrupulously avoid contact with the common world and to keep our overweening selves washed and brushed clean and covered with a lid. while despising the rest of mankind as impure! Such extreme delicacy gradually makes our manhood useless and barren.

It is only inanimate things that one keeps covered up in a glass case. If you put a living being there, you will keep its health out while keeping dust out. It will acquire very little dirt—and very little life too!

Our theologians say that the wonderful purity that we have acquired is the result of long endeavour and a thing to be carefully preserved, and that for its sake we try by every means to avoid contact with the non-Hindu Mlechchhas. Now, two things have to be said in answer to this: First, it is not true that all of us cultivate purity with special care, and yet, by despising the vast majority of the human race as impure, we create a needless barrier of unjust opinion and false pride between them and us. Many of our conservatives deny that the cancer of unnatural racehatred has entered our hearts under cover of this sense of superior purity. But our conduct shows whether we hate all other creeds or not. Has any race a moral right to hate all the members of every other race indiscriminately?

Then, again, external impurity can defile inanimate; objects only....One who is strong in the consciousness of internal purity can afford to make light of the dirt outside.... The fop who overvalues his delicate complexion, carefully avoids the dust and mud, rain, sunshine and wind of the natural world, and coddles his body, does no doubt dwell in safety, but he forgets that charming complexion is only an external ingredient of beauty, while health is its chief indwelling spirit. A lifeless thing has no need of health; you can safely keep it covered up to avoid dust. But if our soul be living and not dead, we must bring it out into the common world to let it gain strength and health, in scorn of the risk of its being soiled a little there....

With us Hindus, religion exercises its sway

over food and drink, sleep and repose, movement and recreation. We boast of it that in no other country does religion regulate every action of man's life and every rank of human society. But I regard this fact as our misfortune, because it can have only two possible consequences: we either place immutable Religion upon a basis of restless change, or we make changeable Society lifeless by confining it within the unchanging rules of Religion. Hence, either Religion is constantly tossed about, or Society loses the power of growth and decay and stays in a condition of stony motionlessness.

We allow no liberty to the human reason in deciding how we should eat and sleep, whom we should touch and whom shun. We employ all our intellect to interpret the verses of our scriptures with minute literalness. We deem it needless to seek out the laws of God's great work, Nature, and to regulate our lives according to them. And the result is that our Society has become a lifeless clock-work, in which the Shastras wind the key and human automata move about with the utmost precision !...

We must bring our whole humanity into connection with mankind. We cannot last much longer on earth if we confine our human nature within lifeless rigid Brahmanism which only pampers our ignorance and blind conceit, and makes our humanity bloated and useless like the fat and lazy spoiled children of aristocratic families.

But it cannot be denied that narrowness and langour are to a great extent causes of safety. A society in which there is full development of the human nature and the free current of life, has no doubt to pass through much trouble. Where there is exuberance of life, there must be much freedom and much diversity. There good and evil are alike vigorous....The old nurses of our Society think that if they allow their charges to grow up in full health, then these healthy children will at times cry, at times race through the house, at times try to break out of doors, and thus give them infinite worry. So, these nurses wish to stupefy their babies with opium pills in order to get time to do their household work in peace!

Take a familiar case. If a daughter is allowed to grow up to youth without being married, the father runs some risks. If the

minds of women are expanded by means of education, it will produce some incidental anxieties. Therefore, (our conservatives argue), it is better to give away little girls in marriage, and keep our women in ignorance, in order to escape much vigilance, self-control, and worry [on the part of the parents]. They further argue that there is no need for educating women, as they had hitherto done their domestic duties very well, without any education whatever. Their functions are to act as our cooks and mothers, and for these the full development of the mind is quite unnecessary!

But it is not enough if our works are done somehow or other. Man must do the world's work and be something besides. Nay, more, the higher our faculties are developed beyond the bare requisite for our worldly work, the fuller is our humanity. A cultivator who knows only how to cultivate, is (despised as a rustic and) never treated as a man fully our equal, inspite of the benefit he does to society by his art.

Similarly, it is not enough for women to be able to render certain special tasks to man. They are not merely housewives and mothers, they are HUMAN BEINGS, and knowledge is as necessary for their improvement (as for the progress of males). Nay more, if a park has been thrown open to the public, promenading there will certainly improve their health, cheerfulness, and charm. There is no reason why it should be necessary to exclude them from all the beauty, health, arts and sciences of this world, simply because they are to be our wives and mothers

Those men who, without having ever known educated women, fancifully ascribe to them heartlessness and other equally baseless defects,—thereby only show their ignorance and inherent barbarism. Those men who have the least experience of. educated ladies have only verified the selfevident truth that women are by nature women, and that education cannot magically transform them into men. These men have seen how educated ladies nurse their dear ones in illness with all their hearts' devotion, pour the healing balm of consolation into grief-stricken souls with all their natural feminine sagacity, and shower their innate compassion on the helpless and the

afflicted, without the least diminution by reason of their education.

I have already said that marrying girls in youth and giving education to women, adds to our trouble and anxiety. But as Society advances its responsibilities must naturally increase and its duties grow more complex. If we now say that these higher responsibilities and duties are too much for our strength and energy,—that we do not want progress if it is to be accompanied by worry,—that we shall manage to live as we have done hitherto, then I say, "Better admit this weakness, on your part as weakness, than try sophistically to prove that this lifelessness is saintly purity and this incompetence is the highest merit, for, if you do the latter, you will close for ever the path of your social regeneration."...

When we were a nation amidst the comity of nations, we had war, commerce and arts, foreign travel, interchange of various arts with foreigners, the power of conquest, and varied resources. But to-day, after an interval of many centuries and many changes, standing on the extreme margin of time, we picture that ancient Indian civilisation as an other-worldly thing, as a far-off holy and unreal sepulchral world formed by the smoke of homa sacrifice. We fancy that our modern cool shady lazy drowsy and and still hamlet, (called Hindu Society,) is akin to that far-off world and age. But such a belief is utterly false.

It is a fond delusion to imagine that our ancient civilisation was exclusively spiritual and that our ancestors of the primitive age famished themselves by austerities and in lonely retirement spent their days only in refining the soul, regardless of the material world. Our ancient civilisation was really complete in all its parts, and not a spiritual shade devoid of a material body.

Why, the Mahabharat, to take only one instance, shows how strong was the stream of life in the civilisation of that age. We see in that epic many changes, many social revolutions, many conflicts of opposing forces. The society of that age was not a delicate, neat and well-proportioned machine constructed by a very cunning artist. In that society the human character was constantly agitated and kept awake by the play of greed, jealousy, fear, hate, and undied pride on the one hand, and of neek

ness, heroism, self-abnegation, broad-minded nobility, and matchless saintliness on the other.

It is not true that in that society every man was a saint, every woman a chaste person, and every Brahman a hermit. In that society Bishwamitra ranked as a Kshatriya, Drona, Kripa and Parashuram as Brahmans, Kunti as a chaste woman, the ever-forgiving Yudhishthira as a Kshatriya man and the blood-thirsty fiery Draupadi as a woman! The society of that age had good elements and evil, light and darkness. -all the characteristics of life; a human society was not like a clearly outlined, chequered, regulated and symmetrical piece of mosaic. Our ancient civilisation towered erect in its robust manly bulk amidst this society whose forces were ever kept awake by the conflict of the various storm-tossed human passions.

Today we fondly picture that ancient civilisation as a very tame harmless unchanging peaceful and lifeless thing. And we brag that we are of that civilised race, we are those spiritual Aryans, and therefore—we must perform religious austerities and engage in factious squabbles; we must condemn sea-voyage, call all other races untouchable, sneer at Mr. A. O. Hume as a Mlechchha, and boycott the Indian National Congress [as un-Hindu], and thereby act in a manner worthy of the great Hindus of old!

But suppose that we value TRUTH more [than such Hinduism;] suppose that we act up to our honest convictions; suppose that we teach truth to our boys and thus help them to stand erect with simplicity, strength and grit of character,—instead of letting

them grow into fat fools amidst a heap of lies; suppose that we cultivate a receptive liberality of spirit for welcoming joyfully and humbly knowledge and greatness from all quarters; suppose that we open out and develop ourselves on all sides by cultivating music, art, literature, history, science and various other accomplishments, by traveling in foreign parts, minutely observing the world's contents, and meditating deeply and impartially. In that case we may impair what we are pleased to call [modern] Hinduism, but we shall certainly be linked again with the living active and vigorous Hinducivilisation of yore.

To us in India to-day, our ancient civilisation is like coal in a mine. It was once a vast living forest, subject to growth and decay, to giving and taking. It then flushed into new life at the coming of springtide and the rains; it had flowers and fruits which had their natural blossoming forth. Now it has no growth, no motion. But it is none the less necessary: the heat and light of many ages lie latent in it. [Let us put them to present use].

If we have living humanity within us, then only can we put to our use ancient and modern humanity, Eastern and Western humanity.

A dead man belongs only to the place where he lies. A living man stands at the focus of the world; he can form a connecting link between contraries, establish harmony among conflicting elements, and thus lay claim to all truths as his own. Not to stoop to one side only, but to expand freely all around is his idea of true progress.

IADUNATH SARKAR.

MORAL EDUCATION FOR INDIAN YOUTH

Youth's Noble Path: (A volume of moral instructions mainly based on Eastern Tradition, Poetry, and History) by F. J. Gould: Published by Longmans, Green, & Co. Price 1-4.

A great deal is being said at present as to the need of a code of moral instruction for Indian schools. The fatal defect in all such schemes is likely to be their artificiality. Nor can we fail to notice the great emphasis brown, in the discussion, on the more passive virtues,—obedience to parents, for instance, the duties

of followers as such, and so forth. Personally we may confess to some slight amusement when we hear the West sighing over the desirability of imparting any of the virtues of family cohesion to the East. Not that the East is perfect in these things, but that it must most emphatically be admitted that she leads the way! For the virtues of obedience, of submissiveness, of patience, of tenderness, and of mutual faithfulness, the West will, we surmise, for a very long time, have to do, as she has been doing for the last

RAJA AND RANI

A SHORT STORY.

(From the Bengali of Srijut Rabindra Nath Tagore.)

By KIND PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

BEPIN Kisore was born with a golden spoon in his mouth'; hence he knew how to squander money but not to earn half as much. The natural consequence was that he could not live long in the house where he was born.

He was a delicate young man of comely appearance, an adept in music, much too unbroken in business, and unfit for life's Bepin Kisore could hardly handicap. make both ends meet and long command his wonted style of magnificent living.

Luckily, however, Raja Chittaranjan, having got back his property from the Court of Wards, was intent upon organising an Amateur Theatre Party. Captivated by the prepossesing looks of Bepin Kisore and his musical endowments, the Raja gladly "admitted" "him of his crew".

Chittaranjan was a B.A. He was not given to any excesses. Though the son of a rich man, he used to dine and sleep at appointed hours and even at appointed places. He suddenly became enamoured of Bepin like one unto drink. Often did his meals cool and nights advance to late hours in hearing Bepin and in discussing with him the merits of operatic compositions. The Dewan remarked that the only blemish in the otherwise unimpeachable character of his master was his inordinate fondness for Bepin Kisore.

Rani Basanta Kumari raved at her husband and said that he was wasting himself on a luckless baboon. The sooner she could do away with him, the more easy she would feel.

The Raja was very pleased at heart at this seeming jealously of his youthful wife. He smiled and thought that women-folk know only one man upon the earth-him, whom

they love; and never think of other men's deserts. That there may be many whose merits are a passport to regard, is not on record in the scriptures of the female world. The only good man and the only object of all her favours is he who has blabbered into her ears the matrimonial incantations. A little moment behind the usual hour of her husband's meals is a world of anxiety to her, but—such is her idiosyncracy—she never cares a brass button if her husband's dependents have a mouthful or not. This inconsiderate partiality of the softer sex might be cavilled at, but to Chittaranjan it did not seem unpleasant. Thus, he would often indulge in hyperbolic laudations of Bepin in his wife's presence just to provoke a display of her delightful fulminations.

But what was sport to the "royal" couple, was death to poor Bepin. The servants of the house, as is their wont, took their cue from the Rani's apathetic and wilful neglect of the wretched hanger on and grew more apathetic and wilful still. They contrived to forget to look after his conveniences, to Bepin's infinite chagrin and untold suffer-

Once the Rani rebuked the servant Puté and said, "You are always shirking work, what do you do all through the day?" "Pray, madam, the whole day is taken up in serving Bepin Babu under the Maharaja's orders"-stammered the poor valet.

The Rani retorted, "Your Bepin Babu is a great Nawab, Eh!!" This was enough for Puté. He took the hint. From the very next day he left Bepin Babu's orts as they were and at times forgot to cover the food for him. With unpractised hands Bepin often scoured his own dishes and not unfrequently went without meals. But it was not in him to whine and report to the Raja. It was not in him to lower himself by petty squabblings with menials. He did not mind it; he took every thing in good part. And thus while the Raja's favours grew, the

Rani's disfavours intensified and at last knew no bounds.

Now the opera of "Subhadraharan" was ready after due rehearsals. The stage was fitted up in the palace court-yard. The Raja acted the part of "Krishna" and Bepin that of "Arjuna." Oh! how sweetly he sang! how beautiful he looked! The audience applauded in transports of joy.

The play over, the Rajah came to the Rani and asked her how she liked it. The Rani replied, "Indeed, Bepin acted the part of Arjuna quite laudably! He does look like the scion of a noble family. His voice is rare!" The Raja said jocosely,—"And how do I look? Am I not fair? Have I not a sweet voice?" "O yours is a different case!" added the Rani and again fell to dilating on the histrionic capabilities of Bepin Kishore.

The tables were now turned. He who used to praise, now began to deprecate. The Rajah, who was never weary of indulging in high-sounding panegyrics of Bepin before his consort, now suddenly fell a-reflecting that after all unthinking people made too much of Bepin's actual merits. What is extraordinary about his appearance or voice! A short while before he himself was one of those unthinking men, but in a sudden and mysterious way he developed symptoms of thoughtfulness!

From the day following every good arrangement was made for Bepin's meals. The Rani told the Rajah, "It is undoubtedly wrong to lodge Bepin Babu with the petty officers of the Raj in the Cutchery; for all he now is, he was once a man of means." The Rajah ejaculated curtly "Ha" and hushed up the matter altogether. The Rani proposed that there might be another performance on the occasion of the first-rice ceremony of the "royal" weanling. The Raja heard and not heard it.

Once on being reprimanded by the Raja for not properly trimming his cloth, the servant Puté replied, "What can I do? According to the Rani's behests I have to look after Bepin Babu and wait on him the livelong day." This angered the Raja and he exclaimed highly nettled, "Pshaw!

Bepin Babu is a veritable Nawab I seet Can't he cleanse his own dishes himself!" The servant as before took his cue and Bepin lapsed back into his former wretchedness.

The Rani liked Bepin's songs—they were so sweet—there was no gainsaying it,—she stood on, her husband sitting with Bepin to the wonted discourses of sweet music of an evening, when she would listen from behind the screen in an adjoining room. Not long afterwards, the Raja recommenced his old role of dining and sleeping at the regular hours. The music came to a stand still. Bepin's evening services were no more in requisition.

Raja Chittaranjan used to look after his Zemindary affairs at noon. One day he repaired earlier to the Zenana and found his consort reading something. On his asking her what she was perusing, the Rani was a little taken aback, but promptly replied—"I am conning over a few songs from Bepin Babu's song book. We have not had any music since your musical hobby abruptly subsided." Poor woman! it was she who had herself made no end of efforts to eradicate the hobby from her husband's mind.

On the morrow the Raja dismissed Bepin—without a thought as to how and where the poor fellow would get a morsel henceforth!

Nor was this the only matter of regret to Bepin. He had been bound to the Raja by the dearest and most sincere tie of attachment. He served him more for the affection than for the pay. He was fonder of his friend than of the wages he received. Even after deep cogitations, Bepin could not ascertain the cause of the Raja's sudden estrangement. "'Tis Fate! all is fate!" Bepin said to himself—and then, silently and unmurmuringly he heaved a deep sigh, picked up his old guitar, put it up in the case, paid the last two coins in his pocket as a farewell Bakshish to Puté and walked out into the wide wide world where he had not a soul to call his own.

> Keshab Chandra Banerjee, Zemindar, Moorapara.

the Modern Review to spare the space, for a detailed consideration of the way that Mr. Weale handles this complex question. I may return to him some other time. I will here only quote the last three paragraphs of his somewhat remarkable book. Perhaps it will encourage some of my readers to get the book and read it for themselves; it will give them a much larger idea of the kind of patriotism needed today to help the solution of this great and vital world-problem than they are likely to find in any other book.

The final question which we may now ask is, what may be the ulterior prejects of British statesmanship? Do they really expect that the British Empire, like the Roman Empire, is destined to drift quietly out of existence because the shadow of former power is held as the substance; or do they aspire to something a degree more noble? In other words, is there any definite goal ahead? or is it simply the policy of the ancient Chinese which is being pursued, the policy of building great walls to ward off evils, to keep them at arm's length, rather than go but and meet and defeat them? Candour forces the confession that it is this procrastination which seems to have become the avowed foreign policy of the British Government.

Yet such a policy is wholly unnecessary. The local autonomy which the Great Dominions all possess—and which India should soon win—not only postulates the rise of local spheres of influence, but demands that every effort should be made to develop such a division of responsibilities with the utmost possible speed. It is responsibility, and the menace which

always underlies great responsibility, which is the sole connecting link between partners in national affairs as it is between partners in private affairs. Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, New Zealand,—each has a definite role to play. Where the waters impose a restraint, powerful local fleets to ride the waters become necessities—not coast guard fleets, but deepsea fleets; and where land meets land, there must forces be prepared to march. That this devolution, the first principle in world politics, has been long perceived is a commonplace; but the admission has only been made in a tentative and hesitating manner which leaves open the possibility of a return to more primitive methods and seems to be qualified with that inherent British distrust of everything that has been sanctified by centuries of custom.

The continent of America is a self-contained and isolated continent: the continent of Europe, save for Russia, is a water-locked continent. So long as England holds the key to this second continent, the problems of the outer world—the world of colour will be worked out largely regardless of what the continent of Europe may think, and largely uninfluenced by the continent of America, save where a powerful sentiment may demand intervention. Before this position is materially changed, many years must pass. Restated then, the problem of colour becomes finally an almost British problem—a problem the solution of which really contains the future solution of the question of the British Empire. Let every English democracy understand this; let them press forward the solution as their common sense may ordain. It is at last quite certain that the question of colour is the rock on which the Empire must split, or on which may be builded the greatest edifice the world has ever seen.

N. H. D.

THE DEATH OF A STAR

(From the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore).

From the depth of Heaven above, Into the dark ocean below, Plunged a star; While afar, The countless stars, speechless gazed, Amazed.—
This speck of light, but now among them, Is in one single little moment gone, To where on the floor of the deep, There sleep A thousand stars, who sorrow-urged, Troubles' end in self-destruction sought; And bought Rest—with glory for e'er extinct.

The pain of laughter made him sore,
Nothing more.
With heavy heart, in that land of mirth,
Smiling, he wandered from eve to dawn,
—Alone.
Thus laughter's flame with burning might
Flercely bright
Consumed the star in a blaze of light.
Compelled to sing a song,
Not his own;
Forced to speak in a tongue
Te him unknown;

With an aching pain and void at heart He leaves the glittering shore, and braves The dark solitude beneath the waves. And you other stars, all the while, Why ask you with your mocking smile, 'What is it to us? will his loss Make our lustre less bright than it was?' Not gaily to shine did he yearn; But himself in silence obscure To immure. He was in that starry poem, But a letter;—by self effaced Erased: Behind him he has left no trace, No sign to mark the vacant place, Mock not-but give him mercy's grace, It sinks! It sinks! There sinks a star! In the dark sea! In the deep night! In endless space! Oh heart mine! Dost thou also long By that dead star to sleep in peace? In the dark sea! In the deep night! In endless space!

L. PALIT.

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BEAUTY AND SELF-CONTROL

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore.)

WE must build up our lives in selfcontrol and discipline by the practice of monastic austerities (Brahmacharya) in boyhood and youth. When this

ancient doctrine of India is laid down, people naturally object, "It is too hard a rule! It can turn out a strong man, it can create a saint free from bonds of desire. where is the place for enjoyment under such a law? Where is the place for literature, art and music? If you wish to produce a fully developed man, you cannot leave out æsthetics."

Yes, it is true; we do require beauty, because the object of devoted endeavour is self-development, not self-suppression. But the practice of austerities during pupilage is not in truth the pursuit of barren rigour.

The soil has to be torn up by the ploughshare and the harrow, the clods of earth hammered into dust, all its growing weeds rooted out, and the field laid utterly bare, before it can be made fit to bear fruit. Similarly, if we are to be truly worthy of enjoying beauty we must first go through a process of rigorous cultivation. In the path

to enjoyment there are many temptations to lead us astray. If we wish to escape them and attain to the fulness of bliss, we need regulation and self-control all the more. To qualify ourselves for pleasure (in the end) we must deny ourselves pleasure (at first).

But men often forget the end in the means. Hence it is often seen that rule and discipline usurp the place of the supreme end. Those who look upon regulation as a gain, a merit in itself, become extremely greedy of regulation. This passion for regulating everything becomes a seventh deadly



BABU RAVINDRANATH TAGORE.

(From a photograph taken on his 50th birthday by Babu Sukumar Ray.)

(ripu) with them....If we regard austerity as a gain, we cannot logically stop short of suicide. Indeed, we thereby only convert the repression of passion into the strongest

of passions! Hence it is true that, if we raise the observance of rules into an object of passionate desire, it will only increase the pressure, of severity and squeeze out of Nature all sense of beauty. But if, on the other hand, we aim at the full development of humanity within us, and properly control the cultivation of self-control,—then, every constituent element of humanity will remain unimpaired and will even grow in strength.

In truth, every foundation must be strong, or it will fail to support the edifice.... If the foundations of knowledge were not hard, then knowledge would be a chaotic dream; if the basis of joy were not firm, joy would

be a wild intoxication only.

This strong basis is SELF-CONTROL. It is compounded of discrimination, strength, sacrifice, and relentless firmness. Like the gods it blesses us on the one hand and destroys us on the other. Such self-control is a necessary condition of the full enjoyment of beauty.

So, too, the creation of beauty is not the work of unbridled imagination. Passion, when it is given full sway, becomes a destructive force like fire gone out of hand,

In this world, whenever our hungry passions seek gratification they find close at hand beauty provided as well. A fruit not merely satisfies the animal craving of our stomach, it is in addition charming in taste, smell and sight. We should have eaten it, even if it had been lacking in these elements of beauty. It is, therefore, an extra gain that the fruit delights us not only from the side of satisfying hunger, but also from the side of æsthetic enjoyment.

Whither is this extra gain, this beauty of the universe, leading our mind? Beauty seeks to prevent the absolute and exclusive dominion of animal passions over our minds, it seeks to liberate us from the bondage of the senses....There is an element of humiliation in it when man bows down to his irresistible (animal) needs; but beauty is something beyond such needs, hence it removes that humiliation from us. Beauty adds a sublimer tune to our hunger, thirst and other animal cravings, and has thereby raised uncontrolled savages into men. The primitive man who was swayed by sensual passion, is today submissive to love. Today, when moved by hunger, we do not eat indiscriminately like brutes and ogres; if decency

is not observed our appetite is lost (in the shock to our sensibility). Today decency has brought our appetite under control. Beauty has brought our passions under discipline. It has established between the material world and ourselves the connection of delight in addition to the primitive savage's relation of necessity. We are poor, we are slaves, when we are connected by necessity; we attain to liberation when the tie is that of delight.

Thus we see that beauty in the end draws man towards self-control. It has given to man a draught of nectar which has taught him to conquer the rudeness of hunger. One day we had refused to shun unrestrained license as harmful; but today we are willing

to give it up as ugly.

As beauty gradually draws us towards decency and self-control, so too does selfcontrol deepen our enjoyment of beauty. It is only in still attentiveness that one can extract delight from the inmost core of beauty. Chastity is that sober self-contol, by means of which alone can the inner spirit of love be deeply attained. If our æsthetic sense be not controlled by chastity, what is the result? We only hover restlessly round and round beauty, we mistake intoxication for bliss, we fail to gain that which would make us serenely happy for ever. True beauty reveals itself to the self-restrained devotee, not to the greedy voluptuary. A glutton cannot be a connoisseur of cooking.

The goddess of beauty who dwells within all the beauty and all the glory of the universe, is before us; but we cannot perceive her unless we are pure. She withdraws herself from our gaze when we are steeped in voluptuousness, when we rove like drunkards

in the intoxication of enjoyment.

I assert this not from the point of view of morality, but from that of art. Capaboly books lay down, were stated with the self-controlled for the sake of happiness also," and not merely for the sake of religion. If you want to gratify your desire, keep it well in hand. If you want to enjoy beauty, check your voluptuousness, be pure, be calm... Therefore did I lay it down at the outset that for the proper development of our aesthatic sense monattic discipline (Brahmacharya) is necessary.

To this my opponents with object, "We see everywhere that the greatest who

have created beauty have in most cases left behind them no example of self-control. Their lives are often unfit to be read."...My answer is that we know not their lives fully, and that the little of their earthly career which is known to us does not justify the assertion of the monstrous theory that the creation of beauty can proceed from weakness, from fickleness, from license. I maintain that the true secret of their great works is not revealed in their imperfect biographies. ...In the sphere where the master artists are truly great, they are ascetics; license has no entry there; devotion and self-control reign there. Few of us are morally so strong as to apply our moral consciousness in all our acts; we all err to some extent at least. But every great and enduring work which we build up in our life, is the result of our inherent moral sense, and not that of aberration. In their works of art the great masters have shown their true character; where they have lived wildly they have displayed lack of character. Self-control is needed in construction, license in destruction. Selfcontrol enables us to hold [what is great or good], license enables us to grasp falsehood.

The true development of the æsthetic sense cannot co-exist with raging passions or license of spirit. The two are mutually

antagonistic....When our passions rise in rebellion [against moral law] they create another world in opposition to God's universe; we are no longer in harmony with our environment. Our anger or greed perverts our judgment, so that the small seems great and the great small, the ephemeral seems eternal and the eternal hardly visible, [to our diseased mind]. The object of our desire gains such a false magnitude that it covers the great truths of the world, and throws into the shade even the sun and the moon! Our mental creation runs counter to the Creator of the universe.

When any particular passion is strongly roused within us, it pulls us back from the free general stream of the world, and makes us go round and round in a small contracted eddy....But when we set the object of our desire in the midst of the wide universe, we at once perceive its ugliness. The man who knows not how to look soberly at the small in relation to the great, the individual in relation to the whole, mistakes excitement delight and perversion for beauty. Therefore it is that if we want to gain the æsthetic sense in all its fulness, we must have peace of mind, we must have selfrestraint.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

WORKING WONDERS WITH FLOWERS AND FRUITS

REATNESS at first invites contemptuous indifference. Follows a siege of vilification conducted by unscrupulous rivals and conscienceless busybodies. The man of genius patiently weathers the storm, bends before its fury like a stalk of wheat, without breaking. In olden times when barbarism was in the ascendant, the world's greatest people lived in pinching poverty, suffered contumely, and died at the hands of the hangman. In our day and age we are a little more civilized. We do not guillotine the men and women who are incomparably our superiors in talents and character. We merely slash them with our tongues and pens, which, in their sardonic satire, hurt more than did the machine of

torture and death. The modern method is really better, inasmuch as it does give a truly great individual the opportunity to live through the period of criminal neglect, vile slander, and satanic opposition, to be respected by his own generation, and acclaimed by his countrymen.

Luthur Burbank today is conceded to be the most distinguished man in his chosen profession, and as such is honoured by all the civilized world. His admirers claim for him the credit of actually creating new forms of plant life, and even his enemies and detractors do not deny the fact that he has lured Dame Nature to divulge more secrets of the vegetable kingdom than she has revealed to any other of her suitors.

Indian iconography very interesting points of enquiry. We find many forms of deities surviving in Japan of which there is no existing specimen in India at present. On the other hand many forms of gods which have figured in the Brahminic as opposed to the Buddhist pantheon of India have been adopted in the Nippon Buddhist pantheon. The God Chandra or the Moon has never except in the Naba Graha relievos in Konarak received any sculptural or other representation in India, while in Japan it has assumed many picturesque forms as a deity by himself transplanted from the Brahminic conception. He also figures as a Bodhisattva along with the Sun-god and is known as Gakko or Chandra Prabha Bodhisattva. These two images are usually associated as attendants of Bhesajya Guru, the Æsculapius or the Great Healing God of Buddhist Japan. Buddhism as it grew and spread abroad absorbed into itself a mass of alien conceptions and transferred to its uses a hundred forms from the Indian mythology. Thus we find in the ever-increasing array of

Bodhisattavs forms of deities which originally belonged to non-Buddhist conceptions. This seems to demonstrate also how Buddhism sometimes merged itself in the larger influx of Hinduism. Similarly Indra Deva, originally a Pauranic God, has been the subject of many a magnificent altar-piece in Japanese temples. Curiously enough Biswakarma, the Indian God of Arts, figures in Japan as a feminine Goddess. The representation of Brahma in a monocephalous form is hardly met with anywhere expect in Japan. The portrait of Yama Deva riding on his white bullock is a very frequent subject of Japanese altar-pieces and is very often conceived as Dharma Rāja, the Lord of Righteousness, rather than as the presiding deity of Hades. The figure of Kwanin illustrated in figure 17 is of peculiar interest inasmuch as in its pose and conception it is quite distinct from the traditional forms and attitudes usually associated with it. It is a quite original presentation of a rather hackneved subject.

ORDHENDRA COOMAR GANGOLY.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore.)

In Thy house,
(Little child)
Dearest, I am growing;
Life of mine,
Gift of Thine—
Holy and All-knowing!

Father's breast Pillows me In my infant weakness; And in birth On this earth, Mother's loving meekness.

Thou hast tied Patiently Heart-knots of my friendship; All I see Brings to me Token of Thy kinship.

O Thy great
Wondrous world
Spreadeth out before me;
Stream, hill, wood,
Passing good,
Each and all adore Thee!

In the Here;
In the There;
Æon age exceeding;
Death and birth;
Pain and mirth;
All! In all, Thy leading!

MAUD MACCARTHY, L. of G.

the Hānji dates from the advent of the holiday making tourists. The tourists have taken advantage of the cupidity and poverty of the Hānji and thus created a race of demoralised people in Kashmir. These tourists are responsible for the moral curruption of the Hānji and it is these tourists that return to the plains of India to defame the entire people of Kashmir. I do not believe in the superior or inferior morals of any nation. There are certain sets of loose people in every country who

have no great sense of honour and morality. Therefore it is a mistake to stigmatise the whole face for the sins of the few. Even among Hānjis I am sure there must be saintly men and women.

The morals of the Hānjis can be improved by those who come in contact with them. I complained to some Hānjis about their greediness and general morals. They held poverty responsible for everything.

MUKANDI LALL.

THE INNOCENT INJURED

A SHORT STORY.

(Translated from the Bengali of Srijut Rabindra Nath Tagore).

maid-servant, named Pyari, had been newly appointed in the house of Girish Basu, the Naib of the Zamindars. She was yet in her teens, and of good morals. Ere she had been long in the house, she approached the mistress one day and besought her with tears to be saved from the insidious addresses of the master. The mistress said, "Go hence, dear one, thrive by other means; you come of good parents, it won't suit you to stay here any longer." With this she gave her some money in secret and let her go.

But it was not very easy to get away. She ran short of pocket and had not money enough to travel far. So Pyari found shelter with Harihar Bhattacharyya of the same village. The more considerate among the youngsters of the house said, "Father, why wilfully provoke dangers?" "When misfortune itself craves shelter, it can not be shaken off," rejoined Harihar.

Girish Basu came, prostrated himself before the Bhattacharyya in utter humility, and said, "Sir, why have you taken over my maid-servant? I am in a fix without her." In reply Harihar spoke a few sharp and unpleasant truths. He was an honourable man, frank and outspoken. It was quite foreign to him to speak circuitously for fear or favour. The Naib mentally

likened him to a new-fledged ant, and taking the dust of his feet in a solemn, reverential manner, wended his Erelong there was a sudden influx of the police in the Bhattacharyya's house. A pair of ear-rings belonging to the Naib's consort was discovered lying beneath the pillow of the Brahmin's wife. The servantmaid Pyari was hauled up as the thief and sent to jail. Bhattacharyya Mahashay, by virtue of his reputation, got off scot-free from the charge of receiving stolen property. The Naib came again, took the dust of the Brahmin's feet, and departed. The Brahmin regretfully thought that it was he who had brought peril on the poor servant-girl by giving shelter to her. A great anguish, like a sharp javelin, stuck to his mind. The young folks of the house counselled their old father again that they should rather sell off all their lands and migrate to Calcutta, for there might be more dangers in store for them. Harihar said, "Whatever betide, I will in no wise quit my ancestral homestead; misfortunes may come anywhere if ordained by Fate."

Meanwhile, the Naib's constant efforts to highly enhance the rent made the tenants refractory. Harihar had nothing to do with the landlord as all his lands were Brahmottar (freehold tenures). The Naib apprised the Zamindar that it was Harihar who had stirred up the tenants by his artful machinations. The Zamindar ordered that the offender should be brought in book by all

The Naib came again, bowed to the Bhattacharyva, and said, pointing to a alot of land lying not far off, that it fell within the boundary-limits of the Zunindar's Pargannah, and that he must relinquish it. "How is that?" exclaimed Hirihar all amazed, "it has been a rent-free holding in my family from time immemorial!" However, a suit was instituted that the land next to the court-yard of Harihar's house fell within the ancestral Zamindari of the Babus. Harihar said, "This plot of land I must give up, I can't appear in Court to give evidence in this decrepit old age." The youthful inmates told him, "How shall we stay in the house if we are to abandon the land just contiguous to it?"

Out of deep attachment for the ancestral heritage, which he valued more than life itself, the old man stood in the court-dock with trembling knees. The Munsiff, Navagopal Babu, dismissed the suit on the basis of his evidence alone. The Khas tenants of the Bhattacharyvas made a great rejoicing over the matter. Harihar stopped "the jocund din" in no time. The Naib came to the Bhattacharyya, took the dust of his feet great ceremony, smeared it the body, and filed an appeal against the decree of the Munsiff. The lawyers took nothing from Harihar, did service for him gratis. They gave great hopes to the poor Brahmin that there was no chance of his losing the case. They said "Can day ever become night? Can truth be ever falsified?" These hopeful words allayed Harihar's anxieties and inspired great hopes in him.

Time rolled on. Once suddenly the village rang with an outburst of the music of drums tabors and cymbals; in the Zamindar's Cutchery, the Goddess Kali was to be worshipped with the sacrifice of goats, with great pomp and circumstance. What was the matter? The Bhattacharvya heard that the appeal had been decreed against him. He beat his forehead in great anguish and said to the pleader confoundedly,—"Just see what you have done, Basanta Babu! What would now become of me?"

Basanta Babu took upon himself to explain how mysteriously the day had become night. the improbable probable: -he who had recently come as the Additional Judge, was at loggerheads with the Munsiff Nabagopal Babu when he was himself yet a Munsiff. He could not do anything then against Nabagopal Babu. But now sitting on the Judge's Bench, he, invariably and, as it were, in retaliation, decreed all appeals agains, Nabagopal Babu's judgments. That is why the poor Brahmin had lost the case. Harihar interrogated impatiently and eagerly, "Does no appeal lie to the High Court?" Basanta Babu said, "The Judge has left you no chance of success in the High Court too. He has discredited the evidence of your witness and put faith in that of the appellants. There will be no examination of witnesses before the High Court."

With tearful eyes the old man broke out, "Oh what will become of me? I am undone!"

The Vakil rejoined -"No help."

Next day Girish Babu came with a large retinue of underlings, solemnly took the dust of the Brahmin's feet, and, as he left, fetched a deep sigh, and said,—"Good Lord, thy will be done!"

KESHAB CHANDRA BANERJEE.

SISTER NIVEDITA

By Mrs. J. C. Bose.

IT is just thirteen years that a young Englishwoman—a picture of health and vigour—with a face beaming with enthusiasm, called on me. She explained that her object was to serve our women—not as one from outside but as one from

within, and that she must therefore live their life and be one of them. I could not help telling her of my misgivings knowing full well the almost insurmountable barrier that stood in her way.

It was not till a much later date, when I

submitted it to the Emperor, who sent it to the Privy Council, established in 1888, for consideration. The Emperor himself presided over the deliberations of the Council and Ito tells us, he almost invariably showed a liberal conception of Imperial rights and duties.

The constitution being finally sanctioned by the Emperor was promulgated with great eclat and ceremony on 11th February, 1889.

The dawn of the new era was commemorated by an amnesty to political prisoners. Thus the movement which began in 1867 received its fulfilment after a period of twenty years. In the universal joy and jubilation that followed, no criticism was passed on the constitution, all parties having accepted it as the best under the circumstances.

RAMCHANDRA GANESH PRADHAN.

VICTORIOUS IN DEFEAT

(A SHORT TALE)

(From the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore).

I.

THE princess was named Invicta (Aparájitá.) Her father's court-poet, Shekhar,
had never seen a glimpse of her. And
yet, when he read out to the king any new
poem of his own, from the floor of the Court
where he sat he raised his voice so high as
to reach the years of the lady listeners
sitting unseen behind the latticed screen of
the upper gallery of that lofty hall,—as if
he were sending his outburst of song
towards an inaccessible starry realm, where
the unknown guiding star of his life shone
in invisible glory amidst a ring of luminaries.

At times he divined her by a shadow, at times he heard her in the tinkle of her anklets; and then he sat dreaming of the two feet, stirred by which the golden anklets were singing so rhythmically! Ah, with what a touch of blessedness, grace, and tenderness did those two fair, rosy, velvet feet meet the earth at every step! In the temple of his mind he set up these feet; before them he prostrated himself in his quiet hours, and set his songs to the tune of those tinkling anklets!

Whose shadow had he really seen? Whose anklets had rung in his ears? Such a question, such a doubt never assailed that adoring heart.

When Manjari, the princess's maid, went to the river side, she had to pass by Shekhar's house, and she was sure to exchange a word or two with him on her way. Of some morning or eventide when there were no people about in the road, she would even visit him in his rooms. I don't think it was really on business that she went to the water so often. And even if she had any business, one cannot fully explain why she should take pains to put on a gay coloured robe and ear-tops of mango-blossoms just before going to the ghat.

People whispered and giggled. And they were not to blame for it. Shekhar felt a particular delight in her presence, and hardly cared to conceal it.

Her name was Manjari, a name good enough for work-a-day people, as all must admit. But Shekhar went a step further and called her poetically Basanta-Manjari (Spring Bud). At this people shook their heads and said, "He is lost!"

Nay more, in his odes to Spring one now and then came upon jingles like manjul banjul manjari. The tale had even reached the king's ears.

The king was greatly amused to hear of this sentimental effusion of his poet,—and chaffed him about it. Shekhar, too, gladly joined in the fun.

The king with a smile put the conundrum, "Does the bee only sing in the court of king Spring?" The poet answered, "No, he also sucks the honey of flower-buds."

In this way, they laughed and made fun. Methinks, in the royal harem the princess Invicta must have now and then jested with Manjari about it. And Manjari did not take it ill.

Thus compounded of truth and falsehood, human life glides on in its own way,—a part of it shaped by Providence, a part by ourselves, and a part by our neighbours. It is a patchwork of odds and ends, truth and falsehood, the fictitious and the real.

Only the songs that the poet sang were true and whole. Their theme was the old old one of Radha and Krishna,—the Eternal Male and the Eternal Feminine, the primeval sorrow and the unending bliss! In those songs he told his true inner history; and the truth of the songs was tested in every heart from the king's to the poorest peasant's, at Amarapur. His songs were in every mouth. When the moon appeared or a breath of the south-wind blew, at once all over the country his songs overflooded the woods, the roads, the boats, the balconies, and the courtyards. And his fame knew no bounds.

Years passed on in this way. The poet wrote his odes, the king listened to them, the courtiers cried applause, Manjari visited the ghat, and from the lattice-window of the royal harem now a shadow was cast, now a tinkle of anklets was heard.

11

Then came a champion-poet from the Southern Land. Chanting a Pythean ode in praise of the king, he stood in the royal Court. After leaving home he had defeated in metrical contest the laureate of every king on the way, and had at last reached Amarápur.

The king reverently said, "Welcome! Welcome!" The poet, Pundarik, haughtily cried out, "Come on! I challenge your Court."

The king's honour demanded that the challenge should be accepted. But Shekhar had no clear idea of how a poetical combat can be fought out. He grew extremely nervous and alarmed. His night wore on without sleep. On all sides he only saw images of the renowned Pundarik's tall stalwart frame, sharp hawk nose, and proud elevated crest.

In the morning the poet entered the arena with a trembling heart. From the earliest dawn the Court had been filled with spectators; the din. was ceaseless; all work had been stopped in the city.

With great effort Shekhar forced a smile of cheerfulness on to his face, and bowed to

his rival poet;—Pundarik with profound indifference returned the salute by a slight nod, and looked at his admiring follo vers with a smile.

Shekhar cast one glance at the lattice of the harem. He knew that from there hundreds of curious dark eyes were gazing eagerly and ceaselessly on the crowd. Once he threw up his heart in abstraction at that high plane and bowed to his guardian deity saying only, "If I win today, then O goddess, O Invicta, it will only prove thy name true!"

Trumpet and clarion pealed forth. The assembled throng stood up with a cry of "Hail". King Uday-narayan, clad in white, entered the hall slowly like the fleecy clouds sailing in the sky of autumn mornings, and mounted his throne.

Pundarik advanced and stood in front of the throne. The vast assembly was hushed.

With chest thrown out and head slightly tilted aside, the large-limbed Pundarik began to chant deeply an ode in glory of Udaynáráyan. His voice filled the vast hall to overflowing; its deep resonance beat and was beaten back from the walls around, the pillars and the roof, like waves of the sea. The impact of the sound made the hearts of the vast audience qu ver like so many doors. What skill he showed, what literary craft, what various interpretations of the name Udaynarayan, how many different anagrams formed out of the letters of the king's name, how many metres, and how many puns!

When Pundarik made pause, for a time the hushed hall only simmered with the echo of his voice and the speechless amazement of a thousand hearts. The scholars come from far and near raised their right arms and with uplifted voice cried 'Bravo' on him.

The king from his throne cast one glance at Shekhar. The poet sent back to the king a look of mingled respect, friendship, pride and some amount of pathos and shrinking, too, and then slowly rose from his seat. Surely, when Rama, to humour his subjects, asked Sita to go through the ordeal of fire again, she must have looked thus as she stood up before her husband's throne.

The silent look of the poet seemed to tell

the king, "I am truly thine. If you want to make me stand before the wide world and test me, you may do so. But ——."

Then he lowered his glance.

Pundarik had stood like a lion, Shekhar like a deer ringed round by hunters. He was a mere youth, his face tender with bashfulness and sweetness, pale-cheeked, slender of limb, the very look of him suggesting that at the touch of emotion all his body would quiver and break into song, like the strings of a lyre.

With head bent down, he began in a low tone. Possibly none caught his first verse clearly. Then he slowly raised his face; where he cast his gaze it seemed as if the crowd and the stone-walls of the Court dissolved and vanished into nothingness amidst the far off past. His sweet and clear voice tremulously rose higher and higher like a bright flame of light. First he sang of the king's ancestors in the lunar line. And then gradually he led the royal narrative down to his own age, through many a war and struggle, many a heroic feat and sacrifice (yajna), many alms-givings and noble institutions connected with them. At last his gaze, so long fixed on the memory of the past, was turned and planted on the king's face; and, incarnating in a metrical form the universal unspoken loyalty in the hearts of the populace of the kingdom, he set it up in the middle of the Audience-hall,—as if, the heart-stream of myriads of subjects had rushed from afar and filled with a noble hymn that ancient palace of the king's fore-fathers,—as if it touched, hugged and kissed every stone of that edifice, -- as if it rose [like a fountain] up to the high window of the haremgallery, and bowed in tender loyalty at the feet of the royal ladies, (the indwelling spirits of goodness of the palace), and returned thence to walk round the king and his throne a thousand times in tumultuous rapture. The poet concluded, "Sir King! I can be defeated in words, but not in devotion," and then sat down palpitating [with his efforts.] The people, bathed in tears, shook the sky with their hurrahs.

Pundarik rose up again, chiding this wild outburst of the vulgar populace with a scornful laugh. With an exulting shout he asked, "What is there higher than word?" In a moment all were hushed to silence.

Then in a variety of metres he gave expression to his matchless scholarship, and proved from the Vedas, the Vedanta, the Puranas, &c., that the word is the supreme thing in the universe. The Word is verity, the Word is the Godhead. The Hindu Trinity,—Brahmá, Vishnu, and Shiva,—are all subject to the Word; therefore the Word must be higher than they. Brahmá with his four mouths cannot exhaust the Word;—Shiva with his five mouths has failed to reach the last of words and has therefore at last silently sat down in meditation in search of the Word.

Thus piling up scholarship on scholarship, scripture on scripture, he built for the Word a cloud-kissing throne, seated the Word above the heads of Earth and Heaven alike, and again asked in a voice of thunder, "What is there higher than word?"

Proudly he glanced round; but none gave reply. Then he slowly resumed his seat. The scholars cried, "Well spoken, well spoken," "Bless you." The king was lost in amazement. And the poet Shekhar felt himself very small by the side of such vast erudition. The assembly was broken up for that day.

III.

Next day Shekhar came and began his song:-The scene is at Brindaban; the notes of a flute are heard, but the milkmaids do not yet know who is playing on it At times the music seemed to nor where. float on the south wind, at others it seemed to come from the peak of the Govardhan hill in the north; once it seemed as if some one were standing on the Hill of Sunrise and calling them to a love meeting, again it appeared as if some one seated on the verge of the Sunset Range were weeping in the pang of lorn love. It seemed as if the flute were speaking from every wave of the Jamuna,—as if every star of the sky were a stop of the pipe. At last its notes were heard issuing from every grove, every street, every ghat of Brindaban,-from fruit and flower, from earth and water, from above, below, within and without. None understood what the flute was, saying, none could perceive clearly what his heart longed to say in response to the notes. Only tears awoke drowning their eyes; only a yearning for a death of ethereal beauty, shady and reposeful, set all hearts a-quiver.

Forgetful of the Court, forgetful of the king, forgetful of friends and enemies, fame and obloquy, victory and defeat, proposition and reply, forgetful of everything else,—Shekhar seemed to be standing alone amidst the seclusion of his heart-bower, as he sang of the music of Krishna's flute. Before his mind's eye stood only a bright ideal figure; in his ears rang only the tinkle of anklets on a pair of velvet feet. Closing his song, the poet sat down like one benumbed; and an unspeakable sweetness, a vast universal sense of loneliness and longing, filled the Audience Hall. None could cry applause on him.

When the force of this emotion had abated a little, Pundarik stood up confronting the throne. He asked, "What is Rádhá and what is Krishna?" and then glanced all around. Smiling at his followers he repeated the question, and then began to answer it himself with a marvellous display of

erudition.

He said, "Rádhá stands for the mystic syllable Om, and Krishna for meditative trance, while Brindában symbolises the central spot of the forehead between the two eyebrows." He dragged into his exposition every apparatus of yoga,—the navel, the heart, the cerebral focus. One after another he gave every conceivable meaning of the syllables rá and dhá, and of all the letters of Krishna's name taken separately. In one interpretation he put forward Krishna as symbolic of yajni and Rádhá as the holy fire, in another Krishna as the Vedas and Rádhá as the six branches of philosophy, then he took Krishna as education and Rádhá as initiation, Krishna as argument, Rádhá as conclusion, or Rádhá as controversy and Krishna as victory.

I'hen he glanced at the king, the scholars, and—with a scornful smile, at Skekhar,

and sat down.

The king was entranced by Pundarik's wonderful powers; the amazement of the scholars knew no bounds; and these new metaphorical explanations of Krishna and Radha utterly swept away the song of the flute, the murmur of the Jamuna, and the intoxication of love;—as if some one wiped away the fresh verdant hue of Spring from the face of the earth, and spread all over it

a coating of the sacred cowdung! Shekhar felt his song of so many years to be vain. After this he could not muster strength enough to sing. The assembly broke up for the day.

IV.

On the third day, Pundarik showed his wonderful mastery of language by constructing acrostics, anagrams, riddles, epigrams, quibbles, paragrams, antitheses, rondeaux, oxymorons, paradoxes, &c. On hearing these the assembled audience could not control their wonder.

The verses that Shekhar used to frame were exceedingly simple,—the public used them in joy and sorrow, festivity and. Today they saw clearly that ceremony. these verses had no merit, that they themselves could have composed them if they had but wished it, --only their want of practice, indifference or lack of leisure had prevented them from writing such poetry! For, the words were not particularly new or hard, they taught nothing new to the world, nor gave one any new advantage. But what they heard today was a marvellous thing! Pundarik's discourse, even of the day before, had been full of thought and instruction. They looked upon their own poet as a mere boy or ordinary writer by side of Pundarik's erudition and subtlety.

The lily feels every impact of the secret agitation in the pond set up by the tails of fishes. So, too, Shekhar perceived in his heart the secret feelings of the audience

around himself.

This day was the last one of the contest. Today the award of victory would be made. The king cast a sharp glance at his poet, as if to say, "Try your utmost. It will not

do to remain unanswering today."

Languidly did Shekhar stand up, and he spoke these words and no more. "O, white-armed goddess of the lyre! if you desert your lake of lotuses and appear at this wrestling arena today, what will be the fate of your adorers who thirst for nectar?" Slightly raising his eyes he asked this tenderly, as if "the white-armed goddess of the lyre" were standing behind the lattice-screen of the harem gallery, gazing down on the scene!

With a boisterous laugh, Pundarik sprang to his feet, and seizing the last two syllables of the word Shekhara he composed verses in ceaseless flow. He asked, "What connection has a khara (=ass) with the lake of lotuses? And how far has that animal succeeded in spite of its strenuous practice of music? Saraswati (the goddess of poetry) is known to be seated on the Pundarik (=lotus.) What offence has she committed in your majesty's realm that here she has been disgraced by being mounted on an ass (khara)?"

At this reply the scholars burst into a loud laugh, in which the courtiers joined; and, following their example, all the assembled people, whether they understood anything or not, began to laugh.

The king prodded his poet-friend with glances keen as the elephant's goad, time after time, in expectation of a proper reply. But Shekhar sat unmoved without minding his hint at all.

Then the king, his heart full of wrath for Shekhar, stepped down from his throne, and transferred his own pearl-necklace to the neck of Pundarik. The audience shouted applause. From the harem was heard the jingle of many bracelets, wristlets and anklets shaken all at once. At this sound Shekhar left his seat and slowly walked out of the Audience Hall.

\mathbf{v}

The dark night of the fourteenth day of the waning moon! Thick gloom everywhere. Through the open windows the south wind, laden with the incense of flowers, was entering the houses of the city like a universal comrade of mankind. From the wooden shelf of his room Shekhar took down his books and heaped them up before him. From them he picked out and laid aside his own compositions.

There were many works, written during many years. Several of them he himself had almost forgotten. He turned their leaves over and skipped them here and there. To-day they all seemed to him utterly worthless.

He sighed, "Is this a whole life's garnering? Only a lot of words, metres, and rhymes!" To-day he failed to see that they embodied any beauty, any eternal joy of mankind, any echo of the music of the universe, any expression of his heart's depths. As a sick man loses relish for every kind of dish, so to-day he flung aside whatever he

took up in his hands. The king's friendship, public fame, his heart's wild dream. the witchery of fancy, all seemed hollow mockeries in this dark night. Then he tore up his manuscripts one by one and flung them into the blazing fire before him. Suddenly an ironical idea flashed through his mind: he smiled and said to himself, "Great monarchs celebrate the horse-sacrifice. to-day I am celebrating a poem-sacrifice!" But immediately afterwards he felt that the simile was not a happy one,-"The horse is sacrificed when it returns home after its master's victory over all sides, but I am sacrificing my poems on the day when my muse has been beaten; I ought to have done it long ago."

One by one he consigned all his books to the fire. The flames shot up fiercely; the poet shook his empty hands violently in the air and cried out, "To thee I sacrifice, to thee, to thee, O fair nymph of fire, to thee I sacrifice them. So long I had been offering my all to thee; to-day I make an utter end of them. Long hadst thou been raging in my heart, thou Fire-shaped Enchantress! Had I been gold, I might have come out purer from the process,—but I am a humble weed, and so to-day I have been shrivelled up to ashes."

It was a late hour of night. Shekhar opened all the windows of his room. In the evening he had gathered the flowers that he loved best; all of them were white,—juin, bel, and gandharaj. He strewed handfuls of them on his bed, and lighted the lamps in the four corners of the room. Then he mixed the juice of a poisonous plant with honey, drank it off quietly, and retired to his bed. (Slowly) his limbs grew benumbed, and his eyes closed.

A tinkle of anklets! The fragrance of braided tresses entered the room, borne on the south wind.

With closed eyes the poet asked, "Goddess of my adoration! At last, at last, thou hast taken pity on thy worshipper? At last, thou hast appeared to him?"

A sweet voice replied, "Yes, poet, I have come."

Shekhar started, opened his eyes, and—lo! there was a matchless female form standing by his bed.

Dim-eyed with the haze of death he could not see her clearly. It seemed as if the

shadowy ideal image of his heart had come out of it and was steadfastly gazing at his face in the hour of death.

The lady spoke, "I am the Princess Invicta!"

With a supreme effort the poet sat up in his bed.

She continued,—"The king has not done

thee justice. Thine is the victory, poet. Lo! I have come to give thee the victor's garland."

So saying she took off from her person a flower-garland of her own weaving, and placed it round the poet's neck. The death-stricken poet sank down on his bed.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

STAR PICTURES

II.

SHANI.

N the mass of literature called the Puranas, hundreds of myths are embedded which pass unknown to all but the inquisitive, amongst the Hindus of today. Yet each one of these must have had importance at the time of its origin, and by careful examination might be induced to yield up its historical secret. One such curious legend concerns Saturn or Shani. At the birth of Ganesha, eldest son of the Mother of the Universe, his cradle was visited, it is said, by gods, and demi-gods. Only one exception was there. Shani did not come. At last this fact was noticed by the Great Mother, and She enquired the reason of his absence. She was told that he feared to harm Her child, since it was matter of common knowledge that the head of one on whom Shani looked, was like to be burned to ashes at his glance. With easy pride, the Mother smiled, and assuring him that Her son could not be subject to his power, sent him a message of warm invitation and welcome. Accordingly, Shani came. But what was the horror of all present, when he looked at the babe, and instantly its head disappeared in a flame. How much greater was Shani than anyone had suspected!

At this catastrophe the Mother was profoundly disturbed, and commanded Her guest, somewhat sharply, at once to restore the head of Her child. But Shani smiled pleasantly, and pointed out that the head, as such, no longer existed. It lay in ashes before them. "Then send forth a servant,

and let him bring Me the head of the first one he meets!" commanded the Mother, in effect and Shani had no option save to obey. Only one who is in fault can be subject to Shani, and his emissary found none inadvertently doing wrong, till suddenly he came upon an elephant sleeping with his head to the north. This trifling fault brought him under the jurisdiction of Shani, and hastily the servant cut off his head, and returned to put it on the infant's body. It is for this reason that Ganesha wears an elephant's head.

Two or three points are noteworthy here. The intention of the story is of course to show the power of Shani, and consequently the necessity for his propitiation. But as usual, in obedience to the Indian instinct for synthesis, the new claimant to more or less divine honours is also made to explain some anomaly in the faith that preceded him. And the faith with which Shani is thus connected, the tree on which the new belief is grafted, is the worship of Ganesha, perhaps the oldest of organised and sacerdotalised popular worships in India. This fact alone is eloquent of the antiquity of the propitiation of Shani. It is interesting also to see that the very point in the image of Ganesha that is so anomalous and tantalising to ourselves, was held similarly inexplicable at the time of the incoming of Saturn, and the other planets. Whatever piece of symbolism this white head on the red body originally expressed, whether it was the setting sun beneath the clouds, or what not, was now long ago

THE CABULIWALLAH

A SHORT STORY BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE: TRANSLATED BY THE SISTER NIVEDITA.

Y five years' old daughter Mini cannot live without chattering I really live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence. Her mother is often vexed at this, and would stop her prattle, but I cannot feel so. To see Mini quiet is so unnatural that I cannot bear it long. And so my own conversation with her is always animated.

One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine, said, "Father! Ramdaval the door-keeper calls a crow a krow! He doesn't know anything, does he?"

Before I could explain to her the differences of language in this world, she was embarked on the full tide of another subject. "What do you think, Father? Bhola says there is an elephant in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains!"

And then, darting off anew, while I sat still making ready some reply to this last remark, "Father! what relation is Mother to you?"

"My dear little sister in the law!" I murmured involuntarily to myself, but with a grave face contrived to answer, "Go and play with Bhola, Mini! I am busy!"

The window of my room overlooked the The child had seated herself at my feet near my table, and was playing softly, drumming on her knees. I was hard at work on my seventeenth chapter,-where Protap Singh the hero had just caught Kanchanlata the heroine in his arms, and both were about to escape by the third storey window of the Castle,—when all of a sudden Mini left her play, and ran to the crying "A Cabuliwallah! window, Cabuliwallah!" Sure enough in the street below was a Cabuliwallah passing slowly along. He wore the loose soiled clothing of his people, with a tall turban; there was a bag on his back, and he carried boxes of grapes in his hand.

I cannot tell what were my daughter's feelings, at the sight of this man, but she "Ah!" to call him loudly. began thought, "he will come in, and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!" At which exact moment the Cabuliwallah turned and looked up at the child. When she saw this, however, overcome by terror, she turned to flee to her Mother's protection and completely disappeared. She had a blind belief that inside the bag that the big man carried there were perhaps two or three other children like herself. The pedlar meanwhile entered my doorway, and greeted me with a smiling face.

My first impulse, precarious as was the position of my hero and my heroine, was to stop and buy something, since the man had been called. So I made some small purchases, and a conversation began about Abdurrahman, the Russians, the English,

and the Frontier Policy.

As he was about to leave, however, he asked,-"And where is the little girl, Sir?"

And I, thinking that Mini must get rid of

her false fear, had her brought out.

But she stood by my chair, and looked at the Cabuliwallah and his bag. He offered nuts and raisins, but she would not be tempted, and only clung the closer to me, with all her doubts increased.

This was their first meeting.

One morning, however, not many days later, as I was leaving the house, I was startled to find Mini, seated on a bench near the door, laughing and talking, with the great Cabuliwallah at her feet. In all her life, it appeared, my small daughter had not found, save her father, so patient a listener. And already the corner of her





THE CABULIWALLAH.

By Babu Nanda Lal Bose.

By the courtesy of Babu Rabindranath Tagore.

little sari was stuffed with almonds and raisins, the gift of her visitor. "Why did you give her those?" I said, and taking out an eight-anna bit, I handed it to him. The man accepted the money without demur, and slipped it into his pocket.

Alas, on my return, an hour later, I found that unfortunate coin had made twice its own worth of trouble! For the Cabuliwallah had given it to Mini, and her Mother catching sight of the bright round object, had pounced on the child with, "Where did you get that eight-anna bit?"

"The Cabuliwallah gave it me", said Mini

cheerfully.

"The Cabuliwallah gave it you!" cried her Mother much shocked, "Oh Mini! how could you take it from him?"

I, entering at the moment, saved her from the impending disaster, and proceeded to

make my own enquiries.

It was not the first or second time, I found, that the two had met. The Cabuliwallah had overcome the child's first terror by a judicious bribery of nuts and almonds, and the two were now great friends.

They had a succession of quaint jokes which afforded them much amusement. Seated in front of him, looking down on his gigantic frame in all her tiny dignity, Mini's face would ripple over with laughter, and she would begin, "O Cabuliwallah, Cabuliwallah, what have you got in your bag?"

And he would reply, in the nasal accents of the mountaineer, "An Elephant!" Not much cause for merriment, perhaps, but how they both enjoyed the witticism! And for me, this child's talk with a grown-up man had always in it something strangely

fascinating.

Then the Cabuliwallah, not to be behindhand, would begin in his turn, "Well, little one, and when are you going to the fatherin-law's house?"

Now most small Bengali maidens have heard long ago about the father-in-law's house, only we being a little new-fangled, had kept these things from our child, and Mini at this question must have been a trifle bewildered. But she would not show it, and with ready tact replied, "Are you going there?"

Amongst men of the Cabuliwallah's class, however, it is well-known that the words

father-in-law's house have a double meaning. It is a euphemism for jail, the place where we are so well cared for, at no expense to ourselves. In this sense would the sturdy pedlar take my daughter's question. "Ah!" he would say, shaking his fist at an invisible policeman, "I will thrash my father-in-law!" Hearing this, and picturing the poor discomforted relative, Mini would go off into peals of laughter, in which her formidable friend would join.

These were autumn mornings,—the very time of year when kings of old would go forth to conquest, - and I never stirring from my little corner in Calcutta, would let my mind wander over the whole world. the very name of another country my heart would go out to it, and at the sight of a foreigner in the streets I would fall to weaving a network of dreams. - the mountains, the glens, and the forests of his distant home, with his cottage in its setting, and the free and independent life of distant wilds. Perhaps all the more because I lead such a vegetable existence that a call to travel would fall upon me like a thunderbolt, do the scenes of travel conjure themselves up before me, and pass and repass in my imagination. In the presence of this Cabuliwallah I was immediately transported to the foot of arid mountain-peaks with narrow little defiles twisting in and out amongst their towering heights. I could see the string of camels bearing the merchandise, and the company of turbaned merchants,-carrying some of them queer old firearms, and some of them spears,journeying downward towards the plains. I could see—but at some such point Mini's Mother would intervene, imploring me to "beware of that man."

Mini's Mother is unfortunately a very timid individual. Whenever she hears a noise in the street, or sees people coming towards the house, she always jumps to the conclusion that they are either thieves, or drunkards, or snakes, or tigers, or malaria or cockroaches, or caterpillars, or an English sailor. Even after all these years of experience she is not able to overcome this terror. So she was full of doubts about the Cabuliwallah, and used to beg me to keep a watchful eye on him.

I tried to laugh her fear gently away,

but then she would round on me seriously and ask me solemn questions.

Were children never kidnapped?

Was it, then, not true that there was slavery in Cabul?

Was it so very absurd that this big man should be able to carry off a tiny child?

I urged that though not impossible it was highly improbable. But this was not enough, and her dread persisted. As it was so indefinite however, it did not seem right to forbid the man the house, and the intimacy went on unchecked.

Once a year in the middle of January Rahmud the Cabuliwallah was in the habit of returning to his country, and as the time approached he would be very busy, going from house to house collecting his debts. This year, however, he could always find time to come and see Mini. It would have seemed to an outsider that there was some conspiracy between the two, for when he could not come in the morning, he would appear in the evening.

Even to me it was a little startling to come suddenly now and then, in the corner of a dark room, upon this tall, loose-garmented, much bebagged man, but when Mini would run in smiling, with her "O! Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" and the two friends, so unequal in age, would subside into there old laughter and their old

jokes, I would feel reassured.

One morning, a few days before the date fixed for his departure, I was correcting my proof sheets in my little study. It was chilly weather. Through the window the rays of the sun touched my feet, and the slight warmth was very welcome. It was almost eight o'clock and the early pedestrians were returning home, with their heads covered. All at once, I heard an uproar in the street, and on looking out, saw Rahmud being led away bound between two policemen and behind them quite a crowd of curious boys. There were bloodstains on the clothes of the Cabuliwallah, and one of the policemen carried a knife. Hurrying out, I stopped them, and enquired what it all meant. Partly from one, partly from another, I gathered that a certain neighbour had owed the pedlar something for a Rampuri shawl, but had falsely denied having bought it, and that in the course of the quarrel, Rahmud had struck him. Now

in the heat of his excitement the prisoner began calling his enemy all sorts of names, when suddenly in a verandah of my house appeared my little Mini, with her usual exclamation, "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah !" Rahmud's face lighted up as he turned to her. He had no bag under his arm to-day, so she could not discuss the elephant with him. She at once therefore proceeded to the next question,- "Are you going to the father-in-law's house?" Rahmud laughed and said, "Just where I am going, little one!" Then seeing that the reply did not amuse the child, he held up his fettered hands, "Ah", he said, "I would have thrashed that old father-in-law, but my hands are bound !"

On a charge of murderous assault, Rahmud was sentenced to some years' imprisonment.

Time passed away, and he was not remembered. The accustomed work in the accustomed place was ours, and the thought of the once-free mountaineer spending his years in prison seldom or never occurred to us. Even my light-hearted Mini, I am ashamed to say, forgot her old friend. New companions filled her life. As she grew older, she spent her time more with girls. So much time indeed did she spend with them that she came no more as she used to do to her father's room. I was scarcely on speaking terms with her.

Years had passed away. It was once more autumn, and we had made arrangements for our Mini's marriage. It was to take place during the Puja holidays. With Durga returning to Kailash, the light of our home also was to depart to her husband's house, and leave her father's in the shadow

The morning was bright. After the rains, there was a sense of ablution in the air, and the sun-rays looked like pure gold. So much so that they gave a beautiful radiance even to the sordid brick walls of our Calcutta lanes. Since early dawn to-day the wedding-pipes had been sounding, and at each beat my own heart throbbed. The wail of the tune Bhairavi seemed to intensify my pain at the approaching separation. My Mini was to be married to-night.

From early morning noise and bustle had pervaded the house. In the court-yard the canopy had to be slung on its bamboo



poles; the chandeliers with their tinkling sound, must be hung in each room and verandah. There was no end of hurry and excitement. I was sitting in my study looking through the accounts, when someone entered, saluting respectfully, and stood before me. It was Rahmud the Cabuliwallah. At first I did not recognise him. He had no bag, nor the long hair, nor the same vigour that he used to have. But he smiled, and I knew him again.

"When did you come, Rahmud?" I asked

him.

"Last evening", he said, "I was released

from jail."

The words struck harsh upon my ear. I had never before talked with one who had wounded his fellow, and my heart shrank within itself when I realised this, for I felt that the day would have been better-omened had he not turned up.

"There are ceremonies going on", I said, "and I am busy. Could you perhaps come

another day?"

At once he turned to go; but as he reached the door he hesitated and said, "May I not see the little one, Sir, for a moment?" It was his belief that Mini was still the same. He had pictured her running to him as she used, calling "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" He had imagined too that they would laugh and talk together, just as of old. In fact, in memory of former days he had brought, carefully wrapped up in paper, a few almonds and raisins and grapes, obtained somehow from a countryman, for his own little fund was dispersed.

I said again, "There is a ceremony in the house, and you will not be able to see any-

one to-day."

The man's face fell. He looked wistfully at me for a moment, said "Good morning" and went out.

I felt a little sorry, and would have called him back, but I found he was returning of his own accord. He came close up to me holding out his offerings and said "I brought these few things, Sir, for the little one. Will you give them to her?"

I took them and was going to pay him, but he caught my hand and said "You are very kind, Sir! Keep me in your recollection. Do not offer me money!—You have a little girl, I too have one like her in my own home. I think of her and bring fruits

to your child, not to make a profit for my-self."

Saying this, he put his hand inside his big loose robe, and brought out a small and dirty piece of paper. With great care he unfolded this, and smoothed it out with both hands on my table. It bore the impression of a little hand. Not a photograph. Not a drawing. The impression of an ink-smeared hand laid flat on the paper. This touch of his own little daughter had been always on his heart as he had come year after year to Calcutta, to sell his wares in the streets.

Tears come to my eyes. I forgot that he was a poor Cabuli fruit-seller, while I was—but no, what was I more than he? He also was a father,

That impression of the hand of his little Parbati in her distant mountain home

reminded me of my own little Mini.

I sent for her immediately from the inner apartment. Many difficulties were raised there, but I would not listen. Clad in the red silk of her wedding-day, with the sandal paste on her forehead, and adorned as a young bride, Mini came and stood bashfully before me.

The Cabuliwallah looked a little staggered at the apparition. He could not revive their old friendship. At last he smiled and said, "Little one, are you going to your

father-in-law's house ?"

But Mini now understood the meaning of the word "father-in-law" and she could not reply to him as of old. She flushed up at the question, and stood before him with her bride-like face turned down.

I remembered the day when the Cabuliwallah and my Mini had first met, and I felt sad. When she had gone, Rahmud heaved a deep sigh and sat down on the floor. The idea had suddenly come to him that his daughter too must have grown in this long time, and that he would have to make friends with her anew. Assuredly he would not find her as he used to know her. And besides, what might not have happened to her in these eight years?

The marriage-pipes sounded, and the mild autumn sun streamed round us. But Rahmud sat in the little Calcutta lane, and saw before him the barren mountains

of Afghanistan.

I took out a bank-note and gave it to

him, saying, "Go back to your own daughter, Rahmud, in your own country, and may the happiness of your meeting bring fortune to my child!"

Having made this present, I had to curtail some items of the festivities. I could not have the electric lights I had intended, nor the military band, and the ladies of the house were very despondent over this. But to me the wedding feast was all the brighter for the thought that in a distant land a long lost father had met again with his only child.

FOLKTALES, RIDDLES, PROVERBS AND DRAMATIC GAMES OF THE MUNDAS

N every typical Mündā village, there is a common dormitory or "giti-ora" for all the bachelors, and another for all the maidens of the village. This 'giti-ora' is at once a sleeping-house, a club, and an educational seminary, for the young folk. But the Munda is an unalphabet, and up till recently instruction through books was altogether unknown to the non-Christian Munda. Even to this day, it is only a microscopic minority of the unconverted Mundas who have learnt the Hindi alphabet. The only vehicle for instruction and culture known to the ordinary Munda is folklore or 'kahani', consisting of narratives or folktales, riddles, and proverbs. These are recited and learnt in the evening, by young bachelors and maidens assembled in their respective 'giti-oras', after the day's work is over.

The commoner class of folktales are (i) Kaji-Ka-ani. called 'kāji-kāhānis, and are in prose. As an instance we give below the story of the Tiger and the Thief—"Kūlā ād kūmbūrūā-kā-āni":—

A thief used to lurk about a king's stable night after night, seeking an opportunity to steal a horse. For the first few nights, no suitable opportunity presented itself. But at length the opportunity came, and on one dark night the thief entered the unguarded stable, unperceived. A tiger, however, had already noticed the thief lurking about the stable. And anticipating that the thief would enter the stable, and promising himself a meal of human flesh, the tiger forestalled him and lay crouching at one end of the stable. The thief on entering the

dark stable, began to scrutinise each animal by feeling its back with his hands. When at length he felt the back of the tiger, he adjudged this to be the best horse in the whole stable. Accordingly he put a bridle into this selected animal's mouth, and forthwith got up on its back. Unused to such treatment, the tiger got frightened out of his wits and thought within himself that the man who thus succeeded in mounting his back was undoubtedly stronger and more powerful than himself. In a mortal fright, the tiger began to run with all possible speed. And thus with the thief on his back, on and on he ran through jungles and over rocks, the whole night through. The thief too was no less frightened than the animal on whose back he rode. And at frequent intervals, the thief would call out to the animal in the most coaxing tones he could command,—"Slowly, slowly, O royal horse," "Wait a little, O king's horse!". At these words, however, the tiger would get more frightened than ever, and would double his speed. When, at length, day dawned, the thief was horrified at discovering that he was riding a veritable tiger. His first consternation, however, did not get the better of the thief's accustomed presence of mind. At the very opportunity he caught hold of the overhanging branches of a tree. And, in the twinkling of an eye, he scrambled up the tree and heaved a sigh of relief. The tiger too was overjoyed at finding his human rider mysteriously vanished. And in great glee the animal ran away with all possible speed. When the tiger was at a safe distance, the thief got down from the tree but felt so exhausted that he lay down on the ridge of

TO THE OCEAN

Translated into English Prose from the Poetry of Rabindranath

By S. V. Mukerjea, B.A. (Oxon).

O, thou First Mother, Ocean, this Earth thy child, One and only daughter, lies on thy lap, wherefore no sleep clings To thine Eyne; wherefore also Fear and Hope and Unrest Always cleave thy Bosom; wherefore rises like some Vedic Chant, Skyward, without ceasing, to the Temple of Nature's God Thy Soul's eternal prayer, filling all space With thy note of joy; wherefore on this sleeping Earth Thou showerest kisses unnumberable, enveloping her With thy all-embracing clasp of waves, holding her soft body In thy azure folds, with gentle tenderness And skilful care. What wondrous playfulness is this, Thou Fount of waters?—now, on some pretence of neglect Thou goest far away, receding with gentle steps and slow, As if wanting to leave her,--and again, with a shout of gladness, Thou returnest in one exultant leap to her Breast: Foaming with laughter, in joyous tears, and in the heaving pride of love Thou leavest Earth's purest forehead wet With fondest blessings. Thy Heart's immensity is ever melting With love. Whence came it, whither are its bounds? It is fathomless, illimitable. Who can comprehend The profundity of its calm, the limitlessness of its passion, The grandeur of its silence, the noisomeness of its sound, Its mad, loud laughter, its heaving lamentations? A child of this Earth am I, sitting by thy shore, Hearing thy sound. Methinks, for me it has Some meaning, like that of the sign-language of the mute For their kindred. Methinks, even the blood that courses Within my inmost veins, understands this language And has learnt naught else. Methinks, also the memory returns Of that dim time, when we lay unformed within thy womb, Amongst the embryos of unborn worlds, for some million years— How that tireless tune of thine had printed itself On each our souls; that ante-natal memory, That ceaseless throb upon thy unborn child Of thy Mother-heart - now wakes again, like some Faint Echo, in all my veins, when I, with pensive eyes Sitting on thy lonely shore, hear thy ancient roll. Thou wert then all solitary, from age to age counting time, Enveloping the bounds of space, undivided, limitless Lost in thyself—the vast new mystery of thy First Pregnancy Not comprehending! Night and day, some mystic Passion, The tenderness of imminent Motherhood, the Love that came



Unbeknown, throngs of strange desires filled thy Breast As yet unchilded. At each day-break Dawn came And foretold the moment of the Great Child's birth; Night after night, the stars gazed motionless On thy childless bed. That Primal Mother's love of thine, Mystic, deep,—when naught of living thing breathed or stirred,— That haunting passion, throbbing with imminent expectancy,— Those unwonted longings, that heaved thy inmost deeps, For the awaited hour—all come back to my mind Again and yet again, like some age-long memory. Even so, my soul, filled with strange agonies And dim perceptions, sends forth to Yond Bourne unseen Its yearning cry. As if within the deep of mind itself New worlds of feeling rise from moment to moment All unknowingly.—()nly a half-formed impulse Maddens my soul with eagerness, dowering it With some vast Ambition, formless, insatiable, Without reason, far beyond the ken of sense. Argument sneers at it, but Faith holds it true And doubts it not against a thousand hindrances: Undaunted, like the Mother's love for her Babe unborn When her soul wakes to tenderness and her bosom brims with milk. Even such an hope enheartens me, as now I gaze at thee, Rapt and speechless. Thou, Ocean, in pealing laughter, Drawest, with force resistless of kinship's mystic bond, My Soul to the midst of thy surging Waves.

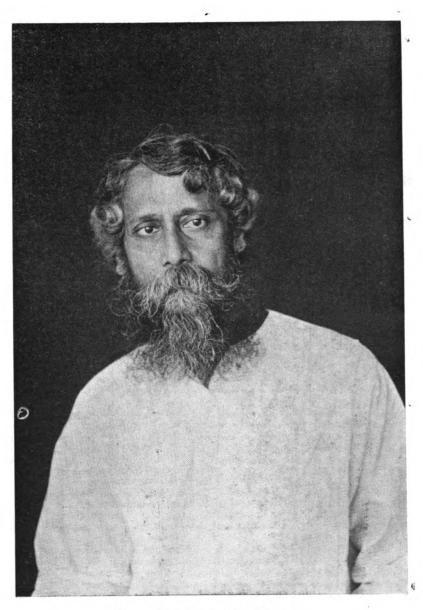
THE FAR OFF

(From the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore).

I am restless,
I am athirst for the far, far away.
The daylight wanes, I watch at the window,
Ah me, my soul goes out in longing
To touch the skirt of the vast dim distance.
I am athirst for the far far away.
Oh, the great Beyond, Oh, the uttermost glimpse,
Oh, the keen call of thy clarion!
I forget, I ever forget
That I have no wings to fly,
That I am bound in this spot evermore.

I am eager and wakeful,
I am a stranger in a strange lone land, O thou the distant far!
Thy voice comes to me
Bitterly sweet as the desire waking impossible hope,
And thy tongue is known to my heart
As its very own.
I am away from thee, O thou out of reach,





BABU RAVINDRANATH TAGORE.





Oh, the great Beyond, Oh, the farthest end,
O the keen call of thy clarion!
I forget, I ever forget
That I know not the way
That I have not the winged steed.

I am listless;
I am a wanderer in my heart, O thou far away!
In the sunny harze of the languid noon-tide hours
In the murmur of leaves, in the play of the fitful shadows,
What vision of thine takes shape in the blue expanse of the sky!
O Far-to-seek, I am ever a wanderer in my heart.
Oh, the great Beyond, Oh, the farthest end,
Oh, the keen call of thy clarion!
I forget, I ever forget
That the gates are all shut everywhere
In the house where I dwell all alone.

NOTE.—The above is not a metrical translation, though the lines are arranged as in poetry.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS

ENGLISH.

Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt C.I.E. by J. N. Gupta, M.A., I.C.S., with an introduction by His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda and numerous illustrations. London, J. M. Dent and Sons, 1911. Price 10/6d.

We have read many novels in our time, but we can truly say that no work of fiction that we have read held our interest so much in thrall as this book. To an Indian, the book is simply fascinating. But this is somewhat frivolous language to use in connection with the biography of Romesh Dutt—it is so uplifting, inspiring and ennobling. Mr. Dutt's able son-in-law, himself a member of the distinguished service to which he belonged, has accomplished his task with commendable promptitude, for the biography, consisting as it does of 504 pages, has been published within two years of Mr. Dutt's death.

When we first received the book and glanced through its pages we were disposed to think that there were too many newspaper quotations and extracts in it and that the adoption of the direct and continuous narrative form would have made the book more readable. This opinion received some support from Sir Henry Cotton's sympathetic review, where the same defects were noticed. But now having read the book from cover to cover, we are bound to admit that we have changed our opinion. The extracts given are from the reviews of his books which appeared in the English press, and they are sure to prove interesting to Indian readers, for whom the biography must have been mainly intended, inasmuch as they will give them an opportunity to compare representative English opinion with their own. As for the other objection, we must remember that Mr. Gupta

is an official still in service, and cannot speak with the independence which the narrative form would demand, and by allowing Mr. Dutt to tell the story of his life from his own letters, speeches and writings, and confining his work to supplying the connecting-links merely, the biographer has exercised a wise discretion and succeeded in giving us a vivid and accurate resume of the political and economic condition of India from the early days of British rule down to the dawn of the twentieth century, at the same time unfolding a noble career which will prove an inspiring beacon-light to generations of Indians yet unborn.

The main incidents of Romesh Dutt's life are

The main incidents of Romesh Dutt's life are wellknown to his countrymen and need not be recounted here. But a few extracts from his speeches, letters and official reports may be given, as they are not known to the general reader and will give us an idea of the stuff the man was made of.

Here is his sketch of Sir Ashley Eden, under whom he served :- "With the new feelings and the growing aspirations of the people he has no sympathy; he has tried to trample on them, to hold them to derision, Patronage and personal rule are to extinguish them. the weaknesses of the old class patriarchal rule, and no man is more wedded to them, or has abused patronage more, than Sir Ashley. He likes to see the people come to him and to salam him; he likes to oblige them and to favour them with a benign smile, q or with posts for their children. This is his way, of I doing good. He learnt it when he was a young man, and he knows no other. Agitation for rights ? he hates; supplication for favours he understands and rewards.' How true this bisoof seven the clatter days Anglo-Indian bureaucrat administration boloded or vignit

As Magistrate of Barisal, Mru Dutt penned acopte on the libert Bill controversy which was roublished rion.

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INDIA'S EPIC

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore.)

ENERALLY speaking poetry may be divided into two classes: some of them are the individual utterances of their authors, others breathe the voice of a large community.

By 'the individual utterance of a poet' we do not mean that the work is not intelligible to other men, for then it would be mere raving. The phrase means that the peculiar genius of the poet expresses the eternal sentiments and heart's secrets of universal Humanity through the medium of his personal joys and sorrows, his fancies, and his life's experiences.

Another class of poets reveal through their compositions the feelings and experiences of an entire country or age, and make them the eternal property of Man. the master-poets (mahá-kavi.) Muse of a whole country or race speaks through them. Such a master poet's work does not look like the composition of any particular individual. It springs like the tallest forest tree out of the deep bowels of the country and spreads its sheltering shade over the land of its origin. In Kalidas's Sakuntala and Kumar-sambhav we see their author's peculiar skill of hand. Ramayan and the Mahabharat seem to be India's, like the Ganges and the Himalayas; their authors, Vyas and Valmiki, seem to have been set up for show only.

In truth Vyas and Valmiki were not the names of any real men; they are names given at a guess. These two vast works, these two epics which embrace all India,—have lost the names of their authors; the poet has been completely hidden by his own poem!

What the Ramayan and the Mahabharat are to us, the Iliad was to Ancient Greece. It was born and seated in the heart of the entire Greek world. The poet Homer merely gave voice to his country and age. Like a fountain his speech gushed out of the deep secret heart of his country and flooded it for ever.

No modern poem has this universality. Milton's *Paradise Lost* has no doubt much sublimity of style, glory of metre, and depth of sentiment; but it is not the property of his whole country; it is only a treasure for the library.

Hence we must regard the few ancient epics as a class apart. They were largelimbed like the gods and Titans of old; their breed is now extinct.

The ancient Aryan civilisation flowed in two streams, - into Europe and India. In each of these lands two great epics have preserved the message and music of that civilisation.

As a foreigner, I cannot say for certain whether Greece has succeeded in expressing her entire genius in her two epics. But I am sure that India has left no part of herself unembodied in the Ramayan and the Maha-bharat.

Hence it is, that centuries have rolled on, but the Ramayan and the Mahabharat have

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flowed through India with undiminished volume. They are read daily in every village, in every house,—as welcome in the grocer's shop as in the royal palace. Blessed are the two poets whose (true) names have been lost in the vast wilderness of Time, but whose words still flow, carrying a copious steam of strength and peace to the doors of millions of men and women, and fertilising the heart of modern India with the rich loam incessantly brought down from hundreds of past centuries.

Therefore, it will not be correct to call the Ramayan and the Mahabharat epics only; they are histories, too;—not the history of incidents, which concerns a particular age only, but the eternal history of India. Other histories change with the passage of time, but this history has suffered no change. The history of what has been the object of India's devoted endeavour, India's adoration, and India's resolve, is seated on the throne of eternity in the palace of these two vast epics.

Hence the criticism of the Ramayan and the Mahabharat must follow a different standard from that employed in appraising other poems. It is not enough to judge whether Ram's character was noble or base, whether Lakshman's conduct charms the critic or not. The critic must pause in reverence and judge how the entire land of India through many thousand years has regarded these works.

In the present case we must humbly find out the message that India speaks in the Ramayan, the ideal that India recognises as great in this epic. It is a popular notion that only a heroic poem can be an epic. The reason is that in every country and age where martial greatness has been honoured most, the national epic has naturally been predominantly heroic. True, there is plenty of fighting in the Ramayan; true, Ram is a hero of extraordinary strength; but the heroic is not the predominant spirit in this epic. The Ramayan does not proclaim the glory of physical prowess,—its main theme is not the description of battles.

Nor is it true that it is an epic only descriptive of the exploits of a certain incarnation of the Deity. Scholars will show that Ram was not an avatar but a human personality to Valmiki. Here I may briefly say this that if the poet had described a god instead of a man in the Ramayan, it would

have lessened the greatness of his work, it would have taken away from its merits as a poem. Ram's character is glorious only because it is human.

The Ramoyan is the story of that combination of all noble qualities which Valmiki sought for in the hero worthy of his epic, and which Narad discovered in the person of Ram, the perfect MAN, after failing to find it in the gods. (Balkanda, Canto 1). In the Ramayan no god has dwarfed himself into an incarnation; only a man has raised himself to the Godhead by his inner greatness. The poet of India wrote his epic to set up the supreme ideal for men. And from his day Indian readers have been eagerly reading this description of the ideal human character.

The chief peculiarity of the Ramayan is that it has shown the story of a household in a superlative form. The tie of moral law (dharma), the bond of affection, between father and son, brother and brother, wife and husband,—has been raised to such a transcendental height in the Ramayan, as to make it easily a fit theme for an epic. We often see that what gives life and movement to other epics is conquest of kingdoms, destruction of foemen, the fierce clash between two strong and antagonistic parties. But the greatness of the Ramayan does not depend on the war between Ram and Ravan; that war is only a device for setting off the splendour of the conjugal love between Ram and Sita. The Ramayan only shows the extreme point which a son's loyalty to his father, a brother's sacrifice for another brother, a wife's faith to her husband, and a king's duty to his subjects, can reach. In the epic of no other land have such predominantly domestic relations of individuals been deemed a fit subject of treatment.

This fact tells us of the character not of the poet only but of India too. From this we can realise how great the home and domestic duties are to India. This epic clearly proves the high estimation in which the householder's life (garhasthya ashram) was held in our land. The householder's life was not meant for our own happiness or comfort; it held the whole fabric of society together and developed the true manhood of the people. The household was the foundation of the Aryan society of India; and the

Ramayan is the epic of that household The Ramayan has thrown this domestic life into adversity and imparted a peculiar glory to it by placing it amidst the sufferings of exile in the forest. The rude shock of the



Sita, Ram and Lakshman in the Panchavati Forest.

conspiracy of Kaikeyi and Mantharā shatters the royal house of Ayodhyá, but still, in spite of it, the Ramayan proclaims the invincible firmness of domestic life. It is not physical prowess, it is not lust of con-

quest, it is not political greatness, but the peace-imbrued domestic life that the Ramayan has seated on the throne of heroic strength, after giving it the coronation-bath of tender tears.

A foreign critic has said that the characters described in the Ramayan are supernatural. My reply is, -it is a question of temperament; what appears supernatural to the people of a certain character, appears as quite natural to a race of a different character. India has never detected any supernatural exaggeration in the Ramayan. A thousand years have proved that in no. part has the story of the Ramayan ever appeared hyperbolical to India. This story has not only given instruction to all ages and all ranks of India, it has given them delight; they have not only placed it on their heads (in reverence), but have also enshrined it in their hearts; it is not merely a scripture to them, it is their romance.

It would never have been possible for Ram to be at once human and divine to us. it would never have been possible for the Ramayan to win our reverence and delight at the same time,—if the poetry of this epic had been to India a thing of a far-off realm of fancy, and not something included within the bounds of our society.

If a foreign critic, judging by the standard of the epics of his land, calls such a poem unnatural,—it only makes a peculiarity of India's genius the clearer by contrast with that of his country. In the Ramayan India has got what she craves for. In the Ramayan's simple anushtup rhythm the heart of India has been beating for thousands of years.

Reader, look not upon Valmiki's life of Ram as a mere poet's creation; know it as INDIA'S Ramayan; for then only will you be able to understand India truly through the Rimayan, and that epic truly through India. Remember that India wanted to hear not a historical tale of (national) achievement, but the ideal character of the full man, and this she has been hearing (in the epic) with ceaseless delight even to our day.

India has a passionate craving for FULNESS. She has never despised or doubted it as beyond objective reality. She has admitted it as truth indeed, and in it only has she found delight. By inspiring and gratifying this thirst for fulness, the author of the



The slaying of the Magic Deer and the Ravishment of Sita.

Ramayan has conquered for ever the devoted heart of India.

The race that adores partial truth, that pursues material truth with tireless energy, that regards poetry as the mirror of Nature,—such a race is achieving many things in the world; it is peculiarly successful; the whole human kind is indebted to it. But, on the other hand, those who have said, "The Great (Bhumá) is the only happiness; the nature of the Great is the only proper object of inquiry,"—those who have directed their devotion to realise the beauty of all parts, the harmony of all conflicts, amidst the fulness of MATURITY;—their debt, too, the world can never repay. If their

memory is lost, if their teaching is forgotten, then human civilisation, oppressed and withering in the close and polluted atmosphere of its dusty, smoky, densely crowded factory, will die inch by inch. The Ramayan is ever showing us a picture of those (ancients) who thirsted for the nectar of the FULL, the UNDIVIDED. If we can preserve our simple reverence and hearty homage for the brotherliness, love of truth, wifely devotion, servant's loyalty depicted in its pages, then the pure breeze of the Great Outer Ocean will make its way through the windows of our factory-home.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

THE HISTORY OF INDIA AND ITS STUDY

BY THE SISTER NIVEDITA.

I.

I NDIA as she is is a problem which can only be read by the light of Indian history. Only by a gradual and loving study of how she came to be, can we grow to understand what our country actually is, what the intention of her evolution, and what her sleeping potentiality may be.

We are often told that Indian literature includes no histories. It is said that the Rajatarangini in Kashmir, the Dipawamsa and Mahawamsa in Ceylon, and the records

made after their accession to power by the Mohammedans are the only real works of history which she possesses. Even if this be true—and we shall be better able- to discuss the question, in a generation or two—we must remember that India herself is the master-document in this kind. The country is her own record. She is the history that we must learn to read. There are those who say that history as a form of literature can never survive the loss of political power, and that this is the reason

taken in hand by private individuals, most notable among whom was Mr. Drinkwater Bethune. He was a great friend of Dr. Frederick John Mouat, who in a lecture delivered before the Society of Arts, London, in March, 1888, said:—

"Two days before the close of his honoured and valued life Mr. Bethune, at whose bedside I was watching and whose eves I closed in their eternal sleep, asked me how long he had to live. 'Don't conceal it from me,' he said, 'as I wish to complete the last work of my life.' When I mentioned to him that I could only measure it by hours, he called for his cheque book, drew a cheque for a very large amount and bid me hasten to realise it and keep it in my

custody until he had passed away, for the benefit of the femále school he had established. This was done. I was his executor and found that the whole of his large official income in India was spent in the country and chiefly in good works of which the foundation of the female school which bears his name, was the chief."

We need not dwell at any great length on the Education Despatch of 1854. We have said enough to show the motives which led the authorities to prepare it, and also how and why the recommendations contained in it were not given effect to by the Government of the East India Company.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

[FROM THE BENGALI OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE].

The chandelier flashed up and said to the earthen lamp—
"I'll smother you up if you dare to call me cousin!"

Just then the moon came up in the sky,

And the chandelier cried—"Come, my dear dear brother!"

Thou who art in the ditch, 'tis easy for thee to throw mud; But what is he to do whose path is ever above thee?

He who has not the power to attain greatness, Has he the power to make greatness appear small?

The owl takes every opportunity to proclaim That he has an enmity with the sun.

I will close every door to shut out all possible errors. "But how am I to enter in?" cries Truth.

Favour complains—"I give, but never receive." Mercy says—"I give, but never ask."

Fierce rages the storm and wages war. Who is it that wins at last? Only the gentle breeze.

"I obey not law, I am free "—this is the boast of the Dream. Truth says sadly to him —" That is why thou art false." Dream says—" Truth is bound in endless chain of necessity." Truth says—" That is why I am perfectly true."



SISTER NIVEDITA

Who loveth much!—The Master gave the meed Not by the rule of indolent belief,
Nor by professing sympathy with grief
Without the act.—Nay! By the living deed
He fixed for man Love's everlasting creed
As the one narrow path to blessedness—
To help the hungering stranger in distress,
The sick, the prisoner—so runs the rede—
She loved—and though she left the outward fold
Of Christ, to His commandment she was true,
Leaving her home to make a stranger's woes
Her own in Christ-like act; for she was bold
To love, toil, suffer, till death claimed its due
In far Darjeeling near the eternal snows.

Delhi.

C. F. Andrews.

HINDU MUSIC

THE PROBLEM OF THE SRUTI SCALE.

THE question of the musical Srutis and their location in the scale of notes has become a vexed one, and several eminent men of greater or less authority have tackled it with originality and great But it is undeniable that the problem has not reached any satisfactory If then, a small voice solution as vet. like mine makes a bold contribution to this question, the presumption may be excused. I can not here dilate on the theories advanced by several writers on this subject. The limits of time and space forbid such an att.mpt. I shall simply give an outline of a theory which has struck me as a very good working hypothesis arrived at by the á priori method. I may then notice the theory advanced by Mr. Krishnaji Ballal Deval in his able work entitled: "The Hindu Musical Scale and the Twenty-two Srutis," a copy of which he was kind enough to present me with.

To make my position clear, I must start with certain definite assertions, viz.—

(1) The scale of seven notes as accepted by Indian music tallies exactly with the European scale.**

Note:—This applies to the present day Indian scale. The ancient Sanskrit works on music recognised a scale in which the present day कोमल ग and नि (flat E and B) were regarded as natural notes and our natural ग and नि were set down as तीन or

* This is not the fact, for at least in vocal Hindusthani music, \(\mathbf{T} \) is certainly the true fifth of \(\mathbf{T} \), and therefore different from the European A. This is also what the old Sanskrit writers say, as pointed out in this very article,—U. Roy.



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WOMAN'S LOT IN EAST AND WEST

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore).

WHEN I reached Europe I found only ships running, carriages driving, men moving, shops plying, theatres going on, Parliament in session,—in fact, everything on the move. In everything, great and small, a vast endeavour was busily asserting itself day and night to an extreme point; all were rushing on in concert with tireless energy to attain the extreme limit of human powers.

I'he sight oppressed my Indian nature; but at the same time I cried out in admiration too, "Yes, these are indeed an Imperial race! What we look upon as much more than enough is but a miserable pittance in their eyes. For the sake of their meanest comfort, for the sake of their most fleeting pleasure, man's powers are toiling with nerves and muscles strained to the utmost."

During the voyage I used to reflect:-This ship is incessantly advancing with its iron bosom thrown forward; on the deck countless men and women are engaged, some cosily reposing, others amusing them-But there is a fire burning for ever low down in its secret bowels, at which innocent coal-black damned ones are constantly grilling and shortening their lives. Oh! the unbearable strain, hard toil, and pitiless waste of human life incessantly goinig on there! But it cannot be helped. His Majesty MAN is making his royal progress; he will not halt, he will not consent to lose his time or bear any hardship, if it can be avoided.

It is not enough for him that distance has been annihilated by the ceaseless working of machinery; on the way he will not bear the least curtailment of the comfort and splendour to which he is accustomed in his palace. Hundreds of servants are ever engaged in waiting on him; his dining saloon and music hall are finely decorated. painted with gold, covered with marble, and lighted up by hundreds of electric lamps. His table groans under every possible variety of dish. How many regulations, how many arrangements for keeping the ship tidy! What careful attention to the minutest detail! Every bit of rope is kept neatly coiled in its proper place. As in the ship, so everywhere else,in the streets, the rivers, the shops, theatres, -there is no end of arrangements. Everywhere the senses of His Imperial Majesty MAN are being offered sacrifices with full pomp of ritual. For years we toil and toil in advance that he may enjoy even a moment's pleasure!

My subjective Oriental nature looked upon this machine of civilisation, worked at extreme strain, as a source of affliction. Even a single voluptuous despot in a country requires thousands of wretches to wear their lives out in contributing to his pleasure; but when the kings of society are counted in tens of thousand, the human race is crushed under an intolerable burden. Hood's Song of the Shirt is the pathetic cry of that oppressed humanity.

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THE MODERN REVIEW FOR JUNE, 1912

In the reigns of bygone tyrants the pyramids of Egypt were built of many stones and many miserable human lives. Looking at the beautiful towering edifice of modern civilisation, I often think that it has been built of stone above and stone below, with human lives crushed between the two layers. True, it is a matchlessly prodigious structure; true, its artistic beauty is marvellous; but its cost is also excessive. We do not mark this cost from the outside; but it is gradually accumulating in Nature's accountbook against us. It is a law of Nature that the despised take their revenge, though little by little......

I remember that a certain great man of Europe has prophesied that the Negro race will one day conquer Europe. The black clouds of Africa will envelop the white davlight of Europe. God forbid it! But it is not naturally impossible; because, in light there is confidence, a thousand eyes are gazing on it; but where darkness gathers, there danger accumulates its strength in secret,—there is cataclysm's birth-place shrouded in mystery. When India's Nawabs grew luxurious beyond endurance, a storm burst on them from the gloomy neglected North-western corner, the home of poor and Such a fate may possibly hardy races. overtake luxurious civilised man.

It would be presumption on my part to make any dogmatic assertion about foreign society. But so far as I can judge standing outside it, I am convinced that with the progress of European civilisation women are becoming more and more unhappy.

Women are the centripetal force of society. In Europe the centripetal force is failing to pull society back towards the centre as strongly as the centrifugal force is driving it asunder. The men are being scattered over the face of the earth in different lands; with the (artificial) increase of wants they are being ceaselessly engaged in the struggle for existence. A soldier cannot fight with a heavy kit, a traveller cannot walk with a heavy load on his back; so, too, in Europe man does not easily consent to burden himself with a family. Woman's realm is going to be gradually depopulated. The maid (in Europe) has to wait long years before getting a husband; the wife has to pine in loneliness while her

husband is away at work; the son when grown up leaves his mother's nest.

It has become necessary for the women even to join alone in the severe struggle for existence. And yet their traditional training, nature, and social usage are opposed to such a course.

I think, this destruction of social harmony is the reason why women in Europe are striving for equal rights with men. In the social plays of Ibsen we see that many of their female characters are very impatient of the existing social ties, while the males support social usage. This paradox made me realise that in modern European society the position of women has truly become very inconsistent; the men will neither build homes for the women, nor grant them full right to enter the field of work. first sight the large number of women in the ranks of the Russian Nihilists may surprise us; but reflection will show that the time is nearly ripe for the women in Europe to appear as Furies of destruction.

On the whole we see that in European civilisation, strength has become so very indispensable in every walk of life that the place for the weak,—male and female alike,— is gradually disappearing from their society. The demand now is only for work, only for strength, only for movement. It seems as if those capable of giving and winning pity, of loving and being beloved, are not quite entitled to live in such a society. Thus it is that their women seem half ashamed of their femininity, and are trying to prove formally that they have strength no less than feeling.

Such is their lot! And when in England people shed a flood of tears over "the miserable condition of Indian women," I feel great regret as so much sympathy being needlessly thrown away....Sympathy from an Englishman is so rare, that my sorrow knows no bound when I see this precious article being wasted on an undeserving object.

We see that our women, with their simple graceful ornaments, their ever cheerful faces, have kept our homes sweet by means of their tenderness, love, and graciousness. Sometimes their eyes are dimmed with tears when they are in a pet; sometimes their simple fair faces, under love's oppressive sway, assume a tender melancholy



But woman's hue, patient and grave. afflictions, viz., cruel husbands and unnatural sons, are to be found everywhere in the world: I have learned from a reliable source that they are not absolutely non-existent in England! Well, we are quite happy with our household goddesses. and they too have never told us that they are very unhappy. Why then do meddlers, living thousands of miles away, break their hearts needlessly over the imaginary sorrows of our woman folk? Men naturally commit great mistakes in imagining what would make others happy or unhappy. If, through the evolution of civilisation, the suddenly were to develop philanthropists, their sympathetic hearts would never find peace without plunging the whole human race in a deep mossy pond! Europe, your happiness lies outside, our happiness dwells inside the home; how then can we make you realise that we are happy.

When a lady doctor of the Dufferin Fund enters our women's appartments, and sees there dirty small rooms, small windows, beds not at all milkwhite, earthenware lamps, mosquito-nets fastened with strings. a few oleograph daubs of the Calcutta Art Studio, the walls blackened with the soot of lamps and the smudges of many fingers for countless years,—she turns up her nose thinks, "Oh, it is horrible! How miserable is their life! How very selfish are their men that they have kept the women like cattle!" Ah, she does not know that we all live thus. We read Mill, Spencer, and Ruskin; we work in English offices, write to the papers, print books, but we light that earthen lamp, squat on that mattress, buy gold ornaments for our wives when we are in funds, and inside that stringknotted mosquito-net sleep we and our wives fanning ourselves with a palm-leaf fan, our baby between us.

And yet,—you will not believe it?—we are not miserable! We have no sofa or carpet-seated chair; but we have pity, tenderness, and love. True, we read your literature, half lying on our backs on a wooden bedstead, our shoulders pressed against a bolster; but we can nevertheless understand and enjoy a good deal of it. We read your philosophy with uncovered backs before a half-broken earthen lamp,

and yet we can get so much light from it that even our boys have almost become sceptics like you!

And we, on our part, cannot enter into your feelings. You love your furniture, sport, and amusement so very much that for their sake you don't mind having no wife or child. With you comfort is first, then comes love. With us love is the supreme need; and thereafter our lifelong endeavour often fails to secure for us an (adequate) measure of comfort.

The truth is, we Indian men cannot live without marrying. The porpoise lives in water, but it must come up to the surface every now and then to breathe, or it will die. So, we may remain plunged in the midst of business; but we must run every now and then to our women's apartments and there refresh ourselves, if we are to live at all.

I was just now asking,—Are our women happy or unhappy? Well, I think that in the present structure of our society, our women are tolerably well off, though that structure may or may not be beneficial to society itself. An Englishman may imagine that a woman cannot be happy unless she plays lawn tennis or dances at balls. But our people believe that woman's true happiness consists only in loving and being beloved. But such a belief may be one of our superstitions.

It is impossible for the woman-heart in an English family to attain to the varied fulfilment which it gains in the Indian home. Hence it is considered a cruel misfortune for an English woman to live and die an old maid. Her lonely heart gradually turns arid; she tries to keep herself engaged only by nursing puppies or by joining charitable societies. The doctor must artificially pump out the accumulated milk of the mother of a still-born babe, to keep her in health. Similarly, the inherent tenderness of the European old maid's heart has to be poured out fruitlessly by various elaborate devices; but it cannot give her soul true gratification.

It will not be unfair to compare the old maid of English society with the girl-widow of India. The two classes form nearly the same proportion of their respective populations. Outwardly their lot is the same, but there is a marked difference between the

two in one respect. The Hindu widow's feminine nature never gets a chance of growing sterile by lying arid, vacant, and waste. Her lap is never bare, her arms never idle, her heart never unattached. She acts, now as a mother (to her nephews). now as a daughter, now as a companion (to her sisters-in-law). Thus, throughout life she remains tender, full-hearted, affectionate, engaged in the service of others. The children of the (joint) family are born before her eyes, and grow up in her arms. To the other girls of the house she is attached by the ties of many years' joys and sorrows, love and comraderie. With the male members of the family her relation is manifold, -that of tender care, respectful devotion, and merry playfulness. She is not denied a share in the household work which women naturally love. And between whiles she has time also for reading the Ramayan, the Mahabharat, or a Puran or two, and for the loving task of drawing the children round her knees in the evening to tell them stories. Nay, a wife has sometimes the wish and the leisure to keep kittens or green parrots; but a Hindu widow leaves no corner of her heart unoccupied | by useful loving service, for the indulgence of such frivolous tastes.

Hence I cannot believe that our women are less happy than your women who are incessantly whirling in the eddy of pleasure or are engaged in competing with men, or passing their lonely maidenhood or widowhood in nursing puppies and four or five charitable societies. Loveless tieless vacant liberty is a terrible thing for women—as terrible and vacuous as the boundless freedom of the desert is to a householder.

Whatever else we may be, we are a domestic race. Hence it logically follows that we are at the mercy of our woman kind; they have cherished us with great and constant care and attention. Indeed, so fully have they got us under their control, that we cannot bear to stay long away from our home and country. It does us much harm no doubt, but it at least does not make our women unhappy.

I do not mean to say that our society is perfect and the best in the world, nor that nothing can be done to improve our women's lot......But on the whole it can be asserted that our wives and daughters do not generally live in a world of horrors, but that they are happy.

Before we discuss the intellectual training our women, we may well question whether our men even are properly educated. Are not we, Indian men, a strange medley of odds and ends, a patchwork? Are our of observation, judgment, and assimilation very healthy and natural, and carried on to a liberal maturity? Do we not frequently mix up unreal fancies with things observed? Has not blind Prejudice, unshaken and proud, usurped half the throne of Reason in our minds? Is there not an absurd inconsistency always noticeable between our convictions and acts, as the result of our feeble education and weak A terrible confusion, without character? order, without control, reigns among the thoughts, opinions, and institutions of the Bengalis.

And, because we have not learnt to observe think and act like well-trained men, there is no stability in anything pertaining Whatever we say and do seems to be done as in play; it all fades and drops down dead like mango-blossoms before their season. Hence our writings are like debating club essays; our opinions are meant for displaying our intellectual subtlety, and not for application to our life. Our minds are keen like the tip of the kusha grass, but not strong like weapons. If such is our condition, what high education can we expect for our women? It is putting the cart before the horse to expect the full education of our women before the education of our men has been perfected.

So, we must admit that though an English woman's character is left imperfect if she is not educated, the practical education of our women,—thanks to our well-filled home,—acquires far greater completeness (in spite of their lack of literary education).

But this largeness of the family is a load which has crushed all growth out of our race. Our household has, through the course of ages, grown into such an unnaturally huge affair that none of us has any strength left for minding things outside our homes. We have clustered together (in our homes) in such large numbers as to reduce all to the same stunted size. Our society is like a dense forest, whose

thousand creepers entangle and prevent any particular member from raising himself to a towering height above all the rest.

Under the complicated ties of our family-system, we have failed to form a nation, to form a State, and to develop world-conquering manliness. We have produced (ideal) fathers, mothers, sons, brothers and wives,—and, by the reaction of this strong social force, many ascetics and recluses; but we have not produced anybody (vowed to live and die) for the great world. To us the family is the only world. [The same Bengali word, sansar, means both 'family' and 'world'].

But in Europe we see a strange pheno-The domestic tie is much looser in Europe than with us, and hence Europe has no doubt produced many men who have devoted all their powers to the service of their own race or of humanity. But, on the other hand, many Europeans seek in the world nothing beyond a good opportunity for pampering their own selves. On one side we see philanthropy free from all (family) ties, and on the other selfishness free from all restraints (of social duty). Every year there is an increase in the number of our family, and an increase in that of their comforts. We say that a bachelor is only half a human being; the English say that a man who has not a club of his own is an incomplete person! We say that a house without children is a desert; the English hold that a house without furniture is a wilderness!

Where material prosperity is valued too highly, it becomes a tyrannical master of society. Wealth begins to despise merit and to pity nobility (of character)....Wealth first appears as the external sign of ability, but in the end ability ceases to be respected unless it cultivates the outward show of

A great and swift river gathers sand by its own impetuous force; but in the end that very sand bars its further progress. I often think of European civilisation as such a mighty stream. Its energy is gathering from all quarters of the globe even the meanest things required by man, and every year piling up fresh mountains of such "rubbish heaps of civilisation." But our civilisation is a narrow stream flowing feebly and finally half-hidden from view and

arrested midway by the thick mossy entanglement of the [Hindu joint] family. And yet it has a beauty, a freshness, a verdant charm. It has no speed, no strength, no expanse, but certainly gentleness, serenity and patience.

If my apprehensions be true, European civilisation is imperceptibly creating a vast desert of lifelessness for itself. By heaping up material comforts, it is gradually burying the HOME,—the secret abode of man's tenderness and love, the perennial fountain of beneficence, the one thing needful for man even if everything else were to disappear from the world. The heart's birth-place is being covered with a thick and responseless crust.

In a land where homes are disappearing and hotels increasing, where every one is working and earning for his own self and seeking unbroken comfort by securing his own rooms, his easy chair, his dog, his horse, his sporting gun, his pipe, and his club for gambling,-there we must conclude that woman's hive has been broken up. Formerly the working bees used to gather honey abroad and store it in the hive, where the queen-bees used to reign. Now, each selfish bee hires his own cell, and drinks up alone in the evening all the honey he has gathered in the day. Therefore, the queenbees must now come out into the wide wide world; they can no longer live by giving away honey and drinking honey. have not yet succeeded in adapting themselves to these changed circumstances; hence they are helplessly buzzing about hither and But we,—we are quite happy under the rule of our queens, and they, too, in possession of the inner apartment of the home,—the very centre of our family-based social system,—are living happily, girt round by all the family.

But recently our society has changed in many ways. Through the economic changes in the country, our means of earning a livelihood have naturally become diversified, and in consequence of it our joint family system is gradually tending to

* Cf. Kipling:

"A million Maggies are born every year to bear the yoke;

For a woman's a woman, but a cigar is a smoke."

(Editor).

become somewhat loosened. A change in the condition of our women has become necessary and even inevitable along with this change. The Hindu wife must no longer remain spread as a tender heart over the whole house; she must stiffen her backbone, and stand alert and erect as her husband's helpmeet in work.

Therefore, if we do not spread female education, the harmony between husband and wife will be destroyed in modern educated Indian society. The spread of English education has created impassable gulf like] the caste system, between those who know English and those who do not. Hence, in most cases, the husband and wife belong to two different social planes, as it were: the thoughts, [favourite] language, beliefs, and acts of the one are quite foreign to the other. in our present day conjugal life there are abundant instances of comedy, and possibly instances of tragedy, too.

For this very reason female education is gradually spreading [of itself] in our society; it is the outcome not of public lectures, nor of a sense of duty [to the weaker sex], but

of sheer necessity.

English education, affecting our society within and without, will undoubtedly modify its character in many ways. hope and believe that it is a false alarm to apprehend that English education make us lose our eastern character and turn Europeans altogether. Whatever our education may be, it is impossible for us to be entirely transformed. English education can give us a certain number of ideas, but cannot give us all the circumstances favourable to such ideas. We can get English literature, but not England itself. It is easy to import the seed, but not the soil.

Take an illustration. The Bible has been the chief ethical teacher of Europe for long centuries, but in spite of it Europe has retained her impatient violent character; her heart has not even yet been melted by the Biblical lessons of forgiveness and meekness.

I consider it a great good fortune for Europe that she is receiving from childhood a training which is not entirely consonant to her nature, which is presenting a new field to her inherent character, and which by its clashing is keeping her ever awake in the path of nobility.

If Europe had only received an education in exact conformity with her natural inclination, she would not have been so great today. Then European civilization would have lacked its spacious range; then the same soil would not have produced so many saints and men of action. The Christian religion in Europe is constantly maintaining the harmony between earth and heaven, between the intellect and the soul.

Christianity is not merely diffusing a spiritual element in secret through European civilisation, it is also helping the intellectual development of Europe to an extent that words cannot adequately describe. European literature furnishes many ins tances of it. Who can fully analyse and expound the rich poetry and beauty that Oriental ideas and Oriental imagination, entering into the heart of Europe through the medium of the Bible, have developed Who can fully unfold how this agency has expanded the comprehensive range of the European heart, not by means of ethical teaching, but by establishing a close contact with an absolutely foreign type of thought?

Happily the education which we are now getting is not entirely akin to our nature. I, therefore, hope that through contact with this new force we shall be able to renounce our age-old monotonous inertia; the new invigorating vernal breeze will kindle us into life again, and make us put forth fresh foliage and blossoms; our mental horizon

will be expanded to the utmost.

Some hold that what is good in Europe is good for Europe only, and what is good in us is good for us only. But no truly good things can be mutually antagonistic; they are complementary to each other. Circumstances may compel one country to give predominance to one good element, and another country to another; but from the standpoint of the complete development of humanity, none of the elements can be discarded. Nay more, there is such a natural affinity among all good things, that if you discard one, the others are weakened, and our maimed humanity gradually loses its motion and stands helplessly inert by the road side [as a dead stationary civilisation].

If the plants were suddenly to gain intelli-



gence or feeling, they might think within themselves, "The earth is our birth-place, therefore we shall live only by drawing sap from the soil. The sunshine and rain of the sky are tempting us further and further away from our native soil towards the (foreign) sky. Therefore, let us young plants form an association to avoid carefully all contact with this ever quivering changeful sunshine, rain and wind, and to cling solely to our stable motionless eternal earth."

Or, the plants may reason thus, "The earth is very gross, despicable, and low. Let us give up our connection with it and set our faces for ever to the clouds like the sky-lark." Both these lines of thought would show that the plants have got more cleverness than is good for them.

So, too, in modern Indian society, those who want to retain our old beliefs and institutions absolutely unchanged and those who hope to become completely Europeanised by one leap, are alike deluding themselves with vain imaginings and over-subtlety.

Common sense naturally tells us that on the one hand we cannot live by plucking our roots out of India's past, nor on the other hand can we avoid accepting the English education which is blowing all around us like the wind and falling in showers like rain. Now and then we may have a thunder-bolt or two hurled on us, now and then we may have a hail shower and not merely the (beneficent) rain. But where can we go by turning our faces away from it? Remember also that the rainfall of the new monsoons is inspiring a new life in our old land.

What will English education do for us,

you ask? My answer is "We shall not become Englishmen, but we shall become strong, noble, alive. We shall remain on the whole this home-loving peace-loving race, but we shall not, as now, shrink in horror from foreign travel. We shall wake to the fact that there is a world outside By comparing ourselves with others we shall be able to reject as ludicrous or harmful any ignorant rusticity or undue extremeness that may disfigure any department of our civilization. By throwing open our long closed windows we shall be able to admit within our house the free outer air and the light of east and west. We may not become a principally military commercial or exploring race; but we shall be able to develop ourselves into educated, mature-minded, tender-hearted, philanthropic, pious householders; though we may not be materially rich and strong, we shall be able to render great help to common humanity by means of our ever active knowledge and love.

Many will regard this ideal as not sufficiently high; but to me it appears as a very proper one. To me the true ideal is not to be an athlete but to be healthy. The proper ideal is not a cloud-kissing monument or pyramid, but a firmly built house admitting plenty of light and air....

I trust that through all our errors, action and counter-action, we are advancing towards full humanity. At present we are oscillating between two opposing forces; and therefore the truth inherent in each of these forces looks like an uncertain shadow to us; only when we reach for a moment the middle space between them, do we entertain a firm hope about our future.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

THE SUPREME NIGHT

A SHORT STORY.

(From the Bengali of Ravindra Nath Tugore).

I used to go to the same dame's school with Surabálá and play at marriage with her. When I paid visits to her house, her mother used to pet me much,

and placing us together used to say to herself, "What a lovely pair!"

I was a child then, but I could understand her meaning tolerably enough. The notion became rooted in my mind that I had a special right to Surabala above that of people in general. So it happened that, in the pride of ownership, I used at times to punish and torment her; and she, too, uncomplainingly fagged for me and bore all my punishments. The village used to praise her beauty; but in the eyes of a young barbarian boy like me that beauty enjoyed no glory;—I only knew that Surabala had been born in her father's house solely to bear my yoke, and that therefore she was the particular object of my neglect.

My father was the land-steward of the Chaudhuris, a family of zamindars. It was his plan, as soon as I had learnt to write a good hand, to train me in the work of estate management and secure a [petty] rent collectorship for me somewhere. But in my heart I disliked the proposal. Nilratan of our village had run away to Calcutta; learnt English there, and finally became the Nazir Superintendent of bailiffs) of the District Magistrate; that was my life's ideal: I was secretly determined to be the Head Clerk of the Judge's Court even if I could not become the Magistrate's Nazir.

I saw my father always treating these court officers with the greatest respect. I knew from my chilhood that they had to be propitiated with gifts of fish, vegetables, and even money. For this reason I had given a seat of high honour in my heart to the court underlings, even to the bailiffs. These are the gods worshipped in our Bengal,—a modern miniature edition of the 330 millions of deities of the Hindu pantheon. For gaining material success people have more genuine faith in them than in the good Ganesh, the giver of success; hence the people now offer to these officers everything that was formerly Ganesh's due.

Fired by the example of Nilratan, I too seized a suitable opportunity and ran away to Calcutta. There I first put up in the house of a village acquaintance, and afterwards got some funds from my father for my education. Thus I carried on my studies regularly.

In addition to it, I joined political and benevolent societies. I had no doubt whatever that it was urgently necessary for me to give up my life suddenly for my country. But I knew not how such a hard task could be carried out,—and none also showed me an example of it.

But nevertheless my enthusiasm di

abate at all. We country lads had not learnt to sneer at everything like the precocious [supercilious] Calcutta boys; and hence our faith was very strong. leaders of our associations [only] delivered speeches, while we used to go begging for subscriptions from door to door in the hot blaze of noon without breaking our fast; we used to stand by the roadside distributing hand-bills, or arrange the chairs and benches in the lecture hall [with our own hands], and, if anybody whispered a word against our leader, we got ready to fight him. At these things the city boys used to laugh at us as provincials.

I had come to Calcutta to be a Nazir or a Head Clerk, but I was preparing to become

a Mazzini or a Garibaldi.

At this time Surabala's father and my father laid their heads together to unite us in marriage. I had come to Calcutta at the age of fifteen; Surabala was eight years old then. I was now eighteen, and in my father's opinion I was almost past the age of marriage. But it was my secret vow to remain unmarried all my life and to die for my country; so, I told my father that I would not marry before completing my education.

In two or three months I learnt that Surabala had been married to a pleader named Ram Lochan. I was then busy collecting subscriptions for raising fallen India, and this news did not seem worth my

thought.

I had matriculated and was about to appear at the Intermediate Examination, when my father died. I was not alone in the world, but had to maintain my mother and two sisters. I had therefore to leave college and look out for employment. After a good deal of exertion I secured the post of second master in the matriculation school of a small town in the Noakhali District.

I thought, here is just the work for me! By my advice and inspiration I shall train up every one of my pupils as a general for future India.

I began to work, and then found that the impending examination was a more pressing affair than the future of India. The Headmaster got angry whenever I talked of anything outside grammar or algebra. And in a few months my enthusiasm, too, flagged.



I am no genius. In the quiet of the home I may form vast plans; but when I enter the field of work, like the Indian bullock I I have to bear the yoke of the plough on my neck, get my tail twisted by my master, patiently and with bowed head break clods of earth all day, and then at sunset have to be satisfied if I can get any cud to chew. Such a creature has not the spirit to prance and caper.

One of the teachers had to reside in the school-house, to guard against fires. As I was a bachelor, this work was thrown on me. I lodged in a thatched shed close to the large cottage in which the school sat.

The school-house stood at some distance from the inhabited portion of the town, and on the bank of a big tank. Around it were betel-nut, cocoanut, and *Madar* trees, and very close to the school building rose two large primeval *Nim* trees pressing against each other and casting a cool shade around.

One thing I have forgotten to mention, and indeed I had not so long considered it worth mentioning. The local Government pleader, Ram Lochan Ray, lived near our school. I also knew that his wife,—my early playmate Surabala,—lived with him.

I got acquainted with Ram Lochan Babu. I cannot say whether he knew that I had known Surabala in childhood. I, too, did not think it proper to mention the fact at my first introduction to him. Indeed, I did not clearly remember that Surabala had been ever linked with my life in any way.

One holiday I paid a visit to Ram Lochan Babu. The subject of our conversation has gone out of my mind; probably it was the unhappy condition of present-day India. Not that he was very much concerned or heart-broken over the matter; but the subject was such that one could freely pour forth his sentimental sorrow over it for an hour or two while puffing at his tobacco pipe.

While thus engaged, I heard in a sideroom the softest possible jingle of bracelets, crackle of dress, and sound of foot-fall; and I felt certain that two curious eyes were watching me through a small opening of the window.

All at once there flashed upon my memory, a pair of eyes,—a pair of large eyes beaming with trust, simplicity, and girlhood's love,—black pupils,—thick dark

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eye-lashes,—a calm fixed gaze. Suddenly some unseen force squeezed my heart in an iron grip, and it throbbed with intense pain.

I returned to my house, but the pain clung to me. Read, write, or do any other work, I could not shake that weight off my heart; a heavy load seemed to be always swinging from my heart-strings.

In the evening, calming myself a little, I began to reflect, "What ails me?" From within me came the question, "Where is your Surabala now?" I replied, "I had given her up of my free will. Surely, I did not expect her to wait for me for ever."

But something within me kept saying, "You could then have got her merely for the asking. But now you have not the right to look at her even once, do all you can. That Surabala of your boyhood may come very close to you, you may hear the jingle of her bracelets, you may breathe the air embalmed by her hair essence, —but there will always be a wall between you two."

I answered, "Be it so. What is Surabala to me?"

My heart rejoined, "To-day Surabala is nobody to you. But what might she not have been to you?"

Ah! that's true. What might she not have been to me? Dearest to me of all things, closer to me than the world besides, the sharer of all my life's joys and sorrows,—she might have been. And now, she is so distant, so much of a stranger, that to look on her is forbidden to me, to talk with her is improper, and to think of her is a sin!—while this Ram Lochan, coming suddenly from nowhere [into her life,] has muttered a few set religious texts, and in one swoop carried off Surabala from the rest of mankind!

I have not come to preach a new ethical code, or to revolutionise society; I have no wish to tear asunder domestic ties. I am only expressing the exact working of my mind, though it may not be reasonable. I could not by any means banish from my mind the sense that Surabala, reigning there within shelter of Ram Lochan's home, was mine far more than his. The thought was, I admit, extremely unreasonable and improper,—but it was not unnatural.

Thereafter I could not set my mind to any kind of work. At noon when the boys

in my class hummed, Nature outside simmered in the sun, the sweet scent of the Nim blossoms entered the room borne on the tepid breeze, I then wished,—I know not what I wished for; but this I can say that I did not wish to pass all my life in correcting the grammar exercises of those future hopes of India.

When school was over I could not bear to live in my large lonely house; and yet, if any gentleman paid me a visit, it bored me. In the gloaming as I sat by the tank listening to the meaningless sighing of the breeze through the betel-nut and cocoa-nut palms, I used to muse that human society is a tangled web of mistakes; nobody has the sense to do the right thing at the right time, and when the chance is gone we

break our hearts over vain longings.

I could have married Surabala and lived happily all my life. But I must be a Garibaldi, -and I ended by becoming the second master of a village school! And pleader Ram Lochan Ray, who had no special call to be Surabala's husband,—to whom, before his marriage, Surabala was no wise different from a hundred other maidens,—he has very quietly married her, and is earning lots of money as Government pleader; when his dinner is badly cooked he scolds Surabala, and when he is in good humour he gives her a bangle! He is sleek and fat, tidily dressed, free from every kind of worry; he never passes his evenings by the tank gazing at the stars and sighing.

Ram Lochan was called away from our town for a few days by a big case elsewhere. Surabala in her house was as lone-

ly as I was in my school-building.

I remember it was a Monday. The sky was overcast with clouds from the morning. It began to drizzle at ten o'clock. At the aspect of the heavens our Headmaster closed the school early. All day the black detached clouds began to run about in the sky as if making ready for some grand display. Next day, towards afternoon, the rain descended in torrents, accompanied by storm. As the night advanced the fury of wind and water increased. At first the wind was easterly, gradually it veered and blew towards the south and south-west.

It was idle to try to sleep on such a night. I remembered that in this terrible weather

Surabala was alone in her house. Our school was much more strongly built than her bungalow. Often and often did I plan to invite her to the school-house, while I meant to pass the night alone on the bank of the tank. But I could not summon up courage for it.

When it was half past one in the morning, the roar of the tidal wave was suddenly heard,—the sea was rushing on us! I left my room and ran towards Surabala's house. In the way stood one embanked side of our tank, and as I was wading to it the flood already rose up to my knees. When I mounted the bank, a second wave broke on it. The highest part of the bank was more than seventeen feet above the plain.

As I climbed up the bank, another person reached it from the opposite side. Who she was, every fibre of my body knew at once, and my whole soul was thrilled with the consciousness of it. I had no doubt that she, too, had recognised me.

On an island some three yards in area stood we too; all else was covered with water.

It was a time of cataclysm; the stars had been blotted out of the sky; all the lights of the earth had been quenched; there would have been no harm if we had held converse then. But we could not bring ourselves to utter a word; neither of us made even a [formal] inquiry after the other's health. Only we stood gazing at the darkness. At our feet swirled the dense dark wild roaring torrent of death.

Today Surabala has come to my side, leaving the whole world. Today she has none besides me. In our far off childhood. this Surabala had come from some dark primeval realm of mystery, from a life in another orb, and stood by my side on this luminous peopled earth; and today, after a wide span of time, she has left that earth, so full of light and human beings, to stand alone by my side amidst this terrible desolate gloom of Nature's death convulsion. stream of birth had flung that tender bud before me, and the flood of death had wafted the same flower, now in full bloom, to me and to none else. One more wave and we shall be swept away from this extreme point of the earth, torn from the stalks on which we now sit apart, and made one [in death].

May that wave never come! May Surabala long live happily, girt round by husband and children, household and kinsfolk! This one night, standing on the brink of Nature's destruction, I have tasted eternal bliss.

The night wore out, the tempest ceased, the flood went down; without a word spoken, Surabala went back to her house, and I, too, returned to my shed without having uttered a word.

I reflected,—True, I have become no Nazir or Head Clerk, nor a Garibaldi; I am only the second master of a beggarly school. But an eternal night had for a brief space beamed upon my whole life's course.

That one night, out of all the days and nights of my allotted span, has been the supreme glory of my humble existence.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

THE EARLY RACES OF INDIA

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[Authorities: I.—A. H. Keane: (1) Antiquity of Man, (2) Ethnology; II.—Prof. Rhys: Essays in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute; III.—Dr. Brinton: Races and Peoples; IV.—Dr. Beddoe: Races of Britain].

VIHEN we have to proceed with a scientific mood of mind to direct our inquiry regarding the origin and character of the races of India, we have to divest ourselves of some preconceived notions relating to the origin of the Arvans and the Dravidians. Our school-boys learn it as a well established proposition (along with the propositions that the earth is round and the apple falls because of gravitation) that a group of people called Aryans came into India from Central Asia and that the speakers of some European and Asiatic languages descended from a common Arvan ancestor. Though this theory is a result of a very reckless assumption, the popularity of it, at least in our country, has been very great. It is therefore necessary to speak a few words just to show the absurdity of this theory that a small group of the so-called Aryan clan of Central Asia peopled almost the whole of Europe and a large portion of Asia to the south-east. Though this theory is in direct conflict with, and is wholly contrary to, the evidence collected by the anthropologists, we have to take the burden of proof upon ourselves to show the hollowness of this mere figment of a mighty scholar's brain, before we can proceed to follow a new line of inquiry.

We all know that identity of speech does

not imply identity of race; the Bengali language is spoken by many races, who have no ethnical relationship whatever. Even diversity of speech does not show ethnic difference; the Brahmans of Northern India after having settled in the Presidency of Madras have forgotten the Aryan dialect and speak now some Dravidian dialects. Identity of language and of religion point only to social contact, and not necessarily to common ancestry. It is therefore wholly illogical to build any theory regarding genetic affinity on the basis of some similarity in speech.

Those who have read Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language" know that his theory regarding an Aryan race or an Aryan family rests upon this simple argument only that the Indians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Slavs, the Celts and the Germans have preserved radically the same forms of speech. With this sort of statement at the commencement the learned philologist jumped to the conclusion:—

"That before the ancestors of the Indians and the Persians started for the south, and the leaders of the Greek, Roman, Celtic, Teutonic and Slavonic colonies marched towards the shores of Europe, there was a small clan of Aryans, settled probably on the highest elevation of Central Asia, speaking a language not yet Sanskrit or Greek or German, but containing the dialectical germs of all." (Lectures, p. 212.)

Though from anthropological standpoint of view Dr. Taylor's theory regarding the origin of the Aryans is more ridiculous, his remarks regarding the above-quoted passage

compresses the abdominal organs and makes the muscles of that region to contract, and stimulates the muscle fibres of stomach and intestine to increased peristalsis are the most healthful of exercises. Dancing and riding would probably be recognised as the most useful of exercises. During dancing all the abdominal organs are compressed and collide with each other. Shut yourself up in your room if you feel ashamed to do the necessary manœuvres in public and just hop on your legs for about five to ten minutes. Do this twice or thrice a day for some time and this will do more good to your dyspepsia than any medicine that can be prescribed. Contraction and relaxation of the abdominal wall are also good and

cheap forms of muscular exercise. And deep breathing if properly practised (e.g., without undue strain) is also a very good exercise. Sitting or reclining in a comfortable manner concentrate your attention on the respiratory process. Take a deep breath by first pushing the diaphragm down as far as it can go, the abdomen bulges out, then the ribs go up and the act of inspiration is now complete; then breathe out very slowly and repeat the process for a few minutes. Deep breathing practised several times a day would materially improve the digestive and absorptive organs of the body. And one would get astonished at the result.

NIBARAN CHANDRA BHATTACHARJEE.

THE INFINITE LOVE

[From the Bengali of Babu Rabindranath Tagore.]

I have ever loved thee in a hundred forms and times, Age after age, in birth following birth. The chain of songs that my fond heart did weave Thou graciously didst take around thy neck, Age after age, in birth following birth.

When I listen to the tales of the primitive past,
The love-pangs of the far distant times,
The meetings and partings of the ancient ages—
I see thy form gathering light
Through the dark dimness of Eternity
And appearing as a star ever fixed in the memory of the All.

We two have come floating by the twin currents of love
That well up from the inmost heart of the Beginningless.
We two have played in the lives of myriad lovers
In tearful solitude of sorrow,
In tremplous shapess of sweet union.

In tremulous shyness of sweet union, In old old love ever renewing its life.

The onrolling flood of the love eternal
Hath at last found its perfect final course.
All the joys and sorrows and longings of heart,
All the memories of the moments of ecstasy,
All the love-lyrics of poets of all climes and times
Have come from the everywhere
And gathered in one single love at thy feet.

NOTE. This prose rendering is by the poet himself.

Unrest" may or may not be a reality, but let the fair-minded Hindu admit that Indian Nationalism, as it has been defined and preached by authoritative exponents, both within and without the Congress, is hardly distinguishable from Hindu Nationalism. Patriotism in the Congress platform and more prominently elsewhere has too often been conceived of in terms of Hindu terminology. If the "terminological inexactitudes" can be brushed aside, there, however still remains a residual sediment bearing incontrovertible testimony to the prevalence of a spirit which draws its exclusive inspiration, not from the actual India of many nationalities, but from the India as it is cherished in the heart of the devout Hindu who mentally skips over many intervening centuries and realises his paradise of earthly bliss in the undefiled Arya-Varta of the Vedantic Age or the Bharat-Varsha of the Pandavas and Kurus when the Divine Cowherd, Sri Krishna, made love to Radha and chanted the Song Divine to the sceptical Arjuna in the battlefield of Kurukshetra. The sturdy son of Islam is repelled by the Hindu colouring of the new patriotism and he may be pardoned if he seeks to scrutinise carefully the credentials of his future political co-adjutor. "Back to the Vedas," the underlying burden of Indian Nationalism since the time of Swami Vivekananda, is a cry, which, in the nature of things, does not appeal to the Mussalmans and fails to bring him to the white heat of fervid enthusiasm

whose absence is so loudly criticised. "The Prophet of Nationalism in India" who has temporarily ceased to give his teachings to the world has drawn his inspiration from a fountain towards which the Mussalman does not lend his footsteps.

"The most striking aspect," he says, "of the Durga Pujah has so long been ignored in the lamentable absence of race-consciousness in our midst, but now that we are becoming ourselves again, the full significance of our festivals and sacraments is once more dawning on us. Who that has known the joy of the Pujah, felt the unique genius of our civilization through its reunions, rejoicings and simple sweet and unstinted spirituality, can help being filled with an overmastering love for the land of his birth, for his countrymen and forefathers, for the spirit underlying our social customs and institutions?"

We do not quarrel with the Hindu if his conception of patriotism is drawn from a source whose inspiration must ever be a closed book to the Mussalman. But let us express what we feel -we feel the vast chasm of thought which separates the India of the Hindu from the India of the Mussalman. Will the identity of political aspiration-if such identity is possible—suffice to bring together the Hindu and the Mussalman into loving and brotherly embrace? Or, will the essential difference-which seems unbridgeable-of culture which gives to each his distinctive character and endows him with inspiration in his high emprises of pith and moment, break asunder the gossamery tie of a common political platform?

GHULAM-AMBIA K. LUHANI.

THE SMALL

[From the Bengali of Babu Rabindrauath Tagore.]

"Who is there but the sky, O sun, which can hold thine image? "I dream of thee but to serve thee I never can hope,"

The dewdrop wept and said,
"I am too small to take thee unto me, great lord,
"And thus my life is all tears."

"I illumine the limitless sky,

"Yet I can yield myself up to a tiny drop of dew,"

Thus said the sun and smiled,

"I will be a speck of sparkle and fill you,

"And your little life will be a smiling orb."

Note. This prose rendering is by the poet himself.

sword must be firmly grasped for the future, by the hand of the European soldier, throughout the length and breadth of the land; the government of India must hence forward be more essentially military; but no one, I think, could reasonably expect that Great Britain would be able to furnish exclusively, troops in sufficient numbers for the military ocupation of such a country.

"The climate is much too hot for the European in many situations, where military duties have to be performed; and the expenditure of troops would be vastly too great, if the European alone endeavoured to take those duties. The natives of the country must, therefore, be called in to assist us, and a certain limited number must be armed and trained as soldiers, but by no means in the same numbers as heretofore. In fact, the native troops must be used as auxilliaries, and nothing more; and they must be placed in such positions as to be powerless to do mischief"*

It would be an invidious distinction to raise corps of Eurasians who, we presume, would be officered by men of their extraction, while nothing has been done so far to give the King-Emperor's Commission to pure Indians. If the pay and allowances of Eurasian soldiers be higher than that of native sepoys, it may create discontent in Native Indian regiments, for Eurasians are after all natives of India and not of England, and can never be better soldiers than the Goorkhas, Pathans, or Sikhs. So,

in our opinion, it is neither just or expedient, nor necessary to raise separate corps There is nothing against of Eurasians. Eurasians being enlisted in native regiments and we believe there are in some native regiments Eurasian soldiers. If the Eurasians are desirous of serving His Majesty as soldiers, they can have their ambition gratified by joining native regimentswhich unfortunately is not possible for people of many races, tribes and castes of this country. For is it not a fact that the descendants of those whose ancestors loyally helped in the building up of the British rule in India are now debarred from serving Imperial Majesty in the Army on account of the particular tribes, races or castes to which they have the misfortune to belong, but which have nothing to do with the question of military efficiency?

Eurasians claim to be and are treated as (statutory) natives of India, when it is advantageous for them. If they be enlisted as statutory natives, why not the pure natives as well? If the pure natives of every province be entitled to become soldiers, then there would be no injustice in Eurasians of every province becoming soldiers on the same pay as native sepoys.

* p. 121.

YOUTH

[From the Bengali of Babu Rabindranath Tagore.]

I run as a musk deer runs
In the shade of the forest glades
Mad with his own inner perfume.
The night is the night of mid-May,
The breeze is the breath of the south.
I lose my way and I wander,
I seek what I cannot get,
I get what I never seek.

From my heart comes out and dances
The image of my own desire,
The gleaming vision flits on.
I try to clasp it firm,
It eludes and leads me astray,
I seek what I cannot get,
I get what I never seek.

Note. This prose rendering is by the poet himself.

the human mind, in such and such a year. We do not sufficiently realise that they, together with all the words and symbols associated with them, must have been taken from a pre-existent stock of customs and expressions already long familiar to the people amongst whom Buddhism grew up. We imagine the Great Chandra Gupta to have been the first monarch, in India, of an organised empire, but the words of Buddha himself, "they build the stupa over a Chakravarti Raja – a suzerain monarch – at a place where four roads meet" shows that the people of that early period were familiar enough with the drama of the rise and fall of empires, and that the miracle of Chandra Gupta's retirement to Pataliputra, thence to rule as far as the Panjab and the Indian Ocean, was in fact no miracle at all, since the India of his time was long used to the centralised organisation of roads, daks, and supplies, and to the maintenance of order and discipline.

The peculiar significance of Behar, in the comity of the Indian peoples, rises out of its position on the frontier-line between two opposing spiritual influences. To this day, it is the meeting-place of Hinduistic and Mussulman civilisations. Sikh and Arya Somaji and Hindusthani Rajput pour down the waterway of the Ganges, to go no farther East than the twin-cities of Patna and Bankipore, and these stand face to face with the unified and Sanskritic civilisation of lower Bengal. All sorts of modified institutions, representing mutual assimilation, arise along the border-line. Costume, language, manners and habits of life are all full of this compromise. The old standard

of culture, which even yet is not wholly dead, along a line stretching from Patna, through Benares to Lucknow, required of the highest classes of Hindus the study of Persian as well as Sanskrit, and one of the most liberal and courtly types of gentlehood that the world has seen was moulded thus.

The fertile country of Bengal closely settled and cultivated organised round the monarchy of Gour, and claiming a definite relation to Benares and Kanauj as the sources of its culture, cannot, at any time within the historical period, have been susceptible of chaotic invasion or colonisation. drift of unorganised races could never pass through Behar, which must always have been and remains to the present the most cosmopolitan province of India. doubtless been this close contiguity of diversified elements within her boundaries, that has so often made Behar the birthplace of towering political geniuses. The Great Chandra Gupta, his grandson Asoka, the whole of the Gupta dynasty, Shere Shah, and finally Guru Gobind Singh, are more than a fair share of the critical personalities of Indian history, for one comparatively small district to have pro-The policy of the Great Akbar himself is supposed by some to have been determined by the ideas of his predecessor. Each of the Great Beharis has been an organiser. Not one has been a blind force, or the tool of others. Each has consciously surveyed and comprehended contemporary conditions, and known how to unify them in himself, and give them a final irresistible impulsion in a true direction.

THE RIVER STAIRS

A short story.

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore.)

F events could leave their record on stone, you might have read the stories of many ages on each of my steps. If you wish to hear of days gone by, sit on this step of mine; lend your ears to the murmur of the rippling water, and you

will hear many a forgotten tale of many a

long past year.

Ah, I recollect another day. It was just like today. The month of Ashwin (September) was about to begin. The faint morning breeze, sweet with just a suggestion of the young winter, was bringing a new life to awakened sleepers. The leaves were feeling a gentle tremour at times, as if without cause.

The river was in full flood. Only four of my steps peeped above the water surface,—as if land and water were standing together arm in arm. The water had even crept up to the low-lying par s of the bank, where the Kachu plant grew beneath the branches of the mango grove. At that bend of the river, three old brick-heaps towered like islands above the water around them. The fishing boats moored to the trunks of the Báblá trees on the bank were rocking on the heaving flow-tide at dawn,—as if the tide, in the intoxication of youth, was mockingly pushing against them, and shaking them by the ear in loving jest.

The sunshine of the (clear) early autumn sky, as it fell on the full bosom of the river, shone like pure gold,—or like the Champak blossoms. In no other season can you see sunshine of this hue. The patch of tall flaxen-bearded reeds (Kash) on the sand bank has caught the newly risen sun; they have just begun to flower, and are not yet

in full bloom.

With the prayer of Ram! Ram! the boatmen have unmoored their barges. The little boats puffing out their tiny sails are out on the sun-lit river,—as the birds gaily soar in the blue sky with their wings spread out to the light. One may easily take the boats for birds: they are swimming on the river's bosom like swans; only their wings are fluttering in the air in a burst of rapture. The Brahman priest has come punctually to bathe with his ritual vessels. The women are dropping in, in twos and threes, to draw water.

It was not so very long ago. You might consider it as a far off day; but to me it seems quite recent! My days glide playfully down the river's current; I have been steadily gazing at them for long ages; that is why time does not seem very long to me! Every day my bright image is reflected in the river; every night my shadow is cast on the water; but next day they are gone, leaving no mark behind. Thus it is that though I look old, my heart is ever young. The memories of many years have not overspread me like a bed of mosses and cut off sunshine from me. If a loosened moss from elsewhere is drifted on to me, it is next moment whisked away by the stream. And yet I am nor absolutely free from most. In my crevices, where the

current of the river cannot reach, creepers and weeds and mosses have found a home. They are the witnesses of my antiquity; they have held old Time fast in a loving clasp and kept him ever fresh, ever sweet, ever new. Every day (in this season) the river is receding from me, leaving a step of the stairs bare, and I, too, am aging at the rate of one stone step a day.

Look! there is the grandmother of the Chakravarti family returning home after her (morning) bath, wrapped in a prayerprinted calico, shivering in the cold, and telling her beads. Her grandmother was then a little slip of a girl, who used to make fun by sending a Ghrita-kumari leaf drifting down the water every day, and watching it spin round and round in a little eddy formed by the river on my right hand, while she stood by, after laying down her pitcher. A few days more, and lo! she was a grown-up mother, coming to draw water with her little daughter. A few days more, and that daughter had become a woman, who used to punish and read lectures on proper conduct to the little girls who sported in the river and splashed the water around! I then used to 'think of the launching of Ghrita-kumari leaves, and laugh at the comicality of the scene before

I see that I cannot come to the story I mean to tell you. When I am about to speak of one thing, another comes to me on the stream (of memory). Episode comes and episode goes; I cannot hold any of them fast. Only an episode or two comes up to me again and again, like the Ghrita-kumari leaf-boats spinning round and round in the eddy. Such an episode is hovering round me today, eager to tell its own tale.... It is a small thing like those toy-boats, with no cargo except two pretty flowers placed in it in play. If it sinks in the eddy, the gentle girl will only heave a deep sigh and return home.

Close to the temple, where you see the fencing of the cow shed of the Gosain family, there stood a Báblá tree. The travelling fair used to be held under it once a week. At that time the Gosains had not settled in this village: there was only a leaf-thatched shed where their grand temple now stands.

This banyan tree which has thrust its

hand into my ribs and clutched in its gigantic long and hard finger-roots my splintered stone heart,—was then a tiny sapling. It was just raising above the ground its head covered with tender foliage. In sunshine the shadows cast by its leaves played over my surface; its young roots straggled like a baby's fingers over my bosom. It hurt me if any one plucked

a single leaf of it.

Though old, I still stood erect. Today my backbone is broken; I am a distorted cripple; a thousand cracks have wrinkled my body; in my holes the frogs of the universe have found a home for their long winter's sleep. But I was not so then. Only two bricks had slipped out of my left side, forming a hole in which a thrush had built his next. At dawn when after stirring uneasily he awoke, bobbed his joined fish-like tail up and down quickly, and then flew away whistling,-I knew it was the time of Kusum's coming to the bathing stairs.

The other girls of the ghat used to call her Kusum. That was her name, I dare say. When the image of her tiny body fell on the water, I longed to hold it fast, to keep it fixed in my stone,—such was her charm. When she stepped on my pavement and her four anklets jingled, a thrill of delight ran through my moss-beds. Not that she played much or talked much or was overjolly; but strangely enough she had more comrades among the girls [of her age] than anybody else. All the unruly girls must have her company. Some of them nicknamed her Kusee, some ('delight'), and others Rakkusee ('ogress'). Her mother called her Kusmee. Every now and then I found the girl seated by the water; evidently her heart had a peculiar attraction for it; she loved it intensely.

After a time I missed her. Bhuban and Swarna mourned at the ghat. They said that their Kusee-Khusee Rakkusee had been led away to her husband's house. That was a place far away from the river, with strange people, strange houses and strange They had taken away the water-

lily to plant it in a dry garden!

In time she almost faded out of my mind. A year went away. The women at the ghat now rarely talked of Kusum. But one evening I was startled by the touch of the long familiar feet; I imagined it was Kusum's tread. Ah! yes; but those feet were now without anklets, they had lost their old music. I had so long associated the touch of her feet with the jingle of her ankles that when to-day I suddenly found that music gone, the purling of the water sounded like a doleful chant in my ears. the whistling of the leaves in the mangogrove seemed as the wind's voice of mourn-

Kusum had become a widow. They said that her husband used to work in some faroff place and that she had met him only once or twice. A letter brought to her the news of his death, and, -a widow at eight years old,-she had rubbed out the wife's red mark from her forehead, stripped off her bangles, and come back to her old home by the Ganges. But she found few of her old playmates there. Of them, Bhuban, Swarna, and Amalá had gone away on marriage: only Sarat remained; but she too, they said, would be given away in marriage in December next. Kusum was very lonely now. But as she sat down in silence on my steps, resting her head on her knees, I thought that the waves of the river were all calling her Kusee-Khusee-Rakkusee with up-lifted hands.

As the Ganges rapidly grows to fulness with the coming of the rainy season, even so did Kusum day by day round to the fulness of beauty and youth. But her dullcoloured robe, her pensive face, and quiet manners spread a shadowy cloak over her youth and hid from the public eye the full bloom of her beauty and her youth. None seemed to have noticed that Kusum had grown up. 1 did not mark it at all. To me she always was the tiny girl she once had been. She was without her anklets, but when she walked I still heard their jingling (in my fancy). Ten years thus slipped away, without anybody in the village seeming to notice their flight.

Just such a day as this one came that year at the end of September. Your grandmothers beheld that morning a sweeter sunlight than usual, as you are beholding today. As they came gossiping along the uneven shady green alleys of the village, with yard-long veils drawn over their faces and their pitchers resting on their waist, to my side, to give a brighter effulgence to the morning light that fell on

me,—they had not the least idea of your coming into the world. Today you cannot fully realise that your grandmothers did one day really run about playing, and that that day was as real, as living as today,—that they too toddled about like you in joy and sorrow with tender little hearts like yours. Even more than this it was incomprehensible to them that this sun-lit joyous autumn day would come, when they would be no more, when every trace of their joys and sorrows would disappear!

That day from the very sunrise the north breeze blew gently, wasting a stray Babla blossom on me now and then. Traces of night dews were left here and there on my stone body. That morning a tall, young, fair skinned, tranquil and bright-looking Sanyasi, coming I know not whence, took shelter in that Shiva temple in front of me. His arrival was noised abroad in the village. The women left their pitchers behind and crowded into the temple to bow to the holy man.

The crowd increased day by day. He was a Sanyasi, a matchlessly beautiful youth, and in addition to it he slighted none: he took the children up in his arms, he asked the matrons about their household affairs. His influence rapidly spread among the womankind. Many men, too, visited him. One day he would recite the Bhagabat, another day he would expound the Gita, or hold forth on various holy books in the temple. Some sought him for counsel, some for spells, some for medicines. How handsome he looked! as if the Great God (Mahadev) had descended in the flesh to his own temple.

When, at the earliest streak of dawn, the Sanyasi, standing up to his breast in the water, with his gaze fixed on the Morning Star, chanted the sacred hymn to the morning twilight in deep majestic notes, I had no ears for the babbling of the water. Everyday as his voice rang forth, the sky above the eastern bank of the Ganges flushed crimson, a roseate lining was formed on the fringe of the clouds, Darkness dropped down like the burst shell of an opening bud, and the Dawn like a flower revealed its ruddy hue little by little in the lake of the sky. Then the tree tops came out distinctly outlined on the horizon, the wind awoke, the sky turned grey, and finally from the unseen region behind the

screen of trees, the morning-bathed pure sun climbed up the sky step by step. Methought, as that great being, standing in the river and gazing at the east, chanted his grand hymn, at every syllable of it Night's spell was broken, the Moon and the stars sank down in the west, the Sun rose in the east, and the world's scene was shifted. What an exorcist was this Sanyasi! After bath as he rose from the river with his tall fair and holy person looking like the sacrifical flame, the water trickled down his matted locks, the light of the new-born Sun was flashed back from his body.

So months passed away. In April, at the time of the solar eclipse, vast crowds came here to bathe in the Ganges. A fair was held under the Babla tree. Many of the pilgrims went to visit the Sanyasi, and among them were a party of women from the village where Kusum had been married.

It was morning. The Sanyasi was counting his beads on my steps, when all of a sudden one of the women pilgrims nudged another and said, "Why? He is our Kusum's husband !" Another parted her veil a little in the middle with two fingers and cried out, "O dear me! It is so. He is the younger son of the Chatterji family of our village !" A third, who made little parade of her veil, remarked, "Ah! he has got exactly similar brows, nose, and eyes !" Yet another woman, without turning to the Sanyasi, stirred the water with her pitcher and sighed out, "Alas! That young man is no more; he will not come back. Bad luck to Kusum !"

But one objected, "He had not such a big beard," and another, "He was not so thin," or "He was most probably not so very tall." That settled the question for the time, and the matter did not spread further.

All others of the village had visited the Sanyasi; Kusum alone had not seen him yet. At the big gathering of people she had given up coming to me. One evening, as the full moon arose, it probably reminded her of her old association with me.

There was none else at the ghat then. The crickets were chirping around. The din of brass gongs and bells had just ended in the temple,—its last wave of sound had grown fainter and fainter and merged like a shadow in the dark groves of the further bank. The sky was filled with moonlight.

The tide at the flood was swishing (past me). Kusum sat, with her shadow cast on me. There was no stir in the wind; the trees were motionless. Above her on the bosom of the Ganges lay the unbroken broad moonlight,—behind her, here and there, in bush and grove, in the shadow of the temple, in the base of ruined houses, by the side of the tank, in the palm grove, Darkness was brooding in secret with her face covered up. The bats were swinging from the Chhatim boughs. The owl from the temple-top was shrieking its mournful cry. Near the houses the loud clamour of the jackals rose and then sank into silence.

Slowly the Sanyasi came out of the temple. Descending a few steps of the ghat he saw a woman sitting alone, and was about to go back,-when suddenly Kusum raised her head and looked behind her. The veil slipped away from her head. As the moonlight streams down on an upturned budding flower, so it fell on Kusum's face when she looked up. At that moment their eyes met together, - as if they recognised each other,-they felt as if they had known each other in a former birth. So thought I, while the two stood for a moment still as in a picture, while their shadows cast in the moonlight mingled together on my surface motionlessly for a moment; -but it might have been a mere fancy of mine.

The owl flew away hooting over their heads. Starting at the sound, Kusum came to herself and put the veil back on her head. Then she bowed low at the Sanyasi's feet

He gave her his blessing and asked, "Who are you?" She replied, "I am called Kusum."

No other word was spoken that night. Kusum went slowly back to her house, which was hard by. But the Sanyasi remained sitting on my steps for long hours that night. At last when the Moon had passed from the east to the west and the Sanyasi's shadow had shifted from behind him to his front, he rose up and entered the temple.

From the next day I saw Kusum come daily to bow at his feet. When he expounded the holy books, she stood in one corner listening to him. After finishing his morning service, he used to call her to himself and speak on religion. She could not

have understood it all; but she listened most attentively in silence,—she tried to understand it. As he directed her, so she acted implicitly. She daily served at the temple,—ever alert in the god's worship,—gathering flowers for the puja, and drawing water from the Ganges to wash the temple floor.

On my steps she sat pondering on what the Sanyasi had told her. Slowly her vision was extended, her heart's gate was opened. She began to have visions of what she had never seen before, she began to hear what had never before sounded in her ears. The pensive shade withdrew from her sedate face. She looked pure like a dew-washed flower bought for offering to a god;—indeed, as she devoutly bowed low at the Sanyasi's feet in the morning, she did look like a flower dedicated on the altar. A pure cheerfulness lit up her whole body.

The winter was drawing to its close. We had cold winds. But now and then the warm spring breeze would blow from the south unexpectedly, of an evening; the sky would totally lose its chilly aspect; pipes would sound and music would be heard in the village after a long silence. The boatmen would set their boats drifting down the current, stop rowing, and begin to sing the songs of Krishna. The birds would suddenly begin to hold converse on the branches, with extreme jollity. Such was the season.

The spring breeze had slowly breathed a a new youth into my stone heart; feeding on the sap of that youthfulness my creepers and plants were rapidly budding forth into flower and fruit. Just then I began to miss Kusum. For some time she had given up visiting the temple, the ghat, or the Sanyasi.

What happened next I do not know. But after a while the two met together on my steps one evening.

With downcast looks Kusum asked, "Master, did you send for me?"

"Yes. Why do I not see you? Why are you so remiss now in serving the god?"

She kept silent.

"Tell me your heart's thoughts without reserve."

She half averted her face and replied, "I am a sinner, Master, and hence failed (in the worship.)"

In the tenderest tone he told her, "Kusum, I know there is unrest in your heart."

She gave a slight start,—she feared 'Has he known it all?' Slowly her eyes were filled with tears,—she sat down there; drawing the skirt of her dress over her face, she sat down on the step at the Sanyasi's feet and began to weep.

He moved a little away, and said, "Unfold the nature of your disquiet to me frankly, and I shall show you the way to peace."

She replied in a tone of unshaken faith, but at intervals she stopped, at times she was at a loss for words:—"If you bid me, I must speak out. But, then, I cannot unfold it clearly. You, however, Master, must have guessed it all. I adored one as a god, I worshipped him, and the bliss of that devotion filled my heart to fulness. But one night I dreamt that the lord of my heart was sitting in a fragrant Bakul bower somewhere, clasping my right hand in his left, and whispering to me of love. The whole scene did not appear to me as at all impossible or strange. The dream vanished, but its hold on me remained. Next day when I beheld him, he appeared in another light than before. That dream-picture continued to haunt my mind. I fled far from him in fear, but that picture clung to me. Thenceforth my heart has known no peace,-all has grown dark within me!"

While she was wiping her tears and telling this tale, I felt that the Sanyasi was firmly pressing my stone surface with his right foot.

Her speech done, the Sanyasi said, "You must tell me, whom you saw in your

dream."

With folded palms she entreated, "I

cannot." He insisted, "I ask it for your own good. Tell me clearly who he was."

Wringing her tender hands hard, but still keeping them folded, she asked, "Must I tell

it?" He replied, "Yes, you must."

She at once cried out, "You are he, Master!" Then, as her own words entered in at her ears, she immediately fainted away and fell down on my stone bosom. The Sanyasi stood still like an image of stone.

When she came round and sat up, the Sanyasi told her slowly, "You have obeyed all my words hitherto. One more word shall I tell you, and this you must obey. I am leaving this place tonight, that you may not see me again. You must forget me. Promise me that you will set yourself to do it." Kusum stood erect, gazed on the Sanyasi's face, and replied low, "It will be so, Master."

The Sanyasi said, "Then, I am off."

Without a word more, Kusum bowed to him and placed the dust of his feet on her head. He left the place.

Kusum said (to herself,) "His command is that I must forget him." Then she

slowly stepped down into the river.

She had lived by the side of this river ever since she was a little slip of a girl. If the river will not stretch its arms out to take her to its bosom in her hour of languour, who else will?

The Moon set; the night grew pitch dark. I heard a splash in the water, but saw nothing. The wind raved mournfully in the darkness, as if it wanted to blow out all the stars of the sky, lest even a glimpse (of the tragedy) should be seen!

She who had played about in my lap, has tonight finished her play, and strayed

away from it, I know not where.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

IN GERMAN PRISONS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY K. K. ATHAVALE.

The last anecdote:—
THERE was once in the prison of W. a
man of high intelligence—a sculptor—
who was condemned to twenty-two

years' hard labour for a series of burglaries. In the prison where he was employed as a writer his conduct was irreproachable. He was polite, ready to oblige every one, and

INUTILE*

N the slope of the desolate river among tall grasses I asked her, "Maiden, where dost thou go shading thy lamp with thy mantle? My house is all dark and lonesome-lend me thy light!" She raised her dark eyes for a moment and looked at my face through the dusk. "I have come to the river," she said, "to float my lamp on the stream when the daylight wanes in the west." I stood alone among tall grasses and watched the timid flame of her lamp uselessly drifting in the

In the silence of gathering night I asked her, "Maiden, thy lights are all lit-then

* This prose translation of one of his poems was one of the three read at the dinner given to Mr. Tagore in London in July last,-Ed. M. R.

where dost thou go with thy lamp? My house is all dark and lonesome,—lend me thy light." She raised her dark eyes on my face and stood for a moment doubtful. "I have come," she said at last, "to dedicate my lamp to the sky." I stood and watched her light uselessly burning in the void.

In the moonless gloom of midnight I asked her, "Maiden, thy lights are all litthen where dost thou go with thy lamp? My house is all dark and lonesome,-lend me thy light." She stopped for a minute and thought and gazed at my face in the "I have brought my light," she said, "to join the carnival of lamps." stood and watched her little lamp uselessly lost among lights.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA

III.

I joined Mr. Howell and Engineer Grove at the bunglow situated in the yard of the church of which Rev. Roberts, the American missionary, was the minister Thence we proceeded towards Momak. On the way we came across Captain Ormond and the Subahdar Major of the Military Police. The Captain jocosely remarked, "Take care, the rebels may kill you," to which I replied, "I am quite pre-pared for that, Sir." Thence we proceeded from stage to stage till on the fourth day we crossed the Burmese frontier reached Mansian in Chinese territory. The Chinese whom we here came across showed a marked change in behavior. The courteous and gentlemanly demeanour which formerly marked their behavior towards foreigners was changed into arrogance.

At Mansian we resolved to spend night at the house of Mr. M. When we were busy making our beds in a room on the first floor of a wooden house a group of men entered the house and after a short interview with Mr. M-came into our room and began asking us questions in a discourteous fashion. Some of these men happened to know me and one enquired whether it was true that I was an Indian. On my replying in the affirmative he added that we (Indians) also belonged to the yellow race. He followed up this remark with an enquiry-whether the English were the rulers in India. To which also when I answered in the affirmative the further enquiry was made why we did not drive out the English. I was a little embarrassed and told my questioner that such suggestions were improper. I also tried to impress on them by gestures that my companion Mr. Grove was an Englishman and that such conversation in his presence was positively unmannerly. Mr. Grove knew Chinese and perfectly understood everything. When the men were gone I told Mr. Grove how the men had completely changed their manners in a comparatively short space of time. He added that the progress of time made it inevitable. The officers of the revolutionary troops showed an inimical tendency towards the English, in their conversation.

We heard rumours on the way which were confirmed here that people in Tengyueh were in a state of panic-as there was the chance of an impending battle As a consequence people from Tengyueh and the neighbouring villages, were fleeing to Burmah, with their children. The cause of the panic is as follows.

Tengyueh is the capital of the province

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THE SPRINGHEAD OF INDIAN CIVILISATION

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore.)

MODERN civilisation is essentially urban. Whatever is best in it, is to be found in cities.

It is, indeed, difficult to imagine any other state of things. Where many men meet together, the clashing of diverse intellects keeps the mind awake,—every man's powers are set moving by the impact received from all sides.

Thereafter when a man's powers have been roused, he naturally seeks a field where he can apply himself fruitfully. But where can such a field be found? It is where many men's many endeavours are ever busy in the diversified task of creation. That field is the TOWN.

Where the primitive man created his first city and crowded into it, he was not attracted to it by its civilisation. In most cases it was because he felt the need of a strong and convenient place for congregating, where he could easily defend himself from the enemy's attack. But whatever the original cause might have been, as soon as many men had found an occasion to meet together in one place, their individual wants and thoughts assumed a corporate shape there, and civilisation was evolved of itself.

But India has witnessed a marvel: the spring-head of her civilisation was not the city, but the FOREST. Her earliest remarkable development took place where there was no jostling of close packed humanity. There trees and creepers, rivers

and ponds had plently of opportunities to associate with man. There were men and open space, too,—but no jostling. And yet this openness of space did not make the heart of India inert,—it rather lent an additional lustre to her consciousness. Nowhere else in the world has such a thing happened.

Elsewhere we only see that men who are placed by force of circumstances in woods, grow savage. They are either ferocious like tigers, or stupid like the deer.

But in ancient India we find that the loneliness of the woodland did not overpower man's mind, but rather imparted to it such a force that the stream of civilisation issuing from those sylvan homes has irrigated all India and its flow has continued unchecked to our own day.

The energy of civilisation which India thus received from the devotion of forest-dwellers, did not spring from any external impact, did not grow out of the competition of varied wants; therefore, this force has not been primarily directed to external objects. It has penetrated into the profundity of the universe by means of its meditation,—it has established harmony between Nature and the human soul. Hence it is that Indian civilisation has not manifested itself primarily in the form of material wealth. The leaders of this civilisation have been lonely men,—scantily clad hermits.

The sea-shore has given commercial prosperity to the race nourished in its bosom. The nation that has been kept hungry on the scanty milk of its desert

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mother, has become a world-conqueror. And similarly every special circumstance has directed man's powers into a special channel.

The forests of the North Indian plains gave our country a peculiar advantage. They sent the Indian mind off to explore the inmost realm of mystery of the universe. All mankind must in due time acknowledge the need of the treasure that the Indian mind has brought away from the far islands of that vast ocean (of mystery). The Hindu sages who lived lives of deep meditation amidst the forest trees which revealed, day and night, season after season, the action of the life of Nature,—had clearly perceived a delicious mystery all around themselves. Therefore could they say so easily, "All that exists has issued from the Supreme Life, and is vibrating in our souls." They did not shut themselves up in rigid brick and iron cages of their own making; where they dwelt the vast universal life had unfettered communion with their life. This very forest gave them shade, fruit and flower, fuel and sacrificial grass,— this very forest was connected by a lifelong exchange of services with their daily toils, recreation and wants. Thus it was that they could realise their own life by connecting it with the vaster life all around them. their environment was not vacuous, dead, or detached. The gifts of light, air, food and drink which they received through the medium of Universal Nature, they knew by a natural perception to be not the gifts of the earth, nor of the trees, nor of the vacant space, but as things springing out of a self-conscious, infinite Delight. Hence it was that they accepted breath, light, food and drink with respect and devotion. Hence the Indian method of acquisition has been the acquisition of the universal world as a close kindred of our souls, as realised life, consciousness, heart, and by our intellect.

In both the great ages of ancient India,—the Vedic age and the Buddhist age,—the forest has been the nurse of their life. Not the Vedic sages alone, but Buddha too, poured forth his teaching in many a mango-grove, many a bamboo-cluster; royal palaces were not for him,—the woodland it was that took him to its bosom.

Then, in course of time, kingdoms, em-

pires, cities sprang up in India, - she established commercial intercourse with foreign lands,—the greedy cornfields slowly drove the shady and quiet forests further and further away; but not for a day did the strong rich and youthful India of that age feel ashamed to confess her debt to the forest. She has honoured abstract meditation (tapasya) above all kinds of action; the kings and emperors of India have felt themselves glorified by recognising ancient forest-dwelling hermits as their first progenitors. The memory of the primitive twined with whatever is hermitages is grand marvellous or pure, whatever is noble or adorable in the ancient story of India. ...Herein lies the peculiarity of India in the history of mankind.

The age of hermitages was a thing of the past in India, when Vikramaditya was king, Ujjaini a big city, and Kalidas a poet. We then stood amidst the full concourse of the human race-Chinamen, Huns, Scythians, Persians, Greeks, Romans had all crowded round us then. That was not the age to offer us a king like Janaka who tilled his land with his own hands and at the same time instructed in theology seekers after spiritual knowledge assembled from afar. But when we look at the treatment of hermitages in the works of the greatest poet of the time, we find that even in that latter age, flushed with the pride of wealth, though the hermitage had gone out of our sight it had not gone out of our mind.

Kalidas's pictures of hermitages alone prove him to be peculiarly the poet of India. Who else has bodied forth the ideal of hermitages with such fulness of delight?

When the curtain rises on the epic of Raghuvamsa, it presents to us at the very outset the tranquil sweet and pure scene of a hermitage.

(It is eventide.) The ascetics are returning to the hermitage after gathering the sacrificial grass, fuel and fruits in the neighbouring woods,—and lo! an invisible flame seems to welcome them back. There the deer are to the hermits' wives as their own children; they are browsing on the share of the paddy thrown to them and are fearlessly lying down athwart the track to the cottage-doors. The hermits' daughters are watering the trees, and, as the water rises to the brink of the earthen embank-

ment round the roots, they are stepping aside to let the birds come and drink the water without fear. The sun is declining; the courtyard is heaped up with paddy grain; the deer are reclining chewing the The air, laden with the sacrificial incense, purifies by its touch the bodies of the guests entering the hermitage. The true inwardness of this scene is the completeness of the harmony between Nature and man.

In the play of Abhijnana-Sakuntala is installed a hermitage which puts to shame the royal palace with its heartless lust of pleasure. Of that hermitage, too, the keynote is the pure charm of the kinship between man and all the outer world, animate and inanimate alike.

Witness also the picture of the hermitage in Kadambari: there the wind makes the plants and creepers bow their heads down in adoration,—the trees are strewing their leaves as in religious service,—the arena of the cottages is covered with the shyamak paddy spread out to dry,—there the amalak, labali, banana, badari and other fruits are gathered together,—the woodland resounds with the loud recitation of the Brahman lads learning their lessons,—the garrulous green parrots are repeating the sacrificial spells they have learnt by frequent hearing, -the jungle fowl are eating up the food offered at the worship of Nature-god,from the lake hard by, the goslings have come to pick up the nibar paddy dedicated at the pujah,—the does are licking the bodies of the hermit boys with their

Here, too, the inner meaning is the same: the hermitage stands forth as the place that has done away with man's aloofness from plants and creepers, beasts and birds. old lesson has been taught in our land over

and over again.

In all the masterpieces of our country the union between Man and Universal Nature clearly asserts itself... The Nature around us is most intimately associated with all the thoughts and all the acts of man. When human habitations are filled exclusively with men, when Nature is denied entrance through their chinks,—our thoughts and deeds gradually grow impure and unhealthy and die a self-inflicted death amidst the measureless heap of rubbish created by

themselves. Nature works within us incessantly, but she makes a show of standing silent and inert, as if we were the real actors and she a mere ornament. Our poets, however, knew this Nature quite well,-their works ring with that note of the eternal which Nature has mingled with all the joys and sorrows of humanity.

I am certain that Kalidas wrote Ritusamhara in the days of his poetical appren-The song of youthful lovers' union which runs through it, springs up from the lowest depth of passion; it does not ascend to the sublime note of selfpurification (tabasyà) which marks Sakuntala and Kumar-sambhava.

But our poet has harmonised this youthful passion with the varied and grand note of Nature and set it vibrating amidst the free open atmosphere. Into this poem have been worked the summer evening's moonlight resonant with the music of waterfalls, the tremour of the wind-stirred Kadamba branches on the skirt of the forest cooled by the first showers of the rainy season, the cooing of the ducks in early autumn when the fields took verdant with unripe paddy. and the loud murmur of the south wind of Spring making its way through the fragrant mango-blossoms.

If you plant everything in its proper place in great Nature, it loses its violence. But if you detach it thence and confine it within the narrow circle of men, it looks extremely hot and inflamed like a sick Shakespeare, like Kalidas, man's body. had written some minor poems dealing with the mutual attraction of the sexes; but in them passion is all in all, it has left no place for anything else around it,—no place for the sky, the wind, the capacious and variegated robe of sound scent and colour with which Nature covers the nudity of the universe. Hence in these poems wildness of lust asserts itself in an intolerable degree.

In the third canto of Kumar-sambhava, where Kalidas describes the tremour of youthfulness set up by the sudden advent of Cupid, he has not tried in the least to paint the wildness of passion as the supreme fact by confining it within narrow limits. By placing the restless love-longing of Shiva and Parvati amidst the setting of universal Nature's outburst of youthful

jollity at the advent of Spring, he has saved it from shame,—just as a single ray of the Sun concentrated by means of a lens on one spot sets fire to it, while the numberless solar rays diffused by Nature all over the sky emit a heat which does not burn. In Kalidas, Cupid's artifices against Shiva have been completely harmonised with the spirit of universal Nature (in that season; hence we do not see any inconsistency, any feature of glaring nakedness in them).

And not only the third canto, but the whole noem of Kumars imbhava is painted

And not only the third canto, but the whole poem of *Kumar-s imbhava* is painted on a vast universal background. The inner *motif* of the poem is a deep and eternal problem: when the demon Sin has grown strong and has suddenly and inexplicably thrown Heaven into wrack and ruin, whence can Heroism, strong enough to

defeat it, be born?

This is a problem for man in all ages. It is a problem in every individual's life, and it is a problem that is ever reappearing in new forms in the lives of all races.

Kalidas's works clearly show that such a problem had become very acute in the India of that age. The simplicity and self-control that had marked primitive Hindu life, had then disappeared; the kings had forgotten the duties of their office and become self-indulgent voluptuaries, and on the other hand the Scythian invasions were bringing unending misery on the people.

To an outer observer, the Indian civilisation of that age had attained to perfection in the materials of luxury,—in poetry music and the fine arts. Kalidas's poems are not altogether free from the spirit of the copious and varied material enjoyment which marked his age. In truth, the external features of his poems are rich with the fine workmanship of the time. Thus, from one point of view, the poet was representative

of his age.

But in this richly gilt pleasure-palace his Muse was sitting, full of ennui and languour, meditating on something else. Her heart was not there. She was only dreaming of her escape from that prison, marvellous for its variegated art-work but hard as the gems set in it.

In Kalidas's poems we notice a conflict between the outer and the inner worlds, between the real and the ideal. Nursing in his heart the pang of a vain longing, the poet, as he sat amidst the rich splendour of the royal court, was gazing afar off at the pure age of asceticism which was a thing of the past in the then India.

This heart's anguish lurks in Raghuvansa, a poem in which he undertook to sing of the deeds of the mythical kings of the solar

line.

The Indian laws of poetics condemn the tragic conclusion of a piece. Kalidas, moreover, would have been true to the forewords of his Raghuvansa if he had ended his epic at the exact point where the race of Raghu attains to its climax in the reign of Ramchandra. In his poem he promises to chant the praises of the pious wise and noble kings of Raghu's line. But the epic does not end in a burst of panegyric. Its conclusion clearly shows what

had disturbed the poet's heart. Let us see how the founder of the glorious line of Raghu was born. It was in a hermitage that king Raghu came into the world, as the result of his parents' life of asceticism. Kalidas ever keeps telling his royal masters, in many a poem and by many a device, that it is only by means of rigorous asceticism that any great result can be achieved. Raghu, whose prowess vanquished the kings of the north and south, east and west, Raghu, whose empire embraced the whole earth,—was the fruit of his parents' life of monastic discipline. And, again, Bharat, whose mighty arm made him a suzerain, Bharat from whom India has got the glorious name of Bharat-barsha, was the offspring of his parents' unbridled passion. But mark how the poet has burnt this taint of sensuality in the fire of asceticism and washed it clean with the tears of penitent suffering.

The epic Raghuvansa opens not with the picture of the splendour of a royal court, but with the scene of King Dilip entering a hermitage with his queen Sudakshina. The sole monarch of the sea-girt earth engages himself in tending the hermits' cow with unflagging devotion and strict self-

control!

The opening scene of Raghuvansa is laid in a hermitage amidst moral discipline and austerities; and the end of the epic is—drunken revelry and sensual orgies! In this last canto the scene is lit up with



abundant brilliancy of description, but it is the brilliancy of the fire that burns down homesteads and plays havoc in the world. Kalidas has painted in sober and subdued colours the life of Dilip and his only wife in the hermitage, while king Agnivarna's suicidal revelries with a host of wives are described with an excess of detail and in colours of flame.

How tranquil is the Dawn,—pure like a hermit-lad with his yellow matted locks! With slow paces it descends on the dewsteeped earth, shedding a pale pearly and calm light around, and awakening the world with the message of the coming of a new life! Even so in Kalidas's epic, the commencement of the imperial line of Raghu, the regal power rightly acquired by asceticism, is bodied forth with mildness of effulgence and restraint of speech. And the Evening? Entangled amidst a mass of many-coloured clouds, it sets the western sky ablaze with its wondrous rays for a short while; but soon comes awful death, which robs the Evening of all its glories and finally extinguishes it amidst speechless, lifeless, senseless darkness. Such in the last canto of the epic is the scene of the extinction,—as of a meteor,—of Raghu's dynasty, amidst the terrible accumulation of objects of sensual delight. The contrast between the commencement and close of the epic has a deep, inner meaning. The poet is silently sighing, "What was India in days of yore, and what is she now! In that early age of expansion, asceticism was the highest wealth; and now, with national decay staring us in the face, there is no end to our articles of luxury, and the greedy flame of pleasure is shooting up with a thousand tongues and dazzling the eyes of

This conflict [between the present and the past,—between the real and the lost ideal,] clearly manifests itself in most of Kalidas's works. Kumarsambhava shows how the problem can be solved. In this poem Kalidas teaches us that only by join-

ing renunciation to wealth, asceticism to passion, can true Strength be born, and that Strength enables man to rise triumphant above all defeats.

In other words, perfect Power consists in the harmonising of renunciation with enjoyment. When Shiva, the type of renunciation, is plunged in lonely meditation, the kingdom of Heaven is defenceless,—and, on the other hand, when Parvati in her singleless is girt round by the joys of her father's home, the demons are triumphant.

When our passions grow violent, the harmony between renunciation and enjoyment is dissolved. When we concentrate our pride or passion within a narrow compass, we feel tempted to magnify a part at the expense of the whole. From this springs evil. Sin is this revolt against the whole, out of attachment to a part.

Hence comes the necessity of renunciation. It is needed not to strip ourselves bare, but to make ourselves complete. Rununciation means the surrender of a part for the whole, the yielding up of the temporal for the sake of the eternal, of selfishness for the sake of love for another, of pleasure for the sake of bliss. Therefore have our *Upanishads* said, and while: Enjoy by means of relinquishment, not by means of addiction. See, how Parvati failed when she tried to win Shiva with the help of Cupid, but succeeded by means of renunciation when she betook herself to ascetic devotions for the same object.

Passion is addiction to a part and blindness to the whole. But Shiva (lit., the Beneficent) is for all ages and all climes; we cannot attain to him unless we banish passion from our hearts.

Enjoy by means of renunciation: this lesson of the *Upanishads* is the keynote of *Kumar-sambhava*, it was the object of devoted endeavour in our ancient hermitages: acquire by giving up.

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Jadunath Sarkar.

we who make our thoughts (and a good thing it is so!) and yet it is within our power to do a great deal on our own part to keep the stream of thought within us fresh and clear and wholesome. One of the best things we can do is to keep well, for melancholy or obnoxious thoughts cannot find much entertainment where the spirits are lively, and lively spirits are much a matter of health. We have at hand also the power of occupation, of making ourselves actively useful, of joining the company of the workers for the good of the world, and so inviting into our minds the

health-giving companionship of hopes, purposes, ideals and duties. And further, we can live in the society of men and women who have done and are doing well. We can love science and art, we can love all high things like poetry and prophecy,... we can take our part in intellectual and social movements; and as we do this we shall waken the best thoughts and feelings in our breasts, and discover the oracle within us, which "declareth" not our own but "His" thought.

P. E. RICHARDS.

ADAMANT

A SHORT STORY.

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tugore).

THEY met together in a ruined temple on the river bank: Mahamaya and Rajib.

In silence she cast her naturally grave look at Rajib with a tinge of reproach. It meant to say, - "How durst you call me here at this unusual hour today? You have ventured to do it only because I have so

long obeyed you in all things!"

Rajib had a little awe of Mahamaya at all times, and now this look of hers thoroughly upset him: he at once gave up his fondly conceived plan of making a set speech to her. And yet he had to give quickly some reason for this interview. So, he hurriedly blurted out, "I say, let us run away from this place and marry." True, Rajib thus delivered himself of what he had had in his mind; but the preface he had silently composed was lost. His speech sounded very dry and bald, - even absurd. He himself felt confused after speaking it, -and had no power left in him to add some words to modify its effect. The fool! after calling Mahamaya to that ruined temple by river side at mid-day, he could only tell her "Come, let us marry!"

Mahamaya was a kulin's daughter; twenty-four years old,—in the full bloom of beauty as in the fulness of growth,—a frame of pure gold, of the hue of the early autumn sun's rays,-radiant and still as that sunshine, with a gaze free and fearless as daylight itself.

She was an orphan. Her elder brother, Bhabani Charan Chattopadhay, looked after her. The two were of the same mould - taciturn, but possessing a force of character which burnt silently like the mid-day sun. People feared Bhabani Charan with-

out knowing why.

Rajib had come there from afar with the Burra Sahib of the silk factory of the place. His father had served this Sahib, and when he died, the Sahib undertook to bring up his orphan boy and took him with himself to this Bamanhati factory. In those early days such instances of sympathy were frequent among the Sahibs. The boy was accompanied by his loving aunt, and they lived in Bhabani Charan's neighbourhood. Mahamaya was Rajib's playmate in childhood, and was dearly loved by his aunt.

Rajib grew up to be sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, and even nineteen; and yet, in spite of his aunt's constant urging, he refused to marry. The Sahib was highly pleased to hear of this uncommon instance of good sense in a Bengali youth, and imagined that Rajib had taken him as his ideal in life. (I may here add that the Sahib was a bachelor.) The aunt died soon after.

For Mahamaya, too, no bridegroom of an

equal grade of blue blood (kulin) could be secured except for an impossible dowry. She steadily grew up in maidenhood.

The reader hardly needs be told that though the god who ties the marriage-knot had so long been ignoring this young couple, the god who forms the bond of love had not been idle all this time. While old Hymen was dozing, young Cupid was very much awake.

Cupid's influence shows itself differently in different persons. Under his inspiration Rajib constantly sought for a chance of whispering his heart's longings, but Mahamaya never gave him such an opportunity; her silent and grave look sent a chill of fear through the wild heart of Rajib.

Today he had, by a hundred solemn entreaties and conjurations, (at last) succeeded in bringing her to this ruined temple. He had planned that he would today freely tell her all that he had to say,—and thereafter there would be for him either lifelong happiness or death in life. At this crisis of his fate Rajib only said, "Come, let us go and marry", and then he stood confused and silent like a boy who had forgotten his

For a long while she replied not, as if she had never expected such a proposal from Rajib.

The noontide has many undefined plaintive notes of its own; these began to make themselves heard in the midst of that stillness: The broken door of the temple, half detached from its hinge, began at times to open and to close in the wind with a low wailing creak. The pigeon, perched on the temple window, began its deep booming. The wood-pecker kept up its monotonous noise as it sat working on the Shimul branch The lizard darted through the heaps of dry leaves, with a rustling sound. A sudden gust of warm wind blowing from the fields passed through the trees, making all their foliage whistle. Unawares the river waters woke into ripple and lapped on the broken steps of the ghat. Amidst these causeless languid sounds came the rustic notes of a cow-boy's flute from a faroff tree-shade. Rajib stood reclining against the ruinous plinth of the temple like a tired dreamer, gazing at the river; he had not the spirit to look Mahamaya in the face.

After a while he turned his head and again cast a supplicating glance at Mahamaya's face. She shook her head and replied. "No. It can't be".

At once the whole fabric of his hopes was dashed down to the ground; for he knew that when Mahamaya shook her head it was through her own convictions, and nobody else in the world could bend her head to his own will. The high pride of pedigree had run in the blood of Mahamaya's family for untold generations,—could she ever consent to marry a Brahman of low pedigree like Rajib? To love is one thing, and to marry quite another. She, however, now realised that her own thoughtless conduct in the past had encouraged Rajib to hope so audaciously; and at once she prepared to leave the temple.

Rajib understood her, and quickly broke in with "I am leaving these parts tomorrow."

At first she thought of appearing indifferent to the news; but she could not. Her feet did not move, when she wanted to depart. Calmly she asked, "Why?" Rajib replied, "My Sahib has been transferred from here to the Sonapur factory, and he is taking me with him." Again she stood in long silence, musing thus,—"Our lives are moving in two contrary directions. I cannot hope to keep a man a prisoner of my eyes for ever." So she opened her compressed lips a little and said, "Very well." It sounded rather like a deep sigh.

With this word only she was again about to leave, when Rajib started up with the whisper, "Mr. Chattopadhyay is coming!"

She looked out and saw her brother coming towards the temple, and she knew that he had found out their assignation. Rajib, fearing to place Mahamaya in a false position, tried to escape by jumping out of a hole in the temple wall; but Mahamaya seized his arm and kept him back by main force. Bhabani Charan entered the temple,—and only cast one silent and placid glance at the pair.

Mahamaya looked at Rajib and said with an unruffled voice, "Yes, I will go to your house, Rajib. Do you wait for me."

Silently Bhabani Charan left the temple, and Mahamaya followed him as silently. And Rajib? He stood in a maze—as if he had been doomed to death.



11.

That very night Bhabani Charan gave a crimson silk sari to Mahamaya and told her to put it on at once. Then he said, "Follow me." Nobody had ever disobeyed Bhabani Charan's bidding or even his hint; Mahamaya herself was no exception to it.

That night the two walked to the burning-place on the river bank, not far from their home. There in the hut for sheltering dying men brought to the holy river's side, an old Brahman was lying in expectation of The two went up to his bedside. A Brahman priest was present in one corner of the room; Bhabani Charan beckoned The priest quickly got his things ready for the happy ceremony. Mahamaya realised that she was to be married to this dying man, but she did not make the least objection. In the dim room, (partly) lit up by the glare of two funeral pyres hard by, the muttered sacred texts mingled with the groans of the dying as Mahamaya's marriage was celebrated.

The day following her marriage she became a widow. But she did not feel excessively grieved at the bereavement. And Rajib, too, was not so crushed by the news of her widowhood as he had been by the unexpected tidings of her marriage. Nay, he felt rather cheered. But this feeling did not last long. A second terrible blow laid him utterly in the dust: he heard that there was a grand ceremony at the burning ghat that day, as Mahamaya was going to burn herself with her husband's corpse.

At first he thought of informing his Sahib and forcibly stopping the cruel sacrifice with his help. But then he recollected that the Sahib had made over charge and lest for Sonapur that very day; he had wanted to take Rajib away with him, but the youth had stayed behind on a month's leave.

Mahamaya had told him, "Do you wait for me." This request he must by no means disregard. He had at first taken a month's leave, but if need were he would take two months', then three months' leave and finally throw up the Sahib's service and live by begging, yet he would wait for her to his life's close.

Just when Rajib was going to rush out madly and commit suicide or some other terrible deed, a deluge of rain came down with a desolating storm at sunset. The tempest threatened to tumble his house down on his head. He gained some composure when he found the convulsion in outer Nature harmonising with the storm within his soul. It seemed to him that all Nature had taken up his cause and was going to bring to him some sort of remedy. The force he wished to apply in his own person but could not, was now being applied by Nature herself over earth and sky (in furtherance of the work of his heart).

At such a time some one pushed the door hard from the outside. Rajib hastened to open it. A woman entered the room, cladin a wet garment, with a long veil covering her entire face. Rajib at once knew her for Mahamaya.

In a heightened voice he asked, "Mahamaya, have you come away from the funeral pyre?" She replied, "Yes, I had promised to you to come to your house. Here I am, to keep my word. But, Rajib, I am not exactly the same person, I am changed altogether. I am the Mahamaya of old in my mind only. Speak now, I can yet go back to the funeral pyre. But if you swear never to draw my veil aside, never to look on my face,—then I shall live in your house."

It was enough to get her back from the hand of Death; all other considerations vanished before it. Rajib promptly replied, "Live here in any fashion you like,—if you leave me I shall die." Mahamaya said, "Then come away at once. Let us go where your Sahib has gone on transfer."

Abandoning all his property in that house, Rajib sallied forth into the midst of the storm with Mahamaya. The force of the wind made it hard for them to stand erect,—the gravels driven by the wind pricked their limbs like buck shot. The two took to the open fields, lest the trees by the roadside should crash down on their heads. The violence of the wind struck them from behind, as if the tempest had torn the couple asunder from human habitations and was blowing them away on to destruction.

III.

The reader must not discredit my tale as false or supernatural. There are traditions of a few such occurrences having taken place in the days when the burning of widows was customary.

Mahamaya had been bound hand and foot and placed on the funeral pyre, to which fire was applied at the appointed time. The flames had shot up from the pile, when a violent storm and rain-shower began. Those who had come to conduct the cremation, quickly fled for refuge to the hut of dying men and shut the door. The rain put the funeral fire out in no time. Meantime the bands on Mahamaya's wrists had been burnt to ashes, setting her hands free. Without uttering a groan amidst intolerable pain of burning, she sat up and Then wrapping round untied her feet. herself her partly burnt cloth, she rose half naked from the pyre, and first came to her There was none there; all had own house. gone to the burning-place. She lighted a lamp, put on a fresh cloth, and looked at her face in a glass. Dashing the mirror down on the ground, she mused for a while. Then she drew a long veil over her face and went to Rajib's house which was hard by. The reader knows what happened next.

True, Mahamaya now lived in Rajib's house, but there was no joy in his life. It was not much, but only a simple veil that parted the one from the other. And yet that veil was eternal like death, but more agonising than death itself; because despair in time deadens the pang of death's separation, while a living hope was being daily and hourly crushed by the separation which that veil caused.

For one thing there was a spirit of motionless silence in Mahamaya from of old; and now the hush from within the veil appeared doubly unbearable. seemed to be living within a winding sheet of death. This silent death clasped the life of Rajib and daily seemed to shrivel it up. He lost the Mahamaya whom he had known of old, and at the same time this veiled figure ever sitting by his side silently prevented him from enshrining in his life the sweet memory of her as she was in her girlhood. He brooded, -- "Nature has placed barrier enough between one human being and another. Mahamaya, in particular, has been born, like Pallas-Athene, clad in Nature's panoply; there is an innate fence round her being. And now she seems to

have been born a second time and come to me with a second line of fences round herself. Ever by my side, she yet has become so remote as to be no longer within my reach. I am sitting outside the inviolable circle of her magic and trying, with an unsatiated thirsty soul, to penetrate this thin but unfathomable mystery,—as the stars wear out the hours night after night in the vain attempt to pierce (the mystery of) the dark Night with their sleepless winkless downcast gaze."

Long did these two companionless lonely creatures thus pass their days together.

One night, on the tenth day of the new moon, the clouds withdrew for the first time in that rainy season, and the moon showed herself. The motionless moon-lit Night seemed to be sitting in a vigil by the head of the sleeping world. That night Rajib too had quitted his bed and sat gazing out of his window. From the heat-oppressed woodland a peculiar scent and the lazy hum of the cricket were entering into his room. As he gazed, the sleeping tank by the dark rows of trees glimmered like a polished silver plate. It is hard to say whether man at such a time thinks any clearly defined thought. his heart rushes in a particular direction, it sends forth an effusion of odour like the woodland, it utters a cricket-hum like the Night. What Rajib was thinking of l know not; but it seemed to him that that night all the old laws had been set aside; that day the rainy season's Night had drawn aside her veil of clouds, and this Night looked silent, beautiful and grave like the Mahamaya of those early days. All the currents of his being flowed impetuously together towards that Mahamaya.

Like one moving in a dream, Rajib entered Mahamaya's bed-room. She was asleep then.

He stood by her side and stooped down to gaze on her,—the moonbeams had fallen on her face. But, O the horror! where was that face known of old? The flame of the funeral pyre, with its ruthless greedy tongue had utterly licked away a beauteous piece from the left cheek of Mahamaya and left there only the trace of its hunger.

Did Rajib start? Did a muffled cry escape from his lips? Probably so. Mahamaya woke up with a start—and saw Rajib



before her. At once she replaced her veil and stood erect, leaving her bed. Rajib knew that the thunderbolt was uplifted. He fell down before her,—he clasped her feet, crying "Forgive me!"

She answered not a word, she looked not back for a moment, as she walked out of the room. She never returned to the house of Rajib. No trace of her was found anywhere else. The silent fire of her anger at that unforgiving eternal parting left all the remaining days of Rajib's earthly life branded with a long scar.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

JERUSALEM AND ENGLAND: A COMPARISON

Being a study of the social and religious conditions prevailing in england.

N a previous article on "The Status of the Church in England," I stated that a new social and spiritual idealism was developing in England at the present time, but that owing to the great and growing force of materialism it was not yet possible to say in which direction the nation would eventually go; whether the new spiritual idealism, or materialism, strengthened and upheld by a successful commercialism, would prove the stronger. That your readers may realise the truth and significance of this contention, and the better understand the social and religious conditions prevailing in England, I have the present article tried to reveal some of the deeper movements and tendencies to be observed in our English life. Moreover I have done this from the point of view of an idealist, of one, that is, who, by reason of his great ambition for the highest spiritual advancement of his country, and, indeed, of humanity as a whole, sees perhaps more vividly than those who are not possessed of such a conscious ambition, the terrible evils and dangers which stand in the way of such advancement, and what requires to be done in order that the path of true greatness may in the future be followed. The writer hopes, moreover, that his description will be educative, and not without its lessons or significance for Indian idealists.

With the object of making my meaning and contention the more clear, I have drawn a comparison between Jerusalem at the time of Christ, and England at the present time, taking my cue of moral, social and religious conditions prevailing in Jerusalem at the time of Christ from the descriptive speech of that great teacher which is given, for instance, in Ch. 23 of St. Matthew's record of the Gospel, and in which appear these memorable words: "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets!"

Of course, I am quite well aware that the comparison will not carry in all respects, as, for instance, politically, and to some extent, socially, but it will do so, I think, religiously. The Jewish morally and Church at the time of Christ was intensely materialistic, and in a condition of moral stagnation; at the same time it was extremely religious, and deeply resented Christ's attack upon it. But precisely the same charge could be brought against the Church in England to-day; and it is this fact that I wish particularly to emphasise; for it is materialism, especially the materialism of the Church, which more than anything else threatens the future development and well-being of England.

Few words carry with them such burning pathos, or contain so much tragic significance as those of Christ which I have just quoted. They are words of reproach, but also of bitterness and despair, being the death sentence, so to speak, upon a venerable and time-honoured city, and upon a once mighty nation and great civilisation. But it is not the first instance of its kind; nor is it likely to be the last. Look at the picture! A great and proud nation exulting in the glory of its past, confident in itself, yet all the while tottering because of

decay!



fulfil their covenant, and who are patient in adversity and hardship, and in times of violence; these are the righteous and they that fear the Lord.

As Mohamed did not belong to the ruling party in Mekka, and as the largest portion of his early supporters were slaves or men of humble vocation in life, it was but natural that he should attack aristocratic prejudices, and proclaim the equality of men, specially of the faithful, as a religious principle.

We will conclude this chapter with a description of the personal appearance of the Prophet as given to us by the Arab

biographers.

Mohamed was of middle stature. He had a large head, a thick beard, a round face with red cheeks. His brow was broad and noble, his mouth well-shaped, his nose high and slightly aquiline. He had large black eyes, a vein passed from

his forehead over his brow, which used to swell, when he became angry. On his lower lip he had a small mole. His hair descended to his shoulders and unto death retained its black colour. He sometimes dyed it brown and frequently moistened it with fine-scented oil. Only on the occasion of his last pilgrimage did he have it shaved off. Every Friday before the prayer he cropped his moustache, shaved off the hair under his arm and paired his nails. Most graceful indeed, was his neck which like a silver pole, rose over his broad breast. Between his shoulders he had a mole-reports differ about it-which the Muslims regarded as the seal of prophetship. His hands and feet were very large but he had so light a gait that his feet left no traces on the sand.

* [See Muir's Life of Mohamed, Vol. II, p. 28; Vol. IV, p. 302 et seq. Tr.]

RACE CONFLICT*

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THF problem of race conflict has ever been present in the history of mankind. This conflict has been at the basis of all great civilisations. It is like the clash of elements in the material world giving rise to complex combinations and evolutions of higher growth.

It was the concussion of peoples brought up in different surroundings and with dif-

ferent outlook upon life that started the original energy resulting in complicated social organisations. All civilizations are mixed products. Only barbarism is simple,

monadic and unalloyed.

When differences have to be taken into account perforce, when there is no possible escape from them, then men are compelled to find out some central bond which can bring into unity all the diverse elements. This is really the seeking after truth, the

* An address delivered at the Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals held at Rochester, New York, U. S. A.

search for the one in the many, the universal through the individuals.

Naturally, in the commencement its appearance is simple and crude. Some common visible object of worship is held as a symbol of the oneness of the people. It is very often gross and frightful. For when man has to depend upon external standards of life these have to be made as conspicuous as possible, and nothing is so compelling to primitive imagination as fear.

But, as the community grows larger and, by conquest and other means, peoples of different traditions unite, then fetishes multiply and more gods than one have to be recognised. In that case, these symbols lose their power as common bonds, and they have to be replaced by something whose appeal is not so much to the senses and whose significance is more universal.

Thus, gradually, as the problem grows more and more wide and complex, the solution of it becomes deeper and more far-reacting, and human solidarity seeks for its foundation something which is abiding and comprehensive. This is the purpose of all history, man seeking truth through complexities of experience impelled by the impetus of the immensity of evergrowing life.

There was a time when owing to the restricted means of communication different races and nations lived in a state of comparative segregation and consquently their social laws and institutions had an intensely local character. They were narrowly racial and aggressively hostile to the aliens. People did not have frequent occasion to learn how to adjust themselves with outsiders. They had to take to violent measures when they collided with alien people. They simplified the problem to its narrowest limits and either absolutely excluded and exterminated all foreign elements or completely amalgamated them.

Men have not yet outgrown this training of racial or national self-sufficiency. They are still burdened with the age-long inheritance of a suspicion of aliens which is the primitive instinct of animals. They still have a lurking ferocity ready to come out at the slightest provocation when in contact with people outside their social boundaries. They have not yet acquired fairness of mind when judging other races and dealing with them. They have not that power of adjusting their mental vision which would enable them to understand the people who are not nearest to them. They strive their utmost to prove the superiority and originality of their own religion and philosophy and they are reluctant to acknowledge that, truth, because it is truth, naturally manifests itself in different countries in different garbs. They prone to put more stress on differences which are external and lose sight of the inner harmony.

This is the result of being brought up in the home training of isolation, which makes one unfit for the citizenship of the world. But this cannot continue for long and with the advent of the new age of science and commerce men have been brought nearer to each other than they ever were before and they are face to face with the highest problem of human history, the problem of race conflict.

This problem has been waiting to be solved by experience, through the expansion of history. It is not a mere matter of sentiment or of intellect. We had prophets who preached equality of man, and philosophy and literature which gave us a broader view of reality than is contained in the limits of racial traditions and habits. But this race problem with its vast complexity was never before us-we were not in living contact with it. Humanity, till now, has played with this sentiment of brotherhood of man as a girl does with her It reveals the truth of the feeling which is innate in the heart of man, still it lacks the reality of life. But the playtime is passed and what was only in the sentiment has grown into our life fraught with immense responsibilities.

Of all the ancient civilisations, I think, that of India was compelled to recognise this race problem in all seriousness and for ages she has been engaged unravelling the most bafflingly complicated tangle of racedifferences. Europe was fortunate in having neighbouring races more or less homogeneous, for, most of them were of the same origin. So, though in Europe there were bitter feuds between different peoples, there was not that physical antipathy between them which the difference in colour of skin and in feature tends to produce. In England it did not take long for the Norman and Saxon elements to coalesce and lose their distinctions. Not only in colour and features but in their ideals of life the western peoples are so near each other that practically they are acting as one in building up

But it has been otherwise with India. At the beginning of Indian history the white-skinned Aryans had encounters with the aboriginal people who were dark and who were intellectually inferior to them. Then there were the Dravidians who had their own civilisation and whose gods and modes of worship and social system were totally different from those of the newcomers, which must have proved a more active barrier between them than fullfledged barbarism.

their civilisation.

In tropical countries life is not so strenuous as it is where the climate is cold. There the necessities of life are comparatively small and nature more presignal in her bounties; therefore in those countries strifes between contending parties die away for want of incentives. So, in India, after a period of fierce struggles, men of different colours and creeds, different physical features and mental attitudes settled together side by side. As men are not inert matter but living beings, this juxtaposition of different elements became an everpresent problem for India. But with all its disadvantages this it was that stimulated men's minds to find out the essential unity in diversity of forms, to know that, however different be the symbols and rituals, God, whom they try to represent, is one without a second, and to realise him truly is to realise him in the soul of all beings.

When differences are too jarring, man cannot accept them as final; so, either he wipes them out with blood, or coerces them in some kind of superficial homogeneity, or he finds out a deeper unity which he knows is the highest truth.

India chose the last alternative; and all through the political vicissitudes that tossed her about for centuries, when her sister civilisations of Greece and Rome exhausted their life force, her spiritual vitality still continued and she still retains her dignity of soul. I do not sty for a moment that the difficulties about the race differences have been altogether removed in India. On the contrary, new elements have been added, new complications introduced, and all the great religions of the world have taken their roots in the soil of India. In her attempts at bringing into order this immense mass of heterogeneity India has passed through successive periods of expansion and contraction of her ideals. And her latest has been that of setting up rigid lines of regulations to keep different sections at arm's length to prevent confusion and clash.

But such a negative attitude cannot last long, and mere mechanical contrivances can never work satisfactorily in human society. If, by any chance, men are brought together who are not products of the same history and not moulded in the same traditions, they never can rest till they can find out some broad basis of union which is positive in its nature and which makes for love. Lad I am sure, in India we have that spirits ideal, if dormant but still living.

which can tolerate all differences in the exterior while recognising the inner unity. I feel sure, in India, we have that golden key forged by ancient wisdom and love which will one day open the barred gates to bring together to the feast of good fellowship men who have lived separated for generations.

From a very remote period of her history till now all the great personalities of India have been working in the same direction. The Gospel of universal love that Buddha preached was the outcome of a movement long preceding him, which endeavoured to get at the kernel of spiritual unity, breaking through all divergence of symbols and ceremonies and individual preferences.

With the advent of the Mohamedan power not only a new political situations was created in India but new ideas in religion and social customs were brought before the people with a violent force. Nevertheless, it had not the effect of generating an antagonistic fanatical movement among Hindus. On the contrary, all the great religious geniuses that were born during this period in India sought a reconciliation of the old with the new ideals in a deeper synthesis. which was possible because of the inherited spirit of toleration and accumulated wisdom of ages. In all these movements there was the repeated call to the people to forget all distinctions of castes and creeds and accept the highest privilege of brotherhood of man by uniting in love of God.

The same thing has occured again when India has been closely brought in contact with the Christian civilisation with the coming of the English. The Brahmo Samaj movement in India is the movement for the spiritual reconciliation of the East and West, the reconciliation resting upon the broad basis of spiritual wisdom laid in the Upanishads. There is again the same call to the people to rise above all artificial barriers of caste and recognise the common bond of brotherhood in the name of God.

In no other country in the world is the conflux of races different in every respect so great as in India. Therefore it never could have been possible for her to come to such a simple solution of the difficulty as national unity. The fetish of nationalism is powerless to bring her warring elements into a harmony; she must appeal to the

highest power in man, the spiritual power, she must come to her God. There has been going on in India a long continued contention between rigid forms of exclusiveness which is mechanical and a recognition of the unity of mankind which is spiritual. Here, as in every land, the social convention is on the side of the pride of caste, and the higher nature and the deeper wisdom of the people assert in the lives of its greatest personalities the validity of the claims of all men to justice and love. On the one hand there is the regulation which forbids eating and drinking at the same board for men of different castes and on the other hand there comes the voice from the ancient past which preaches that he who realises his own self in the self of all individuals realises truly. And I have not the least doubt in my mind that it is the urging of this spiritual impulse in man which will win in the end, and will mould all the social forms in such a way that they may not hinder its purpose but become its instrument.

I bring before you this instance of Indian history to show that a problem must be a fiving one to rouse man's mind for its solution. It has become so in the present age. Races widely separated in their geographical position and historical growth, in their modes of thought and manners of expression have been brought near each other in closer relations. To each man the human world has been enlarged to an extent never dreamt of in former days. That we are not ready for these changed circumstances is becoming painfully evident every day. The caste feeling is running fearfully high. The western people are cultivating an arrogant exclusiveness against all other races. While keeping for themselves their prerogatives of exploiting weaker nations by threat of force they securely bar their own gates against them in a manner cruelly barbarous and inhospitable. Sentiments of humanity are openly discredited and poets of world-wide reputation are exulting in the triumph of

brute force. Nations wakened from a lethargy of centuries and bravely struggling for a larger life are held back by others more fortunate, waiting to turn to their own advantage the situation created by the breaking up of old order. Want of consideration for people held to be inferior to themselves, rising into inhuman atrocities where privacy is secured, is not uncommon with the people proud of their colour and the impunity of their position.

Yet, in spite of these untoward aspects of the case I assert strongly that the solution is most assured when difficulties are greatest. It is a matter for congratulation that today the civilised man is seriously confronted with this problem of race conflict. And the greatest thing that this age can be proud of is the birth of Man in the consciousness of men. Its bed has not been provided for, it is born in poverty, its infancy is lying neglected in a wayside stall, spurned by wealth and power. But its day of triumph is approaching. It is waiting for its poets and prophets and host of humble workers and they will not tarry for long. When the call of humanity is poignantly insistent then the higher nature of man connot but respond. In the darkest periods of his drunken orgies of power and national pride man may flout and jeer at it, daub it as an expression of weakness and sentimentalism, but in that very paroxysm of arrogance, when his attitude is most hostile and his attacks most reckless against it, he is suddenly reminded that it is the direst form of suicide to the the highest truth that is in him. When organised national selfishness, racial antipathy and commercial selfseeking begin to display their ugly deformities in all their makedness, then comes the time for man to know that his salvation is not in political organisations and extended trade relations, not in any mechanical rearrangement of social system. but in a deeper transformation of life, in the liberation of consciousness in love, in the realisation of God in man.

COMMUNAL LIFE IN INDIA

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore) N India war, maintenance of public peace, and administration of justice have been functions of the king. But every other task, from education to water supply, has been so naturally discharged by society that though new dynasties have swept like the flood over our country with every new century, yet they have failed to brutalise us by destroying our religion, they have failed to ruin us by destroying our society. King may have fought king in endless succession; -but in our murmuring bamboo thickets, in our shady mango groves, temples have raised their heads, hospices for pilgrims have been erected, tanks of water have been dug, the village school master has taught mental arithmetic, the sacred literature has been taught in the Sanskrit Colleges, the Ramayan has been read aloud in the assembly-hall of the temple, the village courtyards have resounded with the din of sacred chanting, without a break. Our society has never depended on outside aid, and no outside trouble has ever robbed it of life and vigour.

Today it is a small matter that we have to lament for the scarcity of drinking water in Bengal. A matter of far deeper regret is the root cause of such scarcity: today the heart of our community is no longer turned towards the community; all our attention has been directed outwards....

Our heart's current had hitherto kept the cool shady villages of Bengai sound and happy. But today the heart of Bengal has shifted its course from our villages. Therefore it is that our rural temples are in ruins, with none to repair them,—our rural tanks are impure, with none to cleanse them,—the manor-houses of the rich in our villages are deserted, with no sound of festivity heard in them. Hence today we have to beg at the doors of Government for water-supply, sanitation, public education.

In our country the Government stands for the State. In ancient India the Govern-

ment took the shape of the royal power, but there was an immense difference between the State in England and the royal power in India. England has entrusted to the State all the possible functions of public utility,—India did it only

partially.

Not that in ancient India it was outside the king's duty to support and reward those who were the teachers of the country,—those who taught the nation learning and faith without charging fees. But it was his duty in part only: it was normally the duty of every citizen. If the king stopped his aid, if anarchy replaced the royal power, even then the education and religious instruction of the nation did not come to a sudden stop. True, our kings often dug tanks for the public, but they did it just like other rich men, and not because they were kings. If the king neglected to do it, the country did not in consequence suffer from scarcity of water.

In England every individual is free in the pursuit of his own repose, pleasure and self-interest, -he is not burdened with social duties, because he has assigned to the royal power all the great tasks of society. In India the royal power was comparatively free, because the community at large was saddled with the social duties. The king might fight, or hunt, or manage the State. or pass his days in a round of pleasures,for his actions he would be responsible to God: but the public did not sit down idly, leaving all services for its own good in his hands. In our society, the social functions were marvellously, diversely, distributed among all the citizens individually.

Hence it was that dharms or duty inspired every limb of our society: every one of us had to cultivate self-control and self-sacrifice. Every one of us was bound to do

his duty.

These examples prove that the vital force of different civilisations is planted in different limbs of the body politic. The

spot where the duty of public benefit is concentrated, is the heart of the country. If you can strike that spot, the whole nation is mortally wounded. In Europe if the Government is overthrown, the whole country is ruined; hence politics is such an important matter there. In our country, on the other hand, the nation reaches a critical stage only when society is crippled. Hence it is that we have not hitherto waged any life and death struggle for political freedom, but we have carefully maintained society's freedom of action. In Europe everything from poor relief to popular education depends on the State, in India on the public sense of duty; -so, Europeans must save the State if they are to live, we must save the regulations of dharma for our communal life.

In England, as is quite natural, the public are constantly engaged in keeping the State vigilant and active. Taught in English schools, we too have now come to hold that it is the principal duty of the public in all circumstances to prod the Government into attention. We do not realise that however much we may apply blisters to another man's body it cannot cure our disease.

In England the State is directly based upon the will of the entire community; it has been evolved naturally there. We cannot gain such a type of State by mere argument: it may be a very desirable thing, but it is beyond our reach.

In India the Government is not related to society; it stands outside. Therefore, if we hope to gain any service from it, such a gain must be paid for by sacrificing the freedom of society in that respect. In getting a work done by Government, our Society loses its own power of doing that work. And yet such helplessness was not formerly natural to India. We may have bowed our necks to different races and different kings in the past, but our Society has always done all its works by its unaided effort; it has never allowed any outside agency to interfere with them. Hence, when our monarchy has decayed, Society has remained intact.

Today we are deliberately going to deliver up one by one all the duties of the community into the hands of a State which is extraneous to our Society. Hitherto when

new sects arose in India and established new rites and customs, they remained in the bosom of Hindu Society, our Society did not expel them. But to-day everything has taken a rigid cast-iron form under the operation of Anglo-Indian legislation,—every innovator is now compelled to declare himself a non-Hindu. This proves that the innermost core of our social life now lies bare and unprotected; it no longer works. This is our greatest danger, and not the scarcity of water.

In days of yore, those Hindus whom the Badshahs created Ray-Rayans, whose counsel and aid were sought by the Nawabs,—did not deem such royal favours enough; to them social honour was higher than the dignities conferred by kings. They turned to their society for establishing influence. The highest honour they could not get from the king of kings who reigned at Delhi; such honour they had to seek at the cottage doors of the obscure village of their birth. It was a higher glory to them to be called a benevolent man by the common people of their land, than to be entitled a Rajah or Maharajah by the Government....Therefore, there never was any scarcity of water in our pettiest hamlets; every village contained all the elements for the cultivation of manhood.

Today, it does not delight our hearts if we are praised by the people of our control. Therefore, our efforts no longer naturally flow towards our country. Today we have to beg or press the Government. Today the Government has to urge the people to remove the water-scarcity, because the natural remedy for this social distress is gone! Our rich men no longer relish public applause.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to say that everyone of us should cling to the soil of his native village. No; go forth to win knowledge, weath and fame, enter the broad outer field of ction and expand your heart. But do not savert the relation between home and the workshop. Earn abroad, but store at home. Exert your powers outside, but keep your heart at home. Learn abroad, but apply your knowledge at home. But now a days we do just the opposite. The result is the strange incongruity of most of our The Provincial Conference is a case in

We hold it to give counsel to our country, and yet the language of its debates is foreign! Why so? Because we regard the English-educated section of the population alone as our own people; we do not realise that we are as nothing unless we can link the hearts of the common people with ourselves. We are creating an impassable barrier between the masses and ourselves.

If we had turned our Provincial Conference truly into the deliberative body of the nation, what should have been our method? We should then have held not a public meeting of the regulation European type, but a grand fair (mela) of the familiar Indian pattern. There our countrymen would have been attracted from far and near by means of operas, music, amusements and rejoicing. There the countrymade industrial and agricultural produce would have been exhibited. There masterly story-tellers, chanters and opera parties would have been rewarded. There the common people would have been vividly taught the lessons of sanitation by means of magic lanterns, and there high and low assembled in common would have discussed together in simple Bengali whatever they had to say, whatever they had to devise about their weal and woe.

Our nation is primarily made up of villagers. A mela is the best means of making the village occasionally feel the blood of the great outer world course through its veins. On such a festival the village forgets all its narrowness,—this is the chief occasion for the village to give and take with an open heart. As the monsoons are the time for flushing our tanks with the heavenly rain, so, too, is a mela the right opportunity for filling the heart of our villages with universal ideas.

The educated community can very quickly cause a real awakening of the country if they can infuse a new life and new ideas into the melas of their native districts, if they pour their hearts into them, if they reconcile the Hindus and Muhammadans on such occasions,—if without having any concern with ineffectual politics they take counsel for removing the special arievances of the district in respect of schools, tanks, pasture-lands, etc.—

am confident that there will be no diffi-

culty in raising the requisite funds, if a band of public men prepare themselves to travel in all parts of Bengal and organise melas, if they compose new operas, songs for chanting and pieces for lections, and carry with themselves the property for bioscope, magic lantern, gymnastics, and magic.

It has ever been the way of our country to teach the people literature and religion through the agency of joyous festivals. Nowadays, most of our zamindars have been drawn to the cities. A joyous ceremony like marriage in their family now ends only in giving dances and dramatic performances to their rich town-friends. Hence our villages are daily growing more and more joyless, and the literature that might have refreshed and adorned the minds of old and young is daily passing beyond the reach of the common people, If the organisers of the melas proposed by me can cause the stream of poetry and joy to flow once more through our hamlets, then there will be no fear of the heart of our verdant corn-laden Bengal turning into an arid desert

It has always been the chief endeavour of India to establish a bond of kinship between man and man. We have to recognise our very distant cousins; our grown-up sons do not leave the paternal home; we have to maintain a quasi-kindred relationship with every inhabitant of our village irrespective of his caste and social rank; we are tied to our priests and teachers, our beggars and guests, our land-lords and tenants, with respective social bonds. Such connections are not mere formal moral relations formed in obedience to religious injunctions; they are heart's ties. We are sure to form a kinship with every man whom we meet in life: some we place in the rank of our fathers, some in that of our sons, some we call brothers, others comrades. In no case can we regard a human being as a mere machine for executing our purposes.

Such is our nature. We purify with an infusion of our heart every connection forced on us by necessity, before we can turn it to use. We have, in consequence, to shoulder many needless obligations; whereas the connection of mere necessity is limited; it ends in the office or the workshop....

India cannot forget the charm of human relations, even in the midst of business. She undertakes all the obligations of such a relation, of her free will. The result is that in India, there is the rule and practice of close connection between the family and strangers, between high and low, between house-holders and travellers. Therefore, in this country, none had ever before to be at a loss about the maintenance of our schools, Sanskrit colleges, tanks, pilgrims' rest-houses, and temples or about poor relief.

The Hindu religion has pointed out the path by which each individual can be made to transcend his petty home or village and feel his affinity to the universe. Every Hindu is bound to perform daily the "five offerings" (pancha-yajna) and thus call to mind his beneficent kinship with the gods, the sages, his ancestry, the human race, and beasts and birds.

Is it impossible to utilise the sublime idea of the pancha-vajna in forming a daily tie between our whole country and every member of our community? Cannot every one of us daily offer one pice or even a handful of rice in the name of our fatherland? Cannot Hinduism bind every one of us, every day of our lives, with the direct bond of devotion, to India,-to Bhāratabarsha, the haunt of our gods, the hermitage of our ancient Rishis, the nourishing mother of our forefathers? Cannot our relation with our benign fatherland be brought home to every one of us as a particular personal tie? Should we deliver up into the hands of foreigners water-supply, public education and other beneficent duties towards our country, and thus dissociate our endeavour, our thought, our heart itself, from the land of our birth?

The country will naturally yield up all its heart to that source from which it derives all benefits. We complain of the drain of Indian wealth to foreign lands; but if the heart of India is carried away by foreigners, if every beneficent connection with our country gradually passes into the hands of an alien Government, what then will be left to us? Will not such a drain be a more deplorable than the mere loss of wealth?

What! Are foreigners always to give our land food, drink and knowledge, and we are to content ourselves with clamouring when the amount of the Government dole is unsatisfactory? Is that our duty? No; never!

Let each one of us, in every day of our lives, shoulder the task of supplying our country's need. That is our glory, that is our dharm t! The time has now come, when our society will become one vast swadeshi community. The time has come when every one of us will realise that he does not stand alone, that, however humble he may be, others cannot do without him, nor can he discard the meanest of the others.

Few people can mark out their path of duty for themselves. We ought to have a centre for directing individual efforts into the right path. Let no pa ty here usurp the position of that centre. If our society wishes to defend itself against that strong, centralised and aggressive external force which is trying to monopolise its functions and assert its control over every part of our life, from education to daily marketing,-then our Society must take a bold stand: The only way to do it is for us to choose a leader, to identify ourselves individually with him, to consider it no disgrace but an element of freedom to obey his command implicitly.

Such a national leader may at one time be a good man, at others a bad one. But if the community is vigilant no individual, not even the leader, can do permanent harm to it. On the other hand, the inauguration of such a leader is the true means of keeping society awake. If society realises its unity as embodied in a particular person, then its power will be invincible.

Under this supreme head will be local leaders in the different parts of the country. They will remove all the wants of society, direct all beneficent acts, and arrange for its regulation and protection, and for this they will be responsible to the national leader. The voluntary contribution of society will supply the necessary funds.

Doubt not the nation's capacity for selfhelp; know for certain that the time has come. Remember how India has ever kept alive her power of binding together. She has ever established some sort of harmony amidst all kinds of difficulties and conflicts, and hence she has survived till now. I have full faith in that India. Even now that India is slowly building up a marvellous reconciliation of the old order with the new. May each of us consciously join in that work, may we never be misled by dullness or revolt into resisting it!

This is not the first time that Hindu society has collided with the outer world. At the very entrance of the Aryans into India, they had a tremendous conflict with the aboriginal races already in possession of the land. The Aryans triumphed in that conflict, but they did not exterminate the non-Aryans as the European colonists have done in Australia and America; the non-Aryans were not expelled from the Aryan settlements, in spite of the difference of their manners and customs they got a place in the Aryan social system, which gained complexity through their inclusion.

Once again our society was thrown into disorder for a long period. During the ascendancy of Buddhism the attraction of that religion established a close connection between the Indians and diverse foreign nations. The relation of sympathy is far effective than the relation of antagonism, because in a state of conflict each party stands vigilantly on guard to save its own manners and ideas, whereas in the carelessness engendered by sympathy all tend to become one. The latter thing happened in Buddhist India. During that Asia-wide religious revolution, the manners and customs, rites and ideas of countless races drifted into India, none offering a check.

But even during this gigantic upheaval India was not deserted by her genius for regulation. She harmonised the foreign infusion with her native system and built up her society anew in orderliness. She was more diversified than before, no doubt; but one thread of unity peculiarly her own ran through all this vast variety.

The common principle of unity that underlies this diversified Hindu society is something mysterious and subtle, because India has assimilated many mutually inconsistent differences. We cannot point out this principle of unity, but it exists none the less, amidst all the seemingly discordant elements of Hindu society.

In the next age came the clash of Islam on this very India. It cannot be denied that this impact struck a blow at Hindu society. But the process of harmonising the new outer force began to work in every province. A common ground was created between the Hindu and Muslim, societies where the boundary-lines of both met together. The sects of Nanak and Kabir and the lower orders of Vaishnavas are instances of it.

Recently another powerful foreign nation has entered India with its own alien faith, manners and knowledge. Thus, the four great communities of the human race,—viz., Hindu, Buddhist, Muslim and Christian,—have all met together in India. It seems as if Providence has constituted India as a vast laboratory for achieving a grand social synthesis.

Here I must admit that the social fusion and convulsion which characterised the Buddhistic age in India, left behind it a sense of fear in Hindu society. Distrust of every kind of novelty and change has ever since become deep rooted in our society. A community cannot progress when haunted by such an everpresent fear. It cannot conquer in the struggle with the outside. A society whose powers are solely concentrated on conservation, loses the faculty of natural motion. Society must combine the means of progression with the means of conservation, or it will become a cripple; confined within narrow limits, it will lead an existence of living death.

In the post-Buddhistic age, Hindu society has taken a thousand precautions to defend its possessions, and keep out all foreign contact most rigorously. This has made India lose the noble position of the world's teacher that she had once held. There was a time when the Indian mind with boundless courage sent forth all its powers to conquer the unexplored realms of religion, science and philosophy. Today India is no longer a teacher; she has sunk to the position of a pupil. Why? Because fear has entered her mind! We have timidly placed a ban against voyages, -- both voyages across the sea of waters and voyages across the ocean of new knowledge! Once we belonged the universe, today we belong to a village! Society's natural power of conservation and defence is timid, feminine. It has banished from our community the ever-curious, experimenting, action-loving masculine power. Therefore, even in the realm of knowledge we are prejudice-ridden, effeminate.

Know of a verity, that every race is a limb of the universal Man. A race can achieve glory only if it can satisfactorily answer the question "What have you contributed to the possessions of humanity?" When it loses that vital force of original invention, it becomes a useless encumbrance, a palsied limb, on the body of the universal

Man. Mere existence is no glory.

India has never fought to win territory or spread commerce. Today China, Tibet and Japan are shutting their doors in fear of European encroachment. But one day these very countries welcomed India fearlessly into their houses as their teacher (guru). India has not moved about convulsing the world to the marrow with her troops and merchandise,—everywhere she has won the devotion of mankind by laying down the laws of peace, consolation and religion. Such a glory can be acquired only by ascetic devotions; it transcends the majesty of world-empires.

Just when India, having lost that glory, was huddling in one corner of her room, jealously guarding the bundle of her past acquisitions, the psychological moment for the coming of the English arrived. The strong impact of English civilisation has caused many breaches in the ring fence set up by this timid retiring society round itself...We have now discovered what wonderful power we once had, and also how

wonderfully helpless we now are.

Today we have fully realised that the best means of self-defence does not consist in hiding one's self in a corner far away from others, but rather in awakening all our latent powers to the utmost. Such is the law of Nature. The English influence can overcome our minds only so long as our minds will not shake off their agelong lethargy and display their own endeavour. It is futile to sit dolefully in a corner mourning "It is all up with Hinduism!' It is, again, mere self-deception to disguise ourselves as Englishmen by aping them in every respect. We cannot become genuine Englishmen; and we cannot combat the English influence by becoming pseudo-Englishmen.

Let us then try to become deliberately, strongly, actively and completely what we really are. The peculiar power, held arrested within us for so many centuries,

will now be set free by the clash with the antagonistic spirit of a foreign civilisation; the world is in sore need of it today. The power amassed by our hermits through austere devotions, is too precious. Providence will not suffer it to be fruitless.

The inherent spirit of India is—the perception of unity amidst a multitude, the establishment of harmony among variety. India does not interpret difference as conflict, she does not regard aliens as enemies. Therefore, she tries to give to each its respective place in a vast and harmonious whole, excluding none, exterminating none. Therefore, she has sanctioned every path; she has recognised the propriety of each in its own place.

Such is the genius of India. Therefore let us not imagine any particular community as incompatible with our society. At every new impact, we shall only look out for our greater expansion as the result. Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and Christians, will not fight each other on the soil of India;—they will here seek and attain to a synthesis. That synthesis will not be un-Hindu; it will be peculiarly Hindu; whatever its external features may be, the resultant

harmony will be Indian in spirit.

If we bear in mind this divine ordinance about India, our aim will be steady, we shall cast off our sense of obloquy; we shall discover the deathless power inherent in India. It is the main work of India's peculiar genius to establish unity. India does not stand up for discarding any, or shutting any out,—she will one day point out to this discord-torn barrier-erecting world the way for admitting all, assimilating all, and enabling all to realise each its peculiar greatness when set amidst a vast ONE.

Our country once knew how to despise wealth; it knew how to adorn and glorify poverty. Should we today prostrate ourselves before gold and spurn at our own eternal dharma? Shall we fail today to take up once again that pure self-controlled abstemious life in the service of our ascetic mother-land? Shall we today grudge to sacrifice any item of our personal comfort or personal pomp, in order to distribute happiness among all? Will that asceticism which was once so natural for us, be absolutely impossible for us today? No, never!

Amidst the greatest calamities the silent vast power of India is quietly secretly making itself triumphant. Unknown to

ourselves we are gradually advancing towards that India.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

THE CEREMONIAL RITES OF KASHMIRI MUSALMANS

THE Hanjis (Kashmiri boatmen) by religion are indeed Musalmans but they form a distinct class by themselves which is subdivided into four subsections. They seem to belong to the lowest stratum of the old Hindu population. Therefore, being in a way somewhat different from other Musalmans, whom I would rather call the Musalmans proper, their ceremonies and rites naturally are rather quite different in details. Hence the necessity of describing here, separately, some of the important sacraments (rites) of the Kashmiri Musalmans.

PRELIMINARY RITES OF A CHILD.

Birth: -After the fifth day and again on the 40th day the mother of the new-born child has to take a bath for her purification and cleanliness.

Name giving ceremony नामकरण takes place

at any time after the 40th day.

The ceremony of cutting the hair चडाकाण is performed on any earliest day after the

fifth month.

Circumcision-Khatna-hal.- It takes place at any time between the fifth and the twelvth year. This is a momentous period in a Musalman boy's life. Consequently the ceremony is rather an elaborate affair. The preliminary course occupies seven days and then the circumcision takes place, which can be done on any week-day excepting Thursday and Friday. On the seventh day they put mehndi, red pigment, both on his hand (fingers, nails and the palm) and on his feet (nails and soles). Eventually the initiated boy is taken to a Zivarat to present Niyaz, offering. And there the Mulla reads to him some appropriate verses from the Koran and he is made to repeat Khutam.

MARRIAGE.

A go-between is almost-at least conven-

tionally-quite indispensable in settling The bridegroom's father a marriage. takes a mediator with him to the house in view. The father of the would-be bride welcomes them and entertains them. Then the mediator formally discloses the object of their visit-though the purpose of the visit and preliminary negotiations were already an open secret. Having taken the consent of the girl's father the parent of the boy presents a certain sum of money, according to his means, before him in a dish. After some time the father of the prospective bride comes to the house of his would be son-in-law with the customary object of seeing the condition (material resources) of the hoy-and perhaps not to see the ability or character of the boy. This visit confirms all their previous engagements and after this event he cannot decline to give his daughter on any ground whatsoever. Immediately after an essential ceremony, the word-giving. वागदान takes place, which in Kashmiri language is called गंडन gandun. On this occasion the groom's father pays a customary sum of Rs. 25 and presents a lump of salt (from 10 to 15 seers) and silver ornaments (for the bride). And as a matter of conventional reciprocity the bride's people too, present to their would-be son-in-law a shawl or Rs. 5 in cash. Either on this very day or on some nearest future occasion they fix the date for the celebration of the marriage. The principal ceremony takes two days. On the first day, -in their respective houses, he-barber and she-barber put मेहदी red pigment on the hands and feet of the groom and the bride respectively. The same day the bridegroom's people send a ram, which must never be a castrated one, to the bride's house. And as long as the food for the occasion, to feed the processionists of the coming procession,

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THE RELATION OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE INDIVIDUAL AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN LONDON

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[Specially contributed to the Modern Review]

THE civilisation of ancient Greece was nurtured within city walls. In fact, all the modern civilisations have their cradles of brick and mortar.

These walls leave their stamp deep in the minds of men. They set up a principle of divide and rule in our mental outlook, which begets in us a habit of securing all our conquests by fortifying them and separating them from one another. We divide nation and nation, knowledge and knowledge, man and nature. It breeds in us a strong suspicion of whatever is beyond the barriers we have built and everything has to fight hard for its entrance into our recognition.

When the first Aryan invaders appeared in India it was a vast land of forests, and the newcomers readily took advantage of them. These forests afforded them shelter from the fierce heat of the sun the ravages of tropical pastures for cattle, fuel for sacrificial fire, and materials for building cottages. And the different Aryan clans their patriarchal heads settled in different forests having some special advantage of natural protection and where food and water were plentiful.

Thus in India it was in the forests that her civilisation had its birth and it took a distinct character from its origin and environment. It was surrounded by the vast life of nature, was fed and clothed by her and had the closest and most constant intercourse with her varying aspects.

Generally speaking, such a life has the effect of dulling human intelligence and dwarfing the incentives to progress by

lowering the standards of life. But in ancient India we find that the circumstances of forest life did not overcome man's mind: it did not enfeeble the current of his energies, but only gave them a particular direction. Having been in constant contact with the living growth of nature his mind was free from the desire of extending its dominion by erecting boundary walls around its acquisitions. His aim was not in acquiring but in realising, in enlarging his consciousness by growing with and growing into his surroundings. He felt that truth is all-comprehensive, that there is no such thing as absolute isolation in existence, and the only way of attaining truth is through the interpenetration of one's being into all objects. To realise this great harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of the world was the endeavour of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India.

In later days there came a time when these primeval forests gave way to cultivated fields, and wealthy cities sprang up in all directions. Mighty kingdoms were established which had communication with all the great powers of the world. But even in the heyday of its material prosperity the heart of India ever looked back with adoration upon the great ideal of the strenuous self-realisation and the dignity of the simple life of the forest hermitage and drew its best inspiration from the wisdom stored there.

The West seems to take a pride in thinking that it is subduing nature; as if we are living in a hostile world where we have to wrest everything we want from an unwilling and alien arrangement of things. This

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sentiment is the product of the city-wall training of mind. For in city life man naturally directs the concentrated light of his mental vision upon his own life and works, and this creates an artificial dissociation between himself and the Universal Nature within whose bosom he lies.

But in India the point of view was different,—it included the world with the man as one great truth. India put all her emphasis on the harmony that exists between the individual and the universal. She felt we could have no communication whatever with our surroundings if they were absolutely foreign to us. Man's complaint against nature is that he has to acquire most of his necessaries by his own efforts. Yes, but his efforts are not in vain, he is reaping success every day and that shows there is a rational connection between man and nature, for we never can make anything our own except that which is truly related to us.

We can look upon a road from two different points of view. One is, that it divides us from the object of our desire. In that case we count every step of our journey over it as something attained by force in the face of obstruction. The other is that the road leads us to our destination, and as such it is part of our goal, already the beginning of our attainment, and by taking the journey over it we can only gain that which it itself offers to us. This last point of view is that of India with regard to Nature. She thinks that the great fact is that we are in harmony with it; that man can think because his thoughts are in harmony with things; that he can use the forces of Nature for his own purpose only because his power is in harmony with the power which is universal and that in the long run his purpose never can knock against the purpose which works through Nature.

In the West the prevalent feeling is that Nature belongs exclusively to inanimate things and to beasts, that there is a sudden unaccountable break where human nature begins. According to it everything that is low in the scale of beings is nature and whatever has the stamp of perfection on it, intellectual or moral, is human nature. It is like dividing the bud and the blossom into two separate categories and putting them to the credit of two different and antithetical principles. But the Indian mind never has any hesitation in acknow-

ledging its kinship with nature, its wibroken relation with all.

This fundamental unity of creation w not simply a philosophical speculation f India, but it was her object of life to reali this great harmony in feeling and in action With meditation and service, with regul tion of her life she cultivated her consciou ness in such a manner that everything had a spiritual significance to her; the earth, water and light, fruits and flowers her were not merely physical phenomer to be turned to use and then le necessary t were aside, but they ideal (her in the attainment of her perfection as every little note is necessary t the completeness of the symphony. India in tuitively felt that the fact of this work has a great vital meaning for us; we have to be fully alive in it and establish a consciou relation with it, not merely impelled by the spirit of scientific curiosity or greed o material advantage but in the spirit o sympathy and a large feeling of joy and peacefulness.

It is not true that India tried to ignor differences of value between different things for that would make life impossible. The sense of the superiority of man in the scale of creation was not absent from her mind But she had her own idea as to what this superiority consists in. It was not in the power of possession but in the power o union. Therefore India chose her places o pilgrimage wherever there was in natur some special grandeur or beauty, so tha her mind could come out of its world o narrow necessities and realise its place i This was the reason why i the infinite. once wer India a whole people who meat-eaters gave up taking animal food t cultivate the sentiment of universal syn pathy for life, an event unique in the histor of mankind.

India knew that when by physical an mental barriers we violently detach ou selves from the inexhaustible life of Natur when we become merely the man but not the man in the universe, we create bewilde ing problems and having shut off the source of their solution, we try all kinds artificial methods each of which brings in own crop of interminable difficulties. When man shuns his resting-place in Univers Nature, when he walks on the single roof humanity, it is either a dance or a for him, he has ceaselessly to strain even nerve and muscle to keep his balance at each

step, and then, in the intervals of his weariness, he fulminates against Providence and feels a secret pride and satisfaction in thinking that he has been unfairly dealt with by the whole scheme of things.

But this cannot go on for ever. must realise the wholeness of his existence, his place in the infinite; he must know that hard as he may strive he can never create his honey within the cells of his hive, for the perennial supply of his life food is outside their walls. He must know that when man shuts himself out from the vitalising and purifying touch of the Infinite, and falls back upon himself for his sustenance and his healing, then he goads himself into madness, tears himself into shreds, and eats his own substance. Deprived of the background of the Whole, his poverty loses its one great quality, which is simplicity, and becomes squalid and shamefaced; his wealth is no longer magnanimous but merely extravagant, his appetites do not minister to his life, keeping to the limits of their purpose, but they become an end in themselves and set fire to his life and play the fiddle in the lurid light of the conflagration. When man's consciousness is restricted only to the immediate vicinity of his human self, the deeper roots of his nature do not find their permanent soil, his spirit is ever on the brink of starvation, and in the place of healthful strength he substitutes rounds of stimulation. Then it is that man misses his inner perspective and measures his greatness by its bulk and not by its vital link with the infinite, judges his activity by its movement and not by the repose of perfection, the repose which is in the starry heavens, in the everflowing rhythmic dance of creation.

The first invasion of India has its exact parallel in the invasion of America by the European settlers. They also were confronted with primeval forests and a fierce struggle with aboriginal races. But this struggle between man and man and man and Nature lasted till the very end; they never came to any terms. In India the forests which were the habitation of barbarians became the sanctuary of sages, but in America these great living cathedrals of Nature had no significance to man. They brought wealth and power to him and perhaps ministered to his enjoyment of beauty to some extent, but they never acquired that sacred association in the hearts of men as the site of some great

spiritual reconcilement where man's soul had its meeting place with the soul of the world.

I do not for a moment wish to suggest that things should have been otherwise. It would be an utter waste of opportunities if history were to repeat itself exactly in the same manner in every place. It is best for the commerce of the spirit that people differently situated should bring their different products into the market of humanity, each of which is complementary and necessary to the others. All that I wish to say is that India at the outset of her career met with a special combination of circumstances which was not lost upon her. She had, according to her opportuni-ties, thought and pondered, striven and suffered, dived into the depths of existence and achieved something which surely cannot be without its value to people whose evolution in history took a different line altogether. Man for his perfect growth requires all the living elements that constitute his complex life; that is why his food has to be cultivated in different fields and brought from different sources.

Civilisation is a kind of mould that each nation is busy making for itself to shape its men according to its best ideal. All its institutions, its legislature, its standards of approbation and condemnation, its conscious and unconscious teachings tend toward that object. The modern civilisation of the West, by all its organised efforts, is trying to turn out men perfect in physical, intellectual and moral efficiency. There the vast energies of the nations are employed in extending man's power over his surroundings and people are combining and straining every faculty to possess and to turn to account all that they can lay their hands upon, to overcome every obstacle on their path of conquest. They are ever disciplining themselves to fight nature and man, their armaments getting more and more stupendous every day; their machines, appliances and organisations multiplying at an amaz-This is a splendid achievement ing rate. no doubt, and a wonderful manifestaman's masterfulness, which tion of knows no obstacle and which has for its object the supremacy of himself everything else.

The ancient civilisation of India had its own ideal of perfection towards which its efforts were directed. Its aim was not attaining power and it neglected to cultivate

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et/2027/mdp.39015031994125 ttp://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google to the utmost its capacities to organise men for defensive and offensive purposes, for co-operation in the acquisition of wealth and for political ascendency. The ideal that India tried to realise led her best men to the isolation of contemplative life and the treasures that she gained for mankind by penetrating into the mysteries of reality cost her dear in the sphere of worldly success. Yet, this also was a sublime achievement,—it was a supreme manifestation of man's aspiration which knows no limit and which has for its object the realisation of the Infinite.

There were the virtuous, the wise, the courageous, there were the statesmen, kings and emperors of India, but whom amongst all these classes did she look up to and choose to be the representatives of men?*

सम्पार्णं नम् ऋषयो ज्ञानतृप्ताः कृतासानो नौतरागाः प्रज्ञान्ताः। तो सर्व्यगम् सर्व्यतः प्राप्त भौराः युक्तासानः सर्व्यभेवाविद्यन्ति॥

They were the rishis. What were the rishis? They who having attained the supreme soul in knowledge were filled with wisdom, and having found him in union with the soul were in perfect harmony with the inner self; they having realised him in the heart were free from all selfish desires, and having experienced him in all the activities of the world, had attained calmness. The rishis were they who having reached the supreme God from all sides had found abiding peace, had become united with all, had entered into the life of the Universe.

Thus the state of realising our relationship with all, of entering into everything through union with God, was considered in India to be the ultimate end and fulfilment of humanity.

Man can destroy and plunder, earn and accumulate, invent and discover, but he is great because his soul comprehends all. It is dire destruction for him when he envelopes his soul in a dead shell of callous habits and a blind fury of works whirls round him like an eddying duststorm, shutting out the horizon. It kills the very spirit of him, which is the spirit of comprehension.

Essentially man is not a slave either of himself or of the world; but he is a lover: his freedom and fulfilment is in love which is another name for perfect comprehension. By this power of comprehension, this permeation of his being, he is united with the all-pervading Spirit, who is also the breath of his soul. Where a man tries to raise himself to eminence by pushing and jostling all others, to achieve a distinction by which he prides himself to be more than everybody else, there he is alienated from that Spirit. This is why the Upanishads describe those who have attained the goal of human life as प्रमानता: peaceful, and as युक्तालान: "at-one-with-God"—meaning that are in perfect harmony with man and nature and therefore in undisturbed union with God.

We have a glimpse of the same truth in the teachings of Jesus when he says, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven"—which implies this, that whatever we treasure for ourselves, separates us from others; our possessions are our limitations. He who is bent upon accumulating riches is unable, with his ego continually bulging, to pass through the gates of comprehension of the spiritual world, which is the world of perfect harmony, and he is shut up within the narrow walls of his limited acquisitions.

Hence the spirit of the teachings of the Upanishad is: In order to find Him you must embrace all. In the pursuit of wealth you really give up everything to gain a few things, and that is not the way to attain Him who is completeness.

Some modern philosophers of Europe, who are directly or indirectly indebted to the Upanishads, far from realising their debt, maintain that the Brahma of India is a mere abstraction,—a negation of all that is in the world. In a word, the Infinite Being is to be found nowhere except in metaphysics. It may be that such a doctrine has been and still is prevalent with a section of our countrymen. But this is certainly not in accord with the pervading spirit of the Indian mind. The practice of realising the presence of the Infinite in all things has been carried farther in our country than it has been anywhere else.

द्रैजावास्त्रमिदं सर्ज्यं म यत किस जगलां जगत्।

We are enjoined to see "whatever there is in the world as being enveloped by God."



^{*} I have used here the late Satis Chandra Ray's translation of my "Atma-bodh," after necessary correction and alteration.

यो देवोऽग्री योऽ स्यो विश्वन् भ्वनमाविवेश य श्रीष्ठिष यो वनकातिस तक देवाय नमीनम:। I bow to God over and over again who is in fire and in water, who permeates the whole world, who is in the annual crops as well as

in the perennial trees.

Can this be God abstracted from the world? And it is not merely seeing him in all things but it is saluting him in all the objects of the world. The attitude of the God-conscious man of the Upanishad towards the universe is that of a deep feeling of adoration. His object of worship is present everywhere. It is the one living truth that makes all realities true. This truth is not only of knowledge but of devotion. ''नमोनमः,'' we bow to him everywhere and over and over again.

Buddha, who developed the practical side of the teaching of the Upanishads, preached the same message when he said, "With everything, whether it is above or below, remote or near, visible or invisible, thou shalt preserve a relation of unlimited love without any animosity or without a desire to kill. To live in such a consciousness while standing or walking, sitting or lying down till you are asleep, is Brahmavihara, or in other words, is living and moving and having your being in the spirit of Brahma."

What is that spirit? The Upanishad says,--"यबायमिक्काकाचे तेजोमयीऽसतमय: पुरुष: सर्व्या-नुष्:''—the being who is in his essence the light and life of all, who is worldconscious, is Brahma. To feel all, to be conscious of everything is his spirit. are immersed in his consciousness, It is through his consciousand soul. that the sun attracts the earth; through his consciousness the light-waves are being transmitted from planet to planet.

Not only in space, but ''यशायमिकानासनि तेजी-मयोऽस्तमय: पुरुष: सव्यौनुभू:,—this light and life, this all-feeling being is in our souls. He is all-conscious in space, or the world of extension; and he is all-conscious in soul, or the world of intension.

Thus to attain cosmic consciousness we have to unite our feeling with this all-pervasive infinite feeling. In fact, the only true human progress is coincident with this widening of the range of feeling. All our poetry, phi-

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losophy, science, art and religion are serving to extend the scope of our consciousness towards higher and larger spheres. Man does not acquire rights through occupation of larger space, nor through external conduct, but his rights extend only so far as he is real, and his reality is measured by the scope of his consciousness.

We have however to pay a price for this attainment of the freedom of consciousness. What is the price? It is to give one's self away. Our soul can realise itself truly only by denying itself. The Upanishad says, ''ताक्तेन भुष्तीया: ''—thou shalt gain by giving " मा ग्रंप: "—thou shalt not covet. away.

In the Gita we are advised to work disinterestedly, abandoning all lust for the result. Many outsiders conclude from this teaching that it is the conception of the world as something unreal that lies at the root of the so-called disinterestedness preached in India. But the reverse is the truth.

The man who aims at his own aggrandisement underrates everything else. Compared to his ego the rest of the world is unreal. Thus in order to be fully conscious of the reality of all one has to be free himself from the bonds of personal desires. This discipline go through have to to ourselves ready for our social duties,—for sharing the burdens of our fellow-beings. Every endeavour to attain a larger life requires of man "to gain by giving away and not to be greedy." And thus to expand gradually the consciousness of one's unity with all is the striving of humanity.

The Infinite in India was not a thin nonentity, void of all content. The Rishis of India asserted emphatically, भवेदित् भय सतामस्ति, नचेत् द्द भवेदित् मच्ती विनष्टि:,—"to him in this life know to be true, not to know him in this life is the desolation of death". How to know him then?

भूतेषु भूतेषु विचिन्ता, ,—"by realising him in each and all". Not only in Nature but also. in the family, in society and in the state, the more we realise the World-conscious in all, the better for us; the more we do not, the more are we doomed to destruction.

It fills me with great joy and a high hope for the future of humanity when I realise that there was a time in the remote past when our poet-prophets stood under the

lavish sunshine of an Indian sky and greeted the world with the glad recognition of kindred. It was not an anthropomorphic hallucination It was not seeing man reflected everywhere in grotesquely exaggerated images and witnessing the human drama acted on a gigantic scale in nature's arena of flitting shadows and lights. On the contrary, it was crossing the limiting barriers of the individual to become more than man, to be one with the all. It was not a mere play of the imagination, but it was the liberation of consciousness from all the mystifications and exaggerations of the self. These ancient seers felt in the serene depth of their mind that it is the same energy that vibrates itself into the endless forms of the world, that manifests itself in our being as consciousness, and that For these seers is no break in unity. there was no gap in their luminous vision of perfection. They never acknowledged even death itself as creating a chasm in the field of reality. They said, "यस्त्र कायासतम् यस्त्र सत्यु:;—"his reflection is death as well as immortality." They did not recognise any essential opposition between life and death and they said with absolute assurance, "पाची मत्तुः,""it is life that

is death." They saluted with the same serenity of gladness life in its aspect o appearing and in its aspect of departure —''नमो ग्रसु ग्रायते नमो ग्रसु पराय^{ने}। पृत्ये इ. भूतम् भवर -"that which is past is hidden in life and that which is to come." They knew that mere appearance and disappearance are on the surface like waves on the sea, but life which is permanent knows no decay or diminution. "बदिदम् किन्न पाची एजति नि:स्तम्,-"everything has sprung from immortal life and is vibrating in life," for "पाची विराट्" "life is immense."

This is the noble heritage from our forefathers waiting to be claimed by us as our own, this ideal of the supreme freedom of consciouness. It is not merely intellectual or emotional, it has an ethical basis, it must be translated into action. In the Upanishad is said--''सर्व्व व्यापी स भगवान तकात् सव्य गत: विवः "The supreme being is all-pervading, therefore he is the innate good in all." To be truly united in knowledge, love and service with all beings and thus to realise one's self in the all-pervading God is the essence of goodness, and this is the keynote of the teachings of the Upanishads.

MORAL FREEDOM THE GOAL OF HISTORY

By WILFRED WELLOCK.

do not wish it to be understood that in the title of this article there is any suggestion of finality, any reference to the ultimate order or condition of society. Development is eternal, the very nature of life, and to check development is to negate life. Hence no man can say what the ultimate order of society or ideal of life will be. But that does not mean that man cannot have an ideal, cannot picture and aspire to a more perfect and satisfying existence. He At every stage in his development man can and ought to have an ideal. And although it may be true that the ideal of one generation is transcended by the next, such ideal is valid nevertheless, and is the promise and condition of a fuller and happier existence to those who hold it, a veritable and indispensable means of personal development and social progress.

But what do we mean by the "goal of history?" Is it to be inferred that there is some one order of life or mode of existence, some one condition of society, that is better than all others, which man must ultimately discover if he is to fulfil his destiny? In other words, do we wish to imply that development, or progress, is a spiritual and inward rather than a physical and outward fact? that man really has a destiny to fulfil, that life points to a Good the attainment of which requires that man shall travel along a moderately well-defined path, pass through certain evolutionary stages? Most decidedly. Otherwise history and all the vast heritage of man's spiritual possessions would be inexplicable. It is precisely because I hold this view that I believe Democracy to be inevitable in the case of a truly progressive civilisation.

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MY INTERPRETATION OF INDIAN HISTORY

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore).

I. THE VEDIC AND HEROIC AGES.

THROUGH all the operations of the universe there runs the alternation of inhaling and exhaling, closing and shutting, sleeping and waking;—an eternal rhythmic beat isgoing on with its alternate swell and cadence, first inwards, then outwards. The ceaseless union of pause and motion alone keeps the universe going.

At one extremity the pendulum of creation touches Yea, at the other Nay; at one end One, at the other Two; at one end Attraction, at the other Repulsion; at one end the Centripetal force, at the other the Centrifugal force.

The entire rhythm of the universe springs from the union of *two* forces; our world-epic is in rhymed couplets,—its verses go in pairs.

The rhythm of universal Nature is clear and free; not so the rhythm of human Nature. There, too, we have the same mystery of expansion and contraction; only we cannot reconcile them so easily, so naturally, as universal Nature does; the end has to be achieved by strenuous effort. We often cling to one extreme so intently, that it costs much time and effort to return to the other extreme, and the rhythm of our lives is lost. Man is being pulled from two sides by self and others, acquisition and giving away, self-restraint and freedom, custom and reason; the true education of humanity consists in learning how to balance both the forces, so as to reach the middle point. Human history is the history of the efforts to acquire this balancing power. India affords us the means of clearly observing the picture of the quest of this harmony.

When the curtain rises on the first scene of India's history, we behold a tremendous race-conflict between the Aryans and the aborigines. The first fury of this conflict roused among the Aryans a hatred of the non-Aryans which enabled Aryan society to consolidate itself internally.

There was need of such consolidation. For, the Aryan immigrants had entered India in different bands and at various periods. They did not all agree as to their sept (gotra), tutelary god, or sacrificial formula. If a strong external force had not confronted them, then the Aryan colony would have speedily split up into a thousand branches and dispersed (over the face of the land.) They would not have perceived their essential oneness, but would have magnified their petty external points of difference. The struggle with aliens first made the Aryans realise their racial oneness.

Like all other things of the universe, even conflict has two opposite poles,—difference and union. Hence it was that India's history could not for ever stop short at the self-contraction bred in Aryan society at the first stage of the conflict by the spirit of preserving the distinct existence of one's own race. India had to turn into the path of expansion, turn towards assimilation, under the law of the world-rhythm.

We know not who were the heroes of Aryan society in the age of conflict with the non-Aryans. India's epics have not cared to unfold their life-story with any fulness. May be, the story of Janme-

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jaya's snake-sacrifice shadows forth the history of a terrible primeval war. This Puranic legend tells us that Janmejaya cruelly undertook to avenge himself on hereditary enemies by exterminating the snakeworshipping non-Aryan Naga tribe; but that king has won no very high place in our history.

On the other hand, he who succeeded in the endeavour to unite the Aryans and the non-Aryans, is even to-day worshipped all over our country as an incarnation of God!

The fusion of the Aryans and the non-Aryans was one aspect of the grand national enterprise of that age. Ramayan mentions three Kshatriyas,-Janak, Vishwamitra and Ramchandra,—as the leaders of that enterprise. These three were connected not only by personal history but also by unity of aim. We can well understand that Vishwamitra ordained Ramchandra for his life's mission,—and that the high aim he placed before Ram he had derived from king Janak.

In the annals of time the three may or may not have belonged to the same age, but in the history of thought they were contemporaries. Janak and Vishwamitra symbolise a particular spirit in Aryan history. Our early records give us a glimpse of the fact that in one epocha band of Kshatriyas conceived a very lofty ideal of religion and conduct, and waged a long and severe struggle with their opponents. There is evidence, too, that their chief antagonists in this contest were Brahmans.

We have one indication of the way in which the Kshatriya ideal came to differ from the Brahman ideal. The sacrificial rituals were hereditary tribal possessions. Each sept of the Aryan immigrants preserved its special prayers, spells and processes of humouring the gods, in the hands of its own tribal leader (kula-pati.) Only those who had mastered these things could earn special fame and wealth by officiating Thus, religious ministration as priests. grew into a profession, reserved for a few, like misers' hoards. It required long special study and practice. Hence, while one section of society undertook conquest and similar fresh enterprises, another section engaged itself in the special task of keeping pure and intact the ancient religion of the race and the record of its memorable events.

But, when a particular class is charged with the safe-keeping of the nation's religion, the harmony between the intellectual development of the nation and its religious growth is checked,—because that special class keeps the religious rules firmly entrenched in one place, and they lose touch with the mental progress of the body of the nation. In course of time by unperceived degrees the harmony is destroyed so completely that only a revolution can reconcile the two again. Thus, while the Brahmans in charge of the traditional customs and rites of the Aryans were continually making those rites more complex and elaborate, the Kshatriyas were advancing in triumph, conquering every natural and human obstacle. In that age the chief field of union among the Aryans was Kshatriya society. No union can be so strong as that of men who die fighting together against a common enemy. Those who have faced Death together cannot possibly make too much of their mutual differences.

The sense of tribal distinctness, which sprang from diversity of traditional customs and external ceremonies, could not manly practical conquer the fighting Kshatriya mind. In their hands lay the thread which strung all the Aryans together by means of self-defence and colonial expansion. Thus, one day the Kshatriyas alone perceived that amidst all seeming differences the Eternally True was one and one alone. Thus, knowledge of God (brahma-vidya) was peculiarly a Kshatriya science; it denounced the Vedic lore as minor theology and sought to reject as futile the oblations, sacrifices, and other rituals carefully preserved by the Brahmans. This clearly proves that the new spirit had clashed with the old in that age.

When a great idea becomes epidemic in society, it refuses to stop at any ring fence. As the Aryans began to realise their own racial kinship more and more clearly, every section of their society began to perceive that the gods were diverse in name but one in essence. Therefore, the belief that each clan must have its separate form of worship, naturally began to disappear among all classes. And yet it is true that the knowledge of God found its home of welcome specially among the Kshatriyas; therefore, brahma-vidya is called raj-vidya or the lore of the kingly caste.

This difference between the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas was no slight one. It was the polar difference between phenomenon and noumenon. When we look at the outside of things, we only see plurality



and diversity; when we look within we realise the ONE. When we adored external powers as gods, we tried to win them over to our side by means of external agencies like spells and diverse ceremonies. Thus when the external forces of Nature formed our vast pantheon, our religion consisted

of rituals only.

This parting of ideals in Aryan society was embodied by two gods: Brahma was the deity of the old Vedic ritualistic school, Vishnu was the adored of the new party. Brahma's four faces are the four Vedas, motionless in eternal trance, while Vishnu's four arms are active, ever proclaiming as with the peal of a conch-shell newer and newer fields of beneficent action, holding aloft the discus emblematic of [political] equality, wielding the mace as a badge of legal chastisement, and sporting the lotus of beauty.

When our gods remain outside, when the human heart cannot feel any relation of kinship with them, we are tied to them solely by the bonds of desire and fear. We flatter them in our hymns in the hope of getting earthly gifts from their good will; we cower in dread lest our sacrifices should be imperfect and incorrect in any particular and thus provoke their wrath. Such worship, based on greed and fear, is external. But when our God becomes truly a treasure of our heart, the heart's worship begins, it is the worship offered by devotion

(bhakti)

We discern two opposite currents in India's divine lore (brahma-vidya),—the abstract God and the personal God, monism and duality. There cannot be worship unless we admit duality, and yet there cannot be devotion unless we fix our gaze on one. Therefore the religion of devotion through love (prem-bhakti) originated in India as an offshoot of brahma-vidya, and Vishnu is the god of this religion of devotion.

When the revolution ended, the Brahmans accepted the Vishnu-cult. But evidence has been preserved that at first they had resisted the new creed. The legend of the Brahman Bhrigu spurning at the bosom of Vishnu epitomises the history of a conflict. This Bhrigu figures in the Vedas as the initiator of sacrifices and the ideal of those who are benefited by sacrifices.

This Vishnu-cult of devotion originated specially among the Kshatriyas, as is proved first by the Kshatriya Sri Krishna

figuring as the teacher of this faith and dealing hard blows at the Vedic spells and ritual; and secondly by the fact that the two men whom the epics of ancient India recognised as incarnations of Vishnu were both Kshatriyas: they were Krishna and Ramchandra. This proves that the devotional religion of the Kshatriya party was spread equally by the teachings of Krishna and the exploits of Ramchandra.

From the professional difference between the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas this antagonism of principles grew and grew, till it caused a social revolution, whose history is figuratively set forth by the story of the strife between Vashishta and Vishwa-

mitra.

These two were not historical persons but merely the names of the Brahman and Kshatriya parties respectively. Not that all the Kshatriyas were ranged together against all the Brahmans. Many kings supported the Brahmans; witness how king Harishchandra ruined himself in the attempt to save the lore of the Brahmans from the oppression of Vishwamitra.

Or, take another example. A second leader of this primitive revolution was Krishna, who stood up to free society from futile ritualism. He slew Jarasandha, the enemy of the Kshatriyas, the captor and oppressor of many Kshatriya kings. Mark also that when Krishna entered Jarasandha's capital with Bhima and Arjuna, they had to disguise themselves as Brahmans! The slaying of this Brahmancherishing anti-Kshatriya king by Krishna and the Pandavas is not a mere stray episode. Society was then split up into two camps on the question of Krishna. When Yudhisthir held the raj-suya sacrifice in the hope of reconciling the two parties Shishupal, as the champion of insulted Krishna. opposite party, that sacrifice Krishna was offered the holy presents (arghya) as the highest person present, among all the assembled Brahmans and Kshatriyas, priests and kings.....This social quarrel was at the root of the war of Kurukshetra. The sides mutually opposed in it were Krishna's partisans and Krishna's adversaries. The foremost general opposed to Krishna's friends was the Brahman Drona; Kripa and Ashwatthama, too, were no mean antagonists of the Pandavas, and both of them were Brahmans.

Thus we see that originally both the

national epics of India were based upon this ancient social revolution, i.e., the conflict between the old and the new spirits in society. We clearly see that in the age of the Ramayan the cause of the new party was taken up by Ram, who early in life followed Vishwamitra, the antagonist of his hereditary priest Vashishta. Indeed it was Vishwamitra who made Ram lose his heritage. The policy followed by Ram was not approved by Dasharath, though the latter could not successfully resist the overpowering influence of Vishwamitra. In a later age when this epic was written, the tradition of this momentous historical conflict of policies in primitive Aryan society was bodied forth as a domestic intrigue in a particular royal family, and the banishment of Ram was set down to the uxoriousness of a weak old king,—an incredible tale!

Our History bears yet another testimony to the fact that Ram adopted the policy of the new party. Parashuram was a lineal descendant of that very Brahman Bhrigu who had once kicked at Vishnu. His vow was to exterminate the Kshatriyas; Ram had to disarm this terrible foe of the Kshatriyas. That Ram subdued him instead of slaying him, proves that at the very outset of his life's mission of uniting the nation, Ram put an end to the quarrel between the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas, partly by his valour and partly by his magnanimity. In all the acts of Ram we see traces of this noble manly patience.

Ram's marriage with Sita is metaphorical. The real facts are that Janak was an ideal Kshatriya king; true theology (brahma-vidya) was developed by him; it was not a mere matter of the intellect to him, but was incarnated in his whole life; it was kept inviolate by him in all his varied sphere of action as king..........The highest glory of the Indian Kshatriyas is this that they marvellously reconciled the acts of their daily life with the sublime knowledge, with devotion. Our noblest Kshatriya chiefs proclaimed renunciation as the end of acquisition, action as the highest means of salvation.

This king Janak cultivated theistic lore, and at the same time tilled the soil with his own hands. This proves that one of the duties of the Kshatriyas was to spread Aryan civilisation by means of agriculture. Far away in the past the Aryans had been a pastoral people; the Brahman hermits

of the forests considered cows as their main wealth; the forest easily afforded them pastures; and the pupils of the hermitages were mainly engaged in tending their teacher's herds. But in a later age the conquering Kshatriyas pushed the forest back from Northern India and made agricultural wealth prevail over pastoral....That Janak was the king of Mithila (North Bihar) indicates that the Aryan colonies had in his time reached their natural limit of expansion at the eastern end of Aryavarta. But south of the impassable Vindhya range lay the virgin forest, where a Dravidian civilisation had grown up as a rival to the Aryan. Ravan had vanquished by his prowess Indra and other Vedic gods, disturbed the sacrifices of the Aryans, and thus established the supremacy of his own god Shiva. Our tradition that he conquered the gods of the Aryans really means that he defeated the human worshippers of these Vedic gods repeatedly in battle, because every race of men in a particular stage of its growth has believed that its victory in battle only proved the power of its tutelary god.

At this stage of our national history, Aryan society was exercised over the question, 'Who would break the bow of Shiva?' Only he who could defeat the strength of Shiva-worshippers and carry into Southern India the agriculture and theology of the Aryans, would be truly married to the supernatural, ideal daughter of the Janak. Vishwamitra model Kshatriya guided Ram to the severe trial of breaking the bow of Shiva. When Ram made his way into the heart of the forest and slew some dominant and fierce Shiva-adoring human warrior, he was said to have broken Shiva's bow; he then became entitled to carry off Sita, which literally means the furrow dug by the ploughshare.

When Ram emerged from wood] in company with Vishwamitra, he had already in that tender age passed through three great trials. First, had defeated some Shiva-worshipping demons and thus broken Shiva's bow. Secondly, he had proved his skill in agriculture by restoring life to the hard soil which had been long lying waste like stone, being unfit for driving the plough (hal) in,whence its name A-halya,—and which had been first accepted but afterwards rejected as accursed, by the sage Gautam, one of the pioneers in the Aryan colonisation of the Deccan. Thirdly, this disciple of the Kshatriya sage Vishwamitra had conquered with his strong arm the growing Brahman hatred of the Kshatriyas (as embodied in Parashuram.)

The sudden interruption of Ram's investiture as heir and his banishment immediately after, very likely shadow forth the conflict of two powerful parties at the time. The party opposed to Ram [and his policy of assimilation] was undoubtedly very strong, and it had naturally very great influence over the queens in the harem. The old king Dasharath could not defy this party, and so he had most unwillingly to send his dear and gallant son into exile. During those twelve years of exile Ram's heroic lieutenant was Lakshman, and his life's companion was Sita or in other words his mission [of spreading Aryan civilisation

and religion.].....

The legend of the Kshatriya Ramchandra embracing the low-caste (Chandal) Guhak as his friend, still perpetuates the memory of his marvellous liberality of mind....[The Uttar-kanda of the Ramayan is an interpolation of a later age]. Here the conservatives falsely ascribed to him the beheading of a Sudra ascetic in order to make Ram out as a champion of the old order in society! So, too, the legend of his banishment of the innocent Sita out of a sense of social duty, is another proof of the attempt made in the Uttar-kanda by a later generation to prove that Ram, the greatest of Aryan heroes, the ideal man adored as a god, was on the side of preserving social usage. The history of a social revolution lurks behind the story of Ram; a succeeding age effaced all traces of that revolution as far as possible and recast the legend of Ram in accordance with the social ideal of the new age. Ram's life thus transformed was proclaimed as the supporter of the domestic system and social conventions.....

But for all that India has not forgotten the fact that he was the comrade of a Chandal, the god of the monkeys, and the ally of a demon (Bibhishan). His glory was not that he destroyed his enemies, but that he won them over! He crossed the ocean-barrier, of conventional ban and race hatred; he built a bridge of love between

the Aryans and the non-Aryans.

Anthropology tells us that most savage races honour a particular animal as their totem; they often hold themselves to be its

offspring, and their tribe is named after it. Such was the Naga (serpent) race of which we read in Indian epics and history. The non-Aryans conquered by Ram in Kishkindhya must have been called monkeys for a similar reason. The tribe of the Bear totem, also, ranked among his followers. These two could not have been terms of contempt.

Ram conquered the monkeys not by a stroke of policy, but by inspiring them with the religion of personal devotion (bhakti). Thus, Hanuman's devotion raised him into a god. Everywhere in the world we see that when a great man kindles among mankind the religion of devotion in the place of mere ceremonialism, he himself becomes an object of adoration. Witness Krishna, Christ, Muhammad and Chaitanya. So. too. among the Sikhs, Sufis and Kabir-panthis, the teachers who develop true faith (bhakti) are raised into gods by their followers,as if, in trying to reveal the inmost connection between God and His votary, they too have crossed the boundary-line between the human and the divine. Thus did Hanuman and Bibhishan come to be renowned as adorers of Ram and devout Vaishnavas.

It was by religion alone that Ram conquered the non-Aryans and gained their devotion. He did not extend his empire by defeating them by force of arms. He preached in Southern India agricultural civilisation and monotheism based on bhakti (personal faith). For long centuries afterwards India reaped what he had sown. In that very Southern India the fierce Shiva cult at last took the form of a faith based on devotion; and a day came when from that very Southern India theistic knowledge (brahmavidya) gushed forth in the two streams of bhakti and monism and flooded all India.

We thus see the interaction of expansion and contraction, individuality and catholicity, in India. . . . There was a day when the champion of her conservative spirit was the Brahman, while the spirit of expansion was represented by the Kshatriya. When the Kshatriya tried to advance, the Brahman no doubt opposed him; but when the Kshatriya had succeeded in dragging society towards expansion in scorn of all obstacles, the Brahman agreed to link the new with the old, assimilate the whole, and set up a fresh boundary (further off). Such has ever been the work of the Brahmans in India. European observers represent it as the result of the professional cunning of the

Brahmans! They forget that Brahmans and Kshatriyas are not racially distinct,they are only two different natural powers of the same race, like the Liberals and Conservatives in England.

We see, no doubt, that India has not been able to hold the balance perfectly even between conservation and progress. After every struggle the Brahman has asserted his supremacy in society. The absurd theory that this result was due to the Brahman's peculiar cunning, is historically false. The circumstances of India give a more natural explanation of the phenomenon: the race-conflict in India has been a conflict between widely dissimilar races whose difference of colour and ideals has been so serious that the shock has roused up all the conservative spirit of India. If India had taken the path of expansion, she would, under the circumstances, have run the risk of completely losing her individuality; and that was why society ever stood vigilantly on self-defence.

The life of Ram proves that one day the Kshatriyas found in religion a great unifying agency, which enabled them to bridge the gulf between themselves and the non-Aryans easily by means of a policy of conciliation. Adeadly feud between two parties continued for ever can never be good for In the end the Brahmans any society. bowed to this policy of fusion and even

compeletely appropriated it. When the Aryans began to mix with the

non-Aryans, there arose the need of an understanding with the non-Aryan religion

too. At that time the Aryan worshippers were at strife with the non-Aryan god Shiva; and in that strife victory alternated between the two races. Krishna's disciple Arjuna had once to admit defeat at the hands of Shiva, the god of the savage Kirats. Krishna's grandson Aniruddha abducted Usha, the daughter of the Sivaworshipping demon Ban, and in this contest Krishna triumphed. At the Vedic sacrifice [of Daksha] the non-Aryan Shiva was not admitted as a god, and therefore the non-Aryan votaries of Shiva broke up the sacrifice. At last, Shiva was identified with the Vedic god Rudra, and thus the religious quarrel of the two races ended in a compromise.

The Mahabharat clearly shows that even amidst their disputes, the Aryans were mingling their blood and faith with the blood and faith of the non-Aryans. But as cross-breeds and cross-religions thus began to multiply, the conservative spirit of society in the same proportion tried to assert itself by fixing new boundaries one after another: Manu's condemnation of mixed castes and his contempt for idolworshipping professional Brahman priests indicate that though the infusion of non-Aryan blood and religion had [perforce] been accepted, the spirit of resisting them was never dormant. Thus, again and again, expansion has been followed in our history by the assertion of a strong spirit of contraction within self.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

CHRISTIANITY AND OTHER RELIGIONS

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

NE hundred years ago it was the almost universal practice in Christian countries to divide religions into two classes, the true and the false. Christianity was set down as the true religion, and all the rest were classed together as untrue and of the devil. It was not until the second half of the nineteenth century that much protest was heard against so narrow and superficial a classification. But during the past fifty years many scholars, in different lands, have made careful and extended studies of the various great religions of the world outside of our own, and have published in periodicals and in books the results of their studies. The principal non-Christian sacred books have been translated into English and the other leading languages of Christian



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MY INTERPRETATION OF INDIAN HISTORY

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore)

II. THE BUDDHISTIC AND IMPERIAL AGES.

N the persons of two Kshatriya princely hermits a strong reaction against the conservative self-centred spirit of Indian society asserted itself in another age. The Kshatriya ascetics Buddha and Mahavir proclaimed in India the message of salvation that religion is a reality and not a mere social convention,—that salvation comes from taking refuge in that true religion and not from observing the external ceremonies of the community,—that religion cannot regard any barrier between man and man as an eternal verity. Wondrous to relate, this teaching rapidly overtopped the barriers of the race's abiding instinct and conquered the whole country. For a long period now the influence of Kshatriya teachers completely suppressed the Brahman power.

It was not an unmixed blessing. The extreme conduct of one long dominant party, prevents the race from remaining in a normal state; its health is bound to be impaired. Therefore, the Buddhistic age, in going to free India from all her conventional beliefs, only succeeded in binding her in a new set of superstitions of unequalled range and complexity..... Evidently the fusion of the Aryans and the non-Aryans had been vitiated by an element of excessive rigidity and artificiality, otherwise the reaction against it would not have been so tremendous, nor could it have swept the

whole country in the form of a religious movement. The impetus of Buddhism was as strong as the racial exclusiveness against which it was a reaction; it struck at the very roots of society.

When, at last, the Buddhist influence subsided like a flood, it was found that all the old fences of society had been demolished. The system by means of which India's variety of races had been trying to attain to unity was gone. In the quest of social unity, Buddhism had destroyed the principle of unity itself.

The chief reason of it was this,—even while the Brahmans and Kshatriyas were struggling for supremacy in Indian society, they were at least one in race, and therefore the work of nation-building was then in the hands of the Aryans alone. But in the Buddhist age, many non-Aryans from outside entered India, to add to the aborigines within; and thus the non-Aryan element became so strong that a well-ordered harmony between them and the Arvans could no longer be maintained. The days of the vigour of Buddhism prevented this social discord from breaking out in an unhealthy form. But when that faith grew weaker, the race-conflict freely raged over the country in a thousand fantastic and incongruous

The non-Aryans had by this time thrown down all barriers and quartered themselves on the very body of society. Isolation and assimilation with regard to them had now become a very vital concern of society; it

was no longer something external.

Amidst the Buddhistic flood the Brahman caste, alone in Aryan society, could keep itself intact, because the Brahmans in all ages have been the guardians of the individuality of the Aryan race. Even when Buddhism was at its zenith in India, the Brahmans still stood distinct from the Sramans, while all other distinctions had disappeared from society. By that time the Kshatriyas had become almost entirely merged in the common people.

The *Purans* clearly show that there was hardly any obstacle to a Kshatriya marrying a non-Aryan. Thus it was that in the post-Buddhistic age most of the reigning families of India were of other than the

Kshatriya caste.

At the same time horde after horde of foreign non-Aryans,—Scythians, Huns and others,—entered India, and were freely in-Indian society, because corporated in society's spirit of exclusion had been weakened in that age [by the missionary character of the dominant faith, Buddhism.] The non-Aryan infusion became so strong in religion, manners and customs, that no thread of consistency or principle could be discovered in the various absurd irregularities prevailing in society, and so the Aryan spirit lying at the core of our community felt itself oppressed and applied all its powers to assert itself.

Then came the great age of the restoration of our racial individuality and our own institutions and ideals, from out the widespread social dissolution Buddhistic age. In this age India first marked out her bounds as Bharatvarsha. Previously the influence of Buddhism had diffused India so widely over the world that she could not clearly realise her own person. India now confined her geographical self within the limits of the dominion of an ancient emperor (Bharat) famous in Aryan tradition. Then she set herself to recover and knot together the threads which had been torn and scattered during the late social cyclone. In that age the main work of the country was one of compilation. The Vyas of that age engaged himself not in original composition but in collecting the old. This Vyas may not have been one individual, but he represents one particular power of the whole community. He began to seek out the eternal foundation of Aryan society.

Led by this spirit, he collected the *Vedas* which were then a matter of intellectual curiosity and not the vital religion (para-

vidya.)

But in that age the chaotic society could be knit together only by setting up in the centre an ancient scripture which was beyond cavil by any party whatever, a scripture which embodied the primeval voice of Aryan society, and the firm acceptance of which could enable diverse conflicting sections to form one body. The Vedas formed such a necessary centre for

the rallying of Aryan society.

We need a circumference—i.e., unbroken line of limit,—as well as a centre. That circumference is History; and therefore another task of Vyas was to compile history, to collect the scattered traditions of Aryan society together,—to gather its current faiths, lines of reasoning, ethical codes,—in order to set up in one place the vast figure of the totality of the race. This compilation he called the Mahahbarat,—a name which specially reveals the endeayour of the Aryan race in that age to realise its oneness. This book may not satisfy the modern European definition of history, but it is truly the history of the Aryans: it is a nation's self-composed natural story. It gives us an exact and complete picture of what the Aryan race in the age of the compilation of the *Mahabharat* recollected about its own past.

On one side the Mahabharat contains an indiscriminate diffuse collection of popular traditions; on the other, it bears the concentrated light of all the floating Aryan faiths and ideas, and that light is the Bhagabat Gita. The ultimate truth in all Indian history is the synthesis of knowledge, action, and faith. That is the goal to which the whole course of Indian history has led up. India one day gazed at that supreme end; [she cared not to preserve a record of the path she had followed.].....The Mahabharat has kindled a beacon at the crossing point of life's roads, in order to show that ultimate aim, that spot where all human endeavours—knowledge, faith, and action alike,can meet together in harmony. beacon-light is the Gita. European critics look upon the synthesis of the Sankhya, Vedanta and Yoga philosophies in the Gita as a mere patch-work, the Vedanta being (as they say) a later addition to its groundwork of the Sankhya and the Yoga.

But there is the same Essence at the core



of every system, be it Sankhya, Yoga, or Vedanta. That Essence is not the result of knowledge alone or faith alone or action alone, but the final goal of a fully and completely lived human life. The Mahabharat by looking upon all the diverse efforts of India's mind as unified by their orientation to that one final Truth, breathes in its Gita the spirit of the vast unspeakable oneness of the national life. Through all its lucidity and mystery, its consistency and inconsistency, there always lurks the deeper perception that Truth embraces all, that there is one point where all agree The Gita shows how every aspect of human activity is completed and perfected when it is joined to the Vast, the Complete, the Universal.....

Let none, however, imagine that the non-Aryans have contributed nothing of value to Indian life. The ancient Dravidians were, indeed, not deficient in civilisation. Contact with them made Hindu civilisation varied in aspect and deeper in spirit. The Dravidian was no theologian, but an expert in imagination, music, and construction. He excelled in the fine arts. The pure spiritual knowledge of the Aryans, mingling with the Dravidians' emotional nature and power of æsthetic creation, formed a marvellous compound, which is neither entirely Aryan nor entirely non-Aryan, but HINDU. The eternal quest for the harmonising of these two opposite elements has given to India a wondrous power. She has learnt to perceive the eternal amidst the temporal, to behold the Great Whole amidst all the petty things of daily life. And wherever in India these two opposite elements are not reconciled, there is no end to our ignorance and superstition. . . Wherever the opposite geniuses of the Aryan and the Dravidian have been harmonised, beauty has leaped into life; wherever such union has failed, the moral ugliness is repulsive. Remember, again, that it is not the cultured Dravidians alone, but the wild aboriginal tribes too, whose beliefs and customs have entered into Aryan society through the open door [of the Buddhistic age].

The Aryans had now to fight against an enemy not standing outside, but forming a part and parcel of their society, an enemy admitted within their own doors. The Brahman was now the sole hope of Aryan civilisation. He now naturally tried to secure the highest and most honoured position in society. We shall be taking a false

and partial view of history if we see in this endeavour of the Brahmans only the selfish struggle of a particular class to gain power and pelf. It was really the mortal struggle of the critically situated Aryan race [to save its individuality]. It was a desperate attempt at self-preservation. If the Brahmans' influence had not then been instilled in the heart of the entire community as paramount and unquestionable, social reconstruction would have been impossible.

The Brahmans had two tasks, in these circumstances. They had to preserve the old, and they had to reconcile the new to it. As both these actions, necessary for the vitality of society, had then to encounter many impediments, the Brahmans' power and functions had naturally to be magnified to an extreme. . . . The modern Hindu trinity admirably typifies the social reorganisation that has taken place in India: Brahma represents the primitive age of Aryan society, Vishnu its noonday, and the non-Aryan Shiva, (accepted by the Aryans as a form of the Vedic Rudra), its final stage of maturity.

And yet, even after Shiva's admission into the Hindu pantheon, his Aryan and non-Aryan aspects remained distinct. With the Aryans he is the chief of anchorites, the destroyer of Lust, the hermit absorbed in the trance of nirvan; his nakedness typifies the renunciation of earthly possessions characteristic of an ascetic. With the non-Aryans he is grotesque, clad in a bloody elephant skin, intoxicated with hemp, bhang and dhatura. With the Aryans he is the counter-part of Buddha,—and thus he has very easily occupied the Buddhistic temples all over India; on the other hand, by absorbing into his cult the ghosts, demons and other supernatural terrors, as well as serpent-worship, tree-worship, phalusworship, he has extended his protection and sanction over all the superstitious religions of the non-Aryans included in Hindu society. On the one hand, devotion to him consists in the suppression of all passions and in religious meditation in solitude; on the other, certain classes offer him cruel adoration by working themselves up to frenzy and inflicting torments on their own persons at the Charak puja and similar occasions.

Thus, even after the Aryans and the non-Aryans had mingled together to form Hindu society, they retained their distinct colours, like the waters of the Ganges and Jamuna as they flow in one channel below Allahabad. So, too, in Vaishnavism, on the one hand we have the pure and sublime theology of the Gita, and on the other, the current folklore concerning the god of the non-Arvan tribe of Abhiras or milkmen...... The characteristics of the Shiva-cult are bareness of ornament and sternness; its peace and passion alike are attuned to the spirit of destruction. It represents the monism of Aryan civilisation, it tends to absorption in One; it follows the path of negation; its decoration consists in renunciation, its abode is the charnel house. The essence of Vaishnavism is the play of love, beauty and youth;—it represents the dualism of Aryan civilisation.

For such a fusion between the ancient Abhira traditions and the Vaishnava faith, there existed an open path of truth. In many countries of the globe man has figured the relation between the human soul and God as the relation of sexual love. When this principle of Aryan Vaishnava devotion (bhakti) mingled with the non-Aryan (Abhira) traditions, the latter were elevated to the highest plane of truth. What was mere emotional intoxication in the non-Aryan mind, was now installed in the midst of an eternal truth, it became the emblem of an everlasting spiritual fact of all mankind. Here knowledge and emotion, the simple and the complex, have been most closely wedded together,-just as the fusion of the Aryan and the Dravidian enriched the resultant Hindu civilisation with the marvellous blending of truth and

Aryan society was essentially patriarchal, non-Aryan society was mainly matriarchal. Hence goddesses do not predominate in the *Vedas*, but they begin to abound from the time when the non-Aryan element influenced Aryan society. Our early vernacular literature bears witness to the many conflicts which disturbed our society as the result of this intrusion.

It is absolutely impossible to reconcile all the diversities, folk lore, customs and ritual of the non-Aryans at all points with the Aryan spirit. If we try to retain all of them, we are bound to give place to a thousand incongruities. Such incongruities are incapable of being reconciled; time enables us merely to tolerate them. Then gradually this principle asserts itself in

society that each man should engage himself in that kind of worship and ritual which is adapted to his individual powers and inclination. This is really a policy of drift in religious matters, but a policy inevitable under the circumstances.

When at the end of the cataclysm of the Buddhistic age, the Brahmans undertook social reconstruction at all costs by taking up all the scattered elements, new and old, of our convulsed society, the rules naturally became too rigid. Things inherently different, things acquired by diverse races in diverse ages, cannot hold together by their natural law of being,—they require

strong external chains.

At the dawn of Indian history, when the Aryans fought the non-Aryans, there was a sort of equality between them even in the midst of their conflict. The non-Aryan foeman in the field could not be despised. Hence, the frequency of Kshatrimarrying non-Aryans Mahabharat. But in the post-Buddhistic age, when the conflict between the Arvans and the non-Aryans again broke out with all its intensity, the non-Aryans had become a part of Hindu society; they were within doors, and we could no longer wage war with them. Under such circumstances race-hatred takes the form extreme contempt,—that is the only weapon which race-hatred can now wield. Such contempt not only keeps man from man, but naturally dwarfs the mind of the despised race, and makes it afraid to claim any of its just rights in society. Thus, while the bottom stratum of society gradually sinks lower and lower, the top stratum inevitably slides down in proportion, [the relative distance between them remaining constant.] This is the great point of difference between the hatred for the non-Aryans which raged in Aryan society in its day of expansion (i.e., the Vedic age) and the hatred nursed in its day of self-contraction (i. e., the post-Buddhistic age.) former kept society's sense of humanity intact, the latter dragged it down. If a man retaliates when we strike him, it is good for us; but when he tamely pockets the blow, our manhood is lowered. The Vedic hatred for non-Aryans is a manly feeling, while Manu's extremely unjust and cruel contempt for the Sudras is the outcome of a cowardly spirit...In truth, when man gets unfettered power to despise man, the most virulent toxic poison enters into

his nature. Wherever such a mischief has happened,—as between Aryans and non-Aryans, Brahmans and Sudras, Europeans and "natives", Americans and Negroes,—the result is increased cowardice on both sides and the ruin of humanity. Better, better far, race-hostility than race-contempt.

With the installation of the Brahman as the supreme arbiter of the entire Indian society, social regulations became extremly rigid. The age of extreme self-contraction naturally followed the age of the

freest self-expansion in our history.

But, alas for us! the Kshatriya power which had once matched the Brahman power and thus made society move along the middle path, now ceased to be operative. At the same time the non-Aryan power could not set itself up in society as a rival to the Brahman power. Brahman, in the very act of acknowledging the non-Aryan element in Hindu society, conquered it. The manly races that had entered India from abroad and under the name of Rajputs possessed themselves of nearly all the thrones in the land, were accepted by the Brahmans—just as other non-Aryan races had been,—and made into pseudo-Kshatriya caste. These neo-Kshatrivas were far inferior to the Brahmans in intellectual power; unlike ancient Arvan Kshatriyas, could not apply their genius to social construction; their valour and prowess have assisted and obeyed the Brahman power and thrown their weight wholly on the side of tightening the social bonds devised by the Brahmans.

A society thus circumstanced cannot keep its balance. When the path of self-expansion is closed altogether, and the conservative force of society is constantly weaving newer and newer meshes round itself in a spirit of self-contraction,—the genius of the race cannot develop itself. Such social chains cannot build up a body, they can only keep a mechanical religion alive generation after generation, and destroy the vital religion. Such a race becomes unfit for leadership in thought and action, and prepares itself in every way for political slavery.

Once before, at the dawn of Aryan history, the heart of our society had freed itself from the obstruction of the Many and the Foreign by seeking out the path of Oneness through them all. To-day another such epoch has arrived for us. To-day the

foreign element is more extensive and more alien to our national genius; it has weighed down the mind of our race. And yet the sole dominant power in our society for long ages now has been conservatism. It has preserved everything that exists, even ruins have not been swept away, the drift weed of foreign seas has been carefully garnered by it! It is bound to impede the march of the national life at every step; it is bound to narrow human thought and restrict human action. Therefore, to rescue ourselves from such misery, we require to-day above all things that mental power which will liberate the simple from the complex, the essential from the external, the One from the diverse. And yet our society has loaded with a thousand chains

this very free and expansive power of man! Still, the race's heart has not been altogether crushed out by its chains. The middle ages in Indian history afford many examples of how our society's instinct of self-expansion has occasionally fought against the stupor of extreme self-contraction. Nanak, Kabir and other religious leaders have given concrete shape to this struggle of the prisoned spirit. A study of Kabir's life and compositions clearly shows that he pierced through the barrier of vain external rites of India and realised the true aim of India's devotion to be the noblest precious possession of India's heart. Therefore, the school of Kabir has been called the peculiarly Indian school. His meditative trance revealed to his sight the secret truth on which India is seated, amidst all the widespread external distraction and inconsistency. In the middle ages, such teachers have risen in our midst again and again,—their aim has been to lighten our load. They have tried to waken the true India by knocking at the closed door of popular practice, religious convention, and customary usage.

That age has not yet ended; that spirit is still working. None can resist it. The history of India shows that from very ancient times her mind has ever fought against inertia. India's richest treasures,—her *Upanishads*, her *Gita*, her religion of universal love, Buddhism,—are all the spoils of victory won in this great war. Her Krishna and Ramchandra have been captains in it. It is opposed to her true genius that this freedom-loving India of all times should lie dormant at one place for centuries under the multifarious burden of



the inertia of many ages. This load [of ceremonies, superstitions and artificial distinctions, which we call Hindu usage] is not her body, it is not her animal spirit; it is only an extraneous burden to her. India always seeks for the One amidst Many; her endeavour is to concentrate the diverse and the scattered in One, and not to diffuse herself over Many. The true inner nature of India is sure to save her from the terrible load of these futile ceremonies and beliefs. Historical circumstances may have strewn her path with insurmountable barriers, her genius is sure, by its native power, to emerge successfully from these hills. harder the problem, the greater will her ascetic devotion be for finding out its solution.

Not to fight against the accumulated rubbish of ages, to let matters drift,—is to court death...The strength of a race is limited. If we nourish the ignoble, we are bound to starve the noble. It sounds well to say that Hindu society ought to preserve ignorant faiths for the benefit of the ignorant, weak moral regulations for the weak, hideous rites for the non-Aryans. But when the vital powers of the race have to supply nourishment to these ignoble things, the result is that whatever is excellent in the race is defrauded of its daily share of nourishment, the intellect of the race daily grows weaker and its vigour becomes dead. Toleration of the low is fraud to the high; it cannot be the result of liberality. It is moral stupor, and such stupor can never be the essential Truth of India.

Never, not even in her darkest day of misery, has India entirely given herself up to this stupor. Her inner consciousness has ever and anon made a supreme effort to awake into the light of simple Truth, by

pushing aside the fantastic nightmares that weighed down her bosom and tried to strangle her. We cannot, indeed, perceive clearly from the outside the aspect of the age in which we live; but we feel that India is eager to get back her Truth, her One, her Harmony. The stream of her life had been dammed up ages ago; its waters had become stagnant; but to-day the dam has been breached somewhere; we feel that our still waters have again become connected with the mighty Ocean; the tides of the free wide Universe have begun to make themselves felt in our midst. We see to-day that all our newly awakened energy is now rushing outwards to the universe, now rushing inwards to our own selves,—like the blood currents propelled by a *living* heart. At one impulse cosmopolitanism is leading us out of home; at the next, the sense of nationality is bringing us back to our own community. On the one hand universality is tempting us to abandon our racial individuality,—on the other, we are realising that if we lose our national distinctness, we shall lose universality at the same time. These are the true signs of the commencement of life's operations within our old inert society. Thus placed between two contending forces, we shall mark out the middle path of Truth in our national life: we shall realise that only through the development of racial individuality can we truly attain to universality, and only in the light of the spirit of universality can we perfect our individuality; we shall know of a verity that it is idle mendicancy to discard our own and beg for the foreign, and at the same time we shall feel that it is the extreme abjectness of poverty to dwarf ourselves by rejecting the foreign.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

Patriotism is to religion as a part is to the whole. Patriotism is love, readiness to serve and sacrifice for the country. Religion is reverence and trust toward God, love for humanity, and readiness to serve and sacrifice for the good of humanity and the fulfilment of God's will in the earth. It is true that patriotism may be selfish, so also religion may be selfish; but selfishness is a disfigurement and perversion of both. He who loves God loves his brother man; he who

loves his brother man loves God. The spirit of worship toward God is tha recognition of divine worship, toward man it is the recognition of human worthship. Abou ben Adhem asked the recording angel to write his name as one who loved his fellow-men. When the record of those whom love of God had blessed was shown, "Lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."-THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.



KALIDAS, THE MORALIST.

(From the Bengali of Ravindranath Tagore).

T is a popular notion with us that Kalidas is merely the poet of aesthetic enjoyment. Hence, his life has been sullied with scandal in our current tradition. But this fact only proves that the populace is no better than a blind guide in literature.

Behind the vast stir of action which makes the Mahabharat throb, there lurks a sedate but winkless and colossal detachment from the world. The Mahabharat does not regard action as the supreme end All its chivalry and heroism, of action. jealousy and conflict, hate and revenge, energizing and success, end in a final departure from the world, to the tune of Shiva's destroying horn. The Ramayan teaches the same lesson;—the fullest possible preparations result in failure, success slips out of the hero's grasp when almost caught, all things end in *renunciation*. And yet through all this renunciation, sorrow, and failure, the greatness of action. nobility heroism towers above the clouds like a shining peak of silver.

So, too, amidst Kalidas's outburst of beauty, a sense of aversion to pleasure lurks hidden. He is at once the poet of the enjoyment of beauty and of abstinence from enjoyment,—even as the *Mahabharat* is at once the epic of action and of resignation. His poetry does not end in æsthetic delight, he stops only after transcending such delight. His poetic ideal will become evident when we contrast the final scenes of his romances with those of modern poets.

I am quite sure that in the hands of a European poet the drama of Sakuntala would have closed with the scene of king Dushyanta's vain remorse at the discovery of his folly when he beheld the lost ring recovered from the fishermen. The accidental reconciliation of Dushyanta and Sakuntala during the king's return from Olympus, is not a dramatic necessity according to the European canons of poetry, which regard the

parting of the lovers as the ultimate fruit of the seed sown in the First Act. No episode in the play, no act on the part of either of the lovers, could have naturally led up to their second union.

Or, again, a European poet would have closed his Kumar-sambhav with the grief and shame of Parvati at the failure of her assault on Shiva's heart... The modern critic regards such a scene as a fitting denouement, beside which the marriage of the two effected by Kalidas pales into the commonplace.

Marriage is a prelude to humdrum daily life; it is an institution of regulated social system. Marriage points out a straight road which leads to a single end, a road on which our wild passions are as strongly held back from breaking out in lawless outrage. Hence, modern poets are loath to exalt marriage in their works. Their main theme is that kind of love whose unbridled force wrenches men and women free from their countless social and religious bonds, drags them out of the old customary orbits of social life,—that kind of love which makes a couple imagine that they are complete in themselves, and that they have nothing to fear, nothing to want for, if the whole world turns against them, -that kind of love whose impulse tears them away from their surroundings and makes them revolve round themselves like nebulæ till they are condensed and hardened in self.

Kalidas has not ignored the intoxicating beauty of such unreasoning love; he has painted it in all its morning brilliancy of hue. But his poems do not end with such brilliancy. The final message of his poems is that of the tranquil sober-coloured evening in which their actions mature and reach completion.

We cannot help comparing the Kumar-sambhav with the Sakuntala; their theme



is essentially the same. In both of them the union which Cupid tried to effect was accursed of the gods; it failed, and in its failure perished amidst all its gorgeous artistic environment like a youth struck dead on his floral bridal couch. Thereafter came another union,—effected by bitter sorrow and severe penance; a union of quite a different character, stripped of all the external robes of beauty and circled with the pure white halo of goodness.

The union which presumptuous Cupid undertook to bring about, was preceded by abundant preparations. In the two hermitages of Kanva and Shiva, situated outside the limits of society, the poet has given the fullest opportunity to unreasoning and precipitate young Love, with no less grandeur of accessories than skill of

contrivance.

Take the scene in the Kumar-sambhav: On a ledge of the Snowy Mountains is seated in religious abstraction the anchorite Shiva. The cool breeze, laden with the perfume of musk and the music of the divine Kinnars, was stirring the rows of deodar trees watered by the stream of the Ganges. At the sudden outburst of Spring out of its proper season there, the warm south wind sighed amidst the tender foliage of the newly flowering Asoka plant; the black bees in pairs began to drink honey out of the same flower-cups; the roe closed her eyes at the blissful touch as her mate stroked her body with his horn.

An outburst of Spring in a hermitage! A sudden revelation of Nature's true self within the rigid walls of ascetic rules and restrictions! Surely, Spring does not look so wonderfully joyous when it appears in

a bower of bliss.

On all sides appeared the endless decorations of Spring out of its time, and amidst them all how ravishingly was the Himalaya's daughter decked! Shiva, on the other hand, seated on a tiger skin spread over a deodar stump, with snakes coiling in his hair and a deer-skin strapped round his waist,—his eyes fixed in meditation,—was contemplating himself with self-centred gaze like a pacific ocean. At such an unsuitable place, amidst a Spring contrary to the course of the seasons, Cupid was trying to unite such an incongruous pair!

So, too, in Kanva's hermitage, the lover is the sole monarch of the sea-girt earth and his lass is a hermit's daughter clad in the bark of trees! Kalidas here

shows the power of that blind archer who can in a moment overthrow the barriers of time, place and rank.

But Kalidas does not stop here. He does not render full homage to this type of love. Before his romances close he effects a truer, fuller, final union by means of another power. He shows Cupid vanquished and burnt to ashes, and in Cupid's place he makes triumphant a power that has no decoration, no helper,—a power, thin with

austerities, darkened by sorrow.

Kalidas admits the force of that love which submits to no bond or rule.—which suddenly overpowers men and women and plants its standard on the breached ramparts of self-control. But he never surrenders to such love. He shows that the blind amour which makes us proud of our power. is dissolved by the husband's curse. arrested by the sage's curse, and up by the anger of the God. Sakuntala forgot her duty of tending guests, when her husband became all the world to her,—then her love ceased to be beneficent. The wild love which forgets everything except the loved one, succeeds in rousing against itself all the laws of the Therefore, such love speedily becomes intolerable; it is borne down by its opposition to the rest of the world. The love that is self-controlled and friendly to general society, which does not ignore any one, great or small, kindred or stranger, around itself,—the love which, while placing the loved one in its centre, diffuses its sweet graciousness within the circle of the entire universe,—has a permanence unassailable by God or man. But the passion which asserts itself as the disturber of a hermit's meditations, as the enemy of a householder's social duties, -such a passion destroys others like the whirlwind, but it also carries the seeds of its own destruction within itself.

When Parvati went forth to conquer Shiva by means of her beauty, she for a moment shook the hermit's calm. But Shiva angrily repelled her, and then she could hardly manage to crawl back home abashed at this humbling of her youthful beauty.

So, too, Kanva's foster-daughter had one day to return in shame in spite of all the rich treasure of her youth and beauty. The curse of Durbasa is merely emblematic, it is an invention of the poet. A loose and secret union like that of Dushyanta and



Sakuntala is accursed in all times. The bright flash of infatuation lasts for a moment,—then comes the darkness of despondency, shame and neglect. Such is the eternal law. In all ages and in all countries the discarded woman has been forced to realise that "physical charms are vain" and to "creep back homewards with a heart left lonely of its god." *Physical* charm is not the highest glory or supreme beauty in a woman.

Therefore did Parvati, after her rebuff by Siva, "inly despise physical charms" and "wish to make her beauty achieve success." How can beauty achieve success? Not by means of dress or decoration, as she had learnt from her recent failure,—but by means of "religious austerities in a life of meditative trance." She clad herself in coarse robes and wasted her body by hard

ascetic devotions.

So, too, in the ethereal hermitage of Marichi, Sakuntala purged away the taint of sensual passion by repentance and sorrow, and, clad in the robe of a gracious nun, waited for the coming of true love.

Shiva had promptly repelled the advances of the youthful Parvati dressed as Flora in Spring. But he wholly yielded himself up to the same Parvati when attenuated by austerities and coarsely clad like a female anchorite. Submission to spiritual beauty is no defeat, it is a volun-

tary offering of self.

Where two hearts are made one by Virtue, there Love is not antagonistic to anything in the universe. It is only when Cupid stirs up a revolt against Virtue that tumult begins; then Love loses constancy, and Beauty loses peace. When Love occupies its proper place in subordination to Virtue, it contributes its special element towards Perfection, it does not destroy symmetry; because Virtue is nothing

but Harmony,—it preserves Beauty, it preserves Goodness, and by wedding the two together it gives a delicious completeness to both....

The highest rank among our women is that of the matron. Child-birth is a holy sacrament in our country. Therefore has our law-giver Manu proclaimed of women. "they are noble, honourable, and the light of our homes, because they give birth to children." The whole poem of the Kumarsambhav is a fitting prologue to the mighty event of the birth of the Son (Kumar). The union brought about by Cupid's secret shafts at the expense of self-control, is not adapted to the birth of sons; in such a union the couple desire each other and not any offspring. Therefore did the poet burn Cupid to ashes, and compel Parvati to perform ascetic devotions. Therefore did the poet contrive the birth of the Son (Kumar) after setting up the intensity of constant devotions in the place of the fickleness of appetite,—the graceful light of goodness in the place of the fascination of beauty,—and the rejoicing blissful universe in the place of the woodland wild with the gaiety of Spring. . . .

Thus we see that the theme of the Kumar sambhav and the Sakuntala is the same. In both poems Kalidas has shown that while Infatuation leads to failure, Beneficence achieves complete fruition,—that Beauty is constant only when upheld by Virtue, that the highest form of Love is the tranquil, controlled, and beneficent form,—that in regulation lies the true charm and in lawless excess the speedy corruption of Beauty. This ancient poet of India refuses to acknowledge passion as the supreme glory of love; he proclaims

GOODNESS as the final goal of Love.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

GERMANY'S GREATEST RELIGIOUS POEM

By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A.

To few dramatic writers has it ever been given to produce so powerful a religious impression upon their country and age as that created by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, in Germany, a century

and a third ago, by the publication of his drama, "Nathan the Wise." By general consent the poem is one of the greatest that Germany has given to the world, being surpassed only, perhaps, by Goethe's



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POEMS

The Reference saying Teacher

TNOMESTERS IN THE POLICE HIMSELF

The are begged humble, "trained maghty ont."
Lend me only a piece of thy branch —
Just enough to let me with a handle."
The hundle was ready, and there was no more wassing of time.
The begger at once commenced business—and int hard at the mag.
And there was the end of the oak.

The favorite damset said, "Sire, that other wrete holl queen of thine Is unfathomally deep in her enumning greed. Thou didst graciously assign her a corner of the coverled. It is only to give her chances to have malk from the covernor nothing." The king pendered deeply and said, "I suspect them less that the real truth. But I know not how to just a stop to this through." The favorite said, "The sample. Let me have the rocal covernor And I will take care that none milk her but myself."

Said the beggar's wallet, "Come, my boother porsa. Between us two the difference is so very small. Let us exchange?" The purse snapped short and simple "First let that year small difference case!"

The highest goes hand-in-hand with the lowest it is only the commonplace who walks of a distance

The thirsty ass went to the brunk of the lake And come back exclaiming, "Of box dark is the when?" The lake simbol and said, "Every ass thanks the water to all But he who knows butter is sum that it is white?

Time says, "It is I who erent this world. The clock says, "Then I am thy elected."

The flower cases handly, "Fruit, my first Where art than betaing such how for "Why is such a clamour F. The fruit says in sussess, "I given live in your heart taking from

The man says, "I am strong, I do whatever I wish."
"Oh what a shame!" says the woman with a blash.
"Thou art restrained at every step", says the man.
The pact says, "that is why the woman is so beautiful."

"All my perfume goes out, I cannot keep it shut."
Thus murmurs the flower and beckons back its breath.
The breeze whispers gently, "You must ever remember this—
It is not your perfume at all which is not given out to others."

The water in the pitcher is bright and transparent, But the ocean is dark and deep.
The little truths have words that are clear;
The great truth is greatly obscure and silent.

A little flower blooms in the chink of a garden wall.

She has no name nor fame.

The garden worthies disdain to give her a glonce.

The sun comes up and greets her, "How is my little beauty?"

Love comes smiling with empty lands.
Flattery asks him. "What wealth didst thou win?"
Love says, "I cannot show it, it is in my heart."
Flattery says, "I am practical. What I get I gather in both hands,"

"Who will take up my work?" Asks the setting sun. None has an answer in the whole silent world. The earther lamp says humbly from a corner. "I will, my lord, as best as I can."

The arrow thinks to himself, "I fly, I am free, Only the bow is motionless and fixed." The low divines his mind and says, "When wilt thou know the truth That thy freedom is ever dependent on me?"

The moon gives light to the whole creation. But keeps the dark spot only to herself.

"Restless ocean, what endless speech is thine?"
"It is the question eternal," answered the sea,

"What is there in thy stillness, thou ancient line of hills?"

"It is the silence everlasting," came the answer.

In the morn the moon is to lose her sovereignty, Yet there is smile on her face when she says, "I wait at the edge of the western sea To greet the rising sun, bow low, and then depart."

The word says, "When I notice thee, O work, I am ashamed of my own little emptiness."
The work says, "I feel how utterly poor I am; I never can attain the fulness which thou hast."

If you at night shed tears for the lost daylight You get not back the sun but miss all the stars instead.



I ask my desting —What power is this That crackly drives me onward without rest! My destiny says, "Look round!" I man back and sec It is I myself that is ever pushing me from behind.

The ashes whisper, "The fire is one brother."
The smoke curts up and says, "We are twins"
"I have no kinship," the fixedy says, "with the forme—
But I know I am more than a brother to him."

The night comes stealthily into the lorest and londs its branches With buds and blossoms, then retires with silent steps.

The flowers waken and cry—"Fo the morning we owe our all." And the morn asserts with a noise, "Yes, it is doubtlessly true."

The night kissed the departing day and whispered, "I am death, thy mother, fear me not. I take thee unto me only to give thee a new hirth And make thee eternally fresh."

Death, if then wert the void that our fear let us imagine, In a moment the universe would disappear through the chasm. But then art the fulfilment eternal, And the world ever rocks on thy arms like a child.

Death threatens, "I will take thy dear ones." The thief says, "Thy money is mine." Fate says, "I'll take as my tribute whatever is thine own." The detractor says, "I'll rob you of your good name." The poet says, "But who is there to take my joy from me?"

THE VITALITY OF HINDU CIVILISATION

1.

R. P. N. Bose, B. Sc. (London), the worthy son-in-law of Mr. R. C. Dutt and the author of a History of Hindu Civilisation under British Rule, has recently brought out a book on Epochs of Civilisation," which is a valuable addition to historico-sociological literature. In his usual simple, perspicuous and pleasant style, Mr. Bose enunciates in this book a theory of civilisation which may not be altogether new, but which is laid down, for the first time, in a definite and catego-

Crown Svo. clock, 336 pp. Price Rs. 4, W. Newman & Co., Calcutta, 1912.

rical form, and fully developed and claborated by this learned and thoughtful writer. It may be briefly stated thus:

The history of human progress may be divided into three epochs. The first epoch (B. C. 5000)—2000) comprises the history of the earlier civilisations of Egypt, Babylonia and China. The second epoch (about B. C. 2000—700 A.D.) comprises the later civilisations of Egypt and China and the civilisations of India, Greece, Rome, Assyria, Phaenicia, and Persia. We are fiving in the third epoch, which commenced about 700 A.D. The most important fact of this epoch is the rise and progress of Western civilisation. Every epoch of

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WHOLE No. 84

THE STAGE

By Rabindranath Tagore

N the Natyashastra * of Bharata is a description of a stage, but no mention of scenes. It does not seem to me that this absence of concrete scenery can have been much of a loss.

In spite of Wagner and his idea of the combined arts, it may be argued that any one of the arts is only to be seen in her full glory when she is sole mistress; it hurts her dignity and lessens her if she is asked to share her household with a rival, the more especially so if the rival happen to be the favoured one. If we have to sing an Epic, the tune needs to become a chant and to give up all hopes of rising to melodic heights. The true poem indeed furnishes its own music from within itself, and rejects with disdain all outside help. On the other hand the true song tells its story in its own way, and waits for no Kalidas or Milton, often doing quite as well with a Tan dar a dei and a tra-la-la. A sort of artistic pageant may no doubt be got up with a mixture of word and tune and picture, but that would be common or market Art, not of the Royal variety.

It may seem that dramatic art must needs be less independent than other forms; that the drama is created with the very object of attaining its fulfilment with outside help, and therefore awaits the acting, scenery, music and other accessories. But I cannot agree in this view.

Like the true wife who wants none other than her husband, the true poem, dramatic or otherwise, wants none other than the understanding mind. We all act to ourselves as we read a play, and the play which cannot be sufficiently interpreted by such invisible acting has never yet gained the laurel for its author.

So far as the acting goes it would be more correct to say that it has forlornly to await the drama since only in its company can it display its charms. But the drama which cramps and curtails itself to fit in with the actor's skill, becomes, like the henpecked husband, an object of scorn. The attitude of the drama should be: "If I can be acted, well and good; if not, so much the worse for Histrionic Art."

But because the art of Acting is necessarily dependent on the Drama, it does not follow that therefore it must be the slave of every other Art as well. If it would keep up its dignity, let it not accept any bonds other than what are absolutely needful for its self-expression.

It is superfluous to state, for instance, that the histrionic artist is dependent on the words of the play; that he must smile or weep, and with him make his audience smile or weep, with the words of joy or sorrow which the author puts into his mouth. But why pictures—pictures that hang round about the actor and which he cannot help in creating?

To my mind it shows only faint-heartedness on the actor's part to seek their help. The relief from responsibility which he gains by the illusion created by pictorial scenes is one which is begged of the painter. Besides it pays to the spectators the very poor compliment of ascribing to them an utter poverty of imagination.

Why should the actor imagine that he is in the witness box in a court of law where his every word must be supported by an

^{*} A work on the Drama,

oath! Why all this paraphernalia of illusion to delude the poor trusting creatures who have come there with the deliberate intention of believing and being happy? They have not surely left their imaginations at home under lock and key. They have come to co-operate, not quarrel, with the interpretation of the drama.

King Dushyanta hidden behind the trunk of the tree is listening to the conversation of Sakuntala and her companions. We for our part feel our creative faculty quite equal to imagining the tree trunk, even though its image be not bodily there. The complex of the emotions appropriate to the characters of Dushyanta and Sakuntala, Anusuya and Priyamvada are doubtless more difficult to conjure up and retain in their exactitude, so we are grateful for the assistance you give to the corresponding play of our sympathetic emotions; but what is the diffiabout imagining a few trees, a cottage, or a bit of a river? To attempt to assist us even in regard to these with painted canvas hangings is only to betray a woeful mistrust in our capacity.

That is why I like the Jatra plays of our country. There is not so much of a gulf separating the stage from the audience. The business of interpretation and enjoyment is carried out by both in hearty co-operation, and the spirit of the play, which is the thing, is showered from player to spectator and from spectator to player in a very carnival of delight. When the flower girl is gathering her flowers on the empty stage, how would the importation of artificial shrubs help the situation? Must not the flowers blossom at her every motion? If not, why need an artist play the flower-girl at all, why not have stocks and stones for spectators?

If the poet who created Sakuntala had to think of bringing concrete scenes on his stage, then at the very outset he would have had to stop the chariot from pursuing the flying deer. I do not mean to suggest that the pen of that Master Poet would have had to stop with the chariot; but what I want to ask is: Why should the great be required to curb itself, for the sake of the petty? The stage that is in the Poet's mind has no lack of space or appurtenances. There scenes follow one another at the touch of his magic wand. The play is written for such a stage and such scenes; the artificial platform with its hanging canvas is not worthy of a poet.

So while Dushyanta and his charioteer standing in their respective places are representing the very spirit of a moving chariot in their words and action, is it too much to expect the audience to realise the simple truth that though the stage has its limits, the Poem has not? No, for so easily do they forgive the poor material stage its shortcomings and lend to it the glory of the stage of their hearts; but how hard would it have been to forgive the wretched wooden platform if it had compelled the Poem to limit and reduce itself!

It is, I repeat, because the drama of Sakuntala had not to depend on artificial scenes, that the Poet found it possible to create his own scenes. The hermitage of Kanwa, the cloud-path on the way to heaven, the woodland retreat of Marich—in these scenes of nature as in the portrayal of the various characters the Poet was free upon his own creative treasure-house.

I have elsewhere said that the European wants his truth concrete. He would have imaginative treats, but he must be deluded by having these imaginings to be exact imitations of actual things. He is too much afraid of being cheated, and before accepting any representation of imaginative truth with some amount of enjoyment he must have a sworn testimony of its reality accompanying it. He will not trust the flower until he sees the earth of the mountain top in which it has its roots. But this is the Kali Yuga, and mere faith will mountains; that requires move engineering skill; it is also costly. The cost which is incurred for mere accessories on the stage in Europe would swamp the whole of in famine-stricken Histrionic Art India.

In the Orient, pomp and ceremony, play and rejoicing, are all easy and simple. It is because we serve our feasts on plantain leaves that it becomes possible to attain the real object of a feast—to invite the whole world into our little home; this true end could never have been gained had the means been too complex and extravagant.

The theatres that we have set up in imitation of the West are too elaborate to be brought to the door of all and sundry. In them the creative richness of poet and player are overshadowed by the wealth of the capitalist. If the Hindu spectator has not been too far infected with the greed for realism and the Hindu artist still has any

respect for his craft and his skill, the best thing they can do for themselves is to regain their freedom by making a clean sweep of the costly rubbish that has accumulated round about and is clogging the stage.

Translated by Surendranath Tagore.

THE KANGRI GURUKULA ACADEMY

AN instinctively desires to learn and progress. In response to the cravings of the human heart mighty intellects in all ages and climes have presented various ideals of education. But with

to pause and consider the ideals of education presented to us by Manu and other mighty seers of yore. Our admiration for every thing western need not deter us from revering our past. A sympathetic study of



THE STUDENTS OF THE AGRICULTURAL CLASS WORKING IN THE GURUKULA GARDEN.

the advance of times and with the inevitable changes in the social environments of a particular community these ideals of one age change and yield place to new ones. Every well-wisher of India would do well

the past and a cautious inquiry into the conditions of the present are essential to build up our future. An entire neglect of the past, when that past happens to be glorious, is suicidal to the future well-being



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DECEMBER, 1914

WHOLE No. 96

POEMS

THOU hast come again to me in the burst of a sudden storm, Filling my sky with the shudder of thy shadowy clouds.

The Sun is hidden, the stars are lost;

The Sun is hidden, the stars are lost; The red line of the road is merged in the mist of the rain; The wail of the wind comes across the water.

Fitful showers, like ghastly fingers, strike
the chords of some unseen harp,
Waking up the music of the dark,
Sweeping my heart with a shiver of sounds.

6

know that the flower one day shall blossom crowning my thorns,
And my sorrow shall spread its red rose-leaves opening its heart to the light.
The breeze of the south, for which the sky kept watch for weary days and nights,
Shall suddenly make my heart tremulous and plunder its music and perfume.

Thy love shall bloom in a moment,
My shame shall be no more when the flower is ripe for offering,
And when at the end of the night my friend comes and touches it with his fingers,
It will drop at his feet and spend its last petal in joy.

9

know that at the dim end of some day the sun will send its last look upon me to bid me farewell.

The tired wanderer will pipe on his reed the idle tunes by the wayside,
The cattle will graze on the slope of the river's bank,
The children with careless clamour will play in their court-yards, and birds will sing,
But my days will come to their end.

This is my prayer to thee that I may know before I leave
Why the green earth raised her eyes into the light and called me to her arms,
Why the silence of night spoke to me of stars,
And daylight stirred in my life glad ripples,—
This is my prayer to thee.

When the time comes for me to go,
Let all my songs cease upon their one refrain
And my basket be full with the fruits and flowers of all seasons.
Let me see thy face in the light of this life before it dies
And know that thou hast accepted the garland of beauty that was woven in my
When the time comes for me to go.
heart

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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THE MODERN REVIEW

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WHOLE No. 97

MY HEART IS ON FIRE

My heart is on fire with the flame of thy songs.

It spreads and knows no bounds.

It dances swinging its arms in the sky, burning up the dead and the decaying.

The silent stars watch it from across the darkness. The drunken winds come rushing upon it from all sides.

O, this fire, like a red lotus, spreads its petals in the heart of the

night.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE TEUTONIC, LATIN, AND SLAVONIC NATIONS OF POPULAR ETHNOLOGY

OPULAR ethnology makes race coincident with close language-affinities, and, in a few cases, even with distant language-affinities, as in the expression, 'the Aryan race.' The Germans, the English, the Dutch, the Danes, the Norwegians and the Swedes are called Teutonic nations, because they speak closely allied languages. For the same reason the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese and the Rumanians are called Latin nations; and the Russians, the Poles, the Czechs, the Serbs, the Bulgarians and several smaller peoples are called Slavonic nations. The fact that in the New World, English, French, Spanish and Portuguese are now spoken by

millions of Negroes, and Spanish is spoken by millions of American Indians, plainly shows the absurdity of making language the basis of race. But in the New World the strikingly obvious physical differences between the European and the Negro, and the less striking but obvious enough differences between the European and the American Indian, together with the adoption of European languages by Negroes and American Indians in the course of the last few centuries, make the absurdity of the theory obvious. Among the European peoples, the physical differences are not so obvious; and the adoption of the language of one people by another took place long

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WHOLE No. 98

SANTINIKETAN

Oh, The Santiniketan, the darling of our hearts!

Our dreams are rocked in her arms,

Her face is fresh and fair to us for ever.

In the peace of her silent shadows we dwell, in the green of her fields.

Her mornings come and her evenings bringing down the caress of the sky The stillness of her shady paths is thrilled by the whisper of the wood; Her amlaki groves tremble with the rapture of rustling leaves.

She is within us and around, however far we wander. The strings of our love are strung in her own deep tunes.

She weaves our hearts in a song making us one in music.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

NOTE. This song is sung in chorus in Bengali by the boys of the Santiniketan school,

THE FUTURE OF THE EDUCATED HINDU*

BY THE LATE RAI BAHADUR LALA BAIJNATH.

*HE Hindus are fast declining as a race, and the educated Hindus all the more so; as they are exposed to risks from sich the others are comparatively free. t us look into the life of an ordinary ucated Hindu of to-day. He is generally coffspring of parents who married al-

most in childhood, particularly the mother, and was nursed by a mother who was perhaps not out of her teens. He must think himself fortunate to have survived the diseases of infantile life. These carry off 25 per cent. of children below 12 months and 5 per cent. before

^{*} Though the author wrote this article from his experience mainly of the United Provinces of Agra d Oudh, many of his observations are true of the whole of India. Editor,—M. R.

A PEACE HYMN FROM THE ATHARVA VEDA

To Baroness B. Suttner

From Rabindranath Tagore

PASSAGES FROM A HYMN DEDICATED TO THE GODDESS PEACE IN THE ATHARVA VEDA.

यानानि पुर्वक्षाणि यानां नो भम्तु कताकतं।

शान्तं भूतं भव्यं च सर्व्वमेव शमस्तु न:।

इयं या परमिष्ठिनी वाग्देवी ब्रह्मसंशिता यथैव सस्जी घोरं तयैव शान्तिरस्तु नः।

इमानि यानि पश्चे न्द्रियाणि मनः षष्ठाणि में इदि ब्रह्मणा संभितानि यैरेव सक्की छोरं तैरैव मान्तिरस्तुनः।

पृथिवीमान्तिरन्तरीचं मान्तिवाँ: मान्तिराप: मान्तिरोषधय: मान्तिर्वनस्मतय: मान्ति: विक्रो वे देवा: मान्ति: सर्वों ने देवा: मान्ति: मान्ति: मान्ति: मान्ति:।

ताभिः शान्तिभिः सर्व्वशान्तिभिः शमयामोऽहं यदिह घोरं यदिह त्रुरं यदिह पापं तक्कानां तिक्कवं सर्व्वनेव शमस्तुनः।

Peaceful be all motives and peaceful our works done and yet to be done.

May the past bring us peace and the future, may everything be for our peace.

The Spirit of Speech dwells in and is made active by the Supreme Being. She is potent in creating fearfulness. May she offer us peace.

Our five senses and our mind are made active in our soul by the Supreme Being. They are potent in creating fearfulness. May they work for our peace.

With the peace that prevades the earth, the sky, the starry heavens, the water, the plants and trees; with the peace that dwells with the guardian spirits of the world and in the divinity within us, let us tranquillise things herce and cruel and evil, into the serene and the good. May everything be for our peace.

The state of the s

UNITY IN DIVERSITY

We are all the more one because we are many,

For we have made ample room for love in the gap where we are sundered.

Our unlikeness reveals its breadth of beauty radiant with one common life

Like mountain peaks in the morning sun.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE,

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THE PASSING OF SHAH JAHAN

Beating against prison bars.

7HEN Shah Jahan opened the gates of Agra fort to his victorious son, he became a prisoner for the rest of his life. To the "king of kings" the change was very bitter indeed, and it was only after many a struggle that he accepted it. But, from the cicumstances of the case, it was impossible for him to free himself; he was old and infirm; all his officials had deserted to the victor; harem women and eunuchs were the only counsellors and executive instruments left to him. Outside, he was girt round by an unbroken ring of his enemy's guards and watched with sleepless vigilance by his enemy's spies; his loyal son Dara Shukoh was far away beyond the reach of his letters, for his emissaries were all intercepted by Aurangzib's men. A Great Mughal who could not himself ride to battle and had no faithful noble to fight for him, was a superfluity in Nature's economy. He must retire from the stage. This stern law Shah Jahan was slow to admit.

When, on 8th June, 1658, Price Muhammad Sultan, on behalf of Aurangzib, first visited the fallen Emperor in Agra fort, he was well received by his grandfather. There is a story that Shah Jahan greatly flattered the youngman and urged him to

seize the throne and rule as his deputy, promising to lend him the prestige of the lawful Emperor's authority in a war with Aurangzib. But if any such temptation was really offered, Muhammad Sultan was too wise to yield to it. For, he had no independent position or power, he was acting merely as his father's agent, as a channel of communication between Aurangzib and Shah Jahan. He had to report every incident and conversation in the fort to his father very promptly and obey his written directions implicitly at every step of the negotiations with Shah Jahan, and the troops guarding the captive Emperor were under Aurangzib's own orders. No one could visit shah Jahan without Aurangzib's permission. The least breach of these precautions brought down on Sultan's head the sharp rebuke of his father.

According to another story current at the time and recorded in contemporary histories of secondary value, Shah Jahan invited Aurangzib to Agra fort, intending to have him assassinated by the fierce Tartar women who formed the Amazonian guard of the harem. But the plot, if ever it was formed, proved futile, for treachery of this kind was the first thing to be suspected and guarded against in that age; and Aurangzib's advisers, Shaikh Mir and

THE YOUNG MOTHER

From Dwijendralal Roy's आत्रिश ।

"Come moon, come down, kiss my darling in the forehead," cries the mother holding her baby girl in her lap, while the autumn moon floats in the pale blue of the evening sky. From the garden comes stealing in the dark the vague perfume of flowers. The boys laugh and shout outside in the street in careless merriment. One sleepless papia sings his heart out from the shadow-laden solitude of the mangogrove,

and from some distant peasant's heart come the shrill notes of a flute, soaring in the starry sky, spreading in the still air,

and then bursting down upon the earth like a shower of fire-work, while the young mother, sitting in the balcony, baby in her lap, croons sweetly, "Come, moon, come down, kiss my baby in the forehead!"

Once she looks up at the moon and then down at the sweet loveliness in her arms, and I wonder that the moon could be deaf to her call and smile on in placid silence! The baby laughs repeating her mother's call, "Come, moon, come down !"

The mother smiles, and smiles the moon-lit night, e mother smiles, and smiles the moon-lit night, and I, the poet, the husband of the baby's mother, watch this picture from behind, unseen.

AUSTRALIA AND INDIA Translated by SIR RABIN DRANATH TAGORE.

have been trying to study carefully the dominant ideas underlying modern Australian life, in their relation to India, and have been surprised to find how small is the margin of conflict. I have had to modify considerably some of the points that I regarded as axioms, and in certain fundamental ways to change my thoughts concerning Australians themselves.

Australia did not start its population, as North America did, with the pick of the people from the home country. There were no large bands of colonists corresponding with the Royalist families who helped to colonise Virginia, or the Pilgrim Fathers with their deep religious convictions, or the Quakers who settled in Pennsylvania. The earliest population of Australia was criminal and convict and for a large number of years this class formed the bulk of

the inhabitants. It is the marvellous re-covery of this original criminal population, till it became a civic power, that makes the romance of early Australian history.

By accident of fortune, trend of circumstance and hard fought conflict combined, Australia has become more and more the working man's close preserve, his unchallenged estate. The labourers, who found it difficult to win even one of their rights and privileges in England, have entered into them all with extraordinary ease and rapidity in Australia. There have been many wild adventures and brilliant successes of capitalists,-as some new gold mine has been discovered, or some new patent cold-storage has been invented; but, notwithstanding all this the country has never got into the capitalist's hands. The labourers have struggled to their kingdom,

AHALYA

(Ahalya, sinning against the purity of married love, incurred her husband's curse, turning into a stone to be restored to her humanity by the touch of Ramchandra).

Struck with the curse in midwave of your tumultuous passion your life stilled into a stone, clean, cool and impassive.

You took your sacred bath of dust, plunging deep into the primitive peace of the earth.

You lay down in the dumb immense where faded days drop, like dead flowers with seeds, to sprout again into new dawns.

You felt the thrill of the sun's kiss with the roots of grass and trees that are like infant's fingers clasping at mother's breast.

In the night, when the tired children of dust came back to the dust, their rhythmic breath touched you with the large and placid motherliness of the earth.

Wild weeds twined round you their bonds of flowering intimacy;

You were lapped by the sea of life whose ripples are the leaves' flutter, bees' flight. grasshoppers' dance and tremor of moths' wings.

For ages you kept your ear to the ground, counting the footsteps of the unseen comer, at whose touch silence flames into music.

Woman, the sin has stripped you naked, the curse has washed you pure, you have risen into a perfect life.

The dew of that unfathomed night trembles on your eyelids, the mosses of ever-green years cling to your hair.

You have the wonder of new birth and the wonder of old time in your awakening. You are young as the newborn flowers and old as the hills.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE SHADOW ON THE PATH

By Annie O. Tibbits,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIDE OF THE POOR," "LOVE WITHOUT PITY,"
"PAID IN FULL," &c.

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OR the fifth time the shadow lay across the path, grim and menacing across the white snow, a gaunt shadow stretching out a ragged arm pointing towards the house.

"I don't like it, and that's the truth," Enid Lancaster said, shivering a little. "It's silly to be so superstitious, but it is just like a finger of Fate pointing to us—it's like the shadow of a woman threatening me."



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going on this year in this district, the land of Sir S.P. Sinha, and Sir R. N. Tagore and the home of the Hetampur Raj Kumars. A bare statement of the fact is enough to

arouse some definite activity on better lines this year and in the years to come.

DAKSHINA R. GHOSH,

Suri, Birbhum. Deputy Magistrate The 7th Jany-, 1916, and Deputy Collector.

THE CYCLE OF SPRING

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore, D. Litt.

VAIRAGYA-SADHAN.

THE Rajah is in a great distress of mind, his first grey hair having been discovered by his queen overnight. The music is stopped, ambassadors from foreign lands are refused audience, the general bringing the war report is not admitted to his presence, the poet is dismissed, even the father-in-law waits in vain to give him his blessings. The Rajah believes that nothing short of giving up the world is demanded of him in the circumstances, and he asks for the great holy man Shrutibhushan, learned in scriptures, to help him in his path of renunciation. The Prime Minister is at his wit's end to know how to carry on State business, the Rajah refusing to attend the court. Famine is over the land and the famished are clamouring at the palace gate. This Rajah finds extremely disturbing in his present state of mind. Shrutibhushan comes and with the help of the scripture verses encourages the Rajah in his determination to attain that serenity of mind which comes of absolute inaction. He is duly rewarded by the Rajah with a grant of land and cows innumerable.

Then comes the poet and brings back music into the land and work and zest in life, in spite of the Rajah's grey hair. It is all through the following play of

PHALGUNI:

A play, in which it is conclusively proved to the satisfaction of all and sundry that the New is the repetition of the Old; the first scene of which is named Outburst, the second Search, the third Doubt, and the last Discovery. Each scene is approached through a musical prelude.

Dramatis Personae

Seekers of the secret of A BAND OF YOUTHS life.

The favorite of the CHANDRAHAS party who repre-

sents the charm of life.

THE LEADER The life-impulse.

Dada (Elder Brother) The wise man of the party. He checks and controls and is the

spirit of prudence.

The blind singer, seer, BAUL

of life in its truth, undistracted by eye.

A FERRYMAN, A WATCHMAN, and others. HERALDS OF SPRING: Flowers, young leaves and birds represent. ed by boys and girls.

Winter and his party.

Musical Prelude to Scene I.

The Heralds of Spring are abroad. There are songs in the rustling bamboo leaves, in birds' nests, and in blossoming branches. The Bamboo sings :--

O South Wind, O Wanderer, push me and rock me,

thrill me into the outbreak of new leaves.

I stand a-tiptoe, watching by the

wayside.

to be startled by your first

whisper,

by the music of your -footsteps, a flutter of joy running through my leaves, betraying my secret. its stirring thrills the sky, and the

The Bird sings :-The sky pours light into my heart, my heart repays the sky in songs. I pelt the South wind with my notes. O blossoming palash (flame of the forest), the air is a fire with your passion, you have dyed my songs red with your madness. O Sirish you have cast your perfume-nets wide in the sky, bringing up my heart into my throat. The plossoming Champak sings :-My shadow dances in your waves, everflowing river. I, the blossoming Champak, stand unmoved on the bank with my vigil of flowers. My movement dwells in the stillness of my depth. in the delicious birth of new leaves, in flood of flowers, in unseen urge of life towards the light:

SCENE I,

silence of the dawn is moved.

A band of youths have come out seeking adventure. The Wise Man of the party must have listeners for his quatrains full of sound advice. But the good words are lost on these wild spirits, and laughter and recklessness prevail. Then enters their leader, of undying youthfulness, who shall be nameless in this play. He laughs at them when they make mention to him of The Old Man. They accept his challenge to bring The Old Man captive for their spring festival.

Musical Prelude to Scene II. Spring's heralds try to rob winter of his outfit of age. . They sing:—

We are out seeking our play-mates, waking them up from every corner before it is morning.

We call them in bird-songs, beckon them in trembling branches, we spread our enchantment for them in the sky.

You shall never escape us, O Winter! You shall find our lamp burning even in the heart of the darkness you seek.

Winter sings :—

Leave me, Oh, let me go. I am ready to sail across the South Sea for the frozen shore. Your laughter is untimely, my friends, you weave with my farewell tunes your song of the new arrival.

Spring's heralds sing :-

Life's spies are we, lurking in all places. We have been waiting to rob you of your last savings of dead leaves, scattering them in the South Winds. We shall bind you in flower-chains where Spring keeps his captives, for we know you carry your jewels hidden in your grey rags.

SCENE II.

The band of youths gaily set forth seeking the Old Man. They question the Ferryman about him, but he only knows of the way and not of the way farers. They question the Watchman and he says his watch is at night and passers by are shadows to him. He warns them against their fools' errand. All the information they get is that the Old Man is seen only from behind and never in front. In the meantime the Ferryman and the Watchman are happy in the company of the quatrain. maker. They take him to be profoundly wise, his verses being supremely trite.

Musical Prelude to Scene III.

Winter is being unmasked, his hidden youth about to be disclosed.

Spring's heralds sing :--

How grave he looks, how laughably old, how seriously busy with the preparation of death!

But before he reaches home we will change his dress and his face shall change.

We will confound his calculations. snatch away his bag, bulging out with dead things. and there shall be unveiled the reckless and the young in him.

They tease him and sing :-

O the time comes, it has come. when he shall know that he is our own,

when the mad torrent shall be unloosed from the miserly grip of the ice.

and the north wind in its ringdance shall turn round.

O the time comes, it has come. when the magic drum shall be sounded.

when the sun shall smile at the change of your grey into green.

There enter a troupe of young things and they introduce themselves in a song as

follows :-

Again and again we had said, "Good bye," never hoping to return.

Again and again we come back at the gate. "O who are you?"-

"I am Vakul!"

"And who are you?"--

"I am Parul."

"And who are these others?"—

"We are mango-blossoms landed on the shore of light."

We shall smile and leave when our time comes.

for we know that we throw ourselves into the arms of the Never-ending. "O, who are you?"

"I am Shimul."

"And who are you?"-"I am Kamini." "And who are these others?"-"We are the jostling crowd of new leaves in the Sal forest!"

SCENE III.

The day wanes. The young travellers are tired, their faith in the Leader wavering. They fear they cannot trust what is before them, that they can lean only upon what is behind. They are almost in that desperate mood when men sit down to compose quatrains full of wise maxims. There comes Chandrahas, the favourite of the party, with a blind singer to direct him in his pursuit. The singer can see with his all, not having the distraction of evesight. Chandrahas makes ready to enter the cave to capture The Old Man.

Musical Prelude to Scene IV.

Winter is revealed as Spring. follows his confession to his tormentors:-

"Do you own defeat at last at the

hand of youth?"

"Ves !"

"Have you in the end met the Old who ever grows new?"

"Yes !"

"Have you come out of the walls that crumble?"

"Yes !"

"Do you own defeat at last at the hand of the hidden life?"

"Ves !"

"Have you in the end met the Deathless in death?"

"Ves !"

"Is the Dust driven away that steals your City of the Immortal?" "Yes!"

SEENE IV.

Chandrahas has disappeared in the cave. His party are deep in doubt and despondency. Chandrahas suddenly re-appears from the cave and his friends are happy again. They ask him of his quest. He bids them wait for the Captive who is to follow him soon: When to their astonishment the Leader himself comes out of the cave fresh and young and the Old Man is nowhere.



Spring's followers surround him and sing:—

Long have we waited for you, beloved, watching the road and counting days.

And now April is aflower with joy.

You come as a soldier boy winning life at death's gate.

O the wonder of it!

We listen amazed at the music of your young voice.

Your light mantle is blown in the wind like the odour of spring blossoms.

You have a spray of Malati flower in your ear.

A fire burns through the veil of your smile,—
O the wonder of it!

And who knows where your arrows are, with which you smite death!

The Wise Man comes with his last quatrain, which runs as follows:—

The sun stands at the gate of the east, his drum of victory sounding in the sky.

The night bows to him with her hands on her heart and says'

"I am blessed, my death is bliss."

The Darkness receives his alms of gold, filling his wallet, and departs."

They all sing :-

Come and rejoice!
for April is awake.
Fling yourselves into the flood of being,
bursting the bondage of the past.
April is awake.

Life's shoreless sea is heaving in the sun before yon.

All the losses are lost and death is drowned in its wayes.

Plunge into the deep without fear with the gladness of April in your blood.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS—A NEW CHAPTER

HE last was the first Congress of the New Era, of the New India,—the India of the young, of the hopeful, of the energetic." This is how Mrs. Annie Besant has described the 30th session of the Indian National Congress which met in Bombay less than five weeks ago, and the description truly represents the opinion of the bulk of the delegates who had the pleasure and the privilege of attending it. Really the last session of the Congress marks a landmark in the onward and progressive history of the Indian National movement.

During its inception and the first two years, the Indian National Congress flourished under gubernatorial patronage and basked under official sunshine. At the end of the second Congress in Calcutta, a large number of the delegates were treated to an afternoon party at Govern-

ment House, then the winter residence of the Viceroys of India. Next yearfortunately for the Congress, Lord Dufferin fell out with Mr. Allan Octavian Hume, the inspirer and founder of the movement, and we were treated to an exhibition of Viceregal temper in a notorious post-prandial utterance, the memory of which is still lingering to this day. This opened a new chapter in the history of the Congress, and from 1888 on to the beginning of the present century, no end of ridicule and banter had been levelled against it. In Parliament, long before the last century came to an end, Mr. Goschen went out of his way to throw a very broad hint that the Congress was being fed and financed practically by the Russian rouble (the German bogey had not yet then come into vogue); and in India, between Sir Auckland Colvin and the late Rajah of

MASHI

TRANSLATED FROM THE BENGALI OF SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By W. W. Pearson.

V ASHI!" *

"Try to sleep, Jotin, it is getting late."

"Never mind if it is. I have not many days left. I was suggesting that Mani should go to her father's house.—I forget where he is now."

"Sitarampur."

"Oh, yes! Sitarampur. Send her there. She should not remain any longer near a sick man. She herself is not strong."

"Just listen to him! How can she bear

to leave you in this condition?"

"Does she know what the doctors—?"

"But she can see for herself! The other day she cried her eyes out at the merest hint of having to go to her father's house."

It is necessary to explain here that in this statement there was a slight distortion of truth, to say the least of it. The actual conversation that took place with Mani was as follows.

"I suppose, my child, you have got some news from your father? For I thought I saw your cousin Anath here."

"Yes! Next Friday will be my little sisannaprashan t ceremony. So I'm ter's

thinking-"

"All right, my dear. Send her a gold

necklace. It will please your mother.'

"I'm thinking of going myself. I've never seen my little sister and I want to

ever so much.'

- "Whatever do you mean? You surely don't think of leaving Jotin alone? Haven't you heard what the doctor says about him?"
- "But he said that just now there's no special cause for-"
- "Even if he did, you can see his condition."
 - The maternal aunt is addressed as Mashi.
- † The Annaprashan ceremony takes place when a child is first given rice. Usually it receives its name on that day.

"This is the first girl after three brothers, and she's a great pet.—I have heard that it's going to be a grand affair. If I don't go, mother will be very—"

"Yes, yes! I don't understand your mother. But I know very well that your father will be angry enough if you leave

Jotin just now."

"You'll have to write a line to him saying that there is no special cause for anxiety, and that even if I go, there will be

"You're right there; it will certainly be no great loss if you do go. But mind, if I write to your father, I'll tell him plainly what is in my mind."

"Then you needn't write. I shall ask

my husband and he will surely-"

"Look here, child, I've borne a good deal from you, but if you do that, I won't stand it for a moment. Your father knows you well enough, so you won't be able to deceive him."

When Mashi had left her, Mani lay down on her bed in a pet.

Her neighbour and friend came and

asked what was the matter.

"Look here! What a shame it is! Here's my only sister's annaprashan coming and they don't want to let me go to it!"

"Why! Surely you're never thinking of going, are you, with your husband so ill?"

- "I don't do anything for him, and I couldn't if I tried. It's so deadly dull in this house, that I tell you frankly, I simply can't bear it.''
 - "You are an extraordinary woman!"
- "But I can't pretend (as you people do) and look glum lest anyone should think ill of me."

"Well, tell me your plan."

"I must go. Nobody can prevent me."

"Isss! What an imperious young woman you are !"

Hearing that Mani had wept at the mere suggestion of going to her father's house, Jotin was so excited that he sat up in bed. Pulling his pillow towards him he leaned back and said, "Mashi open this window a little and take that lamp away."

The still night, like a pilgrim of eternity, stood silently at the window; while the stars, witness through untold ages of countless death scenes, gazed in.

Jotin saw his Mani's face. traced on the background of the dark night, and saw those two big dark eyes brimming over with tears, as it were for all eternity.

Mashi felt relieved when she saw him so

quiet, thinking he was asleep.

Suddenly he started up and said, "Mashi, you all thought that Mani was too frivolous ever to be happy in our house. But you see now—"

"Yes, I see now, my Baba," I was mis-

taken—but trial tests a person."

"Mashi!"

"Do try to sleep, dear!"

"Let me think a little, let me talk. Don't be vexed, Mashi!"

"Very well."

"Once, when I used to think I could not win Mani's heart, I bore it silently. But you—"

"No dear, I won't allow you to say

that; I also bore it."

"Our minds, you know, are not clods of earth which you can possess by merely picking up. I felt that Mani did not know her own mind and that one day at some great shock—"

"Yes! Jotin, you are right."

"Therefore I never took much notice of her waywardness."

Mashi remained silent, suppressing a sigh. Not once, but often she had noticed Jotin spending the night on the verandah wet with the splashing rain, yet not caring to go into his bedroom. Many a day he lay with a throbbing head, longing, she knew, that Mani would come and soothe his brow, while Mani was getting ready to go to the theatre. Yet when Mashi went to fan him, he sent her away petulantly. She alone knew what pain lay hidden in that vexation. Again and again she had wanted to say to Jotin, "Don't pay so much attention to that silly child, my dear, let her

• Baha literally means Father, but is often used by elders as a term of endearment. In the same way "Ma" is used.

learn to want,—to cry for things." But these things cannot be said and are apt to be misunderstood. Jotin had in his heart a shrine set up to the goddess Woman and there Mani had her throne. It was hard for him to imagine that his own fate was to be denied his share of the wine of love poured out by that divinity. Therefore the worship went on, the sacrifice was offered and the expectation of a boon never ceased.

Mashi imagined once more that Jotin was sleeping, when he suddenly cried out,

"I know you thought that I was not happy with Mani and therefore you were angry with her. But, Mashi, happiness is like those stars. They don't cover all the darkness, there are gaps between. We make mistakes in life and we misunderstand, and yet there remain gaps through which truth shines. I do not know whence comes this gladness that fills my heart tonight."

Mashi began gently to soothe Jotin's

brow, her tears unseen in the dark.

"I was thinking, Mashi, she's so young! how will she occupy herself when I am—?"
"Young, Jotin? She's old enough. I too

"Young, Jotin? She's old enough. I too was young when I lost the idol of my life, only to find him in my heart for ever. Was that any loss do you think? Besides, is happiness so absolutely necessary?"

"Mashi, it seems, as if just when Mani's heart shows signs of awakening, I have

to-"

"Don't you worry about that, Jotin. Isn't it enough if her heart awakes?"

Suddenly Jotin recollected the words of a village minstrel's song which he had heard long before

"Oh my heart! you woke not when the man of my heart came to my door.

At the sound of his departing steps you woke up.

Oh you woke up in the dark!"

"Mashi, what is the time now?"

"About nine."

"So early as that! Why, I thought it must be at least two or three o'clock. My midnight, you know, commences from sundown. But why were you so anxious for me to sleep, then?"

"Why, you know, how late last night you kept awake talking; so to-day you

must get to sleep early."

"Is Mani asleep?"

MASHI 379

"Oh, no, she's busy making some soup for you."

"You don't mean to say so, Mashi?

Does she---?"

"Certainly! Why, she prepares all your diet, the busy little woman."

"I thought perhaps Mani could not-"

"It doesn't take long for a woman to learn such things. When the need arises it comes of itself."

"The fish soup, that I had in the morning, had such a delicate flavour, I thought

it was your preparation."

"Dear me, no! Surely you don't think Mani would let me do anything for you? You know she does all your washing herself. She knows you can't bear anything dirty about you. If only you could see your sitting-room, how spick and span she keeps it! If I were to let her haunt your sick-room, she would wear herself out. But that's what she really wants to do."

"Is Mani's health, then——?"

"The Doctors think she should not be allowed to visit the sick-room too often. She's too tender-hearted."

"But Mashi, how do you prevent her

from coming?"

"Because she obeys me so implicitly. But still I have constantly to be giving her news of you."

The stars glistened in the sky like teardrops. Jotin bowed his head in gratitude to his life that was about to depart, and when Death extended his right hand towards him through the darkness, he took it in perfect trust.

Jotin sighed, and, with a slight gesture of impatience, said:

"Mashi! If Mani is still awake, then,

could I-if only for a-?"

"Very well! I'll go and call her."

"I won't keep her long, only for five minutes. I have something particular to tell her."

Mashi sighing, went out to call Mani. Meanwhile Jotin's pulse began to beat fast. He knew too well that he had never been able to have an intimate talk with Mani. The two instruments were tuned differently and it was not easy to play them in unison. Again and again Jotin had felt pangs of jealousy on hearing Mani chattering and laughing merrily with her girl companions. Jotin blamed only himself,—why

couldn't he talk irrelevant trifles as they did? Not that he was unable to do so, for with his men friends he often had to chat on all sorts of trivialities. But the small talk that suits men is not suitable for women. You can hold a philosophical discourse in monologue, ignoring your inattentive audience altogether, but small talk requires the co-operation of at least two. The bagpipes can be played singly, but there must be a pair of cymbals. How often in the evenings had Jotin, when sitting on the open verandah with Mani, made some strained attempts at conversation, only to feel the thread snap. And the very silence of the evening felt ashamed. Jotin was certain that Mani longed to get away. He had even wished earnestly that a third person would come. For talking is easy with three, when it is hard for two.

He began to think what he should say when Mani came. But such manufactured talk would not satisfy him. Jotin felt afraid that this five minutes of to-night would be wasted. Yet, for him, there are but few

moments left for intimate talk.

3.

"What's this child, you're not going anywhere, are you?"

"Of course, I'm going to Sitarampur."
"What do you mean? Who is going to

take you?"

"Anath."
"Not to-day my child, some other day."

"But the compartment has already been reserved."

"What does that matter? That loss can easily be borne. Go to-morrow, early morning."

"Mashi, I don't hold by your inauspicious days. What harm if I do go

to-day?''

"Jotin wants to have a talk with you."
"All right! there's still some time. I'll
just go and see him."

"But you mustn't say that you are

going.'

"Very well, I won't tell him, but I shan't be able to stay long. To-morrow is my sister's annaprashan and I simply must go to-day."

"Oh my child! I beg you to listen to me this once. Quiet your mind for a while and sit by him. Don't let him see your hurry."

"What can I do? The train won't wait

for me. Anath will be back in ten minutes.

I can sit by him till then."

"No, that won't do. I shall never let you go to him in that frame of mind. Oh you wretch! the man you are torturing is soon to leave this world; but I warn you, you shall have to remember this day till the end of your days! That there is a God! there is a God! you will some day understand!"

"Mashi! You mustn't curse me like that."

"Oh, my darling boy! My darling! Why do you go on living longer? There is no end to this sin, yet I cannot check it!"

Mashi after delaying a little returned to the sick-room, hoping by that time Jotin would be asleep. But Jotin moved in his bed when she entered. Mashi exclaimed:

"Just look what she has done!"
"What's happened? Hasn't Mani come?

Why have you been so long, Mashi?"

"I found her weeping bitterly because she had allowed the milk for your soup to get burnt! I tried to console her, saying, 'Why there's more milk to be had!' But that she could be so careless about the preparation of your soup made her wild. With great trouble I managed to pacify her and put her to bed. So I haven't brought her to-day. Let her sleep it off."

Though Jotin was pained when Mani didn't come, yet he felt a certain amount of relief. He had half eared that Mani's bodily presence would do violence to his heart's image of her. Such things had happened before in his life. And the gladness of the idea that Mani was miserable at burning his milk filled his heart to over-

flowing.

"Mashi!"

"What is it, Baba?"

"I feel quite certain that my days are drawing to a close. But I have no regrets. Don't grieve for me."

"No dear, I won't grieve. I don't believe that only life is good and not death."

"Mashi! I tell you truly that death seems sweet."

Jotin, gazing at the dark sky, felt that it was Mani herself who was coming to him in Death's guise. She has immortal youth and the stars are flowers of blessing showered upon her dark tresses by the hand of the World-Mother. It seemed as if once more he had his first sight of his bride under the

veil of darkness.* The immense night became filled with the loving gaze of Mani's dark eyes. Mani, the bride of this house, the wee little girl, became transformed into a world-image,—her throne on the altar of the stars at the confluence of life and death. Jotin said to himself with clasped hands, "At last the veil is raised, the covering is rent in this deep darkness. Ah! beautiful one, how often have you wrung my heart, but no longer shall you forsake me!"

4.

"I'm suffering Mashi, but nothing like you imagine. It seems to me as if my pain were gradually separating itself from my life. Like a laden boat it was so long being towed behind, but the rope has snapped and now it floats away with all my burdens. Still I can see it, but it is no longer mine,But, Mashi, I've not seen Mani even once for the last two days!"

"Jotin, let me give you another pillow."

"It almost seems to me, Mashi, that Mani also has left me like that laden boat of sorrow which drifts away."

"Just sip some pomegranate juice, dear!

Your throat must be getting dry."

"I wrote my will yesterday; did I show it to you? I can't recollect."

"There's no need to show it me, Jotin."

"When mother died, I had nothing of my own. You fed me and brought me up. Therefore I was saying——."

"Nonsense child! I had only this house and a little property. You earned the

rest."

"But this house——?"

"That's nothing. Why you've added to it so much that it's difficult to find out where my house was!"

"I'm sure Mani's love for you is really—"
"Yes, yes! I know that Jotin. Now you

try to sleep."

"Though I have bequeathed all my property to Mani, it is practically yours, Mashi. She will never disobey you."

"Why are you worrying so much about

that, dear?"

"All I have, I owe to you. When you see my will, don't think for a moment that—"

"What do you mean Jotin? Do you think I shall mind for a moment because

^{*} The bride and the bridegroom see each other's face for the first time at the marriage ceremony under a veil thrown over their heads.

you give to Mani what belongs to you? Surely I'm not so mean as that?"

"But you also will have-

"Look here Jotin, I shall get angry with you. You want to console me with money!"

"Oh Mashi! How I wish I could give you

something better than money!"

"That you have done, Jotin!-more than enough. Haven't I had you to fill my lonely house? I must have acquired that great good fortune in many previous births! You have given me so much that now, if my destiny's due is exhausted, I shall not complain. Yes, yes! Give away everything in Mani's name-your house, your money, carriage and your land-such burdens are too heavy for me!"

"Of course I know you have lost your taste for the enjoyments of life, but Mani

is so young, that—"

"No! you mustn't say that. If you want to leave her your property, it is all right, but as for enjoyment—"

"What harm if she does enjoy herself.

Mashi?"

"No, no, it will be impossible. Her throat will become parched and it will be dust and ashes to her."

Jotin remained silent. He could not decide whether it was true or not, and whether it was a matter of regret or otherwise, that the world would become dis- How sweetly pathetic it was! And again tasteful to Mani for want of him. The stars seemed to whisper in his heart:

"Indeed it is true. We have been watching for thousands of years and know that all these great preparations for

enjoyment are but vanity.'

Jotin sighed and said: "We cannot leave behind us what is really worth giving."

"It's no trifle you are giving, dearest. I only pray she may have the power to know the value of what is given her."

"Give me a little more of that pomegranate juice. Mashi, I'm thirsty. Did Mani

come to me yesterday, I wonder?"

"Yes she came, but you were asleep. She sat by your head, fanning you for a long time, and then went away to get your clothes washed."

"How wonderful! I believe I was dreaming that very moment that Mani was trying to enter my room. The door was slightly open and she was pushing against it, but it wouldn't open. But,

Mashi, you're going too far—you ought to let her see that I am dying, otherwise my death will be a terrible shock to her."

"Baba! Let me put this shawl over your

feet, they are getting cold."

"No, Mashi! I can't bear anything over

me like that."

"Do you know, Jotin, Mani made this shawl for you. When she ought to have been asleep, she was busy at it. It was

finished only vesterday."

Jotin took the shawl and touched it tenderly with his hands. It seemed to him that the softness of the wool was Mani's own. Her loving thoughts have been woven night after night with its threads. It is not made merely of wool, but also of her touch. Therefore, when Mashi drew that shawl over his feet, it seemed as if, night after night, Mani had been caressing his tired

"But Mashi! I thought Mani did'nt know how to knit,-at any rate she never liked it.'

"It doesn't take long to learn a thing. Of course I had to teach her. Then it contains a good many mistakes."

"Let there be mistakes; we're not going to send it to the Paris Exhibition. It will keep my feet warm in spite of its mistakes."

Jotin's mind began to picture Mani at her task, blundering and struggling and yet patiently going on night after night. he went over the shawl with his caressing fingers.

"Mashi! Is the doctor downstairs?"

"Yes, he will stay here to-night."

"But tell him it's useless for him to give me a sleeping draught. It doesn't give me real rest and only adds to my pain. Let me remain properly awake. Do you know, Mashi, that my wedding took place on the night of the full moon in the month of Baisakh? To-morrow will be that day, and the stars of that very night will be shining in the sky. Mani perhaps has forgotten. I want to remind her of it to-day; just call her to me for a minute or two....Why do you keep silent? I suppose the doctor has told you I am so weak that any excitement will-but I tell you truly, Mashi, tonight if I can have only a few minutes' talk with her there will be no need for any sleeping draughts. Mashi, don't cry like that! I am quite well, to-day my heart is full as it has never been in my life before. That's why I want to see Mani. No, no,

Mashi! I can't bear to see you crying! You have been so quiet all these last days, why are you so troubled to-night?"

"Oh Jotin, I thought that I had exhausted all my tears, but I find there are plenty left. I can't bear it any longer."
"Call Mani. I'll remind her of our wed-

ding night so that to-morrow she may-

"I'm going, dear. Shombhu will wait at the door. If you want anything, call him."

Mashi went to Mani's bedroom and sat down on the floor crying,—"Oh come, come once, you heartless wretch! Keep his last request who has given you his all! Don't kill him who is already dying!"

Iotin hearing the sound of footsteps started up, saying, "Mani!"
"I am Shombhu. Did you call me?"

"Ask your mistress to come?"

"Ask whom?"

"Your mistress."

"She has not yet returned."

"Returned? From where?"

"From Sitarampur." "When did she go?" "Three days ago."

For a moment Jotin felt numb all over and his head began to swim. He slipped down from the pillows, on which he reclining, and kicked off the woollen shawl that was over his feet.

When Mashi came back after a long time, Jotin didn't mention Mani's name and Mashi thought he had forgotten all about her.

Suddenly Jotin cried out, "Mashi, did I tell you about the dream I had the other night?"

"Which dream?

"That in which Mani was pushing the door and the door wouldn't open more than an inch. She stood outside unable to enter. Now I know that Mani has to stand outside my door till the last."

Mashi kept silent. She realised that the heaven she had been building for Jotin out of falsehood had toppled down at last. When sorrow comes, it is best to acknowledge it.—When God strikes, it is no use trying to dodge the blow.

"Mashi! The love I have got from you

will last through all my births. I have filled this life with it to carry it with me. In the next birth, I am sure you will be born as my daughter, and I shall tend you with all my love."

"What are you saying, Jotin? Do you mean to say I shall be born again as a woman? Why can't you pray that I should come to your arms as a son?"

"No, no, not a son! You will come to my house in that wonderful beauty which you had when you were young. I can even imagine how I shall dress you.'

"Don't talk so much, Jotin, but try to

sleep."

"I shall name you 'Lakshmi.'"

"But that is an old-fashioned name, Jotin!"

"Yes, but you are my old-fashioned Mashi. Come to my house again with those beautiful old-fashioned manners."

"I can't wish that I should come and burden your home with the misfortune of a girl-child!"

"Mashi, you think me weak and are

wanting to save me all trouble."

"My child, I am a woman, so I have my weakness. Therefore I have tried all my life to save you from all sorts of trouble, only to fail.

"Mashi! I have not had time in this life to apply the lessons I have learnt. But they will keep for my next birth. I shall show then what a man is able to do. I have learnt how false it is to be always looking after oneself."

"Whatever you may say, darling, you have never grasped anything for yourself,

but given everything to others."

"Mashi, I can brag of one thing at any rate. I have never been a tyrant in my happiness, or tried to enforce my claims by violence. Because lies could not content me, I have had to wait long. Perhaps truth will be kind to me at last.—Who is that Mashi, who is that?"

"Where? There's no one there, Jotin!" "Mashi, just go and see in the other

room. I thought I-

"No, dear! I don't see anybody."

"But it seemed quite clear to me that—" "No, Jotin it's nothing. So keep quiet! The doctor is coming now."

"Look here, you mustn't stay near the patient so much, you excite him. You go to bed and my assistant will remain with

"No, Mashi! I can't let you go."

"All right, Baba! I will sit quietly in that

"No, no! you must sit by my side. I can't let go your hand, not till the very end. I have been made by your hand and only from your hand shall God take me."

"All right, you can remain there. But Jotin Babu, you must not talk to her. It's

time for you to take that medicine."

"Time for my medicine? Humbug! The time for that is over. To give medicine now is merely to deceive; besides I am not afraid to die. Mashi! Death is busy with his physic, why do you add another nuisance in the shape of a doctor? Send him away, send him away! It is you alone I need now! No one else, none whatever! No more falsehood!"

"I protest, as a doctor, this excitement

is doing you harm."

"Then go, doctor, don't excite me any more!—Mashi, has he gone?...That's good! Now come and take my head in your lap."

"All right dear! Now Baba, try to

sleep!"

"No, Mashi! Don't ask me to sleep. If I sleep, I shall never awake. I still need to keep awake a little longer. Do'nt you hear a sound? Somebody is coming."

5.

"Jotin, dear, just open your eyes a little. She has come. Look once and see!"

"Who has come? A dream?"

"Not a dream, darling, Mani has come with her father."

"Who are you?"

"Can't you see? This is your Mani!"

"Mani? Has that door opened?"

"Yes, Baba, it is wide open."

"No, Mashi! Not that shawl! Not that shawl! That shawl is a fraud!"

"It is not a shawl, Jotin! It is our Mani, who has flung herself on your feet. Put your hand on her head and bless her. Don't cry like that, Mani! There will be time enough for that. Keep quiet now for a little."

SAINAMIS AND SIKHS: 17th CENTURY

the forces of Government as marked the reign of Aurangzib naturally produced great discontent among the persecuted sect. Some frantic attempts were made on the Emperor's life, but they were childish and ended in failure. The wandering Hindu saint Uddhav Bairagi was imprisoned in the police station "as a punishment for his seduction of men to falsehood." In June 1669, two of his Rajput disciples stabbed to death Qazi Abul Mukaram, by way of revenge. Aurangzib put to death not only the two murderers but also their innocent spiritual guide.—(M. A. 84.)

Early in 1669 a most formidable popular rising took place in the Mathura district. The Indian peasant, especially in Agra, Mathura and Oudh, was a bad tax-payer in Muslim times, and the collection of revenue often required the use of force. Akbar's wise regulations for giving fixity to the State demand and protecting

the ryots from illegal exactions had disappeared with him. Under his successors, no doubt, a revenue collector was removed from his post when his oppression became intolerable and the public outcry against him repeatedly reached the Emperor's ears. But such cases were exceptional. In the Mathura district in particular, nothing was done by Government to win the love and willing obedience of the peasantry, but rather a policy was followed which left behind it a legacy of undying hatred.

For instance, we read how a local faujdar named Murshid Quli Khan Turkman (who died 1638) took advantage of his campaigns against refractory tenants to gratify his lust. When the villagers were defeated he seized all their most beautiful women and placed them in his harem. Another practice of this licentious officer is thus described in the Masir-ulumara (iii, 422).

"On the birthday of Krishna, a vast



great scientists, yet they are none the less famous for their success as professors. In France, in Russia, in America, in fact in all enlightened parts of the world we have abundant instances of such men. Their success alone leaves no doubt about the compatibility of teaching with research. Even in India, at the very dawn of her modern progress, we find a few such men scattered here and there, who have already formed centres of crystallisation original thought. In science, for instance, we may mention Dr. P. C. Ray who having struggled through enormous difficulties and baffled in various attempts, has, by dint of talent and perseverance, at last succeeded in founding a school of chemistry been aptly said to be "the which has nursery from which the future chemists of India pass into the world." With a score of pupils he has, in the course of the last few years, given out to the world the treasures of his original investigations in no less than 140 papers. In spite of his strenuous work in the laboratory he has

taken upon himself the task of teaching his pupils from the elementary to the highest standard. The progeny of successful students for the last twenty years bears testimony to the brilliant success he has achieved in his capacity as a professor. Also in history and literature we find men like Professors Jadunath Sarkar, Mahamahopadhyaya Satishchandra Bidyabhusana and Haraprasad Shastri who are as well known in their professorial career as in their original investigations.

Facts alone prove the truth and not theories, however simple or plausible. The truth which shines out through the mass of facts observed by different races of men in different countries cannot be gainsaid when it is found not to suit a favourite theory or a preconceived notion, since teaching and research go hand in hand in all the progressive countries of the world, with some advantage instead of hindrance to the professor, it is folly to raise the absurd question of their antagonism.

INDIAN STUDENTS AND WESTERN TEACHERS.

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore

(Translated from the Bengali)

HAVE some hesitation in discussing the recent disturbance between the Presidency College students and some of their European professors. One reason is, that it may appear unseemly to do so. Another reason is, that where there is a tender spot in the relation between students and Europeans great care is needed about touching it. But yet, it is impossible to cover it up altogether. Indeed, it has already been uncovered, and the discussion is going on from mouth to mouth openly and in whispers. When a festering wound has accumulated poison, it cannot keep on containing it for ever. The wound breaks open at last. To blame this process of eruption is to blame the whole scheme of things. And Providence can very well take care of itself in such matters.

Now that the evil has come to light, clearly judgment has to be given and punishment to be apportioned. This is the critical time. The affair, as it stands, is hardly respectable. Therefore, for propriety's sake, if there must be punishment for somebody or other, it is just possible that it will take the line of least resistance, choosing the weak for its visitation. When the mistress of the house feels afraid of chastising her daughter-in-law, she generally finds it convenient, in fulfilling her duty, to beat her own daughter. And while the judges are active in their work the Principal of a Mission College has already sent to the authorities a scheme of discipline for our students.

All this sounds reasonable, because when students can combine to insult their

Professors, it is not only an offence against propriety, but also against nature. For it is in human nature to feel respect towards those from whom we receive knowledge; and when we see any perversion of this natural instinct, we feel bound to correct it by artificial means.

But before we resort to any of these methods, we should find out clearly, why there should be any perversion of nature

at all.

There have been, in the papers, some expressions of grave disapprobation concerning this last regrettable incident, especially because of the tradition of reverence which has existed in India from time immemorial. But this very fact should make us all the more careful to find out the true reason for the outbreak.

I cannot hold it to be true, that the mental attitude of the Bengali student is a kind of special creation, unique in the

region of psychology.

Students, at the College stage, are always in a state of transition. For the first time in their lives, they have come out of school discipline into freedom. And this new freedom is not merely outward. Their minds, also, have left the cage of syntax, and spread their wings into the open air of ideas. They have gained their right to question, and their right to judge for themselves.

This transition period of life is full of sensitiveness. The least insult pierces to the quick. On the other hand, the simplest suggestion of love makes the heart glad. This is the time, therefore, when the influence of human contact is most powerful, because this is the time when man is moulded by man.

The truth of this has been acknowledged everywhere. Therefore we have in our

scriptures the verse:

"When the son has attained his sixteenth year, his father must treat him as a friend."

A text like this implies, that at the adolescent stage it is necessary for the growth of life, that the son should know his father as a man, and not as an engine

of discipline.

This is the reason why, in all countries, university students are raised to a level, where they come nearer to their teachers and have living contact with them. This is the age when students, having completed the rudiments of education, begin to assimilate humanity itself;

and such a living process can never be gone through, except with freedom and self-

respect.

Because such is the case, lads at this particular age become almost hyper-sensitive about their dignity. As, when a young child attains the age of mastication, its teeth come through with an inflammatory disturbance, so, when the time has arrived for a lad to cut his wisdom teeth, his sense of self-respect becomes almost painfully aggressive.

This, again, is the age when students are apt to break out into unexpected explosions. Whenever the relation between the teacher and the student is natural, these are allowed to pass by in the main current of events, just as drift and refuse are swiftly carried away in a flood tide, but become objectionable if deliberately

dragged up to the surface in a net.

There is a law of Providence, which brings even Bengali students to years of discretion, when their inner faculties blossom out in self-expression. They aspire to attain the dignity of manhood, and their soul is eager to worship greatness wherever found. They are both self-assertive and receptive of outward influences at the same moment. They need sympathy and inspiration and a large atmosphere of life. But to invent disciplinary grinding machines for manufacturing lifeless pulp out of these human souls is a sacrilege against God.

When the prisoner breaks some prison rule, it hurts nobody to punish him severely, because he is simply looked upon as a criminal. No one takes the pains to consider, whether such treatment hardens his heart, because nobody views him from the standpoint of a man. A gaoler, therefore, exaggerates the least infringement of the prison regulations and visits this upon the prisoner.

Again, the drill sergeant, who undertakes the responsibility of drilling men into shape by military methods, naturally looks upon his recruits from a narrow and restricted point of view. And, in consequence, he makes his discipline felt upon them, in a way which hardly takes into account that

they are human beings.

But we cannot look upon students either as prisoners, or as sepoys of an army corps. We have to make them into full-grown men, clearly recognising the fact that man's nature is made up of delicate and living



fibres. When a man suffers from headache, it does no earthly good to strike his head with a hammer. To cure him, you have to be very careful not to injure any brain tissue.

There are men, even in these modern times, who have entirely simplified the science of pathology and have accounted for all diseases by the theory of devil possession. They, like this Principal of a missionary college, want to drive away the disease by beating and branding and making unearthly yells. It is an admirable method of driving away the disease,—and the best part of a patient's life with it.

But this, of course, is mere quackery. Those who are skilled doctors do not look upon disease as an isolated thing in one part of the body. They recognise the intricacy and delicacy of the whole human system, and, while attempting to cure the special ailment, they do not cut at the root

of vitality itself.

So my suggestion, in the present trouble, Those teachers, whom nature has marked out for gaolers, drill-sergeants, and exorcists, should never be given the special care of students. Only those are fit for such work, who have a natural feeling of respect even for the young in age and in wisdom, who understand the Sanskrit verse,-"Forgiveness is the adornment of the powerful", and who have no hesitation in accepting their students as their friends.

Jesus Christ has said,—"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christ had respect for children in his heart, because the suggestiveness of perfection is in the child. When the adult becomes hard in habits and opinions and in selfconceit, he loses all that suggestiveness. Then it becomes difficult for him to come

near to the Teacher.

The minds of students are always expanding. The spirit of growth is ever doing its work in the core of their lifebuds. The process of development has not stopped in them. They still carry about with them this suggestiveness of perfection. For that reason, the true teacher respects them, and suffers them to come near to him in love. He forgives them all their short-comings and patiently helps to open out their minds towards freedom and light. But those who, in their pride of greater knowledge or of social or racial position, are ready to insult the

student at every step, will never receive homage from them; and so in despair they will attempt in vain to extort obedience and reverence by the help of stringent

regulations and official myrmidons.

Those who want to bind students hand and foot in the meshes of their disciplinary rules should understand that they are doing the greatest harm to the teachers themselves. For there are very few men in this world, who can keep straight in the path of duty simply by the help of their own inner ideal. Most people are preserved from going astray by pressure from the outside. They cannot betray themselves into doing wrong, because of their responsibility to the people with whom they have Therefore, wherever there is slavery, it is degrading to the masters. Where Sudras are Sudras indeed, there the Brahmans deteriorate.

But it may be asked, whether teachers should put up with every form of students' wildnesses. My answer would be that students will not go wild. They will act with respect, if they themselves get their due respect from the teachers. But, if the students' own race or religion is insulted by the teacher, if the students know that for themselves there is no chance of justice, and for professors of their own nationality no fair treatment, then they are bound to break out into impatience; and, indeed, it would be a thousand pities if they did not.

But the professors have a reasonable

argument on their cide.

India, for Europeans, is a land of exile. The climate is depressing. The food and drink which they take, in the hot weather, are often too exciting. Our complexion, religion, language, and habits, are most annoyingly different from theirs. Over and above that, every European teacher carries about with him on his person the emblems of sovereign power, and so the throne takes the place of the guru's seat. For that same reason, the European professor does not look upon his vocation simply as that of a teacher. He feels himself also to be a king of the country. He is a European and a Professor of an Imperial Service to boot,-a fragment of royalty. Often, also, he suffers from the conviction that he has come out to 'do us good.' In such circumstances, he may not always feel the necessity of controlling his tongue, or his temper. Therefore it may be the case, that we should not ask

how he ought to behave towards the students, but rather how the students, by the agency of a strict scheme of discipline, should train themselves to put up

with his want of good taste.

Let us, then, frankly acknowledge the natural difficulties of a European professor in dealing with Bengali students. We sometimes quote the instance of the relations of Oxford and Cambridge Dons with their undergraduates. But the cases are not parallel. There, the relationship is natural. Here, it is not. So it appears as if this vacuum in nature has to be filled up with brickbats of 'discipline.'

It is this fact that has made our own problem so difficult for us. This is the reason why the prudent men of our community advise their sons to be content with passing examinations, and never to bother their heads about their privileges as

men.

It is sound advice. Only unfortunately, it does not answer. Human nature is not built upon the hard foundation of prudence. It has to grow, and therefore is always immature. It tolerates all artificial restrictions up to a certain point. Then suddenly all barriers burst, and the irrepressible life manifests itself when we least expect it.

If we recognise nature only on our own side, and defy it in the student, then, for some length of time this one-sided arrangement may pass muster. But at last, all of a sudden, we discover that it has become obsolete. At that, our indignation knows no bounds. The very sign of life becomes a crime, because it has been so silent all the while. And so the punishment far transcends its normal measure. Then the whole affair becomes so complicated that even the panchayat Commission may become unable to find its way through the jungle, and feel compelled to use axes and hammers, and fires and steam-rollers, in order to blaze a path.

We have long ago grown accustomed to being reminded that the kingdom of heaven, specially reserved for our Bengali students, is the opium-eaters' heaven, the passage to which is cheap, and the path safe and peaceful. We have been informed that our students have friends, who are willing to take any amount of trouble to ferry them over to this inertness of illimitable subservience, relieving them, at the outset, of such inconvenient baggage as the living

soul. If their scheme could work for good, I should have nothing to say against it.

But it is doomed to failure. And it has failed in our case, because our education was not merely at the hands of College Principals, or those who are overburdened with the benevolent task of doing us good. We have been taking our lessons from England itself, and the time has been more than a century long. Those lessons have not been altogether lost upon us. They have quickened our life, and life has its claims

which cannot be ignored.

I well remember, when I was a boy, how I had to learn the English synonyms of English words. I was made to get by heart the meaning of the pronoun I. It was given thus,—"Myself-I by myself I,—the first personal pronoun." It took me some time to learn this definition, and it has taken India a considerable time also. Now, when we have almost succeeded in learning it by heart, our present schoolmaster comes and threatens to cross out that word 'myself with black ink and rub it out altogether with rubber,—yes, with India rubber.

Our school-master is now teaching us

in this way:—

"The meaning of the English pronoun 'I' has to be different in your country from that of ours."

But if we took nearly two centuries to get our first lesson by heart, surely it will take at least double that time to forget it. Because that magic charm of the English 'I' is very potent. If our guru had not whispered it into our ears from the beginning, no great harm might have been done. But now, it has passed through the portals of our ears into life itself, and you can only tear it out by pulling up the very roots of life. And life is very tough after all.

So long as England keeps its touch with India, she will never be able to forswear her own nature. The best that she has, she must impart to us, willingly or unwillingly. This is God's will,—whether it accords with the will of the Mission

College authorities, or not.

Therefore, our students will never be satisfied with merely scraps of lecture notes and logic and grammar. They will stand out for their own life of self-respect. They will never take themselves to be mere puppets, or allow themselves to be unjustly coerced into submission. This



attitude of mind has become a fact to day. It is possible to treat it as a delusion: it is possible to abuse it: but it is impossible to ignore it. By striking a blow at it, you only give it an opportunity of proving itself all the more true.

If the discussion about the Presidency College were merely some local affair, and nothing more, I should not take the trouble to write about it. But there is a large question intimately connected with it, and I should be wanting in my duty to my country and to the government if I remained silent.

Man's history unfolds itself differently in different countries. India has a history of its own, and we can trace out, how from the very beginning that history has been confined to no particular race or civilisation. Dravidian culture is as truly a part of us as Aryan. Our country belongs to the Hindu as much as to the Musalman, and to the Musalman as well as the Hindu. This is why history in India, with its collision of different forces, like gaseous bodies, has been hitherto so nebulous. There is agitation of different elements: there are explosions and upheavals: but there has been no fixed and definite shape. No single voice of one clear outstanding identity has come out of this pervasive vagueness as yet.

When the crystal is in a liquid state, it is amorphous. And our history has been like that for ages. At last, from the western shores of the world, came a shock which ran through this liquid mass from one end to the other. Now we feel an all-penetrating impetus running through its atoms. It is the movement which precedes

the crystalising act.

All this proves my contention, that Indian history is the history of the Aryans, the Dravidians, the Muhammadans,—and of the Englishmen as well. We have to see that all its component parts are welded together into one organic whole. To desire to get rid of any one of these parts, is beyond our power. We have not been able to leave out the Musalmans, and we shall not be able to leave out the English. This is not simply owing to our want of physical power, but because it is in the constitution of things. Our history belongs to no one race. It represents a fusion of forces.

The historical purpose, which is being formed by the combination of various races and ages and civilisations, we must accept.

We must make our own conscious purpose in harmony with it. We must keep ever in mind, that our country is not England nor Italy, nor America, but India. The history of other countries would never fit ours. The difference lies at the very root. Those other countries had some sort of unity to build their history upon. We had to deal with diversity from the very beginning. History, in other countries, is naturally concerned with rejecting whatever is alien. The history of India is naturally concerned with assimilating all that has come from the outside.

So long, then, as the English element remains entirely alien and external, India will suffer. So long as Government is something extraneous and mechanical and un-natural, the Pax Britannica will give us an absence of war, but not a fulness of life. That is to say, the English will not be in union with the creative genius that is moulding India to its own purpose. The English will be, rather, like a mere labourer carrying materials of all kinds and heaping them up in heaps. This latter is what an English poet has described as 'the white man's burden.'

But is it going to remain a burden for ever? Should there be no joy of creation? It is the Creator who has called the West to India. If the English cannot partake in His creative work, then the hot desert path of the 'land of regrets' will be strewn with their graves, and yet they will have to bear the burden to the end, unrelieved. If they not contribute their life to Indian history; if, instead, their work India becomes a mere matter of duty and routine; then they will make the divine spirit of our Motherland suffer, and they will suffer themselves.

Therefore, the problem of history in India is not to throw off England, but to make England's relation to ourselves living

and natural.

Up till now, Hindus, Muhammadans and other races in India have been unconsciously shaping the destiny of our country. But since the arrival of the English we have become conscious of the part we are to play, and our own will is now about to take its share in the moulding process. The two wills may clash. There is the danger of conflict between them. But those of us, who know the great purpose of our own history, can remain undisturbed. In

all these conflicts of wills we must have faith, and try our best to bring harmony out of the very throes of division.

We want Englishmen: otherwise Indian History will remain incomplete,—its purpose unfulfilled. And because we want Englishmen, we must have entrance into their hearts, not merely to their office rooms.

But if we allow Englishmen to go on despising us and treating us with contempt, then we shall never win their hearts. We must claim respect from them. And, at such a time as this, we shall not turn the other cheek when struck by the Principal of a Mission College.

Where, then, can the relation between the English and the Indians be absolutely simple and natural? Not in the trade

markets; not in the political arena.

The best place is in the Universities, where knowledge is imparted. For ideas unfold hearts. And when hearts are open, then comes the best opportunity for reaching them.

This great opportunity of closer intimacy existed in our own University. Here the Englishman could find a seat waiting for him that was greater than a throne. It is when we see such opportunities wasted, that we feel a pang of regret.

That this loss has been brought about by the students only, I, for one, cannot believe. I know our students intimately. They differ from Western undergraduates in this, that they are eager to worship their teacher and their hearts are extremely easy to win.

This was the reason why I always wanted to have some English teachers for my own school at Bolpur. Years ago, I had one, an Englishman, who had grown sour in the atmosphere of India, and accumulated a superfluity of spleen. He used to revile the boys about their nationality. He could not but hold them responsible for having been born of Bengali parents. And though the boys were quite young; they struck, and would not go to his class. Even the headmaster's orders proved ineffective to bring them back. Then I was compelled to step in and relieve 'the white man's burden.'

But I never gave up hope, and my expectation has been fulfilled. My Ashram has become sacred by the communion of English teachers and Indian boys. This sacred union, for which God has been

waiting in India for so long, has put forth one little flower in one corner of India's vast expanse. The two English teachers who have come to me, not for preaching their own religion, nor for raising the fallen, have no presumptuous thought that they had their birth in this world to 'civilise the barbarian.' But they, like their Master, have spread their arms to the children, saying, 'Suffer the children to come,'—though they are Bengali children. And the children did not hesitate for a moment to draw near,—though they were Englishmen.

This I can say truly, the pure relation of love, which has been established between these boys and their English teachers, shall abide. And these boys will not enter upon life with their hearts filled with the poison of hatred against the English.

That first English teacher, who had come to me, was a very efficient and experienced teacher. It he had continued in my school, the boys might have acquired perfect English pronunciation and grammar. That might have tempted me to compel the boys by punishments to come to his class, and I might perhaps have persuaded myself to believe, that, however unjust and rude he might be, it was the duty of the children to submit in silence. Possibly, for some days, they would have felt miserable, and then, what is worse, after a time they would have grown callous and indifferent, -while their English accent would have been growing more and more perfect. But these little children,—have they not God on their side? Are we called upon to take the part of Providence in their lives, just because our hair has grown gray? Could I hope to meet God's judgment,—on the strength of a perfect English accent?

The real reason why the relation between European Professors and Indian students has become so difficult was revealed to me one day in England, when I was travelling in a railway carriage. My fellow-traveller, an Englishman, was at first favourably attracted by my appearance, so much so that he thought,—and took the thought with equanimity,—that I had come to England to preach some better religion. Suddenly he felt curiosity to ask me, from what part of India I had come. And when he was informed by me, that I came from Bengal, it seemed to give him a great shock. Then his vocabulary showed an amazing richness in its terms of vilifica-

tion of the whole Bengali people.

When, for some reason or other, we happen to get a dislike for some race of people other than our own, then every person belonging to that race becomes to us a mere abstraction. To my fellow-passenger I lost my personality directly he heard that I was a Bengali. After that information I became merely an objectionable quality. And with a mere emblem of an abstract quality there is no need to preserve even ordinary politeness.

There was a time when Englishmen did not like the Russians. Then the Russian became a mere adjective to the Englishman, the symbol of something objectionable. But, now, in the English newspapers we hear nothing but praise of the Russians. The fact is that, directly you remove a man from the category of the adjective to the category of the noun, then at once all his human qualities become evident and obstacles to natural treatment are removed.

Because the Bengalis have become a mere adjective to the Englishman, signifying dislike, it has become difficult for the latter to feel our reality. I had hoped that Bengali youths might have been taken as volunteers to serve in this present war. If we could sacrifice our lives,—so I thought,—in the same cause with the English soldiers, we should at once become real to them, and claim fairness at their hands ever after.

But that opportunity has been refused, and we still remain behind the screen of vagueness. And man suspects vagueness. In Bengal, I do not know a single individual Bengali, who is not labouring under this suspicion in some form or another at the hands of the higher authorities. In this twilight of suspicion the shadows seem to take the semblance of substance and the substance that of shadows, and misunderstandings multiply fast and frequent.

But can this darkness be removed by raising dust with more and more punishment? Is not *light* needed more than anything else,—the light of love, the light of sympathy, to see each other's faces and understand? Is not this the proper time, when it behoves all Principals of Christian Colleges to remember

the life and teaching of their Master? And is not 'charity' described to us as the 'greatest thing in the world'? The shadows of misunderstanding, which distort truth, can only be removed by those who are above us in position. Only the sun can dispel the mist. Those who advise the higher powers to hurl thunder from the skies when rain is needed, are not only showing a lack of generosity, but also giving evidence of cowardice. Because most of the tyrannies of this world are the outcome of fear.

In conclusion, I entreat those in authority to bear this in mind, that we could have hoped that the Young Bengal of today might have carried reverence and love world from for 1 nglishmen into the those universities where they had come in touch with their English professors. This would have surely happened if, as gurus, teachers had been able to win their hearts when their hearts were fully susceptible to love. But, on the contrary. if this relation between teacher and student be founded on fear and hate and punishment, then the poison of the disease will be driven from the blood into the very vitals. Distrust of all Englishmen will be transformed into an instinct from one generation to another.

That this will hinder the work of good government is trifling, compared with the evil that will arise by the interruption of free intercourse between the two peoples. For this will deprive us of the best gifts we might have received from the West. When the act of giving is accompanied with respect, the act of receiving with respect becomes possible also. But when the prisoner sits down to eat with his handcuffs on, it is difficult to persuade him that he is an honoured guest at a festival. And this festival of knowledge is a feast of joy. But those who are for ordering iron hand-cuffs for their guests will to-morrow flatter themselves on their own righteous conduct, and complain that after all their efforts, they have not been able to win the gratitude of these youths, while deep down in their heart of hearts, they are more and more, each day, uttering the prayer,—'Father, do not forgive them.'

which was as follows:-"That this meeting wishes to place on record its feeling of profound sorrow, great regret and heavy loss at the death of one of its distinguished Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Jamnabai N. B. Sakkai. The deceased was connected with the Society from its very beginning up to the time of her death and during that period not only rendered disinterested. self-vacrificing, exemplary and invaluable services to the Society, but also freely helped it with her purse. Her life-long work was to relieve distress and uplift the women of India and in her they have lost a sincere friend and a staunch supporter." The Jain Community has also passed a resolution of condo-lence, in appreciation of Mrs. Sakkai's services in furthering the progress of education among the women of the Jain community and resolved to keep an enlargement of Mrs. Sakkai's photograph in the Jain Ladies' Institution. The deceased was connected not only with these institutions but also with several others. All these she helped both by her personal labours and the free use of her purse. Mrs. Sakkai throughout her life remained a staunch Hindoo and did her utmost in all possible ways to help forward the cause of ideal womanhood in India. . Her exemplary character, her public spirit and her numerous but unostentatious deeds of charity proved a potent force in furthering the cause of the eman-cipation of Indian women in general and Hindoo women in particular. Mrs. Sakkai, unlike many women in particular. Hindoo widows and in enlightened response to her husband's last desire, took an active part in the philanthropic and other public activities of our city. Duty was Mrs. Sakkai's watchword and she discharged the same with fearless devotion but without courting public applause. She was a familiar figure on many a platform in Bombay. By her death our city and our country has lost a remarkable Hindu lady. Her nobility was shown by her many good deeds and is further demonstrated by the way in which she has bequeathed a portion of her wealth by her last will and testament. The discriminating and broad-minded spirit in which Mrs. Sakkai has distributed a sum of Rs. 18,000 for various deserving philanthropic institutions of our country shows in an unmistakable manner Mrs. Sakkai's catholic outlook

Mrs. Sakkai's noble, unselfish and strenuous life ought to be a source of inspiration to Indian women all over the

country. In Bengal and other parts of the country particularly, where Hindu orthodoxy is wrongly held to be synonymous, among other things, with the immurement of women within the four walls of the Zenana and where the Hindu ideal of womanhood is supposed to require that woman should do nothing more than cooking, sweeping, scrubbing and nursing in her home (which are certainly not derogatory), the activities of Mrs. Sakkai be widely known. When her biography is published, we hope her relafriends and admirers will get it translated into Hindi and Bengali.

Raising of College Fees in the Central Provinces.

. By a Government order College fees have been raised in the Central Provinces. It is well-known that owing to the steadily rising high prices of the necessaries of life. the cost of living has enormously increased, without a corresponding increase in the incomes of the people. Educa-tion has not made sufficient progress in any part of India,-certainly not in the Central Provinces. Government ought to make it easier for people to educate their sons and daughters. But we find instead a contrary policy adopted. British offi. cials in India seem to think that it is like an incontrovertible and invariable law of nature that education ought to be paid for adequately by its recipients. They wil-fully ignore the fact that elementary education is free in almost all civilized countries, that secondary education, too, is free in many, and that even university education is free in the State Universities of the United States of America, and probably somewhere else too.

A PRAYER

Keep me at your door ever attending to your wishes,
and let me go about in your kingdom accepting your call.

Let me not sink in the depth of languor,
Let not my life be worn to tatters by penury of waste,
Let not doubts encompass me,—the dust of distractions,
Let me not pursue many paths to gather many things,
Let me not bend my heart to the yoke of the many,
Let me hold my head high in the fearless pride of being your servant.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

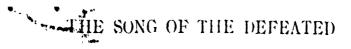
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∴ WHOLE No. 118



My Master has asked of me to stand at the roadside of retreat and sing the song of the Defeated,

for she is the bride whom He woos in secret.

She has put on the dark veil, hiding her face from the crowd, the jewel glowing in her breast in the dark.

She is forsaken of the day, and God's night is waiting for her with its lamps lighted and flowers wet with dew.

She is silent with her eyes downcast;

she has left her home behind her, from where comes the wailing in the wind.

But the stars are singing the lovesong of the eternal to her whose face is sweet with shame and suffering. The door has been opened in the lonely chamber, the call has come,

and the heart of the darkness throbs with the awe of the expectant tryst.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

MY REMINISCENCES

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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(30) Evening Songs.

N the state of being confined within myself, of which I have been telling, I wrote a number of poems which have been grouped together, under the description of the Heart-Wilderness, in Mohita Babu's edition of my works. In one of the poems

subsequently published in a volume called Morning Songs, the following lines occur:

There is a vast wilderness whose name is *Heart*; Whose interlacing forest branches dandle and rock darkness like an infant.

I lost my way in its depths?
from which came the idea of the title of this group of poems.

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WHOLE No 125

GIRIBALA

BY SIR RABINDRA LATH TAGORF

Translated by the Author

IRIBALA is overflowing with exuber ance of youth that seems spilling over in spray all around her -in the folds of her soft dress the turning of her neck the motion of her hands in the rhithm of her steps now quick now languid in her tinkling anklets and ringing laughter in her voice and glances She would often been seen wrapt in a blue silk walking on her terrace in an impulse of unaccountable restlessness Her limbs seem eager to dance to the time of an inner music unceas ing and unheard She takes pleasure in merely moving her body crusing ripples to break out in the flood of her young life She would suddenly pluck a leaf from a plant in the flower pot and throw it up in the sky and her bangles would give a sudden tinkle and the careless grace of her hand like a bird freed from its cage would fly unseen in the air With her swift fingers she would brush away from her dress a mere nothing standing on tiptoe she would peep over her terrice walls for no cause whatever, and then with a rapid motion turn round to go to another direc tion swinging her bunch of keys tied to a corner of her garment She would loosen her hair in an untimely caprice sitting before her mirror to do it up again and then in a fit of laziness would fling herself upon her bed like a line of stray moon light slipping through some open ug of the leaves idling in the shadon

She has no children and having been married in a wealthy family has very little work to do. Thus she seems to be daily accumulating her own self without expenditure till the vessel is brimming over with the seething surplus. She has her husband, but not under her control. She has grown up from a girl into a woman yet escaping through familiarity her husband's notice.

When she was newly married and her husband Gopinath was attending his college he would often play the truant and under cover of the midday siesta of his elders secretly come to make love to furbala. Though they hied under the same roof he would create occasions to send her letters on tinted paper perfumed with rosewater, and would even gloat upon some exaggerated grievances of imaginary neglect of love.

Just then his father died and he became the sole owner of his property. Like an inseasoned piece of timber—the immature outh of Gopinath attracted parasites which began to bore into his substance from now his movements—took the course that led him in a contrary—direction from his wife

There is a dangerous fascination to be leaders of men to which many strong hunds have succumbed. To be accepted as the leader of a small circle of sycophants in his own parlour has the same fearful attraction for a man who suffers from a scarcity of brains and character. Sopinath assumed the part of a hero among his friends and acquaintances and tried daily to invent new wonders in all nanner of extravagance. He won a reputation among his followers for his audacity of excesses which goaded him not bully to keep up his fame, but to surpass himself at all costs.

In the meanwhile Giribala in the seclusion of her lonely youth felt like a queen who had her throne but no subjects. She knew she had the power in her hand which could make the world of men her captive, only that world itself was wanting

Simbala has a maidservant whose name is Sudha. She can sing and dance and improvise verses and she freely gives ex-

pression to her regret that such a beauty as that of her mistress should be dedicated to a fool who forgets to enjoy what he owns Giribala is never tired of hearing from her the details of her charms while at the same time contradicting her, calling her a lar and a flatterer, exciting her to swear by all that is sacred that she is earnest in her admiration, which state ment even without the accompaniment of a solemn oath is not difficult for Giribala to believe

Sudha used to sing to her a song begin ning with the line. Let me write myself a slave upon the soles of thy feet ' and Giribala in her imagination could feel that her beautiful feet were fully worthy of bearing inscriptions of everlasting slavery from conquered hearts, if only they could be free in their career of conquest

But the woman to whom her husband Gopinath has surrendered himself as a slave is Lavinga the actress who has the reputation of playing to perfection the part of a maiden languishing in hope less love and swooning on the stage with an exquisite naturalness When her hus band had not altogether vanished from her sphere of influence, Giribala had often heard from him about the wonderful his trionic powers of this woman and in her jealous curiosity had greatly desired to see Lavanga on the stage But she could not secure her husband s consent, because Gopinath was firm in his opinion that the theatre was a place not fit for any decent woman to visit

At last she paid for a seat and sent Sudha to see this famous actress in one of her best parts. The account that she received from her on her return was far from flattering to Lavanga both as to her personal appearance and her stage accomplishments. As, for obvious reasons, she had great faith in Sudha's power of appreciation, where it was due, Giribala did not hesitate to believe her in her description of Lavanga, which was accompanied by a mimicry of a ludicrous mannerism.

When at last her husband descried her in his infatuation for this woman, she began to feel qualms of doubt. But as Sudha repeatedly asserted her former opinion with ever greater vehemence, comparing Layanga to a piece of burnt log dressed up in a woman's clothes, Giribala

determined secretly to go to the theatre herself and settle this question for good

And she did go there one night with all the excitement of a forbidden entry. Her very trepidation of heart lent a special charm to what she saw. She gazed at the faces of the spectators lit up with an unnatural shine of lamplight, and, with the magic of its music and the painted can vas of its scenery, the theatre seemed to her like a world where society was suddenly freed from its law of gravitation.

Coming from her walled up terrace and joyless home, she had entered a region where dreams and reality had clasped their hands in friendship, over the wine cup of

The bell rang the orchestra music stopped, the audience sat still in their sears, the stage lights shone brighter, and the curtain was drawn up Suddenly appeared in the light, from the mystery of the unseen the shepherd girls of the Vrinda forest, and with the accompaniment of songs commenced their dance, punctuated with the uproarious applause of the audience. The blood began to throball over Giribalas body, and she forgot for the moment that her life was limited to her circumstances and that she was not free in a world where all laws had inelted in music.

Sudha came occasionally to interrupt her with her anxious whispers urging her to hasten back home for the fear of being detected. But she paid no heed to her warning for her sense of fear had gone

The play goes on Krishna has given offence to his beloved Radha and she in her wounded pride refuses to recognise him. He is entreating her, abasing himself at her feet but in vain Giribala's heart seems to swell. She imagines herself as the offended Radha, and feels that she also has in her this woman's power to vindicate her pride. She had heard, what a force was woman's beauty in the world, but to night it became to her palpable.

At last the curtain dropped, the light grew dim, the audience got ready to leave the theatre but Giribala sat still like one in a dream. The thought that she would have to go home had vanished from her mind. She waited for the curtain to rise again and the eternal theme of Krishua's humiliation at the feet of Radha to continue. But Sudha came to remind her that

the play had ended and the lamps would

soon be put out

It was late when Giribala came back home. I kerosene lamp was dimly burn ing in the melancholy solitude and silence of her room. Near the window upon her lonely bed a mosquito curtain was gently moving in the breeze. Her world seemed to her distasteful and mean like a rotten fruit

swept into the dustbin

regularly visited the From now she Stheatre every Saturday The fascination of her first sight of it lost much of its glamour The painted julgarity actresses and the falseness of their affecta tion became more and more evident yet the habit grew upon her Every time the curtum rose the window of her life s pri son house seemed to open before her and the stage bordered off from the world of freality by its gilded frame and scenic display, by its array of lights and even its flimsiness of conventionalism appeared to her like a fairyland where it was not impossible for herself to occupy the throne of the fairy queen

When for the first time she saw her hus band among the audience shouting his drunken admiration for a certain actress she felt an intense disgust and prayed in her mind that a day might come when she might have an opportunity to spurn him away with her contempt. But the opportunity became rarer every day for Gopi nath was hardly ever to be seen at his home now being carried away one linew not where in the centre of a dust storm

of dissipation

One evening in the month of March in the light of the full moon Giribala was sitting on her terrace dressed in her cream coloured robe. It was her habit daily to deck herself with jewellers as if for some For these costly gems festive occasion were like wine to her-they sent heightened consciousness of beauty to her limbs she felt like a plant in spring tingling with the impulse of flowers in all its branches. She wore a pair of diamond bracelets on her arms a necklace of rubies and pearls on her neck and a ring with a big sapphire on the little finger of her left hand Sudha was sitting near her bare feet admiringly touching them with her hand and expressing her wish that she were a man privi leged to offer her life as homage to such a prir of feet

Sudha gently hummed a lovesong to her

and the evening wore on to night Every body in the household had finished their evening meal and gone to sleep. When suddenly Gopinath appeared recking with scent and liquor and Sudha drawing her cloth end over her face, hastily ran away from the terrace.

Giribala thought for a moment that her day had come at last. She turned away

her face and sat silent

But the curtain in her stage did not rise and no song of entreaty came from her hero with the words—

Listen to the pleading of the moon

light my love and hide not thy face'

In his dry unmusical voice Gopinath

said Give me your beys

A gust of south wind like a sigh of the insulted romance of the poetic world scat tered all over the terrace the smell of the night blooming jasmines and loosened some wisp of hair on Giribala's cheek. She let go her pride and got up and said

You shall have your keys if you listen to

what I have to say

Gopinath said I cannot delay Give

me your keys

Ginbala said I will give you the keys and everything that is in the safe but you must not leave me

Gopinath said That cannot be I have

urgent business

Then you shan t have the keys' said

Giribala

Gopinath began to search for them. He opened the drawers of the dressing table, broke open the lid of the box that contain ed Giribala stoilet requisites smashed the glass panes of her almirah groped under the pillows and mattress of the bed but the keys he could not find. Giribala stood near the door stiff and silent like a marble image gazing at vacancy. Trembling with rage Gopinath came to her and said with an angry grow! Give me your keys or you will repent.

Giribala did not answer and Gopinath pinning her to the wall snatched away by force her bracelets necklace and ring and, giving ler a parting kick went away

Nobody in the house woke up from his sleep none in the neighbourhood knew of this outrace the moonlight remained placed and the peace of the night undisturbed. Hearts can be rent never to heal again amidst sich serene silence.

The next morning Giribala said she was going to see her father and left home. As a

Gopinath's present destination was not known and she was not responsible to anybody else in the house her absence was not noticed

The new play of 'Unnorama was on rehearsal in the theatre where Gopinath was a constant visitor Lavangi was practising for the part of the heroine Manorama and Gopinath sitting in the front scat with his rabble of followers would vociferously encourage his favourite actress with his approbation. This greatly disturbed the rehearsal but the proprietors of the theatre did not dare to annoy their patron of whose undictiveness they were afrud But one day he went so far as to molest an actress in the greenroom and he had to be turned away by the aid of the police

Gopinath determined to take his re venge—and when after a great deal of preparation and shricking advertisements the new play Manorama was about to be produced Gopinath took away the principal actress Lavanga with him and disappeared It was a great shock to the manager who had to postpone the opening night and getting hold of a new actress taught her the part and brought out the play before the public with considerable

misgivings in his mind

But the success was as unexpected as it was unprecedented When its news reached Gopinath he could not resist his curiosity to come and see the performance

The play opens with Manorama hing in her husbands house neglected an i

hardly noticed Near the end of the drama her husband deserts her and concealing his first marriage manages to marry ? milhonaire's daughter. When the wed ding ceremony is over and the bridal acid is raised from her face she is discovered to be the same Manorama only no longer the former drudge but queenly in her beauty and splendour of dress and orna In her infancy she had been ments brought up in a poor home being kidnap ped from the house of her rich father who having traced her to her husbands home, has brought her back to him and cele brates her marriage once again in a

fitting manner

In the concluding scene when the hus band is going through his period of peni tence and humiliation as is fit in a play which has its moral a sudden disturbance arose among the audience So long as Manorama appeared obscured in position of drudgery Copinath showed no sign of perturbation But when after the wedding ceremony she came out dressed in her red bridal robe and took her veil when with a majestic pride of her overwhelming beauty she turned her face towards the audience and slightly bend ing her neck shot a fiery glance of exul tation at Gopioath applause broke out in wave after wave and the enthusiasm of the spectators became unbounded

Suddenly Gopinath cried out in a thick and like a madman Giribala tried to rush upon the stage The audi ence shouted Turn him out the police came to drag him away and he struggled and screamed I will kill her' while the

curtain dropped

LLTTLRS

EXTRACTS I ROU OLD LETTLES OF RABINDRANATH TAGORI

(Specially Translated for the Modern Review)

(All rubis r served)

43

Shehdah 6th January 1892 It is past the meeting point of day and

ight When I was living in this boat in the weather I would sit by the window

all lights out in silent repose and with my thoughts ranged round me in entrancing shapes stay up till late in the night in an ecstacy of delight

But my mind does not feel the same freedom these cold weather evenings cooped up in this lamp lit wooden hole With

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WHOLE No 126

THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN

By SIR RADINDRINATH TACORT

NE morning the whole world looked up in surprise, when Japan broke through her walls of old habits in a night and came out triumphant. It was done in such an incredibly short time, that it seemed like a change of dress and not like the slow building up of a new struc ture She showed the confident strength of maturity and the freshness and infinite potentiality of new life at the same The fear was entertained that it was a mere frenk of history, a child's game of Time, the blowing up of a soap bubble, perfect in its rondure and colour ing, hollow in its heart and without substance But Japan has proved conclusively that this sudden revealment of her power is not a shortlived wonder, a chance product of time and tide, thrown up from the depth of obscurity to be swept away the next moment into the sea of oblivion

The truth is that Japan is old and new at the same time She has her legacy of , ancient culture from the East,—the culture that enjoins man to look for his true wealth and power in his inner soul, the culture that gives self possession in the face of loss and danger, self sacrifice with out counting the cost or hoping for gain defiance of death, acceptance of countless social obligations that we owe to man as a social being,-the culture that has given us the vision of the infinite in all finite things, through which we have come to realise that the universe is living with a life and permeated with a soul, that it is not a huge machine which had been turned yout by a demon of accidence or frahioned by a teleological God who lives in a far away heaven In a word modern Japan has come out of the immemorial East like a lotus blossoming in an easy grace, all

the while keeping its firm hold upon the profound depth from which it has sprung

And Japan, the child of the Ancient East, has also fearlessly claimed all the gifts of the modern age for herself She has shewn her bold spirit in breaking through the confinements of habits, useless accumulations of the lazy mind, seeking safety in its thrift and its lock and keys Thus she has come in contact with the living time and has accepted with an amazing eagerness and aptitude the res ponsibilities of modern civilisation

This it is which has given heart to the rest of Asia We have seen that the life and the strength are there in us, only the dead crust has to be removed, that we must nakedly take our plunge into the youth giving stream of the time flood We have seen that taking shelter in the dead is death itself, and only taking all the risk of life to the fullest extent is living

Japan has taught us that we must learn the natchword of the age, in which we live, and answer has to be given to the sentinel of time, if we must escape annihilation Japan has sent forth her word over Asia, that the old seed has the life germ in it, only it has to be planted in

the soil of the new age

I, for myself cannot believe that Japan has become what she is by imitating the West We cannot imitate life, we cannot simulate strength for long, nay, what is more, a mere imitation is a source weakness For it hampers our true nature, it is always in our way It is like dressing our skeleton with another man's skin, giving rise to eternal fends between the skin and the bones at every movement

I have not had the opportunity of coming into intimate touch with Japan and forming my own opinion of what she

the heart to the soul of the world is not confined to a section of your privileged classes it is not the forced product of exo tic culture, but it belongs to all your men and women of all conditions This ex perience of your soul in meeting a per sonality in the heart of the world, has been embodied in your civilisation lisation of human relationship Lour duty towar is your state has naturally assumed the character of filial duty your nation becoming one family with your I mperor been evolved from the comra leship of arms for defensive and offensive purposes or from partnership in raiding adventures dividing among each memb r the danger and spoils of robbery. It is not an out come of the necessity of organisation for some ulterior purpose but it is an exten sion of the family and the obligations of the heart in a wide field of space and time

And this has made me all the more apprehensive of the change which threat ens Japanese civilisation as something like a menace to one sown person. For the huge heterogeneity of the modern age whose only common bond is usefulness is nowhere so pitifully exposed against the dignity and hidden power of reticent

beauty as in Japan

But the danger hes in this that organis ed uglicess storm the mind and carries the day by its mass by its aggressive persistence by its power of mockery directed against the deeper sentiments of heart. Its harsh obtrusiveness makes it forcibly visible to us overcoming our senses—and we bring to its altar sacrifices as does a savage to the fetish which appears power ful because of its hideousness. Therefore its rivalry to things that are modest and profound and have the subtle delicacy of life is to be dreaded.

I am quite sure that there are men in your nation who are not in sympathy with your national ideals whose object is corgun, and not taken your They are found in their boast that they have modernised Japan. While I agree with them so far as to say that the spirit of the race should harmonise with the spirit of the time. I must warn them that modernising is a mere affectation of modernism just as affectation of poesy is poetising. It is nothing but mimicry—only affectation is louder than the original and it is too literal. One must bear in mind that those who have

the true modern spirit need not modernise just as those who are truly brave are not braggarts Modernism is not in the dress of the Luropeans, or in the ludeous struc tures where their children are interned when they take their lessons, or in the square houses with flat straight wall sur faces, pierced with parallel lines of win dows where these people are eaged in their lifetime, certainly modernism is not in their ladies bonnets carrying on them These are not loads of incongruities but merely European modernism is freedom of mind, not slavery of taste It is independence of thought and not tutelage under Puropean asters. It is science but not its action school masters wrong application in life,-1 mere imita tion of our science teachers who reduce it into a superstition absurdly invoking its aid for all impossible purposes

I do not for a moment suggest, that Japan should be unmindful of acquiring modern weapons of self protection. But this should never be allowed to go beyond her instinct of self preservation. She must know that the real power is not in the weapons themselves but in the man who wields those weapons, and when he, in his eagerness for power, multiplies his weapons at the cost of his own soul, then it is he who is in even greater danger, than

his encmies

Things that are living are so easily therefore they require protection hurt life protects itself within In nature coverings which are built with life s own material Therefore they are in harmony with life s growth or else when the time comes they easily give way and are The living man has his true forgotten protection in his spiritual ideals which have their vital connection with his life and grow with his growth But un fortunately, all his armour is not living some of it is made of steel mert and mechanical Therefore while making use of it man'nas to be careful to protect himself from its tyranny If he is weak enough to grow smaller to fit himself to his covering then it becomes a process of gradual suicide by shrinkage of the soul Japan must have a firm faith in the moral law of existence to be able to assert to herself that the Western nations are following that path of suicide where they are smothering their humanity under the immense weight of organisations in order

to keep themselves in power and hold

others in subjection

Therefore I cannot think that the imitation of the outward aspects of the West, which is becoming more and more evident in modern Japan, is essential to her strength or stability. It is burdening her true nature and causing weakness, which will be felt more deeply as time goes The habits, which are being formed by the modern Japanese from their boy hood,—the habits of the Western life, the habits of the alien culture,-will prove, one day, a serious obstacle to the understand ing of their own true nature And then if the children of Japan forget their past, if they stand as barriers choking the stream that flows from the mountain peak of their ancient history, their future will be deprived of the water of life that has made her culture so fertile with richness of

beauty and strength

What is still more dangerous for Japan is not this imitation of the outer features of the West, but the acceptance of the motive force of the Western civilisation as her own Her social ideals are already showing signs of defeat at the hands of politics, and her modern tendency seems to incline towards political gambling in which the players stake their souls to I can see her motto. win their game taken from science, "Survival of the lit test," writ large at the entrance of her present day history—the motto whose meaning is, "Help yourself, and never heed what it costs to others" the motto of the blind man, who only believes in what he can touch, because he cannot see But those who can see, know that men are so closely knit, that when you strike others the blow comes back to yourself The moral law, which is the greatest his covery of man, is the discovery of this wonderful truth, that man becomes all the truer, the more he realises himself This truth has not only a sub jective value, but is manifested in every department of our life And nations, who sedulously cultivate moral blindness as the cult of patriotism, will end their existence in a sudden and violent death ages we had foreign invasions, there had been cruelty and bloodshed, intrigues of jealousy and avarice, but they never touch ed the soul of the people deeply, for the people, as a body, never participated in these games They were merely the out

come of individual ambitions The people themselves being free from the respon sibilities of the baser and more hemous side of those adventures, had all the advantage of the heroic and the human dis ciplines derived from them This develop ed their unflinching loyalty, their single minded devotion to the obligations of honour, their power of complete self surrender and fearless acceptance of death and danger Therefore the ideals, whose seats were in the hearts of the people, would not undergo any serious change owing to the policies adopted by the kings or generals But now, where the spirit of the Western civilisation prevails, the whole people is being trught from boyhood, to foster hatreds and ambitions by all kinds of means -by the manufacture of half truths and untruths in history, by persistent misrepresentation of other races and the culture of unfavourable sentiments towards them by setting up memorials of events, very often false, which for the sake of humanity should be speedily forgotten. thus continually brewing evil menace towards neighbours and nations other than their own This is poisoning the very fountain head of humanity It is discredit ing the ideals, which were born of the lives of men, who were our greatest and best It is holding up gigantic selfishness as the one universal religion for all nations of the world We can take anything else from the hands of science but not this elixir of moral death Never think for a moment, that the hurts you inflict upon other races will not infect you, and the enmities you sow around your homes will be a wall of protection to you for all time to come To imbue the minds of a whole people with an abnormal vanity of its own superiority, to teach it to take pride in its moral callousness and ill begotten wealth, to perpetuate humiliation of de feated nations by exhibiting trophies won from war, and using these in schools in order to breed in children's minds con tempt for others, is imitating the West where she has a festering sore, whose swelling is a swelling of disease eating into its vitality Our food crops, which are necessary for

our sustenance, are products of centuries of selection and care But the vegetation. which we have not to transform into our lives does not require the patient thoughts of generations It is not easy to get rid

of weeds, but it is easy, by process of neglect, to ruin your food crops and let them revert to their primitive state of wildness Likewise the culture, which has so kindly adapted itself to your soil,-so intimate with life, so human,-not only needed tilling and weeding in past ages but still needs anxious work and watch What is merely modern -as science and methods of organisation -can be transplanted, but what is vitally human has fibres so delicate, and roots so numer ous and far reaching that it dies when moved from its soil Therefore I am afraid of the rude pressure of the political ideals of the West upon your own In political civilisation, the state is an abstraction and relationship of men utilitarian cause it has no roots in sentiments it is so dangerously easy to handle century has been enough for you to master this machine and there are men among you, whose fondness for it exceeds their love for the living ide ils which were born with the birth of your nation and nursed in your centuries. It is like a child, who in the excitement of his play imagines he likes his playthings better than lis mother

Where man is at his greatest he is un conscious Your civilisation, whose main spring is the bond of human relationship, has been nourished in the depth of a healthy life beyond reach of prying self But a mere political relation ship is all conscious, it is an eruptive in flammation of aggressiveness It has forcibly burst upon your notice. And the time has come when you have to be rous ed into full consciousness of the truth by which you live so that you may not be taken unawares The past has been God s gift to you, about the present, you must

make your own choice

So the questions you have to put to yourselves are these,-"Have we read the world wrong, and based our relation to it upon an ignorance of human nature? Is the instinct of the West right, where she builds her national welfare behind the barrierde of a universal distrust of hu

you must have detected a strong accent he possibility of the rise of an Fastein ace The reason of it is this that the oner, by whose help she thrives is an I power so long as it is held on her

own side she can be safe, while the rest of the world trembles The vital ambition of the present civilisation of Lurope is to have the exclusive possession of the deril All her armaments and diplomacy are directed upon this one object. But these costly rituals for invocation of the evil spirit lead through a path of prosperity to The furies of the brink of cataclysm terror, which the West has let loose upon God s world, come back to threaten herself and goad her into preparations of more and more frightfulness, this gives her no rest and makes her forget all else but the perils that she causes to others and incurs herself. To the worship of this dev of politics she sacrifices other countrie. Its victims She feeds upon their of imita and grows fat upon it, so Johg as the carcasses remain fresh -but they are sure to rot at last, and the dead will take their revenge by spreading pollution far and wide and poisoning the vitality of the feeder Japan had all her wealth of feeder humanity, her harmony of heroism and beauty, her depth of self-control and richness of self-expression, yet the Western nations felt no respect for her, till she proved that the bloodhounds of Satan are not only bred in the kennels of Europe, but can also be domesticated in Japan and fed with man's miseries They admit Japan's equality with themselves, only when they know that Japan also possesses the key to open the floodgate of hell fire upon the fair earth, whenever she chooses, and can dance, in their own measure, the devil dance of pillage, murder, and ravishment of innocent women while the world goes to ruin We know that, in the early stage of man's moral immaturity, he only feels reverence for the god whose malevolence he dreads. But is this the ideal of manwhich we can look up to with pride? After centuries of civilisation nations fearing each other like the prowling wild beasts of the night time, shutting their doors of hospitality, combining only for purpose of aggression or defence, hiding in their holes their trade secrets, state secrets, secrets of their armaments, making peace offerings to the barking dogs of each other with the meat which does not belong 1 to them holding down fallen races struggling to stand upon their feet, counting their sifet; only upon the feebleness of the rest of humanity, with their right lands dispensing religion to weaker

peoples, while robbing them with their left,—is there anything in this to make us envious? Are we to bend our knees to the spirit of this enthertion which is soming broadcast over all the world seeds of fear, greed suspicion, unashamed hes of its diplomacy, and unctuous lies of its profes sion of peace and good will and universal brotherhood of Man? Can we have no doubt in our minds when we rush to the Western mielet to buy this foreign product in exchange for our own inheri truce? I am aware how difficult it is to know one's sell, and the man, who is in toxicated furiously denies his drunken ness, vet the West herself is auxiously thinking of her problems and trying ex periments. But she is like a glutton who has not the heart to give up his intemper ance in eating and fendly chings to the hope that he can cure his nightmares of indigestion by medicine Purope is not ready to give up her political inhumanity with all the baser passions of man atten dant upon it, she believes only in modi fication of systems and not in change of licart

We are willing to buy their machine made systems not with our heart, but We shall try them and with our brains build sheds for them but not enshrine them in our homes or temples. There are races who worship the animals they kill we can buy meat from them when we are hungry, but not the worship which goes with the killing We must not vitiate our children's minds with the superstition that business is business war is war. politics is politics We must know that man's business has to be more than mere business and so have to be his war and politics You had your own industry in Japan, how scrupulously honest and true lou had your own industry in it was you can see by its products -by their grace and strength their conscien tiousness in details where they can hardly be observed But the tidal wave of false hood has swept over your land from that part of the world, where business is busi ness and honesty is followed in it merely as the best policy Have you never felt shame when you see the trade advertise Have you never felt ments not only plastering the whole town muth lies and exaggerations but inviding the green fields where the peasants do their honest labour and the hill tops which greet the first pure light of the morning? It is so easy to dull our sense of honour and delicacy of mind with constant abrasion while falsehoods stalk abroad with proud steps in the name of trade politics and patriotism, that any protest against their perpetual intrusion into our lives is considered to be sentimentalism unworthy of true manliness

And it has come to pass that the chil dren of those heroes who would keep their word at the point of death who would disdain to cheat men for sulgar profit, who even in their fight would much rather court defeat than be dishonourable, have become energetic indealing with falsehoods and do not feel humiliated by grining and this has been advantage from them effected by the charm of the word 'modern' But if undiluted utility be modern beauty is of all ages if mean selfishness be modern the human ideals are no new inventions And we must know for certain that how ever modern may be the proficiency which clips and cripples man for the sake of methods and machines it will never live to be old

But while trying to free our minds from the arrogant claims of Europe and to help ourselves out of the quicksands of our infatuation we may go to the other extreme and blind ourselves with a whole sale suspicion of the West. The reaction of disillusionment is just as unreal as the first shock of illusion We must try to come to that normal state of mind by which we can clearly discern our own danger and avoid it without being unjust towards the source of that danger There is always the natural temptation in us of wishing to pay back Europe in her own coin and return contempt for con tempt and evil for evil But that again would be to imitate Europe in one of her worst features which comes out in her behaviour to people whom she describes as yellon or red, brown or black this is a point on which we in the East have to acknowledge our guilt and own that our sin has been as great, if not greater, when we insulted humanity by treating with utter disdain and cruelty men who belonged to a particular creed colour or caste It is really because ne are afraid of our own weakness which allows itself to be overcome by the sight of power, that we try to substitute for it another weakness which makes itself blind to the glories of the West When we truly know the Europe which is great and good.

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the churning up of the unspeakable filth which has been accumulating for ages in the bottom of this civilisation,—the voice which cries to our soul, that the tower of national selfishness, which goes by the name of patriotism, which has raised its banner of treason against heaven, must totter and fall with a crash, weighed down by its own bulk, its flag kissing the dust, its light extinguished? My brothers, when the red light of conflagration sends pp its crackle of laughter to the stars, keep your faith upon those stars and not upon the fire of destruction. For when this conflagration consumes itself and dies down, leaving its memorial in ashes, the eternal light will again shine in the East,-the East which has been the birth-place of the morning sun of man's history. And who knows if that day has not already dawned, and the sun not risen, in the Easternmost horizon of Asia? And I offer, as did my ancestor rishis, my salutation to that sunrise of the Bast, which is destined once again to illumine the whole world.

I know my voice is too feeble to raise itself above the uproar of this bustling time, and it is easy for any street urchin to fling against me the epithet of 'unpractical.' It will stick to my coat-tail, never to be

washed away, effectively excluding me from the consideration of all respectable persons. I know what a risk one runs from the vigorously athletic crowds to be styled an idealist in these days, when thrones have lost their dignity and prophets have become an anachronism, when the sound that drowns all voices is the noise of the market-place. Yet when, one day, standing on the outskirts of Yokohama town, bristling with its display of modern miscellanies, I watched the sunset in your southern sea, and saw its peace and majesty among your pine-clad hills,with the great Fujiyama growing faint against the golden horizon, like a god overcome with his own radiance,-the music of eternity welled up through the evening silence, and I felt that the sky and the earth and the lyrics of the dawn and the dayfall are with the poets and idealists, and not with the marketsmen robustly contemptuous of all sentiments.that, after the forgetfulness of his own divinity, man will remember again that heaven is always in touch with his world, which can never be abandoned for good to the hounding wolves of the modern era, scenting human blood and howling to the

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EXTRACTS FROM OLD LETTERS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(Specially Translated for the Modern Review).

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(55) On the way to Goalundo, 21st June: 1892.

It surprises me that, though I have so often passed this way and enjoyed the peculiar pleasure there is in floating along netween the two banks of a river, yet a few days on shore makes it impossible to recall it exactly.

on and on, as an endless variety of pictures of sand banks, fields of crops and villages

come into sight on either side, and then pass away; clouds floating in the sky, and the blossoming of colours at the meeting of day and night; boats gliding by, fishermen catching fish, and the liquid, caressing sounds made by the water through the livelong day; in the evening the calming down of the broad expanse of the waters into stillness, like a child lulled to sleep, while all the stars in the boundless open sky keep watch; then, as I sit up on wakeful nights, sleeping banks on both sides, the silence broken only by the occasional cry of a jackal in the woods near a

sting of his conscience. How happy he had been with her! The thought of it was enough to draw a tear from his eye He could not but feel that he was doing Her unselfish love, her a great wrong which was ever eloquent in her eyeseloquent equally in everything she did or said, he remembered He could feel that what he was going to leave he could nowhere have again He thought he would go back to her and tell her that he would soon return and that he was ashamed of his unjust behaviour to her and was sorry But he lacked the moral

courage to go back to her and say it So He thought he must go now, for he was not going to leave her for good, and could come back whenever he liked thinking he mounted his horse which was just then brought in saddled, and was soon off In a minute he dismissed all painful thoughts from his mind, and as he rode on he found himself thinking of Rohini whose beautiful face floated before his mind's eye

End of Part I (To be continued) TRANSLATED BY D C ROY

THE LOST JEHLLS

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

V boat was moored beside an old bathing ghat of the bathing ghat of the river, almost in ruins. The sun had set

On the roof of the boat the boatmen were at their evening prayer Against the bright background of the Western sky their silent worship stood out like a pic The waning light was reflected on the still surface of the river in every dice

A huge house with broken windows, tumble down verandahs and all the ap pearance of old age was in front of me I sat alone on the steps of the ghat which were cracked by the far reaching roots of a banyan tree A feeling of sadness began to come over me, when suddenly I was startled to hear a voice asking

Sir, where have you come from?

I looked up and saw a man who seemed half starved and out of fortune His face had a durpidated look such as is common among my countrymen who take up service away from home His dirty coat of Assam silk was greasy and open at the front. He appeared to be just returning from his day's work and to be taking a walk by the side of the river at a time when he should have been taking his evening meal

The new comer took his seit beside me on the steps I stid in answer to his

question

"I come from Ranchi" What occupation ?' "I am a merchant "

What sort ? '

'A dealer in cocoons and timber "

"What name?

After a moment's hesitation I gave a name but it was not my own

Still the stranger's curiosity was not

sa ried Again he questioned me

I rep cel

"For a change of air"

My cross-evaluater seemed a little as

tonished He said

Well sir I have been enjoying the air of this place for nearly six years and with it I have taken a daily average of fift-grains of quinine, but I have not noticed that I have benefited much "

I replied

'Still you must acknowledge that, after Ranchi, I shall find the air of this place sufficient of a change"

'Yes indeed " said he "More than you bargain for But where will you stay

here?

Pointing to the tumble-down house above the ghat, I said

'There

I think my friend had a suspicion that I had come in search of hidden treasure However he did not pursue the subject. He only began to describe to me what had happened in this ruined building some

fifteen years before

I found that he was the schoolmaster of the place From beneath an enormous bald head his two eyes shone out from their sockets with an unnatural brightness in a face that was thin with hunger and illness

The boatmen having finished their evening prayer turned their attention to their cooking As the last light of the day Inded the dark and empty house stood silent and ghostly above the deserted ghat

The schoolmaster said

Nearly ten years ago when I came to this place Bhusan Saha used to live in this house He was the heir to the large pro perty and business of his uncle Durga Saha who was childless

But he was modernised He had been educated and not only spoke faultless English but actually entered Sahibs offices with his shoes on In addition to that he grew a beard thus he had not the least chance of bettering himself so far as the sahibs were concerned You had only to look at him to see that he was a modern ised Bengali

In his own home too he had another His wife was beautiful his College education on the one hand and on the other his beautiful wife chance was there of his preserving our

good old traditions in his home?

Sir you are certainly a married man so that it is hardly necessary to tell you that the ordinary female is fond of sour green mangoes hot chillies and a stern husband. A man need not necessarily be love but he is sure to be too gentle

If you ask me why this is so I have much to say on this subject for I have thought a good deal about it chooses a hardwood tree on which to sharpen its horns and would get no pleasure in rubbing them against a banana From the very moment that man and woman became separate seres woman has been exercising all her faculties in try ing by various devices to fascinate and bring man under her control The wife of a man who is of his own accord submis sive is altogether out of employment those weapons which she has inherited from her grand mothers of the untold

centuries are useless in her hands force of her tears the fire of her anger and

the snare of her glances lie idle

Under the spell of modern civilisation man has lost the God given power of his barbaric nature and this has loosened the conjugal ties. The unfortunate Bhusan had been turned out of the machine of modern civilisation an absolutely faultless man He was therefore neither successful in business nor in his own home

Mani was Bhusan's wife She used to get her caresses without asking her Dacca muslin saris without tears and her ban gles without being able to pride herself on a victory. In this way her woman's na ture became atrophied and with it her love for her husband She simply accepted things without giving anything in return Her harmless and foolish husband used to imagine that to give is the way to get The fact was just the contrary

The result of this was that Mani looked upon her husband as a mere machine for turning out her Dacca muslins and her bangles—so perfect a machine indeed that never for a single day did she need to oil

its wheels

Bhusan's wife did not talk very much nor did she mix much with her neighbours To feed Brahmans in obedience to a sacred now or to give a few pice to a religious mendicant was not her way In her hands nothing was ever lost whatever she got she saved up most carefully with the one exception of the memory of her husband s caresses The extraordinary thing was that she did not seem to lose the least atom of her youthful beauty People said that whatever her age was she never look ed older than sixteen I suppose youth is best preserved with the aid of the heart that is an ice chest

But as far as work was concerned Manimalika was very effic ent She never kept more servants than were absolutely necessary She thought that to pay wages to anyone to do work which she herself could do was like playing the pickpocket with her own money

Not being anxious about anyone never being distracted by love, always working and saving she was never sick nor sorry

For the majority of husbands this is quite sufficient not only sufficient but fortunate For the loving wife is a wife who make it difficult for her husband to torget her and the fatigue of perpetual

remembrance wears out life s bloom only when a man has lumbago that he becomes conscious of his waist lumbago, in domestic affairs, is to be made conscious, by the constant imposition of love, that you have such a thing as a wife Excessive devotion to her husband may be a merit for the wife, but not comfortable for the husband,—that is my candid opi

I hope I am not tiring you, Sir? I live alone, you see, I am banished from the company of my wife and there are many important social questions which I have leisure to think about but cannot discuss with my pupils In course of conversation you will see how deeply I have thought of

Just as he was speaking some jackals neighbouring began to howl from a thicket The schoolmaster stopped for a moment the torrent of his talk When the sound had ceased and the earth and the water relapsed into a deeper silence he opened his glowing eyes wide in the dark ness of the night and resumed the thread of his story

'Suddenly a tangle occurred in Bhusan s complicated business What exactly hap pened it is not possible for a layman like myself either to understand or to explain Suffice it to say that, for some sudden reason he found it difficult to get credit in the market If only he could, by hook or by crook, raise a lakh and a half of rupees and only for a few days rapidly firsh it before the market, then his credit would be restored and he would be able to sail fur again

So he began to cast about to see whe ther he could not raise a loan But, in that case, he would be bound to give some satisfactory security, and the best security

of all is jewelry

So Bhusan went to his wife But unfor tunately he was not able to face his wife as easily as most men are. His love for her was of that kind which has to tread very carefully, and cannot speak out plainly what is in the mind, it is like the attrac tion of the sun for the earth, which is

rong yet leaves immense space between

them

Still even the hero of a high class romance does sometimes when hard press ed have to mention to his beloved such things as mortgage decds and promissory

notes But words stick, and the time does not seem right, and shrinking of reluctance makes itself felt The unfortunate Bhusan was totally powerless to say, "Look here, I am in need of money, bring out your

jewels "

He did broach the subject to his wife at last, but with such extreme delicacy, that it only titilated her opposition without bending it to his own purpose When Mani set her face hard and said nothing, he was deeply hurt, yet he was incapable of returning the hurt back to her reason was that he had not even a trace of that barbarity, which is the gift of the male If anyone had upbraided him for this, then most probably he would have expressed some such subtle sentiment as the following -

'If my wife, of her own free choice is unwilling to trust me with her jewelry, then I have no right to take them from

her by force '

What I say is has God given to man such ferocity and strength only for him to spend his time in delicate measurement of fine spun ideals?

However that may be, Bhusan, being too proud to touch his wife's jewels went to Calcutta to try some other way of

raising the money

As a general rule in this world the wife knows the husband for better than the husband ever knows the wife, but extreme ly modern men in their subtlety of nature are altogether beyond the range of those unsophisticated instincts which woman kind has acquired through ages men are a new race, and have become as mysterious as women themselves nary men can be divided roughly into three main classes, some of them are barbarians, some are fools and some are blind, but, these modern men do not fit into any of them

So Mant called her counsellor for con sultation Some cousin of hers was or gaged as assistant steward on Bhusan's estate He was not the kind of man to profit himself by dint of hard work, but by help of his position in the family he was able to save his salary, and even a little

Mani called him and told him what had happened She ended up by asking him 'Now what is your advice?

He shook his head wisely and said don't like the look of things at all" The fact is that wise men never like the look of

things

Then he added 'Babu will never be able to raise the money, and in the end he will have to fall back upon that jewelry of

yours'

From what she knew of human nature she thought that this was not only possible, but likely Her anxiety became keener than ever. She had no child to love, and though she had a husband, she was scarcely able to realise his very exist ence. So her blood froze at the very thought that her only object of love—the wealth which like a child had grown from year to year,—was to be in a moment thrown into the bottomless abyss of trade. She gasped 'What then is to be done?"

Modhu said 'Why not take your jewels and go to your father's house" In his heart of hearts he entertained the hope that a portion, and possibly the larger portion, of that jewelry would fall to his

lot

Mani at once agreed It was a rainy night towards the end of summer. At this very ghat a boat was moored Mani wrapped from head to foot in a thick shawl, stepped into the boat. The frogs croaked in the thick darkness of the cloudy dawn. Modhu, waking up from sleep, roused himself from the boat and said 'Give me the box of jewels'

Mani replied 'Not now, afterwards

Non let us start '

The boat started, and floated swiftly down the current. Mani had spent the whole night in covering every part of her body with her ornaments. She was afraid that if she put her jewels into a box they might be snatched away from her hands. But if she wore them on her person then murdering her. Manimalika did not understand Bhusan, it is true, but there was no doubt about her understanding of Modhu

Modhu had written a letter to the chief steward to the effect that he had started to take his mistress to her father's house. The steward was an ancient retainer of Bhusan's father. He was furiously angry, and wrote a lengthy epistle full of misspel hings to his master. Although the letter was weak in its grammar, yet it was forcible in its language and clearly expressed the writer's disapproval of giving too much indulgence to womankind. Bhusan

on receiving it understood what was the motive of Mani's secret departure. What hurt him most was the fact that, in spite of his having given way to the unwilling ness of his wife to part with her jewels, in this time of his desperate straits, his wife should still suspect him

When he ought to have been angry Bhusan was only distressed. God has so arranged it, that man, for the most trifling reason will burst forth in anger like a forest fire, and woman will burst into tears like a rain cloud for no reason at all But the weather cycle seems to have changed, and this appears no longer to

hold good

The husband bent his head and said to himself 'Well, if this is your judgment, let it be so, I will simply do my own duty' Bhusan, who ought to have been born five or six centuries hence, when the world will be moved by psychic forces, was unfortunate enough not only to be born in the nineteenth century, but also to marry a woman who beionged to that eternal primitive age which persists through all time. He did not write a word on the subject to his wife, and determined in his mind that he would never mention it to her again. What an awful penalty'

Ten or twelve days later, having secured the necessary loan Bhusan returned to his home. He imagined that Mani, after completing her mission, had by this time come back from her father shouse. And so he approached the door of the inner apartments, wondering whether his wife would show any signs of shame or peni-

tence for her undeserved suspicion

He found the door shut. Breaking the lock, he entered the room and saw that it

was empty

At first Bimson and not crouble rooms his wife's absence. He thought that if she wanted to come back she would do so. His old steward however came to him and said. 'What good a ill come of taking no notice of it?' You ought to get some news of the mistress.' Acting on this suggestion messengers were sent to Mani's father's house. The news was brought that up to that time neither Mani nor Modhu had turned up there

Then a search began in every direction. Men went along both banks of the river making enquiries. The police were given a description of Modhu but all in vain. They were unable to find out what hone.

they had tal en what boatman they had hired or by what way they had gone

One evening when all hope had been abandoned of ever finding his wife Bhusan entered his deserted bed room. It was the festival of Krishna's birth and it had been raining incessantly from early morning In celebration of the festival there was a fair going on in the village and in a tem porary building a theatrical performance The sound of distant was being held singing could be heard mingling with the Bhusan was sound of pouring rain sitting alone in the darkness at the window there which hangs loose upon its hinges He took no notice of the damp wind the spray of the rain and the sound of the singing On the wall of the room were hanging a couple of p ctures of the goddes ses Lakshmi and Saraswati printed at the on the clothes rank a towel Art Studio and a bodice and a pair of saris were laid corner of the room there was a box con taining betel leave quite enared by Manis own hand but now quite enared by Manis out ready for use On a table in one own hand but now quite enared by Mani's like a lamp just about to go out H's dream broken he realised that there was able In a capboard with a gund uneat able In a capboard with a gund outs de except the patterns of all the whole thing was a dream broken he realised that there was all the whole thing was a dream broken he realised that there was all the whole thing was a dream bottom of coloured glass a sumptuous pack of obstacle he had been cheated of the wonder full realisation of his impossible In a niche there was all the a lamp just about to go out H s dream broken he realised that there was a dream broken he realised that there was a dream broken he realised that there was a like a lamp just about to go out H s dream broken he realised that there was a dream broken he realised that there was a capboard with a capboard wi even empty soap boxes In a niche there was a fix ourite little lamp with its round mas Mani had been in the habit of One who goes away leaving everything empty leaves the imprint of a living heart even on lifeless objects

In the dead of night when the heavy rain had ceased and the songs of the village opera troupe had become silent Bhusan was sitt ng in the same position as before Outside the window there was such an impenetrable darkness that it seemed to him as if the very gates of oblivion were before him reaching to the sky -as if he had only to cry out to be able to recover sight of those things which seemed to have been lost for ever

Just as he was thinking thus the jing ling sound as of ornaments was heard It seemed to be advancing up the steps of the The water of the over and the darkness of the night were indistinguish Thrilling with excitement Bhusan tried to pierce and push through the dark ness with his eager eyes -till they ached

but he could see nothing The more anxious he was to see the denser the darkness became and the more shadowy the outer

The sound reached the top step of the bathing ghat and now began to come towards the house It stopped in front of the door which had been locked by the porter before he went to the fair upon that closed door there fell a rain of jingling blows as if with some ornaments Bhusan was not able to sit still another moment but making his way through " unlighted rooms and down the dark stair case he stood before the closed door was padlocked from the outside so he began to shake it with all his might force with which he shook the door and the sound which he made woke him suddenly He found he had been asleep and in his sleep he had made his way down to the His whole body was door of the house wet with perspiration his hands and feet were my cold and his heart was fluttering

to - This awakening is a dream This world is vain

The festival was continued on the following day and the doorkeeper again had leave Bhusan gave orders that the hall door was to be left open all night

That nght having extinguished the. light Bhusan took his seat at the open window of his bedroom as before sky was dark with rain clouds and there was a silence as of something indefinite and impending The monotonous croaking of the frogs and the sound of the distant songs were not able to break that silence, but only seemed to add an incongruity to it

Late at night the frogs and the crickets and the boys of the opera party became silent and a still deeper darkness fell upon the night It seemed that now the time! had come

Just as on the night before a clattering and jingling sound came from the ghat by the river But this time Bhusan did not look in that direction lest by his over

anxiety and restlessness, his power of sight and hearing should become overwhelmed. He made a supreme effort to

control himself, and sat still

The sound of the ornaments gradually advanced from the ghat and entered the open door. Then it came winding up the spiral staircase which led to the inner apartments. It became difficult for Bhusan to control himself, his heart began to thump wildly and his throat was choking with suppressed excitement. Having reached the head of the spiral stairs the sound came slowly along the verandah towards the door of the room, where it stopped outside with a clanking sound. It was now only just on the other side of the threshold.

Bhusan could contain himself no longer, and his pent up excitement burst forth in one wild cry of, 'Mani', and he sprang up from his chair with lightning rapidity. Thus startled out of his sleep he found that the very window panes were rattling with the vibration of his cry. And outside he could hear the croaking of the frogs.

and patter of rain

Bhusan struck his forehead in despair

Next day the fair broke up, and the stalkeepers and the players' party went away. Bhusan gave orders that no one should sleep in the house that night except

himself

In the evening he took his seat at the window of the empty house. That night there were breaks in the clouds, showing the stars twinkling through the rain washed air. The moon was late in rising, and as the fair was over there was not a single boat on the flooded river. The villagers, tired out by two nights' dissipation, were sound asleep.

on the back of his chair, was gazing up at

the stars

As he watched them they one by one disappeared From the sky above and from the earth beneath screens of darkness met like tired eyelids upon weary eyes. To-night Bhusan's mind was full of peace. He felt certain that the moment had come when his heart's desire would be fulfilled, and that Death would reveal his mysteries it to his devotee.

The sound came from the river ghat just as on the previous nights, and ad vanced up the steps. Bhusan closed his eyes and sat in deep meditation. The

sound reached the empty half. It came winding up the spiral stairs. Then it crossed the long verandah, and paused for a long while at the bedroom door.

Bhusan's heart beat fast, his whole body trembled But this time he did not open his eyes. The sound crossed the threshold. It entered the room. Then it went slowly round the room stop ping before the rack where the clothes were hanging, the niche with its little lamp, the table where the dried betelleaves were lying, the almirah with its various nicknacks, and last of all it came.

and stood close to Bhusan himself

Bhusan opened his eyes He saw by the faint light of the crescent moon that there was a skeleton standing right in front of his chair. It had rings on all its fingers, bracelets on its wrists and armlets on its arms, necklaces on its neck. and a golden tiara on its head —its whole body glittered and sparkled with gold and diamonds The ornaments hung loosely on the limbs but did not fall off dreadful of all was the fact that the two eyes, which shone out from the bony face. were living,-two dark moist ejeballs looking out with a fixed and steady stare from between the long thick eyelashes he looked, his blood froze in its veins tried hard to close his eyes but could not. they remained open staring like those of a dead man

Then the skeleton, fixing its gaze upon the face of the motionless Bhusan, sikntly beckoned with its outstretched hand, the diamond rings on its bony fingers glitter-

ing in the pale moonlight

Bhusan stood up as one who had lost his senses, and followed the skeleton which left the room, its bones and ornaments rattling with a hollow sound verandah was crossed Winding down the pitch dark spiral staircase, the bottom of the stairs was reached Crossing the lower verandah, they entered the empty lampless hall Passing through it, they came out on to the brick pased path of the garden. The bricks crunched under the tread of the bony feet The faint moonlight struggled through the thick networl of branches and the path was difficult to discern. Making their was through the flitting fireflies, which haunted the dark shadon's path, they reached the mergia-

By those very steps, up which the sihad come, the jewelled skeleton vent

step by step, with a stiff gait and hard sound On the swift current of the river, flooded by the heavy rain, a faint streak of

moon light was visible.

The skeleton descended to the river, and Bhusan, following it, placed one foot in the water. The moment he touched the His guide water, he woke with a start was no longer to be seen Only the trees, on the opposite bank of the mer, were standing still and silent, and overhead the half moon was staring as if astonished. Starting from head to foot Bhusan slipped and fell headlong into the river the midst of dreams he had stepped, for a moment only, into the borderland of waking life,-the next moment to be plunged into eternal sleep "

Having finished his story the school-Suddenly, master was silent for a little the moment he stopped, I realised that

except for him the whole world had become For a long time I also silent and still remained speechless, and in the darkness he was unable to see from my face what was its expression

At last he asked me, "Don't you believe

this story?"

l asked, "Do you?"

He said, "No,-and I can give you one In the first place or two reasons why Dame Nature does not write novels, she has enough to do without all that"

I interrupted him and said, "And, in the second place, my name happens to be Bhusan Shaha."

The schoolmaster, without the least sign of shame, said, "I guessed as much what was your wile's name?

I answered, "Nritya Kali"

Translated by W W PEIRSON

(Peffections suggested by a monograph by Mr P & Wattal W on The Population Problem of

BI DR S S NURRY, ICS

TITE sore neel for man power, or Human Capital is not a sequel to the present day perturbations, but an economic phenomenon persisting from generation to generation and strikingly manifest

The Population problem in the East, and the Depopulation problem in the West are not two diametrically opposed propositions but two peculiar napects of one and the same root question going deeper than Malthusianism Neo-mal thusian sm. Lugenism, or other Reform mov ments surface-effects all '-shakes to the ro k bottom all the stratifications of accepted society

The question turns upon the Conservation of

*ocicty The principle of Conservation is the counter pole to the principle of Preservation or of purely active or passive defence. This second principle has by now, secured uncontested recognition, even under the most adverse conditions—where the Indi-vidual Unit, through heredity, trad tion and train ing, would normally have chafed against the unres tricted enforcement of this or of any principle But the Individual Unit emerges from Fgorem accepts the Collective Cause, and welcomes conscription in advocacy of that Cause

The second principle of Conservation is reached by the same chain of reasoning If Man power is conscribed in the Interests of the Defense of Society why should not all the human capital he equally

conscribed in the interests of the Perpetuation of that Society? If it is a duty to defend the Country of the Present, it is a still higher duty to defend the Country of the Puture If want of preservation is a crime, want of perpetuation is a sin, &c

Such, and many more, in varying language, are

the variants on the same central theme

It is precisely from the view point of the luture, country as against the present-country-of the people that is as against the people that shall be-that the problems of population and of depopulation sink their proper places and admit of a study in the righ, perspective the perspective namely of two homolo gous aspects of a much larger sesue.

This fusion of aspects is not fortuitous but cor respond to the bi polarity of the subject. Where there is a population problem, there is also a depopulation problem; and inversely The two can be enunciated

in terms of a common factor -

The population problem is briefly this

LARGE PAMILIES ARE AN EVIL

They continually drift down the scale of comfort They tend towards the margin of subsistence They pass beyond that margin into the region t Chamination through pauperism, starration, discarand death.

The depopulation-problem, in the same ... rans



10 Suddenly by I ghto og flash Har schandra and Sha bya recogn se each other,

THE SUNSET OF THE CENTURY

The last sun of the entury sets amidst the blood red clouds of the West
and the whirlwind of hatred

The naked passion of self love of Natio is in its drunken delirium of greed is dancing to the clash of steel and the howling verses of vengeance

The hungry self of the Nation shall burst in a violence of fury from its own shameless feeding

For it has made the world its food

And licking it crunching it and swallowing it in big morsels

It swells and swells

Till in the midst of its unholy feast descends the sudden shaft of Heaven piercing its heart of grossness

The crimson glow of light on the horrizon is not the light of thy dawn of peace my Motlerland

It is the glimmer of the funeral pyre burning to ashes the vast flesh—the self love of the Nation—dead under its own excess

Thy morning waits behind the patient dark of the Bast Meek and silent

Keep watch India

Bring your offerings of worsh p for that sacred sunrise

Let the first hymn of its welcome sound in your voice and sing. Come I cace thou drughter of God's own great suffering

Come with thy treasure of contentment the sword of fortitude

And meckness crowning thy forel end

Be not ashamed my brothers to stand before the proud and the powerful With your white robe of simpleness

Let your crown be of humility your freedom the freedom of the soul Build God's throne daily upon the imple bareness of your poverty And know what is huge is not great and pride is not excellasting

RADINDRANATH TAGORE

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THE NATION

By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE peoples are living beings having their distinct personalities. But nations are mere organizations of power. And therefore their inner aspects and outward expressions are monotonously the same everywhere. Their differences are merely the differences in degree of effi-

ciency.

In the modern world the fight is going on between the living spirit of the people and the methods of nation-organising. It is like the struggle that began in Central Asia between man's cultivated area of habitation and the continual encroachment of desert sands, till the human region of life and beauty was choked out of existence. When the spread of higher ideals of humanity is not held to be important, the hardening method of national efficiency gains in strength, and at least for some limited period of time it proudly proves itself to be the fittest to survive.

But it is the survival of that part of man which is the least living. And this is the reason why dead monotony is the sign of the spread of the nation. The modern towns which present the physiognomy of this dominance of the nation are everywhere the same from San Francisco to London, from London to Tokyo;—they

show no faces but merely masks.

The peoples being living personalities must have their self-expression and this leads to creations. These creations are literature, art, social symbolism and ceremonials. They are like different dishes in one common feast adding richness to our enjoyment and understanding of truth. They are making the world of man fertile of life and variedly beautiful.

But the nations do not create, they merely produce and destroy. Organizations for production are necessary, even the organisations for destruction may be so;

but when actuated by greed and hatred they crowd away into a corner the living man who creates. Then the harmony is lost and the people's history runs at a breakneck speed towards fatal catastrophe.

Humanity, where it is living, is guided by inner ideals, but where it is a dead organisation, it becomes impervious to them. Its building process is only an external process and its response to the inner moral guidance has to pass through obstacles that are gross and non-plastic.

Man as a person has his individuality, which is the field where his spirit has its freedom to express itself and to grow. Man as the professional carries a rigid crust around him which has very little any elasticity. variation and hardly This professionalism is the region where specialise their knowledge and their power, organise where they mercilessly elbow each other in their struggle to come in front. Professionalism is necessary without doubt, but it must not be allowed to exceed its healthy limits, to assume complete mastery over the personal man, making him narrow and hard, exclusively intent upon pursuit of success at the cost of his faith in ideals.

In ancient India professions were kept within limits by social regulation. They were considered primarily as social necessities and secondarily as the means of livelihood for the individuals,—thus man being free from the constant urging of unbounded competition could have leisure to cultivate the completeness of his nature.

The idea of the nation is the professionalism of the people, which is becoming their greatest danger, because it is bringing them enormous success, making them impatient of the claims of higher ideals. The greater the amount of success the stronger are the conflicts of interest and

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jealousy and hatred which it arouses in men's minds and thereby makes it more and more necessary for living peoples to stiffen into nations. Because with the growth of nationalism man has become the greatest menace to man, therefore the continual presence of panic goads that very nationalism into ever-increasing menace.

Crowd psychology is a blind force. Like steam and other physical forces it can be utilised for creating a tremendous amount of power. And therefore rulers of men who out of greed and fear are bent upon turning their peoples into machines of power try to train this crowd psychology for their special purposes. They hold it to be their duty to foster in the popular minds universal panic and unreasoning pride of their races and hatred of the Newspapers, school-books and even religious services are made use of for this object, and those who have the courage to express their disapprobation of this impious cult of blindness are punished in the law-courts or socially ostracised. The individual thinks even when he teels, but the same individual when he feels with the crowd does not reason and his moral sense becomes blurred. This suppression of higher humanity in crowd minds is productive of enormous strength. For the crowd mind is essentially primitive, its forces are elemental and therefore the nation is ever watchful in taking advantage of this enormous power of darkness.

The instinct of self-preservation of a people has to be made the dominant one at particular times of its crises. Then, for the time being, the consciousness of its solidarity becomes aggressively wideawake. But in the Nation this hyperconsciousness is kept alive for all time by all kinds of art ficial means. A man has to act the part of a policeman when he finds his house invaded by burglars. But if that remains his normal condition then his consciousness of his household becomes acute, making him fly at every stranger passing near his house. This intensity of self-consciousness is nothing of which a man can feel proud, certainly it is not healthful. In like manner incessant self-crusciousness of a nation is highly injurious for the people. It serves its immediate purpose but at the cost of the eternal man.

When a whole body of men train themselves for a particular narrow purpose then it becomes its interest to keep up that purpose and preach absolute loyalty to it. Nationalism is the training of a whole people for a narrow ideal and when it gets hold of their minds it is sure to lead them to moral degeneracy and in-tellectual blindness. We cannot but hold firm the faith that this age of nationalum, of gigantic vanity and selfishness is only a passing phase in civilisation and those who are making permanent arrange. ments for accommodating this temporary mood of history will be unable to fit themselves for the coming age of the true spirit of freedom.

With the unchecked growth of nationalism the moral foundation of man's civilisation is unconsciously undergoing change. The ideal of the social man is unselfishness, but the ideal of the nation, like that of the professional man, is selfishness. This is why selfishness in the individual is condemned, while in the nation it is extolled. This leads to a hopeless moral blindness confusing the religion of the people with the religion of the nation. Therefore we find men feeling convinced of the superior claims of Christianity, because Christian nations are in possession of the greater part of the world. It is like supporting a robber's religion by quoting the amount of his stolen property. Nations celebrate their successful massacre of men in their churches. They forget that Thugs also ascribed their success in manslaughter to the favour of their goddess. But in the case of the latter their goddess frankly re-presented the principle of destruction. It was the criminal tribe's own murderons instinct deified; the instinct, not of one individual, but of the whole community, therefore held sacred. In the same manner, in modern churches selfishness, hatred and vanity in their collected aspect of national instincts do not scruple to share the homage paid to God.

Of course, pursuit of self-interest need not be wholly selfish, it can even be in harmony with the interest of all. Therefore, ideally speaking, the nationalism which stands for this expression of the self-interest of a people need not be ashamed of itself. But what we see in practice is that every nation who has prospered has done so through its career of aggressive selfishness either in commercial adventures or in foreign

possessions or in both. And his material prosperity not only feeds the selfish instincts of the people continually, but impresses men's minds with the lesson that for a nation selfishness is a necessity and therefore a virtue. It is the emphasis upon the idea of the Nation ever growing in strength in Europe which is becoming the greatest danger to man both in its direct activity and its power of infection.

We must admit that evils there are in human nature and they come out in spite of our faith in moral laws and training in self-control. But they carry on their foreheads their own brand of infamy, their very success adding to their monstrosity. Therefore all through man's history there will be some who will suffer and others who will cause suffering. The conquest of evil will never be a fully accomplished fact but a continuous process in our civilisation like the process of burning in a flame.

Creation is the harmony between the eternal ideal of perfection and the infinite continuity of its realisation. So long as the positive ideal of goodness keeps pace with the negative incompleteness of attainment, so long as there is no absolute separation between them, we need not be

afraid of suffering and loss. Therefore in former ages when some particular people became turbulent and tried to rob others of their human rights, they sometimes achieved success and sometimes failed. And it amounted to nothing more than that. But when this idea of the Nation, which has met with universal acceptance in the present day, tries to pass off the cult of selfishness as a moral duty simply because that selfishness is gigantic in stature, then it not only commits depredations but attacks the very vitals of humanity. It unconsciously generates in peoples' minds an attitude of defiance against moral law. For they are taught by repeated devices the lesson that the Nation is greater than the people and yet this Nation scatters to the winds the moral law that the people have held as sacred.

It has been said that a disease becomes most acutely critical when the brain is affected. For it is the brain which is constantly directing the siege against all disease forces. The spirit of national selfishness is that brain disease of a people which, for the time being, shows itself in red eyes and clenched fists, in violence of

talk and movements, all the while shattering its natural system of healing. It is the power of peli-sacrifice, the moral faculty of sympathy and co-operation, which is the guiding spirit of social vitality. Its function is to maintain a beneficent relation of harmony with its surroundings. But when it begins to ignore the moral law which is universal and uses it only within the bounds of its narrow sphere, then its strength becomes like the strength of madness hurting itself in the end.

What is worse, this moral aberration of peoples, decked with the showy title of patriotism, proudly walks abroad passing itself off as high moral influence. Thus it has spread its inflammatory contagion all over the world proclaiming its fever flush to be the best sign of health. It is causing in the hearts of the peoples, naturally inoffensive, a feeling of envy at not having their temperature as high as their delirious neighbours, and not being able to cause as much mischief as these others do, but merely having to suffer it.

I have often been asked by my western friends how to cope with this evil which has attained such sinister strength and dimension. In fact I have often been blamed for merely giving warning but offering no alternative. When we suffer as a result of a particular system we believe that some other system would bring us better luck. We are apt to forget that all systems produce evil sooner or later when the psychology which is at the root of them is wrong. The system which is national to-day may assume the shape of the international to-morrow, but so long as men have not forsaken their idolatry of primitive instincts and collective passions the new system will become a new instrument of suffering, or, at best, will become ineffectual. And because we are trained to confound efficient system with moral goodness itself, every ruined system makes us distrustful of moral law.

Therefore I do not put my faith in any new institution but in individuals all over the world, who must think clearly, feel nobly and act rightly, thus becoming the channels of moral truth. Our moral ideals do not work with chisels and hammers but like trees spread their roots in the soil and branches in the sky without consulting architects for their plans.

This is the reason why, when met in Japana young idealist from France, I became

assured in my mind about the advent of a higher era of civilisation. When giant forces of destruction were holding their orgies in Europe I saw this solitary young Prenchman, unknown to fame, with his face beaming with the light of the new dawn, his voice vibrating with the message of new life, and felt that the great Tomorrow has already come, though not registered in the calendar of statesmen.

LEITERS

EXTRACTS FROM OLD LETTERS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(Specially translated for the Modern Review.)

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(68)

Cuttack, February : 1893. (69)

Cuttack, 10th February: 1893.

live incognito say I. So long as we are only fit to be looked down upon, on what shall we base our claim to their respect? When we shall have acquired a foothold of our own in the world, when we shall have had some share in shaping its course, then we can meet them smilingly. Till then let us keep in the background, attending to our own affairs.

But our countrymen seem to hold the opposite opinion. They set no store by our more modest, intimate wants which have to be met from behind the scenes, the whoe of their attention being directed to that which is but momentary attitudini-

sing and display.

Ours is truly a God-forsaken country. Difficult, indeed, is it for us to keep up the strength of our will to do. We get no help in any real sense. We have none, within miles of us, in converse with whom we may gain an access of vitality. No one seems to be thinking, or feeling, or working. Not a soul has any experience of hig striving or of really and truly living.

They all eat and drink, do their office work, smoke and sleep, and chatter non-sensically. When they touch upon emotion they grow sentimental, when they reason they are childish. One yearns for a full blooded, study and capable personality; these and all so many shadows, flitting about, of touch with the world.

He was a fully developed John Bull of the outrageous type,—with a huge beak of a nose, cunning eyes and a yard-long chin. The curtailment of our right to be tried by jury is now under consideration by the Government. The fellow dragged in the subject by the ears and insisted on arguing it out with our host, poor B—Babu. He said the moral standard of the people of this country was low; that they had no real belief in the sacredness of life; so that they were unfit to serve on juries.

The utter contempt with which we are regarded by these people was brought home to me to see how they can accept a Bengali's hospitality and talk thus, seated at his table, without a quiver of compunction.

As I sat in a corner of the drawing room after dinner, everything round me looked blurred to my eyes. I seemed to be seated by the head of my great, insulted Motherland, lying there in the dust before me disconsolate, shorn of her glory. I cannot tell what a profound distress over-powered my heart.

How incongruous seemed the memsahibs there, in their evening dresses, the hum of English conversation, and the ripples of laughter. How richly true for us is our India of the ages, how cheap and false the hollow courtesies of an English dinger party.

cluded in the set of persons, unfit to be trusted, against whom Chanakya* has warned us.

It is a beautiful morning, the sky bright and clear, not a ripple on the river, yesterday's raindrops sparkling on the grass of the sloping banks. Nature, altogether, seems invested with the dignity of a whiterobed goddess.

There is a curious silence this morning. For some reason or other there are no boats about, no one occupies the bathing place, the manager and his staff have come

and gone early.

As I, too, sit silent with responsive ear, I seem to hear a faint, but insistent, ringing harmony, to the accompaniment of which the sun-illumined sky streams in and fills my being, colouring all my thoughts and feelings with a golden blue.

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Idem.

There is another pleasure which I have here. Some times one or other of our

Author (Sanskrit) of a well known set of witty aphorisms.

simple, devoted, old ryots comes to see me,—and their worshipful homage is so unaffected! How much greater than I are they in the beautiful simplicity and sincerity of their reverence. What if I am unworthy of their veneration, their feeling loses nothing of its value.

I regard these grown-up children with the same kind of affection I have for little children—but there is also a difference. They are more infantile still. Little children will grow up later on, but these big

children never.

A meek and radiantly simple soul shines through their worn and wrinkled old bodies. Little children are only simple, but they have not the unquestioning, unwavering devotion of these. If there be any undercurrent along which the soul of men may have communication with each other, then my sincere blessing will surely reach and serve them.

All the ryots, of course, are not like

this. The best is ever the rarest.

Translated by

SURENDRANATH TAGORE.

A SHATTERED DREAM

By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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HEN I went to Darjeeling I found the weather misty and cloudy,—the kind of weather in which a man does not care to go out of doors, and yet finds it still more unpleasant to stay inside the house. I finished my breakfast at the Hotel and went out, in thick boots and overcoat, for my usual walk.

It had been drizzling fitfully, and the mist that covered the hills gave them the appearance of a picture which the artist had been trying to rub out. As I walked on in solitude along the Calcutta Road, I felt that life needed some more definite back-ground than this. The cloudland of mist seemed unfit for human habitation. My heart longed to cling hungrily to

mother earth with every bodily sense and suck at her breast for sustenance.

At that moment I heard the muffled cry of a woman's voice near at hand,—a thing not so rare in itself as to attract special attention. Indeed, at other times, I should have paid no heed to it. But amid this endless mist it came to me like the sob of a smothered world.

When I got near to the spot I found a woman sitting on a rock by the road-side. She had a tangled mass of hair, coiled on her head, bronzed by the sun, and the cry which came from the depth of her heart was as if some long weariness of hope forlorn had suddenly given way in

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2 06:16 GMT nited States,

2020-11-22 (n in the Unit the midst of the utter loneliness of that

cloud-covered mountain-side.

I said to myself,-"This is rather promising, here is a romance in the making. To meet a woman ascetic weeping on a hill top in Darjeeling, is something out of the common."

, It was not easy to make out to what religious order she belonged; so L asked her in Ilindi who she was and what was the matter. At first she gave me no answer, but only looked at me through the mist and through her tears. I told her not to be afraid. She smiled and answered me in perfect Hindustani.-

"I have done with fear long ago; meither have I any shame left. Yet there was a time, Babu-ji, when I hved in my own zenana, and even my mother would have to get leave before he entered. But now I have no purdah left in the wide

world."

I was slightly annoyed at being called 'Babu-ji,' because my dress and manners were completely European, and it nettled me not a little to be suspected by this ignorant woman of belonging to the Babu' Class.

For a moment, I thought I had better put an end to this romance at its very start, and, like a railway train of Sahibdom, steam off with my nose in the air and rings of cigarette smoke floating behind me. But my curiosity got the upper hand. I assumed a stiff and superior

air, and asked:
"Do you want my assistance?"

She looked in my face with a steady gaze and answered :-

"I am the daughter of Ghulam Qadir

Khan, the Nawab of Badraon."

Where Badraou was and who in the world was its Nawab, and why in the name of all wonder his daughter should have become an ascetic, weeping and crying at the bend of the Calcutta Road,—all this I could neither imaging nor believe. But I said to myself, that there was no need to be too critical; for the story was getting interesting. So, with all due solemnity, I made a deep salaam and said :

"Pardon me, Bibi Sahiba, I could not guess who you were."

The Bibi Sahiba was evidently pleased, and beckoned me to take a seat upon a rock near by, and said with a wave of her hand:

"Baithiye" (please sit down).

I discovered by her manner that she had the natural grace and power to command; and somehow I felt it was an unlooked for honour to be allowed to take a seat on that hard, damp, moss-covered rock by her side. When I left my hotel, in my overcoat, that morning I could never have imagined that I should be privileged to sit on a muddy stone by the daughter of Ghulam Qadir Khan of Badraon, whose name might be 'Light of the Realm' or 'Light of the Universe,' etc.,—and this at the bend of the Calcutta Road!

I asked her, "Bibi Sahiba, what has

brought you to this condition?"

The Princess touched her forehead with her hand and said:

"How can I say who did it ?- Can you tell me who has banished this mountain belund the purdah of the clouds?"

I was in no mood just then to get involved in a philosophical discussion. So I accepted her word for it and said :-

"Yes, it is true, Princess. Who can iathom the mystery of Fate? We are mere

insects."

I would have argued out the point with her, at another time, but my ignorance of Hindustani stood in the way. Whatever little knowledge of Hindi I had picked up from the servants could never have carried me through a discussion on fate and free will at the Darjeeling roadside with the Princess of Badraon, or with any one else for the matter of that.

The Bibi Sahiba said: "The marvellous romance of my life has just come to its close on this very day. With your permis-

sion, I will tell you all about it."

I caught up her word quickly—"Permission?—It would be a privilege to hear !"

Those who know me will understand that, in the language I used, I honoured Hindustani more in the breach than in the observance. On the other hand, when the Princess spoke to me, her words were like the morning breeze upon the shimmering fields of golden corn. To her, an easy flow and graceful eloquence came naturally, while my answers were short and broken. This was her story :--

"In my father's veins there flowed the imperial blood of Delhi. That is why it was so difficult to find me a suitable husband. There was some talk of my betrothal to the Nawab of Lucknow, but my father hesitated; and in the meanwhile there beoke out the Mutiny of the sepays against the Company Bahadur. Hindustan was blackened by the cannon smoke."—

Never in all my life before had I heard Hindustani spoken so perfectly by a woman's lips. I could understand that it was a language of princes, unfit for this mechanical age of modern commerce. Her voice had the magic in it to summon up before me, in the very heart of this English Hill Station, the sky-capped domes of Moghal palaces of white marble, the gaily caparisoned horses with their trailing tails, the tails, the elephants surmounted by howdahs richly dight, the courtiers with their turbans of all different gorgeous colours, the curved scimitars fastened in magnificent sashes, the high-pointed goldembroidered shoes, the leisurely flowing tobes of silk and muslin and all the unbounded courtly ceremonial that went with them.

The Princess continued her story: "Our lort was on the banks of the Jumna, in charge of a Hindu Brahmin, Keshav Lal—"

Upon this name, Keshav Lal, the woman seemed to pour out all at once the perfect music of her voice. My stick fell to the ground, I sat upright and tense.

"Keshavlal", she went on, "was an orthodox Hindu. At early dawn I could see him every day, from the lattice of my zenana, as he stood breast high in the Jumna offering his libations of water to the sun. He would sit, in his dripping garments, on the marble steps of the river zhat silently repeating his sacred verses, and he would then go home singing some religious chant in his clear and beautiful voice.

I was a Musalman girl, but I had never been given any opportunity of studying my own religion, nor did I practise any manner of worship. Our men, in those days, had become dissolute and irreligious, and the harems were mere pleasure resorts from which religion had been banished. But somehow I had a natural thirst for spiritual things, and when I witnessed this seeme of devotion in the early light of lawn, at the lowly white steps leading down to the placid calm of the blue Jumna my new-awakened heart would overflow with an unutterable sweetness of devotion.

"I had a Hindu slave-girl. Every morning she used to take the dust of Keshav Lal's feet. This act used to give me a kind of pleasure and it was also the cause of light jealousy in my mind. On auspicious

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occasions this girl would feed the Brahmins and offer them gifts. I used to help her with money and once I asked her to invite Keshav Lal to her feast. But she drew herself up and said, that her Keshav Lal, would never receive food or gifts from anyone. And so because I could not express my reverence for Keshav Lal either directly or indirectly, my heart remained starved. One of my ancestors had taken by force a Brahmin girl into his harem, and I used to imagine that her blood was stirring in my own veins. This would give me a certain satisfaction and a sense of clan-kinship with Keshav Lal. I listened to all the wonderful stories of the Hindu gods and goddesses recited from the epics in all their details by this Hindu slave girl and would form in my mind an ideal world in which Hindu civilisation reigned supreme. The images of the gods, the sound of the temple bells and conches, the sacred shrines with their gilded spires, the smoke of the incense, the smell of the flower offerings and sandal-wood, the yogis with their super-human powers, the sanctity of the Brahmins, the legends of the Hindu goas who had come down to earth as men,-these things filled my imagination and created a vast and vaguely distant realm of fancy. My heart would fly about in it like a small bird in the dusk fluttering from room to room in a spacious old-world mansion.

"Then the great Mutiny broke out, and we felt the shock of it even in our tiny fort at Badraon. The time had come round for Hindu and Musalman to begin once more that unfinished game of dice for the throne of Hindustan, which they had played of old; and the pale-faced slayers of kine would have to be driven away from the land of the Aryans.

"My father, Ghulam Qadir Khan, was a cautious man. He poured abuse on the English, but said at the same time,— 'These men can do impossible things. The people of Hindustan are no match for them. I cannot afford to lose my little fort in pursuit of a vain ambition. I am not going to fight the Company Bahadur.'

"We all felt ashamed that my father could observe such caution at a time when the blood was running hot in the veins of every Hindu and Musalman in Hindustan. Even the Begum mothers within the zenanas became restless. Then Keshav Lal, with all the force at his command,

gave utterance,-'Nawab Sahib, if thou dost not stand on our side, then as long as the fight goes on I shall keep thee prisoner and guard the fort myself."

"My father replied, that there was no need to be anxious, for he himself was ready to take the side of the mutineers. When Keshav Lal asked for money from the Treasury he gave him a small sum, and said that he would give more as occasion arose.

"I took off all the ornaments which had decked me from head to foot, and sent them secretly to Keshav Lal by my Hindu slave. When he accepted them it gave me a thrill in all those limbs of mine which had shed their decorations. began to make preparations, cleaning the rust out of the old-fashioned guns and the long unused swords. Then, all of a sudden, one afternoon the Commissioner Sahib entered the fort at the head of the red-coated white soldiers. My father, Ghulam Qadir Khan, had informed him in secret about Keshav Lal's plot. Yet, so great was the Brahmin's influence that even then his tiny band of retainers were ready to fight with their useless guns and rusty swords. I felt my heart breaking for very shame, though no tears came to my eyes. I went out of my zenana in secret, dis-guised in the dress of my brother. Then the dust and smoke of the fight, the shouts of the soldiers, the boom of the guns, ceased. The terrible peace of Death brooded over land and sky. The sun had tinged red the blue waters of the Jumna and had gone down to his rest in blood; upon the evening sky appeared the moon which was nearly at the full. The battlefield was covered with the fearful sights of death and pain. At any other time it would have been impossible for me to walk through such a scene, but on that night I was like one walking in his sleep. My only object was to seek out Keshav Lal and everything else was blotted out from my consciousness.

"When it wore on to midnight I found Keshav Lal in a mango grove near the Jumna. He was lying on the ground with the dead body of his devoted servant, Deoki, near him. I was sure that either the servant, though fatally wounded, had carried his master, or the wounded master had carried his servant, to this secure place. My veneration, which had been growing so long in secret, now could be restrained no longer. I flung myself down at the feet of Keshav Lal, and wiped the dust of his feet with the tresses of my hair which I let down. I touched those deathcold feet of his with my forehead and my

pent up tears broke out.

"Just then Keshav Lal stirred and a faint cry of pain broke from him. I started up. His eyes were closed, but I heard him call faintly for water. At once I went down to the Jumna and soaked my dress in the stream and squeezed it into his half-closed lips. I tore a piece of my cloth and bandaged the left eye, which had received a sword cut together with a deep wound along the scalp. When I had squeezed out the water for him several times and sprinkled it on his face, he came back gradually to his senses. I asked him if he wanted any more. He stared at me and enquired who I was. I could no longer contain myself, but answered,-

'I am your devoted slave,-the daughter

of Nawab Ghulam Qadir Khan.'

"I had the hope in my mind that Keshavlal would take with him in his confession. dving moments my last Nobody should deprive me of this final happiness. But the moment he heard my name, he shouted out:

'Daughter of a traitor! Infidel! At the very hour of my death you have desecrated my whole life'.* With these words, he gave me a fierce blow on my right cheek. I felt giddy, and everything became dark

"You must know that my age, when this happened, was only about sixteen. For the first time in my life I had come out from my zenana. The greedy and hot glare of the outside sky had not yet robbed my cheeks of their delicate rose flush. Yet, at the very first step into the outer air, I got my salutation from the god of my world in this form !"

I was listening to this story of the one lost in dreams. I did ascetic like the light had even notice that Whether gone out from my cigarette. my mind was occupied with the beauty of the language, or the music of her voice, or with the story itself, it is difficult to say, but I remained perfectly silent. When, however, she came to this point in her narative, I could not keep still, but broke out saying:

"The beast!"



^{*} i.e. by giving him water touched by a Musalman

The daughter of the Nawab said:

"Who is the beast? Would a beast relinmush the draught of water brought to his lips at the time of his death agony?"

I corrected myself at once, and said: "Oh, yes! It was divine!"

But the daughter of the Nawab mswered:

"Divine! Do you mean to tell me that the Divine will refuse worship brought to

him by a heart sincere?"

After this, I thought the best thing to do was to keep silence. The Nawab's daughter then went on with her story :-

"At first, this was a great shock to me. t seemed as if the wreck of my broken world had come down upon my head. I nade my obeisance from a distance to that cruel, imperturbable, warrior Brahmin, and said in my mind: 'You never accept service from the lowly, food from the alien, money from the rich, youth from the young, love from woman! You are aloof, alone, apart, distant,—above defilement of the world of dust. all the I have not even the right to dedicate myself to you.'

"When he saw that, I, the proud daughter of the Nawab, was making obeisance to him, with head touching the ground, I know not what thoughts passed through his mind! But his countenance showed no sign of wonder, or other emotion. He looked into my face for a moment, and then slowly raised himself and sat up.

"I was quick to extend my arms to help him, but he silently rejected me and with great pain dragged himself to the landing place of the Jumna. A ferry-boat was tied there, but neither passengers nor terryman were present. Keshav Lal got into the boat, and untied the rope, and was drawn into the mid-stream

disappeared.

"For a moment, I felt a strong impulse to fling myself into the Jumna, like a flower untimely torn from its stem,-offering all my love and youth and rejected worship towards that boat which carried off Keshav Lal. But I could not. The rising moon, the deep black line of the trees on the other mde of the Jumna, the motionless stretch of the dark blue water of the river, the ampart of our fort glimmering above the distant mango grove, everything sang to the the silent music of death. Only that one frail boat, carried by the stream into the hopeless distance, still drew me on to

the pathway of life, dragging me from the embrace of this beautiful Death in the peace of the moon-lit night.

"I went on, like one in a trance, along the back of the Jumna, across the thick sedge and sandy waste, now wading through shallow water, now climbing up steep banks, now threading my way through jungle thick with undergrowth,"-

She stopped at this point and I did not disturb her silence. After a long

interval she resumed her story:-

"Events, after this, became confused. I do not know how to put them down one by one and make my story clear. I seemed to be walking through a wilderness, and I had no sense of the direction. It is difficult for me to recall to mind my wanderings through those trackless shades. I do not know how to begin and how to end, what to include and what to reject, and how to make the whole story so distinct as to appear perfectly natural to you. But I have come to learn in these years of suffering that nothing is impossible, or absolutely difficult in this world. At first the obstacles might seem quite insurmountable for a girl brought up in the zenana of a Nawab, but that is merely imaginary. When you are once out among the crowd you find some path or other. That path may not be a Nawab's path; but all the same it is a path that leads men to their different fates,—a path rugged and varied and endless in its winding course, a path full of joys and sorrows and obstructions, -always a path.

"The story of my many wanderings along this pathway of the common race of men will not sound attractive, and even if it did I have not the energy to complete it. In brief, I went through all kinds of troubles, dangers, insults,—and yet life had not become altogether intolerable. Like a rocket, the more I burned, the more I rushed upward. So long as I had this feeling of speed, I was unconscious of the burning pain; but when the fire of my supreme happiness and my supreme misery became extinct, I dropped spent and exhausted upon the dust of the earth. My voyage has been ended to-day, and my story has come to its conclusion."

She stopped.

But I shook my head and said to myself that this could not be a proper ending, and in my broken, inperfect Hindi I told

"Pardon me if I am discourteous, Princess, but I can assure you it would mently relieve my mind, if you could takke the ending just a little more clear."

The daughter of the Nawab smiled. I found that my broken Hindl had its effect. If I had carried on my conversation in the purest Hindustani, she would not have **con able to overcome her reluctance:** but this very inperfection of my language

acted as a screen. She continued:

"I used to get news of Keshav Lal from time to time, but I never succeeded in meeting him. He joined Tantia Topi, and would break like a sudden thunderstorm. now in the east, and now in the west: and then he would disappear just as suddenly. I took the dress of an ascetic and went to Renarcs, where I had my lesson in the Sanskrit scriptures from Sivanauda Swami, whom I called 'father.' News from every part of India would come to his feet, and while I learnt from him with all reverence my scriptures, I would listen with a terrible eagerness to the news of the fighting. The British Rai trampled out, from the whole of Hinduatan, the amouldering embers of the rebellion.

"After that, I could get no further news of Keehav Lal. The figures which shone fitfully on the distant horizon in the red light of destruction suddenly lapsed into darkness.

"Then I left the shelter of my guru and went out seeking Keshav Lal from door to door. I went from one pilgrimage to another, but never met him. Those few who knew him, said he must have lost his life, either in the battle-field, or under the martial law which followed. But a small voice kept repeating in my heart that this could never happen. Keshav Lal could never die. That Brahman,-that scorching flame of fire,-could not be extinct. That fire was still burning on some solitary alter difficult of approach, waiting for the final offering of my life and my noul.

"There are instances in the Hindu Scriptures of low caste people becoming Brahmans by the force of their ascetic practices, but whether a Musalman could also become a Brahman has never been discussed. I know that I had to suffer long delay before I could be united with Keekay Lal, because I must become a

Brahman before that. And thirty years

passed by in this manner.

"I became a Brahmin in my mind and habits of life. That stream of Brahmin blood, which I had inherited from some Brahmin grandmother, again became pure in my veins and throbbed in all my limbs. And when this was accomplished, I would mentally place myself, with no touch of hesitation left, at the feet of that first Brahmin of my first youth,that one Brahmin of all my world. And, I would feel round my head a halo of glory.

I had often heard stories of Keshav Lal's bravery during the fighting of the Mutiny, but these would leave hardly any impression on my heart. The one picture that remained bright in my mind was that ferry boat, carrying Keshav Lal, floating down the calm, moonlit waters of the Jumpa. Day and night I saw him sailing towards a great pathless mysetry, with no companion, no servant—the Brahmin who needed nobody, who was complete

master of himself.

"At last I got news of Keshya Lal,—that he had fled across the border of Nepal to avoid punishment. I went to Nepal. After a long sojourn there, I learnt that he had left Nepal years ago, and no one knew where he had gone. Since that time, I have been travelling from hill to bill. This country is not country of the Hindus. These Bhutias and Lepchas are a heathen people. They have regulations about no proper They have their own gods and modes of worship. And I was nervously careful to keep my purity of religious life avoiding all contamination. I knew that my boat had nearly reached its haven and that the last goal of my mortal life was not very far off.

"And then,-how must I end? All ending is short. It takes only one sudden breath to make the lamp go out. Why then should I draw this out into a long tale?..... This very morning after thirtyeight years of separation I have met KeshavLal,—"

When she stopped at this point I became too eager to contain myself, and I

"How did you find him?"

The daughter of the Nawab replied : "I saw old Keshav Lal picking out the grains from the cars of wheat in a courtand of a Bhutia village, with his Bhutia in at his side, and his Bhutia grand-sons mgrand-daughters around him."

Here ended the story.

I thought I should say something,—just

lew words,—to console her. I said :—
"The man who had to spend thirtyeight years at a stretch with those aliens, biding himself in fear of his life,—how was possible for him to keep his purity of teligion ?"

The daughter of the Nawab replied :-

"Do not I understand all that? But what delusion was it, which I had been carrying all these years,—the spell of this Brahman who stole my heart when I was joung? Could I even suspect that it was merely a matter of habit with him? bought that it was Truth, Eternal Truth. Otherwise, how could I have taken, as an et of consecration from my guru, that blow upon my head,—that intolerable insult, which this Brahmin dealt me in return for the offering of my body and mind and youth, trembling as I was with the fervour of devotion when I was only ixteen and had come for the first time in my life from the shelter of my father's Louse? Ah, Brahmin! You yourself have ecepted another habit in place of your But how am I to get rmer habit. nother life and youth in exchange for the he and youth I have lost ?"

As she uttered this lament the woman good up and said,-"Namaskar, Babu-"-And then, in a moment, she corrected

rself and said, - 'Salaam, Sahib."*

With this Muhammadan greeting she look her last farewell from the wreck of hahmin ideals which were lying in the

Namaskar would be the greeting of a Hindu, 1 1am the greeting of a Musalman.

dust. And before I could say another word she had vanished in the grey mist of the Himalayas.

I shut my eyes for a moment and saw all the incidents of her story pass again before my mind,—that girl of sixteen, the Nawab's daughter, sitting at her lattice window, on her Persian Carpet, watching the Brahmin as he performed his morning ablution at the Jumna: that sad woman in the dress of an ascetic at the evening of the lighted lamps in some pilgrim shrine: that bent figure bowed down with the burden of a broken home on the Calcutta Road, Darjeeling. I felt in my mind the stir of the sad music born of the compact of two different strains of blood in the body of one woman, blended in a language beautiful in its perfect dignity of sound.

Then I opened my eyes. The mist had cleared away and the hill-side was glistening with the morning light. The English mem-sahibs were out in their rickshaws. and the English Sahibs were on horseback. Every now and then a Bengali clerk, with his head muffled up in his scart, cast a glance of curiosity at me

through its folds.

I got up from my seat. In the bare naked sunlight it was difficult to believe the woman's cloudy, misty story to be true. And it is my firm conviction, that it must have been my own imagination which mingled its cigarette fumes with the mist of the hills, and that the Brahmin warrior, the daughter of the Nawab and the fort by the Jumna are all vapour.

> Translated with the help of the Author by C. F. ANDREWS.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN *

By Dr. Sudhindra Bose, M.A., Ph. D.

CAN'T possibly think of getting married. Marriage will end my career as an artist," said a quiet-voiced, determined-mannered woman who looked

The pictures to illustrate the article have been washed by two of my students, Miss June Marie

thirty. "My husband, my home will take all my day, all my strength." And as she ran her long fingers over the piano keyboard, she added, "Marriage will spell the

Leo and Miss Marjorie Peters, at the State University of Iowa.

THE EDITOR

By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

HILE my wife was alive I did not pay much attention to Probha.

As a matter of fact 1 thought a great deal more about Probha's mother than I did of the child herself.

At that time, my dealing with her was superficial, limited to a little petting, listening to her lisping chatter, and occasionally watching her laugh and play. As long as it was agreeable to me, I used to fondle her; but as soon as it threatened to become unpleasant, I would surrender her to her mother with the greatest readiness.

At last, on the untimely death of my wife, the child dropped from her mother's arms into mine, and I took her to my heart.

But it is difficult to say whether I considered it more my duty to bring up the motherless child with redoubled care, than the daughter thought it her duty to take care of her witeless father with an excess of attention. At any rate it is a fact that, from the age of six, she began to assume the role of housekeeper. It was quite clear that this little girl constituted herself the sole guardian of her father.

I smiled inwardly, but surrendered myself completely to her hands. I soon saw that the more inefficient and helpless I was, the better pleased she became. I found that even if I took down my own clothes from the peg or went to get my own umbrella, she put on such an air of offended dignity that is was clear that she thought I had usurped her right. Never before had she possessed such a perfect doll as she now had in her father, and so she took the keenest pleasure in feeding him, dressing him, and even putting him to bed. Only when I was teaching her the elements of Arithmetic, or the First Reader, had I the opportunity of summoning up my parental authority.

Every now and then the thought troubled me as to where I should be able to get enough money to provide her with a dowry for a suitable bridegroom. I was giving her a good education, but what would happen if she fell into the hands of an ignorant tool?

"I made up my mind to earn money. I was too old to get employment in a Government office, and I had not the influence to get work in a private one. After a good deal of thought, I decided that I would write books.

If you make holes in a bamboo tube, it will no longer hold either oil or water, in fact its power of receptivity is lost; but if you blow through it, then, without any expenditure, it will produce musical sounds. I felt quite sure that the man, who is not useful, can be ornamental, and he who is not productive in other fields can at least produce literature. Buccuraged by this thought, I wrote a farce. People said it was good, and it was even acted on the stage.

Once having taste of fame, I found myself unable to stop pursuing it further. Days and days together I went on writing farces with an agony of determination.

l'robha would come with her smile, and remind me gently, "Father, it is time for you to take your bath"

And I would growl at her, "Go away, go away, can't you see that I am busy now? Don't vex me."

The poor child would leave me unnoticed, with a face dark like a lamp whose light has been suddenly blown out

I drove the maid-servants away, and beat the man-servants, and when beggars came and sang at my door I would get up and run after them with a stick. My room being by the side of the street, passersby would stop and ask me to tell them the way; but I would request them to take the road to Jericho. No one took it into serious consideration, that I was engaged in writing a screaming farce.

Yet I never got money in the measure that I got fun and lame. But that did not trouble me, although in the meantime all the potential bridegrooms were growing up for other brides, whose parents did not write farces.

But just then an excellent opportunity came my way. The landlord of a certain village, Jahirgram, started a newspaper and sent a request that I would become its editor. I agreed to take the post.

For the first few days I wrote with such fire and zest, that people used to point at me when I went out into the street; and I began to feel around my forchead the presence of a halo of a brilli-

ance of the first magnitude.

Next to Jahirgram was the village of Ahirgram. Between the landlords of these two villages there was a constant rivalry and feud. There had been a time when they came to blows not infrequently. But now, since the magistrate had bound them both over to keep the peace, I took the place of the hired ruffians who used to act for one of the rivals. Every one said that I lived up to the dignity of my position.

My writings were so strong and fiery that Ahirgram could no longer hold up its head. I blackened with my ink the whole of their ancient clan and family.

All this time I had the comfortable feeling of being pleased with myself. I even became fat. My face beamed with the exhilaration of a successful man of genius. I admired my own delightful ingenuity of insinuation when at some exeruciating satire of mine, directed against the ancestry of Ahirgram, the whole of Jahirgram would burst its sides with laughter like an over-ripe melon. I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

But at last Alirgram started a newspaper. What it published was starkly naked, without a shred of literary nrhanity. The language it used was of such undiluted colloquialism that every letter seemed to scream in one's face. The consequence was that the inhabitants of both villages clearly understood its meaning.

But I was hampered in my style by my sense of decency, my subtlety of sarcasm very often made only a feeble impression upon the power of understanding of both

my friends and my enemies.

The result was that even when I decidedly won in this war of infamy my readers were not aware of my victory. At last in desperation I wrote a sermon on the necessity of good taste in literature,—but found that I had made a fatal mistake. For things that are solemn offer

more surface for ridicule than things that are truly ridiculous. And therefore my effort at the moral betterment of my fellow beings had the opposite effect to what I had intended.

My employer ceased to show me such attention as he had done. The honour to which I had grown accustomed dwindled and its quality became poor. When I went out into the street people did not go out of their way to carry the memory of a word with me. It even got to the point of frivolons familiarity in their behavior towards me—such as slapping my shoulders with a laugh and giving me nicknames.

In the meantime my admirers had quite forgotten the farces which had made me famous. I telt as if I was a burnt-out match which had become charred to its

very end.

My mind became so depressed that no matter how I racked my brains, I was unable to write one line. I seemed to have lost all zest for lile.

Probha had now grown afraid of me. She would not venture to come to me unless summoned. She had come to understand that a commonplace doll is a far better companion than a genius of a father

who writes comic pieces.

One day I saw that the Ahirgram newspaper, leaving my employer alone for once, had directed its attack on me. Some very ugly imputations had been used against myself. One by one all my friends and acquaintances came and read to me the spiciest bits, laughing heartily. Some of them said, that however one might disagree with the subject matter, it could not be denied that it was eleverly written. In the course of the day at least twenty people came and said the same thing with slight variations to break its monotony.

In front of my house there is a small garden. I was walking there in the evening with a mind distracted with pain. When the birds had returned to their nests and instantly surrendered themselves to the peace of the evening, I understood quite clearly that amongst the birds at any rate there were no writers of journalism, nor did they hold discussions on good taste.

I was thinking only of one thing, namely what answer I could make. The disadvantage of politeness is that it is not intelligible to all classes of people. So I had decided that my answer must be given in the same strain as the attack, I was

not going to allow myself to acknowledge defeat.

Just as I had come to this conclusion a well-known voice came softly through the darkness of the evening, and immediately afterwards I felt a soft warm touch in the palm of my hand. I was so distracted and absentminded that even though that voice and touch were familiar to me, I did not realise that I knew them.

But the next moment when they had left me, the voice sounded in my ear, and the memory of the touch became living. My child had slowly come near to me once more and had whispered in my ear, "Father," but not getting any answer she had lifted my right hand and with it had gently stroked her forehead, and then silently gone back into the house.

For a long time Probha had not called me like that, nor carressed me with such freedom. Therefore it was that to-day at the touch of her love my heart suddenly

began to yearn for her.

Going back to the house a little later I saw that Probha was lying on her bed. Her cyes were half-closed and she scemed to be in pain. She lay like a flower which

has dropped on the dust at the end of the day.

Putting my hand on her forehead I found that she was feverish, her breath was hot, and her pulse was throbbing.

I realised that the poor child, feeling the first symptoms of fever, had come with her thirsty heart to get her father's love and caresses, while he was trying to think of some stinging reply to send to the newspaper.

I sat beside her. The child, without 'speaking a word, took my hand between her two fever-heated palms and laid it upon her forehead, lying quite still.

All the numbers of the Jahirgram papers which I had in the house, I burnt to ashes. I wrote no answer to the attack. Never had I felt such joy as I did when I thus acknowledged defeat.

I had taken the chi'd to my arms when her mother had died, and now, having cremated this rival of her mother, again I took her to my heart.

Translated by

W. W. Prarson, with the help and revision of the author.

CHILD-STUDY IN INDIA

THILE discussing the stages of growth of a child from infancy to maturity with the Teachers of the Brahmo Balika Shikshalaya, preparatory to the determination of methods of teaching suited to children of various ages, I felt the need of facts and figures about the growth and development of our children. I sought in vain for light on the subject from various quarters Beyond a few stray data collected at irregular intervals and scattered over fewer publications on medical jurisprudence and ethnographic survey, there is practically speaking very little information available. Even these data are of no use to the present problem as they mostly relate to adults and not to children. I remember to have read the result of a survey made by Dr. Ramaswamy Ivenger of Mysore of the eye-sight of

college students in 1902. He visited almost all the big towns of India having a number of colleges and examined the students thereof. His report made a serious revelation about defective eyesight in general, and the prevalence of myopia in particular, smong our students. I am told some investigation as to the eyesight of school children has been made in the Bombay Presidency and the Panjab, with what results I am unfortunately not aware of. One of the objects of the Bengal Social Service League is the medical inspection of school children; it would be well to know what progress has been made by the League in this direction. If I am not wrongly informed there are a few workers carrying on some research on these lines individually. It is high time for a united effort to be made with a definite object in

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WHOLE No. 129

THE DAY IS COME

Thy call has sped over all countries of the worl! and men have gathered around thy seat.

The day is come. But where is India?

Does she still remain hidden, lagging behind?
Let her take up her burden and march with all.
Send her, mighty God, thy message of victory,
O Lord ever awake!

Those who defied suffering
have crossed the wilderness of death
and have shattered their prison of illusions,
The day is come.
But where is India?

Her listless arms are idle and ashamed and futile her days and nights, lacking in joy of life.

Touch her with thy living breath,

O Lord ever awake!

The morning sun of the new age has risen.
Thy temple hall is filled with pilgrims.
The day is come.
But where is India?
She lies on the dust in dishonour,
deprived of her seat.
Remove her shame,
and give her a place in thy House of Man,

The world's high oads are crowded,
resonnding with the roar of thy chiriot wheels.
The sky is trembling with travellars' songs.
The day is come

O Lord ever awake!

But where is India?

Doors are shut in her house age-worn,
feeble is her hope, her heart sunk in silence.
Send thy voice to her children who are dumb,
O Lord ever awake!

Peoples there are who have felt thy strength in their own hearts and sinews and have carned life's fulfilment, conquering fear. The day is come.
But where is India?
Strike thy blow at her self-suspicion and despair!
Save her from the dread of her own
pursping shadow,
O Lord ever awake!

RAINNDRANATH TAGORE.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

By Frank Howel Evans, Author of "Five Years," "The Cinema Girl," &c.

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[Our readers are informed that all characters in this story are purely imaginary, and if the name of any living person happens to be mentioned, no personal reflection is intended [

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN LONDON.

Y dear, my dear, I see it in the paper! Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry for you! And what a shame to put 'im away for that! There! but never mind, that's nothin', there'll be no disgrace about that. Why, it's only wot might 'ave 'appened to my Ted if I'd been starvin'. But oh, my dear, my dear, I'm so sorry!"

Gladys had returned from the policecourt where she had heard the sentence pronounced on Harry, together with a few remarks from the magistrate. From the dock Harry just threw one look at her, and in his eyes was the agonised pleading of love; then a touch on the shoulder, and he was taken below.

Back to the shop in the Blackfriars Road, cold and gloomy, Gladys walked blindly, instinct just taking her to the place she called home. For sorrow, grief, impotent anger had had heavy hands on her heart, had filled her brain for the time. All she knew was that her man, her husband, had gone to prison, gone to prison just because he had been refused money to buy food for her. He had not meant to strike the officer, he had been sorry for it directly afterwards; as he had said to the magistrate, it was anxiety and fear lest his wife should starve which had sent him nearly mad. But the magistrate had

replied coldly and with judicial calm that that was no excuse for committing an assault.

Charlie, the young fellow who looked after the shop, was full of sympathy for Gladys when she returned. Up till last week his wages had been paid out of the profits from the sales in the shop; he lived with his mother in a fairly comfortable home, so he was in no want, and Gladys found that out of his own money, which she knew he wanted for a new overcoat, he had hought a little coal and some food, so there was a fire in the little parlour at the back of the shop, and there she sat, alone in her grief and despair, until it was time to shut the shop, and just as she was closing the door Mcg arrived, her great womanly heart full of sympathy.

"I see it in the paper, my dear. My Ted got 'one early and brought it in with 'im. Oh, why didn't you tell me, why didn't you let me know? I'd 'ave come to the court with you and I'd 'ave told that magistrate somethin' if they'd let me speak. Now, my dear, just you try and think as the month 'll soon be over. It won't 'urt 'im in there, and you know as 'e ain't done nothin' wrong—really wrong, I mean—so just you try and cheer up. And you never told us 'ow bad things was with you, you never come to see us on Sunday and 'ave a bit of dinner—we could 'ave managed that. Oh, you shouldn't 'ave stopped away like that."

Meg was fondling and soothing Gladys, and the poor, stricken girl-wife felt a wave of helpful sympathy enveloping her as she agricultural societies which now exist; and the time must come when identity of interest in the economic world leads to common and distinctive action in the

For generations past the atmosphere of three-quarters of rural Ireland has been uniformly anti-English. In the home, the school, the market, the Government has been spoken of as an alien, hostile Government, holding Ireland by force, and indifferent or inimical to her interests. The miseries which the poverty-stricken population have so often been called upon to endure have, quite naturally, been ascribed to this remote and malign power. A child brought up in such surroundings must inevitably draw in this anti-English prejudice "with its mother's milk."

The sole thing that matters today is the fact that

this feeling of Irish Nationalism exists. Whether it is founded on rational or irrational grounds cannot make the smallest difference to the fact of its

existence.

In the desire to find a simple cause for this Home Rule sentiment it is often alleged that the Roman Catholic religion is at the root of it. I believe that to

be a complete mistake.

If we seriously endeavor to see this question through Irish eyes we can hardly resist admitting that their traditional distrust of England finds for them some confirmation in late events. The passage of a Home Rule Act after thirty years; the practical shelving of that Act in face of the armed threats of Ulster; the open support given by a great English party to the potential rebels of the Northeast; the present uncertainty of the position of Home Rule; the frank and open threats of many party newspapers that the Home Rule Act will he repealed, that the "scrap of paper" will be torn up—surely a shocking indecency in view of the present war; the flood of abuse and cajolery, of flattery, and scolding that has of late been poured upon the Irish people by those same journals.

The political psychology of the Irish farmer class: For most practical purposes the farmer has no politics. His farm is his country, and its boundary fence his horizon. When, however, question involving the English Government arise, his sympathies are instinctively with the opposition. So far as he is concerned, "public opinion" is not on the side of the

existing Government.

The Irish farmer is not a lover of disorder. His interests and his instincts are conservative, opposed to change and adventure. His native anti-English bias would make him so much the more firm a supporter of an Irish Government, which would have behind it, what the present system lacks, the public opinion of a powerful and homogeneous farming class covering the whole country, and resisting, instead of tacitly approving, disorder or political

The third great division of the Irish people comprises the great mass of the wage-earning or unemployed population-the labours of the land and the lower paid ranks in the towns. What has been said of the ingrained bias of the farmer class applies equally to those who were brought up under the same influences. Unlike the farmers, however, they have no substantial material interests to absorb them.

Almost the only excitement left to them is political demonstration; and their early training ensures that such shall be "agin the Government" and all it

stands for.

The writer concludes thus:

Repression as a permanent system is impossible. A military despotism, indifferent 10 public opinion at home and abroad, may hold down by force a section of its people indefinitely; but even then it is a costly and doubtful expedient. A democratic State cannot

do so.

The great class of the Irisb people whom we are considering are united in a common enmity to the system of government which they regard as alien. The substitution of an Irish Government for that which they "feel" as alien and remote unst inevitably be followed by the dissolution of the boud which at present unites them. Domestic politics will divide them as it has divided all other peoples who possess "Self Government." Stable public opinion will take its place as the strongest bulwark of law and order; and the small remnant of irreconcilables, which we must expect to find in Ireland as in England, will be reft of its power as a disturbing factor in the life of the country.

One is irresistibly forced to the conclusion that a form of government which the people can feel to be "Irish" is an absolutely necessary preliminary to the

removal of the Irish difficulty.

THOU SHALT OBEY

[Translation of a paper read by Rabindranath Tagore.]

(Specially translated for the Modern Review.)

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ITH the least sign of monsoon conditions our lane, and Chitpore Road into which it leads, are flooded. And as I have watched this happening year after year till my head has grown grey, I have often felt that we, the residents of

this lane, are hardly better fitted than amphibians for the race of life.

Thus nearly sixty years have passed, In the mean-time things have been moving. Steam, which was the steed of the Kali yuga, is now laughed at by the lightning

which is superseding it. The atom which had merely attained invisibility has now become unthinkable. Man, like the ant ou the eve of death, has sprouted wings, and the legal profession is lying in wait for the good times when disputes for the possession of air space will be brought into the law courts. In one single night all China cut off its pigtail, and Japan has taken so prodigious a leap that the space of 500 years has been covered in 50. But the inability of Chitpore Road to cope with its rainfall has remained as bad as ever. And the burden of our national song is as mournful, now that Home Rule is about to ripen, as it was when the National Congress was not even thought of.

Accustomed as we have been to all this from our carly years, it has ceased to be a matter of surprise; and what does not surprise hreeds no anxiety. But after the water-logged discomfort of our road has been underlined and emphasised by tram tracks to which the repairs never seem to come to an end, the jolts which these give to my carriage wheels have brought me out of my absent-minded toleration to a more acute perception of the struggle between the stream of wayfarers and the stream of wayfarers and the stream of water, the splashes of which bestpinkle me as I pass. I have latterly begun to ask myself: "Why do we bear it?"

That it is possible not to bear it, that one gets on ever so much better for refusing to bear it, becomes evident as soon as one passes out into the European quarter of Chowringhee. If Chowringhee had been more than three-quarter tram-line, to which perennial repairs went on and on with the leisurely gait of a drowsy clephant, the tramway authorities, I am sure, would not have been permitted to enjoy either their food or sleep. The spirit of docility, however, which is incarnate in us, will not allow us to believe that things can be made to be better than they are. Hence these tears which flood our checks and the rain water which floods our streets.

This is not a trivial matter. We have never been allowed to realise, anywhere, in any little particular, that we are our own masters. I have heard tell of the gold fish which continually knocked their heads against the side of their bowl, thinking the glass to be water; and when they were put into a larger piece of water they restricted themselves to the same small

circle, thinking the water to be glass. Such like fear of getting our heads knocked has been driven into our very bones.

Like Abhimanyu in the Mahabharata, who had learnt the art of breaking through the enemy's formation, but not of coming out again, and consequently had to bear the brunt of all the enemy's warriors, we, who are taught from our hirth the art of getting ourselves tied up, but not the method of undoing the knots, are compelled to suffer the assaults of all the adverse forces of the world, big and small down to the pettiest infantry.

So accustomed have we become to obey men, books, suggestions, harriers, imaginary lines,—generation after generation,—that, the fact that we can do something for ourselves, in any sphere of activity whatsoever, escapes our notice, though it may stare us in the face,—even when we have our European spectacles on!

The right to be one's own master is the right of rights for man. And the country in which this great right has been systematically suppressed by book maxims, by current sayings, by rites and observances, has naturally become the greatest of slave factories;—the country in which, lest reason should err, dogmatism and ritual have been allowed to bind the people hand and foot, where paths have been destroyed so that footsteps may not stray, where in the name of religion man has been taught to humiliate and debase man.

Our present bureaucratic masters have now taken to offering us the same counsel: "You will make mistakes, you are unfit, the right to think and act for yourselves can not be placed in your hands."

This refram from Manu and Parashar sounds strangely discordant when voiced by Englishmen. We are, therefore, roused to reply to them in a tune more consonant with their own spirit. "The making of mistakes," say we, "is not such a great disaster as the deprivation of the right of being one's own master. We can only arrive at the truth if we are left free to err."

We have yet more to say. We can remind our rulers that though they may now be proudly driving the automobile of democracy, the creaking of the old Parliamentary cart, when it first started on its journey in the night, as it jerked its way from the rut of one precedent to another, did not sound exactly like the music of a

triumphal progress. It had not always the benefit of a steam-roller smoothed road. How it used to sway from this interest to that, now of the king, now of the church, now of the landloid, now of the brewer, through faction, corruption, brawling and ineptitude. Was there not even a time when the attendance of its members had to be secured under threat of penalty?

And talking of mistakes, what a dismal tale could be unfolded of the mistakes the mother of Parliaments has beginning from the time of its old relations with Ireland and America, down to its recent actions in the Dardenelles and Mesopotamia,—to say nothing of the not inconsiderable list which might be compiled for India alone. The depredations of the minions of mammon in American politics are hardly of minor importance. The Dreyfus case exposed the horrors of Militarism in France. And yet, in spite of all these, no one has the least doubt in his mind that the living flow of self-government is itself the best corrective which will dislodge one error by another till it lifts itself out of each pitfall with the same impetus which led it to fall in.

But we have still a greater thing to urge. Self-government not only leads to efficiency and a sense of responsibility, but it makes for an uplift of the human spirit. who are confined within the parochial limits of village or community,—it is only when they are given the opportunity of thinking and acting imperially that they will be able to realise humanity in its larger sense. For want of this opportunity every person in this country remains a lesser man, All his thoughts, his powers, his hopes and his strivings remain petty. And this enforced pettiness of soul is for him a greater calamity than loss of life itself.

So in spite of all risk of error or mischance we must have self-government. Let us stumble and struggle on our way, but for God's sake don't keep your eyes fixed on our stumblings to the neglect of our progress;—this is our reply—the only true reply.

If some obstinate person keeps on worrying the authorities with this reply he may be interned by the Government, but he gets the spplause of his countrymen. When, however, he turns with this same reply to his own social authorities and protests: "You tell us that this is the Kali

yuga in which the intellect of man is feeble and liable to make mistakes if left free, so that we had better bow our head to shastric injunctions rather than work the brain inside it;—but we refuse to submit to this insulting proposal." Then do the eyes of the heads of the hindu community become red and the order for social internent is passed forthwith. Those who are flapping their wings to soar into the sky of politics, would fain shackle our legs on the social perch.

The fact is that the same helm serves to steer to the right and to the left. There is a fundamental principle which must be grasped before man can become true, socially or politically. Allegiance to this principle makes all the difference between Chowringhee and Chitpore. Chitpore has made up its mind that everything is in the hands of superior authority with the result that its own hands are always joined in supplication. "If things are not in our own hands what are our hands for?" says Chowringhee, and has brought the whole world into its own hand because it believes that this is in direct connection with the hand of Providence. Chitpore has lost the world because it has lost this belief; and with half-closed eyes seeks in despair the narcotic consolations of quietism.

It is indeed necessary to shut our eyes if we have to keep up a behef in our paltry home-made rules of life. For, with eyes open, we cannot but catch glimpses of the universal law which rules the world. Power and wealth and freedom from suffering are all the rewards of mass as well as for the individual. This is the axiom on which modern European civilisation is firmly based, and faith in this has given it its immense freedom.

For us, however, it still remains a case of wringing our hands and awaiting our master's voice. And in the worship of that master, be lie the elder at home, the police Daroga, temple tout, priest, or pandit, Sitola, Manasa, Ola, or any one of the host of such demonaic dietics, we have shattered into a thousand fragments and scattered to the four winds our power of independent thought and action.

The college student will object. "We no longer believe in all that," he will say, "Do we not get ourselves inoculated for small pox and take saline injections for cholera? Have we not recognised mosquito-

borne malaria to be a microscopic germ and refused to accord it a place in our

pantheon?"

It is, however, not a question of what particular beliefs are professed. The fact remains that the attitude of blindly hanging on to some outside authority has sapped the very fount of our endeavour. This mental cowardice is born of an all-pervading fear, which dominates us and overpowers our own intelligence and conscience, because we cannot put our faith in the immutable universal law expressing itself throughout the world. For it is of the very nature of fear to doubt and hesitate: "Anything may happen! why take any risk?"

The same phenomenon is noticeable among our rulers whenever, through any loophole in their administration, fear gains an entrance, making them forget their most cherished traditions and impelling them to lay the axe at the root of the tundamental principle on which their power rests so firmly. Then do right and justice retire in favour of prestige, and, in defiance of the Divine law, they think that acrid fumes will become soothing if only the tears can be hidden away in the solitude of the Andamans. This is but an instance of how the obsession with one's own particular panacea makes for a demal of the universal law. At bottom there is either petty fear, petty self-interest or an attempt at evading the straight road by petty trickery.

So does blind fear cause us to overlook the claims of humanity, while in a frantic nutter of trepidation we make our obcisances at the shrine of every conceivable authority. And howsoever successfully we may pass examinations in physical or political science we cannot get rid of our ingrained habit of waiting to be dictated to. Even where we have followed the modern fashion by founding democratic institutious, they constantly tend to be dominated by some one master for the simple reason that the rank and file are so accustomed to doing everything, to order from waking and sleeping, eating and drinking, to getting married and mounting the funeral pyre.

If I say that the water in the pail of the Brahmin carrier is in a filthy state, unfit to drink, but that the one brought by the untquehable person straight from the filter is pure and wholesome, I shall

be rebuked for talking mere, paltry reason, for such doctrine has not the master's sanction. If I venture to question: "What of that?" I am promptly boycotted. They cease to invite me to dinner. They will even refuse to attend my funeral? The wonder is that those who welcome such cruel tyranny in every detail of life, as beneficial to Society, feel no compunction in asking for the most absolute political freedom!

And yet there was a day in India when the Upanishad declared of the Divine law-Yathatathyatoithan vyadadhat shashwatibhyah samabhyah-that is immutable and adaptable to each and every circumstance. It is for all time and not dependent on the whim of the moment. Therefore is it possible for us to know it with our intellects and use it in our work. And the more we can make it our own the less shall obstacles be able to obstruct our path. The knowledge of this law is science, and it is because of this science that Europe today can say with superb assurance: "Malaria shall driven off the face of the earth. Lack of food and lack of knowledge shall not be allowed in the homes of men. And in politics the commonweal shall harmonise with the rights of the individual."

India had also realised that in ignorance is bondage, in knowledge freedom and that in gaining the truth lies salvation. was meant by untruth?—The looking upon oneself as separate. To know oneself in one's spiritual relations to the universe is to know truly. Today it is difficult even to conceive how such an immense truth came to be grasped. Then the age of the Rishis—the livers of the simple life in their forest householdspassed away, and the age of the Buddhist monks took its place. And this great realisation of India was relegated to a place apart from its every-day life, when salvation was declared to be in world renunciation.

Thus came about a compromise between truth and untruth, and a partition wall was erected between tne two. So today from the side of truth there comes no protest, whatsoever degree of narrowness, grossness or folly may invade the practices and observances of social life. Nay, they are condoned. The ascetic under the tree proclaims: "He who has realised the universe in himself and himself in the

universe has known the truth." Whereupon the householder, profoundly moved, fills the ascetic's bowl with his best. On the other hand when the householder in his chamber rules that the fellow who cannot keep the universal law at a respectable distance must not have access to barber or washerman, the ascetic in turn beams approval and bestows on him the dust of his feet and his blessing: "May you live for ever, my son!" That is how the decadence of our social life has come about, for there was none to raise a protest in the name of Truth. That is why for hundreds of years we have had to bear insult after insult, and weep.

In Europe it is not so. The truth there is not confined to the intellect, but finds a place in practice. Any fault that may come to light in society or the state has to face public examination and rectification in the search-light of truth. And the power and freedom thus gained becomes available to all and gives them hope and courage. The expression of this truth is not hidden in a mist of esoteric incantation, but grows in the open, in full view of all, assisting

them to grow with it.

The insults which we allowed ourselves to suffer for hundreds of years finally took shape as subjection to foreign dominion. And as the hand always seeks the painful spot, so has the whole of our attention become rivetted on the political system of our Western rulers. Forgetful of all else we clamour :- "Let our Government have some reference to our own will, let not all rules and regulations be showered upon us from above whether we like them or not. Put not the full weight of power on our shoulders as a burden, let there be some sort of contrivance on wheels which we can also assist in pushing along

From every part of the world, today, rises the prayer for deliverance from the rule of irresponsible outsiders. It is well that, stirred by the spirit of the times, we have added our voice to this prayer. It would have been to our undying shame had we not done so,—had we still clung to our accustomed acquiescence in the dictates of governmental authority. It shows that there is at least some chink left through which a ray of truth has been able to

penetrate our being.

It is because what we have seen is a glimpse of the truth that I confidently hail the self-respect which impels us forward as a good thing, and as confidently cry shame on the vain selfglorification which would keep us tied to the stake of immobility like an ammal destined for sacrifice, Curiously enough it is the same feeling of pride which when it looks ahead says: "Give us a place in your councils of Empire" and which when it turns homewards says: "Beware lest in religious or social observances or even in your individual concerns you depart even by one step from the path prescribed by the master."-And this we call the renascence of Hinduism! Our Hindu leaders, it appears, would prescribe for us the impossible commandment to sleep with one eye and keep the other awake!

When the cane of God's wrath fell on our backs our wounded patriotism cried out: "Cut down the cane jungles!" forgetting that the bamboo thickets would still be there! The fault is not in cane or bamboo, but within ourselves, and it is this: that we prefer authority to truth and have more respect for the blinkers than for the eyes. Till we can grow out of this disposition of ours some rod will be left in some wood or other for our punishment.

In Europe also there was a time when the authority of the Church was paramount in all departments of life, and it was only when they had succeeded in cutting through its all-enveloping meshes that the European peoples could begin to step out on the path of self-government. The insularity of England was England's opportunity and it was comparatively easier for her to elude the full might of a church, the centre of which was at Rome. Not that England is yet completely free from all traces of church domination, but her church, like an old dowager, is now only tolerated where once she was allpowerful.

But though England was thus able to shake off the Old Woman, Spain was not. There was a day when Spain had the wind full in her sails. Why was she unable to maintain the start this gave her? Because the Old Woman was at the helm.

When Philip of Spain waged war against England it was discovered that her naval tactics were as rigidly ruled as her religious beliefs. So that while the navy of England, under the command of her most skilful sailors, was as mobile and adaptable to the free-blowing winds, as the waves on which it floated, the Spanish naval command went by caste, and was unable to extricate itself from the iron-grip of immoveable custom. So in Burope only those peoples have been able to raise their heads who have succeeded in loosening the shackles of blind obedience to an organised church and learnt to respect themselves. And Russia, which failed to do so, remains bristling with a very forest of authorities, and her mathood is wasted in bending the knee, alike to the meanest modern government official and the pettiest ancient scriptural injuction.

It should be remembered that religion and a church, or religious organisation, are not the same. They are to one another as the fire to its ashes. When religion has to make way for religious organisation it is like the river being dominated by its sand bed,—the current stagnates and its aspect becomes desert-like. And when in this circumstance men begin to take pride

then are they indeed in a bad way.

Religion tells us that it man is despitefully used it is bad both for him who commits and him who suffers the outrage. religious organisation tells us: "If you do not carry out without compunction each and every one of the elaborate rules and injunctions which oppress and insult man, you will be excommunicated." Religion tells us that he who needlessly gives pain to a living creature hurts his own soul. But religious organisation tells us that parents who offer water to their fasting widowed daughter on a particular day of the moon commit mortal sin. Religion tells us that repentance and good works alone may serve to wash away sin; religions organisation tells us that to take an immersion in a particular piece of water during an eclipse washes away not only one's own sins but those of fourteen generations of one's forebears. Religion tells us to fare forth over mountain and sea and enjoy the beautiful world, for that will enlarge our minds; religious organisation tells us that he who overpasses the sea shall have to roll in the dust in expiation. Religion tells us that the true man in whatever household he may have been born is worthy of homage: religious organisation tells us that he who is born a Brahmin may be the veriest scoundrel yet he is fit to shower on others' heads the dust of his feet. In a word, religion preaches freedom, religious organisation chants of slavery.

Faith, even if blind, has its aspect of external beauty. This beauty the foreign traveller passing through India sometimes loves to dwell on, like an artist who enjoysthe picturesque possibilities of a ruined house, but gives no thought to its tenantable qualities, During the bathing astival 1 have seen pilgrims in their thousands, mostly women, coming from Barisal to Calcutta. The suffering and insult, which they had to put up with at each changing station from steamer to train and train Their pathetic to steamer, was unending resignation had no doubt a kind of beauty, but the God of their worship has not accepted that beauty. He has not rewarded, but punished them. Their sorrows are ever increasing. The children they rear amidst their futile rites and observances have to chinge to all the material things of this world and tremble at all the shadows of the next; their sole function in life being to go on raising barriers at each bend of the path which they will have to tread; and all they know of growth is in making these barriers tower higher and

The reason for this punishment is that they have misspent the greatest of God's gifts to man,—the power of self-sacrifice. When called upon to render their account they can only show a heavy debit balance. I have seen, elsewhere, a stream of hundreds of thousands of men and women hurrying along to some place of pilgrimage to acquire religious merit, but a dying man, lying by their road-side, had noue to tend him because his caste was not known. What a terrible insolvency of humanity has come upon these spendthrift seekers after merit, whose blind faith appears so beantiful! The same blindness which impels them to rush to bathe in a particular stream, renders them indifferent to the sufferings of their nnknown fellow-men. God does not appreciate this prostitution of his most precious

orift.

In Gaya I have seen women pouring out their wealth at the feet of some temple priest who had neither learning, piety nor character. Has this generous self-privation led them a step nearer to pity or to truth? It may be said in reply: "They gave of their substance for the sake of what they believed to be the holiness of the Priest. Had they not this belief they would either not have parted with the money

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at all, or spent it on themselves." Be it so. But in that case they would at least have had the benefit of the money, and what is more they would not have deluded themselves into believing that in spending on themselves they were doing a pious act. They would have remained free from this slavery to a delusion. He who has trained himself to die in docile obedience to his master's bidding finds it impossible, when he becomes his own master, manfully to give up his life for the right.

Thus it happens that in our villages foodstuffs, health, education and the joy of life are all on the cbb Feeling that the only hope for the villagers was in rousing them to a sense of their own nowers I once made the attempt in a certain village. I here was a part of the village where not a drop of water was to be had. A fire had broken out and all that the neighbours could do was to join in the lamentation while the flames were raging Said I to them: "If you will give your labour to dig a well I will pay for the masonry work." They admired my cunning in attempting to acquire merit partly at their cost, but declined to be taken in by it! That well never got made, the water scarcity there remains as bad as ever, 🗸 and fires are perennial.

This shows that the main reason for our village distresses is that nothing gets done except with the idea of acquiring religious ment So that every want must await providence, or some easual visitor in search of ment, for its folialment. It the latter is not forthcoming the village will remain thirsty rather than dig its own well. I do not blame the villagers, for the Old Woman keeps them hall asleep with her opium. But I am struck speechless when I see educated young men singing the Ohl Woman's praises. "What a splendid nurse," say they "What a proud sight to see our country in her arms! From that high seat her feet never even touch the ground How pretty it would look if she held in her hands the sceptre of self-government while still perched in her old nurse's arms."

Privation, pestilence and famine obtrude themselves only too patently. But just as the government refuses us a license for arms to withstand the attacking tiger or dacoit, so also does the Hindu social leaser deny us the means of defending ourselves against these calamities. "But

surely," the latter will protest in reply, "you are allowed to acquire the means of defending yourself. Nobody prevents your learning and applying science for self-protection" True, it would be an exaggeration to say that we are deprived of weapons of defence. But every precaution is taken to prevent our learning how to use them. So incapable have we become by the constant fear of transgression of the multitudinous rules with which we are hedged in both on the side of our country as well as on that of the government, that we are more likely to get hurt by the gun, it we have it, than by the dacoits!

Now let us examine the contention that it is loreign domination which is responsible for keeping us in this distressful state. The fundamental principle of British polities is the participation of the people in their own government. This principle has always hirled its shafts against the arcsponsible domination of any outsider and this fact has not been hidden from its We openly read of it in government schools and memorise it for our examinations. They have no means now of taking back this knowledge.

Our congresses an i leagues are all based on this principle. And as it is the very nature of European science to be available to all, so also is it of the essence of the British political creed to offer itself for acceptance to the people of India. One, or ten, or five hundred Englishmen may be lound to say that it is not expedient to allow the Indian student access to Europenn science, but that same science itself will shame these Englishmen by calling upon all, irrespective of birth-place or colour, to come to it, and partake of its boons So also it live hundred, or even five thousand Euglishmen preach from platform or press that obstacles should be place I in the way of the attainment of selfgovernment by the Indian people these words of these thousands of Englishmen will be put to shame by the British political creed itself which thunders out its call to all peoples, irrespective of birth-place or colour, to become its votaries.

I know that we are open to the rude retort that British principles do not take into account the likes of us. Just as the Brahmin of old had decreed in his day that the highest knowledge and the larger life were not for the Sudra. But the Brahmin had taken the precaution to consolidate

his position. Of those whom he sought to cripple externally he also crippled the mind. The roots of knowledge having been cut off from the Sudra all chance of his blossoming out into independent action withered away, and no further trouble had to be taken to ensure the Sudra's head being kept bowed to the dust of the Brahmin's feet. But our British rulers have not completely closed the door of knowledge—the door that leads to freedom. Doubiless the bureaucracy are repentant and are fumbling about in a belated endeavour to close this window and that—but for all that, even they are unable to forget altogether that to sacrifice principle at the altar of expediency is only a step towards moral suicide.

If we can only grasp with all our strength this message of hope that our rights lie latent in the deeper psychology of the British people, then it will become easier for us to bear sorrow and make sacrifices for its realisation. If we allow our habitual weakness to overcome us under the baleful influence of the first article of our creed-"Thou Shalt Obey," then indeed the black despair will be our lot of which we have seen two opposite forms of expression—the violent methods of secret societies, and the inane discussions of our chamber politicians as to the merits or demerits of this viceroy or that, and whether a John Morley at the India Office will bring about any improvement in our conditions, or will not rather the domestic cat, when it takes to the jungles, become as wild as the wild cat.

Nevertheless we must not mistrust humanity. Let us aver with conviction that its power is not the only thing great in the British Empire, but that the principles on which it is broad-based are even greater. Doubtless we shall see this contradicted at every turn. We shall see selfish considerations and the lust of power, anger, fear and pride at work. But these enemies of humanity can only defeat us where they find their like within us, where they find us afraid of petty fears, lusting after petty desires, full of jealousy, mistrust and hatred of each other. Where we are great, where we are brave, where we are self-denying, devoted and reverential, there we shall find ourselves in touch with the best in our rulers. There we shall be victorious in spite of all enemy assaults,-Not always externally, it may

be, but assuredly in the depths of our

If we are petty and cowardly we shall bring down to our level the great principles of our rulers and help their evil passions to triumph. Where there are two necessary parties the strength of each must contribute to their common elevation, the weakness of each to their common down fall. When the Sudra joined his palms in submission to the Brahminical decree of inferiority, on that very day was dug the pit for the fall of the Brahmin. The weak can be as great an enemy of the strong as the strong of the weak.

A high Government official ouce asked me: "You always complain of the oppression of the police. Personally I am not inclined to disbelieve in it. But why not confront us with facts and figures?" True, there should be at least some in our country who have courage enough to dare to expose all wrongs, to repeatedly proclaim them to the world. This should be so, although we know that the meanest constable is not an individual but the representative of a terrible power, which will spend thousands upon thousands from public lunds to shield him from obloquy,-a power which therefore practically tells us that if we are oppressed it will be healthier for us to continue to be oppressed in silence,—for is not prestige, at stake? Prestige! That familiar old bogey of ours, the unseen master who has eternal hold of our ears, the Manasa of the Behula epic, the Chandi of Kavikankan, to whose worship we must hasten, trampling over right, justice and all else, or be mercilessly crushed! So to Prestige be our salutations:

Ya devi rajyashasane Prestige-rupena samsthita! Namastasyai namastasyai Namastasyai namonamah!!

This however, is nothing but Avidya, Maya. We must not believe in it for all that it appears before our material eyes. The real truth is always behind it, that we are the most vitally concerned in our own government. This truth is greater than the government itself. It is this truth which gives its strength to the British Empire. In this truth, also, lies our strength. If we are cowards, if we cannot bravely put our trust in British ideals, then the police needs must go on oppressing, and the magistrate be powerless to protect us.

The goddess of Prestige will continue to claim her human victims, and British rule to give the he to British traditiou.

To this I shall be told in reply that it is all very well from an idealistic standpoint to talk of principle being greater than might, but in practical life an adherence to this belief will get us into trouble.

"We may get into trouble," say I, "but still we must act as we truly believe."

"But your countrymen will be bribed or intimidated to bear witness against the truth."

"Be it so. But still we must profess what we believe to be the truth."

"But your own people will be lured by the hope of praise or reward to hit you on the bend from behind,"

"That may be. But still we must trust in the truth."

"Can you hope for so much?"

"Just so much must we hope for, not

one jot less will do."

If we ask our rulers for great things we must also ask for greater things from our countrymen—clse the first prayer will not be iruitial. I know that all men are not courageous and that many are weak. But in all countries, and at all times, there are born men who are the natural representatives of their race, and who must take up all the sufferings of their country on themselves; who must cut a way through all opposition for the rest to follow through; who can keep up their faith in humanity in the face of all apparent contradictions, and watchfully await the dawn through the blackest night of despair; who scoff at the fears of the timid with the words: Swalpamapyasya dharmasya trayate mahato bhayat-the least bit of right in the centre will vanquish a multitude of terrors at the circumference. If there be any the least righteous principle in politics to that shall we bow the head, not to fear, not to fear.

Suppose my child is ill. I have sent for a European specialist at great cost. He comes and begins to make passes and mutter incantations in the manner of our witchdoctors. Must I not speak out and tell him: "Look here, I called you in to treat the patient, not for this kind of thing?" If he waxes indignant and says: "What do you know? I am a doctor, whatever I choose to do is the proper treatment!" Must I not nevertheless persist in my

objection and tell him that his medical science is greater than himself,-that is what I have paid for and insist on having? He may knock me down and depart with my money in his pocket, but when he is alone in his carriage he will be ashamed. So I say that if I do not acquiesce in the dieta of the British bureaueracy but hold on to the ideals of the British people, I may bring trouble on myself today, but tomorrow I shall win my way through.

Just fancy that after a hundred and fifty years of British rule we hear today. the extraordinary doctrine that Bengal has not even the right to sigh over the distress of her sister province of Madras. We so long thought that the fact that under the unifying influence of British rule, Bombay, Madras, Bengal and Punjah were growing into internal and external uniformity was accounted one of the brightest jewels of the British Crown When in the West the news is abroad that Great Britain bleeds for the troubles of Belgium and France, and has faced death for their sake, is it to be proclaimed in the same breath in the East that Bengal must not bother her head about the joys or sorrows of Madras? Are we going to obey such a command 'Do we not know for certain, despite the vehemence of its utterance, of the load of shame which lnrks behind it?

We must bring about a compromise between this secret shame of the bureaueracy and our open defiance. England is bound to India by her pledged word. England came here as the responsible representative of European civilisation. The message of that civilisation is the word she has plighted. This, her only title to Empire, shall be glorified by us. We shall never let her torget that she has not crossed the seas to slice up India into tragments.

Any people which have gained the wealth of a great realisation have been permitted to do so that they may impart it to the world at large. Should they turn miserly, they will only deprive The great realisations of themselves. Burope have been-Science and the Rights of Man. With this wealth as her gift to India the divine mandate sent England to these shores. The duty has also been cast upon us to hold her to her mission. And unless each party does its duty, forgetfulness and downfall will be inevitable.

The Englishman may point to his his-

tory and tell us: "This great prize of selfgovernment have I carned only after many a struggle and with infinite toil and trouble." I admit it. Each pioneer race arrived at some particular truth through much sorrow and error and sacrifice. But those who follow after have not to tread the same long path of tribulation. In America I have seen Bengali youths becoming experts in the manufacture of machinery without having to retrace all the historical stages of the Steam Engine beginning from the boiling kettle. What it took ages of shower and sunshine for Europe to mature, Japan was able to transplant in no time, roots and all, in her own soil. So it in our character the qualities necessary for successful self-government appear to be in defect, it is all the more reason that practice in that art should be the sooner commenced. If we begin by the assumption that there is nothing in a man, we can never discover anything in him No worse crime can be committed against us than to allow a contempt for our people to close the door to the development of their better nature and thereby compel them to remain for ever contemptible in the eyes of the world.

When morning dawns in history the light does not gradually creep up from the Bast but at once floods all the four quarters. If the peoples of the world had to acquire greatness inch by inch then nothing short of eternity would serve for its attainment. Had it been true that men must first deserve and then desire, then no people in the world would ever have attained freedom.

The West boasts of democracy to-day. I have no wish to stir up the repulsive mire which is still so plentiful beneath the surface glamour of the Western peoples. Had there been some paramount power to rule that while such state of things prevails no democracy is to step into its rights, then not only would the foulness have remained where it is but all hope of its ever being cleaned away would vanish.

So in our social life and our individual outlook there are no doubt blemishes. I could not hide them even if I would. But still we must be our own masters. Because the lamp in one corner is dim that is no reason why we should not light another lamp in another corner. The great festival of Man is in progress, but in

no country are all its lamps ablaze—nevertheless the festivity proceeds apace. If our lamp has gone out for some little while, whit harm if we light its wick at Britain's flame? To wax indiguant and disdainful at such a request cannot be accounted to the good, for while it would not diminish Britain's lustre, it would add to the world's illumination.

The god of the testival calls us to-day. Shall the priest be allowed to deny us admittance,—the priest who has all his bows and smiles for the wealthy, who hastens up to the railway station at the bire news of the arrival of Australia or Canada? This difference of treatment will not be permitted, for the god of the festival is not blind. If conscience does not manifest itself from within as shame, it will do so as wrath from without.

Our hope lies both in the British people and in ourselves. I have great faith in the people of Bengal. I am sure our youths will not consent to peer for ever through the borrowed mask of age. We know of great English souls who are willing to suffer insult from their own countrymen so that the fruit of England's history may become available to India. We also want men of India, real men, who will dare to face the frowns of the foreigner and the success of their countrymen, who will be ready to take all risks of failure, in their eagerness truly to express themselves as men.

The wakeful, ageless God of India calls today on our soul,—the soul that is measureless, the soul that is undefeated, the soul that is destined to immortality, and yet the soul which lies today in the dust, humbled by external authority, in the fetters of blind observances. With blow upon blow, pang upon pang, does the call upon it "Atmanam Viddhi: know thyself!"

() self-mistrusting coward, worn out with premature old age, bowed down with a foolish burden of blind belief! this is not the time for petty quarrels with your own people, for mean hates and jealousies. The time has passed for squabbling like beggars over trivial doles and petty favours. Let us not, either, console ourselves with that false pride, which can only flourish in the darkness of our secluded corners, but which will be shamed on facing the vast assemblies of the world. Let us not

indulge in the cheap consolation of the impotent, of casting the blame on another. Our sins, accumulating through the ages, have crushed our manhood under their load and paralysed our conscience. time has come to make a supreme effort to rid ourselves of their dead weight. Behind us lies the greatest obstruction to our forward progress Our past overcomes our future with its hypnotic influence, its dust and dead leaves obscure the rising sun of the new age, and befog the netivities of our awakening youthfulness We must ruthlessly relieve our lacks of this clinging obstruction, if we would save ourselves from the shame of utter futility, if we would keep pace with the stream of everprogressing humanity-the ever-vigilant, ever-exploring humanity which is victorious over death; which is the right hand of the Great Architect of the universe, and of which, as it ceaselessly journeys along the knowledge-lighted road to truth, the triumphal progress from epoch to epoch is hailed with acclamations which resound throughout the world.

Deeply stained as we are by the repeated showers of insult and sorrow that have been unceasingly poured on us from out. side, we must today undergo purification -the purification of the homa of self-sought travail, voluntarily borne. In the sacred flame of that sacrificial fire our sins will be burnt away, the fumes of our folly dissipated, and our inertness reduced to ashes. O Great God! thou art not the God of the poor in spirit ! That in us which is not and miserable, that which is indestructible, masterful, god-like, of that art thou the Over-Lord,—that dost thou call up to the right hand of thy kingly throne. Let our weakness be scorned. our folly censured, our servility punished, till they depart from us for ever.

Translated by SURENDRANATH TAGORE.

NOTES

Science in Secondary Schools.

The report of the conference of directors of public instruction held in Delhi in January last gives some idea of the place of science in the secondary schools of the different provinces of India.

In Madras object lessons are given in elementary schools. In the middle classes of secondary schools subjects verging on science are studied, and in the higher classes elementary science is obligatory; in the higher classes of secondary schools physics, chemistry, botnny and natural history are taught. Additional science courses can also be taken in the two highest forms.

In Bombay science is compulsory in Government high schools throughout the course, except for the school final candidates. The University demands for matriculation the study of science in the two high standards and a certificate from the beadmaster that the course has been accomplished, but there is no examination in science conducted by the University.

In the United Provinces physics and chemistry together constitute one of the alternative subjects for the matriculation. The teaching is based on a text-book without any practical work and is, therefore, to a large extent valueless. Laboratories have been provided in schools in connection with the school leaving certificate and, it is said, "have created a revolution in science teaching." This science teaching occupies four years, bifurcation taking place four years before the examination. It was thought suitable to prescribe other courses, e. g., a classical course as alternative to science.

In the Punjab science is compulsory in the science matriculation and is optional in the arts matriculation, but it is commonly taken as an optional subject in the latter. Mr. J. C. Godley, Director of Public Instruction, Punjab, has expressed the opinion that in his province the popularity of science is increasing.

In the North-West Frontier Province science is compulsory in the middle stage

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THE MEDIUM OF EDUCATION

(Translation of a paper read by Rabindranath Tagore).

T is superfinous to talk of the utility of learning. Yet, even from the viewpoint of utility controversies arise. We often hear doubts expressed as to its tendency to detract from the efficiency of the agriculturist at his plough, or to hamper the woman in her worship of her lord and master, and of her god. The idea, that the darkness of bandaged eyes is better than the light outside for the bullock which has to turn the mill, is only natural. And in a country where to go on turning the mill of routine is accounted the highest duty, wise men may well look askance at all light as an enemy.

Nevertheless we may regard daylight as greater even than an assistant in our daily work-as an awakener to wit. And it is a yet more important thing that in light men come together, and in darkness they separate. Knowledge is the greatest unifying principle in man. The student in a remote corner of Bengal may be nearer to the educated person at the furthest extremity of Europe than the latter to his illiterate neighbour. Let us leave aside, for a moment, the question of the supreme utility of this world-wide kinship in knowledge, which bridges all gaps of time and space, to consider the unthinkableness of depriving any human being, on any pretext whatsoever, of the supreme joy of

When we realise how dim and far between are the torches of this knowledge in this India of ours, we can understand how difficult for us is this path of union through knowledge, the path that all the world is seeking to tread today. And though occasional measures have been taken to improve the method of imparting education, the difficulties in the way of its spread are as immense as ever.

The river courses only along the edge of the country, the rain showers from all over the sky, and that is why as a friend to the crops the place of the river is much lower. Moreover the very depth and strength of the river depend on the rains. Those who now occupy in our country the throne of thunder-bearing Indra are as sparing of their showers as they are profuse in their thunderings, with which flash the lightning of their derisive scorn against the educational results of Babudom. If only our educational authorities had had to go through the same artificial ripening as have the unfortunate Babus, they would not have delayed to turnish scientific reasons to show that this softening at the top and immaturity at the core can only bedue to the want of sunlight in the process.

They may retort that when the West was West, and had not yet got astride the East, the latter hardly showed a deeper culture in the dialectical wrestling and grammatical snare-weaving which used to go on in its chatuspathis and tols. These were there, I admit, but therein I see nothing different from the empty and barren academical habit which dies hard in all countries, except perhaps that in a fallen country the outward appendages of learning tend to loom larger than its inner strength. But it was only of such academical lore that the pandits in their corners had the monopoly; on the other hand, the life-blood of the culture of the time used to flow unimpeded through the veius of the whole of Society, strong and living. Be it the ryot at his plough or the woman in her zenana, there were various approaches through which this life-giving stream could reach and vitalise them. So, whatever its other defects may have been, the body politie was sufficient unto itself.

Not so our foreign learning of today, which remains so much a thing of the school or college that it is kept hung up like a sign board and does not become part of our life; or remains in our note-books and fails to get transcribed into thought and action. Some of our learned men ascribe this to the mere fact of its being toreign. But this I cannot admit, for truth has no geography. The lamp that was lit in the East will illumine the continents of the West: if that be not so, it had no light. If there be any light which is claimed to be good for India alone, then I emphatically say it is not good at all. If India's god be for India only, then will he effectually bar for us the gates of the kingdom of the universal God.

The fact of the matter is that our modern education has not found its proper vehicle and so is unable freely to move onwards. The universality of knowledge is acknowledged all the world over, but be the reason what it may, it has not found acceptance in this province. The great Gokhake was the champion of this cause but I am told he had to encounter the greatest opposition in Bengal. It seems that, though we are determined to fly forward in the sky of political ideals, we have made up our minds to walk backwards in the field of our social

Deprived as we thus are of that mass education which needs must supply the natritious juices to the roots of our higher education, we have recently had another worry superadded. As if the insufficiency of our educational institutions was not bad enough, they are to be made still narrower in scope by cutting down space and increasing furniture. Let there he a dearth of pupils if there must, but none of appliances,—so say the anthorities!

I quite understand that food and utensils to eat it out of are both needful to man. But where there is a shortage of tood, a parsmony in regard to utensils also becomes necessary. When we shall see free kitchens distributing mental fare throughout India, then may we begin to pray for plates of gold. To make expensive the educational part of our poverty-stricken lives would be like squandering all one's money in buying money-bags. We can enjoy our social gatherings on a mat spread in the yard. Plantain leaves suffice for the feasts of our wealthiest. Most of the great ones of our land, to whom we bow the head, were brought up in cottages. So that in our country the idea will not be accepted that Saraswati's

seat owes any of its splendonr to appurtenances borrowed from Lakshmi.

We in the East have had to arrive at our own solution of the problem of Life. We have as far as possible made our food and clothing unburdensome, and this our very climate has taught us to do. We require openings in the walls more than the walls themselves. Light and air have more to do than the weavers' loom with our wearing apparel. The sun makes up for the heat-producing qualities which elsewhere are required from foodstuff or kitchen. All these natural advantages have moulded our life to a particular shape which I cannot believe it will be profitable to ignore in the case of our education.

I do not seek to glorify poverty which I admit to be tumasik,—of the lowest order. But simplicity is of greater price than the appendages of luxury and is satwik,—of the highest. The simplicity of which I speak is not merely the effect of a lack of superfluity, but is one of the signs of perfection. When that dawns on mankind the unhealthy fog which now besimrehes civilisation will be lifted. It is for lack of this simplicity that the necessaries of life have become so rare and costly.

Most things in the civilised world,—eating and merry-making, education and culture, administration and litigation,—occupy more than their legitimate space. Much of their burden is needless and in bearing it civilized man may be showing great strength, but little skill. To the gods, viewing this from on high, it must seem like the flounderings of a demon who has got out of his depth, but knows not how to swim, and who, as he keeps muddying the whole pool by his needlessly powerful efforts, caunot get rid of the idea that there must be some virtue in this display of strength.

When the simplicity of fulness awakens in the West, then from the walls of its drawing rooms will be cleared away the Japanese lans and China plates and antlers of stags; and all the bric-a-brac rubbish from their corners; the hats of their women will be divested of birds' feathers, artificial flowers and such like oddities; the barbarities and excesses of their dress will find refinge in their museums; and their sky-scrapers will hang their towering heads in shame. Then work, enjoyment and education will

alike find their true strength in becoming easy. When this will happen I have no idea. Till then we must, with bowed heads, continue to listen to lectures telling us that the highest education is to be had

only in the tallest edifices.

To the extent that forms and appendages are the outgrowth of the soul, to ignore them is to be impoverished,—this I know. But though Europe has been trying, she has not yet discovered the golden mean. Why, then, should obstacles be placed in the way of our attempting to find it out for ourselves? To be simple without becoming poorer is the problem which each must solve according to his temperament. But while we are ever ready to accept the subject-matter of education from ontside, it is too bad to thrust on us the temperament as well.

The adopted sons of the West, I suppose, needs must go one better than their adoptive father. In America I saw many vast educational institutions run by the state, where the pupils had to pay next to nothing in the way of fees. In Europe, also, there is no lack of cheap educational facilities for poor students. Is it then because of the greater poverty of our country that our education must be made more costly? And yet in India there was a time when education was not bought

and sold.

Elsewhere we find education accounted to he an anxious duty of the state. Thus in Europe, Japan or America there is no miserliness in regard to the expenditure of public funds thereon so that it may become readily available to the greatest number. Therefore the higher the seat from which it is proclaimed in India, and the louder, that the more expensive and difficult education is made the greater the benefit to the country, the falser will it sound.

Increase of weight with the growth of age is the sign of a healthy child. It is not good if the weight remains stationary, it is alarming if it decreases. So in our country, where so much of the field of education lies fallow, its well-wishers naturally expect an increase in the number of students, year by year. They are not easy in mind if the numbers remain the same, and if they decrease, they feel that the scale turns towards death,—as we understand it.

But when it was found that the

number of students in Bengal was decreasing an Anglo-Indian paper gloated over it. "So this is the limit of the Bengali's enthusiasm for education," it chuckled. "What a tyrannical measure would have been Gokhale's compulsory education for poor, unwilling Bengal!" These are cruel words. No one could have said such a thing about his own country. If today the desire for education should spontaneously diminish in England, this very same paper would have anxiously advocated artificial means of stimulation.

Of course I should be ashamed to expect these people to feel for India as they do for their own country. Nevertheless it may not be too much to expect a small surplus of good feeling to remain over, after satisfying all the demands of patriotism, and take shape as love of humanity. In the present stage of development of the human conscience, it remains possible to desire power and wealth for one's own country even at the cost of depriving other parts of the world. But surely it should not be possible to say of any county in the world, of which we may find the health declining owing to natural causes, that it would be cheaper to provide it with undertakers, than with physi-

On the other hand it cannot he gainsaid that it is the fact of our own national consciousness not being sufficiently awake which leads others to value our material and educational needs so meanly. Indeed it is a kind of deception to try to make others value our country higher than the price we ourselves are prepared to pay,—a deception, moreover, which deludes nobody, but, like the loud bargaining which goes on in China Bazar, it only entails a great waste of time. Aud this is all that we have been doing, so far, with great vociferation, in the markets of the Empire.

We have begged and prayed for education, but felt no real anxiety about it. We have taken no pains in regard to its spread. Which means, I suppose, that what we are clamouring for is the feast to be spread for ourselves, recking nothing whether or not the hungry ones outside our circle are to receive any of its leavings. Those of us who say that it is not desirable that too large a proportion of the masses should be educated, lest it should do them harm, richly deserve to be told

by the authorities that for Bengalis, in general, too much education is not only not required, but will have permicious effects. It it be allowable to urge that our servant difficulty will be increased if mass education is encouraged, the apprehension, is equally well grounded that the education of the upper classes of Bengal will prejudicially affect their docile

servilit s

It will serve as an indication of the real state of our teclings if we recall the tact that, in the political institution called the Bengal Provincial Conference, this simple point was overlooked for years that its proceedings should be conducted in the Bengali language. The reason is that we do not realise our countrymen to he our very own with the whole of our consciousiess. That is why we are unable to pay the full price for our country. And if we do not get what we demand in tull measure, that is not so much due to any unwillingness in the giver but because we do not truly desire.

When we come to consider the question of the spread of education with the requisite attention, we discover that the foremost difficulty has in English hang the medium of education. The foreign ship may bring imported goods into a port, but she cannot help to distribute them amongst inland markets. So if we insist on pinning our whole faith to the foreign ship our commerce must needs be restricted to the city. So long we have seen nothing wrong in this; for, whatever our lips might have uttered, in our hearts the city was all we knew of our country. When we felt very generous towards our own language we entertained the thought of giving some crude sort of primary education through the vernacular, but whatever the Bengali lauguage aspired higher it was sure to get scoffed at.

How long is this timid self-mistrust of ours to last? Shall we never have the courage to say that high education is to be made our very own by being imhibed through our mother tongue? That Japan was able to assimilate what she needed from the West, within so short a time, was because she had first made western learning captive in her own language. And yet it cannot be said that Japanese is a richer language than ours. The power which Bengali has to create new words is infinite. Moreover Buropean culture

is less foreign to us than it was to the

Japanese.

But Japan boldly vowed: "We must and shall install European science in our own temples of learning." And she not only said so, she did it, and is reaping the reward. We have not yet been able to muster up courage even to say that bigh education should be given through our own language, and to believe that only when so imparted can it become truly fruitful in the land.

It is superfluous to state that we must also learn English, and that by no means only for the purpose of earning a living. Why English alone it would be still better if we could also learn French and German. But it is equally superfluous to point out that the great mnjority of Bengalis will never be able to learn English. Are we prepared to say that stativation or semistarvation of the mind is to be the lot of these hundleds of thousands of Bengalispeaking unfortunates?

Any alteration in the complicated machinery of our present education factory entails no end of pulling and pushing and hammering, and moreover wants a very very strong arm to get it done. The valuant Sir Asutosh essayed one such getting succeeded in enterprise and a little vernacular pulley inserted. What Mukherji has achieved, Sir Asutosh however, only amounts to this: that no Bengali's education, however high the English part of it may have reached, shall be deemed complete without the addition of proficiency in Bengali. But this only makes for the rounding off of the studies of those who do know English. What of those who know Bengali but do not know English? Will the Bengal university have nothing to say to them? Can such a cruelly unnatural state of things exist anywhere outside India?

I shall be told that my poetising will not do; that I should make some practical suggestion; that I should not expect too much. Expect too much, indeed! Do I not know only too well that one has to give up all hope when attempting to enter the realm of practical suggestion! Anyhow, I shall be quite satisfied for the present if any the least stir is visible in any mind, nor shall I object even if that should take shape as abuse or an attempt to assault me.

So let me descend to practical pro-

posals.

Our University was formerly a wrestling ground for examinces. Now a broad fringe area has been added round it where the wrestlers may recover their breath, in every-day garb, between their bouts. Famous professors from abroad are being invited to lecture here, and chairs have been offered to our own men of learning. The credit for this last act of courtesy, I understand, was also due to the gallant Sir Asutosh.

Now, I say, let the old central institution of the University go on in its old way, but what harm if these extension lectures be made over to the Bengalis for their very own? Let those who come to the feast of learning by special invitation be given seats inside; but allow at least those who have flocked in at the good news to be served in the outskirts. Let the English table be reserved for the insiders. The outsiders will make good use of their own plantain leaves. If you persist in making the porters chuck them out, will that not mar the festivity? Will not their curses be heard in heaven?

If, like the sacred confluence of the Ganga and the Jamuna, the university becomes the meeting place of streams of learning through English and Bengali, then will it become a veritable place of pilgrimage for all the students of Bengal. And though the dark and pale waters of these two different streams may continue to be distinguished separately, they will nevertheless flow on together making the culture of the country wider,

deeper and truer.

If there is only one street in a town it is bound to become over-crowded. And so in town-improvement schemes new streets are provided. My proposal of adding a second main thoroughfare to our university culture will likewise have the effect of preventing the overcrowding of

the old road, now complained of.

So far as my own experience of teaching goes, a considerable proportion of pupils are naturally deficient in the power of learning languages. Such may find it barely possible to matriculate with an insufficient understanding of the English language, but in the higher stages disaster is inevitable. There are, moreover, other reasons also why English cannot be mastered by a large majority of Bengali boys. First of all that language is naturally a hard nut to crack for those whose mother tongue is Bengali. For them it is as much of a teat as litting an English sword into the scabbard of a scimitar. Then again very few boys bave the means of getting anything like a proper grounding in English at the hands of a competent teacher—the sons of the poor certainly have not.

So like Hanuman who, not knowing which herb might be wanted, had to carry away the whole mountain top, these hoys, unable to use the language intelligently, have to carry in their heads the whole of the book by rote. Those who have extraordinary memories may thus manage to carry on to the end, but this cannot be expected of the poor fellows with only average brain power. These can neither get through the closed doors of the language barrier, nor have they any means of

escape by jumping over it. The point is, is the crime committed by this large number of boys, who owing to congenital or accidental causes have been unable to become proficient in the English language, so heinous that they must be sentenced to perpetual exile by the University? In Eugland at one time thieves used to get hauged. But this penal code is even harsher, because the extreme penalty is imposed for not being able to cheat! For if it be cheating to take a book into the examination half hidden in one's clothes, why not when the whole of its contents is smuggled in within the head?

However I do not wish to lay any charge against those fortunate crammers who manage to get across. But those who are left behind, to whom the Hooghly Bridge is closed, may they not have some kind of ferry boat,—if not a steam launch, at least a country boat? What a terrible waste of national material to cut off all higher educational facilities from the thousands of pupils who have no gift for acquiring a foreign tongue, but who possess the intellect and desire to learn.

So my proposal is to have a bifurcation of the language media beginning from the preparatory class before matriculation, so that each may choose the portal through which he would enter into his university course. This, as I have said, would not only tend to lessen the crowding along the old course, but also make for a much wider spread of higher education.

I know very well that the English course will nevertheless attract by far the larger number of students, and it will take a long time for the adjustment of normal values between the two. The imperial language has more glamour, and so may continue to have a higher value both in the lusiness as well as in the marriage market. Be it so. The mother tongue con but up with neglect, but not with futility. Let the rich man's child fatten at the wet nurse's breast, but do not deprive the poor

man's child of its mother's milk.

Having borne in my time the brunt of many an onslaught I try to be very circumspect now-a-days in what I say. But the force of habit is too strong and truth will out at the end. I congratulated myself on having begun very cunningly indeed, with only a plea for a foothold in the fringe area. I felt like goody-goody Gopal of our Bengali primer who used to eat only what was given to him. This proposal our university authorities might have rejected. but they would not have felt offended. But in spite of his exemplary manners even Gopal cannot help raising his voice as his hunger increases. And my demand on behalf of our language has also grown somewhat big. The result is sure to be fatal both for the proposal and its author. However that is nothing new. In this country of high infant mortality a hundred and twenty-five per cent of proposals dic in their intancy. But so inured am I to fatal blows that I have ceased to believe in their fatality.

I know what the counter-argument will be. "You want to give high education in Bengali, but where are the text books in that language " I am aware that there are none. But unless high education is given in the language how are text books to come into existence? They are not ornamental plants cultivated by dilletanti for aesthetic reasons; nor are they weeds which encumber the ground through sheer exuberance of life. If higher education has to await text books, then may trees as well await their foliage, and

the river its banks.

If it be a deficiency to be regretted that there are no text books for high education in Bengali then, I repeat, to make this language the vehicle for such education is the only way to remove it. The Bangiya sahitya Parishad (Bengal Academy of Literature) for some time has been laying

the foundation for text books by collecting and coining technical terms suited to different branches of learning. We hear complaints that its work is slow,-the wonder is, rather, that it does any work at all. Where is the incentive? Where is the scope for the use of these technical terms? We cannot very well expect a mint to go on working if the coins are refused circulation. If ever the University opens up a road to education through Bengali, then will come the Parishad's

opportunity.

But it is ever so much more to be regretted that, whereas we have the means and the materials for a veritable feast of education in our own language, we have no place for it. We have our Jagadish Bose, our Prafulla Roy, our Brajendia Seal, our Mahamahopadhyaya Shastri, and a host of other Bengalis of the same calibre, both prominent as well as retiring. And yet are we never to be able to assuage the intellectual hunger of those who know only Bengali? Are such students only to have the privilege of being proud of these fellow-countrymen of theirs, but never to be allowed to make use of them? The hospitality of our University makes it possible for foreigners to come across the seas to sit at their feet, but the Bengali student, who knows only his mother tongue, is not to be deemed worthy to have a place by their side!

In Germany, France, America and Japan, modern Universities have sprung up of which the object is to nurture the mind of man. They are forces which are creating their country, by developing the intellect and character of the people. Such creative work cannot be done through the medium of a foreign language. Nothing makes our education here more futile than that the knowledge we gain does not enrich our language, and that being left forever outside the highest thought, the growth of our mother-tongue fails to keep pace with the growth of our minds.

The result of this state of things has been that though we have been enjoying high education we have not been thinking high thoughts. Like our academic costume the academic language of our education is cast aside as soon as we are back home from college, and all that we have gathered there is left in its pockets as it haugs on the peg. Then we gossip and talk scandal, play at making and unmaking kings, translate and plagiarise and publish cowardly trash in wretched rags of newspapers—all in the vernacular.

I do not deny that in spite of this our literature has, made some progress, but none the less does it betray many a sign of starvation. Like a dyspeptic who may eat a large quantity but remains emaciated, our literature has not been able to assimilate the bulk of what we have learnt. What we imbibe does not increase our vital force, for we do not taste it with our tongues; what goes down our gullets only loads our stomachs, but fails to nourish our bodies.

Our University is modelled on the University of London—that is to say it is only a huge diestamping machine. Its object is not to make men but to hall-mark them. It assists the business world to ascertain market values. We have thus become accustomed to be satisfied with receiving the impress of the pattern without troubling ourselves as to what has been learnt in the process. This has been all the easier for us because our manners and customs have all along blindly followed ready-made patterns, and we have ceased to be able to realise that any better forms can be evolved than those cast in the pristing moulds which we have apotheosized.

So it seems to me that though this proposal of mine may not meet with the approval of the average Bengali guardian, its adoption will have an advantage even greater than that of catering for boys unable to pass through the meshes of the English course,—and that is the freedom it will give to growth along natural lines. Its very absence of market value will effectually release it from all servitude to market conditions. And for this reason it may come to pass that many who are compelled to take up the English course for gain, will also he tempted to avail themselves of the other for love. For it is certain that in a very short time the lecturers in the mother-tongue will begin to express the whole of their true genius, and those who are now occupied only with raising the dust of synonyms and annotations in the process of explaining the English text, will then be able to scatter vivifying ideas over their famishing country.

There was a day when the Englisheducated Bengali, in the pride of his new acquisition, looked down on the Bengali

language. Nevertheless, in some mysterious fashion, the seed of our literature sprouted from within the very heart of Bengal. In the beginning it was still easy to sneer at its tiny, frail shoot. Hut a living thing, however small, is not to be kept down by obloquy. Today it has reared its head so high that it can smile at the essays in English composition of these same English-educated Ecngulis. To this result no patronage of the ruling powers contributed; rather it was in spite of being ignored by them—no small drawback for a 'dependent people—that it flourished in the joy of its own life till it achieved worldrecognition.

As I have said it is hardly possible to change the machinery of our existing University with the means at our disposal. The reason is two-fold. Firstly this machinery is designed for a particular purpose and it cannot be made to serve a different purpose without radical alteration from top to bottom. Secondly our form-worshippers have become so enamoured of its particular form that whether they found National Councils of Education, or Hindu Universities, they cannot get rid of the pattern it has indelibly imposed on their imads.

So the only way of improving it is to ask for a little space to plant beside its machine-house a living thing. Then without fuss or argument will the latter one day raise its head and overshadow its unsightly neighbour with a wealth of foliage and bloom. And while the education mill is noisily grinding out its bales for the market, the living tree by its side will give truit and shade to the country and shelter among its numerous branches to any number of singing birds.

But why do I at all plead for any kind of compromise with the lumbering old machine? Let it be relegated to a place among our Law Courts and Offices, I'olice stations, Gaols and Asylums, and other paraphernalia of civil:sation. If our country wants fruit and shade, let it come off brick-and-mortar erections down to the soil. Why cannot we boldly avow that we shall nurture our own university with our own life-force, as naturally as the pupils used to gather round the teachers in the forest retreats of the Vedic age, or at Nalanda or Taxila during the Buddhist era, or as they gather even now, in the

day of our downfall, in our tols and

chatuspathis?

The first step towards creation is to desire. Can it be that there are no stirrings of such desire in our country, to-day? Cannot the desire to give of those who are wise, who are learned, who are studying, making researches, meditating, find its counterpart in the desire to receive of those who would learn, and mingling therewith—as clouds mingle with the ascending vapours to descend in tertilising showers-melt into their mother-tongue to flood the motherland with water for the thirsty and food for the hungry?

These last words of mine are not practical; they merely express an idea. But upto now practical propositions have only resulted in patchwork, ideas alone have

created.

Translated by SURENDRANATH TAGORE.

BRITAIN'S FIRST 'BABY WEEK'

RITAIN dedicated the first seven days of July to the consideration of the menns that can be employed to cut down the rate of infant mortality and to give children opportunities to grow into healthy, useful, and happy men and women. Throughout that week I could not put out of my mind the thought that a much higher percentage of bahies die in India than in Britain, and that those who live have far poorer opportunity before them than do the children of Britain: yet no Baby-Week has ever been held in India to stimulate efforts for h thy-welfare. Perhaps an account of the attempt made in this country may lead to practical results in India.

The idea of focussing the national attention upon baby welfare for a whole week came from the United States of Americathe land of my birth. The first Baby-Week was held there last your through the combined efforts of the women's clubs that are dotted all over the country and have a membership of over 1,000,000 women, and the Children's Bureau maintained by the national government at Washington, D. C, of which Miss Julia C. Lathrop—an Illinois woman—is the chiet. The experiment proved so successful that it was repeated in America a few months ago, and proved once again a great nuccess.

The British do not always welcome innovations with extended arms—especially innovations that originate in the United States of America. But a devastating war has been going on for well-nigh three years, and thoughtful persons realize the one practical way to repair the wastage of war is to save the babies. That made the British receptive of this American

Could the British have saved, since the hostilities began, the babies that died at or before birth and those that died during their first year, the nation would have more than recouped the losses that it has suffered in manhood at all the fronts. Adding together the pre-natal and postnatal deaths, Britain is losing 4,000 babies under one year of age every week, or 208,000 every year. The death casualties of soldiers have not been higher.

In some towns the rate of infant mortality is scandalously high. Ince-in-Makerfield, with 288 deaths out of 1,000 infants under five years of age in 1915-16 being the worst offender. All the large and small industrial towns, where the adults are poor and ignorant, and most of the mothers have to go to work every day, leaving their children to get along as best they may in a cre'che or under the care of an older child or an old woman, have a shocking death rate of infants. Burnley lost 257, Wigan 254, Liverpool 235, Manchester 214, and Nottingham 206 babies under five year of age out of every thousand in 1915-16. There were 40 towns where from 208 to 288 babies per 1,000 died in that year. One of these towns, by an irony of fate, was named Rhondda.

British medical authorities have been crying themselves hourse to make the "The subject has a nose The restored organ looks snough like a nose not to attract attention. It is symmetrical, regular, and its possessor is perfectly contest And it is suitable here to emphasize the profound psychological change undergone by the

wounded man. At first somber, tociture, melancholy, and discouraged, he has become, as his nose improved, gav, active, animated, and happy."—The Literary Digest.

THE CONCLUSION

BY KABINDRANATH TAGORE.

TRANSLATED BY C. F. ANDREWS.

PURBA had got his B. A. degree and was coming back home to his village. The river, which flowed past it, was a small one. It became dried up during the hot weather, but now in the July monsoon the heavy rains had swollen its current and it was full up to the brim.

The boat, which carried Apurba, reached the ghat whence the roof of his home could be seen through the dense foliage of the trees. Nobody knew that he was coming and therefore there was no one to receive him at the landing. The boatman offered to carry his bag, but Apurba picked it up himselt, and took a leap from the boat. The bank was slappery, and he fell that upon the muddy stair, bug and all.

As he did so, peal after peal of very sweet laughter rose in the sky, and startled the birds in the neighbouring trees. Apurba got up and tried to regain his composure as best as he could. When he sought for the source of his discomfiture, he found, sitting upon a heap of bricks lately unloaded from some cargo boat, a girl shaking her sides with laughter. Apurba recognised her as Mrinmayi, the daughter of their neighbour. This family had built their former house some distance away, but the river shifted its course cutting away into the laml; and they had been obliged to change their quarter and settle down in the village only about two years ago.

Mrinmayi was the talk of all the village. The men called her 'madcap,' but the village matrons were in a state of perpetual anxiety because of her untractable wildness. All her games were with the boys of the place, and she had the utine, st ontempt for the girls of her own age. The favourite child of her father, she

had got into these unmanageable ways. Her mother would often complain to her friends of her husband's spoiling the child. But, because she was well aware that the father would be cut to the quick if he saw his daughter in tears, the mother had not the heart to punish the girl herself.

Mrinmayi's face was more like that of a boy than a girl. Her short crop of curly hair reached down to her shoulders, and her big dark eyes showed no sign of fear or shyness. When the boat, carrying the absentee landlord of the village, was moored at the landing stage, she did not share the feeling of awe which possessed the neighbourhood, but shook her curly mane and took up a naked child in her arms and was the first to come and take her observation of the habits of this strange creature.

Apurba had come in touch with this girl on former occasions, and he had got into the habit of thinking about her from time to time during his leisure, and even while at work. Naturally, therefore, this laughter, with which she greeted his arrival, did not please him, in spite of its musical quality. He gave up his bag to the boatman and almost ran away towards his house. The whole setting of things was romantic,—the river bank, the shade of the trees, the morning sunshine with birds' songs, and his youth of twenty years. The brick heaps hardly fitted in with the picture, but the girl who sat on the top of them made up for all deficiencies.

9

The widowed mother was beside herself with joy when her son returned unexpectedly. She at once sent her men to all parts

of the village to search for milk and curds and fish. There was quite a stir among the neighbours. After the mid-day meal, the mother ventured to suggest to Apurba that he should turn his thoughts towards marriage. Apurba was prepared for this attack, as it had been tried before, and he had then put it off on the plea of examinations. But now that he had got his degree, he could have no such excuse to delay the inevitable. So he told his mother that if a suitable bride could be discovered, he could then make up his wnid.

The mother said that the discovery had been ulready made, and therefore there was no further excuse for deliberation. But Apurba was of opinion that deliberation was necessary, and insisted on seeing the girl before consenting to marry her. The mother agreed to this, though the

request seemed superfluous.

The next day Apurba went out on his marriage expedition. The intended bride lived in a house which was not far from their own. Apurba took special care about his dress before starting. He put on his new silk suit, and a fashionable turbau much affected by the Calcutta people. He did not forget to display his patent leather shoes and silk umbrella. His reception was loudly cordial in the house of his would-be father-in-law. The little victim, -the intended bride,-was scrubbed and painted, be ribboned and be jewelled, and brought before Apurba. She sat in a corner of the room, veiled up to her chin, with her head nearly touching her knees, and her middle-aged servant at her back to encourage her when in trouble. Her young brother sat near closely observing Apurba,-his turban, his watch-chain, his newly budding moustache.

Apurba solemnly asked the girl: "What text books are you reading in your

school?"

No answer came from this bundle of bashfulness wrapped in coloured silk. After repeated questionings and secret pushings in the back by the maid servant, she rapidly gave the names of all her lesson books in one breath.

Just at this moment the sound of scampering feet was heard outside, and Mrinmayi burst into the room very much out of breath. She did not give the least heed to Apurba, but at once caught hold of the hand of Rakhal, the young brother, and

tried to drag him outside. But Rakhal was intently engaged in cultivating his faculty of observation and refused to stir. The maid-servaut tried to scold Mrinmayi, keeping the pitch of her voice within the proper limits of decorum. Apurba retained his composure and sat still and sullen. tondling the watch chain with his fingers.

When Mrinnayi failed in her attempt to make Rakhal move, she gave the boy a sounding smack on the shoulder, then she pulled up the veil from the face of the intended bride, and rushed out of the room like a miniature tornado. The maid-servant growled and grumbled and Rakhal began to laugh immoderately at the sudden unveiling of his sister. He evidently did not take ill the blow he had received, because they had with each other a running account of such amenities. There was once a time when Mrinmayi had her hair long enough to reach her waist, and it was Rakhal who had ploughed his scissors through it one day, full the girl in disgust had snatched them from the boy's hand and completed the destruction herself, leaving a mass of curls lying upon the dust like a bunch of black grapes.

After this cataclysm, the business of the examination came to a sudden stop. The girl-bride rose from her scat and changed from a circle of misery into a straight line. and then disappeared into the inner apart. ment. Apurba got up, still stroking his moustache, only to discover that his patent leather shoes had vanished. A great search was made for them, but they were nowhere to be found. There was nothing else to do, but to borrow from the head of the house a pair of old slippers, which were sadly out of keeping with the

rest of his attire.

When Apurba reached the lane by the side of the village pool, the same peal of laughter rang through the sky which he had heard the day before; and while he stood shame-faced and irresolute, looking about him, the culprit came out of her ambuscade and flung the patent leather shoes before him and tried to escape. Apurba rushed after her quickly and made her captive, holding her by the wrist. Mrinmayi writhed and wriggled, but could not set herself free. A sunbeam fell upon her mischievous face through a gap in the branches overhead, and Apurba gazed in-tently into her eyes, like a traveller peering through the limpid water of a rushing

stream at the glistening pebbles below. He seemed to hesitate to complete his adventure, and slowly relaxe I his hold and let his captive escape. If Apurba had boxed Mrimayi's ears in anger, that would have seemed more natural to the girl than this silent incompleteness of punishment.

3.

It is difficult to nuderstand why a young man of culture and learning like Apurba should be so anxious to reveal his worth to this strip of a village girl. What harm would there he, if, in her pitiful ignorance, she should ignore him and choose that foolish poor Rakhal as her companion? Why should he struggle to prove to her, that he wrote a monthly article in the journal, Vishwadip, and that a MS, book of no mean size was waiting for publication in the bottom of his trunk, along with his seent hottles, tinted note-paper, harmonium lessons, etc.

In the evening Apurb i's mother asked him: "Have you approved of your bride?"

Apurba said with a slight hesitation:

"Yes, I like one of the girls."

"One of the girls!" she usked, "why,

what do you mean?"

After a great deal of heating about the bush she found out that her son had selected Mrinmayi for his brid?. When she grasped this fact she greatly lost her respect for the B. A. degree. Then followed a long struggle between them. At last the mother persuaded herself that Mrinmayi was not wholly impervious to improvement. She began to suspect also that the girl's face had a charm of its own. but the next moment the eropped head of hair came to her mind and gave her a feeling of disgust. Recognising, however, that hair is more amenable to reason than human nature, she felt consoled, and the betrothal was made.

Mrinmayi's father got the news. He was a clerk in an office at a small distant river station of a Steamship company. He was engaged all day in selling tickets and loading and unloading eargn, living in a small hut with a corrugated iron roof. His eyes overflowed with tears, when he got the letter telling him what had happened. How much was pleasure and how much was pain would be difficult to analyse.

Ishan applied to the Head Office in

Calcutta for leave of absence. The reason of the betrothal seemed insufficient to the English Manager of the Company and the application was rejected. Ishan then askcd for a postponement of the marriage till the autumn holidays; but he was told by the mother of the bridegroom that the most auspicious day for the marriage that year fell in the last week of the current month. So Ishan went on selling tickets and loading and unloading cargo with a heavy heart,-his petitions rejected from both sides. After this, Mrinmayi's mother and all the matrons of the village began to admonish the girl about the future household duties. She was warned that love of play, quickness of movement, loudness of laughter, companionship of boys and disregard of good manners in cating would not he tolerated in her husband's house, They were completely successful in proving the terrible cramped constraint of married life. Mrinmayi took the proposal of her marriage as a sentence of life-imprisonment, with hanging at the end of it. Like an unmanageable little pony, she took the bit between her teeth and said, "I'm not going to be married."

4.

But she had to marry after all. And then began her lesson. The whole universe shrank for her within the walls of her mother-iu-law's household. The latter began at once her reformation duties. She hardened her face and said:

"My child, you are not a bahy. The vulgar loudness of your behaviour won't

suit our family."

The moral which Mrinmayi learnt from these words was, that she must find some more suitable place for herself,—and she became invisible that very afternoon. They went on vainly searching for her till her friend Rakhal played the traitor, and revenled her hiding place in a deserted, broken down wooden chariot once used for taking out the image of the god for an airing. After this, the atmosphere of her mother-in-law's home became intolerably hot. Rain came down at night.

Apurba, coming close to Mrinmayi in his bed, whispered to her: "Mrinmayi, don't you love me?" Mrimayi broke out:

"No, I shall never love you!"

"But what harm have I done you?" said Apurba.

"Why did you marry me?" was the

reply. To give a satisfactory explanation to this question was difficult, but Apurba said to himself: "I must win, in the end, this rebellious heart."

On the next day, the mother-in-law observed some signs of petulance in Mrinmayi and shut her up in a room. When Mrinmayi could find no way to get out, she tore the bed sheet to rags with her teeth in vain anger, and flinging herself on the floor burst out weeping and calling in agony: "Father, father!"

Just then somebody came and sat by her. He tried to arrange her dishevelled hair as she turned from side to side, but Mrinmayi angrily shouk her head and pushed his hand away. Apurba, (for it was he) bent his face to her ear and

whispered:

"I have secretly opened the gate; let us run away by the back door."

Mrinmayi again violently shook her head and said "No."

Apurba tried to raise her face gently by the chin saying: "Do look who is there." Rakhal had come and was standing fuolishly by the door looking at Mrinmayi. - But the girl pushed away Apurba's hand without raising her face.

He said: "Rakhal has come to play

with you. Won't you come?"
She said: "No!" Rakhal was greatly relieved to be allowed to run away from this scene.

Apurba sat still and silent. Mrinmayi wept and wept, till she was so tired that she fell asleep; then Apurba went out

silently and shut the door.

The next day Mrinmayi received a letter from her father, in which he expressed his regret for not being able to be present at the marriage of his darling daughter. He ended with his blessings. The girl went to her mother-in-law and said: "I must go to my father."

A scolding began at once:—"You father! what a thing to ask. Your father has no decent house for himself,—how can you go to him?"

Mriumayi came back to her room in despair and cried to herself, "Father, take me away from this place! I have nobody here to love me. I shall die, it I am left here."

In the depth of the night, when her husband fell asleep, she quietly opened the door and went out of the house. It was cloudy, yet the moonlight was strong

enough to show her the path. Mrimmayi had no idea which was the way to reach her father. She had a belief that the road, which the post runners took, led to all the adresses of all the men in the world.

So she went that way, and was quite tired out with walking when the night was

nearly ended.

The early birds doubtfully twittered their greetings to the morning, when Mainmayi came to the end of the road at the river bank, where there was a big bazaar. Just then she heard the clatter of the iron ring of the mail runner. She rushed to him and in her eager, tired voice eried: "I want to go to my father at Kushiganj. Do take me with you."

The postman told her hurriedly that he did not know where Kushiganj was and the next moment wakened up the boatman of the mail boat and sailed away. He had no time either to pity or to

question.

By the time Mrinmayi had descended the landing stairs and called a boat, the street and the river-bank were fully awake. Before the boatman could answer, some one from a boat near at hand called out:

"Hallo, Meinul How on earth could

you get here?"

The girl replied in all engerness:

"Bonomali, I must go to my father at Kushiganj. Please take me in your boat!"

This boatman belonged to her own village and knew all about the wild untameable girl. He said to her:

"You want to go to your father? That's good. I'll take you."

Mrinmayi got into the boat. clouds thickened and the rain came down in showers. The river, swollen by the monsoon, rocked the boat, and Mrinmayi fell askeep. When she woke up, she found herself in her own bed in her mother-inlaw's house.

The maid-servant began scolding her the moment she saw her awake. mother-in-law came next As she entered, Mrinmayi opened her eyes wide and silently looked in her face. But when the mother-in-law made a releieuce to the ill . breeding of Mrinmayi's family, the girl rushed out of her room and entered the next and shut the door from the inside.

Appreba came to his mother and said: "Mother, I don't see any harm in sending Mriumayi tor just a few days to her father's house."

The mother's reply was to seold Apurba in unmensured terms for selecting this one girl from all the suitable brides who might have been had for the mere asking.

In the middle of the night, Apurba awakened Mrinmayi and said; "Mrinmayi are you ready to go to your father?" She clutched his hand and said: "Yes." Apurba whispered:

"Then come. Let us run away from this place. I have got a boat ready at the

landing. Come."

Mrinmayi cast a grateful glance at ber husband's face, and got up and dressed, and was ready to go. Apurba left a letter for his mother, and then both of them left the house together hand in hand.

This was the first time that Mrinmavi had put her hand into her husband's with a spontaneous feeling of dependence. They went on their journey along the lonely village road through the depth of the

When they reached the landing stage, they got into a boat, and in spite of the turbulent joy which she felt Mrinmayi fell usleen The next day,-what enumerpation, what unspeakable bliss it was! They passed by all the different villages, markets, cultivated fields, and groups of boats at anchor near some ghat. Mrinmayi began to ply her husband with questions about every little trifle,-where were those boats coming from, what were their eargoes, what was the name of that village?—questions whose answers were not in the text books which Apurba studied in his College. His friends might be concerned to hear, that Apurba's answers did not always tally with the truth. He would not hesitate for a moment to describe bags of linseed as 'mustard,' and the village of Kachwar as 'Rainagar,' or to point out the district magistrate's court as the landlord's office. Whatever answer she got, Mrinmayi was fully satisfied, never doubting its accuracy.

The next day the boat reached Kushiganj. Ishan, seated on his office stool, in his hut dimly lighted with a square oillantern, was deep in his accounts before his small desk, his big ledger open before him, when this young pair entered the room. Mrinmayi at once called out:

"Father!"

Such a word, uttered in so sweet a voice, had never sounded before in that corrugated iron room. Ishan could hardly restrain his tears and sat dumb, for a moment, vainly seeking for some greeting. He was in great confusion how fitly to receive the young married couple in his office, crowded with bales of jute and piled up ledgers, which had also to serve him for a bed-room. And then about the meals,-the poor man had to cook for himself his own simple dinner, but how could be offer that to his guests? Mrinmayi said, "Father, let us cook the food ourselves."

And Apurbu joined in this proposal with great zest. In this room, with all its lack of space for man and food, their joy welled up in full abundance, like the jet of water thrown up all the higher because the opening of the fountain is narrow.

Three days were passed in this manner. Steamers came to stop at the landing stage all day long with their noisy crowd of men. At last, in the evening, the river bank would become described and then,what freedom! And the cooking preparations, in which the art of cookery was not earried to its perfection,—what fun it was! And the jokes and mock quarrels about the mack deficiencies in Mrinmayi's domestic skill, -what absurd earryings on! But it had to come to an end at last. Apurba did not dure to prolong his French leave, and Ishan also thought it was wise for them to return.

When the culprits reached home, the mother remained sulkily silent. She never even blamed them for what they had done so us to give them an opportunity to explain their conduct. This sullen silence became at last intolerable, and Apurba expressed his intention of going back to college in order to study Law. The mother, affecting indifference, said to him, "What about your wife?"

Apurba answered, "Let her remain here.

"Oh, no, no!" cried the Mother, "you should take her with you."

Apurba said in a voice of annoyance:

"Very well."

The preparation went on for their departure to the town, and on the night before leaving, Apurba, coming to his bed, found Mrinmayi in tears. This hurt him greatly and he cried:

"Mrininayi, don't you want to come to Calcutta with me?"

The girl replied, "No!" Apurba's next question was, "Don't you love me?" But the question remained unanswered. There are times when answers to such questions are absolutely simple, but at other times they become too complex for a young girl to answer.

Apurba asked, "Do you feel unwilling

to leave Rakhal behind?"

Mrinmayi instantly answered, "Yes." For a moment this young man, who was proud of his B. A. degree, telt a needle prick of jealousy deep down in his heart, and said:

"I shan't be able to come back home for a long time."—Mrinmayi had nothing to say. "It may be two years or more," he added. Mrinmayi told him with coolness, "You had better bring back with you, for Rakhal, a good Sheffield kuife with three blades."

Apurba sat np and asked, "Then you

mean to stay on here ?"

Mrinmayi said, "Yes, I shall go to my

own mother."

Apurba breathed a deep sigh and said:
"Very well: I shall not come home, until
you write me a letter asking me to come
to you. Are you very, very glad?"

Mrinmayi thought this question needed no answer, and fell asleep. Apurba got

no sleep that night.

When it was nearly dawn, Apurba

awakened Mrinmayi and said:

"Mrinu, it is time to go. Let me take you to your mother's house."

When his wife got up from her bed, Apurba held her by both hands and said:

"I have a prayer to make to you.—I have helped you several times and I want to claim my reward."

Mriumayi was surprised and said:

"What?"

Apurba answered:

"Mrinu, please give me a kiss out of

pure love.

When the girl heard this absurd request and saw Apurba's solemn face, she burst out laughing. When it was over, she held her face for a kiss, but broke out laughing again. After a few more attempts, she gave it up. Apurba pulled her ear gently as a mild punishment.

7.

When Mrinmayi came to her mother's house, she was surprised to find that it was not as pleasant to her as before.

Time seemed to hang heavily on her hands, and she wondered in her mind what was lacking in the familiar home surroundings. Suddenly it seemed to her that the whole house and village were deserted and she longed to go to Calcutta. She did not know that even on that last night the earlier portion of her life, to which she clung, had changed its aspect before she knew it. Now she could easily shake off her past associations as the tree sheds its dead leaves. She did not understand that her destiny had struck the blow and severed her youth from her childhood, with its magic blade, in such a subtle manner that they kept together even alter the stroke; but directly she moved, one half of her life fell from the other and Mrinmayi looked at it in wonder. The young girl, who used to occupy the old bedroom in this house, no longer existed; all her memory hovered round another bed in another bedroom.

Mrinmayi refused to go out of doors any longer, and her laughter had a strangely different ring. Rakhal became slightly afraid of her. He gave up all thought of playing with her.

One day, Mrinmayi came to her mother

and asked her:

"Mother, please take me to my mother-

in-law's house."

After this, one morning the mother-inlaw was surprised to see Mrinmayi come and touch the ground with her forehead before her feet. She got up at once and took her in her arms. Their union was complete in a moment, and the cloud of misunderstanding was swept away leaving the atmosphere glistening with the radiance of tears.

When Mrinmayi's body and mind became filled with womanhood, deep and large, it gave her an aching pain. Her eyes became sad, like the shadow of rain upon some lake, and she put these questions to her husband in her own mind.—Why did you not have the patience to understand me, when I was late in understanding you? Why did you put np with my disobedience, when I refused to follow you to Calcutta?

Suddenly she came to fathom the look in Apurba's eyes when, on that morning, he had caught hold of her hand by the village pool and then slowly released her. She remembered, too, the futile flights of that kiss, which had never reached its goal, and was now like a thirsty bird haunting that past opportunity. She recollected how Apurba had said to her, that he would never come back until he had received from her a message asking him to do so; and she sat down at once to write a letter. The gilt-edged note-paper which Apurba had given her was brought out of its hox, and with great care she began to write in a big hand, smudging her fingers with ink. With her first word she plunged into the subject without addressing him:

"Why don't you write to me? How are

you? And please come home."

She could think of no other words to say. But though the important message had been given, yet unfortunately the unimportant words occupy the greatest space in human communication. She racked her brains to add a few more words to what she had written, and then wrote:

'This time don't torget to write me letters and write how you are, and come back home, and mother is quite well. Our deer-coloured cow had a calf last night'—

Here she came to the end of her resources. She put her letter into the envelope and poured out all her love as she wrote the name, Srijuta Babu Apurba Krishna Roy. She did not know that nnything more was needed by way of an address, so the letter did not reach its goal, and the postal authorities were not to blame for it.

8.

It was vacation time. Yet Apurba never came home. The mother thought that he was nourishing anger against her. Mriumayi was certain that her letter was not well enough written to satisfy him. At last the Mother said to her daughter-in-law, "Apurba has been absent for so long, that I am thinking of going to Calcutta to see him. Would you like to come with me?"

Mrinnayi gave a violent nod of assent. Then she ran to her room and shut herself in. She fell upon her bed, clutched the pillow to her breast, and gave vent to her feelings by laughing and excited movements. When this fit was over, she became grave and sad and sat up on the bed and wept in silence.

Without telling Apurba, these two repentant women went to Calcutta to ask for Apurba's forgiveness. The mother had

a son-in-law in Calcutta, and so she put up at his house. That very same evening, Apurba broke his promise and began to write a letter to Mrinmayi. But he found no terms of endearment fit to express his love, and felt disgusted with his mothertongue for its poverty. But when he got a letter from his brother-in-law, informing him of the arrival of his mother and inviting him to dinner, he hastened to his sister's house without delay.

The first question he asked his mother,

when he met her, was:

"Mother, is everybody at home quite well?"

The mother answered: "Yes I have come here to take you back home."

Apurba said that he thought it was not necessary on her part to have taken all this trouble for such a purpose, and he had his examination before him, etc., etc.

The brother-in-law called out smiling:
"All this is a merc-excuse "the real reason is that he is afraid of me for a rival."

His sister replied: "Indeed there is good cause to be afraid of you. The poor child may get a terrible shock when she

sees you.

Thus the laughter and jokes became plentiful, but Apurba remained silent. He was accusing his mother in his mind for not having had the consideration to bring Mrinmayi with her. Then he thought that nossibly his mother had tried, but failed, owing to Mrinmayi's unwillingness, and he felt afraid even to question his mother about it; the whole scheme of things seemed to him full of incorrigible blunders.

When the dinner was over, it came on to rain and his sister said, "Dada, you

sleep here!"

But Apurba replied, "No, I must go

home. I have work to do."

The brother-in-law said, "How absurd! You have no one at home to account for your absence and you needn't be anxious."

Then his sister told him that he was looking very tired, and it was better for him to leave the company and go to bed. Apurba went to his bed-room and found it in darkness. His sister asked him if he wanted a light, but he said that he preferred the dark. When his sister had left, he groped his way to the bedstead and prepared to get into bed.

All of a sudden a tender pair of arms, with a jurgle of bracelets, were flung

bund his neck, and two lips almost mothered him with kisses wet with tears, At first it startled Apurba greatly, but then he came to know that those kisses, which had been obstructed once by laughter, had now found their completion in tears.

A MODEL VILLAGE IN THE BAROD \ STATE

By Rao Bahadur Govindbhai II. Desal

HADRAN is the name of the head-quarters of a Peta-Mahal in the Baroda District of the Baro la State. It is one of the oldest villages. Tradition runs to the effect that it was founded on the 11th Sudi of Vaishakli, Samvat year 1232. It is named after the Goddess Bhadra Kali whose ancient temple exists even now in the village. According to the Census of 1911, the number of inhabited houses is 1418, and the population 4824. out of which 2742 are males and 2081 females. There are 4430 Hiudus, 265 Mahomedans and 128 Jains. The Hindu population consists mainly of Patidars-a very intelligent and industrious class of people following mainly agriculture as their hereditary profession. The liberal and farreaching educational policy of His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar has produced within the last 20 years very remarkable results, and Bhadran has now become a model village in the Baroda State. A brief account of the wonderful results obtained by the people of Bha Iran is given here in the hope that it may stimulate other places to follow its example.

LIBRARIES.

One of the oldest and most prominent of the public institutions of Bhadran is the Library which was founded in 1895 by the-first batch of its educated youths. It was built at a cost of Rs. 6000, out of which Rs. 3000 were contributed by the principal inhabitants and Rs. 3000 were raised hy a loan which was gradually repaid from donations and gifts on festive occasions such as marriages and fees paid by life members. This Library was originally intended for both the sexes, but as the taste for reading increased more and more, women began to take advantage of the Library and it was

ultimately found necessary to establish a separate library for them under the name of "Mahila Pustakalaya," The foundation of the building was laid by Dewan Tekehand, I.C.S., Revenue Commissioner in 1912; and the building when completed cost Rs. 6000, out of which Rs. 2000 were received as a grant from the Government of His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar and the rest, namely Rs. 4000, were collected by the people. A third library called "Bal Pustakalaya" has been opened this year and is intended mainly for children. It owes its existence to the generosity of Mr. Maganlal Dalpatram Khakhar, J.p. of Bombay who, pleased with the Bhadran people's public spirit and self-reliance. made a gift to them of his father's valuable collection of school children's hooks.

Schools.

A Vernacular School for boys and another for girls have been established by Government. A building for the Boy's School has been built by Government, but the Girl's School being in want of one, it has been recently erected at a cost of Rs. 30,000, out of which the villagers gave Rs. 6000, and Mr. Tulsibhai Bakorbhai, one of the leaders of the place, donated Rs. 10,000, and the rest, viz. Rs. 14,000, was contributed by His Highness' Government. There is a separate school for the boys and girls of the depressed classes with a special building of its own. An English Class teaching upto the first two Standards was opened in 1906, by a few of the leaders. It received a monthly grant of Rs. 25 from Government. In each succeeding year, the leaders went on adding a new Standard till 1909 when it was converted into an Anglo-Vernacular School maintained solely by Government. But the zeal of the people had not abated. They

of nervous excitation that reaches the central perceiving organ. It would theoretically be possible to change the tone or quality of our sensation, if means could be discovered by which the nervous impulse would become modified during transit. Investigation on nervous impulse in plants has led to the discovery of a controlling method, which was found equally effective in regard to the nervous impulse in animal.

Thus the lines of physics, of physiology and of psychology converge and meet. And here will assemble those who would seek oneness amidst the manifold. Here it is that the genus of India should find its

true blossoming.

The thrill in matter, the throb of life, the pulse of growth, the impulse coursing through the nerve and the resulting sensations, how diverse are these and yet how nnified! How strange it is that the tremor of excitation in nervous matter should not merely be transmitted but transmuted and reflected like the image on a mirror, from a different plane of life, in sensation and in affection, in thought and in emotion. Of these which is more real, the material body or the image which is independent of it? Which of these is undecaying, and which of these is beyond the reach of death?

It was a woman in the Vedic times, who when asked to take her choice of the wealth that would be hers for the asking, inquired whether that would win for her deathlessness. What would she do with it, if it did not raise her above death? This has always been the cry of the soul of India, not for addition of material bondage, but to work out through struggle her self-chosen destiny and win immortality. Many a nation had risen

in the past and won the empire of the world. A few buried fragments are all that remain as memorials of the great dynasties that wielded the temporal power. There is, however, another element which finds its incarnation in matter, yet transcends its transmutation and apparent destruction: that is the burning flame born of thought which has been handed down through fleeting generations.

Not in matter, but in thought, not in possessions or even in attainments but in ideals, are to be found the seed of immortality. Not through material acquisition but in generous diffusion of ideas and ideals can the true empire of humanity be established. Thus to Asoka to whom belonged this vast empire, bounded by the inviolate seas, after he had tried to ransom the world by giving away to the utmost, there came a time when he had nothing more to give, except one half of an Amiaki fruit. This was his last possession and his anguished cry was that since he had nothing more to give, let the half of the Amlaki be accepted as his final gift.

Asoka's emblem of the Amlaki will be seen on the cornices of the Institute, and towering above all is the symbol of the thunderbolt. It was the Rishi Dadhichi, the pure and blameless, who offered his life that the divine weapon, the thunderbolt, might be fashioned out of his bones to smite evil and exalt righteousness. It is but half of the Amlaki that we can offer now. But the past shall he reborn in a yet nobler future. We stand here today and resume work tomorrow so that by the efforts of our lives and our unshaken faith in the future we may all help to build the greater India yet to be.

THE SMALL AND THE GREAT

[Translation of a paper read by Rabindranath Tagore.]

NDIA, in the throes of long suffering from the barrenness of political drought, was anxiously scanning the skies; political weather-prophets had reported that a strong Home-rule monsoon had crossed the Arabian Sea, and forecasted heavy showers; when lo I and behold I showers descended in Behar of rioting of Hindus against Mahomedans,—heavy showers I

We hear of sectarian quarrels in other countries as well, owing to rivalry or spite; but in our country these are chiefly on religious grounds, for all our loud professions of our religious teleration, which, say we, has no equal in all the world! Dissensions in Modern Europe are at bottom economic. There the miners. the dock- and railway-workers now and again make a great to-do. They have to take all kinds of steps about it; to make laws, to suspend laws, to call out the military, to shed blood. There, however, in the case of such quarrels we see only two parties: one which makes the trouble. and the other which tries to quell it; but not, as we have here, an exquisitely humorous third party to mock those in trouble with their jeers.

There was a time in England, while its political machine had yet to be perfected, when a conflict was raging between Protestant and Roman Catholic. During that conflict it cannot be said that justice was done to either party by the other; on the contrary, the Catholies had to suffer numerous disabilities for But to-day, though the establishment of one religious sect is still a standing injustice to the others, how is it that such external causes of trouble and unrest have been rendered larmless? Simply because all sections of the people are now united in governing themselves. There was also a day when the differences between Englishmen and Scotchmen were not a little rancorous owing to their real divergence in race, language, taste and tradition; and here again these were reconciled because of the eventual union of Englander and Scot in a self-government in which they were able to utilize their energies in co-operation to ensure progress and repel calamity. But why is it that between Great Britain and Ireland such union has not yet been fully consummated? Just for want of this same equality of political rights.

It has to be admitted that in our country there is a difficult element of conflict between the Hindu and the Mohamedan. Wherever there is any departure from the whole truth, there there is sin; wherever there is sin, there is punishment. If religion, instead of being the manifestation of a spiritual ideal, gives prominence to scriptures and external rites, then does it disturb the peace more than anything else can. Buropean history is red with the bloodshed for the sake of dogma. If

Ahimsa (non-destruction) be your religion. it may remain an impossible ideal, but be cherished nevertheless it may a gradual advance made as such and towards its realisation. But if you yourself slay one kind of animal the name of religion, and then prepare to slay men if they likewise slay another kind of animal in the name of religion, then that attitude cannot be called by any other name than tyranny. It is our hope that our religion will not remain ritualridden for ever. We have also another hope, and that is that if our political life ean become truer by the working out of the same political ideal by both Hindu and Moslem, then such union of minds will make all external differences trivial. So far for the story of our own griefs and hopes. Let us see what part is played therein by the third party, the looker on.

I met an Englishman in the train the other day, who apropos of Home Rule, told me a story about how an Indian zamindar, somewhere in Behar, was nonplussed by an English Captain who scoffed at him saying: "You cannot control your own ryots, and yet you people want Home Rule!" The story did not tell of the samindar's reply. Very possibly he made a low salaam and said, "Unworthy that we are, O saheb, take away your Home Rule, but save me from my ryots!" For he must have felt that while Home Rule was yet in some shadowy dreamland across the seas, the Captain was there, right before him, and the infuriated rioters were threatening his rear. My reply to my fellow-passenger was: "These Hindu-Mahomedau riots have not occurred under our Home Rule. How could the poor zamindar help casting piteous glances at the Captain's troops, for this is the first time I hear of a division of labour where one is to have the weapons and another to do the fighting! During the days of the Swadeshi agitation, not only in distant mofussil places like Jamalpur, but also in Barabazar, the very heart of Calcutta, Mahomedans were allowed to oppress Hindus—that is a stigma which stains the rulers, not only the ruled. If this kind of thing had been as frequent in the Nizam's; dominions, or in Mysore or Baroda, it might have been more difficult to reply to the Captain's sarcasm."

That is just our complaint. We lack all responsibility of power, for our rulers have

taken it on themselves to protect us from without. This is making us more and more ill-equipped and helpless within. And when this result makes our rulers all the more contemptnous, we dare not reply to them, it is true, but the language of our thoughts is not parliamentary. Had we power, both Hindu and Moslem would have felt it equally incumbent on them to unite in their endeavour to maintain and justify it, and to be cautious in avoiding disruption. And thus the British Empire in India would have become stable, not

only for the time, but for all time. Butif it should so happen that when, on

the turning of the next page of History, the British Nation should leave behind amidst the decaying remnants of its "good government", these enfeebled, inefficient millions, unused to self-reliance, unfit for selfdefence, ignorant of their true self-interest: and leave them, moreover, with neighbours awakened to a new life, indomitable with new acquirements; then whom should these helpless men, women and children blame for the endlessness of the sufferings to which they are handed over? Or even it we imagine that amidst the ever-changing World History, the history of British rule in India alone will remain a fixture, then is it to be our fate to be kept an eternally disunited people, with no bond of common endeavour in the service of our country, with hopes doomed to everlasting pettiness, powers cramped and scope narrow, and a future ringed in with the high wall of the will of others?

We have been under one rule, but not under one responsibility. So that our unity is external: it does not bring us together, but merely ranges us side by side; and the least shock knocks us against each other. It is not a living, moving unity,—it is the unity of men lying asleep on the same ground, not of waking men marching along the same road. There is nothing to be proud of in this unity, nor anything to rejoice at, either. It may make us sing peans of praise in unison, bend low together, but it cannot uplift us.

In the old days our social organisation used to keep us alive to our duty to our community. That was a narrow field, no doubt, in which the village of our birth was all that we meant by our Mother Country. Nevertheless, within its limits, the wealthy felt the responsibility of their wealth, the learned of their learning. Bach

one's surroundings had their claims on whatever powers he had. In such a life of endeavour and responsibility men can re-

joice and glory.

But our responsibilities have been shifted away from our social life. Now the Sarkar alone judges us, protects us, physics us, punishes us; decides as to what is Hindu and what is non-Hindu; maintains distilleries for supplying us with intoxicants; and when a villager gets eaten by a tiger, provides the local Magistrate and his friends with the opportunity for a shikar party. Naturally our social regulations have become too heavy for us to bear. The Brahmin still extorts his honorarium, but no longer imparts instruction; the Landlord squeezes his tenants, but has nothing to offer in return; the upper classes accept respect from the masses, but are unable to afford them protection. Our ceremonials have become, if anything, more costly, but have ceased to contribute to the amenities of social life, and are only for conformity or show. Meanwhile the clash of caste rivalry and the depredations of priestcraft are going on with full vigour. In a word, the social cow whose provender we have to provide has ceased to give milk, but has not forgotten how to toss with her crumpled horns!

Whether the way in which our affaira are now regulated from without is or is not more efficient than the old way from within, is not the point. Had men been stocks and stones, the question of how to arrange them so as to make the best of them would, no doubt, have been the most important one. But men are men: they must live, and grow and progress. So it cannot but be admitted that the dismal depression which is weighing down the spirits of our people by reason of their being kept apart from the affairs of the country, is not only cruel but unstatesmanlike. We are not asking for power to boast of, or tyrannise with; we are not looking out for an instrument with which to tap the wealth of the rest of the world; we have not the vaulting ambition to acquire the greatest power to kill the We are willing to greatest number. wear as a diadem the epithet of "Mild Hindu" which is contemptuously flung at us; and well content to hug to our bosoms till the end of our days the scathing scorn which our spirituality seems to inspire. All we want is power to

serve our Mother Country; the natural right to take up its responsibilities, for lack of which the torments of the degradation of hopcless futility are becoming too unbearable within our breasts.

That is why, of late, we see the eagerness of our youths to thrust themselves forward to render social service. Man cannot go on living in a hot-house of inane peacefulness; for his most intimate want is the scope to struggle towards growth, of which the expression is the consecration of self, in suffering, to a great Idea. In the history of all great peoples the irresistible progress of this struggle foams and roars and splashes over the ups and downs of success and failure, breaking through all obstacles. It is impossible to keep hidden, even from political paralytics such as we, the grand panorama of this history. To a youth, instinct with the enthusiasm of Life, inspired by the words of the Great, taught by the lessons of History, enforced inactivity is worse than death itself,—as is only too clear in the heart-rending letter written by the one-time detenu, Sachindra Das Gupta, on the eye of his suicide.

But only the opportunity for rendering occasional service during flood or famine is not enough to give scope to the inner promptings of man's complex nature, which can only find fulfilment in the constant and various expression of everyday work, failing which they get confined with-in, there to fester and become poisoned, and originate the secret activities from which the country is suffering. Wherefore we see the suspicions of the authorities most keenly directed towards those who have ideals and are trying to act up to them. Those who are selfish and unprincipled, inert and indifferent,-under the present-day spy-system it is they who have the least to fear, it is they who are rewarded and rise to the top. Unselfish activity for the sake of others is so difficult of explanation! How is one to reply to this question of inquisitorial authority: "What business have you, forsooth, with great deeds? When the way is open for you to eat, drink and live easily upon the fat or lean wages you may earn by hiring yourself, what possesses you to indulge in a wild goose chase at your own expense?"

But whatever authority may say, is this underground tunnel, where there is neither light nor sound, nor justice, nor

legitimate way of escape, is this, I ask, a good path for Government to follow? You may bury without trial all the best activity of the country,—but ean you in this way lay its ghost? To try to give an outward aspect of respectability to inward hunger by force of punishment can neither be called good nor wise.

underground policy is While this rampant, the news comes from over the seas that a draft scheme of sclf-government is being prepared. I can but suppose that the higher authorities have begun to perceive that simple repression will not exorcise the disturbing spirit, but that conciliation is also needful. This country is my country, not only because I happen to be born in it, but because it has a claim to the best of my striving and achievement-the British Empire in India can only become permanent if it can encourage the realisation of this truth by its people. To keep so vast a country enseebled, inessicient, indifferent to its affairs of state, is to make their help in an emergency worthless, and their weight of mertia nnbearable. Moreover, placing even the weakest in a constant attitude of antagonism is like leaving smallest leak in a boat. In calm weather baling may serve to keep it going, but when in a storm all hands are busy with rudder and oar and sail, the tiny leak may make all the difference. To get angry then, and pound it with regulation or nonregulation police lathis will only make matters worse. The trifling cost of mending a small leak in time will save much greater loss later on—this is a truth which I cannot believe British statesmanship does not understand. It is because it does, that the question of granting selfgovernment has arisen today.

But the baser side of human nature is blind. It only attaches importance to the present, and ignores what is yet to come. It thinks it mere weakness or silly sentimentality to talk of Truth and Right. Buoyed by high hopes India is making too light of this enemy of British Rule. The Anglo-Indian, who whether as government official or merchant stands for the greed of power or money, is too close to India to see clearly. To his near-sightedness it is his power, his prosperity which towers, and the 300 millions of India with their joys and sorrows are only so many shadows, faint and unsubstantial. This

makes me afraid that any boon, such as may have served to give back to India her strength of manhood, will be clipped and curtailed and bloodless when it does come, or perhaps, will perish on the journey and add to the skeletons of the unfruitful good wishes which strew the desert path of India's fate.

The Anglo-Indian who wields the weapon of obstruction is intoxicated with power, and out of touch with the life of India by layer upon layer of accumulated official tradition. To him India is but a Government or Mercantile office. While, on the other hand, he is connected by blood with those Englishmen over the seas who shape our destinics; his hand is in their hands. his lips at their ears; he has a seat in their council chambers, and access to the green room behind the political stage; he is constantly going back home to leaven the country with his ideas and is altering its very psychology. He swears by his grey hairs and the length of his experience, and claims special indulgence because of the pinnacle to which he claims to have raised the Empire. Where can our words, our hopes, even our existence be seen behind this towering self-assertion? How can we hope for any Englishman to have such abnormal keenness of insight as to succeed in spying out the humanity in these 300 millions over the encircling walls of officialdom?

The distant Englishman who, by reason of the free atmosphere of Europe is able to escape the illusions of blind self-interest and can see India with a breadth of vision, is cautioned by the Anglo-Indian that it is only through the dust-laden nether sky that a practical view can be obtained, and that the distant view from the pure upper sky is visionary. For the distant Englishman to take an interest in Indian affairs is reckoned by the Anglo-Indian to be a piece of impudent meddlesomeness. Therefore the Indian should always remember that he is not governed by the Great English People of whom he has heard tell, but that he is the subject of an official sect who have been corroded into artificiality by the acid of Indian Government offices in which they have soaked for ages-not of men who are men in mind and heart and life, but who have been artificially docked and stunted for a special purpose.

The camera may be called an artificial eye. It sees very distinctly, but not the

whole view; it cannot see what is not inmediately before it. So we may say it sees blindly. The natural eye, behind which there is a living person, however imperfect its vision may be for a particular purpose, is much better adapted for dealings between man and man. So we may thank God that He has not given us camera lenses in the place of eyes. But what is this that He has given us in the Government of India? great Englishman, who is really and fully a man, lives, such is our fate, on the opposite shore; and before he comes over to this side he passes through the shears of expediency which lop off three quarters of his manhood, carefully cutting out all that makes man grow himself and cause growth in others. These expurgated men fail to understand why these perfect and expensive cameras of theirs are charged with seeing incompletely, because imagination also is one of the things they have left behind them.

Why is it that the inmates of workhouses in England are so discontented and try to run away if they can? Because the workouse is neither a proper home, nor perfect homelessness. It gives only a bare minimum of shelter, rigidly calculated. Shelter is doubtless a very necessary thing, but because men are men they pine for a home, that is to say, they cannot live without many a thing which is not absolutely necessary, over and above the bare minimum; and if they cannot get these, they want to escape. The strict workhouse guardian, who is not a whole man with a complete vision, feels surprised and angry at this ingratitude of the indigent, and fails to understand their unwillingness to barter the houndless hope which agitates their soul for the peace of bare shelter, and so tries to suppress sorrowing by punishment.

The great Englishman is not in direct contact with India,—hetween them is interposed the small Englishman. So, for us, the great Englishman exists only in History and Literature; and India exists for him only in Offices and Blue books, in other words, India is for him only a set of statistics in which are to be found experts and imports, income and expenditure; the number of births and deaths, of policemen to keep the peace, of goals to punish the turbulent; the length of railway lines, the height of educatic rail edifices. But creation is not

sky-filling mass of statistical figures, and no account of the vital immensity of India beyond these figures reaches any living per-

sonality.

Nevertheless, whatever may he the difficulties in the way of believing it, I ask my countrymen to know for certain that there is a geographical locality where a people rightly called the great British people really exist. The injustice which the weak do to the strong is only a further proof of their weakness,-it will redound to our glory if we can avoid such weakness. swear it that these great Englishmen are in every way true men. It is also certainly true that the same greatness of character which has made all great peoples great has also made these great Englishmen great. It is no use saying in a fit of pique that they have raised themselves on the points of their swords, or by mounting their money-bags. It is utterly unworthy of belief that any people can become great merely because they are good at fighting, or money-making; and the proposition can be dismissed, without calling for proof, that any people have become truly great without achieving moral greatness. These great Englishmen sincerely cherish the ideals of Right and Truth and Freedom; they are expressed in various ways in their literature and their his. tory; and these same ideals are giving them strength in the present-day war.

These great Englishmen are not station. ary, they are progressing; their lives are changing and expanding through their history. They are busy not only with their Empire and their commerce, but their national life flows on in a full stream of literature, science and art, social life and religion. They are creative; and are of the high priests of the great European sacrifice. The lessons of the war have not been lost on them, and they are learning to read the history of man anew in the soul-searching light of their martyrdom. They have seen the catastrophe that must inevitably result from the insistent setting up of false patriotic pride against insulted humanity. Consciously or unconsciously they are realising that the god of one's own country is the God of all countries, and that to bring Him human victims is to see Him in His terrible wrath. And even if they have not understood it today, they will understand it someday, that the storm-centre is always where the air is thinnest; and there, where

are the weakest of the world's peoples, will always be the centre of struggle of contending nations, drawn into the vortex by the lust of spoil; there mandoes not shine in his greatness, but grows laxer and laxer, carelessly allowing his manhood to slip away from him; there Satan usurps a seat and dares mock God for his weakness! The great Englishman, I say, needs must understand that custles cannot be built on sand, and their power made permanent

on the weakness of others.

But the small Englishman does not move on. He has remained tied for long centuries to the country which he has condemned to stagnation. On one face of his life he bears the imprint of office, on the other of pleasure. In the former aspect he keeps India at the length of his sceptre of power or his measuring rod of commerce; the other face, like the other side of the moon, is entirely beyond our ken. And yet he claims value for his experience in the measure of the length of its years. In the beginning of British Indian History he did some creative work, but ever since he has simply been watching over and enjoying a well-established political and commercial predominance. His continual turning of the mill of routine has made him immensely wise in worldly wisdom, and he thinks the achievement of efficiency in his office to be the greatest event in the world. His constant intercourse with a weaker people makes him feel that he is the maker of the future as he is the master of the present. He does not stop at the assertion that he is here, he follows it up with the boast that he has come to stay.

Relying on the generosity of the great Englishman, as a talisman, our countrymen have begun to talk back to the small Englishman, forgetting the strength of the power wielded by the latter; forgetting also that sometimes the cost of propitiating the priest below has to be even greater than the value of the boon vouchsafed by the god above. Let us recall instances of the power of this intermediary, the quality of his characteristic mood. Granted, for the sake of argument, that Annie Besant was at fault ;-but the great Englishman had pardoned her. For this the earthquakes engineered by the small Englishman reached and shook the Houses of Parlia-The small Englishman cannot overlook the crime of forgiveness, though

he may omit to call for explanations in the case of irregular punishments. Where a punishment has been awarded, the crime must be there to fit it, says he. He who holds the contrary is an Extremist 1 Then again, when in the Imperial Council chamber the Panjab Lieutenant Governor made indiscreet attacks on the people of India and the Viceroy felt compelled to read him a mild homily, it gave the small Englishman a shock from which he finds it impossible to recover. On the other hand, when Mr. Montagu, before taking up his office indulged in some plain speaking about the Indian Bureaucracy, there was such a cyclone of vituperation that it knocked the spire off the State Secretary's power and freedom of action. We have witnessed the power of the small Englishman, not only in the time of Lord Ripon and to some extent in that of Lord Hardinge, but also so far back as in the time of Lord Canning and of Lord Bentinck.

That is why I repeatedly warn my countrymen: "What makes you so defiant? Your strength? You have none. Your voice? It is not so loud as you think. Any supporter? He is imaginary. If your cause be righteons then that alone you may thoroughly rely on. None can deprive you of the right of voluntary suffer-ing. The glory of consecrating yourselves to Truth and Right awaits you at the end of a stony road. And if, at length, you get any boon at all, it will be from your own conscience—the god that is within. Have you not seen how, suspecting the Government of India to be in collusion in regard to the proposal for a boon to India, the Anglo-Indian is inquiring with a sardonic smile: "What makes the Government so jumpy? What awful thing can have happened that the thunderbolt department should have taken to showering rain?" And yet when mere schoolboys are thrust into the lawless underground regions of darkness, then this same Anglo-Indian cries: "The state of things is so awful that British justice must confess defeat, and wild Tartar methods imported to take its place!" That is to say, the apprehension which is true when you strike, is false when you are called upon to apply balm to the wound,—for the balm costs money! But, say I, the bill of costs for hitting hard has a way of exceeding that of trying to heal. Secure in your strength you fancy that the portion of Indian History which

concerns the Indian is not progressing onwards, but goes round and round in an eddy which tends downwards. And when one day, on coming out of your office, you find the current passing beyond the line which was assigned to it in your plan, you fly into a rage and shout: "Stop it! Bind it! Hem it in!" Then indeed does the current sink beneath, and in your frantic efforts to check its hidden course you rip and tear the breast of the whole

country. I myself have recently fallen foul of the small Englishman. Some days ago I happened to write a short letter on the harshness of imprisoning hundreds of young people without trial. I was promptly charged with circulating falsehoods and dubbed an Extremist by the Anglo-Indian papers. These are, after all, government officials in mufti, so I forgive them their epithets. But even those of my countrymen who find no meaning in my poetry and no substance in my prose, but who nevertheless happen to have read my writings, will be constrained to admit this much, that from the days of the Swadeshi agitation to this day I have always written against Extremism. I have consistently urged this one thing that the wages of wrong-doing are never found to be worth-while in the long run, for the debt of sin always ends by becoming the heavier. Moreover, I have never been scared by ink-slinging, be it Indian or English. I emphatically assert that the Extremism which is neither decent, nor legal nor open, which means foreaking the straight road and taking to tortuous paths in the hope of sooner gaining a particular end, is always utterly reprehensible. I have consistently told my countrymen this with the full strength of my conviction, and so I claim the right to say with equal emphasis that this Extremism is also wofully wrong, even as a policy of government. The high road of law may sometimes prove a round. about way of reaching the goal, but like riding roughshod over Belgium's rights, the Extremism of shortening the legitimate road is never seemly.

The taking of short cuts was the usual practice in ancient history. "Bring me his head!" was a favorite method of cutting the gordian knot. Burope prides herself on her discovery that the cutting of the knot is not the same as undoing it, and that much damage is wrought by the former process.

Civilisation has responsibilities to which it is incumbent on her to do justice even in times of trouble and stress. There is an element of ferocity in all punishment which is allowable in civilised society only after it has been softened, so far as may be, by passing through the filter of law, cleansed of all anger, spite and partiality; otherwise the rod of the judge and the cudgel of the hooligan remain insufficiently differentiated. I admit that the times are difficult. We are ashamed of the methods by which some of our youths have attempted to get rid of the obstacles to their country's progress. We are all the more ashamed of it because the idea of the divorce of Expediency from Right was taught us by the West. The open and secret lies of diplomacy, the open and secret robberies sanctioned by statecraft are looked upon in the West as the inevitable alloy in the gold which serves to strengthen the metal. Thus have we come to learn that it is foolish and feeble-mere silly sentimentalism—to allow Righteonspess to bother and worry where Patriotic selfinterest shows the way. We, also, have become convinced that eivilisation requires to be stiffened by an admixture of barbarism, and the Right to be tempered by the expedient. This has not only led us to tolerate unrighteousness, but also to bend the knee to what is most unworthy in our teachers. We have lost the courage and independence to say from a higher platform than that of even our teachers:

चार्च चेपते तारत् सती अहाचि पक्ति । तत: चपहान् जवति समुचकु विगमति ॥

Men flourish by unrighteousness, in unrighteousness appears their welfare, by unrighteousness they overthrow their enemies, but they are destroyed at the root.

So I say that it is the greatest shame of all that our ideals should have owned such complete defeat at the onslaught of the teachings of the West. What high hopes had we that when the lamp of Love of Country should be lighted in our country, the best that was in us would be illuminated and shine forth; cur age-long accumulation of error flee from the shelter of its dark corner; a fountain of hope gush forth through the stony crust of our despair; our awakened energies carve out for us, step by step, a way over the apparent hopelessness of our future; and

our people stand shoulder to shoulder, with upraised heads, relieved by the buoyant joy of mutual love from the ' weight of cruel conventions that have crushed and insuited our manhood.

But alas! what trick was this that our fate played us? The lamp of patriotism was lighted, but what was this scene it revealed of theft and robbery and secret murder? Did the god of our prayers appear before us to be worshipped by offerings of sin? Does not the same spiritlessness and inertia, the same self-mistrust, which led us to look to political begging as a panacea for all betterment and so to perfect ourselves in the art of petition-writing, now make us take to political erime in order to hasten the millenium? There is no eross-road where robbery and bravery meet. In Europe there may seem to be such a meeting of the ways, but the signposts on its roads have not yet been passed as correct in the survey of Providence. And let us pray to God, even if the whole world should believe immediate gain to be the be-all and end-all, that India may not share in such belief. If without it we can attain political freedom, well and good. If not, let us at least abstain from choking the way to a greater freedom with the garbage of political untruths.

But one thing we must not forget. If in the light of our awakened love of country we have seen robbery and murder, we have also seen brave men. We have never seen the divine power of self-sacrifice so resplendent in our youths as we have seen it to-day. They are ready with a wonderful devotion to east aside all worldly prospects and consecrate their lives to the service of their motherland—a service which not only does not lead to advancement or Government favour, but bristles with the antagonism of their own kith and kin. It makes my heart thrill to see that there is no lack of young pilgrims on this strait and troublous path, and that their responce was immediate when the call came from above. In more fortunate countries, where numerous avenues to the service of country and mankind spread is all directions, these unworldly, imaginative, determined, selfless boys are accounted the greatest assets. One has only to read the last letter of the detenu, Sachindra, who killed himself in despair, to feel sure that if he had been born in the country of

the Englishmen who punished him, he would there have lived a glorious life and died

even a more glorious death.

In the past and in the present it was and is open to any king or any official of a king to paralyse a country from one end to the other by suppressing the vitality of its youth. That is easy enough; but it is not civilised, and, That is easy so far as I know, it is not English either. To cripple for life those who are innocent and likewise great, or even those who in a momentary perversion of a great enthusiasm have fallen, but only need a helping hand to rise again and justify their life,what could be a more cruel waste of human life? What kind of statesmanship is it which can afford to hand over such youths and boys to the tender mercies of the secret service? It is like letting loose a herd of buffaloes in the night noon the tender shoots of springing corn; and while the owner of the field beats his breast in despair, the keeper of the herd exults that not a weed will be left showing!

And what makes the calamity greater is that any tender shoot once bitten by the police thrives no longer, and will bear neither flower nor fruit, for there is poison in their touch. I know a boy whose intelligence was as keen as his diligence in study, and equally noble was his character. He managed to get let off after having been mauled by the police, it is true; but he is now, in the first bloom of his youth, the inmate for life of a madhouse in Berhampore. I can swear that the British Government never had anything to fear, but our country much to gain, from him.

Some time ago when my Shantiniketan boys went up for their examination to the Birbhum Zilla school, the police used to take down their names. They had no need to do anything else to cause young spirits to droop; for none know the nature of their secret records nor can divine the purpose of their stealthy methods. Just as no one cares to eat a snake-bitten fruit, so none dare to hold commerce with a police-tainted person. Even that most desperate of creatures, the Bengali father with an numarried daughter to get rid of,—to whom neither ugliness nor vice, nor age nor disease is a bar, -even he refrains from sending the matchmaker to him. If the one-time police-suspect tries to do business, the business fails. If he begs for charity, he may rouse our pity, but cannot

overcome our dread. It he joins any good work, that good work is doomed.

The authorities in charge of this Depart. ment of Terror are after all only men of flesh and blood, they are not saints, risen superior to passion and prejudice. And as we, in a state of excitement or fear, mistake shadow for reality, so do they. Their profession being to suspect all men, mistrust of all men becomes ingrained in their character; and to take action on the least trace of doubt gets to be their favourite colicy; for they are not checked from above, their surroundings have been terrorised into silence, and the small Englishman behind them is either apathetic, or else hounding them on. If, to a lack of natural sympathy, prevailing passion or panic, and power practically boundless, there be added secret methods and stifled laws, then, can even the small Englishman really bring himself to believe that a situation has arisen in which strict justice and a righteous policy can be counted upon ? I am absolutely certain that he does not believe any such thing, but what he believes is that all this is a convenient method of suppressing disturbance ; just as we have seen, in Germany, the avoidance of international obligations reckoned to be the easiest way of winning the war, because there the small Germans predominate over the great Germans. The state policy of "Bring me his head!" may serve for a time, but not for all time. The policy which is good for all time is the policy for which great Englishmen have so often fought; and fired by their whole-hearted abhorrence for the opposite policy of the Germans, great young Englishmen, to-day. are rushing in their thousands to give up their lives on the field of battle.

It has been my steadfast endeavour that the boys of my Shantiniketau school should acquire a trne vision of the history of Humanity as a whole, broad and untainted with race-hatred. With this in my mind, I have not hesitated to accept the services of devoted Englishmen offering to consecrate their lives to this work. But we live unnatural lives; our present scope, our future prospects, are both narrow; our latent powers are feeble in expression for lack of stimulus and want of facility. Any result we may achieve in our restricted field, overshadowed as it is by the might of the wielders of all power and

prestige, are so dwarfed and stunted as to be of but little use or value in the markets of the world,—which however is declared to be the best reason for continuing to keep us in a deeper shade! An utter depression due to this state of things whole being; is weighing down our and for this reason hardly any one in this country is inclined to attach any value to the Greater Preedom from one's baser nature which great men extol. And yet I make bold to believe that our endeavours in the Shantiniketan School have not been entirely fruitless. For however serious the obstacles in the way may be, if the supreme truth be held before our countrymen, they cannot find it in their hearts to thrust it aside altogether,-not even the most modern of our boys! And, as to this trait in our character, I am happy to be in agreement with the Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab.

But at times it becomes terribly difficult. Things happen which make even the meckest of Bengali boys rebellious against the higher teaching, for baser passions attract their like. We have two little fellows in our Shantiniketan School, whose guardians were fairly well-to-do and paid the school dues regularly. Some time ago three men of the family were arrested in one haul, and interned. The boys can no longer pay their way and have to be supported from the school funds. The little fellows are not only feeling the humiliation of their position, but they are not unaware, also, of the misery that has befallen their home. Their father was stricken with malaria, and their distracted mother moving heaven and earth in the endeavour to get him imprisoned in a healthier locality,—all these anxieties tormented their infant minds.They do not utter a word, nor do we speak to them, on the subject. But it somehow sticks in my throat to talk in their presence of Right, Justice and Universal Love, for the sneering faces come athwart my vision of those who, like the Puniab Lieutenant Governor, have no use for these spiritual exaggerations. Thus are the sparks flying in this clash between the baser passions of both parties; and in all parts of Bengal outward suffering is driven inwards, there to be stored up as a permanent factor influencing character. The bombs which are being dropped into the bosom of whole families from the high cloudland of authority are exacting their

toll of women and children,—but may not these, at least, be elassed as non-combatants?

If you ask me about the root of this vicious problem, I say at once it is the want of self-government. We are so foreign One of their learned to Englishmen. travellers has said that he felt the Chinese and Japanese to be nearer. It seems our spirituality stands in the way,—a malady with which the Britisher disclaims to be afflicted. What more radical difference can there be between man and man? Over and above that, they do not know our . language; they do not mix with us socially. Where there is so vast an intervening distance, so little of knowledge to bridge it. watchful suspiciousness can be the only possible policy. The poison disseminated by those who are selfish and erafty, who know that to play the honorary spy is a way to rapid advancement, is permeating and vitiating the whole administration. Those who value self-respect more than patronage, who prefer the good of the country to their own promotion, they try, so long as the police will let them, to give all government concerns as wide a berth as they ean.

The bureaucratic administrator who lives in an atmosphere of walking on tiptoe, talking in whispers, glancing furtively at every shadow and lurking behind cover, an atmosphere, moreover, that is tainted with the proximity of the police, -what is to prevent his habitual suspicion taking shape as direful action, for to him we are only an abstraction—the Governed? So when in our homes the mother weeps, the brother trembles, the wife commits suicide, and the children have to go untended and untaught; when at a sign from the C.I.D., institutions representing the patriotic labour of years erumble to the dust; that makes no difference in the appetite for dinner, or soundness of sleep, of the ruling power, nor does it even affect his zest for his game of Bridge. I do not say this in anger. The conditions being what they are, it is but natural. Bureaueracy always implies dealings, not with the real world as a whole, but with that part of it which is a product of its own regulations. In a free country no bureaucracy is allowed to occupy the whole space, so that the people get an opportunity of growing through the gaps left in it. In a dependent country it is careful to leave no gap.

And if we busy ourselves searching for an outlet to the open sky, there is such a stormy flutter in all its brauches right to the tips of its foliage, that we, also, grow disquieted and feel we would rather forego the outlet than risk being broken by the buffetings of these branches. Nevertheless let me say my first and last word. There is no nation so powerful that it can keep unnaturalness balanced ou the point of its bayonet. The weight grows, the muscles relax, and the gravitation of the great world brings all bolstered up anomalies to the dust.

What theu is natural? That whatever may be the character of the government it should be responsible to the people governed, so that they in turn may be lovingly loyal to it as their own. The apathy of the people in regard to an irresponsible outside government in which they have no share, cannot but degenerate into antipathy. And those who try to suppress such antipathy by force needs must convert it into antagonism. That is how the problem waxes more and more

complex, The British Nation has come to India as the messenger of the spirit of the age. The wealth of great truths gained by Humanity in each era is bound to be distributed in one shape or the other throughout the countries of the world. Those who are the carriers of this wealth are false to their trust if they are miserly in its distribution; then they hamper the design of Providence and spread misery. But they cannot hide under a bushel the light they What they have been commissioned to give, give they must, for they are but the instruments of the gift which is the gift of the age. Unnaturalness comes in when they turn their light side to one part of their history and their dark side to another. But they cannot go on for ever allowing one side of their nature to cheat the other. If the small Englishman persists in hemming in the great Englishman with a wall of self-interest, only sorrow and calamity will follow. The game of History is not played with the cards exposed. The denouement often comes in a surprising fashion, upsetting all calcula-tions. Anyhow, it may be asserted as a general truth that, if after a prolonged period of giving rein to unnaturalness, it is imagined that the regulations of one's owa making are the laws of the universe,

then all of a sudden will History stumble over some slight obstacle, and topple over completely. For centuries East and West have been brought together, but have failed to establish human relationships; West would rule the East but cannot make it kin; the harriers of the East are broken down and the West is right inside its granaries, and yet the refrain continues to be chanted: "Never the twain shall meet!" Can the dead-weight of such nunaturalness remain for long in stable equilibration? If no natural solution can be found then the curtain will descend on the Fifth Act of an Historical Tragedy.

The Tragedy of India's past history was worked out just in this way. We, also, saw men come together, only to contrive elaborate methods of keeping them permanently asunder. We, also, tried to keep from others Rights which we prized as the most valuable for ourselves. We. also, insulted humanity by giving the high-sounding name of Special Privilege to privileges which should have been universal. But with all the weight of our sacred scriptures at their back we were nnable to secure the permanence of this unholy uunaturalness in our past history. The system in which we thought lay our strength. proved our weakness. And so have we been dying through centuries of self-inflicted wounds.

Whatever may be the seeming of the present, I am firm in the hope that East and West shall meet. But towards this end we, also, have our duties to perform. If we are small and entertain fear, the Englishman will become small and parade frightfulness. The whole power of the small Englishman rests on the smaller side of our own nature. But that future age is coming upon the Earth, when the unarmed shall bave to stand up against the armed, when the victory will be not on the side of him who can strike, but of him who knows how to In that age he who canses suffering will be vanquished and the glory be his who has suffered. In that age, as the result of the war between the soul and the flesh, the soul and the machine, man will declare that he is no beast, and is superior to the laws of natural selection. The duty is cast upon us to prove this great truth.

If the East and the West do meet, it will be upon some great Ideal; not upon the ground of favour; not upon some man-ofwar bristling with big guns. If death be made an ally, then shall the Lord of Death come to our help. If we do not achieve power for ourselves, then the alliance between the weak and the powerful cannot be a real one; the union in which one part pedominates is no union at all, but the greatest of all disunions. The Empire in the building of which we are only as the bricks and mortar cannot be our Empire. That Empire, alone, can be ours of which we are the architects also. Only within such an Empire can we gain life; for such an Empire can we lay down life. Oh, let not the power with which we would ally ourselves with the powerful be that acquired by begging or borrowing. May it be our own inherent power, the power of righteousness. May it be the power to bear unflinchingly endless sorrow and suffer-There is no power on earth which can bind in chains the power to suffer, to sacrifice self,—the power of righteousness. In defeat it is victorous, in death immortal.

Translated by SURENDRANATH TAGORE.

Note by the Author

Since the reading of this paper there has been a reference by H. E. Lord Ronaldshay, in a speech of his in Council, to a letter which I wrote to an English friend.

I should like to make it clear that neither in that letter nor in this paper has it been my object to pronounce any opinion on the innocence or guilt of all or any of those who have been punished under the Defence of India Act.

What I want to say is that the policy of secret condemnation and punishment hitherto pursued has naturally led a very large number of my countrymen to conclude that a great many of those punished are innocent. Imprisonment in gaols, in some cases in solitary cells, savours to the public at large more of vengeance than of precaution. Moreover the harassment to which a detenu is subjected, even after his release, by reason of continued shadowing by the police, may not be admitted by those who are responsible, but is too painfully patent to those who share the suffering

The natural outcome of this policy is a widespread panic which paralyses the innocent, whether in their efforts for self-advancement or to render public service. In this unnatural state of things it has become difficult for us to maintain our accustomed relations with those whom we do not know well, with the further disastrous result that both hospitality and charity have succumbed to an all-pervaling suspiciousness.

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE,

ARATAMA SAN

By E. E. SPEIGHT, OF KANAZAWA, JAPAN.

A S I stole out of the gates of the compound a blinding flash of lightning over Vladivostock way spread along the horizon and filled me with awe. It was not yet four of a winter's morning, and the stars were cold. I stumbled down the steep brookside to the frozen rice-fields and made for a cluster of bamboos in which nestled a Japanese village with Polynesian roofs and a haunted shrine. One long building was dimly lighted.

I call: "Aratama San!"

A burly figure moves silently out of the blackness and greets me, grasping my hand firmly. He is young and sturdy, with a bull-neck and high cheek-bones: his fact suggests the tenacity of the Negro and the dignity of the Mongol, but there is a strang gentleness in his manner and speech.

He leads me into a building where two haggard youths clad only in shirt-like garments are attending to a are tiny bottles of milk thousand of them in sight taking turn to be steamed to boiling point taking turn to be steamed to boiling point and deeper voice, and bring me fire in another brazier. Then he surprises



who contribute largly to the earnings of these Tramways and they should in all conscience, be worked mainly in their interests; and surely the Municipality which maintains with efficiency the huge waterworks of the city, can fairly be expected to work with equal efficiency the Tramways in the city, the earnings from which will contribute so largely to the reduction of Municipal rates and taxes which are really a burden in many instances to the poorer middle classes living

in Calcutta. Now that this has been pointed out, if our Municipal Commissioners fail to do it they will only show that the charges not unoften levelled against our countrymen that they are not fit for self-government has a valid ground to stand upon and not barely based upon the interested whims and prejudices of our amiable. Anglo-Iudian critics.

RAICHARAN MUKERJEA. Octr. 25, 1917.

IN THE NIGHT

Translated by W. W. Pearson, with the Help and Revision of the Author.

"Doctor. Doctor."

I started out of my sleep in the very depth of night. On opening my eyes I saw it was our landlord Dokhin Babu. Hurriedly getting up and drawing out a broken chair I made him sit down and looked anxiously in his face. I saw by the clock that it was after half-past two.

Dokhin Babu's face was pale and his eyes wide-open as he said, "To-night those symptoms returned—that medicine of yours has done me no good at all." I said rather timidly, "I am atraid you have been drinking again." Dokhin Babu got quite angry and said, "There you make a great mistake. It is not the drink. You must hear the whole story in order to be able to understand the real reason."

In the niche there was a small tin kerosene lamp burning dimly. This I turned up slightly, the light became a little brighter and at the same time it began to smoke. Pulling my cloth over my shoulders I spread a piece of newspaper over a packing case and sat down. Dokhin Babu began his story.

About four years ago I was attacked by a serious illness, just when I was on the point of death my disease took a better turn till after nearly a month I recovered.

During my illness my wife did not rest for a moment day or night. For those months that weak woman fought with all her might to drive Death's messenger from the door. She went without food and sleep, and had no thought for anything else in this world.

Death, like a tiger cheated of its prey, threw me from its jaws and went off, but in its retreat it dealt my wife a sharp blow with its paw.

My wife was at that time enceinte, and not long after she gave birth to a dead child. Then came my turn to nurse her. But she got quite troubled at this, and would say, "For heaven's sake don't keep fussing in and out of my room like that."

If I went to her room at night when she had fever and (on the pretence of fanning myself) would try to fan her, she would get quite excited. And if, on account of serving her, my meal-time was ten minutes later than usual, that also was made the occasion for all sorts of entreaties and reproaches. If I went to do her the smallest service, instead of helping her it had just the opposite effect. She would exclaim, "It's not good for a man to fuss so much."

I think you have seen my Garden house. In front of it is the garden at the foot of which the river Garges flows. Towards the South just below our bedroom my wife had made a garden according to her own fancy and surrounded it with a hedge of Hena. It was the one bit of the garden that was simple and unpretentious. In the flower pots one did not see wooden pegs with long Latin names flying pretentious flags by the side of the most unpretentious looking plants, Jasmine, tube rose, lemon flowers,

and all kinds of roses were plentiful. Under a large tree there was a white marble slab, which my wife used to wash twice a day when she was in good health. It was the place where she was in the babit of sitting on summer evenings when her work was finished. From there she could see the river but was herself invisible to the passengers on the passing steamers.

One moonlight evening in the mouth of April, after having been confined to her bed for many days she expressed a desire to get out of her close room, and sit in her

garden.

I lifted her with great care and laid her down on that marble sent under the bokul tree. One or two bokul flowers fluttered down and through the branches overhead the checquered moonlight fell on her worn face. All around was still and silent. As I looked down on her face, sitting by her side in that shadowy durkness filled with the heavy seent of flowers, my eyes became moist.

Slowly drawing near her I took one of her hot thin hands between my own. She made no attempt to prevent me. After remaining like this in silence for some time, somehow my heart began to overflow, and I said, "Never shall I be able to forget

vour love."

My wife gave a laugh in which there was mingled some happiness, and a trace of distrust, and to some extent also the sharpness of sarcasm. Without her having said anything in the way of an answer, she gave me to understand by her laugh that she neither thought it likely that I would never forget her, nor did she herself wish it.

I had never had the courage to make love to my wife simply out of fear of this sweet sharp laugh of hers. All the speeches which I made up when I was absent from her seemed to be very commonplace remarks as soon as I found myself in her

presence.

It is possible to talk when you are contradicted, but laughter cannot be met by argument, so I had simply to remain silent. The moonlight became brighter, and a cuckoo began to call over and over again till it seemed to be demented. As I sat still I wondered how on such a night the cuckoo's bride could remain indifferent.

After a great deal of treatment my wife's illness showed no signs of improvement.

The doctor suggested a change of air, and I took her to Allahabad.

At this point Dokhin Babn suddenly stopped and sat silent, with a questioning look on his face he looked towards me, and then began to brood with his head resting in his hands. I also remained silent. The kerosene lamp in the mehe flickered and in the stillnes of the night the buzzing of the mosquitoes could be heard distinctly. Suddenly breaking the silence Dokhin Babu resumed his story:

Doctor Harau treated my wife, and after some time I was told that the disease was an incurable one, and my wife would

have to suffer for the rest of her life.

Then one day my wite said to me, 'Since my disease is not going to leave me, and there does not seem much hope of my dying soon, why should you spend your days with this living death. Leave me alone and go back to your other occupation.'

Now it was my turn to laugh. But I had not got her power of laughter. So, with all the solemnity suitable to the hero of a romance I asserted, 'So long as there is

life in this hody of mine'

She stopped me saying, 'Now, Now. You don't need to say any more. Why, to hear you makes me want to give up the ghost,'

I don't know whether I had actually confessed it to myself then, but now I know quite well that I had even at that time, in my heart of hearts, got tired of

norsing that hopeless invalid.

It was clear that she was able to detect my inner weariness of spirit, in spite of my devoted service. I did not understand it then, but now I have not the least doubt in my mind that she could read me as easily as a children's First Reader in which there are no compound letters.

Doctor Haran was of the same caste as myself. I had a standing invitation to his house. After I had been there several times he introduced me to his daughter. She was unmarried although she was over fifteen years old. Her father said that he had not married her as he had not been able to find a suitable bridegroom of the same caste, but rumour said that there was some bar sinister in her birth.

But she had no other fault, for she was as intelligent as she was beautiful. For that reason I need sometimes to discuss with her all sorts of questions so that it was often late at night before I got back home, long past the time when I should have

given my wife her medicine. She knew quite well that I had heen at Doctor Haran's house but she never once asked me the cause of my delay in returning home.

The sick room seemed to me doubly intolerable and joyless. I now began to neglect my patient and constantly forgot to give her the medicine at the proper time.

The Doctor used sometimes to say to me, 'For those who suffer from some incurable disease death would be a happy release. As long as they remain alive they get no happiness themselves, and make others miserable.'

To make such a remark in the ordinary course of events could be tolerated, but with the example of my wife before us such a subject ought not to have been mentioned. But I suppose doctors grow callons about the question of life and death of men.

Suddenly one day as I was sitting in the room next to the sick chamber I heard my wife say to the Doctor, 'Doctor, why do you go on giving me so many useless medicines? When my whole life has become one continuous disease, don't you think that to kill me is to cure me?'

The doctor said, 'You shouldu't talk like that.'

As soon as the doctor had gone I went into my wife's room, and seating myself beside ker began to stroke her forchead gently. She said, 'This room is very hot, you go out for your usual walk. If you don't get your evening constitutional you will have no appetite for your dinner.'

My evening constitutional really meant going to Doctor Haran's house. I had myself explained that a little exercise is necessary for one's health and appetite. Now I am quite sure that every day she saw through my excuse. I was the fool, and I actually thought that she was unconscious of this deception."

Here Dokhin Babn pansed and burying his head in his hands remained silent for a time. At last he said, "Give me a glass of water," and having drunk the water he continued:

"One day the doctor's daughter Monorama expressed a desire to see my wife, I don't quite know why, but this proposal did not altogether please me. But I could find no excuse for refusing her request. So she arrived one evening at our house.

On that day my wife's pain had been

rather more severe than usual. When her pain was worse she would lie quite still and silent, occasionally clenching her fists. It was only from that one was able to guess what agony she was enduring. There was no sound in the room, I was sitting silently at the bedside. On that day she had not requested me to go out for my usual walk. Either she had not the power to speak, or she got some relief from having me by her side when she was suffering very much. The kerosene lamp had been placed near the door lest it should hurt her eyes. The room was dark and still. The only sound that could be heard was an occasional sigh of relief when my wife's pain became less for a moment or two.

It was at this time that Monorama came and stood at her door. The light coming from the opposite direction fell on her face.

My wife started up and grasping my hand asked, 'O Key, who is that?' In her feeble condition she was so startled to see a stranger standing at the door that she asked two or three times in a hoarse whisper, 'O Key?' O Key?' O Key?'

At first I answered weakly, 'I do not know,' but the next moment I felt as though someone had whipped me, and I hastily corrected myself and said, 'Why it's our doctor's daughter.'

My wife turned and looked at me. I was not able to look her in the face. Then she turned to the newcomer and said in a weak voice, 'Come in.' And turning to me added, 'Bring the lamp.'

Monorama came into the room, and began to talk a little to my wife. While she was talking the doctor came to see his patient.

He had brought with him from the dispensary two bottles of medicine. Taking these out he said to my wife, 'See, this blue bottle is for outward application and the other is to be taken. Be careful not to mix the two, for this is a deadly poison.'

Warning me also, he placed the two bottles on the table by the bedside. When he was going the doctor called his daughter.

She said to him, "Father, why should I not stay. There is no woman here to nurse her."

My wife got quite excited and sat up saying, 'No, no, don't you bother yourself. I have an old maidservant who takes care of me as if she were my mother.'

Just as the doctor was going away

with his daughter my wife said to him, 'Doctor, he has been sitting too long in this close and stuffy room, won't you take him out for some fresh air?'

The doctor turned to me and said, 'Come along, I'll take you for a stroll

along the bank of the river.'

After some little show of unwillingness I agreed. Before going the doctor again warned my wife about the two bottles of medicine.

That evening I took my dinner at the doctor's house, and was late in coming home. On getting back I found that my wife was in extreme pain. Feeling deeply repentant I asked her, 'Has your pain increased?'

She was too ill to answer, but only looked up in my face. I saw that she was breathing with difficulty.

I at once sent for the dector.

At first he could not make out what was the matter. At last he asked, 'Has that pain increased? Haven't you used that liniment?'

Saying which, he picked up the blue bottle from the table. It was empty!

Showing signs of agitation he asked my wife, 'You haven't taken this medicine by mistake have you?' Nodding her head she silently indicated that she had.

The doctor ran out of the house to bring his stomach pump, and I fell on the bed

like one insensible.

Then just as a mother tries to pacify a sick child, my wife drew my head to her breast and with the touch of her hands attempted to tell me her thoughts. Merely hy that tender touch she again and again said to me, 'Do not sorrow. All is for the best. You will be happy, and knowing that I die happily.'

By the time the doctor returned, all my wife's pains had ceased with her life."

Dokhin Babu taking another gulp of water exclaimed, "Ugh, it's terribly hot", and then going out on to the verandah he paced rapidly up and down two or three times. Coming back he sat down and began again. It was clear enough that he did not want to tell me, but it seemed as if, by some sort of magic, I was dragging the story out of him. He went on.

"After my marriage with Monorama, whenever I tried to talk affectionately to her, she looked grave. It seemed as if there was in her mind some hint of suspicion which I could not understand.

It was at this time that I began to have a foundness for drink.

One evening in the carly autumn I was strolling with Monorama in our garden by the river. The darkness had the feeling of a phantom world about it, and there was not even the occasional sound of the birds rustling their wings in their sleep. Only on both sides of the path along which we were walking the tops of the cusuarina trees sighed in the breeze.

Feeling tired Monorama went and lay down on that marble slab, placing her hands behind her head, and I went and sat

beside her.

There the darkness seemed to be even denser, and the only patch of sky that could be seen was thick with stars. The chirping of the crickets under the trees was like a thin ribbon of sound at the lowest

edge of the skirt of silence.

That evening I had been drinking a little and my heart was in a melting mood. When my eyes had got used to the darkness, the gray outline of the loosely-clad and languid form of Monorama, lying in the shadow of the trees, awakened in my mind an undefinable longing. It seemed to me as if she were only an unsubstantial shadow which I could never grasp in my arms.

Just then the tops of the casuarina trees seemed suddenly to be on fire. Gradually I saw the jagged edge of the old moon, golden in her harvest hue, rising above the tops of the trees. The moonlight fell on the face of the white-clad form lying on the white marble. I could contain myself no longer. Drawing near her and taking her hand in mine I said, 'Monorama, you may not believe me, never shall I be able to forget your love.'

The moment the words were out of my mouth I started, for I remembered that this was the exact expression I had used to someone else long before. And at the same instant from over the top of the casuarina trees, from uader the golden crescent of the old moon, from across the wide stretches of the flowing Ganges, right to its most distant bank—Ha Ha,—Ha Ha,—Ha Ha,—Ifa Ha,—came the sound of laughter passing swiftly overhead. Whether it was a heartbreaking laugh or a skyrending wail, I cannot say. But on hearing it I fell on to the ground in a swoon.

When I recovered consciousness, I saw that I was lying on my bed in my own room. My wife asked me, 'Whatever happened to you?' I replied trembling with terror: 'Didn't you hear how the whole sky lang with the sound of laughter—Ha Ha,—Ha Ha,—Ha Ha?' My wife laughed as she answered, 'You thought that was laughter? All that I heard was the sound of a flock of birds flying swiftly overhead. Do you get so easily frightened?'

Next day I knew quite well that it was a flock of ducks migrating, as they do, at that time of year, to the South. But when evening came I began to doubt again, and in my imagination the whole sky rang with laughter piercing the darkness on the least pretext. It reached such a p iss that at last after dark I was not able to speak a word to Monorama.

Then I decided to leave my garden house and took Monorama for a boat trip. In the keen November air all my fear left me, and for some days I was quite happy.

Leaving the Ganges and crossing the river Khoray, we at last reached the Padma. This terrible river lay stretched out like a huge serpent taking its winter sleep. On its north side were the barren, solitary sand banks which lay blazing in the sun; and on the high banks on the south side the mango groves of the villages stood close to the open jaws of this demoniac river. The l'adma now and again turned in its sleep and the cracked earth of the banks would fall with a thud into the river.

Finding a suitable place I moored the boat to the bank.

One day we both went out for a walk and went on and on till we were far away from our boat. The golden light of the setting sun gradually faded and the sky became flooded with the pure silver light of the moon. As the moonlight fell on that limitless expanse of white sand and filled the vast sky with its flood of brilliance, I felt as if we two were alone, wandering in the uninhabited dreamland, unbounded and without purpose. Monorama was wearing a red shawl which she pulled over her head and wrapped round her shoulders leaving only her face visible. When the silence became deeper, and there was nothing but a vastness of white solitude all around us, then Monorama slowl; put out her hand and took hold of mine She seemed so close to me that I felt as if her hand surrendered into my hands, her body and mind, her life and youth. In my yearning and happy heart I said to myself, 'Is there room enough anywhere else except under such a wide, open sky to contain the hearts of two human brings in love?' Then I felt as if we had no home to which we had to return, and that we could go on wandering thus, hand in hand, by a road which had no end through this moonlit immensity, free from all cares and obstacles.

As we went on like this we at last came to a place where I could see a pool of water surrounded by hillocks of sand.

Through the heart of this still water pierced to the bottom a long beam of moonlight like a flashing sword. Arriving at the edge of the pool we stood there in silence, Monorama looking up into my face. Her shawl slipped from off her head, and I stooped down and kissed her.

Just then there came from somewhere in the midst of that silent and solitary desert in solemn tones a voice saying three times,

'Okey? Okey? Okey?'

I started back, and my wife also trembled. But the next moment both of us realized that the sound was neither human nor superhuman—it was the call of some water fowl. It had been startled from its sleep on hearing the sound of the alieus so late at night near its nest.

Recovering from our fright we returned as fast as we could to the boat. Being late we went straight to bed, and Monorama

was soon fast asleep.

Then in the darkness it seemed as if someone, standing by the side of the bed, was pointing n long, thin finger towards the sleeping Monorama, and with a hoarse whisper was asking me over and over again, '() key? O key?'

Hastily getting up I seized a box of matches and lighted the lamp. Just as I did so the mosquito net began to flutter in the wind and the boat began to rock, The blood in my veins curdled and the sweat came out in licary drops as I heard an cchoing laugh, Ha Ha, -Ha Ha, Ha Hasound through the dark night. It travelled over the river, across the sand banks on the other side, and after that it passed over all the sleeping country, the villages and the towns, as though forever crossing the countries of this and other worlds. It went on growing fainter and fainter, passing into limitless space, gradually becoming fine as the point of a needle. Never had I heard such a piercingly faint sound, never had I imagined such a ghost of a sound possible. It was as if within my skull there was the limitless sky of space, and no matter how far the sound travelled it could not get outside my brain. At last when it had got almost unlearable, I thought, unless I extinguish the light I shall not be able to sleep. No sooner had I put out the lamp than once more close to my mosquito curtain I heard in the darkness that hoarse voice saving 'Q key? O key? O key?' My heart began to beat in unison with the words, and gradually began to repeat the question, 'O key? O key? O key?' In the silence of the night, from the middle of the boat my round clock began to be eloquent und pointing its hour hand towards Monorama ticked out the question, '1) key? Okey? O key ?' "

As he spoke Dokhin Babu became

ghastly pale, and his voice seemed to be choking him. Touching him on the shoulder I said, "Take a little water." At the same moment the kerosene lamp flickered and went out, and I saw that ourside it was light. A crow cawed and a yellow hammer whistled. On the road in front of my house the creaking of a bullock cart was beard. Then the expression on Dokhin Baba's face was altogether changed. There was not the least trace of fear. That he had told me so much under the intoxication of an imaginary fear, and deluded by the soreery of night seemed to make him very much asbumed, and even augry with me. Without any formality of farewell he jumpul up and shot out of the house.

Next night when it was quite late I was again wakened from my sleep by a voice calling, "Doctor, Doctor."

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF H. H. THE NIZAM'S DOMINIONS

By G. A. CHANDAVARRAR.

THE world of science is progressing, and industry, the hand-maid of science, is keeping pace with its murch. The wave of industrial development that swept over countries like England, America or Japan is touching the shores of ludia too. But the day for the industrial evolution of the type noticeable in those countries seems yet distant. Consequent on the impact of western civilisation there are unmistakable signs of industrial awakening throughout the length and breadth of this country. While the British Government is doing what it can for advancing the cause of industries in India, the governments of the different native states too are evincing great interest in utilising their raw products to the best advantage and are carnestly endeavouring to accelerate the growth of industries in their respective states. Social and economic conditions in some of these native states render the process of industrial evolution a slow and a difficult one. But the fact that there is an awakening is undeniable. Equally incontrovertible is the fact that the cause of industries in the native states is the cause of the industries of British India, nay, of the whole of the British Empire. Of the many factors that go to form the basis of national greatness, economic prosperity of that nation is the one. That economic prosperity depends mainly on the following items:—

(i) Physical resources, (ii) Industrial ability, (iii) Financial organisation, (iv) Progressive Government, (v) Highly developed transportation facilities, (vi) Sufficient industrial leaders, (vii) Popularity of technical education, and (viii) Skilled labour.

In this paper we propose dealing briefly with some of these factors as affecting the vast area comprising His Highness the Nizam's Dominions.

AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRIES:

The physical resources of this state are abundant and agriculture is the main industry. But the agricultural labourers suffer from various disabilities, chief of them being their illiteracy and indigence. Scientific methods of agriculture are prac-

granted that the cocoanut gas can be obtained in an industrial scale and it is a useful and valuable industry, want of luminosity of the finme is not an insuperable obstacle since the gas can be made to burn brightly by what are known as 'Carbaretting processes,' which are generally adopted to increase the illuminating power of ordinary coal gas, to render non-luminous combustible gases, as water-gas, luminiferous and so to load non-combustible gases with hydro-carbon vapour as to make the combination at once luminiferons and a supporter of combustion.

In Malabar, Ceylon and the Laccadives the cocoanut trees are so numerons that the shell and the fibre, of which a very large quantity is left behind after being used for choir making, are burnt as fuel. In various parts of Malabar, Cochin sud Travancore the most frequently used form of fuel is the cocoanut shell. That there is plenty of the shell and the fibre for gas making seems to be certain if the gas is to be used for lighting or in working gaengines. Even a slight increase in the price of the cocoanut products must be an incentive for the greater cultivation of this most beautiful and wonderful tree, which, as the earthly representative of the divine Kalpaka Vriksha has been specially given to India and the East.

May I request those who have greater facilities for carrying on experiments to produce the gas on a large scale and try to increase the luminosity of the flame by any of the processes used for the purpose.

P. LAKSHUMANAN.

SONG

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE BOSE INSTITUTE.

[Translated from the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore by Prof. M. Ghose.]

1

'Tis to the Mother's temple ye are come Her sacred inner courtyard; light ye then Her precinct, ye who are her favour'd sons Make here your dwelling; and with omen

The conch-shell, horn auspicious, sound,
O sound!

Accepting this initiation bright,
The deep dark night of waiting terminate.
O band of pilgrims all be ready girt:
The conch-shell, horn auspicious, sound,
O sound!

Say, "Victory to this peerless man of men, This kingly sage, school'd in austerities!" And "Victory!" still, shout "Victory!" Victory!"

11

Come with the mother's blessing, ye whose minds
Unshakable throne on the thunderbolt!

Come, all who struggle upward and aspire, To glorify this our dear country, come ! All ye who, meditating, on one thought Your souls concentre, all who have

renounced,

Come ye whose lot insufferable is woe; Come ye whose earn'd wealth is

unconquered strength; Come, brotherhood of freedom in the soul; Come, ye who know, come ye who work, destroy

Together the long shame of Bharat-land! Come, O thou blessedness, thon glory come, Thou fragrance of untading righteousness, Come, burning snn, blazing amidst the sky Of deeds, in strength of virtue's heroism And righteous acts, live thou, thou,

chiefly thou,
Pulse in the heart and centre of the world.
The conch-shell, horn auspicious,
sound. O sound!

Say, "Victory to this peerless man of men This kingly sage, school'd in ansterlties!" And "Victory!" still, short "Victory! Victory!" "A Country which defends itself wins the respect of everyone and cannot perish." Addressing his parliament on August 4, 1914, after Germany had violated Belgian Territory, the Belgian King used this expression. What a contrast to the German Chancellor's expressions, "Necessity knows no law", and "a scrap of paper". The Belgian King's phrase preaches the gospel of peace and goodwill, and the German Chancellor's phrases preach the gospel of crime.

"Gott strafe England." When Germany came to know that England was not going to watch and stand aside, while she was going to crash Belgium, France and Russia, Keitschke gave vent to his pent-up feelings of hatred in this phrase. Now one hears in London such phrases as "I shall strafe you if you don't listen to me."

strafe you if you don't listen to mc."
"Narpoo." It is a corrupted form of the I'rench phrase meaning "doing nothing", and is used as a substitute for "doing nothing" in such phrases as "I asked my girl friend to come out with me, but got the 'narpoo'", i.e., she politely refused to go out with me.

"Merci boko." A corrupted form of the French phrase "merci beaucoup" meaning

thanks very much.

"Apres la guerre." It means after the war. This phrase has "caught on" with the people in England, and is in common use.

"Compray." A corrupted form of the French word meaning I understand.

"Blighty." It is a corruption of the Indian word "Vilati." It is used for a serious wound which necessitates the sending of a British soldier to England for treatment in a hospital, in the language of the Tommy in the trenches. But it has come to be used in its original sense, namely home, and is in common use in this sense in England.

"Anzacs." A term for colonial soldiers. It is really an endearing term. It came into use at the Gallipoli Expedition.

into use at the Gallipoli Expedition.

"Brew up tea." The Tommy in the trenches uses the expression "brew up tea" instead of "make tea." It arises out of the fact that the Tommy in trenches has very little time in which to make it, and, therefore, he really "brews up" tea instead of making it.

"Cusy". From cushion which is very soft. It is used in such phrases as "I have got a cusy work to do" meaning I haven't

got hard work to do.

This is by no means a complete or exhaustive list of words, phrases and expressions which have found their way into common use in England. There are any number of other words, the common use of which we owe to this war. I have given some most important of them, and those which I have often heard in talk and repeatedly read in papers. For instance, "fear God and serve the King and the Empire" is another sweet expression in common use. Then we hear the word "rotee" for bread. And so on. A philologist, I am sure, would, after the war, write a book on such expressions, and make them familiar to a large class of English-knowing readers.

TO INDIA

By Rabindranath Tagore.

O India, thou hast taught rulers of men to leave their crowns and sceptres, to renounce their thrones and kingdoms, and take the garb of poverty.

Thon hast taught the brave to forgive their enemies at every step in the upward conflict, and forgetting defeat and victory to break their arrows in pieces.

Thou hast taught the worker to pursue his toil with steadfast mind, surrendering to Brahma the desire for the fruits

, thereof.

Thou hast taught him that ruleth his own house to open wide his doors to neighbours and friends, to welcome the stranger and the helpless.

Thou hast taught them that live at ease to accept the cords of restraint, the poor ascetic thou hast made glorious in his poverty, and to the virtuous and upright thou hast rendered honour.

Thou hast taught us to yield up our selfish desires, and to lay our world of joys and sorrows before the face of the Eternal

Brahma.

Translated by W. W. PEARSON & E. E. SPEIGHT.

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WHOLE No. 133

FOUR POEMS

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE, D. LITT.

ELUSIVE.

She came for a moment and walked away, leaving her whisper to the south wind and crushing the lowly flowers as she walked away.

I searched for the mystery of her thought in her eyes and her lips silent with the burden of

and her lips silent with the burden of songs.

The moonlight fell like an answering kiss as she flung her glance at the sky and walked away.

While her steps left a memory of music along the grassy path
I woudered it the secret she held in her heart were happy or sad,
if she would ever come back or follow the track of dreams as she walked away.

ADVENTURE.

I shall not wait and watch in the house for thy coming,

but will go forth into the open, for the petals fall from the drooping flowers and time flies to its end.

The wind is up, the water is rufiled,—
be swift and cut the rope,
let the boat drift in midstream,
for time flies to its end.

The night is pale, the lonely moon is plying its ferry of dreams across the sky. The path is unknown, but I shall heed it

my mind has the wings of freedom and I know that I shall cross the dark.

Let me but start on my journey, for time flies to its end.

RECKLESS.

For once be reckless, prudent traveller, and utterly lose thy path.

Let a mist descend upon the wideawake light of thy day.

There waits the Garden of Lost Hearts at the end of the wrong road, there the grass is strewn with the wrecks of red flowers,

there goes on the game of breaking and mending

at the shore of the troubled sea.

Long hast thou watched over thy store of weary years;

let it be stripped bare like a tree of its leaves in a storm. Put on thy forehead the triumphal crown of losing all in heedless haste.

SPRING.

Men. Come Spring, with all thy splendour of songs and lavish life,

Women squandering perfume upon the air till it overflows.

Men. stirring the heart of the earth with a shiver of awakement.

Women. Come in a hurricane of joy, in a tumult of dance,

Men. burn away the bonds of languor, striking life's dimness into a flame-burst.

Women. Come into the tremulous shade of Malati, athrill with the urge of new leaves and outbreak of flowers.

Men. Eager Pilgrim, hurrying on thy endless quest of Paradise, follow thy path of song through passionate hearts.

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Women. Come into the glimmer of dayfall, into the midnight hush, into the laughter of the rushing water, into the lake's dark dumbness.

Men. Like a swordstroke of lightning, like a storm upon the sea, come into the midst of the clamorous morning, of the busy town and field.

of all works and words
and efforts of Man.
Women. Let thy anklets keep rhythm and
thy breath break into music.
Come decked with jasmines and
mantle of gleaming green.

Men. Come impetuous Youth,
proud warrior, with locks flying
in the air like a flame,
rush into the fight
and conquer death.

THE NACULAR MEDIUM VIEWS OF AN OLD TEACHER

§ 1. Charges against our graduates.

N all civilised countries, next to religion educational questions provoke the greatest differences of opinion and even engender heat. If this criticism of the educational system and methods prepares the ground for constructive reform, it should be welcomed; because such discontent with the existing system is a healthy sign of interest in education and of the spirit of progress in the community.

But judging from the public discussions on the subject, there seems to be something essentially wrong with the present system of education in India; the evil is deeper than the mere unsuitability of this or that detail. The whole system is denounced for inefficiency and barrenness. We are told that the first products of English education in India,—namely, the scholars of the old Hindu College of Calcutta and of Dr. Duff's missionary college; were giants; they produced masterly writers of English prose, leaders of society, and creators of new branches of vernacular literature. But the numerous graduates turned out of our University factories nowa-days are a puny race, whose slovenly English is kept in countenance only by the slipshod style of European journalism in India. The new race of our graduates, it is asserted, lack originality and depth; they are fit to be clerks and pleaders, but not masters of literature, either in erudition or in creative power.

The second proof of the alleged rottenness of the present educational system is the heavy "massacre" of B.A. candidates,—sometimes amounting to 80 p.c., as in

Madras and Allahabad in recent years. We are not concerned today with investigating the cause of such excessive "ploughing,"—whether it is due, to irrational severity on the part of the examiners, inefficiency on the part of the teachers, or a cruel leniency in the lower examinations leading up to the B.A. We only desire to point out the frightful waste of young lives and energy that such heavy failures at examinations involve. Who is responsible for it, and how long will it continue without being remedied? Where lies the remedy? That is worth inquiring into.

The aim of education is not to pump information into a man, but to develop his latent faculties. If we study two plays of Shakespeare at college, it is only to train ourselves in the art of understanding other plays of the same writer without the help of a teacher. Then, again, the educated man must prove himself fitter for his duties than his uneducated brother, otherwise his education has no justification.

How far has this been the case with us during the last generation? The charges brought against our graduates, by our own countrymen even oftener than by foreigners, are—

- (a) Our studies are not kept up after leaving college; and, hence, English education does not become a part of our life, nor does it influence our outlook upon the world. The chasm between the (English) school and the (Oriental) home remains unbridged.
- (b) We acquire too much of book learning, mere knowledge of the theory of things, but lack general intelligence and

and Turpentine into India for 5 years for 1907-08 to 1911-12 were about 3,000 tons and 2,27,000 gallons respectively. It then follows that the future of the Indian tur-

pentine industry is very bright.

In addition to the Chir there are forests (in Assam and Burma) of other species of pine (Pinus Khasya, Pinus Merkusii and Pinus excelsa) which have not been worked as yet. The resins of these trees on distillation yield excellent oil, especially that of Pinus excelsa and Pinus Khasya, which is said to be equal in quality to the best-grades of French and American turpentine.

Apart from resin a medicinal oil can be manufactured from Pine-needles (i.e. leaves of pine). In Europe and America the distillation of oil from Pine-needles is an established industry. Nothing of this kind has been started in India as yet. According to Mr. Pearson a tree of 5-girth yields 400 lbs. of needles. The oil content as determined by Mr. Puran Singh is 0.57 per cent. The Kumaon circle (United Provinces) could alone produce 45,600 lbs. of oil.

The question of distilling oil from needles

is worthy of consideration.

11. SALAR (Boswellia serrata).

This is reported to be common on dry hills throughout India. The resin of the tree, like that of the Pine, on distillation yields an oil. In 1915 a sample consignment of oil distilled from this gum-resin was sent to London for valuation. It was pronounced of very good quality. It resembled closely American turpentine, excepting in the smell. It was further stated that the Boswellia oil could be suc-

cessfully employed, like ordinary turpentine, in the manufacture of varnishes. A London firm valued it at about 30s. per cwt. A tree on tapping yields 2 lbs. of gum resin. The exports of this product from India during 1913-14 amounted to over Rs. 68,000.

The following publications are recommended for further study in this connec-

tion :—

1. Note on the Uses of Rusa Oil by R. S. Pearson.

Note on Constants of Geranium Oil by Puran Singh (Indian Forest Record Vol. V. Part VII.)

- 2. Note on Resin Industry in Kumaon by E. A. Smythies. (Indian Forest Bulletin No. 26).
- 3. Note on Pinus Khusya, Pinus Merkusii and Pinus excelsa by Puran Singh. (Indian Forest Bulletin No. 24).

4. Note on Eucalyptus Oil Industry in the Nilgiris etc., by Puran Singh (Indian

Forest Record Vol. V, Part VIII).

- 5. Memorandum on the Oil Value of Sandal Wood by Puran Singh (Indian Forest Bulletin No. 6).
- 6. The Volatile Oils by Gildemister and Hoffmann, 1900.
- 7. The Chemistry of Essential Oils by E. J. Parry. 1908.

8. The Indian Forester, 1911-17.

9. The Indian Essential Oils by D. Hooper

10. The Bulletin of the Imperial Institute. London 1915-16.

11. The Work of the Forest Department in India by R. S. Troup, 1917.

K.

AUTUMN

By Rabindranath Tagore

To-day the peace of autumn pervades the world.

In the radiant noon, silent and motionless, the wide stillness rests like a tired bird spreading over the deserted fields to all horizons its wings of golden-green.

To-day the thin thread of the river flows without song, leaving no trace on its sandy bank.

The far-distant villages bask in the sun with eyes closed in idle and languid slumber.

In the stillness I hear in every blade of grass, in every speck of dust, in every part of my own body, in the visible and invisible worlds, in the planets, the sun and the stars, the joyous dance of the atoms through endless time—the myriad waves of rhythm surrounding Thy throne!

Translated by W. W. Pearson.

FREEDOM

(By RABINDRANATH TAGORE)

Set me free, set me free, my Lord, from the bondage of praise and blame so hard to break asunder.

Let this heavy burden fall from me, and easy will be my return to the work that lieth among the world of men,—let only Thy command, Lord, prove triumphant.

Prostrating myself at Thy feet I will offer up in the secrecy of my soul all my rewards and afflictions. With silent going will I seek the field of labour, carrying to my countless tasks a heart steadfast in eternal devotion and strong to a thousand efforts.

So shall my moving onward be sure as that of the river that flows by a myriad abodes of men, completing its manifold work as it bears its unfettered waters to the sea.

Translated by W. W. PEARSON & E. E. SPEIGHT.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF ANCIENT HINDU POLITY

BY NARENDRA NATH LAW, M.A., B.L., PREMCHAND ROYCHAND SCHOLAR

XVII.

THE MINOR POLITICO-RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES MAINLY ATHARVA-VEDIC.

T was the special charge of the royal priest to perform the minor political ceremonials which had their basis principally in the Atharva-Veda and were intended to avert State evils and promote State welfare. According to Gantama's injunction, he should perform in the fire of the hall the rites ensuring prosperity and connected with canti (propitiation), festivals, march, long life, auspiciousness, as also those causing enmity, subduing, distressing or destroying enemies1. Astrological forecasts, and interpretations of omens should also share the king's attention. The propitiation of the planets is expressly mentioned by Yajnavalkya as one of the duties of the royal priest in addition to the performance of the other rituals3. Several other works mentioned in the previous

chapter advert also to this portion of his charge. A few of the *mantrus* from the *Atharva-Veda* intended to be used with appropriate rituals at the prescribed times are detailed below¹:

Hymns I, 2; I. 19-21 were samgramika (battle hymns) used in rites for putting enemies to flight, or avoiding wounds by arrows;

I. 0. 20: III 3 for the restoration of 2

I, 9, 29; III, 3 for the restoration of a king;

I, 19 23; III, 6, 27, VI, 134, 135, VII, 62 against enemies;

III, 1, 2 for confounding enemy's army:
111, 19, IV, 22, VI, 65-67; 97-99,103,104,
VII, 8 for gaining victory over a hostile army;

V, 20 (addressed to the war-drum) and VII, 118 (used while arming a king or Kshattriya) for terrifying the same and VI, 40 for inspiring it with courage;

VI, 125, (used with VII, 3, 4, 110) addressed to the war-chariot for its success and VI, 126 to the war-drum for success against the

The references for the hymns and directions for their use are taken from the translation of A. V. (Harvard Oriental Series)

I Gautama, xi, 17.

Ibid., xi. 15.
 Yajnavalkya, i, 313.

(b) History (2) Composition in a (4) Physical Geography (b) Histor (5) One of the following: al Economy (b) History and Politic-(c) Political Economy Vernacular (d) Mental and Moral (a) Physics (b) Zoology (c) Mathematics (3 & 4) Two of the following subjects one of Philosophy Science (e) Mathematics (c) Botany which at least must belong to group A: (d) Geology. B (1) English (2) Mathematics 1882 (a) Physics (a) One of the following (3) One of the following Arts languages :-Sanskrit, Pali, (b) Chemistry (a) Physics (b) Chemistry Arabic. (c) Physiology (1) English
(2) Philosophy Persian, Hebrew, Classic-(c) Physiology (d) Botany al Armenian, Greek, Latin, (d) Geology (3) One of the follow-(e) Zoology French, German 1906 ing . P. N. CHATTERJEE. (a) A classical language (1) English

INDIA'S PRAYER

Ι

Thou hast given us to live. Let us uphold this honour with all our strength and will; For Thy glory rests upon the glory that we are. Therefore in Thy name we oppose the power that would plant its banner upon our soul. Let us know that Thy light grows dim in the heart that bears its insult of bondage, That the life, when it becomes feeble, timidly yields Thy throne to untruth, For weakness is the traitor who betrays our soul. Let this be our prayer to Thee-Give us power to resist pleasure where it enslaves us, To lift our sorrow up to Thee as the summer holds its midday sun, Make us strong that our worship may flower in love, and bear fruit in work. Make us strong that we may not insult the weak and the fallen, That we may hold our love high where all things around us are wooing the dust. They fight and kill for self-love, giving it Thy name, They fight for hunger that thrives on brothers' flesh, They fight against Thine anger and die. But let us stand firm and suffer with strength for the True, for the Good, for the Eternal in man, for Thy Kingdom which is in the union of hearts, for the Freedom which is of the Soul.

H

Our voyage is begun, Captain, we bow to Thee!
The storm howls and the waves are wicked and wild, but we sail on.
The menace of danger waits in the way to yield to Thee its offerings of pain,
and a voice in the heart of the tempest cries: "Come to conquer fear!"
Let us not linger to look back for the laggards, or benumb the quickening hours with
dread and doubt.
For Thy time is our time and Thy burden is our own

and life and death are but Thy breath playing upon the eternal sea of Life. Let us not wear our hearts away picking small help and taking slow count of friends, Let us know more than all else that Thou art with as and we are Thine for ever.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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FEBRUARY, 1918

WHOLE No. 134

"VICTORY TO THEE, BUILDER OF INDIA'S DESTINY"

Ruler of peoples' minds and builder of India's destiny,

Thy name rises in the sky from summits of the Himalayas and Vindhyas, flows in the stream of the Ganges and is sung by the surging sea.

In Thy name wake Punjab and Sind, Maratha and Gujrat,

Dravid, Utkal and Vanga.

They gather at thy feet asking for Thy blessing and singing Thy victory.
Victory to Thee, Giver of good to all people,
Victory to Thee, Builder of India's destiny.

There sounds Thy call and they come before Thy throne the Hindus and Buddhists, the Jains and Sikhs, the Parsees, Musalmans and Christians.

The East and the West meet to unite their love at thy shrine.

Victory to Thee who makest one the minds of all people.

Victory to Thee, Builder of India's destiny.

Pilgrims pass from age to age on the road of Time uneven

with the rise and fall of races.

It resounds with the thunder-roar of Thy wheels, Thou Eternal Charioteer.
Through the wrecks and ruins of kingdoms

Thy conchshell sounds breathing life into death.

Victory to Thee who guidest people to their purposes, Victory to Thee, Builder of India's destiny.

In the night of fear, in the still hour of pain Thou didst keep Thy watch in silence.

When the dreams were evil and menaces cruel and strong,

Thou heldest, Mother, Thy suffering children in thine arms.

Victory to Thee who leadest people across their insult into triumph. Victory to Thee, Builder of India's destiny.

The night dawns, the sun rises in the East,

The birds sing and the morning air carries the breath of life.

The light of Thy mercy wakens India from her sleep

Who bows her head at Thy feet. Victory to Thee, King of all Kings,

Victory to Thee, Builder of India's destiny.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[The following is the original Bengali song of which the above is a translation by the Author himself.]

जनगब-मब-प्रधिनायक जय दे भारत-भाग्य-विधाता।
पद्मान सिन्धु गुजराठ मराठा द्राविष जलाव वह,
विन्धा दिमायस मसुदा गङ्गा उद्भव जलपि-तरङ,
तन एथ नामे जारी,
तन एथ मामिस मारी,

गाचै तव जय-गाथा। जनगच-मञ्जादाथया जय चै भारत-भाग्य-विधाता ! जब चै, जय चै, जय जय, जय, जय, जय जे ॥ श्चारह तव ग्राष्ट्रान प्रचारित, शनि तव उदार वाणी हिन्दु वीच शिख जैन पारिसिक सुम्खमान खृष्टानी, पूरव पश्चिम श्रामे तव सिंहासन पात्री,

प्रेमहार इष्य गाँथा।

लनगण ऐका-विभायक जय है भारत-भाग्य-विभाता ! अय है, जय है, जय है, जय जय जय अय है ॥ पतन-प्रमाव दग-पत्थ र-पत्था, युग युग भावित याची, चे चिग-सारिय तव रथ-चन्ने सुखरित पय दिनरानि ! दावच विप्तव माने तव मञ्जूपनि वाजे, सङ्घट-दु:ख-बाता । जनगच-दु:ख-प्रायक जय चे भारत-भाग्य-विभाता ! जय चे, जय चे, जय चे, जय जय जय जय चे ॥ घोर तिबिर-चन निविज् निभीये पीजित मुक्ति देशे जायत किंव तर प्रविचव मङ्ख नत-नयने प्रनिमेखे । दु:सप्तप्रे प्रातङ्के, रहा करिले प्रदूरे, स्वेषमयी तमि माता ।

जनगण-पश-परिचायक जय हे भारत-भाग्य-विधाता !
जय हे, जय हे, जय हे, जय कय जय जय हे ॥

राजि प्रभातिन छदिन रिक्किव पूर्व छदय-विरिधारी,
गाहे विहत्रम, प्रथ्य समीरच नवजीवन-रस टार्च !
तव कवणावण-रागे निष्टित भारत जागे,
तव चरचे नत माथा !
जय जय जय हे जय राजेश्वर भारत-भाग्य-विधाता !

जय हे, जय हे, जय हे, जय, जय, जय, जय हे 🛚

PERMANENT ASSESSMENT OF LAND REVENUE IN BENGAL

TN recent times it has been frequently contended by some Anglo-Indian journalists and others that the landholders of Bengal should be made to contribute more to the public treasury than they do at present. In support of their contention they bring forward a comparative table land-revenue contributions of of the Bengal and the other provinces, and show that, area for area, Bengal pays less than the other provinces. Whether Bengal ought to pay more, or the other provinces less, is certainly a question worthy of investigation. But it is also necessary to enquire whether Bengal has been unjustly favoured, or whether the permanent fixing of her land revenue was necessitated by her history.

To understand why the land revenue was permanently assessed in Bengal in 1793, it is necessary to know the condition of Bengal in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, as well as the causes that produced it.

The Battle of Plassey, fought on the 23rd of June, 1757, did not confer any rights of conquest on the East India Company. By it they got better terms for their trade (for as yet they were only merchants and not rulers in India), and those who participated in the battle were very handsomely rewarded. For eight years after that battle, although the military occupation of Bengal was in their hands.

they were not the civil administrators of the country. From 1765, when they secured the grant of the Dewany of Bengal. Bihar and Orissa from the Moghal Emperor of Delhi, they became the virtual masters of the country. One would expect that the portion of the country over which the Company had obtained jurisdiction would be governed on those received principles of statecraft which every government, professing to be civilized, acts upon. But though it is possible that among the Anglo-Indians of the days of Clive and Warren Hastings there were men who had a sense of honour and honesty in them, they must have been in an ineffective minority. Most Anglo-Indians of those days behaved like a pack of hungry wolves or vultures in their dealings with the people of this country, which had been entrusted to them for purposes of administration. It was on this account, that Burke described them as "birds of prey and passage in India," and Herbert Spencer wrote of them :-

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WHOLE No. 135

DESPAIR NOT

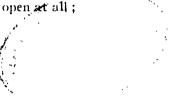
By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Thy kindred shall forsake thee, and thy fruitage of hope lie dead in the dust; yet despair not.

The gloom of night shall frown upon thy road, and thy light fail thee again and again; yet despair not.

Even birds and beasts will gather round thee to hear thy voice While men of thine own house remain unmoved; yet despair not.

The gate is shut in silent menace to turn thee back; knock and knock, it may never open at all; yet despair not.



THE POSTULATES OF INDIAN ECONOMICS*

[Specially contributed to the Modern Review].

By Radhakamal Mukerjee, M.A., P.R.S.

Lecturer in Economics, Calcutta University.

[N my lecture this evening on the Postu-Lates of Indian Economies I shall be able to give you only a rough outline of the Indian economic order and ideals with a view to indicate very generally the scope and method of a new and independent school of Indian economies, that I have attempted to formulate in the course of my lectures in Indian Economics at the Panjab University. I believe that an independent school, working a genetic and comparative method with its live studies and regional experiments, will not only help in the solution of Indian economic problems, but also contribute valuably towards the formulation of an universal system of economics.

The postulates of economics which

A lecture delivered at St. Stephen's College, Delhi, under the presidency of the Hon'ble Sir Sankaran Nair, CIE., on November 26, 1917.

Western economists have given us are only partially true being based on insufficient analyses, and however much they try to explain away their invali lity and inapplieability to all regions and races in different stages of economic evolution and under different environmental conditions by the hypothesis of economic friction or unsurmountable barriers of custom and uneconomic or extra-economic standards, the fact remains that, based as they are on the data supplied exclusively by the socioeconomic evolution represented by the Graco-Roman type, they do not show a full, sufficient and comprehensive insight. For social evolution is of different types, and an economics finding its hypotheses and principles from one type cannot be universal, but can furnish only universal generalisation. It is only on the basis of a

THE PARROT'S TRAINING

(Translated from the original Bengali).

1

NCE upon a time there was a bird. It was ignorant. It sang all right, but never recited scriptures. It hopped pretty frequently, but lacked manners.

Said the Rajah to himself: "Ignorance is costly in the long run. For fools consume as much food as their betters, and yet give 'nothing in return."

He called his nephews to his presence and told them that the bird must have a

sound schooling.

The Pundits were summoned, and at once went to the root of the matter. They decided that the ignorance of birds was due to their natural habit of living in poor nests. Therefore, according to the Pundits, the first thing necessary for this bird's education was a suitable cage.

The Pundits had their rewards and

went home happy.

2

A golden cage was built with gorgeous decorations. Crowds came to see it from all parts of the world. "Culture captured and caged!" exclaimed some in a rapture of ecstacy, and burst into tears. Others remarked: "Even if culture be missed, the cage will remain to the end, a substantial, fact. How fortunate for the bird!"

The goldsmith filled his bag with money and lost no time in sailing homewards.

3

The l'undit sat down to educate the bird. With proper deliberation he took his pinch of snuff as he said: "Text-books can never be too many for our purpose!"

The nephews brought together an enormous crowd of scribes. They copied from books, and copied from copies, till the manuscripts were piled up to an unreachable height. Men murmured in amazement: "Oh, the tower of culture, egregiously high! The end of it lost in the clouds!"

The scribes, with light hearts, hurried home, their pockets heavily laden.

The nephews were furiously busy keeping the cage in proper trim. As their

constant scrubbing and polishing went on the people said with satisfaction: "This is progress indeed!"

Men were employed in large numbers and supervisors were still more numerous. These, with their cousins of all different degrees of distance, built a palace for themselves and lived there happily ever after.

4

Whatever may be its other deficiencies, the world is never in want of fault-finders. And they went about saying that every creature remotely connected with the cage flourished beyond words, excepting only the bird.

When this remark reached the Rajah's ears he summoned his nephews before him and said: "My dear nephews, what is this

that we hear ?"

The nephews said in answer: "Sire, let the testimony of the goldsmiths and the pundits, the scribes and the supervisors be taken, if the truth is to be known. Food is scarce with the fault-finders and that is why their tongues have gained in sharpness."

The explanation was so luminously satisfactory that the Rajah decorated each one of his nephews with his own rare

jewels.

5

The Rajah, at length, being desirous of seeing with his own eyes how his education department busied itself with the little bird, made his appearance one day at the great hall of learning.

From the gate rose the sounds of conchshells and gongs, horns, bugles and trumpets, cymbals, drums and kettledrums, tomtoms, tambourines, flutes, fifes, barrel organs and bagpipes. The Pundits began chanting mantras at their topmost voices, while the goldsmiths, scribes, supervisors, and their numberless cousins of all different degrees of distance, loudly raised a round of cheers.

The nephews smiled and said: "Sire, what do you think of it all?"

The Rajah said: "It does seem so fearfully like a sound principle of education!"

Mightily pleased, the Rajah was about to remount his elephant, when the faultfinder from behind some bush cried out: "Maharajah, have you seen the bird?"

"Indeed, I have not!" exclaimed the Rajah, "I completely forgot about the

bird."

Turning back he asked the Pundits about the method they followed in instructing the bird. It was shown to him. He was immensely impressed. The method was so stupendous that the bird looked ridiculously unimportant in comparison. The Rajah was satisfied that there was no flaw in the arrangements. As for any complaint from the bird itself, that simply could not be expected. Its throat was so completely choked with the leaves from the books that it could neither whistle nor whisper. It sent a thrill through one's body to watch the process.

This time, while remounting his elephant, the Rajah ordered his state car-puller to give a thorough good pull at both the cars

of the fault-finder.

6

The bird thus crawled on, duly and properly, to the safest verge of inanity. In fact, its progress was satisfactory in the extreme. Nevertheless nature occasionally triumphed over training, and when the morning light peeped into the bird's cage it sometimes fluttered its wings in a reprehensible manner. And, hard as it is to believe, it pitifully pecked at its bars with its feeble beak!

"What impertinence!" the Kotwal

growled.

The blacksmith, with his forge and hammer, took his place in the Rajah's

Department of Education. Oh, what resounding blows! The iron chain was soon completed, and the bird's wings were clipped.

The Rajah's brothers-in-law looked black, and shook their heads saying: "These birds not only lack good sense, but

also gratitude!"

With text-book in one hand and baton in the other, the l'andits gave the poor bird what may fitly be called lessons!

The Kotwal was honoured with a title for his watchfulness, and the blacksmith for his skill in forging chains.

The bird died.

Nobody had the least notion how longago this had happened. The fault-finder was the first man to spread the rumour.

The Rajah called his nephews and asked them, 'My dear nephews, what is this that we hear?"

The nephews said: "Sire, the bird's education has been completed."

"Does it hop?" the Rajah enquired.

"Never!" said the nephews.

"Does-it fly?"

"No."

"Does it sing?"

"No."

"Bring me the bird," said the Rajah.

The bird was brought to him, guarded by the Kotwal and the Sepoys and the Sowars. The Rajah poked its body with his finger. It neither moved, nor uttered a groan. Only its inner stuffing of bookleaves rustled.

Outside the window, the murmur of the spring breeze amongst the newly budded Asoka leaves made the April morning wistful.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

3.0

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WHOLE No. 136

THE CAPTAIN WILL COME TO HIS HELM

I have sat on the bank in idle contentment and not yet stepped into the bant to launch it for the farther shore. Others proudly travel to the King's house across the far away dimness, but my call does not sound in the rumbling of their wheels.

My boat is for crossing the deep water, and perchance in the dead of night when the breeze springs up the Captain will come to his helm.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

SPEAK TO ME, MY FRIEND, OF HIM

Speak to me, my friend, of Him and say that He has whispered to thee in the central hush of the storm and in the depth of the peace where life puts on its armour in silence.

Say that thy utmost want is of Him and that He ever seeketh thy straying heart through the tangle of paths.

Shrink not to call His name in the crowd, for we need to turn our eyes to the heart of things to see the vision of Truth and Love building the world anew with its wreckage.

Speak to me, my friend, of Him and make it simple for me to feel that He is.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

INTERNATIONAL LAW IN ANCIENT INDIA

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I. SOURCES.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE year 1914 witnessed the beginning of a horrible war which still continues. It were a sad tale to recount the deeds of cruelty and atrocity, the burning of

cathedrals and the ravages of cities, not to mention the enormous loss that humanity has suffered in dedicating the best of energies, the mightiest of armies and the most valiant of sons to deeds more worthy of barbarians than of the 'civilised' powers of Europe.

N LABOUR IN FIJI

THE MODERN REVIEW

۷0اِب XXIII No. 6

JUNE, 1918

WHOLE No. 138

THE CONQUEROR

From triumph to triumph they drove their chariot over the earth's torn breast. Round them Time's footsteps were muffled and slow, and bird's songs lay gathered in the bosom of night.

Drunken of red fire their torch spread its glare, like an arrogant lotus floating upon the blue.

with stars above as bees enchanted.

They boasted that the undying lights of the sky fed the flame they carried, till it conquered the night, and won homage from the sullen silence of the dark.

The bell sounds.

They start up to find they had slept dreaming of wealth and pollution of power and the pillage of God's own temple. The sun of the new day shines upon the night's surrender of love. The torch lies shrouded in its ashes, and the sky sings with the rejoicing: "Victory to Earth! Victory to Heaven!

"Victory to All-conquering Light!"

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

INDIAN LABOUR IN FIJI

HEALTH CONDITIONS.

N March 12th 1917 the Viceroy of India announced in Delhi, by means of an Order in Council, that all recruiting for indentured labour in India had been suspended for the period of the war. On the 27 in of March, in his reply to the women of India, he went further, and declarate that he could not himself regard thus conceivable that recruiting should be resumed after the war. Last of all, on May 25, 1917, the Viceroy was able to take the final step and proclaim publicly, that the indenture system of Indian labour had been finally abolished.

The present enquiry starts with the recognition of this accomplished fact. Its

primary object will be, not to reconsider the evils of the old system, but to find out by what means the past mistakes and failures can be remedied, now that indenture has been brought to an end.

Sixty thousand Indians are settled in Fiji, at the present time, who will very rapidly become the prevailing population of the Islands. Some of the questions which have to be faced are as follows:—How are these people of a foreign race and climate to become acclimatised? How is their social system, which has broken down, to be built up again? What kind of education will be most suitable for their children? How can all that is best in

Accordingly, the matter of the proper use of color, or, rather, the use of proper colors, becomes a very important factor in the painting of protective markings and outline distortions."

-The Literary Digest.

An official statement, recently published in England, declares that it has been stated at various times in the Press that the Admiralty have not realised the value of camouflage as a means of assisting to defeat the attacks of enemy submarines on mercantile shipping, and that such camouflage as has been tried is not of British origin.

The official document continues: It can be stated that the Admiralty are fully alive to its value, and several months ago a system of camouflage was originated. The principles governing it cannot be divulged at present, but it may be said that it has

not invisibility for its basis.

The theory of rendering ships invisible at sea by painting them various colours is no longer tenable. Endless endeavours have been made in this direction, and numerous schemes have been given fair trial by the Admiralty under actual conditions at sea. The results of these trials have invariably been disappointing and it has been finally established that unless a vessel and her smoke can be rendered absolutely invisible no useful purpose is served.

The application of Thayer's Law is most commonly put forward as a means of obtaining invisibility. This, broadly speaking, is an adoption of Nature's means for climinating shadows and so reducing the visibility of birds and animals at close quarters either for purposes of attack or defence, and it is stated that this can be applied to ships by painting athesecilings of promenade decks or other projecting structures white in order to eliminate all shadows. Actual experiences at sea have proved that this is a fallacy, and that the paint itself, being dependent on the light of the sky, will not overcome shadows.

The scheme now in use has been extensively taken up not only by the British, but also by the Allied Governments, and no stone is being left unturued to utilise this important asset, which is only one of the many devices which are used to combat the enemy's submarine activity.—The Bengalee.

The Meeting of the East and the West

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

For over a century and a half India has borne a foreign rule which is western. Whether she has been benefited by it, whether her arts and industries have made progress, her wealth increased and her opportunities of self-government multiplied, are a matter of controversy which is of very little material interest to the present generation of our countrymen, as it cannot change facts. Even from the point of view of historical curiosity it has a very imperfect value, for we are not allowed to remember all facts except in strict privacy. So I am not going to enter into any discussion which is sure to lead to an unsatisfactory conclusion or consequences.

But one thing about which there has been no attempt at concealment or difference of opinion is that the East and the West have remained far apart even after these years of relationship. When two different peoples have to deal with seach other and yet without forming any true bond of union, it is sure to become a hurden, whatever benefit may accrue from it. And when we say that we suffer from the dead weight of mutual alienation we do not mean any adverse criticism of the motive or the system of government, for the problem is vast and it affects all mankind. It inspires in our minds awe verging upon despair when we come to think that all the world has been based open to a civilisation which has not the spiritual power in it to unite, but which can only exploit and destroy and domineer and can make even its benefits an imposition from outside while claiming

its price in loyalty of heart.

Therefore it must be admitted that this civilisation, while it abounds in the riches of mind, lacks in a great measure the one truth which is of the highest importance to all humanity; the truth which man even in the dimmest dawn of his history felt, however vaguely it might be. This is why, when things go against them, the peoples brought up in the spirit of modern culture furiously seek for some change in organisation and system, as if the human world were a mere intellectual game of chess where winning and losing depended upon the placing of pawns. They forget that for a man winning a game may be the greatest of his losses.

Men began their career of history with a faith in a Personal Being in relation to whom they had their unity among themselves. This was no mere belief in ghost but in the deeper reality of their oneness which is the basis of their moral ideals. This was the one great comprehension of truth which gave life and light to all the Best creative energies of man, making us feel the touch of the infinite in our personality.

Naturally the consciousness of unity had its beginning in the limited area of race—the race which was the seed-plot of all human ideals. And therefore, at first, men had their conception of God as a tribal God which restricted their moral obligation within the

bounds of their own people.

The first Aryan immigrants came to India with their tribal gods and special ceremonials and their combet with the original inhabitants of India seemed to have no prospect of termination. In the midst of this struggle the conception of a universal soul, the spiritual bond of unity in all creatures, took its birth in the better minds of the time. This heralded a change of heart and along with it a true basis of reconciliation.

During the Mahomedan conquest of behind the political turnoil our inner struggle was spiritual. Like Asoka of the Buddhist age Akbar also had his vision of spiritual unity. A succession of great men of those centuries, both Hindu saints and Mahomedan sufis, was engaged in building a kingdom of souls over which ruled the one God who was the God of Mahomedans, , as well as Hindus.

In India this striving after spiritual realisation still shows activity. And I feel sure that the most important event of modern India has been the birth and life-work of Rammohan Roy, for it is a matter of the greatest urgency that the East and the West should meet and unite in hearts. Through Rammohan Roy was given the first true response of India when the West knocked at ber door. He found the basis of our union in our own spiritual inheritance, in faith in the reality of the oveness of man in Brahma.

Other men of intellectual emineuce we have seen in our days who have borrowed their lessons from the West. This schooling makes us intensely conscious of the separateness of our people giving rise to a patriotism fiercely exclusive and contemptuous. This has been the effect of the teaching of the west everywhere in the world. It has roused up a universal spirit of suspicious antipathy. It incites each people to strain all resources for taking advantages of others by force or by cunning. This cult of organised pride and self-seeking, this deliberate falsification of moral perspective in our view of humanity, has also invaded with a new force men's minds in India. If it does contain any truth along with its falschood we must borrow it from others to mend our defect in mental balance. But, at the same time, I feel sure India is bid to give expression to the truth belonging to her own inner life.

Today the western people have come in contact with all races of the world when their moral adjustment has not yet been made true for this tremendous experience. The reality of which they are most fervidly conscious is the reality of the Nation. It has served them up to a certain point, just as some amount of boisterous selfishness, pugnacious and inconsiderate, may serve us in our boyhood, but makes mischief when carried into our adult life of larger social responsibilities. But the time has come at last when the western people are beginning to feel nearer home what the cult of the nation has been to humanity, they who have reaped all its benefits, with a great deal of its cost thrown upon the shoulders of others.

It is natural that they should realise humanity when it is nearest themselves. It increases their sensibility to a very high pitch, within a narrow range, keeping their conscience inactive where it is apt to be uncomfortable.

But when we forget truth for our own convenience, truth does not forget us. Up to a certain limit, she tolerates neglect, but she is sure to put in her appearance, to exact her dues with full arrears, on an occasion which we grumble at as inappropriate and at a provocation which seems trivial. This makes us feel the keen sense of the injustice of providence, as does the rich man of questionable history, whose time-honoured wealth has attained the decency of respectability, if he is suddenly threatened with an exposure.

We have observed that when the West is visited by a sudden calamity, she cannot understand why it should happen at all in God's world. The question has never occurred to her, with any degree of intensity, why people in other parts of the world should suffer. But she has to know that humanity is a truth which nobody can mutilate and yet escape its hurt himself. Modern civilisation has to be judged not by its balance-sheet of imports and exports, luxuries of rich men, lengths of dreadnaughts, breadth of dependencies and tightness of grasping diplomacy. In this judgment of history, we from the East are the principal witnesses, who must speak the truth without flinching, however difficult it may be for us and unpleasant for others. Our voice is not the voice of authority, with the power of arms behind it, but the voice of suffering which can only count upon the power of truth to make itself heard.

There was a time when Europe had started on her search for the soul. In spite of all digressions she was certain that man must find his true wealth by becoming true. She knew that the value of his wealth was not merely subjective, but its eternal truth was in a love ever active in man's world. Then came a time when science revealed the greatness of the material universe and violently diverted Barope's attention to gaining things in place of inner perfection. Science has its own great meaning for man. It proves to him that he can bring his reason to co-operate with nature's laws, making them serve the higher ends of humanity; that he can transcend the biological world of natural science

tion and create his own world of moral purposes by the help of nature's own laws. It is Europe's mission to discover that Nature does not stand in the way of our self-realisation, but we must deal with her with truth in order to invest our idealism

with reality and make it permanent.

This higher end of science is attained where its help has been requisitioned for the general alleviation of our wants and sufferings, where its gifts are for all men. But it fearfully fails where it supplies means for personal gains and attainment of selfish power. For its temptations are so stupendously great that our moral strength is not only overcome but lights against its own forces under the cover of such high-sounding names as patriotism and nationality. This has made the relationship of human races inhuman, burdening it with repression and restriction where it faces the weak and brandishing it with vengefulness and competition of ferocity where it meets the strong. It has made war and preparation for war the normal condition of all nations, and has polluted diplomacy, the carrier of the political pestilence, with cruelty and dishonourable deception.

Yet those who have trust in human nature cannot but feel certain that the West will come out triumphant and the fruit of the centuries of her endeavour will not be trampled under foot in the mad scrimmage for things which are not of the spirit of man. Feeling the perplexity of the present-day entanglements she is groping for a better system and a wiser diplomatic arrangement. But she will have to recognise, perhaps at the end of her series of death-lessons, that it is an intellectual Pharisaism to have faith only in building pyramids of systems, that she must realise truth in order to be saved, that continually gathering fuel to feed her desire will only lead to world-wide incendiarism. One day she will wake up to set a limit to her greed and turbulent pride and find in compensation that she

has an ever-lasting life.

Europe is great. She has been dowered by her destiny with a location and climate and race combination producing a history rich with strength, beauty and tradition of freedom. Nature in her soil challenged man to put forth all his forces never overwhelming his mind into a passivity of fatalism. It imparted in the character of her children the energy and daring which never acknowledge limits to their claims and also at the same time an intellectual sanity, a restraint in imagination, a sense of proportion in their creative works, and sense of reality in all their aspirations. They explored the secrets of existence, measured and mastered them; they discovered the principle of unity in nature not through the help of meditation or abstract logic, but by boldly crossing barriers of diversity and peeping behind the screen. They surprised themselves into nature's great storehouse of powers and there they had their fill of temptation.

Europe is fully conscious of her greatness and that itself is the reason why she does not know where her greatness may fail her. There have been periods of history when great races of men forgot their own souls in the pride and enjoyment of their power and possessions. They were not even aware of this lapse because things and institutions assumed such magnificence that all their attention was drawn outside their true selves. Just as nature in her aspect of bewildering vastness may have the effect of hundridging man, so also his own accummulation may produce the self-abasement which is spiritual, apathy

by stimulating all his energy towards his wealth and not his welfare. Through this present war has come the warning to Europe that her things have been getting better of her truth and in order to be saved she must find her soul and her God and fulfil

her purpose by carrying her ideals into all continents of the earth and not sacrifice them to her greed of money and domin

-Manchester Guardian.

INTERNATIONAL LAW IN ANCIENT INDIA

By S. V. Viswanatha, M.a., L.T.

III. RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS IN PEACE.

THE rights and obligations by which the Indian states in ancient India were guided in times of peace form probably the most difficult chapter in the history of Indian International Law. This subject has received very little consideration in the mass of ancient literature, whereas there are elaborate regulations which were to guide the Indian states in their dealings with one another in the conduct of war. Indeed, it may be held, that very little of regulation is necessary for the conduct of states with one another in normal times; still there are certain features of international conduct which are too important to be left out of consideration, viz., as regards diplomacy and alliances, relation of a particular state to the property and subjects of other states, etc. The information on these various heads has to be culled and, in most cases, inferred from the incidents recorded in works of literature. We have more full and detailed information on one phase than the rest, viz., diplomacy and alliances in peace and for war. Even the treatment of diplomacy as a branch of international conduct is in evidence only from the age of the epics. Here as well as in other chapters of international law the work of Kautilya forms a landmark. It is only from the historic period that we meet with regulations laid down regarding the principles to which in normal times a nation had to conform in its dealings with the persons and property of the other independent states in India.

The rights and obligations in normal times of a state which came within the fold of Indian International Law may be considered as they have been by western

writers on modern International Law under:--

- (a) Rights and obligations connected with *Independence*.
- (b) Rights and obligations connected with Jurisdiction and Property.
- (c) Rights and obligations connected with Jurisdiction and Equality.
- (d) Rights and obligations connected . with Diplomacy and Alliance.
 - (a) Independence and the Rights CONNECTED WITH IT.

Independence has been defined as the right of a state to manage all affairs internal or external without control from other states.1 In India, the subjects of each state mest have been conscious of their being subordinate to a higher sovereign authority and "the multitude the words of the sovereign" and "the world cannot command him." The King was throughout the period of ancient Indian history the executive head of the state, for it is he 'who sustains realms's and no one should disregard this executive head. He had the right of issuing laws suited to the needs of the particular state subject, of course, to the all-pervading dharma. Though in the early Vedic literature 'there is no reference to the exercise of the legislative activity of the King,' in later times, we find, 'it is an essential part of his duties's Royal proclamations are common from the time

- I International Law : Lawrence, Part II. ch I
- 2 Mahabharata : Sānti Parva : Rājadharmānu-
- sāsana Parva. Sec. 50, sl. 135.
 3 Satapatha Brālinana: IX. 4. 1, 3.
 4 M. Bh. Sānti Rājadharma. Sec. 68, sl. 40.
 5 Vedic Index of names and subjects: Macdonell & Keith, vol. II, p. 214.

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JULY, 1918

WHOLE No. 139

AT THE CROSS ROADS

By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

T the present moment the World Drama is at the change of its acts, and we do not know towards what denouement it is moving. This uncertainty has given rise to a universal perturbation of mind, from which India is not free. But having remained for long outside the arena of living and creative history, we are now, in this crisis, at a loss to know what to do, or how to think. Our mind is enveloped in the dust-storm of exaggerated hopes and fears, and this blinds us to the limitation of facts. When the promise of selfgovernment suddenly showed signs of fulfilment, we failed to see clearly what it meant to us and how to claim it with justice. The hope of it was spread before us like a feast before the famine-stricken, and we did not know whether there was more danger in gorging ourselves or in desisting from it. The cruelty of the situation lies in the abnormal condition to which we have come through long years of deprivation.

I am fully aware that we have not had the training of taking up the tremendous responsibility of governing our country. The present upheaval in the West clearly shows what terrible power has gradually been concentrated in certain parts of the world, and what a menace it is to those who never had the opportunity or foresight to prepare to meet it. I have not the slightest doubt in my mind as to what would follow if India were completely left to herself. If the birth-throes of the new Japan were to happen at the present time, we know it would be throttled at its birth even as New Persia was.

But our problem is, how are we to receive our lessons in political wisdom discreetly gradual? When an Englishman in England discusses this, he bases his discussion on his full faith in his own countrymen. Personally, I myself

have a great admiration for the English people. But it is not the best ideals of a people that govern a foreign country. The unnaturalness of the situation stands in the way, and everything tending to encourage the baser passions of man,—the contemptuous pride of power, the greed of acquisition,-comes uppermost. The responsibility of the weak is tremendous. They keep themselves too obscure to be able to claim human consideration, and the conscience of the strong grows inactive for want of proper stimulus. It is sure to cause moral degeneracy in men to exercise habitually authority upon an alien people and therefore not to encounter the checks that arise from the relationship of natural sympathy. This is evident to us, not only in the callous arrogance of the bureaucracy, but also in the policy of most of the Anglo-Indian newspapers, whose consistent chorus of clamour against the least expression of Indian aspiration, or the possibility of our gaining the slightest privilege now held by the becomes virulentl**y** creates a vicious circle, -- the helplessness of the governed sapping the moral manhood of the governors, and that again reacting upon the governed, prolonging and deepening their helplessness.

This is the reason why most of our countrymen find small consolation when they are told that the rights and the power of the government of their country will come to them gradually, as they are being made fit, from the hands which hold that power now. The gift is to be cautiously doled out to us by somebody who is critic, judge and donor combined, and, naturally, not an over-enthusiastic donor. If we could be certain of a genuinely sympathetic guidance we would be content with very little at the commencement.

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But not having that full confidence in the bureaucratic agency of our donors, our people at the very outset claim those powers which; consciously or unconsciously, may be set against them in making it impossible for them to prove their fitness. No one can pretend to say that the British Government in India has been or ever can be disinterested. It is a dependency upon which depends the prosperity of England, though time may some day prove that such prosperity has not been for the good of the ruling country. But so long as the present cult of the self-worship of the Nation prevails, the subject races can only expect the fragmentary crumbs of benefit, and not the bread of life, from the hands of the powerful. It will ever be easy for the latter to find plausible arguments to keep the real power in their own hands and to prolong that state in which such arguments cannot effectively be refuted. For the ideal of the Nation is not a moral one, —all its obligations being based upon selfishness with a capital S. It principally recognises expediency in its own conduct and power in that of its neighbours. And as expediency, in God's world, cannot wholly be dissociated from a moral foundation, it finds its place in the Nation's government of the alien people: but it is there on sufferance, it is only secondary, and therefore the Nation's relationship with the non-Europeans easily breaks out into rampage, which is, to speak mildly, not Christian.*

The question remains, what are we to do? Charity, on the one side, self-congratulatory and superior: humble acceptance of small favours on the other side, laudatory and grateful,—this is not the proper solution. We must have power in order to claim justice which is real. It is a blessing that we have the opposition of the powerful to overcome, that a boon cannot easily be given to us, even when there is some amount of willingness on the part of the giver. We must gain it through victory and never otherwise.

But whenever we speak of power and victory, the words at once conjure up pictures in our minds of Dreadnoughts, long-range guns and massacre of men by millions; because these belong to the great festival days of the religion of Nation-worship,

when human sacrifices must be without limit. For political and commercial ambition is the ambition of cannibalism, and through its years of accumulation it must get ready for its carnival of suicide.

I cannot imagine that we shall ever be able to enter into competition about their own methods and objects with these Nation-worshippers, and the boon of their power which they get from their gods is not for us. We must confess that, in spite of considerable exceptions, the Hindu population of India does not consist of martial races. We do not have any natural pleasure or pride in indulging in orgies of massacre for the sake of its glory. Some of our modern disciples of the West may blush to own it, but it is true that the religious training which we have got for ages has made us unfit for killing men with anything like a zest. No doubt, war was held to be a necessity, but only a particular body of men was specially trained for this work, and, for the rest of the members of society, even the killing of animals was held to sin. There is something very harshly unnatural and mock-heroic in the shrill pitch to which we have tuned our voice while vociferating that we are fighters and we must be fighters. I do not mean to say that by training and proper incentives a large number of us cannot be made into soldiers, but at the same time it will serve no good purpose if we delude ourselves into thinking that this is a vocation of life in which we can excel. And it, for the want of natural ferocity in our blood, we cannot excelin this the Europeans, who at present hold the world in their grasp, our soldiers' training will merely entitle us to fight in a subordinate position, which, from a material point of view, will bring us meagre benefits and from a higher one will be productive of

I have been accused of going to the absurdity of the extreme for insisting upon an idealism which cannot be practical. But I assert that the absurdity is not in the idealism itself, but in our own moral shortsightedness. What they mean by saying that we must be practical is that we must live, and in this one cannot but agree, for suicide can never be an ultimate object for any creature. But fortunately for man his existence is not merely physical or even political. Man has attained all that is best in him by strongly believing

See passages quoted from M. Anatole France in "Gleanings" in this number.

that there are things for which he can afford to die. To ask him to lay down his life for some political good, and at the same time to be miserly where the moral good of humanity is in view, is to ask him to pay the highest price yet refuse to accept the thing of the highest value.

There are things in which men do go to extremity in the teeth of practical common sense. We have heard of instances where men, set adrift on the sea without provisions, have looked upon each other as possible food in case of emergency. But those exceptions among them who could not think of such an enormity in any conceivable circumstance, have done more permanent service to man by refusing to eat human flesh and dying, than those who survived by following the contrary course. And for nations also, it is wise not to indulge in cannibalism even at the risk of non-survival. For true survival is to live beyond life.

We must bear in mind that European civilisation, which is based on militant Nationalism, is on its trial in this war. We do not know what is going to be the end of it; for this may not be the last of such wars in Europe. But one thing has been made quite evident, that the attainment of political power has not the moral ideal behind it which can give it the true permanence of finality. Greece still lives where she was truly great, not in her possessions, but in her mind, and Rome survived the wreck of Empires where she attained the immortal. For centuries the Jews have bad no political existence. but they live in the best ideals of Europe leavening its intellectual and spiritual life. The political ambitions of fighting races leave no other legacy to humanity but the legacy of ruins; and the power which grows tremendous, following its narrow channel of self-seeking, is sure to burst its bonds and end in a deluge of destruction.

And therefore, let us not seek the power which is in killing men and plundering them, but the moral power to stand against it, the moral power to suffer,—not merely in passive apathy, but in the enthusiasm of active purpose. This is an age of transition. The Dawn of a great To-morrow is breaking through its bank of clouds and the call of New Life comes with its message that man's strength is of the spirit, and not of the machine of organisation. It will be the greatest sign of weak-

ness in us,—the most abject defeat,—if we still cling to the atheistic faith that those nations who thrive upon their victims are great because they are powerful, and that sacrifices have to be brought to

the altar of their false gods.

I know that an instinctive faith in the adequacy of moral ideals and the inner strength of the spirit for building up the world anew from its wreckage will be held as the sign of ignorance of world politics; for it does not wholly tally with the experience of the past. But all the fearful danger of the present day has come from that experience hardening into a crust obstructing the growth of spiritual humanity,—the humanity which aspires after an infinite inner perfection. The presentday Civilised Man, disillusioned and doubting, suffers from the moral senility of prudent worldliness, that knows too much but does not believe. Faith is of the future; it may lead us into danger or apparent futility; but Truth waits there for us to be courted at the risk of death or failure.

The immense power of faith which man possesses has lately been concentrated on his material possibilities. He ignored all checks from his past experiences when he believed that he could fly in the air; and even repeated failures and deaths have not deterred him from attaining this seeming impossibility. But he has grown cynically sceptic concerning the infinite reality of the moral laws.

The time for this prudent man has come near its end. The world is waiting for the birth of the Child, who believes more than he knows, who is to be the crowned King of the future, who will come amply supplied with provisions for his daring adventures in the moral world, for his explorations in the region of man's inner being.

We have heard that Modern Russia is floundering in its bottomless abyss of idealism because she has missed the sure foothold of the stern logic of Real Politik. We know very little of the history of the present revolution in Russia, and with the scanty materials in our hands we cannot be certain if she, in her tribulations, is giving expression to man's indomitable soul against prosperity built upon moral nihilism. All that we can say is that the time to judge has not yet come,—especially as Real Politik is in such a sorry plight itself. No doubt if Modern

Russia did try to adjust herself to the orthodox tradition of Nation-worship, she would be in a more comfortable situation to-day, but this tremendousness of her struggle and hopelessness of her tangles do not, in themselves, prove that she has gone astray. It is not unlikely that, as a nation, she will fail; but if she fails with the flag of true ideals in her

hands, then her failure will fade, like the morning star, only to usher in the sunrise of the New Age. If India must have her ambition, let it not be to scramble for the unholy feast of the barbarism of the past night, but to take her place in the procession of the morning going on the pilgrimage of truth,—the truth of man's soul.

AT HOME AND OUTSIDE

By Rabindranath Tagore.

CHAPTER VII. SANDIP'S STORY.

(6)

E are men, we are kings, we must have our tribute. Ever since we have come upon the Earth we have been plundering her; and the more we claimed, the more she submitted. From primæval days have we men been plucking fruits, cutting down trees, digging up the soil, killing beast, bird and fish. From the bottom of the sea, from underneath the ground, from the very jaws of death, it has all been grabbing and grabbing,—no strong box in Nature's store room has been respected or left unrifled.

The one delight of this Earth is to fulfil the claims of those who are men. She has been made fertile and beautiful and complete through her endless sacrifices to them. But for this, she would be lost in the wilderness, not knowing herself, the doors of her heart shut, her diamonds and

pearls never seeing the light.

Likewise, by sheer force of our claims, we men have opened up all the latent possibilities of women. In the process of surrendering themselves to us, they have ever gained their true greatness. Because they had to bring all the diamonds of their happiness and the pearls of their sorrow into our royal treasury, they have found their true wealth. So for men to accept is truly to give: for women to give is truly to gain.

The demand I have just made from Bimala, however, is indeed a large one!

At first I felt scruples; for is it not the habit of man's mind to be in purposeless conflict with itself? I thought I had imposed too hard a task. My first impulse was to call her back, and tell her I would rather not make her life wretched by dragging her into all these troubles. I forgot, for the moment, that it was the mission of man to be aggressive, to make woman's existence fruitful by stirring up disquiet in the depth of her passivity, to make the whole world blessed by churning up the immeasurable abyss of suffering! This is why man's hands are so strong, his grip so firm.

Bimala had been longing with all her heart that I, Sandip, should demand of her some great sacrifice,—should call her to her death. How else could she be happy? Had she not waited all these weary years only for an opportunity to weep out her heart,—so satiated was she with the monotony of her placid happiness? And therefore, at the very first sight of me, her heart's horizon darkened with the rain clouds of her impending days of anguish. If I pity her and save her from her sorrows, what then was the purpose of my being born a man?

The real reason of my qualms is that my demand happens to be for money. That savours of beggary, for money is man's, not woman's. That is why I had to make it a big figure. A thousand or two would have the air of petty theft. Fifty thousand has all the expanse of romantic

brigandage.

Ah, but riches should really have been



Mahadev Haribhai Desai, and published by the All India Home Rule League, Hornby Road, Fort, Eombay. Cloth bound, pp. 82. Price—As. 10. (1918).

This is a translation of the speeches made by the late Mr. Gokhale on Dadabhai Naoroji, Ranade, Mehta, W. C. Bonerji, S. K. Ghosh, Sister Nivedita, Hume, Sir W. Wedderburn, and Lord Northbrooke and Home Charges, in different parts of India and England. It is embellished by fine portraits of some of these celebrities. The best part of the book is the short but most valuable introduction written by Mr. Gandhi, replete with his unbounded admiration for and devotion to Gokhale. It traces the history of their acquaintance which ripened into friendship, though Mr. Gandhi always maintained that he looked upon Gokhale as his master and guide, and sat at his feet as his pupil. The translation is very well done, and will surely supply a want long felt in the language.

KAVITA KALAP (कविता कवाप) by Champshi Vithaldas Udeshi, of 102-4 Lower Chitpur Road, Calcutta, printed at the Bombay Fine Arts Printing Works, Amratala Lane, Calcutta. Cloth bound, pp. 108. Price—As. 14. (1918).

Champshi Vithaldas Udeshi is long since known in this part of the country, though he resides in Calcutta, by the verse contributions he seems to have made a point of sending to several magazines, notably to the Jnan Sudha, the organ of the Ahmedabad Prarthana Samaj. Hardly a single issue of it is published without some verses or other, good, bad, or indifferent, from Mr. Champshi. It must be said that his work is not of a high order, and in the volume under review, several liberties taken with the mechanical part of his work—i. e., rules of prosody—would be found. The dominating note in his verses is Devotion to God (प्रमाक्त), and in a subsidiary

way, Patriotism. What we like most in 'the collection, rather most unremarkable, are the few lines on p. 8 of his preface, where he sets out the function of poetry.

INDU KALA, (दच्चा) translated by the late Nalinkant Narsinhrao Divatia, printed at the Union Printing Press, Ahmedabad. Cloth bound, pp. 168. Price—As. 10. (1918).

Professor Bain's Stories are two well known to need any mention. They deserve to be translated into each and every Indian vernacular. The present translator (now deceased) had already tried his hand at writing Gujarati prose before he launched into the scheme of translating this story, which by its English title, "A Digit of the Moon," has become such a favorite of all English-knowing readers. Nalinkant certainly did well in thinking of introducing Gujarati readers to this fine story, and he has

succeeded in his task, \$\mathbb{R}\$s we find that his work does not suffer in comparison with that of others who too had translated certain other of Prof. Bain's Stories, and who were equipped with far better educational qualifications than he was, who died young and without University education.

RAMAKRISHNA KATHAMRIT (रामका कथायत)
PART I, by Narmadashankar Balashankar Pandya,
published by the Society for the Encouragement of
Cheap Literature, and printed at the Diamond
Jubilee Printing Press, Ahmedabad. Cloth bound,
pp. 587. Price—Re. 1-2-0 (1918).

Shrijut Mahendranath Gupta, one of the most devoted followers of Ramakrishna Paramhansa, has written so much about the saint and his life as almost to amount to a literature in itself. This Kathamrit narrates various episodes and incidents in the saint's life, together with the sentiments and opinions expressed by him. They remind one of the precision, assiduity and loyalty of Boswell. The translation is so happily done that it preserves all the spirit of the original, with its unflagging interest. The very simplicity and directness of the narrative are so well brought out, both by the author and the translator, that even one who is moderately educated can follow the trend of it.

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Pandit Madhusudan Saraswati has written in Sanskrit this great work on Vedant, and till now it is considered, inspite of various subsequent works, unsurpassed, in the way in which it has treated of this difficult branch of Indian metaphysics. The very laudable effort of the present writer is to take the Gujarati reader over the whole ground covered by the Sanskrit work in several instalments, the first of which he has published for private circulation. The whole subject is taboo to the mass in the street. Unless a good deal of spade work has been done, or as the writer puts it, one has placed oneself under a Guru, it is not possible to understand or follow such recondite subjects, so that it is only those who have made some progress in the path of Vedantic studies who can appreciate the facts; to others it would

appear to be Sanskrit words transposed into Gujarati. Added to that drawback, we find that in some places, the specification could have been made more clear. However as we said, those who belong to the inner circle of Vedantins would find that they have got a work which they can profitably read.

K. M. J.

GLEANINGS

"Modern Civilisation."

The discovery of the West Indies, the exploration of Africa, the navigation of the Pacific Ocean, opened up vast territories to European avidity. The white kingdoms joined issue over the extermination of the

red, yellow and black races, and for the space of four centuries gave themselves up madly to the pillaging of three great divisions of the world. This is what is styled modern civilisation—The White Stone, by M. Anatole France, p. 152.

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WHOLE No. 141

THE OBJECT AND SUBJECT OF A STORY

[The following paper was written by the Author of "At Home and Outside" in answer to the letter of a lady criticising the publication of his novel.]

Y writings do not please all my readers, but whenever they take the trouble to make me realise that fact, they usually employ a form of language in which I am no master. For this reason I never answer them.

But the letter, which has just reached me, contains to my surprise complaints, but no insults. It comes from a lady, who is a stranger to me, and it is evident that she has felt pain, though she has avoided giving it. Her letter which puts forward some questions for me to answer is unaddressed. From that I could infer that these questions come from her, as a representative of the public, and she wants the answer to be sent to the address of the same public.

First of all, she has asked me, with some dismay, what was my object in

writing this story?

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The answer to this is, that the true object of writing a story is story-writing. In a word, I write a story because it is my wish. But this cannot be interpreted as an object, because when you say 'wish', you ignore all other aims. All the same, when people are expecting some object, it sounds like insolence, if you tell them that you have no object to speak of.

Yet, very often, an object is revealed to an onlooker which escapes the principal actor. The antelope does not know why its skin is marked; but those who write notes on the subject tell us, that the marks are there to make it less conspicuous to its pursuers. This guess may or may not be true, but it is quite evident that the object is not in the mind of the antelope.

But you may contend that the object, which was in the mind of the Creator is manifested through the antelope; and that in like manner, the age in which he is born expresses its object through the author. It cannot be gainsaid, that the age acts, consciously or unconsciously, upon the author's mind; nevertheless, I assert that this action is that of an artist, not of a teacher. The age is weaving in our minds its web of many-coloured threads simply for the purpose of creation. If you must utilise it, then the object becomes yours. This modern age of our country's history has secretly touched with its brush the present author's mind, and the impressions of that touch have come out in this novel. These impressions are

artistic impressions.

Let us take the example of a great writing, such as Shakespeare's "Othello." If the poet were asked, what was his object in writing the play, it would drive him out of his wits to give a reply. If, after a great deal of cogitation, he came out with an answer, I am sure it would be a wrong one. If I happen to be a member of the "Brahmin Association," I should be certain that the poet's object was to offer sound advice to the world about respect for colour distinctions. If I am opposed to the emancipation of women, I should say that the poet wanted to prove the mistake of allowing women to mix freely with men. If I have a strong prejudice against the poet's moral ideals and intelligence, then I shall have no doubt that he was trying to prove, that devotion to one's husband leads to terrible consequences, or else that this play was a cruel irony against the simplicity of noble minds and a vindication of the villainy of Iago. But the real thing is this,—he has written a play. No doubt, the poet's likes and dislikes. lie inherent in his work, and also the genius of his age and country,—not in the shape of moral lessons, but of artistic creation. That is to say, these belong to

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the very life and beauty of the play. When I see a Bengali before me, I see him one with his race and ancestry. I see no line of cleavage between his individuality and his race. So, also, in a poet's works, the individualthe environment are vitally ity and blended.

This is why I was saying that, when I am writing a story, my contemporary experience is woven into its fabric and also my personal likes and dislikes. But theircoloured threads, tinged with life's own colour, are simply the materials which the artist has in his hands to use. If you read any object into the work, it is not mine but your own.

Rich men use the tails of yaks for making whisks; but the poor yak knows that the tail belongs to its own vital organisations and to cut it off and make it into an 'object' is absolutely alien to its nature.

My next point is that, when there is a conflict between my own ideals and those of my readers, the reader has the advantage of being able to inflict punishment. When a child has a fall, it kicks at the floor on which it fell; and it is a wellknown fact that the generality of readers follow the same rule. But that the punishment is always just and inevitable, I do not admit.

Grown-up people may not be afraid of ghosts. They may even think it harmful to foster the fear of ghosts. Yet, when a grown-up person reads a ghost story, he need not remember all this. For, in a story, the question of opinion does not matter; it is the enjoyment which is

When a man of real culture, who is a Christian, judges some image of a Hindu god made by a Hindu artist, it will be a real help to him to forget, for the time, that he is a missionary. But, if unfortunately he cannot do so, then he must not blame the Hindu artist; for the latter naturally paints his picture according to his own faith and tradition; nevertheless, because it is a picture, there is something in it which is above his faith and tradition and that is the living spirit. If that spirit is unacceptable to one who is not a Hindu, then it is either due to the insensibility of the critic, in which case he is to blame, or it is due to the deficiency in the inspiration itself, in which case the blame must rest with the artist.

Englishmen have a special kind of

kerosene lamp. Hindus had lamps of their own before these English lamps were introduced. The difference here lies in the lamps; but light is light, both to the Hindu and to the Englishman. There is every likelihood of a difference of opinion between my countrymen and myself as to what is good for my country. But if my story is a story, then, in spite of my opinions, it will float.

When, however, the opinions are of such a nature, that they cannot but deeply concern my readers, it would be foolish to expect from them that perfect detachment of mind which is necessary for true appreciation, and in that case, the lamp which bears the light becomes more important than the light itself.

Let us agree to this.

Then what is the advice which the author must follow? Should he change his opinion altogether with regard to the good and bad of his country? If his readers are incapable of doing so, simply for the sake of the story, what obligation has the author to play such moral somersaults, simply for the sake of his readers? But if it is maintained that the cause of one's country is greater than the perfection of a story, then this holds good for the reader as well as for the writer.

It is the paramount duty of the author to fix his attention only on the perfecting of his story, not on the applause of his reading public. But if this duty, for some reason or other, becomes impossible, then let him think what is good for his country and not merely that his country should think him good.

The second question which the writer puts is whether the story of this novel is imaginary or whether it has its basis in actual fact; and if the latter, then does that fact belong to some orthodox Hindu family,—or to some sect enamoured of its

western culture?

My answer is,—the story portion, like that contained in most of my writings, is imaginary. But that is not a complete answer to my correspondent. There is an implication hidden in the question, that such events as I have described are impossible in orthodox Hinduism.

An exact coincidence of an imaginary story with some real fact is nowhere possible, either in an orthodox family, or in a family that has drifted away from orthodoxy. You can merely gossip about



things that have actually happened in some family; you cannot write a story about them.

The possibilities that lie deep in human nature are the basis of the plots of all the best stories and dramas in literature. There is eternal truth in human nature itself, but not in mere events. Events happen in a different manner in different places. They are never the same on two occasions. But man's nature, which is at the root of these events, is the same in all ages; therefore the author keeps his eye fixed on human nature and avoids all exact copying of actual events.

The question reduces itself to this, whether human nature in orthodox Hindu families always follows the direction of the orthodox Hindu code. Does it never, on any provocation whatever, break away

from its tether and run wild?

It is a matter of common observation, from the Vedic period up to the present, that the fight is endless between the outbreak of nature on the one hand and man's heroic remedies on the other. If there exists a Hindu society, where such a fight is altogether impossible, its address is concealed from us. Then further, one must know that where there is no possibility of evil, there can be no place for good. If it is absolutely impossible for a member of an orthodox Hindu family to go wrong, then the members of that family are neither good nor bad, but puppets worked by the texts of ancient scriptures.

We have seen the ugliest calumnies against women written in old Sanskrit verses, such as are rare in those authors who are proud of their western culture. This proves that our modern Bengali writers have a genuine regard for women. At the same time, one must fully admit that these ancient calumnies may be wrong, when applied to the whole of womankind. But if they were untrue even with regard to individual women, how did they come to be written at all?

So our discussion narrows itself down to this point, whether the impulse for evil, which is a fact of human nature, can be a proper subject for literature. The answer to this question has been given by literature itself, through all ages and all countries, and therefore it will not matter if I remain silent about it.

Unfortunately, in Bengali, the criticism

of literature has resolved itself into a judgment of the proprieties which are necessary for orthodoxy. Our critics go to the extreme tenuity of debate as to the excellence of Bankim's heroines in their strict conformity with the canons of Hinduism. Whether the indignation which Bhramar showed against her husband took away from the transcendental preciosity of her Hindu womanhood; whether the inability of Surjamukhi to accept, as her friend, her cowife, Kunda, has cheapened the value of her Hindu character; how far Sakuntala is the perfect Hindu woman and Dushyanta the perfect Hindu king,—these are the questions seriously discussed in the name of literary criticism. Such criticism can only be found in our country, among all the countries of the world.

There are a crowd of heroines in Shakespeare's dramas, but their excellence is not judged according to their peculiar English qualities; and even the most fanatical Christian theologians desist from awarding them marks, in order of merit, according to their degree of Christianity. But possibly I am spoiling my own cause by admitting this, because our modern Bengali takes a special pride in thinking that India has nothing in common with the

rest of the world.

But India is not a creation of the Bengalis, and it had already existed before we began our literary criticism. The classification of heroines which we find in the rhetoric of ancient India, was not in accordance with the models put forward in the Laws of Manu. I am not for such classification at all, because literature is not science; if in literature heroes and heroines are introduced according to certain classified types, then such literature becomes a toy shop, not an ideal world of living creatures. If one must indulge in this absurd mania for classification, even in literature, then at least it should follow the line of human nature as much as possible, instead of being arranged on the wooden shelves of what is Hindu, and what is not.

My last request to my correspondent is this, that she should take me seriously when I say that I love my country. If I did not, then it would have been quite easy for me to become popular with my countrymen.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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HOPE

I can never believe that you are lost to us, my King, though our poverty is great and deep our shame.

Your will works behind the veil of despair, and in your own time opens the gate of the impossible.

You come like unto your own house in the unprepared hall and on the unexpected day.

Dark ruins at your touch become like a bud in whose bosom grows unseen the flower of fulfilment.

Therefore I still have hope, not that the wrecks will be mended, but a new world will arise.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE DOWNFALL OF BIJAPUR, 1686

CITY OF BIJAPUR DESCRIBED.

S the traveller enters the Bijapur district from its northern boundary near Sholapur, he passes through a vast desolate plain, absolutely treeless, uncultivated and untenanted by man as far as the eye can see. For forty miles this stretch of country is a monotonous succession of low wavy uplands which grow a crop of millet during the three months of rain but are covered with dry dust-coloured grass or expose large patches of black trap-rock for the rest of the year. Hidden deep among the uplands are the beds of some streams, with a few trees and hamlets and patches of cultivation, forming a pleasing oasis in the surrounding desert. The landscape is extremely depressing by reason of its barrenness and dreary by reason of its monotony; even the villages look deserted on account of their ruined battlements and houses with flat mud roofs and blind walls all around.

Half way across this plain the southern horizon is seen to be pierced by a gigantic

faint white bubble,—the largest dome in the world, standing 300 feet above the ground, which dominates the entire landscape. It is the Gol Gumbaz or tomb of Muhammad Adil Shah. Coming nearer, as the railway climbs up from a dip in the ground, Bijapur suddenly bursts into view like a dream city, with its strange min-gling of beauty and melancholy, its sadly impressive grandeur derived from palace and tomb. "Far on every side the country is covered with buildings of varied shapes in different stages of decay. A number of tombs, mosques, palaces and towers lie scattered in every direction. To the right (i.e., north-west of the city), the white domes of Pir Amin's tomb gleam in the sunlight, a brilliant contrast to the dark gray ruins in the foreground. In front lie the city's massive walls and bastions, with here and there a stately building towering over the fortifications, while on the left the colossal proportions of the Gol Gumbaz dwarf its surroundings. Still further to the left (i.e., north-east of the city) the plain outside is dotted with

In Calcutta at 10-15 years of age the incidence was 6 times as great, at 15 to 20 years, it was 4 times as great, and at 20-30 years, 3 times as great as amongst males.

Another effect of the insanitary, illlighted dwelling has been that the incidence of blindness among males is lower, but among females is far higher, than in the province of which Calcutta is the capital; and that the loss of sight is less frequent among men than among women, whereas the reverse is the case in Bengal. The figures are given below:-

NUMBER PER 1,000.

	Male.		Female.		
Calcutta	•••	63			92
Bengal	•••	78		•••	63
Bugland United States	•••	100		•••	107.3
United States	•••	100		****	80.1
Calcutta		100		•••	146.
Bengal	•••	100		•••	80.
_			_		

One explanation is that males suffering from cataract have recourse to the surgeon more freely than women. But the effects of the conditions of ill-lighted dwellings must also be emphasised. The occupation of women lies mainly indoors, and the main proportion have to spend the greater part of day and night in small dark rooms filled with the acrid smoke of cow-dung fires, at which they cook their food. The cumulative effect of life under such conditions is apparent from the returns of blindness by age, for two-thirds of the blind women are over 50 years of age. The homesteads in the village are ventilated as the bamboo walls and roofs allow of a more thorough passage of air; the Bengali woman in the village consequently suffers less than her sister who lives in the slums and the insanitary dwellings of the metropolis.

> RADHAKAMAL MUKHERJEE Lecturer in Economics. Calcutta University.

VERNACULARS FOR THE M. A. DEGREE

By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[The following letter was written by Sir Rabindranath Tagore to a correspondent, and is published with the latter's permission. Ed., M. R.]

Dear-.

T is needless to say that it has given me great delight to learn of Sir Ashutosh's proposal for introducing Indian vernaculars in the university for the M. A. But at the same time I must frankly admit the misgivings I feel owing to my natural distrust of the spirit of teaching that dominates our university education. Vernacular literature, at least in Bengal, has flourished in spite of its being ignored by the higher branches of our educational organisation. It carried no prospect of reward for its votaries from the Government, nor, in its first stages, any acknowledgment even from our own people. This neglect has been a blessing in disguise, for thus our language and literature have had the opportunity of natural growth, unhampered by worldly temptation, or imposition of outside authority. literary language is stil in a fluid stage,

it is continually trying to adapt itself to new accessions of thought and emotion and to the constant progress in our national life. Necessarily the changes in our life and ideas are more rapid than they are in the countries whose influences are contributing to build the modern epoch of our renaissance. And, therefore, our language, the principal instrument for shaping and storing our ideals, should be allowed to remain much more plastic than it need be in the future when standards have already been formed which can afford a surer basis for our progress.

But I have found that the direct influence which the Calcutta University wields over our language is not strengthening and vitalising, but pedantic and narrow. It tries to perpetuate the anachronism of the Pundit-made Bengali preserving swathed in grammar-wrappings borrowed from a dead language. It is every day becoming a more formidable obstacle in boys' acquiring that the way of our mastery of their mother tongue which is of

life and literature. The artificial language of a learned mediocrity, inert and formal, ponderous and didactic, devoid of the least breath of creative vitality, is forced upon our boys at the most receptive period of their life. I know this, because I have to connive, myself, at a kind of intellectual infanticide when my own students try to drown the natural spontaneity of their expression under some stagnant formalism. It is the old man of the sea keeping his fatal hold upon the youth of our country. And this makes me apprehensive lest the stamping of death's seal upon our living language should be performed on a magnified scale by our university as its final act of tyranny at the last hour of its direct authority.

In the modern European universities the medium of instruction being the vernacular, the students in receiving, recording and communicating their lessons perpetually come into intimate touch with it, making its acquanitance where it is not slavishly domineered over by one particular sect of academicians. The personalities of various authors, the individualities of their styles, the revelation of the living power of their language are constantly and closely brought to their minds—and therefore all that they need for their final degrees is a knowledge of the history and morphology of their mother-tongues. But our students have not the same opportunity, excepting in their private studies and according to their private tastes. And therefore their minds are more liable to come under the influence of some inflexible standard of language manufactured by pedagogues and not given birth to by the genius of artists. I assert once again that those who, from their position of authority, have the power and the wish to help our language in the unfolding of its possibilities, must know that in its present stage freedom of movement is of more vital necessity than fixedness of forms.

Being an outsider I feel reluctant to make any suggestions, knowing that they may prove unpractical. But as that will not cause an additional injury to my reputation, I make bold to offer you at least one suggestion. The candidates for the M. A. degree in the vernaculars should not be compelled to attend classes, because in the first place, that would be an insuperable obstacle to a great number of including ladies who students, entered the married state; secondly, the facility of studying Bengali under the most favorable conditions cannot be limited to one particular institution, and the research work which should comprehend different dialects and folk literature can best be carried out outside the class; and lastly, if such freedom be given to the students, the danger of imposing upon their minds the dead uniformity of some artificial standard will be obviated. For the same reason, the university should not make any attempt, by prescribing definite text-books, to impose or even authoritatively suggest any particular line of thought to the students, leaving each to take up the study of any prescribed subject,-grammar, philology, or whatever it may be, along the line best suited to his individual temperament, judging of the result according to the quantity of conscientions work done and the quality of the thought-processes employed

> Yours Sincerely RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE RISE IN THE PRICES OF COTTON PIECE GOODS

THE four years of war have witnessed a phenomenal rise in the prices of most commodities. In few cases however has the rise been more marked than in the case of cotton and its manufactures, and in no case has the rise of prices caused so much hardship to the poorer classes of the population as the rise in the prices of

cotton goods. It is true that all the Provinces have not suffered equally from the rise; those parts of the country which are near to the great centres of the Indian cotton industry, and those where the handloom industry still flourishes, have suffered less than those parts which in normal times depend upon imported piece

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WHOLE No. 149

THE MESSAGE OF THE FOREST

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE past not only contains, in its depths, the unrealised future, but in part the realised future itself. Everybody admits the truth, that, in the grandfather, lies dormant the potential grandson, who is to carry the growth of his ancestry to a further stage, or in a new direction. But it is also true that the grandson is practically born in the grandfather. New additions are made and modifications effected, but some keynote, that is to dominate the racial life, has already been achieved in the life of

the grandfather.

This is the reason, why every race of people has its tradition of the Golden Age in the past, because we never can trust our future, if it does not carry some great oromise bequeathed to it. It is not enough for us to know, that our future is growing out clearer from the nebulous adumbration of a primitive age, we must also be assured that it has already shown itself distinct in ts achievemnts in the past. Every great people holds its history so valuable because of this, because it contains not mere nemories, but hope, and therefore the mage of the future. Man has his instinctive aith in heredity. He feels, that, in heredity, hat which is to come has been proved in hat which has been,-in great heredity, he great conclusion is perpetually present the process. And all history is man's redential of his future, signed and sealed y his past.

The physical organisation of the race as certain vital memories, which are ersistent, which fashion its nose and yes in a particular shape, regulate its tature and deal with the pigment of its in. In the ideal of a race, there also run temories that remain constant, or, in case f alien mixture, come back repeatedly, ren after the lapse of long intervals.

These are the compelling forces, that secretly and inevitably fashion the future of a people and give characteristic shape to its civilization. In our Shastras, it is held that our desires are the creative factors which originate and guide our future births. Likewise every race has its innate desires, of its former days, leading it through the repeated new births of its history. Any people which lacks, in its racial mind, these inherited aspirations, merely drifts, till it sinks in the current of time; it never creates its own history. In a word, it does not renew its birth, but is merged in the amorphous vagueness of a

ghostly existence.

Therefore, it is of great importance for us to know, whether, as a people, we carry in our subconscious mind some primal aspiration, which alone can guarantee us a definite future of our own. If we still have that, strong and living, it will save us from extinction, or from the perpetual shame,-worse than death,-of the life of imitation, or parasitism. When we are threatened with loss of self-respect: when our mind is overwhelmed with the idea, that there can be only one type of civilization worth the name, and that a foreign one; when our one conscious desire is to strive with all our might, by begging, borrowing or stealing, towards some ideal of perfection which can only be related to us, as a mask to a face, or a wig to a head,—then our only hope lies in discovering some profound creative desire persistent in the heart of our race, in the subconscious mind of our people. For, in the long run, it is our sub-conscious nature which wins, and it is the deeper unseen current of the mind which secretly cuts its own path and reaches its own goal,—not the conscious waves on the

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rface, which clamorously make themlves obvious and vigorously storm at

ie present time.

I have said elsewhere, that the environent, in which we see the past of India, the forest, the memory of which perneates our classical literature and still aunts our minds. The legends related in ur great epics cluster under the sublime hade of those ancient forests; and, in he forest, the most intense pathos of uman life found its background in the reatest of our romantic dramas. The nemory of these sacred forests is the one great inheritance which India ever therishes through all her political vicissitudes and economic disturbances.

But we must know, that these forests were not merely topographical in their significance. We have seen that the history of the Northmen of Europe is resonant with the association of the sea. That sea, also, is not a mere physical fact, but represents certain ideals of life which still guide their history and inspire all their creations. In the sea, Nature presented herself to these men in her aspect of a danger, of a barrier, which seemed to be at constant war with the land and its children. The sea was the challenge of intamed Nature to the indomitable human soul. And man did not flinch; he fought and won; and the spirit of fight continued n him. He looked upon his place in the world as extorted from a hostile scheme of things, retained in the teeth of opposition. His cry is the cry of triumph of lefiant Man against the rest of the universe.

This is about the people who lived by the sea, and rode on it as on a wild champing horse, clutching it by its mane and making it render service from shore to shore. But in the level tracts of Aryavarta men found no barrier between their ives and the Grand Life that permeates the Universe. The forest gave them shelter and shade, fruit and flower, fodder and uel; it entered into a close living relation with their work and leisure and necessity, and in this way made it easy for them to snow their own lives as associated with the larger life. They could not think of heir surroundings as lifeless, separate, or inimical. So the view of the Truth, which these men found, was distinctly lifferent from that of those of whom we ave spoken above: and their relation-

ship with this world also took a different turn, as they came to realise that the gifts of light and air, of food and drink, did not come from either sky or tree or soil, but had their fount in the all-pervading consciousness and joy of universal They uttered quite simply naturally यदिदम् किन्न सन्देन प्राच रजति निस्तन्-"All that is, vibrates with life, having

emerged from the Supreme Life."

When we know this world as alien to us then we know it as a thing mechanical, built by a divine mechanic or by a chance combination of blind forces. Then our relation to it becomes the relation of utility, and we set up our own machines or mechanical methods to deal with it and make as much profit as our knowledge of its mechanism allows us to do. Then we are apt to say that Knowledge is power. This view of things does not altogether play us false, for the machine has its place in this world. And therefore, not only this material universe, but also human beings can be used as machines and made to yield results. But the view of the world which India has taken is summed up in one compound word-मिदानन्द. Its meaning is that Reality, which is essentially one, has three aspects. The first is sat, the principle of Being, whose first information comes to us through our senses; it relates us to all things through the relationship of common existence. The second is chit, the principle of Knowing; it relates us to all things through the relationship of mind. The third is ananda—the principle of Enjoying which unites us with all things through the relationship of love. Our consciousness of the world as that of the sum total of things that exist or that are governed by universal laws is imperfect according to the true Indian view,—but it is persect when our consciousness realises all things as spiritually one with it and therefore capable of giving us joy. Our text of daily meditation contains the truth of the one and the same creative force appearing in an undivided stream of manifestation in our consciousness and in the world of which we are conscious. They are one, as the East and the West are one, which only our self divides into contradictions. For us the highest purpose of this world is not merely living in it, knowing it and making use of it, but realising our own Generated on 2020-11-22 06:54 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112109532843 Public Domain in the United States, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-goo

selves in it through expansion of sympathy and emancipation of consciousness, not alienating and dominating it but com-prehending and uniting it with us in bliss-ful union. The Man whom you only use is a machine; the Man whom you only study is a material for your knowledge. But your friend is neither a machine to you nor a psychological curiosity, (though consciously or unconsciously he does take his part as a machine of work and as an object of study for you), his ultimate value lies in his giving you opportunity to lose your self in his love. This is his aspect of ananda-his truest aspect for you, which comprehends his other two aspects in harmony. And to know the highest truth of all existence as that of a friend is truly This view of the world as the world of life and love, as the manifestation of the Supreme Soul whose nature is to realise his unity in the endlessness of the varied, has come to us from the greatpeace of our ancient forest.

When Vikramāditya became king, Ujjain a great capital, and Kālidāsa its poet, the age of India's forest retreats had passed. Then we had taken our stand in the midst of the great concourse of humanity, and the Chinese and the Hun, the Scythian and the Persian, the Greek and the Roman, had crowded round us. But even in this age of pride and prosperity, the longing love and awe of reverence with which its poet sang about the hermitage, shows what was the dominant ideal that occupied the mind of India, what was the one current of memory that continually flowed back

through her life. In Kālidāsa's

In Kālidāsa's drama Shakuntala, also, the hermitage, which dominates the play, overshadowing even the king's palace, has the same idea running through,—the recognition of the kinship of man with conscious and unconscious creation alike.

A poet of a later age, while describing a hermitage in his Kadambari, tells of the posture of devoutness in the flowering lianas as they bow to the wind; of the sacrifice offered by the trees scattering their blossoms; of the grove sounding with the lessons chanted by the neophytes, and the mantras which the parrots, constantly hearing, had learned to pronounce; of the wild fowl enjoying Vaishva-deva-bali-pinda—the food offered to the divinity which is in all creatures,—

and of the ducks coming up from the lake, near by, for their portion of the grass-seed, spread in the cottage yards to dry; of the deer caressing with their tongues the young hermit boys. It is again the same story. The hermitage shines out, in all our ancient literature, as the place where the chasm between man and the rest of creation has been bridged.

In the drama of other countries, where the human characters violently drown our attention in the vortex of their passions, Nature occasionally peeps in, but she is almost always a trespasser, who has to submit urgent excuses, or bow apologetically and depart. But in all our dramas, which still retain their fame, such as Mrichchhakatika, Shakuntala, Uttara-Rama-Charita Nature stands on her own right, proving that she has her great function, to impart the peace of the eternal to the human passions and to mitigate their violent agitations which often come from the instability of spiritual lameness.

The frenzied fury of passion, described in two of Shakespere's youthful poems, stands isolated upon its own pedestal of unashamed conspicuity. It is wrenched away naked from the cover of the All; it has not the green earth or the blue sky around it; the many-coloured veil of nature has been impatiently swept away from its face, bringing to our view the fever which is in man's desires, and not the healing balm which encircles it in the universe.

Ritusamhara is clearly a work of Kalidasa's immaturity. The song of youthful love sung in it sounds from the fundamental bass notes of human passion,—it does not reach the sublime height of reticence that there is in Shakuntala or Kumara-Sambhava. But the tune of these voluptuous outbreaks, being set to the varied harmony of Nature's symphony, loses its delirious shrillness in the expanse of the open sky. The moon-beams of the summer evening, resonant with the murmuring flow of fountains, add to it their own melody; in its rhythm sways the Kadamba grove, glistening in the first cool rain of the season; and the south breezes waft into its heart the wistfulness of the scent of the mango flowers.

In the third canto of Kumara Sambhava, while describing the boisterous emergence of youth at the sudden coming of Madara

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(Eros), Kalidasa has been careful to avoid giving this outburst of passion an abnormal supremacy within the narrow field of view of exclusive humanity. His genius basked in the sunshine of the human spirit, where it pervades the spring flower and the harvest of the autumn; and that genius never played at focussing it into a point of ignition upon the naked fluttering heart. Kalidasa has shown a true reverence to the divine love-making of Sati by making his narration of it as a central white lotus floating on the worldwide immensity of youth, in which the animals and trees have their rhythm of life-throbs. It is a sacred flame of longing whose lamp is the universe.

Not only its third canto, but the whole of the Kumara Sambhava poem is painted upon a limitless canvas. Its inner idea is deep and of all time. It answers the one question that humanity asks through all its endeavours :- How is the birth of the hero to be brought about,-the brave one who can defy and vanquish the evil demon, when he sweeps upon the scene, laying waste heaven's own kingdom? This is the greatest of all problems for each individual, and it forces itself in ever-new, ever-recurring forms upon each race and nation, and this is the one problem which perists in most of our poet's works,-in his Shakuntala, Raghuvamsha and Kumara

Sambhava.

It becomes evident that such a problem had become acute in Kalidasa's time, when the old simplicity of Hindu life had broken up. The Hindu kings, forgetful of their kingly duties, had become self-seeking epicureans, and India was being repeated-

ly devastated by the Shakas.

But what answer does the poem give to the question it raises ?-Not that more armaments were needed, or that a league of powers should be formed, or that some mechanical adjustment of political balance had to be effected. Its message is that the cause of weakness lies in the inner life of the soul. It is in some break of harmony with the Good, some dissociation from the True. When gain is completed by giving up, when love is fulfilled by self-sacrifice, when passion is purified by the penance of the soul, then only is heroism born,-the heroism which can save mankind from all defeat and disater. When the ascetic Shiva-the Good-was lost in the passive immensity of his soli-

tude, heaven was in peril. And when beautiful Sati-the Real-was all by herself, in her unwedded self-seclusion, the demons were triumphant. Only from the union of the exuberant freedom of Real with the tranquil restraint of the Good comes the fullest strength.

Viewed from the outside, India, in the time of Kalidasa, appeared to have reached the zenith of civilization, excelling as she did in luxury, literature and the arts. Kalidasa himself was not free from the prevailing tone, and the outer embellishment of his poetry is as daintily luxurious as must have been the decorative art of the period. This, however, is only one aspect in which his age influenced the poet.

But what sudden passion for sacrifice, for the austere discipline of the life of aspiration, troubled our Goddess of Poesy amidst the luxury of her golden bower? It was the eternal message of the forest, that can never be silenced, and like a refrain, simple in its purity, comes up again and again, through all noisy distractions of discord,—the message to free our consciousness from the accumulations of desire, to win our immortality, breaking through the sheath of self, the self which belongs to death. From his seat beside all the glories of Vikramaditya's throne, the poet's heart yearned for the purity of India's past age of spiritual striving. And it was this yearning which took shape and impelled him to go back to the annals of the ancient kings of Raghu's line.

I fain would sing," says Kalidasa, in his prologue, "of those whose purity went back to the day of their birth, whose striving went forward till attainment, whose empire knew no bounds but the seas, whose adventurous journeys reached up to the high heaven, who offered oblations to the sacred fire in accordance with injunctions, made gifts to the needy in accordance with their wants, awarded punishments in accordance with the crime, and regulated every wakeful activity in accordance with the hour,-who mulated treasure for the sake of redistribution, tempered their utterance for the sake of truth, desired victories for the sake of glory, entered into wedlock for the sake of progeny,-who practised learning in their childhood, attended to wealth in their youth, took to the hermitage in their old age, cast away their bodies when they had attained the supreme union. Of these would I sing, though I lack all wealth of language; for their great merits, entering my ears, have disturbed my heart."

But it was not in a pæan of praise that his poem ended. What had troubled his heart becomes clear, when we come to the end of his Raghuvamsha. What was the life story of the founder of this line of

Kings? Where did it begin?

The heroic life of Raghu had its prologue in a hermitage, showing that its origin was in a life of purity and self-restraint, led there by Raghu's royal parents. The poem is not ushered in with the pomp and circumstance befitting the history of a great kingly line. King Dilip, with his consort, Queen Sudakshina, has entered upon the life of the forest. The great monarch is busy tending the cattle of the hermitage. Thus opens the Raghuvamsha amidst scenes of simplicity and self-denial. But it ends in the palace of magnificence, in the wealth and luxury which divert the current of energy from the truth of life to the heaps of things. There is brilliance in this ending, as there is in the conflagration which destroys and devastates. Peaceful as the dawn, radiant as the tawny-haired hermit boy, is the calm strength of the restrained language in which the poet tells us of the kingly glory crowned with the halo of purity,-beginning his poem, as the day begins, in the serene solemnity of its sun-And lavish are the colours in which he describes the end, as of the evening, eloquent for a time with its sumptuous splendour of sunset, but overtaken at last by the devouring darkness which sweeps away all its brilliance into the fathomless abyss of night.

In this beginning and this ending of his poem, lies hidden the message of the forest which found its voice in the poet's words. With a suppressed sigh he is saying: 'Look on that which was and that which s! In the days when the future glowed gloriously ahead, self-discipline was escemed as the highest path, self-renunciation the greatest treasure, but when downall had become imminent, the hungry fires f desire aflame at a hundred different oints, dazzled the eyes of all beholders."

When the lust of self-aggrandisement is nbridled, the harmony between enjoyment and renunciation is destroyed. By oncentrating our pride or desire upon a

limited field, the field of the animal life, we seek to exaggerate a portion at the expense of the whole, the wholeness which is in man's life of the spirit. From this results evil. That is why renunciation becomes necessary,—not to lead to destitution, but to restoration, to win back the All.

Kalidasa in almost all his works, has depicted this break of harmony between enjoyment and renunciation, between the life that loses itself in the sands of the self and the life that seeks its sea of eternity. And this is characteristically represented by the unbounded impetuousness of kingly splendour on one side and the serene strength of regulated desires on the other. I have already given above an illustration of this from the Raghuvamsha. Even in the minor drama of Malavikagnimitra we find the same thing in a different manner. It must never be thought that, in this play, the poet's deliberate object was to pander to his royal patron by inviting him to a literary orgy of lasciviousness. The very Nandi contradicts this and shows the object towards which this play is directed. The poet begins the drama "सन्मार्गाजीकयन् व्यपनयतु स with the prayer, नखामसीव्रक्तिमीय:": "Let God, to illumine for us the path of truth, sweep away our passions, bred of darkness." The God, to whom this prayer is uttered, says the poet, is one in whose nature Eternal Woman is ever commingled, in an ascetic purity of love,—who stands in the sacred simplicity of barenness in the midst of his infinite wealth. The unified being of Hara and Parvati is the perfect symbolism of the eternal in the wedded love of man and woman. The poet opens his drama with the invocation of this spirit of the Divine It is quite evident that this invocation carries the message in it with which he greeted his kingly audience. The whole drama is to show in vivid colour the utter ugliness of the treacherous falsehoods and cruelties inherent in all passions that are unchecked. In this play the conflict of ideals is between the king and the queen,—between Agnimitra and Dharini, between the insolent offence against all that is good and true, and the unlimited peace of forgiveness that dwells deep in the self-sacrifice of love. The great significance of this contrast lies hidden in the very names of the hero and

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the heroine of the drama. Though the name 'Agnimitra' is historical, yet it symbolises in the poet's mind the desolating destructiveness of uncontrolled desire,—just as did the name of Agnivarna in Raghuvamsha. Agnimitra,—'the friend of the fire',—the reckless person, who in his love-making is playing with fire, not knowing that, all the time, it is scorching him black, till the seed of immortality perishes at the core of his being. And what a great name is Dharini, signifying the fortitude and forbearance that comes of the majesty of soul! What association it carries of the infinite dignity of love purified by the sacrificial fire of selfabnegation rising far above all insult of base betrayal! Can anybody doubt what effect the performance of this drama produced upon the royal looker on, what searching of heart, what humility, what reverence for the love that claims our best worship by the offer of its patient worship of service!

In Shakuntala, this conflict of ideals has been shown all through the drama, by the contrast of the pompous heartlessness of the king's court and the natural purity of the hermitage, the contrast of the arrogance displaying itself upon the hollow eminence of convention, and the simplicity standing upon the altitude of truth. The message of the poet is uttered by the two hermit boys, when they enter the king's palace, just before the impend-ing catastrophe of Shakuntala's life, the naked cruelty of which is skilfully hidden by the episode of the curse, though it was unbared a moment before through the shameless self-confession of fickleness by the king, when he listened to the lamentation of Hamsapadika, one of his numerous

victims. The message is :-

श्रभवक्तमिव स्नात: ग्रुचिरग्रचिमिव प्रवृत्त द्व सुप्तम् वहमिव खैरगतिर्जनमिष्ट मुखसिङ्गम् अवैमि।

"We look upon these devotees of pleasure as he, who has bathed, looks upon the unclean, as the pure in heart upon the polluted, as the wide awake soul looks upon the slothful slumberer, and as the one, who is free to move, looks upon the shackled."

And what is the inner meaning of the curse that follows the hermit girl in this drama, till she is purified by her penance? I am sure, according to the poet, it is the

same curse from which his country at that time suffered. There were two guests who knocked at the gate of Shakuntala whom one was accepted and the other refused. The king, as an embodiment of passion and worldliness, came to her and she readily yielded to his allurements. But when after that the duty of the higher life, the spirit of the forest ideal, stood before her in the guise of an ascetic, she in her absent-mindedness did not notice him. And what was the result? She lost her world of desire for which she had forsaken her truth. And in order regain that world as her own by right she had to follow through suffering the path of self-conquest. The poet was aware of the two guests who sought entrance into the heart of his country,—the devotee of pleasure and power who comes secretly without giving his real name and insinuates himself into trustful acceptance, and the seeker of spiritual perfection announces himself in a master's voice, in clear notes, अयमह' मो:-"I am here !" And to his dismay he found his country baring her heart to the former to be betrayed by him. It is evident that kings of that period were deeply drawn into the eddy of self-indulgence and were fighting each other for power, the love of which leads men into the insanity of suicide. The fatal curse of falsehood is always generated when power and success are pursued for their own sake, when our baser passions shamelessly refuse all claims of justice and self-control. The poet had one lingering ray of hope in his heart. He could not but believe that his country had not lost her reverence for her tapaswi, the guest who brings to her door the message of everlasting life: only her mind was distracted by some temporary out-He was certain break of temptation. that she would wake up in sanctifying sorrow, and give birth to her Bharata, the hero who would bring to her life unity and strength of truth. There was a note of assurance in the poet's voice when through his great poems Kumara-Sambhava and Shakuntala he called her to come back once again to her purity of life and realisation of soul, the call which is true for other times and other countries also. For the curse still remains to be worked off by humanity for the inhospitable insult offered to the Eternal in

न खब्न खब् वाय: सिन्नपात्वोऽयमिकान्। सद्दि सगमरीरे प्रष्य-रामाविवामि:॥

Never, oh never is the arrow meet for iercing the tender body of a deer, as the

re is not for burning flowers."

The living beauty, whose representative 1 this drama is Shakuntala, is not aggresively strong like the callous destructiveess of lust, but, through its frailness, it is ablimely great. And it is the poet's leading which still rings in our ears gainst the ugly greed of commercialism in ne modern age, against its mailed fist of irth-hunger, against the lust of the rong, which is grossly intentupon killing e Beautiful and piercing the heart of the ood to the quick. Once again sounds the arning of the forest, at the conclusion of e first act, when the king is engaged in teful dalliance with the hermit girl :- "O ipaswis, hasten to rescue the living spirit the sacred forest, for Dushyanta, the 'd of earth, whose pleasure is in hunting, come." It is the warning of India's st, and that warning still continues ainst the reckless carnival of the present ie, celebrated by the lords of Earth, ose pleasure is in hunting to death with ir ruthless machines all that is beautiful h the delicacy of life.

n Kumara Sambhava, the friend and of Indra, the king of the Gods, is dana, the god of desire. And he, in his dness, imagines that he can unite Shiva

Parvati by the delusion created by madness of the senses. It is the same when we try to reach our perfection ugh wealth and power, through the sity of boisterous self-seeking. That of to be. At last Parvati's love was ned with fulfilment through her nee of self-sacrifice. The moral of Kumara-Sambhava is the same as eaching of the Upanishat: खके न भूकीया,

Generated on 2020-11-22 06:54 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.30112109532843 Public Domain in the United States, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access "enjoy through renunciation". मा रूप: * कस्रस्थिदनम् "Enjoyment must not be through greed."

One thing which we must remember is, that the life in ancient India was not all forest life,—nor is the heart the only organ we possess in our vital organism. But the heart lies in the centre of our body; it purifies our blood and sends our life-current through the ramifications of all the channels in our body to the extremities of our limbs. Our tapovana was just such a vital centre of our social body. In it throbbed the rhythm of our life's ebb and flow: it gave truth to our thoughts, right impulse to our feelings, and guiding force to our work. We distinctly see, from the works of our poet, that the teaching of the forest was not towards the inertia of passivity, but towards true heroism and victory. It was not towards suppression of action, but its purification, towards giving it freedom of life by

removing obstructions.

We know of other great systems in which there is a special insistence upon sacrifice and resignation. Just as heat is an important factor in the process of creation, so is pain an essential reagent in the formation of man's life. It melts the intractable hardness of his spirit, and wears away the unyielding crust which confines his heart. But the Upanishat enjoins renunciation, not by way of acceptance of pain, but for the purpose of enjoyment of truth. Such renunciation means an expansion into the Universal, a union with the Supreme. It is the renunciation of the cocoon for the freedom of the living wings. So that the ideal hermitage of ancient India was not a theatre where the spirit should wrestle with the flesh, or where the monastic order should try conclusions with the social order,—it was to establish a harmony between all our energies and the eternal reality. That is why the relations of Indian humanity with beast and bird and tree had attained an intimacy which may seem strange to people of other lands. Our poets have told us that the tapovana is shantarasaspadam,—that the emotional quality peculiar to the forest-retreat is Peace, the peace which is the emotional counterpart of perfection. Just as the mingling of the colours of the spectrum gives us white light, so when the faculties

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of our mind, instead of being scattered, flow in a united stream, in harmony with the universal purpose, then does peace result—the peace which pervaded India's forest retreats, where man was not forest retreats, separate from, and had no quarrel with,

the rest of his surroundings.

The two hermitages, which we have in the drama of Shakuntala, serve to give a magnitude to her joy and sorrow. One of these hermitages was on earth, the other on the border of the abode of immortals. In the first, we see the daughter of the hermitage watching in delight the union of the sweet flowering creeper with the mango tree round which it has twined; or busy rearing motherless young deer with handfuls of grass-seed, and picking the speargrass out from their tender mouths, soothing the pricks with healing oil. This hermitage serves to make simple, natural and beautiful the love of the king for the The other hermitage was hermit girl. on the great cloud-like massive Hemakuta peak, standing like Shiva, with his locks of forest-growths and tangled creepers, lost in meditation, its gaze fixed on the sun. In this, Marichi, the revered preceptor of both Gods and Titans, together with his wife, was engaged in the pursuit of self-realisation. when the young hermit boys would playfully snatch from the lioness her suckling cub, its distress would greatly exercise the tapasa Mother. The second hermitage. in turn, serves to mellow with a great peace and purity the sorrow and insult which had driven Shakuntala there.

It has to be realised, that the former is of the earth, the region of the mortals, the latter of heaven, the region of the In other words, immortals. 'what is,' the other 'what represents should be.' The unceasing movement of 'what is' is towards 'what should be.' It finds its true freedom in that movement. The first is Sati-the Real-the last Shiva, the Good. In the life of Shakuntala, likewise, the 'what is' had to find its fulfilment in the 'what should be.' What was of the earth had to come, through the path of sorrow, to the border of heaven.

Those who have followed the evolution of the principal idea in this drama,— its seed-life in the soil of passion, its deliverance of harvest in the sunlight of the purity of self-abnegation,-will understand the great poet Goethe's criticism of Shakuntala, so tersely expressed in a single verse :-

"Wouldst thou the flower of the spring and fruit of the mature year,

Wouldst thou what charms and enraptures and what feeds and nourishes, Wouldst thou heaven and earth in one

name entwined,

I name thee, O Sakuntala, and all is said."

For in Shakuntala the reconciliation is given, through the penance of pain and sacrifice, to the pair of contraries, that which attracts and that which gives freedom, the limitation of self and the dedication of self to the Eternal. Goethe's own drama Faust, in its first and in its second part, tries to show the same separation and then reconciliation between the Real and the Good, between Sati and

However, my point is this, that the scene of such reconciliation is depicted, both in Shakuntala and in Kumara-Sambhava, upon the background of the tapovana, showing whence the spring of ideal harmony welled forth, the harmony between Nature and man, between the life in the individual and life in

the All.

In the Ramayana, Rama and his companions, in their banishment, had to traverse forest after forest; they had to live in leaf-thatched huts, to sleep on the bare ground. But as their hearts felt their kinship with woodland, hill and stream, they were not in exile amidst these. Poets, brought up in an atmos phere of different ideals, would have taken this opportunity of depicting it dismal colours the hardship of the forestlife in order to bring out the martyrdom of Ramachandra in the strong emphasis of contrast. But, in the Ramayana. we are led to realise the greatness of the hero, not in an inimical struggle with nature, but in sympathy with it.

Sita, the daughter-in-law of a great kingly house, goes along the forest paths.

एक के पादप' गुला खता वा प्रव्यवाखिनीम् भ्रद्रष्टर्षां प्रश्नन्तौ रामं पप्रच्छ सावला। रमचौयान् बहुविधान् पादपान् कुसुमोत्करान् सीतावचनसंरव्य ग्रानयामास बस्तवः। विचिववान् काजनां इंससारसनादिताम् रेमे जनकराजस्य सुता प्रेचा तदा नदीम्॥

She asks Rama about the flowering trees and shrubs and creepers which she has not seen before. At her request, Lakshmana gathers and brings her plants of all kinds exuberant with flowers, and it delights her heart to see the forest rivers, variegated with their streams and sandy bank, resounding with the calls of heron and duck.

सुरस्यमासाय तु चिवकूटम् नदोच तां माखावतीं सुतौर्याम् ननन्द इटी सगपचिजुष्टाम् जही च दु:खं प्रदिवंपवासात्॥

When Rama first took his abode in the Chitrakuta peak, that delightful Chitrakuta, by the Malyavati river, with its easy slopes for landing, he forgot all the pain of leaving his home in the capital at the sight of these woodlands, alive with beast and bird.

दौषेकालोधितस्मिन् गिरौ गिरिवनप्रिय:—having lived on that hill for long, Rama, who was गिरिवनप्रिय, lover of the mountain and the forest, said one day to Sita:

न राज्यसंघनं भद्रे न सुष्टक्किविंनाभवः मनो मे वाधते दृष्टृा रमबीयमिमं गिरिन्।

"When I look upon the beauties of this hill, the loss of my kingdom troubles me no longer, nor does the separation from my friends cause me any pang."

When they went over to the Dandaka forest, they saw there a hermitage with a halo round it caused by the sacrificial fires blazing like the sun itself. This ashram was utwu uduninin' the refuge of all creatures; it was enfolded by Brahmi

Lakshmi, the Spirit of the Infinite.

Thus passed Ramachandra's exile, now in woodland, now in hermitage scenes. The love which Rama and Sita bore each other united them, not only to each other, but to the Universe of life. That is why, when Sita was taken away, the loss seemed to be very great to the forest itself. The extinction of a star is doubtless a nighty event in the world of stars; and we would know, if we had pure vision, hat any infliction of injury in the heart of true lover gives rise to suffering which elongs to all the world. Sita's abduction obbed the forest of the most beautiful of

its blossoms, the ineffable tenderness of human love,—that which imparted the mystery of a spiritual depth to all its sounds and forms.

Strangely enough, in Shakespeare's dramas, like those of Kalidasa, we find a secret vein of complaint against the artificial life of the king's court, the life of ungrateful treachery and falsehood. And almost everywhere, in his dramas, forest scenes have been introduced in connection with some working of the life of unscrupulous ambition. It is perfectly obvious in "Timon of Athens"—but there Nature offers no message or balm to the injured soul of man. In "Cymbeline" the mountainers forget and the contract of th tainous forest and the cave appear in their aspect of obstruction to life's opportunities which only seem tolerable in comparison with the vicissitudes of fortune in the expressed by artificial court life, as Belarius:

"Did you but know the city's usuries, And felt them knowingly: the art o'

the court,

As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb

Is certain falling, or so slippery that

The fear's as bad as falling:"

In "As You Like It" the Forest of Arden is didactic in its lessons,—it does not bring peace, but it preaches when it says:

"Hath not old custom made this life

more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious

court?"

In the "Tempest" in Prospero's treatment of Ariel and Caliban we realise man's struggle with nature and his longing to sever connection with her. In "Macbeth," as a prelude to a bloody crime of treachery and treason, we are introduced to a scene of barren heath where the three witches appear as the personification of Nature's malignant forces; and in "King Lear," it is the fury of a father's love turned into curses by the ingratitude born of the unnatural life of the court, that finds its symbol in the storm in the heath. The extreme tragic intensity of "Hamlet" and "Othello" is unrelieved by any touch of Nature's eternity. Excepting in a passing glimpse of a moonlight night in the love scene in the "Merchant of Venice" Nature has not been allowed in other dramas of this series, including "Romeo and Juliet"

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and "Antony and Cleopatra," to contribute her own music to the music of man's love. In "The Winter's Tale" the suspicious cruelty of a king's love stands bare in its relentlessness, and Nature cowers before it offering no consolation. I hope it is needless for me to say that these ob-servations of mine are not for criticising Shakespeare's great power as a dramatic poet, but to show in his works the gulf between nature and human nature owing to the tradition of his race and It cannot be said that beauty of nature is ignored in his writings; only he fails to recognise in them the truth of the interpenetration of human life and the cosmic life of the world. When literature takes for its object the exhibition of the explosiveness of a human passion, then necessarily that passion is made detached from its great necessarily that context of the universe and is shown in its extreme violence generated by the instability of equilibrium. And this is what we find in Elizabethan dramas,-the clash of passions in their fury of self-assertion. We observe a sudden and a completely different attitude of mind in the later English poets, like Wordsworth Shelley, which can only be attributed to the great mental change in Europe, at that particular period, through the influence of the newly-discovered philosophy of India which stirred the soul of Germany and strongly roused the attention of other Western countries.

In Milton's "Paradise Lost," the very subject,—Man dwelling in the garden of Paradise,-seems to afford a special opportunity for bringing out the true greatness of man's relationship with Nature. But though the poet has described to us the beauties of the garden, though he has shown us the animals living there in amity and peace among themselves, there is no reality of kinship between them and man. They were created for man's enjoyment; man was their lord and master. We find no trace of the love of the first man and woman surpassing themselves and overflowing the rest of creation, such as we find in the love scenes in Kumara-Sambhava and Shakuntala and in our Vaishnava lyrics, where love finds its symbols in the beauty of all natural objects. But in the seclusion of the bower, where the first man and woman rested in the garden of

paradise,

"Bird, beast, insect or worm Durst enter none, such was their awe of man.'

At the bottom of this gulf between man and Nature there is the lack of the message,-र्भावास्त्रमिद्म सर्वं म 'know all that is, as enveloped by God'. According to this epic of the West, God remains aloof to receive glorification from his creatures. The same idea persists in the case of man's relation to the rest of creation.

Not that India denied the superiority of man, but the test of that superiority lies, according to her, in the comprehensiveness of sympathy,-not in the aloof-

ness of absolute distinction.

The love of Rama and Sita, in the Uttara Rama Charita has permeated the surrounding earth, water and sky with its exuberance. When Rama, for the second time, finds himself on the banks of the Godavari, he exclaims. यच ह्मा ऋषि सगा ग्रपि वान्धवो मे "this is the place even whose deer and whose trees are my friends". When after Sita's exile he comes across some former haunt of theirs, he laments that his heart, even though turned to stone, melts when he sees the trees and the deer and the birds which Sita's own hands used to nourish with water, seed

In the Meghaduta, the exiled Yaksha is not shut up within himself in his grief. The very agony of his separation from his loved one serves to scatter his heart over the woods and streams, enriched by the prodigality of the rains. And so the casual longing of a love-sick individua has become part of the symphony of the universe. And this is the outcome of the spirit of teaching which springs from the

ancient forest.

grass.

India holds sacred, and counts as place of pilgrimage, all spots which display special beauty or splendour of nature These had no original attraction, on ac count of any special fitness to be cultivat ed, or lived upon. Here, man is free, no to look upon nature as a source of suppl of his necessities but to realise his sor beyond himself. The Himalayas of Indi are sacred and the Vindhya Hills. He majestic rivers are sacred. Lake Manas and the confluence of the Ganges and th Jumna are sacred. India has saturate with her love and worship the grea nature with which her children are sui rounded, whose light fills their eyes with gladness, whose water cleanses them, whose food gives them life, and from whose majestic mystery come forth constant messages of the infinite in music, scent, and colour, bringing awakening to their souls. India has gained the world through worship,—through communion of soul. And this is her heritage from her

forest sanctuary.

alone. Much more does it depend upon Learning does not depend on the school are scholars who win diplomas, but fail So do many of us frequent places of pilgrimage, but come away from the door of the invisible shrine, where dwells the Eternal spirit of the place. They imagine that the mere journey to a place held sacred is sanctifying, that some peculiar virtues reside in particular soils and waters. Their minds do not shrink at the unspeakable pollution of the water and the air of those places, the pollution to which they themselves contribute, and the moral filth which they allow to accumulate there. The salutation of worship to the all-pervading divinity in the fire, water and plants, in all creation, has been bequeathed to us by our ancestors in the following immortal verse:

यो देवोऽपौ योऽपस यो विश्वन् भूवनमाविवेश

य श्रोषिषषु यो वनस्पतिषु तस्ते देवाय नमो नम:।

But we seem to have forgotten that all worship has also its duty of service, and in order truly to realise and approach the divine presence in the water and the air we have reverently to keep them clean and pure and healthful. The more our country has lost its powers of soul, the more elaborate have become its outward practices. The inner illumination of consciousness which is not only the object, but also the means of all true worship has, in our case, given place to the grossness of the senses and deadness of mere repetition of habits. But, even in these days of our spiritual sluggishness, I am unwilling to accept these mechanical practices as a permanent feature of India. It is absurd to believe as well-founded the idea, that a bath in a particular stream procures for the bather and millions of his ancestors a more favourable circumstance and desirable accommodation in the after life. Nor am I able to respect such a belief as something admirable. But my reverence goes out to the man, who when taking an immersion, receive the water upon his body, and into his mind as well, in a devout spirit;—for him the grimy touch of habit has not been able to tarnish the ever-lasting mystery which is in fire and earth, water and food; he has overcome, by the sensitiveness of his soul, the gross materialism, -the spirit of contempt, of the average man, which impels the latter to look upon water as mere liquid matter.

So long as man was unable to realise an all-pervading law in the material world, his knowledge remained petty and unfruitful. But the modern man feels himself united to the universe by physical laws governing all. This is Science's laws governing all.

great achievement.

The quest which India set to herself was to realise the same unity in the realm of the spirit, that is to say, in its completeness. Such union enables us to see Him in all who is above all else. And the wisdom, which grew up in the quiet of the forest shade, came out of the realisation of this Greater-than-all in the

heart of the all.

Let no one think that I desire to extol this achievement, as the one and the only consummation. I would rather insist on the inexhaustible variety of the human race, which does not grow straight up, like a palmyra tree, on a single stem, but like a banian tree spreads itself in ever-new trunks and branches. Man's history is organic, and deep-seated life-forces work towards its growth. It is hopeless to cater to some clamorous demand of the moment, by endeavouring to fashion the history of one people on the model of another,—however flourishing the latter may be. A small foot may be the sign of aristocratic descent, but the Chinese attempt woman's artificial has only resulted in cramped feet. For India to force herself along European lines of growth would not make her Europe, but only a distorted India.

That is why we must be careful to-day to try to find out the principles, by means of which India will be able for certain to realise herself. That principle is neither commercialism, nor nationalism. It is universalism. It is not merely self-determination, but self-conquest and self-dedication. This was recognised and followed in India's forests of old; its truth wa

declared in the Upanishat and expounded in the Gita; the Lord Buddha renounced the world that he might make this truth a household word for all mankind; Kabir, Nanak and other great spirits of India continued to proclaim its message. India's grand achievement, which is still stored deep within her heart, is waiting, to unite within itself Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, and Christian, not by force, not by the apathy of resignation, but in the harmony

of active co-operation.

An almost impossible task has been set to India by her Providence, a task given to no other great countries in the world. Among her children and her guests differences in race and language, religion and social ideals are as numerous as great, and she has to achieve the difficult unity which has to be true in spite of the separateness that is real. The best and the greatest of her sons have called us in immortal words to realise the unity of souls in all human beings and thus fulfil the highest mission of our history; but we have merely played with their words, and we have rigidly kept apart man from man, and class from class, setting up permanent barriers of indignity between them. We remained unconscious of the suicidal consequence of such divisions, so long as we lay stationary in the torpor of centuries, but when the alien world suddenly broke upon our sleep and dragged us on in its impetus of movement, our disjointed heterogeneity set up in its lumbering unwieldiness an internal clash and crush and unrhythmic stagger which is both ludicrous and tragic at the same moment. So long as we disregard or misread the message of our ancient forest, the message of all-pervading truth in humanity, the message of all-comprehensive union of souls which rises above all differences and goes deeper than mere expediency, we shall have to go on suffering sorrow after sorrow and endless humiliation, and in all things futility.

LIFE HISTORY OF FROGS AND TOADS

ROGS and Toads are in many respects intermediate between Reptiles and Fishes. From their mode of life they are very appropriately

Amphibians.

Frogs and Toads are distributed all over the world except the polar regions. They are most abundant in the tropical and sub-tropical regions; and as they are not marine in their habits, even a narrow arm of the sea is generally sufficient to limit their habitat. When they occur on islands, it is probable either that their eggs have been carried by birds or that there has been a comparatively recent separation from the mainland. In absolutely desert districts also they are unknown; while in countries where there is a long dry season, followed by a period of rains, they are in the habit of being torpid, during the former; the length of the sleep in one Javan species being upwards of five months. In cold climates they become torpid during winter. They are abundant in India and

South America; and it is not a little remarkable that some of the largest forms They are are inhabitants of islands. represented by about a thousand species

When the autumn sets in Frogs se.ek out suitable places in which to pass the winter. Moss-lined crannies and hollows in the stumps of trees are the places most favored; and there they remain till the

spring recalls them to activity.

During this period of hibernation these creatures are in a state of torpor, the mouth and nostrils are closed and res piration is all but absent, being carried on then entirely by means of the skin Only healthy Frogs can successfully with stand the rigours of the winter, the weak lings die during their hibernation.

With the advent of the spring thes Frogs issue from their hiding places and congregate in considerable numbers in the ponds, and there they commence to spawn. Curiously enough, the same water is chosen year after year, and too

the same part of the pond.

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MOTHER'S PRAYER

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR FROM HIS I-ENGALI ORIGINAL, COMPOSED 22 YEARS AGO.

King Dhritarashtra.-The blind Kaurava King.

Prince Duryodhana —His son, who has just won in a game of chance by which his Pandava cousins have lost their kingdom and accepted banishment.

Queen Gandhari.—The mother of Duryodhana.

N.B.—The italic a's in the proper names is to be pronounced long as a in "fai."

Dhritarashtra.

You have attained what you sought.

Duryodhana.

I have attained success.

Dhritarashtra.

Are you happy?

Duryodhana.

I am victorious.

Dhritarashtra.

I ask you again, what happiness had you in gaining an undivided kingdom.

Duryodhana.

Sire, a Kshatriya's thirst is not for happiness, but for victory,—the fiery wine victory brewed from seething jealousy. Wretchedly happy we were when we lived in peace under the friendly dominance of our cousins, like inglorious stains lying idle on the breast of the moon, while these Pandavas would milk the world of its wealth and allow us to share it with them in brotherly tolerance. But now, when they own defeat and are ready for banishment, I am no longer happy,—but I am exultant.

Dhritarashtra.

Wretch, you forget that the Pandavas and Kauravas have the same forefathers.

Duryodhana.

It was difficult to forget that, and therefore our inequalities rankled all the more in my heart. The moon of the midnight is never jealous of the sun of the noon. But the struggle to share the horizon by both the orbs can not last forever. Thank heaven, that struggle is over and we have attained at last the solitude of glory.

Dhritarashtra.

The mean jealousy!

Duryodhana.

Jealousy is never mean,—it is in the nature of the great. Only grass can grow in crowded amity, not the giant trees. Stars live in clusters, but the sun and moon are lonely in their splendour. The pale moon of the Pandavas sets behind the forest shadows leaving the new-risen sun of the Kauravas to rejoice.

Dhritarashtra.

But what is right has been defeated.

Duryodhana.

What is right for the rulers of men is not what is right for the people. The people thrive in comradeship, but for a king those men are enemies who are his equals. They are obstacles when in front, they are a terror when behind. There is no place for brothers or friends in a king's polity; its one solid foundation is conquest.

Dhritarashtra.

I refuse to call it conquest deceitfully to win in gambling.

Duryodhana.

It is no shame for a man not to challenge a tiger to fight on equal terms with teeth and nails. Our weapons are those which lead us to success and not to suicide. Father, I am proud of the end we have achieved and disdain feebly to regret the means.

Dhritarashtra.

But justice-

Duryodhana.

Only fools dream of justice before success is attained, but those who are born to be kings rely upon their power, merciless and unburdened by scruples.

Dhritarashtra.

Your success has brought down upon you a flood of calumny, loud and angry.

Duryodhana.

It will take amazingly little time before the people shall know that Duryodhana is their king and has the power to crush calumny under foot.

Dhritarashtra.

Calumny dies weary, dancing on the tongue-tips. Do not drive it into the secret shelter of the heart to grow in strength.

Duryodhana.

Unuttered defaming does not touch a king's dignity. I care not if love is refused us, but insolence shall not be borne. Giving of love depends upon the wish of the giver, and the poorest of the poor can indulge in such generosity. Let them squander it upon their pet cats and their tame dogs, and our good cousins the Pandavas, I shall never envy them. But fear is the tribute I claim for my royal throne. Father, only too leniently did you lend your ears to those who slander your sons,—but if you still allow these pious friends of yours to continue in their revels of shrill denunciation at the cost of your own children, then let us exchange our kingdom for the exile of our cousins, and go to the wilderness where happily friends are never cheap.

Dhritarashtra.

If my friends' pious warnings could lessen my love for my sons then we might be saved. But I have dipped my hands in the mire of your infamy and lost my sense of the good. I have heedlessly set fire for your sake to this ancient forest of our royal lineage,—so fearful is my love. With you clasped to my breast, we, like a double meteor, are plunging into a blind downfall. Therefore, doubt not in my father's love; relax not your embracing arms till we reach the brink of annihilation. Beat your drums of victory, lift your banner of triumph. In this mad riot of exultant evil, brothers and friends will disperse and there will remain only the doomed father and the doomed son and God's curse and nothing besides.

Enters Attendant.

Sire, Queen Gandhari asks for audience.

Dhritarashtra.

I shall wait for her.

Duryodhana.

Let me take my leave.

(Exit.)

Dhritrarashtra.

Fly away! For you cannot bear the fire of your mother's presence.

Enters Queen Gandhari, the mother of Duryodhana.

Gandhari.

I have a prayer at your feet.

Dhritarashtra.

The utterance of your wish carries fulfilment.

Gandhari.

The time has come to renounce him.

Dhritarashtra.

Whom, my queen?

Gandhari.

Duryodhana.

Dhritarashtra.

Our own son, Duryodhana?

Gandhari.

Yes!

Dhritarashtra.

Terrible is this prayer from you, Mother of kings.

Gandhari.

This prayer is not only mine, it comes from the fathers of the Kauravas, who are in paradise.

Dhritarashtra.

The Divine Judge will punish him who has broken his laws. But I am his father.

Gandhari.

And am I not his mother? Have I not borne him under my throbbing heart? Yet I ask of you, renounce Duryodhana the unrighteous.

Dhritarashtra.

And what will remain to us after that?

Gandhari.

God's blessing.

Dhritarashtra.

And what will that bring to us?

Gandhari.

New afflictions. How can we bear in our breast the double thorns of the pleasure of our son's presence and the pride of our freshly acquired kingdom bought at the price of wrong? The Pandavas will never accept back from our hands the land which they have given up Therefore, it is only meet for us to take upon our head some great sorrow which will rob the wrong of its reward.

Dhritarashtra.

Queen, you are inflicting fresh pain upon the heart already rent.

Gandhari.

Sire, the punishment imposed upon our son will be more ours than his. When the judge is callous of the pain that he inflicts he has not the right to judge. And if you withdraw judgment from your own son to save yourself pain, then all the culprits ever punished at your hands will cry for vengeance against you at God's throne—for had not they also their fathers?

Dhritarashtra.

No more of this, Queen, I pray you. Our son is renounced by God and that is why I cannot renounce him. To save him is no longer in my power, and therefore my consolation is to share his guilt and to go down the path of destruction with him,—his solitary companion. What has been done is done, and what must follow, let follow.

(Exit.)

Gandhari.

Be calm, my heart, and patiently wait for God's judgment. The oblivious night wears on, the morning of reckoning comes, and time wakes up to mend its rents. The thundering roar of its chariot I can hear. Woman, bow your head down to the dust, and for your sacrifice fling on its way your heart to be trampled under its wheels. And then the darkness will shroud the sky, the earth will tremble, and a wailing will rend the air. And then will come the end silent and cruel, the terrible peace, and a great forgetting, the awful extinction of hatred, the supreme deliverance rising from the fire of death.

LESSONS FROM THE CAREER OF SHIVAJI

§ 1. SHIVAJI'S POLICY HOW FAR TRADITIONAL.

SHIVAJI'S state policy, like his administrative system, was not very new. From time immemorial it had been the aim of the typical Hindu king to set out early every autumn* to "extend his king-

Manu, vii. 99-100, 182.

dom" at the expense of his neighbours. Indeed, the Sanskrit law-books lay down such a course as the necessary accomplishment of a true Kshatriya chief. In more recent times it had also been the practice of the Muhammadan sovereigns in North India and the Deccan alike. But these conquerors justified their territorial aggrandisement by religious motives. Ac-

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LETTERS FROM AN ON-LOOKER

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[Translation revised by the Author.]

I.

NCE upon a time I had nothing whatever to do,—that is to say, my chief relations were then with the great world towards which we own no responsibility. Then came a period when I had to set to work to make up for the accumulated arrears of my earlier days—that is to say. now my relations were mainly with the work-a-day world which depends upon ourselves for its building up and maintenance. At last my health failed me, and I got a few days' respite from my work. And here I am, at length, stretched out on a long easy chair by the second-storey window, travelled so far, all in a day or two,-no railway ticket could have brought me this distance.

When I had thrust my universe behind the bars of my office habit, I gradually came to plume myself on having become an important personage of usefulness. From such a state of mind it is only a step to the belief that one is indispensable. Of the many means by which Nature exacts work from man, this pride is one of the most efficient. Those who work for money, work only to the extent of their wages, up to a definite point beyond which they would count it a loss to work. . So they insist on an off-time. But those whose pride impels them to work, they have no rest; even over-time work is not felt as a loss by them.

So busy used I to be under the belief that I was indispensable, that I hardly dared to

wink. My doctor now and again would warn me saying: "Stop, take it easy." But I would reply: "How will things go on if I stop?" Just then the wheels of my car broke down and it came to a stop beneath this window. From here I looked out upon the limitless space. There I saw whirling the numberless flashing wheels of the triumphal chariot of time,-no dust raised, no din, not even a scratch left on the roadway. With its progress I could see bound up all progress that we come across in this world. On a sudden I came to myself. I clearly perceived that things could get along without me. There was no sign that those wheels would stop, or drag the least bit, for lack of any one in particular.

Thus, when I stepped from my desk to this window, I seemed to pass in a flash from the country of cannot-do-without-me to the country of can-do-without-me... But is this to be admitted so easily as all that! Even if I admit it in words, my mind refuses assent. If it be really quite the same whether I go or stay, how then did my pride of self find a place in the universe, even for a moment? On what could it have taken its stand? Amidst all the plentifulness with which space and time are teeming, it was nevertheless not possible to leave out this self of mine. The fact that I am indispensable is proved by the fact that I am

Egoism is the price paid for the fact of existence. So long as I realise this price within me, so long do I steadfastly bear all the pains and penalties of keeping myself.

in existence. That is why the Buddhists have it, that to destroy egoism is to cut at the root of existence: for, without the pride of self it ceases to be worth while to exist.

However that may be, this price has been furnished from some fund or other,—in other words, it matters somewhere that I should be, and the price paid is the measure of how much it matters. The whole universe—every molecule and atom of it—is assisting this desire that I should be. And it is the glory of this desire which is manifest in my pride of self. By virtue of this glory this infinitesimal "I" is not lower than any other thing in this Universe, in measure or value.

Man has viewed this desire in two different ways. Some have held it to be a whim of Creative Power, some a joyous self-expression of Creative Love. The others I leave aside who call it Maya, predicating existence of that which is not. And man sets before himself different goals as the object of his life according as he views the fact of his being as the revealment of Force or of Love.

The value which our entity receives from Power is quite different in its aspect from that which it receives from Love. The direction in which we are impelled by our pride, in the field of power, is the opposite of that given by our pride, in the field of Love.

Power can be measured. Its volume, its weight, its momentum can all be brought within the purview of mathematics. So it is the endeavour of those who hold power to be supreme, to increase in bulk. They would repeatedly multiply numbers,—the number of men, the number of coins, the number of appliances. When they strive for success they sacrifice others' wealth, others' rights, others' lives; for sacrifice is of the essence of the cult of Power; and the earth is running red with the blood of that sacrifice.

The distinctive feature of Realism is the measurability of its outward expression, which is the same thing as the finiteness of its boundaries. And the disputes, civil and criminal, which have raged in the history of man, have mostly been over these same

boundaries. To increase one's own bounds one has necessarily to encroach upon those of others. So, because the pride of Power is the pride of quantity, the most powerful telescope, when pointed in the direction of Power, fails to reveal the shore of peace across the sea of blood.

But when engaged in adding up the quantities of this realistic world, this field of power, we do not find them to be an ever-increasing series. In our pursuit of the principle of accumulation we are all of a sudden held up by stumbling upon the principle of Beauty, based on proportionateness, which bars the way. We discover that there is not only onward motion, but there are also pauses. And we repeatedly find in history that whenever the blindness of Power has tried to override this rule of rhythm, it has committed suicide. That is why man treasures up such sayings as: "Pride was Lanka's undoing." And that is why man still remembers the story of the toppling over of the tower of Babylon.

So we see that the principle of Power, of which the outward expression is bulk, is neither the final nor the supreme Truth. It has to stop itself to keep time with the rhythm of the universe. Restraint is the gateway of the Good. The value of the Good is not measured in terms of dimension or multitude. He who has known it within himself feels no shame in rags and tatters. He rolls his crown in the dust and marches out on the open road.

When from the principle of Power we arrive at the principle of Beauty, we at once understand that, all this while, we had been offering incense at the wrong shrine; that Power grows bloated on the blood of its victims only to perish of surfeit; that try as we may by adding to armies and armaments, by increasing the number and variety of naval craft, by heaping up our share of the loot of war, arithmetic will never serve to make true that which is untrue; that at the end we shall die crushed under the weight of our multiplication of things.

When the Rishi, Yajnavalkya, on the eve of his departure, offered to leave his wife Maitreyi well-established upon an enumeration of what he had gathered together during his life, she exclaimed:

Yenaham namrtasyam kimaham tena kuryam!

What am I to do with these, which are not of the immortal spirit?

Of what avail is it to add and add and add? No amount of adding up of material things will take us to the perfectness of the immortal spirit. By going on increasing the volume and pitch of sound we can get nothing but a shriek. We can gain music only by restraining the sound and giving it the melody and rhythm of perfection.

In the field of Perfectness the current of man's pride flows in the reverse direction, the direction of giving up. Man egrows gigantic by the appropriation of everything for himself: he attains harmony by giving himself up. In this harmony is peace,—never the outcome of external organisation or of coalition between power and power,—the peace which rests on truth and consists in the curbing of greed, in the forgiveness of sympathy.

The question which I had raised was: "In which Truth is my entity to realise its fullest value,-in Power or in Love?" If we accept Power as that truth we must also recognise conflict as inevitable and eternal. Many modern European writers have taken a pride in proclaiming such recognition. According to them the Religion of Peace and Love is but a precarious coat of armour within which the weak seek shelter, but for which the laws of nature have but scant respect; for it is Power which triumphs in the end. That which the timid preachers of religion anathematise as unrighteousness,—that alone is the sure road which leads man to success.

The opposite school do not wholly deny this. They admit the premises but they say:

Adharmenaidhate tabat, tato bhadrani pashyati, tatah sapatnan jayati,—samoolastu vinashyati.

In unrighteousness they prosper, in it they find their good, through it they defeat their enemies,—but they perish at the root.

The pride of prosperity throws man's mind outwards, and the misery and insult of destitution draws man's hungering desires likewise outwards. These two

conditions alike leave man unashamed to place above all other gods *Shakti*, the deity of Power, the cruel one whose right hand wields the weapon of wrong, and her left the weapon of guile. In the politics of Europe, drunk with power, we see the worship of this *Shakti*. Hence does its diplomacy slink from the path of publicity; yet it has nothing wherewith to hide the nakedness of its lolling tongue.—Behold, how it slides and slithers at the Peace table!

On the other hand, in the days of their political disruption, our cowed and downtrodden people, through the mouths of their poets, sang the praises of this same Shakti. The Chandi of Kavikaukan, and of the Annadamangal, the ballad of Manasa, the goddess of the snakes, what are they but paeans of the triumph of evil? The burden of their song is the defeat of Shiva, the good, at the hands of the cruel, deceitful, criminal Shakti.

Today we see the same spirit abroad in our country. In the name of religion some of us are saying that it is cowardly to be afraid of wrong-doing; others, that unrighteousness ceases to be wrong in the case of the powerful. And so we see that those who have attained worldly success, and those who have failed to attain it, are both singing the same tune. Both fret at righteousness as an obstacle, which both would overcome by physical force. But as it happens, physical force is not the supreme Power, even in this world.

In these terrible days of evil, it is my prayer that we may not be frightened by frightfulness nor bow down to it in worship-but ignore it, despise it. May ours be that pride of manhood which, standing in the midst of the appalling piles of the realistic world, can keep its head erect and say: My wealth is not here; which can say: Chains do not bind me, blows do not wound me, death does not kill me; which can say: "What have I to do with these which are not of the immortal spirit." Our forefathers have said: "Worship who is beyond death and beyond fear and thereby attain Peace." On our heads be their commandment, and in that Peace, which is beyond death and all fear, may we be established.

The point about the so-called "Mangal" poems of the old Bengali literature, is their dislodgement of one deity and the placing on his throne of another. To the simple mind it would seem that the question at issue, in a quarrel of this kind, would have been some difference in religious ideals. If a new divinity can furnish something more satisfying to man's sense of Right, that alone can be a valid reason for a change.

But here the fact was exactly the opposite. The male deity who was in possession was fairly harmless. All of a sudden a feminine divinity turned up and demanded to be worshipped in his stead. That is to say, she insisted on thrusting herself in where she had no right. Under what title? Force! By what method? Any that would serve. The methods that were eventually employed are not known as rightful to the ordinary understanding. But those were the methods that ultimately turned out to be victorious. Outrage, fraud and frightfulness were not only successful in capturing the Temple, but also in making the poets dance attendance and sing hosannas at its shrine. In their shame they faltered forth the excuse that they had received divine commandment in a dream! . . . This was the nightmare that once rode our land.

The history of that day is not clearly known, but the picture which we get is somewhat as follows: When Bengali literature raised its head, like a coral reef. out of the still lagoon of its origin, the religion of Buddha in its decay was crumbling into degenerate fragments. And, in the manner of one dream melting into another, Buddha had turned into Shiva. Shiva was a mendicant, an ascetic; he did not conform to the Vedas; he was for all men and sundry. In Kavikankan's poem and in the Annadamangal his quarrel with Daksha, of the Vedic cult, is treated of at the very outset. Anyhow, this deity of peace and renunciation did not survive.

In Europe also, the modern cult of Shakti has it that a god like the meek Jesus, the poor man's Jesus, the pale anaemic Jesus, will not do. What is wanted is a muscular, ravening god, who will acknow-

ledge no barriers, feel no compunctions, and own no shame in the process of proclaiming his worship. From what riotous assembly rises this European cult? From that of victors at their carousals, merry over the spoils of their success, who have cut up the carth into toothsome morsels as a zest for their liquor.

The self-same creed was formulated in the gathering of bards at which the Annadamangal was sung. But what were its authors? Those who were starving and in rags, shelterless and honourless,—it was the dream of their hungry, terror-stricken, wearied out condition.

History does not write itself in blank verse,—after every line there comes a rhyme. How perfectly rhymes the end of the line to-day with that of the line which was completed five hundred years ago! With high pomp and festivity does Europe celebrate her Shakti worship. Wine has reddened her eyes like unto a hibiscus flower, the sacrificial knife has sharpened, the victims are bound to the sacrificial posts. Some of her priests are denying Jesus; others would temporise, saying that double-meaning psalms may propitiate both Christ and Shakti, who are but the male and female halves of one and the same deity. In short, some of them have get drunk on their thrones, others in their pulpits.

And we also,—we will not have Shiva, the good. We needs must sing the "mangal" of Chandi, the terrible, lauding her as the summum bonum. But our chant is dream-conceived, born of unsatisfied hunger, carking fear and unrequited toil. That is the difference between the victor's worship of Chandi, and her glorification by the defeated.

What is the proof that the original cult of Chandi, from beginning to end, was only a dream? Look at what happens to Kalaketu, the hunter, of the story. The whimsical goddess gives him a ring as a boon, and at once his house overflows with gold. This petty hunter then engages in battle with the king of Kalinga, whereupon Hanuman, the monkey who is strength personified, comes all of a sudden to the rescue and cuffs and kicks the Kalinga

forces into a rout. What is this if not the Shakti of dreamland, the offspring of hunger and terror? Everything there happens all of a sudden, out of connection with the order of the universe. And in the expectation of some such catastrophic good fortune our people began shouting mother! mother! in their chants of the praise of Chandi,—the Chandi who knows no distinction between right and wrong and for the furtherance of whose designs truth and untruth serve with equal facility. She cares not how or why she makes the small to be big, the poor to be rich, the weak to be powerful. No worthiness is required, no purging away of internal poverty. Everything may remain in slothful stagnation, just as it is,—only with folded hands one must shout: mother! mother!

When the Moghuls and Pathans came upon Bengal in a devastating flood, then from an outside view. Shakti alone seemed rampant in the eyes of all observers. No moral law, no sign of Shiva, the good, was visible. In such a pass, if man can stand up and say: I will suffer all, but not bend the knee to this awful thing,—then he can win through. In the case of Dhanapati and Chand, the merchants, we find, up to point, the man showing himself and making such stand. Blow upon blow was hurled at them; force and guile assailed them from every side; but they refused to allow the seat of their worship to be shifted. And then,—if fear could cow them, grief shatter them, losses weaken them, if their very backbone had to be broken for it, they must and shall bow to her in worship,—so vowed Chandi, the terrible. Otherwise?—otherwise her *prestige* was at stake. It was not of the prestige of any moral ideal that she was thinking, but the prestige of her Power. And so she punished and punished and punished.

And at last when the suffering was past bearing, the half-dead merchants moved Shiva from his pedestal and bowed their head to Chandi. What was the hurt of the previous sufferings compared with the hurt of this insult to manhood? The fearless, deathless soul thus owning allegiance to fear, and worshipping death as its god, as greater than itself! That is where the victory of *Shakti* was most ghastly in its heinousness.

In our latter-day dreams we have set to the worship of Europe's divinity,—therein is our defeat at her hands seeking completeness. If she insists on hurting us, let us suffer,—but worship? No! Our worship must be reserved for the God of Right. If she insists on causing us sorrow, let her,—but defeat us? Never! No hurt can be greater than death. But if she can make us forget that even in death we can be immortal, then indeed shall we suffer Death Everlasting.

Mahantam bibhum atmanam matwa dheera na sochati.

Knowing his soul as great and eternal, man attains peace and grieves not.

III.

In our country it is accounted the greatest calamity to have one's courtyard brought under the plough. Because, in the courtvard, man has made his very own the immense wealth called space. Space is not a rare commodity outside, but one does not get it till he can bring it inside and make it his own. The space of the courtvard, man has made part of his home. Here the light of the sun is revealed as his own light, and here his baby claps his little hands to call to the moon. So if the courtvard be not kept open, but be used for sowing crops, then is the nest destroyed in which the outside Universe can become man's own universe.

The difference between a really rich man and a poor man is, that the former can afford vast open spaces in his home. The furniture with which a rich man encumbers his house may be valuable, but the space with which he makes his courtyard big, garden extensive, is of infinitely The business place of the greater value. merchant is crowded with his stock,there he has not the means of keeping spaces vacant, there he is miserly, and millionaire though he be, there he is poor. But in his home that same merchant flouts mere utility by the length and breadth and height of his room—to say nothing of the expanse of his garden—and gives to space the place of honour. It is here that the merchant is rich.

Not only unoccupied space, but unoccupied time, also, is of the highest value. The rich man, out of his abundance, cau purchase leisure. It is in fact a test of his riches, this power to keep fallow wide stretches of time, which want cannot compel him to plough up.

There is yet another place where an open expanse is the most valuable of all,—and that is in the mind. Thoughts which must be thought, from which there is no escape, are but worries. The thoughts of the poor and the miserable cling to their minds as

the ivy to a ruined temple.

Pain closes up all openings of the mind. Health may be defined as the state in which the physical consciousness lies fallow, like an open heath. Let there be but a touch of gout in the remotest point of the smallest toe and the whole of consciousness is filled with pain, leaving not a corner empty. So the expanse that the mind desires is not to be had when it is miserable.

Just as one cannot live grandly without unoccupied spaces, so the mind cannot think grandly without unoccupied leisure,—otherwise for it truth becomes petty. And like dim light, petty truth distorts vision, encourages fear, and keeps narrow the field of communion between man and man.

On coming to this window I have come to realise that, as Indians, the greatest misfortune for us has been the closing of all windows. And thorny weeds have sprung up and overrun all the little fallow spaces of leisure which had been left to us.

In old India one thing was plentiful—a thing we knew to be invaluable—the broad mental leisure which permitted of the pursuit and realisation of Truth. There was a day when India stood in the open, above pain and pleasure, loss and gain, and thence obtained a clear view of the truth "by gaining which no other gain seems greater."

But that large leisure for meditation is lost to us to-day. The Indian, now, has no day off. The stream of his holiday time has dwindled and dwindled till its very fount is dry; and the whole of his consciousness is now only full of pain.

. So as I came to the window, there rose

from the courtyard the wailing of the weak, with which the length and breadth of our sky, from North to South and East to West, now resounds. Never in all history were the weak so terribly weak as they are to-day.

Thanks to science, physical force, in these times, is so utterly, so cruelly all-powerful. The yell of the athlete, flaunting his brawn, fills the earth. Even the sky, once impervious to man's evil passions, has now been invaded by man's cruelty. And, from the bottom of the ocean to the top of the atmosphere, blood is spurting from pierced hearts.

In this state of things, when the difference between the strong and the weak is so immeasurable, if we find that this terrible strength is also timorous, it becomes important to devote careful thought to the causes of this timidity. All the more so because, in order to come to a conclusion as to whether the Peace which is being made in Europe is likely to be permanent or not, it is necessary to understand

the strong man's psychology.

When the war was at its height, when the fear of possible defeat was not less dominant than the hope of possible victory, then, in that divided state of mind, the aggrieved party charged the aggressor with what they called crimes against international law,—the crime of the breaking of treaties, the crime of the bombing of noncombatants from the skies, the crime of employing forbidden engines of destruction. When do men commit crimes? When the claims of some necessity become, in their view, greater than the claims of Right. Thus with the Germans the desirability of victory weighed more than the desirability of right-doing. When this hurt the opposite party they kept complaining that what Germany was doing was very very wrong indeed. What if it was war,-were there, then, no such things as Law and Right? When Germany pitilessly meted out, in her conquered provinces, unduly severe punishments for comparatively light offences, she had always some expediency to plead as justification. Nevertheless the opposite party waxed eloquently indignant: Was expendiency the highest aim of Man: has

civilisation, then, no responsibilities: could those who ignore these responsibilities be allowed, any more, a place amongst civilised communities?

From the standpoint of Right, of course, these questions admit of but one reply. And, as we heard that reply given, we thought to ourselves that the fiery ordeal of the war would at last burn away all the sin of this iron age; that the condition of man could not fail of betterment since men's minds were undergoing a change; for, was it not a truism that change of law or order without change of mentality is futile?

But we made one miscalculation. In our country the longing for renunciation immediately following upon bereavement is looked upon with suspicion. The heart weakened by the wrench of parting is only too prone to self-abnegation. The renunciation of the strong, therefore, is the only true renunciation. So we should not have put full trust in the words of rightcousness issuing from lips trembling at the prospect of possible defeat.

However, this party has won. They are sitting in conclave to decide how the foundations of a world Peace may be made secure. Debates are proceeding, proposals and counter-proposals, the partitioning and parcelling of territories. I am unable to imagine the kind of weapon that will be forged in this factory.

But one thing is becoming clear to me. All the fire of the war has not served to purge this Kali Yuga of its sin, nor has the psychology of Europe undergone a change. On what rests the throne of the Kali Yuga? On Greed.—We would have, we would keep, we would on no account lose the tiniest part of our possessions. So is even the strongest pursued by incessant fear, lest now, or in some hereafter, however distant, any loss should haply befall. Where the very idea of loss is so intolerable, of what avail are counsels of law, of righteousness? It takes no time to persuade oneself that wrong is right when it is judged, not on its merits, not in relation to law, but from the standpoint of one's own greed.

In these days of this terrible greed, in cases where the strong stand in fear of the strong, both loudly parley in the name of

the Right, and strive with might and main that no weak spot be left in their mutual regulations. But where, at the same point of time, this same greed makes the strong even the least bit afraid of the weak, then in the passion of punishment great rents are made in the text of the law, and considerations of right find no place.

There is a difference between the fear of the strong, and the fear of the weak. The weak are afraid of getting hurt, the strong of obstacles crossing their path. We all know the fear that took possession of the Western world under the name of the "Yellow Peril." At the bottom of this was the apprehension, felt by an all-devouring greed, lest its full satisfaction should somewhere meet with some check.

Where was the possibility of this check? In the possibility of one of the weak rising to be as strong as the strong ones,—to become as strong as they,—that was the Peril! And to prevent this, the weak had to be kept weak. That is the policy which guides Europe's treatment of the rest of mankind. How can Peace prevail in the midst of the chronic apprehension which this policy generates?

Anatole France writes:

It does not, however, appear at first sight that the Yellow Peril at which European economists are terrified is to be compared to the White Peril suspended over Asia. The Chinese do not send to Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg missionaries to teach Christians the Fung-Chui, and sow disorder in European affairs. A Chinese expeditionary force did not land in Quiberon Bay to demand of the Government of the Republic extra-territoriality, i.e., the right of trying by a tribunal of mandarins cases pending between Chinese and Europeans. Admiral Togo did not come and bombard Brest Roads with a dozen battleships, for the purpose of improving Japanese trade in France. . . . He did not burn Versailles in the name of a higher civilisation. The army of the Great Asiatic Powers did not carry away to Tokio and Peking the Louvre paintings and the silver service of the Elysee.

No indeed! Monsieur Edmond Thery himself admits that the yellow men are not sufficiently civilised to imitate the whites so faithfully. Nor does he foresee that they will ever rise to so high a moral culture. How could it be possible for them to possess our virtues? They are not Christians. But men entitled to speak consider that the Yellow Peril is none the less to be dreaded for all that it is economic. Japan, and China organised by Japan, threaten us, in all the

markets of Europe, with a competition frightful, monstrous, enormous, and deformed, the mere idea of which causes the hair of the economists to stand on end.

That is to say, greed will not suffer itself to be checked. He who is down must be kept down, and he who shows signs of using must be dealt with as a peril.

So long as this greed persists, no Peace Conference will have the power to give Peace to the world. Factories can make many things, but I refuse to believe in a factory-made peace. The differences between Capital and Labour, Governments and Peoples, are all due to this greed. So our conclusion must be in the words of our old saying:

In greed is sin: in sin is death.

When in these circumstances the strong sit down to adjust their mutual differences, they put up dykes on their own side and cut channels on the side of the weak, so that the current of their greed may flow away from their own interests. Amongst themselves they would divide those parts of the world which are soft, into which the teeth may be comfortably fastened, and which, if the rending claws come by any hurt, may afford those claws an easy revenge. But it may emphatically be asserted that this cannot last for ever. They will never remain agreed upon the division of the spoils; contending greeds can never be equably satiated; the leaks of sin can never be stopped; and one day the leaky vessel will founder with all on board.

Providence has kept us safe from at least one source of anxiety. Every inch of the way to become physically strong has been barred to us. Even hope, which flies over barriers, has had its wings clipped. Only one royal road remains open to us,—the road which leads beyond all sorrow. Let evil assail us from without, but let us not allow it within. When we shall become greater than those who hurt us, then shall our sufferings be glorified. But this road is neither that of fighting, nor of petitioning.

Atha dheera amrtatwam viditwa Dhruvam adhruveshviha na prarthayante.

Men of tranquil mind, being sure of

Immortal Truth, never seek the eternal in things of the moment.

IV

Some part of the earth's water becomes rarefied and ascends to the skies. With the broad movement and the music it acquires in those pure heights it then showers down, back to the water of the earth. Similarly, part of the mind of man rises up out of the world and flies skywards; but this skysoaring mind attains completeness only when it has returned, time after time, to mingle with the earth-bound mind.

There are, however, desert tracts in which the greater part of the year is rainless. That which ascended as vapour does not, there, rain back on the earth: the higher mind cannot commune with the lower. Such regions may manage to get along with artificial canal water, but where for them is the joyous festival of downpur: where the music of the mingling of the waters of earth and sky?

So far for mere drought. Then there are the rain of mud, the rain of blood, and such like dire phenomena of which we hear tell. These happen when the purity of the atmosphere is sullied and the air is burdened with dirt. Then it is not the song of the sky which descends in purifying showers, but just the earth's own sins which fall back on it.

That is the kind of stormy visitation which has overtaken us to-day. On the sin-laden dust of the earth pours tainted rain from the sky. Our long wait for the cleansing bath in pure water from on high has been repeatedly doomed to disappointment; the mud is soiling our minds and marks of blood are also showing. How long can we keep on wiping this away? Even the pure silence of the empyrean is powerless to clarify the discordant notes of the prayer for peace which is rising from a blood-stained world.

Peace? who can truly pray for Peace? Only they who are ready to renounce. Those whose clutching fingers are wriggling, like so many snakes, with the greed of absorption, they want peace,—but by trickery, not by paying its price. The peace they desire is the unchecked opportunity to lick up the cream of the earth.

As it unfortunately happens, the cream jars are mostly in the keep of the weak. Naturally the curbing of their greed becomes all the more difficult for the strong. Where the treasure is well guarded, selfrestraint comes easy, as also the feeling of self-congratulation at having been good. There are hard places in this world where it distinctly pays to be good. But there is no dearth of examples of soft places where it becomes so terribly difficult for the strong to keep up their good character. Where the guard is feeble, both fear and shame depart. Let me give another extract from Anatole France. He is here talking about China:

In our own times, the Christian acquired the habit of sending jointly or separately into that vast Empire, whenever order was disturbed, soldiers who restored it by means of theft, rape, pillage, murder, and incendiarism, and of proceeding at short intervals with the penetration of the country with rifles and guns. The poorly armed Chinese either defend themselves badly or not at all, and so they are massacred with delightful facility. . . . In 1901, order having been disturbed at Peking, the troops of the five Great Powers, under the command of a German Field Marshal, restored it by the customary means. Having in this fashion covered themselves with military glory, the five Powers signed one of the innumerable treaties by which they guarantee the integrity of the very China whose provinces they divide among themselves.

The destruction, pillage and rapine which then went on at Peking was far from being a small thing, viewed as a torment and insult to man; but we all know to what insignificant proportions that has now been reduced by the shame that was wrought and suffered in the great European war. This only shows how the strict ideal which alone serves to hold man up to his highest good is lowered by contact with the weak.

Man unconsciously enters into treaties with himself, and seeks to confine the struggle between good and evil, which continually goes on in his heart, within certain boundaries, allowing it to be relaxed outside them where compulsion is feeble. We have done this in India, where the Sudra was kept so weak by the Brahmin that no sense of fear or shame obtruded in the latter's dealings with the former. This becomes

abundantly clear on going through our ancient law books. And we have lost even the faculty of recognising the character of the evil fruit which the country is reaping—so low has been our fall.

The weak are as great a danger for the strong as quicksands for an elephant. They do not assist progress because they do not resist, they only drag down. The greater the bulk and strength on the one hand, the more terrible this downward pull on the other. The harder the strong kicks the weak, the worse for his foot.

Where the air is light there is the stormcentre, and so Asia and Africa are the real origins of all the stormy outbreaks in Europe. In these weak spots there is no resistance, and the inspiration which maintains the European ideal is correspondingly weak. So maddening is the intoxication of power that man fails to realise this lowering of his standard,—which again indicates the touching of bottom in his downfall.

This insensibility, this blindness, sometimes goes to such absurd lengths as to provoke a smile as well as a tear. There are a set of youths in our country who, drunk with the wine of Europe's political vintage, revel in committing murderous assaults upon one another. I have often had occasion to lament the intolerable burden of evil thus placed on our country, -which had enough sins of its own,-by this addition of sins imported from the West. And yet we find a former Governor of Bengal unblushingly proclaiming that these murders go to show how different is the sense of Right in Bengal and in Europe. According to him the Bengali looks upon murder as nothing more than the translation of the soul from one state of existence to another.* To think of the mockery of being thus arraigned by our very teachers for having learnt their lessons so aptly. One can only suppose that habit has so dulled their vision that they are unable to see, as outsiders do, how cheaply human

* In 1912 in the British Isles 17 per mille of the population were tried for murder. In 1911 in Bengal the proportion was only 08 per mille. I have not the book now before me and so cannot quote the rest of the statistics.

lives are reckoned in their politics. But are these political libertines, I cannot help wondering, really oblivious of the special psychology which they have so sedulously cultivated and which propagating itself all over the world, is spreading bloodshed throughout the path of its progress?

Those who assert that the East and the West are radically different at bottom, pollute the very source of intercourse between the two. They keep their conscience pacified by laying down the principle that what is good for one cannot possibly do for the other, and with this they would stiffe all qualms and prickings which injustice and cruelty elsewhere cyoke. These shibboleths have come into use ever since the West first came into touch with the East. Where physical force makes it so easy to be unjust, the obstacle of moral force is thus, with equal ease, got rid of.

That is why I say that commerce with the weak destroys the moral sense of the strong, the process being the creation of different ideals, one for oneself, another for others. When one's own school-boys get out of hand, it is indulgently remarked that boys will be boys. When others' schoolboys give vent to their excitement, they are glared at and dubbed scoundrels. Race feeling rouses a high indignation when it is found in a yeaker race, but, even if ten times more intense in the stronger, so many good reasons for its existence are discerned, that it is hailed almost with affection. Once more I have to beg hospitality from Anatole France. His mind is clear, his imagination vivid and no absurdity can escape his keen sense of humour. He is still telling of the Chinese:

They are polite and ceremonious, but are reproached with cherishing feeble sentiments of affection for Europeaus. The grievances we have against them are greatly of the order of those which Mr. Du Chaillu cherished towards his Gorilla. Mr. Du Chaillu, while in the forest, brought down with his rifle the mother of a Gorilla. In its death the brute was still pressing its young to its bosom. He tore it from its embrace, and dragged it with him in a cage across Africa, for the purpose of selling it in Europe, Now, the young animal gave him just cause for complaint. It was unsociable, and actually starved itself to death. "I was powerless," says Mr. Du Chaillu, "to correct its evil nature."

So, as I was saying, the greatest danger to the strong comes from the weak,—so insidiously is their moral sense stolen away that even its loss is not felt. This danger is much greater to-day, now that physical force has gained such tremendous sources of strength. There is no obstacle in the wav of holding the weak in utter subjection, for they have absolutely no hope of ever finding any way out of the net of scientific method with which they are enmeshed. And yet, in spite of this enormous disparity of strength between the men in power and the men under them. the timorousness which is inseparable from greed keeps the strong in a state of chronic anxiete. And the strong have at length come to the conclusion that the thumbscrew must be so tightened that the weak may not dare to make their plaint at the bar of the world, nor to offer evidence of their sufferings,-not even to set up audible wailings in their own corners.

But those who are thus rendering their autocracy absolutely easy and safe will have to draw upon the capital of their manhood in order to count out the cost. And in their own home shall they rue this continual dissipation of such capital. Even now they are beginning to feel the effects, but even yet they are not taking the trouble of casting up their accounts to find out the cause.

So much for what is to be said about the strong. I feel a world of shame in discussing this matter from our side, because though from an outer view it may sound like a homily, from the inner side it has too much resemblance to a wail of helplessness. To tremble and to whine are the two most shameful things for the weak to do. If we cannot prevail against the strong, we must prevail against ourselves. Whatever else we may do, let us not give way to fear; and if we are not allowed to speak out, let us at least refrain from sending forth our voice of lamentation from one shore to the other.

When the fire of misery is burning, the greatest loss of all would be to suffer its scorching, and not avail of its light. May that light destroy our illusions and enable us to make an effort truly to see. Let us

ask our conscience: Is this hideously overgrown Power really great? Poised on the pinnacle of office, men are priding themselves on their loftiness. The laws which they are making and breaking from their artificial eminence are not in conformity with the laws of the universal God. Are, then, these men really so great as they would appear? They can break from the outside, but can they add a particle to man's internal wealth? They can sign peace treaties, but can they give peace?

It was about 2,000 years ago that all-powerful Rome, in one of its Eastern provinces, executed on a cross, in company with certain miscreants, the simple, unpretending guru of a tribe of fishermen. On that day the Roman Governor felt no falling off in his appetite or sleep. From the outside, which of them then appeared the greater? And to-day? On that day there was on the one hand the agony, the humiliation, the death, by the cross; on the other, the pomp and festivity in the Governor's palace. And to-day? To whom, then, shall we bow the head?

Kasmai devaya havisha vidhema:

To which god shall we offer oblation?

V.

The traffic of human progress has never met with so serious a block as it has to-day. The reason is that the long trains of modern history move by steam power, and their tracks, which spread all over the world, cross and recross in an intricate maze. So whenever the different trains fail to run clear of one another, a hideous smash-up is inevitable, and the whole world trembles at the shock.

Such an accident has now occurred; the loss of life and property has been stupendous; and on all sides questioning is heard: what has happened: how did it happen: how can it be prevented from happening again?

Do these questions, affecting the history of all humanity, cast no burden of thought on us? Are we to be content only with carping at others: are we not to search out our share of the responsibility?

For, as I have suggested before, and I repeat definitely here, a grave respon-

sibility lies on the weak. It is they who afford hospitality to all the disease germs floating about in the air, and nourish them and help them to multiply with their own life. Cowards are the cause of repeated attempts at frightfulness. Those who cringe keep on creating their own insults. Our sensibilities do not extend to where we cannot see. We lightly crush underfoot the insects on the way, but if it be a bird, fallen across our path, we hesitate to tread on it. Our standard of feeling is different for the bird and the ant.

It is thus an important duty for man so to bear himself that he may not fail to be recognised as man,—not only in his own interest, but because of his responsibilities to others. It is not good that man should trample man underfoot, neither for the downtrodden nor for him who treads. The man who belittles himself lowers not only his own value but that of all mankind. Man knows himself as great only where he sees great men,—and the truer is such vision of greatness, the easier it becomes to be great.

In countries where each individual has value, the whole nation grows to greatness, by itself. There men put forth their best efforts to live great lives, and they fight to the end if obstruction be placed in their way. Such men cannot fail to make themselves evident, and in dealing with them others needs must be careful how they behave. In judging such the judge's own sense of justice is not the sole factor, but they have within them something that calls forth right judgment.

The characteristic sign of a people progressing in the way of greatness is, that the negligibleness of any class or individual constantly tends to disappear. More and more do all get the right of demanding their full manhood. So do they busy themselves to assure good food, good clothing, good housing for all; good sanitation and true culture for all.

But what has happened in our country? By our preaching and practice and by our institutions it has been our one concern to keep the greatest number small. We have left no loophole for dispute or argument

as to whether they are really small or not, but have made it a matter of blind faith. And so it has come to pass that those we have charged with smallness are pleading guilty with folded hands, and if attempts are made to raise them in the social scale, it is they who protest most vehemently.

Thus have we made systematic provision for the unresisting acceptance of insult and contumely in every stratum of our society. Those who are kept under, are by far the most numerous,—yet the lowness of their ideas of life causes no pang in the hearts of the upper few. On the contrary, if they try to set up the standard of the upper set, the latter wax wroth.

When these men, habituated to perpetual insult, fail to assert their rights of manhood in sufficiently clear tones,—wherefore the foreigner finds nothing within or without which can make him keep back his contempt,—then, must we not recognise therein the true fruit of our own Karma? When the sin which we have codified in our social regulations returns on us, at the hands of foreigners, in the field of politics, whence are we to draw the strength for effective protest?

So we base our protests on the sense of justice of those very foreigners-oh the shame, the added insult of such protests! How low do we stoop when we say, in the same breath, that in our own society we shall continue to drag our ideal in the dust, but in your politics you must keep it raised aloft. We shall keep in full force the slavery sections of our social code in all their variety, but you, of your greatness, must place in our hands the reins of equal sovereignty. Where ours is the power we shall be utterly miserly in the name of Religion, but where the power is yours we shall importune you, in that same name of Religion, for unstinted largess. With what face are we to say these things? And what if our prayers be granted? If then we should still be as callous as ever about offering insult to our own countrymen, whilst foreigners out of thefulness of their generosity should be showing respect to the insulted ones,-would not that be for us the very acme of defeat?

Whatever may be the reason, the burden of wrong and insult lies heavy on us to-day. In this condition our sole hope is, that since our opponents are failing to maintain their own in the field of righteousness, we may there rise superior to them. In that event the wrong they do us will not hurt our honour, but rather add to it. Are we even now to persist in our cry: May you excel us in moral power, so that we may expect more from you than we are prepared to render to ourselves, in other words, let us keep ourselves for ever low that you may go on lifting us up to your level? All responsibility thrown on others, nothing borne by ourselves,—are we forever to hold ourselves in such contempt and others in such high esteem? What defeat can physical force wreak on us compared to such self-inflicted degradation?

Only a short while ago I have heard with my own ears an argument of which the conclusion was that Hindu and Moslem cannot dine under the same roof, even though no prohibited food should have been brought in. Those who have no hesitation in affirming such principle are the first to suspect foreign interference when Hindu and Moslem fall out; and along with such suspicion is an implied moral judgment against the foreigner concerned! The only explanation can be that they hold the foreigner to be more amenable to moral law than they are themselves. According to them, it is right when, in our own social system, we make the barriers between man and man intolerably rigid, but when the foreigner seeks to make use of such barriers for his own purposes, that is wrong. We may keep our own side weak in the name of religion, but the sin comes in when advantage is taken of that weakness by our opponents.

If it be asked why Hindu and Moslem should not dine under the same roof, it is not considered incumbent to make any reply,—so lost are we to all sense of the absurdity and shamefulness of this denial to our conscience of the right of question. We are not to render any explanation in regard to the greater part of our habits and customs, just as the beasts and birds and trees are not. We are not to render

any explanation in regard to our social relations with one another on which the welfare and misery, the joy and sorrow, of so many so absolutely depend. But in our commerce with the foreigner, in the world of politics, how glibly have we learnt to ask questions, how accustomed we are becoming to require reasonable explanations of all laws and regulations!

In a land where man has kept himself in slavery by thus ignoring the claim of human rights in social relations, how can there arise any true demand for self-determination? All rights in such a land needs must be concessions made by the generosity of others.

So I repeat that where man keeps himself petty he fails to catch the eye, his plaint for rights fails to reach the ear. And when such men come into contact with the strong they bring about their downfall by lowering their ideal of the relation between man and man. Such relations with the weak gradually make pride, injustice and cruelty become natural for the strong. The very ease with which they can wreak their will on the weak makes them unconsciously relax their belief in the sanctity of human freedom. So is the weakness of those who have not the power to resist, such a potent poison for all humanity. And our social system is but a vast machine for perpetuating such weakness. Its countless forces of unreasoning injunctions have, on the one hand, completely hemmed us in, and, on the other, they have cut at the very root of that freedom of conscience which alone could have served to find us a way out. Then again, there are the punishments of disproportionate severity

for even the most trivial offences by way of nonconformity. And so under the burden of unthinking stupidity, and the pressure of distracting fear, all sensibility and initiative, even in the least of life's affairs, is utterly crushed out. And then? Then only beg and beg, and if alms be denied, weep and wail!

If alms should have been forthcoming for the asking, and our travail should have ceased with the dole, then indeed would our abjectness have become hopeless. It is because God will not curse us with the curse of eternal abjectness, kept continually pampered by gifts of rights out of others' magnanimity, that He is showering upon us sorrow after sorrow.

When the ship's hold is full of water then only does the buffetting of the outside waters become a menace. The inside water is not so visibly threatening, its inrush not so stupendously apparent,—it destroys with its dead weight. So the temptation is strong to east all blame on the waves outside. But if the good sense does not dawn in time, of all hands manning the pumps, then sinking is inevi-However hopeless the task of table. getting rid of the internal water may now and then appear, it is surely more hopeful than trying to bale away the water of the outside seas!

Obstacles and opposition from without there always will be, but they become dangers only when there are also obstacles within. Only if true opposition endéavour should replace beggary will all insult disappear and fruition be ours.

> Translated by SURENDRANATH TAGORE.

WAS THERE A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE?

was shown by the C. I. D. Inspector at of Mr. Eardly Norton into the martial law area for the purpose of defending the

accused under trial at Lahore. The Ins-Amritsar a telegram from the Punjab pector asked me if I knew Mr. Eardly Government prohibiting the entrance Norton by sight, and I told him I did not. He kept the mail train waiting while a thorough search was made from end to ,,

tion and raising of the poor, depressed and oppressed, presided on the occasion. The Report is, indeed, highly interesting and our readers will do well to procure for themselves a copy each to be had for the price of 8 annas at the following offices of this Mission:—

D.C. Mission Office, Charni Rd., Girgaum, Bombay.

,, Near Post Office, Old Hubli.

,, Panchpaoli, Nagpur City. ,, 142 Narayen Pillai Street, Ban-

galore Cantonment.

. (15) Is it Self-Government? by Prasanvadan M. Desai, printed at the Commercial Press, Bombay. This pamphlet discusses in detail the management of municipal affairs in India which

the author holds, and he rightly does so, are far from self-governing.

(16) REPORT ON PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN BEN-

GAL for 1917-18.

(17) Supplement to the above.

(18) RESOLUTION REVIEWING THE REPORTS ON THE WORKING OF THE DISTRICT BOARDS IN BENGAL FOR 1917-18.

(19) THE BENGAL, BIHAR AND ORISSA Co-

OPERATIVE JOURNAL for May 1919.

(20) THE BOMBAY CO-OPERATIVE QUARTERLY

for June, 1919.

(21) BUREAU OF EDUCATION OCCASIONAL REPORTS NO. 8.—THE TRAINING OF TEACHER—issued by Superintendent, Government Printing India, 8, Hastings Street, Calcutta. Price 8 As. or 9 d.

A LETTER FROM ROMAIN ROLLAND TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The following letter has been sent by the great French author, Romain Rolland, to the poet, Rabindranath Tagore.

of the intellect, have conceived the project of this Declaration of Independence of the

Spirit,—a copy of which I enclose.

Would you give us the honour of uniting your own name with ours? It appears to me that our ideas are not out of harmony with yours. We have already received the consent of Henri Barbusse, of Paul Signac, the painter, of Dr. Frederik van Eeden, of Prof. Georg Fri Nicolai, of Henry Van der Velde, of Stefan Zweig; and we expect the consent of Bertrand Russell, Selma Lagerlof, Upton Sinclair, Benedetto Croce, and others. We think of collecting at first three or four signatories for each country,-if possible, one writer, one savant, one artist,—and then publish the Declaration, making the appeal chiefly to the intellectual elite of all nations. If you can recruit for us some names in India, Japan and China, I should be very much obliged. I could wish that henceforth the intellect of Asia might take a more and more definite part in the manifestation of the thought of Europe. My dream will be that one day

we may see the union of these two hemispheres of the Spirit, and I admire you for having contributed towards this more than anyone else. Allow me to tell you in conclusion, how dear to us are your wisdom and your art, and accept, I pray, the expression of my profound sympathy.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

P.S.—I have allowed myself to lay stress on certain passages of your lecture of 1916, at Tokyo, in one of my articles published during the War. I am sending it to you under separate cover with the request that you will pardon the imperfection of the French translation. I enclose with it a little pamphlet, dedicated to one of our old philosophers of Europe, who has exercised a great attraction over my thought and whom perhaps you will love also—Empedocles of Agrigentum.

OF THE SPIRIT

Fellow-workers of the Spirit, comrades, scattered throughout the world and separated from one another for five years by the armies, the censorship, and the nations engaged in war, we address our appeal to you at this hour,—when the barriers are falling down and the frontiers are opening again,—to re-establish our brotherhood

of union, but a new union, more firm and secure than that which was established before.

The war has thrown our ranks into disorder. The greater number of the intellectuals have placed their knowledge, their art, their reason, at the service of the governments. We do not wish to accuse any one, or to make any personal reproach. We know the weakness of individual souls, and the elemental force of the great collective currents. All of a sudden, the latter has swept away the former; because nothing had been foreseen in time to offer resistance. May this experience at least serve us in good stead for the future.

And, first of all, let us fully realise the disasters which have resulted from the almost complete abdication of the intellect of the world and its voluntary enslavement to the forces let loose. The thinkers and artists had added a scourge which has tormented Europe in body and soul, an incalculable volume of poisonous hatred. They have searched every arsenal of their knowledge, their imagination, their ancient and modern precedents, historical, scientific, logical, poetical, for hate. They have laboured to destory understanding and love between man and man. In doing this, they have disfigured and debased Thought, whose ambassadors they were. They have made Her the instrument of the passions, and without knowing it, perhaps, the weapon of the selfish interests of a political or social party, a state, a country, or a class. They now emerge from this savage conflict,—in which all nations, both victors and vanquished, have been consumed, bruised, impoverished, and in their heart of hearts, however little they acknowledge it, ashamed and humiliated at their consummate folly; and Thought, entangled in their struggles, emerges with them ruined and fallen.

Up! Let us set the Spirit free from these entanglements, from these humiliating alliances, from these hidden slaveries! The Spirit is the servant of none. It is we who are servants of the Spirit. We have no other naster. We are made to carry, to protect is life, to rally round it all men who have gone astray. Our part, our duty is to seep a fixed point, to show forth the

pole-star in the midst of the turbulence of the passions in the night. Among these passions of pride and mutual destruction we make no selection; we reject them all. We serve Truth alone, Truth that is free and frontierless, without confines, without prejudice of race or caste. Certainly we do not exempt ourselves from Humanity. Itis for Humanity we labour, but for Humanity whole and entire. We do not know peoples, we know the People, unique, universal, the People which suffers and struggles, which falls to rise again, which advances always over the rough road, drenched with its own sweat and blood, the People of all mankind and equally our brothers. And it is in order that they with us should gain the consciousness of this brotherhood, that we raise up over their blind conflict the Arch of Alliance, of the Free Spirit, one and manifold, eternal,

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S REPLY TO ROMAIN ROLLAND

The following letter was sent, in reply, by the Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, to M. Romain Rolland:—

"When my mind was steeped in the gloom of the thought, that the lesson of the late war had been lost, and that people were trying to perpetuate their hatred and anger into the same organised menace for the world which threatened themselves with disaster, your letter came and cheered me with its message of hope. The truths, that save us, have always been uttered by the few and rejected by the many, and have triumphed through their failures. It is enough for me to know, that the higher conscience of Europe has been able to assert itself in one of her choicest spirits through the ugly clamours of passionate politics; and I gladly hasten to accept your invitation to join the ranks of those free souls. who, in Europe, have conceived the project of a Declaration of Independence of the Spirit. Kindly accept my thanks for the noble words with which you have introduced the French Translation of the passages from my 'Message to Japan' in your pamphlet. I hope to be excused for publishing, in one of our Magazines, an English

rendering of the same, as well as your letter to me with the Declaration. I have asked my publisher to send you my book on "Nationalism" which contains my Japanese addresses and some more lectures on the same subject."

NOTES -

Wisdom from China.

The worth of the ancient civilisation of China is proved, among other things, by the writings of her sages, which are storehouses of wisdom. Lao-tsze, the reputed author of the Tao Teh King, was born about 604 B. C. The World and the New Dispensation has been giving some extracts from a translation of this work of his which are priceless for their insight and wisdom. Some of them are given below.

To harmonise great enemies We must possess that which far surpasses enmity.

> We must be able to be at peace In order to be active in Love.

That is why the self-controlled man holds the lefthand portion of the contract, but does not insist upon the other man producing his portion.

He who is virtuous may rule by a contract, He whose virtue is within may rule by destroying it.

To govern a kingdom, use righteousness, To conduct a war, use strategy.

To be a true world-ruler, be occupied with Inner Life.

How do I know that this is so?

By this:—
The more restrictive the laws,
the poorer the people.
The more machinery used,
the more trouble in a kingdom.
The more clever and skilful the people,
the more do they make artificial things.
The more the laws are in evidence,
the more do thieves and robbers abound.

That is why the self-controlled man says :-If I act from Inner Life

the people will become transformed in themselves. If I love stillness

the people will become righteous in themselves.

If I am occupied with Inner Life the people will become enriched in themselves,

If I love the Inner Life

the people will become pure in themselves.

If the government is from the heart
the people will be richer and richer.
If the government is full of restrictions
the people will be poorer and poorer.

Where troops dwell, there grow thorns and briers. After great wars, there follow bad years.

He who loves, bears fruit unceasingly, He does not dare to conquer by strength. He bears fruit, but not with assertiveness, He bears fruit, but not with boastfulness,

He bears fruit, but not with meanness,

He bears fruit, but not to obtain it for himself, He bears fruit, but not to shew his strength.

If a great kingdom only desires to unify and nourish men,

If a small kingdom only desires to enter in and serve men,

Then the Master, in each case, shall obtain his desire.

He who is great ought to be lowly.

God "left out."

"A very serious omission in the platform of the League of Nations as cabled from Paris" is pointed out by two American "trade publications," namely, The American Lumberman, of Chicago, and The Bean-Bag, of St. Louie. The Bean-Bag says that "nowhere in the platform, nor, so far as reported, in the proceedings that led up to its promulgation, is to be found any hint of official or public recognition of the fact, generally accepted by civilized humanity, of the existence of a Supreme Being who rules the destinies of nations, nor any petition for divine guidance in the most *momentous crisis in the history of the world," and The Lumberman questions whether it is a "triffing omission" or "mere bigotry to refer to it?" It affirms that Americans who are familiar with their country's history will not so regard it. The Lumberman says that "the founders of the American Republic recorded in the Declaration of Independence their 'firm reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence.' This sentiment was reiterated. by Lincoln in his immortal address at

THE TRIAL OF THE HORSE

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

BRAHMÁ, the creator, was very near the end of his task of creation when a new idea struck him.

He sent for the Store-keeper and said: "O keeper of the stores, bring to my factory a quantity of each of the five elements. For I am ready to create another creature." "Lord of the universe," the store-keeper replied, "when in the first flush of creative extravagance you began to turn out such exaggerations as elephants and whales and pythons and tigers, you took no count of the stock. Now, all the elements that have density and force are nearly used up. The supply of earth and water and fire has become inconveniently scanty, while of air and ether there is as much as is good for us and a good deal more."

The four-headed deity looked perplexed and pulled at his four pairs of moustaches. At last he said, "The limitedness of material gives all the more scope to originality. Send me whatever you have left."

This time Brahmā was excessively sparing with the earth, water and fire. The new creature was not given either horns or claws, and his teeth were only meant for chewing, not for biting. The prudent care with which fire was used in his formation made him necessary in war without making him warlike.

This animal was the Horse.

The reckless expenditure of air and ether, which went into his composition, was amazing. And in consequence he perpetually struggled to outreach the wind, to outrun space itself. The other animals run only when they have a reason, but the horse would run for nothing whatever, as if to run out of his own skin. He had no desire to chase, or to kill, but only to fly on and on till he dwindled into a dot, melted into a swoon, blurred into a shadow, and vanished into vacancy.

The Creator was glad. He had given for

his other creatures' habitations,—to some the forests, to others the caves. But in his enjoyment of the disinterested spirit of speed in the Horse, he gave him an open meadow under the very eye of heaven.

By the side of this meadow lived Man.

Man has his delight in pillaging and piling things up. And he is never happy till these grow into a burden. So, when he saw this new creature pursuing the wind and kicking at the sky, he said to himself: "If only I can bind and secure this Horse, I can use his broad back for carrying my loads."

So one day he caught the Horse.

Then man put a saddle on the Horse's back and a spiky bit in his mouth. He regularly had hard rubbing and scrubbing to keep him fit, and there were the whip and spurs to remind him that it was wrong to have his own will.

Man also put high walls round the Horse, lest if left at large in the open the creature might escape him. So it came to pass, that while the Tiger who had his forest remained in the forest, the Lion who had his cave remained in the cave, the Horse who once had his open meadow came to spend his days in a stable. Air and ether had roused in the horse longings for deliverance, but they swiftly delivered him into bondage.

When he felt that bondage did not suit him, the Horse kicked at the stable walls.

But this hurt his hoofs much more than it hurt the wall. Still some of the plaster came off and the wall lost its beauty.

Man felt aggrieved.

"What ingratitude!" he cried. "Do I not give him food and drink? Do I not keep highly-paid men-servants to watch over him day and night? Indeed he is hard to please."

In their desperate attempts to please the Horse, the men-servants fell upon him and so vigorously applied all their winning methods that he lost his power to kick and a great deal more besides.

Then Man called his friends and neighbours together, and said to them exultingly,—"Friends, did you ever see so devoted a steed as mine?"

"Never!" they replied. "He seems as still as ditch water and as mild as the religion you profess."

The Horse, as is well known, had no horns, no claws, nor adequate teeth, at his birth. And, when on the top of this, all kicking at the walls and even into emptiness had been stopped, the only way to give vent to his feelings was to neigh.

But that disturbed Man's sleep.

Moreover, this neighing was not likely to impress the neighbours as a pean of devotion and thankfulness. So Man invented devices to shut the Horse's mouth.

But the voice cannot be altogether suppressed so long as the mistake is made of leaving any breath in the body. Therefore a spasmodic sound of moaning came from his throat now and then.

One day this noise reached Brahmā's ears.

The Creator woke up from his meditation. It gave him a start when he glanced at the meadow and saw no sign of the Horse.

"This is all your doing," cried Brahmā, in anger to Yama, the God of death. "You have taken away the Horse!"

"Lord of all creatures!" Death replied: "All your worst suspicions you keep only for me. But most of the calamities in your beautiful world will be explained if you turn your eyes in the direction of Man."

Brahmā looked below. He saw a small enclosure, walled in, from which the

dolorous moaning of his Horse came fitfully.

Brahmā frowned in anger.

"Unless you set free my Horse", said he, "I shall take care that he grows teeth and claws like the Tiger."

"That would be ungodly", cried man, "to encourage ferocity. All the same, if I may speak plain truth about a creature of your own make, this Horse is not fit to be set free. It was for his eternal good that I built him this stable—this marvel of architecture."

Brahma remained obdurate.

"I bow to your wisdom," said Man, "but if, after seven days, you still think that your meadow is better for him than my stable, I will humbly own defeat."

After this Man set to work.

He made the Horse go free, but hobbled his front legs. The result was so vastly diverting that it was enough to make even a frog burst his sides with laughter.

Brahma, from the height of his heaven, could see the comic gait of his Horse, but not the tragic rope which hobbled him. He was mortified to find his own creature openly exposing its divine maker to ridicule.

"It was an absurd blunder of mine", he cried, "closely touching the sublime."

"Grandsire," said Man with a pathetic show of sympathy, "what can I do for this unfortunate creature? If there is a meadow in your heaven, I am willing to take trouble to transport him thither."

"Take him back to your stable!" cried Brahmā in dismay.

"Merciful God!" cried Man, "what a great burden it will be for mankind!"

"It is the burden of humanity," muttered Brahmā.

RESURRECTION OF MOTHERHOOD AND FATHERHOOD

ROM time immemorial motherhood has been regarded in this country as the highest function of female life. So much so that God has been represented

as having taken birth as a human babe to taste a mother's love.

"Nandah kimakarod brahman Sreya ebam mahodayam

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WHOLE No. 153

THE RUNAWAY By Rabindranath Tagore.

1.

πOTI Babu, Zamindar of Katalia, was on his way home by boat. There had been the usual forenoon halt, alongside a village mart on the river, and the cooking of the midday meal was in progress.

A Brahmin boy came up to the boat and asked: "Which way are you going, Sir?" He could not have been older than fifteen or sixteen.

"To Katalia," Moti Babu replied.

"Could you give me a lift to Nandigram, on your way?"

Moti Babu acceded and asked the young fellow his name.

"My name is Tara," said the boy.

With his fair complexion, his great big eves and his delicate, finely-cut, smiling lips, the lad was strikingly handsome. All he had on was a *dhoti*, somewhat the worse for wear, and his bare upper body displayed no superfluity either of clothing or flesh,—its rounded proportions looked like some sculptor's masterpiece.

"My son," said Moti Babu affectionately, "have your bath and come on board.

You will dine with me."

"Wait a minute, Sir," said Tara, with which he jumped on the servants' boat moored astern, and set to work to assist in the cooking. Moti Babu's servant was an up-country man* and it was evident that his ideas of preparing fish for the pot were crude. Tara relieved him of his task and

** Servants belonging to other provinces do not as a rule understand the niceties of Bengali culinary art. Tr.

neatly got through it with complete success. He then made up one or two vegetable dishes with a skill which showed a good deal of practice. His work finished. Tara after a plunge in the river took out a fresh dhoti from his bundle, clad himself in spotless white, and with a little wooden comb smoothed back his flowing locks from his forehead into a cluster behind his neck. Then, with his sacred thread glistening over his breast, he presented himself before his host.

Moti Babu took him into the cabin where his wife, Annapurna, and their nineyear old daughter were sitting. The good lady was immensely taken with the comely young fellow,-her whole heart went out to him. Where could he be coming from: whose child could be be: ah, poor thing, how could his mother bear to be separated from him?—thought she to herself.

Dinner was duly served and a seat placed for Tara by Moti Babu's side. The boy seemed to have but a poor appetite. Annapurna put it down to bashfulness and repeatedly pressed him to try this and that, but he would not allow himself to be persuaded. He had clearly a will of his own, but he showed it quite simply and naturally without any appearance of wilfulness or obstinacy.

When they had all finished, Annapurna made Tara sit by her side and questioned him about himself. She was not successful in gathering much of a connected story, but this at least was clear that he had run away from home at the early age of ten or eleven.

"Have you no mother?" asked Annapurna.

"Yes."

"Does she not love you?"

This last question seemed to strike the boy as highly absurd. He laughed as he replied! "Why should she not?"

"Why did you leave her, then?" pur-

sued the mystified lady.

"She has four more boys and three girls."
Annapurna was shocked. "What a
thing to say!" she cried. "Can one bear to
cut off a finger because there are four more?"

2.

Tara's history was as brief as his years were few, but for all that the boy was quite out of the common. He was the fourth son of his parents and had lost his father in his infancy. In spite of this large family of children, Tara had always been the favourite. He was petted alike by his mother, his brothers and sisters, and the neighbours. Even the schoolmaster usually spared him the rod, and when he did not, the punishment was felt by all the class. So there was no reason for him to leave his home. But, curiously enough, though the scamp of the village—whose time was divided between tasting of the fruits stolen from the neighbours' trees and the more plentiful fruits of his stealing pressed on him by these same neighbours—remained within the village bounds clinging to his scolding mother, the pet of the village ran away to join a band of wandering players.

There was a hue and cry, and a rescue party hunted him out and brought him back. His distracted mother strained him to her breast and deluged him with her tears. A stern sense of duty forced his elders to make an heroic effort to administer a mild corrective, but overcome by the reaction they lavished their repentant fondness on him worse than ever. The neighbours' wives redoubled their attentions in the hope of reconciling him to his home-life. But all bonds, even those of affection, were irksome to the boy. The star under which he was born must have decreed him homeless.

When Tara saw boats from foreign parts being towed along the river; or a Sannvasi, in his wanderings through unknown lands, resting under one of the village trees, or a gypsy camp sprung up on the fallow field by the river, the gypsics seated by their mat-walled huts, splitting bamboos and weaving baskets, his spirit longed for the freedom of the mysterious outside world, unhampered by ties of affection. After he had repeated his escapade two or three times, his relations and neighbours gave up all hope of him.

When the proprietor of the band of players, which he had joined, began to love Tara as a son and he became the favourite of the whole party, big and small alike,—when he found that even the people of the houses at which their performances were given, chiefly the women, would send for him to mark their special appreciation, he gave them all the slip, and his companions could find no trace of him.

Tara was as impatient of bondage as a young deer, and as susceptible to music. It was the songs in the theatrical performances which had drawn him away from his home ties. Their tunes would make corresponding waves course through his veins and his whole being swaved to their rhythm. Even when he was quite a child, the solemn way in which he would sit out a musical performance, gravely nodding to mark the time, used to make it difficult for the grown-ups to restrain their laughter. Not only music, but the patter of the heavy July rain on the trees in full foliage, the roll of the thunder, moaning of the wind through the thickets, as of some infant giant straved from its mother,—would make him beside himself. The distant cry of the kites flying high in the blazing midday sky, the croaking of the frogs on a rainy evening, the howling of the jackals at dead of night,— all these stirred him to his depths.

This passion for music next led him to take up with a company of ballad-singers. The master took great pains in teaching him to sing and recite ballads composed in alliterative verse and jingling metre, based on stories from the epics, and became as fond of him as if he were a pet singing bird. But after he had learnt several pieces, one fine morning it was found that the bird had flown.

In this part of the country, during June and July, a succession of fairs are held turn by turn in the different villages, and bands of players and singers and dancing girls, together with hordes of traders of every kind, journey in boats along the big and little rivers from fair to fair. Since the year before a novelty in the shape of a party of acrobats had joined the throng. Tara after leaving the ballad singers had been travelling with a trader, helping him to sell his pan. His curiosity being roused, he threw in his lot with the acrobats. He had taught himself to play on the flute, and it was his sole function to play jigs, in the Lucknow style, while the acrobats were doing their feats. It was from this troupe that he had last run away. Tara had heard that the Zamindar of Nandigram was getting up some amateur theatricals on a grand scale. He promptly tied up his belongings into a bundle with the intention of going there, when he came across Moti Babu.

Tara's imaginative nature had saved him from acquiring the manners of any of the different companies with whom he had hobnobbed. His mind had always remained aloof and free. He had seen and heard many ugly things, but there was no vacaney within him for these to be stored away. Like other bonds, habit also failed to hold him. Swan-like, he swam lightly over the muddy waters of the world, and no matter how often his curiosity impelled him to dive into the mire beneath, his feathers remained unruffled and white. That is why the face of the runeway shone with an unsullied youthfulness which made even the middle-aged, worldly Moti Babu accept and welcome him, unquestioning and undoubting.

After dinner was over, the boat was east off and Annapurna, with an affectionate interest, went on asking all about Tara's relatives and his home life. The boy made the shortest possible replies and at last sought refuge in flight to the deck.

The vast river outside, swollen by the seasonal rains to the last limit of its brink, seemed to embarrass mother Nature herself by its boisterous recklessness. The sun, shining out of a break in the clouds, touched as though with a magic wand, the rows

of half-submerged reeds at the water's edge, the fresh juicy green of the sugar-cane patches higher up on the bank and the purple haze of the woodlands on the further shore against the distant horizon. Everything was gleaming and thrilling and quickening and speaking with life.

Tara mounted the upper deck, and stretched himself under the shade of the spreading sail. One after another, sloping grassy meadows, flooded jute fields, deep green waves of Aman rice, narrow paths winding up to the village from the riverside, villages nestling amidst their dense groves, came into sight and passed away. This great world, with its wide-gazing sky, with all the stir and whisper in its fields, the tunoit in its water, the restless rustle in its trees, the vast remoteness of its space above and below, was on terms of the closest intimacy with the boy, and yet it never, for a moment, tried to bind his restless spirit within a jealously exacting embrace.

Calves were gambolling by the riverside. Hobbled village ponies imped along, grazing on the meadow lands. Kingfishers, perched on the bamboo poles put up for spreading the nets, took a sudden plunge every now and then after fish. Boys were playing pranks in the river. Village maids up to their breasts in the water chattered and laughed as they scrubbed their clothes. Fishwives with their baskets and tucked-up skirts bargained with the fishermen over their eatch,—these everyday scenes never seemed to exhaust their novelty for Tara, his eyes could never quench their thirst.

Then Tara started to talk with the boatmen. He jumped up and took turns with them at the poles whenever the boat hugged the shore too closely. And when the steersman felt he would like a smoke Tara relieved him at the helm, and seemed to know exactly how to work the sail with the changing direction of the breeze and the boat.

A little before evening Annapurna sent for Tara inside and asked him: "What do you usually have for supper?"

"Whatever I get," was the reply, "and some days I don't get anything at all!"

Annapurna was not a little disappointed

at this lack of response. She felt she would like to feed and clothe and care for this homeless waif till he was made thoroughly happy, but somehow she could not find out what would please him. When a little later, the boat was moored for the night, she bustled about and sent out servants into the village to get milk and sweetmeats and whatever other dainties were to be had. But Tara contented himself with a very sparing supper and refused the milk altogether. Even Moti Babu, a man of few words, tried to press the milk on him, but he simply said: "I don't care for it."

Thus passed two or three days of their life on the river. Tara of his own accord, and with great alacrity, helped in the marketing and the cooking and lent a hand with the boatmen in whatever had to be done. Anything worth seeing never missed his keen glance. His eyes, his limbs, his mind were always on the alert. Like Nature herself, he was in constant activity, yet aloof and undistracted. Every individual has his own fixed standpoint, but Tara was just a joyous ripple on the rushing current of things across the infinite blue. Nothing bound him to past or future, his was simply to flow onwards.

From the various professionals with whom he had associated, he had picked up many entertaining accomplishments. Free from all troubling, his mind had wonderful receptivity. He had by heart any number of ballads and songs and long passages out of the dramas. One day, as was his custom, Moti Babu was giving a reading from the Ramayana to his wife and daughter. He was about to come to the story of Kusha and Lava, the valiant sons of Rama, when Tara could contain his excitement no longer. Stepping down from the deck into the cabin he exclaimed: "Put away the book, Sir. Let me sing you the story." He then began to recite Dasarathi's version of the story in a faultless flute-like showering and scattering its wonderful rhymes and alliterations all over. atmosphere became charged with a wealth of laughter and tears. The boatmen hung round the cabin doors to listen, and even tke occupants of passing boats

strained their ears to get snatches of the floating melody. When it came to an end, a sigh went forth from all the listeners,—alas, that it should have finished so soon!

Annapurna with her eyes brimming over, longed to take Tara into her lap and fold him to her bosom. Moti Babu thought that if only he could persuade the lad to stay on with them he would cease to feel the want of a son. Only the little Charu, their daughter, felt as if she would burst with jealousy and chagrin!

3

Charu was the only child of her parents, the sole claimant to their love. There was no end to her whims and caprices. She had ideas of her own as to dress and toilet, but these were liable to constant fluctuations. So whenever she was invited out, her mother was on tenter-hooks till the last moment, lest she should get something impossible into her head. If once she did not fancy the way her hair had been done, no amount of taking it down and doing it up again would be any good—the matter was sure to end in a fit of sulks. It was the same with most other things. When, however, she was in a good humour, she was reasonableness itself. She would then kiss and embrace her mother with a gushing affection, and distract her with incessant prattle and laughter. In a word, this little mite of a girl was an impossible enigma.

With all the fierceness of her untamed heart Charu began to hate Tara. She took to tearfully pushing away her platter at dinner, the cooking was done so badly! She slapped her maid, finding fault with her for no rhyme or reason. In fine she succeeded in making her parents thoroughly uncomfortable. The more interesting she, with the others, found Tara's varied accomplishments to be, the angrier she became. Since her mind refused to admit Tara's merits, how should she not be wild when they became too obtrusive?

When Tara first sang the story of Kusha and Lava, Annapurna had hoped that the music, which could have charmed the beasts of the forest, might serve to soften the temper of her wayward daughter. She

asked her: "And how did you like it, Charu?" A vigorous shaking of the head was all the reply she got, which translated into words must have meant: "I did not like it, and I never will like it, so there!"

Divining that it was a pure case of jealousy the mother gave up showing any attention to Tara in her daughter's presence. But when after her early supper Charu had gone off to bed, and Moti Babu was sitting out on deck with Tara, Annapurna took her seat near the cabin door and asked Tara to give them a song. As the melody flooded the evening sky, seeming to enrapture into a hush the villages reposing under the dusk, and filling Annapurna's tender heart with an eestacy of unacterable love and beauty, Charu left her bed and came up sobbing: "What a noise you are all making, mother! I can't get a wink of sleep!" How could she bear the idea of being sent off to bed alone, and all of them hanging round Tara, revelling in his singing?

Tara, for his part, found the tantrums of this little girl, with the bright black eyes, highly diverting. He tried his best to win her over by telling her stories, singing songs to her, playing on the flute for her,—but with no success. Only when he plunged into the river for his daily swim, with his *dhoti* lifted short above his knees and tightened round his waist, his fair supple limbs cleaving the water with skilful ease, like some water-sprite at play, her curious gaze could not help being attracted. She would be looking forward every morning to his bath-time, but without letting any one guess her fascination. And when the time came, this little untaught actress would fall to practice her knitting by the cabin window with a world of attention; only now and again her eyes would be raised to throw a casual, seemingly contemptuous glance at Tara's performance.

They had long passed by Nandigram, but of this Tara had taken no notice. The big boat swept onwards with a leisurely movement, sometimes under sail, sometimes towed along, through river, tributary and branch. The days of its inmates wore on like these streams, with a lazy flow of unexciting hours of mild variedness. No

one was in any kind of hurry. They all took plenty of time over their daily bath and food, and even before it grew quite dark the boats would be moored near the landing place of some village of sufficient size, against a woodland background, lively with the sparkle of fireflies and the chirping of cicadas. In this way it took them over ten days to get to Katalia.

4.

On the news of the Zamindar Babu's arrival, men, palanquins and ponies were sent out to meet his boat, and the retainers fired off a salvo startling the village crows into noisy misgivings. Impatient of the delay occasioned by this formal welcome Tara quietly slipped off the boat by himself, and made a rapid round of the village. Some he hailed as brother or sister, others as uncle or aunt, and in the short space of two or three hours he had made friends with all sorts and conditions of people.

It was perhaps because Tara acknowledged no bonds that he could win his way so easily into others' affections,-anyhow in a few days the whole village had capitulated unconditionally. One of the reasons for his easy victory was the quickness with which he could enter into the spirit of every class, as if he was one of themselves. He was not the slave of any habit, but he could easily and simply get used to things. With children, he was just a child, yet aloof and superior. With his elders, he was not childish, but neither was he a prig. With the peasant, he was a peasant without losing his brahminhood. He took part in work or play of all of them with zest and skill. One day as he was scated at a sweetmeat-seller's, the latter begged him to mind the shop while he went on some errand, and the boy cheerfully sat there for hours, driving off the flies with a palmyra leaf. He had some knowledge of how to make sweetmeats; and could also take a hand at the loom, or at the potter's wheel with equal case.

But though he had made a conquest of the village, he had been unable to overcome the jealousy of one little girl; and it may be that just because he felt that this atom of femininity desired his banishment with all her might, he made such a

prolonged stay in Katalia.

But little Charu was not long in furnishing fresh proof of the inscrutability of the feminine mind. Sonamani, the daughter of the cook* (a Brahmin woman) had been widowed at the early age of five or six. She was now of Charu's age and her closest friend. She was confined to her quarters with some ailment when the family returned home and so could not come to see her companion for some days. When at last she did turn up, the two bosom friends nearly fell out for good. This is how it happened.

Charu had started on the story of her travels with great circumstance. With the thrilling episode of the abduction of the gem, known as Tara, she had fully expected to raise her friend's curiosity and wonderment to the topmost pitch. But when she learned that Tara was not unknown to Sonamani, that he called Sonamani's mother, aunt, and Sonamani called him dada;—when she further gathered that Tara had not only charmed both mother and daughter by playing songs of the loves of Radha and Krishna on the flute, but had actually made a bamboo flute for Sonamani with his own hand, and plucked fruit for her from tree tops and flowers for her from brambly thickets,—she felt as if a red-hot spear had been thrust into her.

That very day, Charu, on some different pretext, vowed eternal enmity to Sonamani. And going into Tara's room she pulled out his favourite flute, threw it on the floor and kicked and stamped and trampled it into shivers.

While she was thus furiously busy Tara came into the room. The picture of passion which the girl presented amazed him. "Charu!" he cried. "Why are you smashing up my flute?"

"Serve you right. I'd do it again!" she screamed, as with flushed face and

reddened eyes she gave the flute some more superfluous kicks and then ran away

erving from the room.

Tara picked up his flute to find it utterly done for. He could not help laughing out loud to think of the sudden fate which had overtaken his unoffending instrument. Charu was becoming for him more and more an object of curiosity as days went by.

He found in this house other objects, also, which gave full scope to his curiosity. These were the English picture books in Moti Babu's library. Though his knowledge of the outside world was considerable, he found it difficult to enter fully into this world of pictures. He tried to make up for the deficiency by dint of his imagination. But that did not prove wholly satisfactory.

Finding the picture books so greatly attracting Tara. Moti Babu one day asked him: "Would you like to learn English? You could then understand all about these pictures."

"I would indeed!" exclaimed Tara.

Moti Babu, highly delighted, at once arranged with the head master of the village school to give him English lessons.

5

With his keen memory and undivided attention, Tara set to work at his English lessons. He seemed to have embarked on some adventurous quest and left all his old life behind. The neighbours saw no more of him, and when in the afternoon, just before it got dark, he would pace rapidly up and down the deserted riverside, getting up his lessons, his devoted band of boys looked on dejectedly from a distance, not daring to interrupt him.

Even Charu but rarely came across him. Tara had been used to come into the zenana for his meals, of which he partook leisurely, under the kindly eyes of Annapurna. He could no longer brook the loss of time which took place over all this, and begged Moti Babu's permission to be served in his room outside. Annapurna was grieved at the prospect of losing his company, and protested. But Moti Babu, glad to find the boy so mindful of his studies, fell in with the idea and so arranged it.

^{*} Cooks in Hindu households are usually Brahmins (invariably so in Brahmin households) and are on a much higher footing than menial servants.

[†] Elder brother.

All of a sudden Charu announced that she also must and would learn English. Her parents at first took it as a great joke and laughed heartily over their little one's latest caprice. But she effectually washed away the humorous part of the proposal with a flood of tears; and her helplessly doting guardians had to take the matter seriously. Charu was placed under the same tutor and had her lessons with Tara.

But studiousness did not come naturally to this flighty little creature. She not only did not learn herself, but made it difficult for Tara to do so either. She would lag behind by not preparing her lessons, but would fly into a rage, or burst into tears, if Tara went on to the next one without her. When Tara was through with one book and had to get another, the same had to be procured for her also. Her jealousy would not allow her to put up with Tara's way or sitting alone in his room to do his exercises. She took to stealing in, when he was not there, and daubing his exercise book with ink, or making away with his pen. Tara would bear these depredations as long as he could, and when he could not he would chastise her, but she could not be got to mend her ways.

At last, by accident, Tara hit upon an effective method. One day, as he had torn out an ink-bespattered page from his exereise book and was sitting there thoroughly vexed about it, Charu peeped in. "Now I am going to eatch it," thought she. But as she came in, her hopes were disappointed. Tara sat quiet, without a word. She flitted in and out, sometimes edging near enough for him to give her a smack, if he had been so minded. But no, he remained as still and grave as ever. The little culprit was at her wit's end. She had never been used to begging pardon, and yet her penitent heart vearned to make it up. Finding no other way out, she took up the torn-out page and sitting near him wrote on it in a large round hand: "I will never do it again." She then went through a variety of manœuvres to draw Tara's attention to what she had written. Tara could keep his countenance no longer, and burst out laughing. The girl fled from the room beside herself with grief and anger.—She felt that nothing short of the complete obliteration of that sheet of paper, from eternal time and infinite space, would serve to wipe away her mortification!

Bashful, shrinking Sonamani would sometimes come round to the schoolroom door, hesitate at the threshold and then take herself off. She had made it up with Charu, and they were as great friends as ever in all else, but where Tara was concerned Sonamani was afraid and cautious. So she usually chose the time when Charu was inside the Zenana, to hover near the schoolroom door. One day Tara caught sight of the retreating figure and called out: "Hullo, Sona, is that you? What's the news: how is Aunt?"

"You haven't been to us for so long," said Sonamani. "Mother has a pain in the back, or she would have come to see you herself."

At this point Charu came up. Sonamani was all in a flutter. She felt as if she had been caught stealing her friend's property. Charu, with a toss of her head, and her voice pitched shrill, cried out: "For shame, Sonamani! To be coming and disturbing lessons! I'll tell mother." To bear Tara's self-constituted guardian, one would have thought that her sole care in life was to prevent the disturbance of his studies! What brought her here at this time the Lord might have known, but Tara had no idea.

Poor, flustered Sonamani sought refuge in making up all kinds of excuses, whereupon Charu called her a nasty little storyteller and she had to slink away, owning complete defeat.

But the sympathetic Tara shouted after her: "All right, Sona, tell your mother I'll go and see her this evening."

"Oh! Will you?" sneered Charu.
"Haven't you got lessons to do? I'll tell
Master masai, you see if I don't!"

Undeterred by the threat, Tara went over to Dame Cook's quarters one or two evenings. On the third, Charu went one better than mere threatening. She fastened

^{*} Resfectful way of addressing or referring to a teacher of English. Tr.

the chain outside Tara's door and, taking a small padlock off her mother's spice-box, locked him in for the evening, only letting him out when it was supper time. Tara was excessively annoyed and swore he would not touch a morsel of food. The repentant girl, beside herself, begged and prayed for forgiveness. "I'll never, never do it again," she pleaded, "I beg of you at your feet, do please have something to eat." Tara was at first obdurate, but when she began to sob as if her heart would break, he had to turn back and sit down to his supper.

Charu had often and often said to herself that she would never again tease Tara and be very, very good to him, but Sonamani,—or something or other,—would get in the way and spoil her virtuous resolution.

And it came about that whenever Tara found her particularly quiet and good he began to look out for an explosion. How or why it happened he never could make out, but there it was sure enough,—a regular storm, followed by showers of tears,—and then the bright sun shone out and there was peace.

6.

Thus passed two whole years. Tara had never before permitted any one to cage him for so iong a time. Perhaps it was his attraction for the novelty of his studies; perhaps it was a change of character, due to increasing age, which made his restless spirit welcome the change to a restful life; perhaps, again, his pretty little fellow-student, with her endless variety of teasing ways, had cast a secret spell over his heart.

Charu had reached her marriageable age. Moti Babu was anxiously casting about for a suitable bridegroom. But the mother said to her husband: "Why are you hunting for bridegrooms, high and low? Tara is quite a nice boy,—and our daughter is fond of him, too."

The proposal took Moti Babu by surprise. "How can that be?" he exclaimed. "We know nothing of his family or antecedents. Our only daughter must make a good match."

One day a party came over from the Raydanga Zamindar's to see the girl with a view to make a proposal. An attempt was made to get Charu dressed up and taken to the reception rooms outside. But she locked herself into her bedroom and refused to stir out. Moti Babu stood by the door and pleaded and scolded in vain; at last he had to return outside and make feeble excuses to the would-be bridegroom's party, saying his daughter was indisposed. They came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the girl which was sought to be concealed, and the matter fell through.

Then Moti Babu's thoughts came back to Tara. He was handsome and well-behaved, and in every way desirable. He could continue to live with them, and so the wrench of sending away their only child to another's house could be done away with. It also struck him that the wilful ways of his little one, which seemed so readily excusable in her father's home, would not be so indulgently tolerated in that of her husband.

The husband and wife had a long talk about it and finally decided to send over to Tara's village in order to make inquiries. When the news was brought back that the family was respectable enough, but poor, a formal proposal was at once sent off to the mother and the elders. And they, overjoyed at the prospect, lost no time in signifying their consent.

Moti Babu discussed and settled the time and place of the wedding with his wife alone; with his habitual reticence and caution he kept the matter secret from everybody else.

Meanwhile Charu would now and then make stormy raids on the schoolroom outside,—sometimes angry, sometimes affectionate, sometimes contemptuous, but always disturbing. And gleams, as of lightning flashes, would create a hitherto unknown tumult in the once free and open sky of the boy's mind. His unburdened life now felt the obstruction of some network of dream-stuff into which it had drifted and become entangled. Some days Tara would leave aside his lessons and betake himself to the library, where he

would remain immersed in the pictures. And the world, which his imagination now conjured up out of these, was different from the former one and far more intensely coloured. The boy was struck with this change in himself, and conscious of a new experience.

Moti Babu had fixed upon a day in July for the auspicious ceremony, and sent out invitations accordingly to Tara's mother and relatives. He also instructed his agent in Calcutta to send down a brass band and the other innumerable paraphernalia necessary for a wedding. But to Tara, he had not as yet said a word about the matter.

In the meantime the monsoon had set in. The river had almost dried up, the only sign of water being the pools left in the hollows; elsewhere the river bed was deeply scored with the tracks of the carts which had latterly been crossing over. The village boats, stranded high and dry, were half imbedded in the caking mud. Then all of a sudden one day, like a married daughter returning to her father's house, a swiftflowing current, babbling and laughing with glee, danced straight into the empty heart and outstretched arms of the village. The boys and girls romped about with joy and never seemed to get done with their sporting and splashing in the water, embracing their long lost friend. The village women left their tasks and came out to greet their boon companion of old. And everywhere fresh life was stirred up in the dry, languishing village.

Boats from distant parts, small and big, and of all varieties of shape, bringing their freight, began to be seen on the river, and the bazars in the evening resounded with the songs of the foreign boatmen. During the dry season, the villages on either hank were left in their secluded corners, to while away the time with their domestic concerns, and then in the rains the great outside World would come a-wooing, mounted on his silt-red chariot, laden with presents of merchandise, and all pettiness would be swept away for a time in the glamour of the courting; all would be life and gaiety, and festive clamour would fill the skies.

This year the Nag Zamindars, close by,

were getting up a specially gorgeous earfestival, and there was to be a grand fair. When, in the moon-lit evening, Tara went sauntering by the river, he saw hoat upon boat hurrying by, some filled with merrygo-rounds, others bearing theatrical parties, singing and playing as they went, and any number carrying traders and their wares. There was one containing a party of strolling players, with a violin vigorously playing a well-known tune, and the usual ha! ha! of encouragement boisterously shouted out every time it came back to the refrain. The up-country boatmen of the cargo boats kept up an unmeaning but enthusiastic din with their cymbals, without any accompanying song or tune. All was the excitement and bustle.

And as Tara looked on, an immense mass of cloud rolled up from the horizon, spreading and bellying out like a great black sail; the moon was overcast; the east wind sprang up driving along cloud after cloud; the river swelled and heaved. In the swaying woods on the river banks the darkness grew tense, frogs croaked and shrill cicadas seemed to be sawing away at the night with their chirp.

All the world was holding a car-festival that evening, with flags flying, wheels whirling and the carth rumbling. Clouds pursued each other, the wind rushed after them, the boats sped on, and songs leapt to the skies. Then, the lightning flashed out, rending the sky from end to end; the thunder crackled forth; and out of the depths of the darkness a scent of moist earth, from some rainfall near by, filled the air. Only the sleepy little village of Katalia dozed away in its corner, with doors closed and lights out.

Next day, Tara's mother and brothers disembarked at Katalia and three big boats full of the various requirements of the wedding touched at the zamindar's landing ghat. Next day, Sonamani in great trepidation ventured to take some preserves and pickles to Tara's room and stood hesitating at his door. But next day there was no Tara to be seen. Before the conspiracy of love and affection had succeeded in completely hemming him in, the unattached, free-souled Brahmin box had

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fled, in the rainy night, with the heart of the village which he had stolen, back to the arms of his great world-mother, placid in her serene unconcern.

Translated by Surendranath Tagore.

SIVA OR MAHADEV

BY THE SISTER NIVEDITA.

VERY well-born Hindu boy is taught that his ancestors have not always lived in India. The people's own name for themselves is Arvans and they believe that they came into the Peninsula from the North, across the mountain-passes of the Himalayas. Indeed, there are still a few tribes living in the Hindukush called the Lall Kaffir, or Fair Folk, because they are of pale complexion. The original stock of the Hindus probably have been left behind on the Southward march of their countrymen.

At any rate, the stories and present religion of the people have grown up since they crossed the mountains. In early days they had no images. Neither had they temples. They had open spaces or clearings and here they would gather in crowds to perform the Fire-Sacrifice. The fire was made of wood, borne to the spot on the back of a bull. And there were priests who recited chants and knew exactly how to pile up logs—for this was done in geometrical patterns, very carefully arranged—and how to make the offerings. This was the business of the priest, just as it is another man's work to grow corn or to understand weaving. He was paid for it and used his money to support his wife and children.

As far as we can go back however, Hindus have always believed that if a man wanted to be religious, he must give his whole life up to that. A good man may manage a home and family and business, they say. But if a man wants to be musical he gives all his care and thought to music; if clever, to study. And is it easier to know Truth than to do these

things? So you see they have a very high ideal of what being religious means. But where do you think they expect a man to go in order to become this? The musician takes his place before some instrumentdoes he not ?-the piano, or the organ, or the violin. And the student goes to school or college. But to become religious, the Hindu would send a man into the forest! There he would be expected to live in a cave or under trees; to eat only the wild roots and fruits that he could find in the wood and to wear pieces of the bark of the white birch for clothing. This is a curious picture that you see now with your eyes shut, is it not? But it is not finished. You see the idea is that a great part of religion consists in quieting the mind. And being alone, without any need to think of food or clothes or home, in silence, amongst the trees and the birds, must be a great help to this. But it goes further. What would become of a man's hair, living far away from other men, without brushes and combs and scissors? It would grow thick and unkempt, would it not? And so great masses of hair coiled up hastily and fixed on the top of the head are amongst the best marks of religion in these forest-dwellers. They are expected to bathe constantly, even to wash the hair, but they can not spare time from meditation to make it beautiful. Now and then we see a man like this passing along the streets of some Indian city, with his long staff in one hand crowned by three points, -like the trident of Neptune,-and a begging-bowl with a handle in the other. But the place to find such people in great

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WHOLE No. 155

AUTUMN-FESTIVAL

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Translated by the author from v Bengali play written for the boys of the Shanti-niketan.

CHARACTERS

SANYASI-EMPEROR VIJAYADITYA IN DISGUISE

THAFURDADA

LUCKESWAR

Upananda

RAIATI

THI BOYS, COURTIERS, &C

SCFNE-The Forest near the River Vetasini

LUCKESWAR AND UPANANDA.

Luckeswar.

Have you brought me the money which is long overdue?

Upananda.

My master died last night.

Luckeswar.

Died! Absurd! That trick won't do. What about the money?

Upananda.

He hasn't left anything except the vina which was his only means of paying off your debt.

Luckeswar.

Only the vina! That's a consoling piece of news to bring to me.

Upananda.

I haven't come to give you news. There was a time when I was a beggar in the street; he sheltered me and allowed me to share his food, which was scanty enough. I have come to offer my service till his debt is fully paid.

Luckeswai

Indeed! Now that he is no more you have come to share my food, which is not overabundant. I am not such an ass as to be taken in by you. However let me first know what you can do.

Upananda.

I can copy manuscripts and illuminate them. Food I won't take in your house. I shall earn it and also pay off the debt.

Luckeswar.

(Aside) The vina player was a big fool and he has moulded this boy in his own pattern. This vagabond is pining to take up some voluntary burden to be crushed to death. For some creatures this is the only natural death.—Good, I agree. But you must pay me the money on the third day of each month, otherwise—

Upananda,

Otherwise what! Your threats are of no use, In memory of my dear master I

take this up. But no threats for me, I warn you.

Luckeswar.

Don't take offence, my child. You are made of gold, every inch of you; you are a jewel. You know I have my god in the temple, his worship depends upon my charity. If, owing to any irregularity in your payment, ! have to curtail the temple expenses, the sin will be on your head. (Upananda moves away to another side of the forest.) Who's that! It must be my own boy prowling about this place. I am sure the rogue is seeking for the place where I keep my treasure hidden. Simply out of fear of these prying noses I have to remove it from place to place.—Dhanapati, why on earth are you here?

Dhanapati.

If you give me leave, I can have my game here this morning with the other boys.

Luckeswar.

(Aside) I know their game. They have got scent of that big pearl which I hid near this spot. (To Dhanapati) No, that, won't do! Come at once to your multiplication table.

Dhanapati.

But, Sir, it is a beautiful day-

Luckeswar.

What do you mean by the day being beautiful! Come at once! (Drags him away.)

ENTER BOYS WITH THAKURDADA.

First Boy.

You belong to our party, Thakurdada!

Second Boy.

No, to ours.

Thakurdada.

Children, I don't sell myself in shares. I must remain undivided. Now for the song.

(THEY SING.)

Over the green and yellow ricefields

sweeps the shadows of the autumn clouds followed by the swift-chasing sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey; drunken with light they foolishly hover and hum.

The ducks in the islands of the river clamour in joy for nothing.

ENTER ANOTHER GROUP OF BOYS.

Third Boy.

Was it fair? Why didn't you call us when you came out?

Thakurdada.

It is your part to call me out. Don't quarrel, finish the song.

(THEY SING.)

Let none go back home, brothers, this morning, let none go to work.

Let us take the blue sky by storm and plunder space as we run.

Laughter floats in the air like foam on the flood.

Brothers, let us squander our morning in futile songs.

First Boy.

Look there Thakurdada, a sanyasi is coming.

Second Boy.

It's grand! We shall have a game with the sanyasi. We shall be his followers.

Third Boy.

We shall follow him to the end of the earth and nobody will be able to find us out.

Thakurdada.

Hush, he has come.

The Boys.

(Shouting) Sanyasi Thakur! Sanyasi Thakur!

Thakurdada.

Stop that noise! The father will be angry.

First Boy.

Sanyasi Thakur, will you be angry with us?

Second Boy.

We shall become your followers for this morning.

Sanyasi.

Excellent! When you have had your turn, I shall be your followers.

That will be splendid fun!

Thakurdada.

My salutation. Who are you, father?

Sanyasi.

I am a student.

Thakurdada.

Student!

Sanyasi.

I have come out to fling to the four winds my books.

Thakurdada.

I understand. You want to be lightened of your learning, to follow the path of wisdom unburdened.

First Boy.

Thakurdada is wasting time with talk, and our holiday will come to its close.

Sanvasi.

You are right, my boys. My holidays are also near their end.

The Boys.

Have you long holidays?

Sanvasi.

Oh! no, extremely short. My school-master is already after me.

First Boy.

You frighten us! Even you have school-masters?

Sanyasi.

What boy is that under the shade of that tree, merged in his manuscripts?

Boys.

He is Upananda.

First Boy.

Upananda, we are Sanyasi Thakur's foliowers, come and become our chief.

Upananda.

Not to-day. I have my work.

Second Boy.

No work. You must come!

Upananda.

I must finish copying manuscripts.

Third Bov.

Father, you ask him to come. He won't listen to us.

Sanyasi.

(To Upananda) What work have you, my son? To-day is not meant for work.

Upan**anda**.

I know it is our holiday. But I have my debt to pay and I must work.

Thakurdada.

Upananda, your debt! To whom?

Upananda.

My master has died, he is in debt to Luckeswar. I must pay it off.

Thakurdada.

Alas! that such a boy as you must pay your debts, and on such a day! The first breath of the autumn has sent a shiver through the white crest of flowering grass and the shiuli blossoms have offered their fragrance to the air, as if in the joy of reckless sacrifice, and it pains me to see that boy sitting in the midst of all this, toiling to pay his debts.

Sanvasi.

Why, this is as beautiful as all these flowers,—his paying his debts. He has made this morning glorious, sitting in its centre. Baba, you go on writing, let me watch you. Every line you finish brings you freedom, and thus you fill your holiday with truth. Give me one of your manuscripts and let me help you.

Thakurdada.

I have my spectacles with me, let me also sit down to this work.

First Boy.

We shall also write. This is great fun!

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Second Boy.

Yes, yes, let us try.

Upananda.

But it will be such a great trouble to you, father.

Šanyasi.

That is why I join you. We shall take trouble for fun. What do you say to that, boys?

The Boys.

(Clapping hands) Yes, yes.

First Boy.

Give me one of the books.

Second Boy.

And me also.

Upananda.

But are you sure you can do it.

The Boys.

O! Yes!

Upananda.

You won't be tired?

Second Boy.

Never.

Upananda.

You will have to be very careful.

First Boy.

Try us.

Upananda.

There must be no mistakes.

Second Boy.

Not a bit.

Sanyasi.

Baba Upananda, what was your master's name?

Upananda.

Surasen.

Sanyasi,

Surasen, the vina player?

Upananda.

Yes, father. Was he known to you?

Sanyasi.

I came to this place with the one hope of hearing him.

Upananda.

Had he such fame?

Thakurdada.

Was he such a master, that a sanyasi like yourself should have come all this way to hear him? Then we must have missed knowing him truly.

Sanyasi.

But the Rajah of this place?

Thakurdada.

The Rajah never even saw him. But where could you have heard him play?

Sanyasi.

I suppose you know that there is a Rajah whose name is Vijayaditya.

Thakurdada.

We may be very provincial, but surely you don't expect us not even to know him.

Sanyasi.

Very likely. Surasen played the vina in his court, where I was present. The Rajah tried hard to keep him permanently in his capital, but he failed.

Thakurdada.

What a pity that we did not honour him.

Sanyasi.

But that neglect has only made him all the greater. God has called him to His own court. Upananda, how did you come to know him?

Upananda.

At my father's death I came to this town seeking shelter. It was at the end of July and the rain was pouring down in torrents. I was trying to find a corner in Lokanath temple, when the priest came and drove me out, expecting me to be of a low caste. My master was playing the vina in the temple. At once he came up and putting his arms round my neck asked

me to come to his house. From that day he brought me up suffering calumny for my sake.

Sanyasi.

How did you learn illuminating manuscripts?

Upananda.

At first I asked him to teach me to play the vina, so that I could earn something and be useful to him. He said, "Baba, this art is not for filling one's stomach." And so he taught me how to use paints for copying books.

Sanvasi.

Though Surasen's vina is silent, I hear the undying music of his life through you. My boy go on with your writing.

The Boys.

(Starting up). There he comes, Lucki's owl! We must run away. (They go.)

Exters Luckeswar.

Luckeswar.

Horror! Upananda is sitting exactly on the spot where the pearl is hidden. I was simple to think he was a fool seeking to pay off other people's debts. He is cleverer than he looked. He is after my pearl. I see he has captured a sanyasi to help him. Upananda!

Upananda.

What's the matter!

Luckeswar.

Get up from that spot at once! What business have you to be sitting there!

Upananda.

And what business have you to be shouting at me like that! Does this place belong to you?

Luckeswar,

It is no concern of yours, if it does or does not.—You are cunning! The other day this fellow came to me, looking innocent as a babe whose mother's milk had hardly dried on his lips. And I believed him when

he said that he came to pay his master's debts. Of course, it is in the King's statute also.—

Upananda.

I sat down to my work here for that very purpose.

Luckeswar.

That very purpose! How old am I do you think? Only born overnight?

Sanvasi.

But why do you suspect him and of what?

Luckeswar.

As if you know nothing! False Sanyasi!

Upananda.

(Getting excited) Won't I just smash his teeth with this pestle of mine!

(Luckeswar hides himself behind the sanvasi.)

Sanyasi.

Don't be excited. Luckeswar knows human nature better than any of you here. Directly he sets his eyes upon me, I am caught,—a sanyasi false from his matted hair to his bare foot. I have passed through many countries and everywhere they believed in me, but Luckeswar is hard to deceive.

Luckeswar.

(Aside) I am afraid I am mistaken. It was rash on my part. He may curse me. I still have three boats on the sea. (Taking the dust off Sanyasi's feet.) My salutation to you, father! I did make a blunder. Thakurdada, you had better take our Sanyasi to our house. I'll give him some alms. But you go first; don't delay, I shall be there in a minute.

Thakurdada.

You are excessively kind. Do you think that father has come crossing hills and seas to accept a handful of rice from you?

Sanyasi.

Why not Thakurdada! Where that

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handful of rice is so very dear, I must claim it. Come Luckeswar!

Luckeswar.

I shall follow you. Upananda, you get up first! Get up. I say, with your books and other nonsense.

Upananda.

Very well, I get up. Than I cut off all connection with you for good.

Luckeswar.

That will be a great relief to me. I was getting on splendidly before I had any connection with you.

Upananda.

My debt is paid with this insult that I suffer from your hands. (Goes.)

Luckeswar.

My God! Sepoys riding on horses are coming this way! I wonder if our Rajah also—I prefer Upananda to him. (To Sanyasi) Father, by your holy feet I entreat you, sit on this spot, just on this spot; no, slightly to the left, slightly more. Yes, now it is all right. Sit firmly on this plot of grass. Let the Rajah come or the Emperor, don't you budge an inch. If you keep my words, I'll satisfy you later on.

Thakurdada.

What is the matter with Luckeswar? Has he gone mad?

Luckeswar.

Father, the very sight of me suggests money to my Rajah. My enemies have falsely informed him that I keep my treasure hidden underground. Since this report, our Rajah has been digging an enormous number of wells in this kingdom. When asked for reasons, he said it was to remove the scarcity of water from this land. And now I can't sleep at nights because of the fear that a sudden fit of his generosity might lead him to remove the water scarcity from the floor of my own dwelling.

.. Enters the King's Messenger.

Messenger.

Father, my salutation! You are Apurva-Ananda?

Sanyasi.

Some people know me by that name.

Messenger.

The rumour is abroad of your extraordinary powers. Our Rajah is desirous of seeing you.

Sanyasi.

He will see me whenever he sets his eyes on me.

Messenger.

If you would kindly-

Sanyasi.

I have given my word to somebody that I shall remain immoveable in this place.

Messenger.

The King's garden is close by.

Sanyasi.

All the less trouble for him to come.

Messenger.

I shall make known to him your wishes.
(Goes.)

Thakurdada.

Since an irruption of Rajahs is apprehended, I take my leave.

Sanyasi.

Do you gather my scattered friends together and keep them ready for me.

Thakurdada.

Let disasters come in the shape of Kings or of anarchy, I firmly hold by you.
(Goes.)

ENTERS LUCKESWAR.

Luckeswar.

I have overheard all. You are the famous Apurva-Ananda! I ask your pardon for the liberties I have taken.

Sanyasi.

I readily pardon you for your calling me a sham sanvasi.

Luckeswar.

But, father, mere pardon does not cost much. You cannot dismiss Luckeswar with that. I must have a boon,—quite a substantial one.

Sanyasi.

What boon do you ask?

Luckeswar.

I must confess to you, father, that I have piled up a little money for myself, though not quite to the measure of what people imagine. But the amount does not satisfy me Tell me the secret of some treasure, which may lead me to the end of my wanderings.

Sanyasi.

I am also seeking for this.

Luckeswar.

I can't believe it.

Sanyasi.

Yes, it is true.

Luckeswar

Then you are wider awake than we are.

Sanvasi.

Certainly.

Luckeswar.

(Whispering) Have got on the track? Sanvasi.

Otherwise I shouldn't be roving about like this.

Luckeswar.

(Touching his feet) Do make it a little plain to me. I swear I shall keep it secret from everybody else.

Sanyasi,

Then listen. I am on the quest of the golden lotus on which Lakshmi keeps her feet.

Luckeswar.

How bold! This takes my breath away. But, do you think you can find it unaided? It means expense. Do one thing, let us go shares in it.

Sanyasi.

In that case you will have to be a sanyasi, never touching gold for a long time.

Luckeswar.

That is hard,

Sanyasi.

You can only prosper in this business if you give up all others.

Luckeswar.

That sounds very much like bankruptcy. But all the same I do believe in youwhich astounds even myself. There comes our Rajah! Let me hide behind this tree.

(Hides himself.)

ENTERS THE RAJAH.

Rajah.

My salutation!

Sanyasi.

Victory to you! What is your desire?

Rajah.

Surely you can divine it already. My desire is to rule over a kinguom which is supreme.

Sanyasi,

Then begin by giving up what is small.

Rajah.

The overlordship of Vijayaditya has become intolerable to me

Sanyasi.

To tell you the truth he is growing too much even for me.

Rajah.

Is that so?

Sanyasi.

Yes. All my practices are to bring him under control.

Rajah.

Is that why you have become a sanyasi?

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Sanyasi.

Yes.

Rajah.

Do you think your charms will be potent enough to bring you success?

Sanyasi.

It is not impossible.

Rajah.

In that case do not forget me.

Sanyasi.

I shall bring him to your court.

Rajah.

Yes, his pride must be brought low.

Sanyasi.

That will do him good.

Rajah.

With your leave I take my departure.
(Goes.)

(Returning) Father, I am sure you know Vijayaditya personally—is he as great as the people make him out to be?

Sanyasi.

He is like an ordinary person,—it is his dress which gives him a false distinction.

Rajah.

Just what I thought. Quite an ordinary person!

Sanvasi.

I want to convince him that he is very much so. I must free his mind from the notion that he is a different creature from others.

Rajah.

Yes, yes, let him feel it. Fools puff him up and he believes them, being the greatest of their kind. Pull down his conceit to the dust.

Sanvasi.

I am engaged in that difficult task.
(The Rajah goes.)

ENTERS UPANANDA.

Upananda.

Father, the burden is not yet off my mind.

Sanyasi.

What is it that troubles you, my son?

Upananda.

In my anger, at the insult offered to me, I thought I was right in disowning my debt to him. Therefore I went back home. But just as I was dusting my master's vina its strings struck up a chord and it sent a thrill through my heart. I felt that I must do something super-human for my master. If I can lay down my life to pay his debts for him, this beautiful day of October will then have its full due from me.

Sanyasi.

Baba, what you say is true.

Upananda.

Father, you have seen many countries, do you know of any great man who is likely to buy a boy like me for a thousand kahan? That is all that I need for the debt.

Sanyasi.

What do you say to trying Vijayaditya, who used to be so fond of your master?

Upananda.

Vijayaditya? But he is our emperor.

Sanyasi,

Is that so?

Upananda.

Don't you know that?

Sanyasi.

But what if he is your emperor?

· Upananda.

Do you think he will care to pay any price for a boy like myself?

Sanvasi.

I can assure you, that he will be asham-

ed of his full treasury, if he does not pay your debt.

Upananda.

Is that possible, father?

Sanyasi.

Do you think in God's world Luckeswar is the only possibility?

Upananda.

But I must not idly wait for chances. In the meanwhile, let me go on with my work and pay off in small parts what I owe.

Sanyasi.

Yes, my boy, take up your burden.

Upananda.

I feel ever so much stronger, for having known you. Now I take my leave.

(Goes.)

ENTERS LUCKESWAR.

Luckeswar.

I give it up. It is not in my power to be your follower. With an infinite struggle I have earned what I have done. To leave all that, at your bidding, and then to repent of my rashness till the end of my days, would be worse than madness; it would be so awfully unlike myself. Now then, father, you must move from your seat.

Sanyasi.

(Rising) Then I have got my release from you?

Luckeswar.

(Taking out a jewel case from under some turf and dry leaves) For this tiny little thing I have been haunting this place, like a ghost from the morning. You are the first human being to whom I have shown this. (Holding it up to him and then hastily withdrawing it) No, impossible! I fully trust you, yet I have not the power to put it into your hands even for a moment. Merely holding it in the light makes my heart palpitate. Can you tell me, father, what kind of man is Vijayaditya? If I try to sell it to him, are you sure he won't take it away by force? Can you trust him?

Sanyasi,

Not always.

Luckeswar.

Well, that does not sound promising. I suspect, after all, this will lie underground, and after my death nobody will be able to find it:

Sanyasi,

Neither Kings nor Emperors, but the dust will claim it as its final tribute.

Luckeswar.

Let it; that does not trouble me. But my anxiety is lest some one should discover it, when I am no more...... However, father, I shall never forget about that golden lotus. I feel sure you will get it some day; but all the same I cannot be your follower.

(Goes.)

ENTERS THAKURDADA.

Sanyasi.

After long days I have learnt one thing at last, and that I must tell you.

Thakurdada.

Father, you are very kind to me.

Sanyasi.

I know why this world is so beautiful,—simply because it is ever paying back its debt. The ricefield has done its utmost to earn its fulfilment and the Betasini River is what it is because it keeps nothing back.

Thakurdada.

I understand, father. There is One Who has given Himself in creation in his abundance of joy. And Creation is every moment working to repay the gift, and this perpetual sacrifice is blossoming everywhere in beauty and life.

Sanyasi.

Wherever there is sluggishness, there accumulates debt, and there it is ugly.

Thakurdada.

Because where there is a lacking in the gift, the harmony is broken in the eternal rhythm of the payment and repayment,

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ENTERS LUCKESWAR.

Luckeswar.

What are you two people conspiring about?

Sanyasi.

About that golden lotus.

Luckeswar.

Have you already given away your secret to Thakurdada? You hope to be successful when you do your business in such a manner? But is Thakurdada the proper man to help you? How much capital has he, do you think?

Sanyasi.

You don't know the secret. He has quite a big amount, though he does not show it.

Luckeswar.

(Slapping Thakurdada on the shoulder) You are deep. I never thought of that. And vet people only suspect me and not you, not even the Rajah himself. . . . Father, I can't bear Thakurdada to steal a march on me. Let all three of us join in this business. Look there, a crowd of people is coming this way. They must have got news that a Swami is here. Father, they will wear out your feet up to the knees taking the dust of them. But I warn you, father, you are too simple. Don't take anybody else into your confidence. . . But, Thakurdada, you must know business is not mere child's play. The chances of loss are eleven to one-keep that in mind. I give it, up. But no, I must take time to decide.

(Goes.)

ENTER VILLAGERS.

First Villager.

Where is the Sanyasi they talked about?

Second Villager.

Is this the man?

Third Villager.

He looks like a fraud. Where is the real one.

Sanyasi.

A real one is difficult to find. I am playing at Sanyasi to amuse boys.

First Villager.

But we are not boys.

Sanvasi.

I know the distinction.

Second Villager.

Then why did someone say, that some swami is somewhere about?

First Villager.

But your appearance is good. Have you learnt some charms?

Sanyasi.

I am willing to learn. But who is to teach me?

Second Villager.

There is a proper man. He lives in Bhairabpur. He has control over some spirits, and there is no doubt of that. Only the other day a boy was about to die. And what do you think this man did? He simply let the boy's life-spark fly into the inside of a panther. You won't believe it, but I can assure you, that panther is still alive, though the boy died. You may laugh, but my own brother-inlaw has seen the panther with his own eves. If anybody tries to injure it, the father rushes at him with his big stick. The man is quite ruining himself by offering kids twice a day to this beast. If you must learn charms, this is the man for you.

Third Villager.

What is the use of wasting time? Didn't I tell you in the beginning, that I didn't believe a word about this sanyasi. There are very few people in these days who have magic powers.

Second Villager.

That is true. But I was told by Kalu's mother that her nephew knew a Sanyasi who overturned his pipe of ganja and there came out a skull and a full pot of kquor

Third Villager.

But did he see it with his own eyes?

Second Villager.

Yes, with his very own eyes.

(They go.)

ENTERS LUCKESWAR.

Luckeswar.

I can't stand this. You must take away your charm from me. My accounts are all getting wrong. My head is in a muddle. Now I feel quite reckless about that golden lotus, and now it seems pure foolishness. Now I am afraid Thakurdada will win, and now I say to myself let Thakurdada go to the dogs. But this doesn't seem right. It is sorcery for the purpose of kidnapping. No, no, that will never do with me. What is there to smile about? I am pretty tough, and you shall never have me for your disciple.

(Goes.)

ENTER BOYS.

First Boy.

We are ready for the autumn festival. What must we do?

Sanyasi.

We must begin with a song. (Sings)
The breeze has touched the white sails,
the boat revels in the beauty

of its dancing speed.

It sings of the treasure

of the distant shore, it lures my heart to the voyage

of the perilous quest.

The captain stands at his helm

with the sun shining on his face and the rain-clouds looming benind.

My heart aches to know how to sing to him of tears and smiles made one in joy.

Sanyasi,

Now you have seen the face of the autumn.

First Boy.

But where is it, father?

Sanyasi.

Don't you see those white clouds sailing on?

Second Boy:

Yes, yes.

Third Boy.

Yes, I can see them.

Sanvasi.

The sky fills up.

First Boy.

With what?

Sanyasi.

With light. And don't you feel the touch of the dew in the air?

Second Boy.

Yes.

Sanyasi.

Only look at that Betasini River—what headlong rush to spend herself. And see the shiver in the young shoots of rice. Thakurdada, let the boys sing the welcome song of the autumn and go round the forests and hills yonder.

(Thakurdada sings and the boys join him).

I have spread my heart in the sky

and found your touch in my dreams.

Take away that veil from your face, let me see your eyes.

There rings your welcome at the doors

of the forest fairies; your anklet bells sound

in all my thoughts

filling my work with music.

(The boys go out singing.)

Enters Luckeswar.

Thakurdada.

Hallo! Our Luckeswar in a sanyasi's garb

Luckeswar.

I have become your disciple at last father. Here is my pearl-case, and here are the jewel caskets. Take care of them.

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Sanyasi.

Why has this sudden change come over you?

Luckeswar.

The Emperor Vijayaditya's army is marching towards this town. Nobody will dare touch you, so you are the safest man to whom I can entrust my treasure.— I am your devoted follower,—protect me!

ENTERS THE RAJAH.

Rajah.

Father!

Sanyasi.

Sit down. You seem to be out of breath. Rest awhile.

Rajah.

No time for rest. I am informed that Vijayaditya is almost upon us. His flag has been seen.

Sanyasi.

Very likely. He must be feeling eager to acquire new dominions.

Rajah.

What do you say? New dominions?

Sanyasi.

Why do you take offence at it, my son? You also had a similar idea.

Rajah.

Oh! no, that was quite different. But whatever that might be, I ask for your protection. Some mischief-makers must have carried tales to him. Please tell him, they are all lies. Am I mad, that I should want to be the Emperor? Have I got the power?

Sanyasi.

Thakurdada!

Thakurdada.

Yes, my master!

Sanyasi.

Simply with this rag upon my back and a few boys as my followers, I was fully successful in making this day glorious. But look at this wretched man,—this emperor,—he has power only to ruin it.

Rajah.

Hush! Somebody may overhear you!

Sanyasi.

I must fight it out with that—

Rajah.

I won't allow it. You are becoming dangerous. Can't you keep your sentiments to yourself?

Sanyasi.

But I already had a discussion about this with you, haven't I?

Rajah.

What an awful man you are! Luckeswar, why are you here? Leave this place at once.

Luckeswar.

Sire, I can tell you, it is not for the pure pleasure of your presence that I am here. I should be only too glad to get away, but I am fixed to this spot. I have not the power to move.

ENTER VIJAYADITYA'S COURTIERS.

The Minister.

Victory to the Emperor Vijayaditya! (They all bow.)

Rajah.

Stop that stupid jest! I am not Vijayaditya. I am his most unworthy servant—Somapal.

Minister.

(To the Sanyasi) Sire, the time has come for you to come back to your capital.

Thakurdada.

My master, is this a dream?

' Sanyasi.

Whether your dream or theirs is true who can tell?

Thakurdada.

Then-

Sanyasi.

Yes, these people happen to know me as Vijayaditya.

Thakurdada.

But this new situation has made things critical for me.

Luckeswar.

And for me also. I surrendered myself to the Sanyasi in order to be saved from the Emperor. But I do not know in whose hands I am now.

Rajah.

Sire, did you come to try me?

Sanyasi.

And also myself.

Rajah.

What is to be my punishment?

Sanyasi.

To leave you to your memory.

ENTERS UPANANDA.

Upananda.

Who are these people? Oh! here is the Rajah. (About to leave.)

Sanyasi.

Upananda, do not go! Tell me what you had come to say.

Upananda.

I came to tell you that I had earned this three Kahaus by my day's work.

Sanyasi.

Give them to me. They are too valuable to go for clearing Luckeswar's debt. I take these for myself.

Upananda.

Must you take these, father?

Sanyasi.

Yes, I must. Do you think I have mastered my greed, because I have become a sanyasi? These tempt me beyond anything else.

Luckeswar.

This sounds ominous! I am undone!

Sanyasi.

Where is my treasurer?

Treasurer.

Here I am.

Sanyasi.

Let this man have a thousand Kahan from my treasury.

Upananda.

Then does he buy me?

Sanyasi.

You are mine. (To the minister) You were troubled, because no son had been born to my house. But I have earned my son, by my merit, and here he is.

Luckeswar.

How unlucky for me that I am too old for such adoption!

Sanyasi.

Luckeswar!

Luckeswar.

Command me!

Sanyasi.

I have protected your jewels from the grasp of Vijayaditya. Now they are given back to you.

Luckeswar.

If the Maharajah had given them back in secret, I could feel secure. Who is to save them now?

Sanyasi.

That is my business. But Luckeswar, something is due to me from you.

Luckeswar.

(Aside) Curse me! I knew it would come at last.

Sanyasi.

Thakurdada is witness to my claim.

Luckeswar.

(Aside) There will be no lack of false witnesses for him now.

Sanyasi,

You wanted to give me alms. You owe

me.a handful of rice. Do you think you will be able to fill an Emperor's hand?

Luckeswar.

But, Sire, it was a sanyasi's hand which gave me courage to propose what I did.

Sanvasi.

Then I free you from your promise.

Luckeswar.

With the Maharajah's leave I take my departure. Everybody's eyes seem to be turned upon these caskets.

(He goes.)

ENTER THE BOYS.

They shout.

Sanyasi Thakur! (They suddenly stop and are about to run away.)

Thakurdada.

Boys, do not go.

Sanyasi.

Rajah, leave me.

(Rajah goes.)

(To his courtiers) And you also.

(They go.)

Now back to our festival.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

A MERICAN universities have within the past few years undertaken a new responsibility. Just as they have for many years been training students to become lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and technical men, they are now training them to become business men. Commerce has been made a subject of study in American universities ever since it became recognized as a science; ever since by systematic experiments and investigations its laws have been formulated; and the theories of advertising, marketing, and accounting have been established.

Twenty years ago the commercial schools and colleges, so-called, limited themselves to the teaching of shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping. Even now there are many of these schools, turning out sometimes efficient, more often, indifferent stenographers, clerks, and bookkeepers. But the more progressive schools are now giving courses which are wider in scope, though even these cannot be said to give a training which will qualify a student to become a business executive.

There are, however, about a dozen first class universities which do make this claim, and most of them with justice. Among these the most noteworthy are, (1) School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance of the New York University; (2) School of

Business of Columbia University; (3) School of Commerce of the University of Chicago; (4) Wharton School of Finance, of the University of Pennsylvania; (5) School of Administration and Finance, of Dartmouth College; and the Schools of Commerce of the Northwestern University and the Universities of California and Illinois.

A business may be said to have five departments: production, distribution, transportation, financing and accounting. These universities offer courses which give a general knowledge of each of these, and a thorough training and education in any particular one of them, if the student so desires. Then there are further courses in the more important special lines of business, such as Foreign Trade, Insurance, Real Estate, Consular Service, etc.

Courses in accounting begin with simple book-keeping and then proceed to the accounting of compilcated business ventures, to the theory of accounting, to fiduciary, investment and cost accounting, auditing, and research work, consisting of audit examinations, and investigations and system building in various fields of business.

An advertisement of a school of accounting, emphasizing the value of this study, says:—

PRAYER

Light thy signal, Father, for us, who have straved far away from thee. Our dwelling is among ruins haunted by lowering shadows of fear. Our heart is bent under the load of despair and we insult thee when we grovel to dust at every favour or threat that mocks our manhood. For thus is desecrated the dignity of thee in us thy children, for thus we put out our light and in our abject fear make it seem that our orphaned world is blind and godless.

Yet I can never believe that you are lost to us, my king, though our poverty is great, and deep our shame. Your will works behind the veil of despair, and in your own time opens the gate of the impossible. You come, as unto your own house, into the unprepared hall, on the unexpected day. Dark ruins at your touch become like a bud nourishing unseen in its bosom the fruition of fulfilment. Therefore I still have hope—not that the wrecks will be mended. but that a new world will arise.

3.

If it is thy will let us rush into the thick of conflicts and hurts. Only give us thy own weapon, my Master, the power to suffer and to trust. Honour us with difficult duties, and pain that is hard to bear. Summon us to efforts whose fruit is not in success and to errands which fail and yet find their prize. And at the end of our task let us proudly bring before thee our scars and lay at thy feet the soul that is ever free and life that is deathless.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS

ENGLISH.

HISTORY OF AURANGZIB, Jadunath Sarkar, Vol. IV, pp. 412, M. C. Sarkar & Sons, Calcutta, Rs. 3-8as.

Every student of Indian history will welcome the present Volume of Prof. Sarkar's Aurangzib. "The Deccan ulcer mined Aurangzib" and it was not the weak Sultanates of the south but the Marathas who were responsible for it. The fourth volume of Aurangzib, therefore, deals mainly with the rise of the Marathas, and the final conquest and annexation of Bijapur and Golkonda by the Mughals. The melancholy theme of the last two events has given us three charming chapters that will

interest even those who turn to History for a diversion only. In the first 238 pages of the present volume, Prof. Sarkar has given us an abridgment of his previously published "Shivaji and His Times." We have already reviewed that work in these columns, and we have not anything more to add except that it has lost nothing in interest by the merciless rejection of minor and unimportant details. In fact the abridged account may be more interesting to many lay readers.

Sambhaji's brief career however presents an unbroken array of dry details that may frighten many, but we cannot blame the author on that account. Sambhaji was a soldier, and nothing but a soldier. He spent his time either on horseofficers. One of them, Mr. L. K. Roy (the youngest son of Mr. P. L. Roy of Calcutta) has been sent to Sandhurst to undergo training along with five Indians who recently arrived from India. The others, Bonarjee, Rudra, and Mr. V. N. Bhola Nauth, son of Colonel Bhola Nauth, until recently Assistant Director of Medical Service in Mesopotamia, were some time ago, sent to Indore for training.

From this survey it is clear that inspite of the most fervid Imperial patriotism and dogged determination shown by young Indians in the United Kingdom, the powers that be have kept the door leading to military rank almost as tightly shut as when hostilities began. It matters little to Indians whether one department or another in Whitehall is to blame. What matters is that 19 months after His Majesty's Government announced, with a flourish of trumpets, that the colour-bar had been removed, less than a dozen Indians have been given the opportunity of obtaining training in Britain to qualify themselves to become military officers.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS

English.

THE HOME AND THE WORLD, by Rabindranath Tagore. Translated into English. (Macmillan) Pp. 294+10. One dollar 75 cents.

This novel of modern Indian life in the days of the great Swadeshi movement in Bengal is Rabindranath's reply to Arabindo Ghosh. And thereby hangs a tale.

Our wrestlers salam each other before they come to grips, and so do our poets. At the dawn of the present Nationalist agitation Tagore published a long poetical salutation to Arabindo in his best style: Arabinda! Rabindrer Laha Namaskar. The inspired seer of Indian Nationalism was equally sweet on Rabindranath. And then they began to spar.

Tagore publicly denounced the cult of hatred, violence and political jugglery taught by some of our Nationalist leaders. This moral canker would, he argued, kill all our country's hopes; in God's world nothing immoral, nothing false, can triumph in the end. Arabindo (or more correctly his "pal") replied in the Vande Mataram, saying that such moral preaching was unpractical, that a great National regeneration can be effected only by rousing a whirlwind of passions, that in the great churning of the Indian mind which must precede the construction of our new heaven, poison and nectar alike must be expected to rise to the surface, that we must awaken the entire man in India in passionate insurrection against the existing order and then somehow in the end the good will triumph over the evil of the Revolution. Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal also preached Rousseau's dangerous doctrine that the minority (here the East Bengal Muhammadens) must be compelled to be free, that those people who through ignorance or self-interest cannot accept the Swadeshi cult, must be coerced to join the Nationalist ranks; in short, that Rabindranath, a dreamy poet living in an etherial atmosphere far away from our real world, was a "preacher of love and sweetness" (as Arabindo styled him) but a child in politics; and our war with the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy cannot be conducted in kid gloves.

Rabindranath did not reply immediately. The moral shock that he had received forced him to leave the Swadeshi camp and seek to heal his stricken heart in the rural quiet of Shanti Niketan. But he

"In meditation dwelt.

And shaped his weapon with an edge severe."
That reply is no polemical tract or platform oration, but a novel—the Home and the World (Ghare Baire), the moral of which he who runs

Here in the corner of Bengal selected as the scene, the fiery orator (Sandip, 'blazing') openly preaches that all the baser passions of man must be roused if we are to save our country; that copybook morality, a sober decorous conduct on the part of our people, will not serve this high purpose, that the moral and intellectual elevation of our countrymen for ensuring true national union and love of independence is too slow a process and will be thwarted by the alien bureaucracy, and that we have only to set fire to our house and the mysterious force of Goodness will somehow or other present us with a newer and better home as the result! He openly justifies force and fraud in the great cause of the Motherland. He would that his eyes to the enormous drag of so many millions of ignorant Muhammadans and depressed Namasudras, and instead of following

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them making friends with them, he hoped to achieve a speedy success by hood-winking them, coercing them, riding roughshod over them, as negligible factors. The whole novel proves that these are not negligible factors and that a nationalist India when not based upon strength of character, hearty union and true obliteration of differences, is a house built on sand. The storm came, the rain descended, and the Nationalist "New Jerusalem" fell (in Barisal), and tragic was the fall of it. With

this tragedy the novel ends.

But Ravindranath is too clever an artist to write a sermon and label it as a novel. The Home and the World is much more than a political parable. Indeed, readers ignorant of recent Bengal history will relish it none the less for altogether missing its political significance, for the abiding interest of the book lies in its unfolding a grave human problem with Jane Austen's delicacy of touch and subtle analysis of character. The problem is, how does the cloister virtue of the Hindu home fare in the wide world outside? Hitherto Hindu wives have led a sheltered life within the family circle; we have set up walls round them, not so much out of suspicion as from a desire to protect them. We have been giving our daughters in marriage before they could know what temptation is. And they have been models of virtue. But how would such virtue stand the strain of the world outside the harem walls where men and women move freely? Would not freedom under proper chaperoning in the early years have braced their characters and made them able to guard themselves like the free womanhood of the West or even of Maharashtra? The Irish girls carefully herded by Catholic priests in all their acts are models of virtue at home; but the same Irish girl breaks down hopelessly when thrown on her own guardianship as an emigrant in New York, because she has never been taught to take care of herself.

"Queen Bee" the heroine of our novel, at home is all that a wife should be. But as soon as she enters the world, her unformed character is imperceptibly driven by the irresistible force of environment and incident into a stage of development which ruins her home and appals her own self. Dr. Tagore's pitiless scalpel has dissected her heart at every step of this tragic change, and herein lies his literary craftsmanship. Oddly enough, some vernacular writers have denounced this novel as a plea for free love

and the wrecking of wedded life!

Apart from its personal and deeper significances as described by me above, can we not detect in the novel, an ironical laughter of Tagore? Is not he here telling his opponents in the Swadeshi camp that he has renounced, you justify force and fraud in imposing Swadeshi on the unwilling, ignorant minority. How would you like to see the same means

employed, for a personal purpose to win an ignorant woman living within the circle of the home? Can the rules of private morality be safely abjured in politics?"

JADUNATH SARKAR.

STUDIES IN MUGHAL INDIA, Jadunath Sarkar, M. A. Pp. 313, M. C. Sircar & Sons, Calcutta. Rs. 2.

Professor Sarkar needs no introduction to the public. The present volume is the second edition of his 'Historical Essays,' with no less than twelve new essays on various topics. Written in his usual simple and graceful style Professor Sarkar's essays are very charming indeed. He possesses that rare gift of making highly learned subjects easily intelligible, and productions of his mature scholarship as they are, these essays will be equally interesting to the serious student and lay readers. Here will they find, all that is known, about the daily life of two great Mughal Emperors, the revenue regulations of Aurangzebe, some account of Art and Education in Muhammadan India, the education of a Mughal prince and also learned treatises on various other historical topics. To these have also been added biographical sketches of two great Hindu Historians of Medieaval India, Bhimsen and Ishwardas Nagar, William Guine, a European scholar, and Khuda Bakhsh, the Indian Bodley. Such a work would have gone through several editions in a single year in Europe, but here in India it will be considered a great thing that it has seen a second edition at all. Every student of Indian History should provide himself with a copy, as the price is within the means of almost all.

S. N. S.

Gujarati.

SAKSHAR JIVAN (साचर जोरूज), by the late Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi, B.A., LL.B., printed at the Nirnaya Sagar Press, Bombay and published by his son, Ramanujaram G. Tripathi, Bombay. Cloth bound, with a coloured photo of the writer. Pp. 309. Price Rs. 2, (1919).

A melancholy interest attaches to this publication, as the writer died before he could complete it. It first appeared about eighteen years ago as a magazine article in the quarterly Samalochak, and at the time attracted the attention of several thinkers, by the philosophical aspect which was lent to it, owing to the writer's predilection for the subject. However, as it was essentially a theme for those who were learned and cultured, it lay in that shape till young Ramanujaram conceived the idea of bringing it out as a separate book. In addition to the deep learning displayed by the late Mr. Tripathi in elucidating the literary life lived by the Indians of old; specially such notable scholars as Vyas and Vashishtha, the present pulication, in the introduction contributed to the

picture of Mother India by Mr. Abanindranath Tagore, C. I. E. This calendar ought to adorn the wall of every nationalist's house.

3, 4. SRI KRISHNA AND ARJUN, AND SITA AND LAKSHMAN, pictures painted by Mr. Sarada Charan Ukil and reproduced in colours by Calcutta Phototype Co.; Publisher—Mitra and Ukil; can be had at Silpa-Mandir, 43-3 Amherst Street, Calcutta.

Mr. Ukil is an artist who is so well known that he requires no introduction at our hands. We have reproduced many of his pictures in reduced facsimile which have been spoken of very eulogistically by art-critics both here and in England. Now the publishers have placed within reach of the public reproductions of his pictures of the same size as the originals. The pictures of Sri Krishna and Arjun, and Sita and Lakshman represent the scenes of Sri Krishna admonishing Arjun to fight on the eve of the great battle of Kurukshetra, and Sita admonishing Lakshman to go and help Ram when he has gone to slay the golden deer. Both the pictures are of great artistic merit and the reproductions are excellent and faithful, doing justice to the artist's originals.

CB

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

Rabindranath Tagore on Aurobindo Ghosh.

[A gentleman having written to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore from Ahmedabad to draw his attention to the review of his *The Home and* the World in the last November issue of the Modern Review, the poet gave the following reply to his correspondent.]

Santiniketan, Nov. 30, 1919.

DEAR SIR.

I have not yet read Jadu Babu's review of my book, but I feel sure that he could never mean to say that Aurobindo Ghosh belongs to the same type of humanity as Sandip of my story. My acquaintance with the literature of our contemporary politics being casual and desultory, I do not, even to this day, definitely know what is the political standpoint of Aurobindo Ghosh. But this I positively know that he is a great man, one of the greatest we have, and therefore liable to be misunderstood even by his friends. What I myself feel for him is not mere admiration but reverence for his depth of spirituality, his largeness of vision and his literary gifts, extraordinary in imaginative insight and expression. He is a true Rishi and a Poet combined, and I still repeat my namaskar which I offered to him when he was first assailed by the trouble which ultimately made him an exile from the soil of Bengal.

Yours Sincerely RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

"The Story of the Lion and the Elephant."

Re Mr. Gangoly's note and Mr. Das's rejoinder.

With reference to Mr. O. C. Gangoly's note published in the Modern Review regarding the origin of the Lion and Elephant motif I find

Mr. P. C. Das has taken exception to the alleged inaccuracy in regard to the true sequence of Kesari and Gajapati Dynasties. Mr. Das's objection seems to be rather besides the mark, as Mr. Gangoly never said in his note that the Gajapatis preceded the Kesaries. Mr. Gangoly has refuted the view that the motif is not of the nature of a political cartoon and Mr. Das in his rejoinder has lent the weight of his support to this contention. Popular traditions seldom square with historical facts and a writer who refers to a tradition of this account merely to prove its erroneous character from his own particular standpoint, deserves no reproach on that account. Mr. Gangoly though an artist and art-connoisseur is well posted in historical and archaeological literature and the fact that he could not have been oblivious of the correct sequence of the Kesaries and the later ruler of Orissa is I think well borne out by his reference to the date of Sabhakara Kesari and of the chronology of the Eastern Ganga Kings in his very interesting original article on "the Story of a Printed Cotton Fabric from Orissa." J. B. O. R. S., Sept. 1919, Vol. V, Pl. III, pp. 325,330). These few words are written not with a view to prolong an unnecessary controversy but to clear up the misconception of a fair, minded critic whose interest is so keen and alert in matters of Orissan antiquity.

15-12-19. G. D. SARKAR.

I have to disown the proposition which very curiously enough has been fathered upon me by Babu Purna Chandra Das in a note published in the last December number of this Review. I could never possibly suggest to anybody, that the Ganga Rajas were succeeded by the Kesari Rulers in Orissa. As to my views relating to the so-called Kesari Dynasty of Orissa, the following among other writings of mine may be referred to, viz.,—(1) J. B. O. S. 1916, and (2) Sonepur in the Sambalpur tract.

B. C. MAZUMDAR.

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WHOLE No. 160

KARNA AND KUNTI

[Karna, the commander of the Kaurava host, and Kunti, the Pandava Queen Mother, who had borne Karna, when a maiden, and to hide her shame had deserted him after birth to be brought up by Adhiratha, the charioteer, as his son.]

KARNA.

I have sat to worship the setting sun by the bank of the holy Ganges. I am Karna, the son of the charioteer Adhiratha. Tell me who you are.

Kunti.

I am the woman who first made you acquainted with the light to which you offer worship.

KARNA.

I do not understand your words, but the rays from your eyes seem to melt my heart within me like the kiss of the morning sun that melts the snow on the mountain top. Your voice strikes in me the sadness of a blind past that cannot see itself. Tell me, strange woman, with what mysterious bond my birth is bound to you.

Kunti.

Patience, my son. I shall answer you when it grows dark, and the lids come down upon the prying eyes of the day. In the meanwhile know you, I am Kunti.

KARNA.

Kunti, the mother of Arjuna?

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Kunti.

Yes, indeed the mother of Arjuna, your rival. But do not take that into your heart and hate me. I still remember the

day of the trial of arms in Hastina when you a boy unknown to fame boldly stepped into the arena, like the first-born light of the dawn among the stars of the night. But, sitting behind the arras with the women of the royal house, who was that unhappy woman whose eyes kissed your bare slim body through their tears of blessing? It was the mother of Arjuna herself. Then the Brahmin teacher of arms came to you and said, 'He who is of lowly rank cannot challenge Arjuna to a trial of strength.' And you stood speechless, like a thunder-cloud of the sunset flashing with. the agony of its suppressed light. But who was the woman whose heart caught the fire of your shame and anger, and burnt into a flaming silence? It was the mother of Arjuna. Praised be Duryodhana, who found out your worth and then and there crowned you the King of Anga, thus gaining you for ever as the champion on the side of the Kauravas. Overcome with this good news there broke in through the crowd Adhiratha, the charioteer, and at once you rushed to him and placed your crown at his feet amid the jeering laughter of the Pandavas and their friends. there was one woman of the Pandava house whose heart glowed with joy at the sight of this heroic pride of meekness. It was the mother of Arjuna.

KARNA.

But why came you alone here, Mother of Kings?

KUNTL

I have a prayer to you, my son.

KARNA,

Command me, and whatever my man-

hood and my honour as a Kshatriya permit shall be offered at your feet.

KUNTI.

I have come to take you.

KARNA.

Where?

KUNTI.

To my mother's breast thirsting with love.

KARNA.

Fortunate mother of five brave sons, where can you find place for me, a small chieftain of lowly descent.

KUNTI.

Your place is before all my other sons.

KARNA.

But what right have I to step there?

KUNTI.

Your own God-given right to the mother's love.

KARNA.

The evening darkness is spreading over the earth and silence is on the water and your voice seems to lead me into some primal world of infancy lit with the light of dim consciousness. However, be it a dream, or some fragment of forgotten reality, come near to me and place your right hand on my forehead. The rumour is that I was deserted by my mother. In many a night's dream she has come to me. When I asked her-'Open your veil and show me your face,' the figure has always vanished. Has the same dream come to me this evening? See there, the lamps are lighted in your sons' tents across the river and on the hitherside you can see the tent-domes of the Kauravas like suspended waves in a spellbound stormy sea. Between the din of tomorrow's battle and the awful hush of the battlefield this night, why does there come to me a message of forgotten motherhood through the voice of the mother of Arjuna and why does my name find such music on her tongue drawing my heart towards the Pandava brothers?

KUNTI.

Then delay not, my son, come with me.

KARNA.

Yes, I shall come and never ask questions and never doubt. My soul responds to your call, and the struggle for victory and fame and the rage of hatred have suddenly become untrue to me like the delirious night in the serene light of the morning. Tell me where to come with you.

KUNTI.

To the other bank of the river where those lamps burn across the ghastly pallor of the sands.

KARNA.

There, am I to find my lost mother for ever?

KUNTI.

Oh my son!

KARNA.

Then why did you banish me in a castaway world uprooted from ancestral soil, adrift in a homeless current of indignity? Why set a bottomless chasm between Arjuna and myself turning a natural attachment of kinship into a fearful attraction of hate?...You remain speechless, there. Your shame penetrates into the infinite darkness of night touching my limbs with its invisible shiver.—I take back my question. Never explain to me what made you rob your own son of his mother's love. Only tell me why you have come today to call me back to the ruins of that heaven which you wrecked with your own hands.

KUNTI.

A curse more deadly than your reproaches ever follows me, and though surrounded by five sons my heart still withers under the sorrow of the childless. The great rent left in my love by my deprived son draws all my life's pleasure into a void. Today I meet you face to face. On that accursed day of my treason against my motherhood you had not a word to utter. And today I implore you let your words bring forgiveness to your



recreant mother,—let that forgiveness ever burn like a fire in my heart, consuming my sin.

KARNA.

Mother, accept my tears.

KUNTI.

I never came with the hope of bringing you back to my arms, but to restore you to your own rights. Come to receive, as a king's son, your own dues among your brothers.

KARNA.

More truly am I the son of a charioteer and I do not covet a greater glory of parentage.

Kunti.

Whatever that may be, come to win back the kingdom which by right is yours.

KARNA.

Must you tempt me with a kingdom who can refuse a mother's love? The living bond of kindred which you severed at its origin is dead,—it can never grow

again. And shame be on me if I hasten to call the mother of kings my mother and leave my mother of the charioteer's house!

KUNTI.

You are great, my son! How God's punishment invisibly grows from a tiny seed to a giant life—and the helpless babe disowned by his mother comes back a man through a dark maze of paths to smite his own brothers.

KARNA.

Mother, do not fear! I know for certain that victory waits for the Pandavas. In the peace of the still moment of night there sounds the music in my heart of a hopeless venture, of a baffled end. Never ask me to leave those who are under the doom of defeat. Let the Pandavas win their throne as they shall, but I will remain to the end with the desperate and the forlorn. On the night of my birth you left me to disgrace in the naked world of the nameless—le ave me once again without pity to the calm expectation of defeat and death.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Dr. Sudhindra Bose, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Political Science, State University of Iowa, U. S. A.

war, the editor of the Hibbert Journal, Professor L. P. Jacks of Manchester College, Oxford, wrote: "The nations at war are finding their souls." Both in America and England, this grandiloquent pronouncement of Mr. Jacks has been the text for innumerable glowing editorials and wildly optimistic pulpit sermons on the pert of the master phraseocrats. Now as the war has come to an end, at least on paper, it is partinent to ask a few straigth forward questions: Have the nations which made the Paris peace found their souls? Have they abolished militarism and navyism? Are they establishing

"justice on equal terms for all nations great and small?" Have they insured freedom to all the world as they pledged? Have the victors of the war started to apply the principle of self-determination to their own protectorates and dependencies? Has anybody ever heard the conquering allies maintain that they had made the world safe for democracy? Is it true that the long black dreary night of the political tyrant and economic exploiter is over? Is the world really at the dawn of a better age, at the threshold of a new order? To these questions, what must be the answer?

The impassioned apologists and the ardent

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THE MODERN REVIEW

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WHOLE No. 162

TOWARDS THE FUTURE

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

T is a great pleasure to me that you should have invited me here; for I find it quite easy to take my place among students, not as a teacher from a distance, but near them, as one of themselves. The difficulty is, however, that from an outside point of view, I am mistaken for an old man, so that when young people invite me they do not call me near, but keep a separate seat for me, on a platform.

To save myself from this fate I selected a place, far away from the crowd, where I invited boys to come and be near me.

This I did, not so much for their good, as for my own. Let me explain what benefit

I gained.

Pride always occupies a large part of man's mind; so when he grows old, he cannot help thinking that there is something to be specially proud of in the increase of his years—the more so, if he happens to be keeping company with other old men. The important fact altogether escapes him that what he takes for an increase is really a decrease. Of what avail is it to him, whose future is growing shorter and shorter, to boast of his lengthening past?

If man had really cause to be proud of old men, the fates would not have been so busy getting rid of them. It is easy enough to see that the standing order for the old men is to get out of the way,—"Make room, Make room," the usher

keeps on crying.

Why? Why should we give up this

sixty year old seat of ours?

Because Prince Youth comes. God appoints Youth again and again to the throne of the world.

Is there no meaning in this? Of course

there is. It means that God will not have his creation lagging behind, tied to the past. The manifestation of the Infinite will be obstructed, unless, time after time new forces take up the work afresh and build a new beginning upon the foundation of the finished. The Infinite does not grow old. That is why the aged burst and melt away like bubbles, while the young blossom out in the lap of the world like flower buds in the new morning light.

God keeps on calling the young with his flute-notes, and as they sally forth in crowds, the world throws open its gates to them in welcome. So I seat myself amidst youths and little ones, that I also may hear this call of God. The great good which I have derived from such an experience is, that I do not, as other old men often do, hold youth in contempt; nor do I burden their hopes of the future with my fears from the past. I am able to say to them,—"Fear not. Inquire, experiment, reason. If you needs must break up truth, to find out all about it, then boldly and honestly fight against it, till you are conquered by it in the end. But whatever you do, go forward."

The strain of God's flute, his call to the unbounded unexplored, to the adventures along the unknown, also finds a response in my heart. Then I understand that the reckless inexperience of youth is a truer guide than the hesitating cautiousness of old age; for to the impetuousity of inexperience truth yields itself, over and over again, in ever new forms, with ever new powers. By its very keenness, inexperience can cut its way through obstructions mountain-high and achieve the impossible. The truth of life is not to

be sought in the stagnant shallows of safety, but in the depth of danger, in the turbulent waves of trouble. Truth is for the brave, who are ready to woo her with their life, with an unbounded faith in her which claims unmeasured sacrifices.

I am not here to lecture you from the privileged seat of garrulous age, but only to remind you of one great fact, which in India our training and circumstances help you to forget and make it almost penal to remember,—that you are young. You must not forget the task which is yours. You are sent to make a clean sweep of all worn-out refuse heaps of deadness, of all dilapidated anachronisms, from off the face of the earth. You have come to this world to find out truth for yourselves, making it your own, and to build this age, into which you are born, with your own life. Those who have become attached and keep clinging to the past are indeed over-They are already under orders of dismissal and must soon quit. But you are young. Boldly accept the responsibility of youth and its risks. The duty of serving the world has been newly placed on you. And that duty is to keep the world ever fresh and sweet and guide the movement of life towards the Infinite. Do not allow the current of time which carries the message of eternity, to be blocked with obstructing matter; keep the road clear.

With what provision have you been sent on your way? With boundless aspirations.

You are students; think well what it is you would learn. What do the little birds learn from their parents? To spread their wings and fly. Man must also learn to spread the wings of his mind, to soar high and take flight into the unlimited. It does not cost much effort to learn that one has to earn a living. But it takes all there is in man to keep alive and awake the dauntless determination which is necessary for him to realise that he must achieve fulfilment of life.

In the present age, Europe has secured the teacher's seat. She has humiliated the East and exploited the ancient lands of the sunrise for her own benefit. known how, among alien races, she can exercise ruthless rapacity in her commerce and dishonest diplomacy in her politics; but inspite of this we have been constrained to admit that she has become the teacher of the present-day world, and those peoples who will not acknowledge this, through pride or intellectual incapacity, will be left behind in the onward march of humanity. Mere brute force may do many things, but it cannot gain this teacher's seat for man. Merit alone will serve; and merit can only be acquired by him whose aims are never timidly narrow or blindly immediate. Europe is an acknowledged teacher to-day, not merely because she has acquired a knowledge of history, geography, or science. No, it is because she is possessed of mighty aims which strongly urge her forward and know no limitations, not even of death.

To glorify the desire for petty interests of life, hedged in by rigid repetitions of daily habits, cannot make man great; to flutter about within rusty bars canno justify the wings of a bird. But man's yearning for knowledge, his striving to find out truth in himself and in nature, to seek and discover the great gifts God has kept reserved for mankind in the earth and water and sky, and more than all else in his own soul, to wrest fruit from the desert, to conquer disease on behalf of health, annihilate space in order to gain his freedom of movement, to control his feelings in order to achieve freedom of powers,—all these struggles forward speak of the manhood behind, and prove that the soul which is awake does not believe in defeat, and accounts it an insult to accept sufferings or privation as an unalterable decree of fate. It knows, rather, that its destiny is in its own hands, that it has the birthright of mastery.

Because Europe thus spread wide the wings of her endeavour, she has achieved to-day the right to be the teacher of mankind. If we mistake the lessons she has to teach merely for book-lore, or belittle their importance by putting them down merely as information about things, we shall only be depriving ourselves.

Learning is to be a man. To gain the fullness of life is the important thing; all else is subordinate to this; and true manhood consists in the height and breadth of a man's aim, in its tireless energy in its indomitable will.

In the populous centres of Europe, the peoples, in their daring spirit of adventure, are giving expression to large aims, and carrying them to victorious realisation; and in the process of this struggle, Europe is achieving her education. This living education of ceaseless endeavour and continual questioning and readjustment goes on side by side with her academic education. Moreover, even the learning which is acquired in her colleges is a product of the life of her own peoples,—it is not merely printed matter; it represents national achievement through constant self-sacrifice. That is why the University student in Europe does not merely acquire book learning. He feels, on every side, the masterful presence of the human spirit, from which he receives, as its gift, the fruits of its own creations. By this indeed can man know himself, make this world his own, and learn how to become a man.

But, wherever we see students merely receiving doles of academic learning and gleaning information from the pages of prescribed text-books; wherever there is a complete dependence on what is begged from others, even in regard to the most necessary things of life; wherever man has nothing to offer to his motherland, neither health, nor food, nor knowledge, nor strength; where the fields of work are narrow and endeavours feeble, and man creates no new forms of beauty in the joy of life and soul; where the thoughts and actions of man are alike hampered by the bonds of habit and superstition; where there is not only a lack of independent questioning and reasoning, but these things are forbidden as wrong; where most of the forces are blind forces driving men's minds like dead leaves towards no purpose, there man cannot realise his soul in his society, because of the handcuffs and clogging chains, and because of the heaped-up decaying matter of a past age, which can only live in the

present, and be carried into the future, through repeated new incarnations, through changes of forms and additions of life forces. Men doomed to live a passive life in such a society can adapt themselves to the provisions made for them, but they can never meet the living Providence within themselves, or have faith in its existence.

If we try to go to the root of the matter, we shall see that our real poverty is poverty of spirit. The insults, which we have heaped on the soul of man, have reacted and lie scattered on every side as privations and indignities. When the water of a river dries up, it is no use lamenting the emptiness of its channel bed. The absence of the moving water is the thing to be deplored. When the soul-life ceases to flow, then comes the emptiness of dry formality, which is like the forms of the grammar of a language which has vanished.

The truth that sustains creation is a living, moving truth, which constantly reaches higher and higher stages up the ascent of revelation. This is so, because it is the object of truth to realise the limitless. So whenever it is sought to confine truth for all time within artificial limits of any kind, it kills itself, like a flame of light in the grip of a snuffer. Likewise the soul of man, which is on its way to the Infinite, flows on with new creations at every turn. Progressiveness is of the essence of its journey towards light and power. The soul misses the very reason of its being, if shackled; stagnation can only make for its imprisonment, not for its emancipation.

In our country we constantly hear the cry, that what is fixed for ever is truth, and therefore, truth only represents death and not life. We believe in the tombstone as the true symbol of truth. If we were right, if there were a spot in the universe where the manifestation of truth had come to a stop for all time, then they only would have won in this world who would not move, then all progress would be out of harmony with the inner principle of creation and all movements would knock themselves to death against the dead walls of immutability. But the fact is, that the

process of creation is never still for a moment, and if we find that in some part of the earth men's minds remain stationary against the current of time, we must know that this is an affront to the great procession of the all. This immobility must constantly be hurt and if even that does not stir it then it must be worn away into nothingness by the perpetual friction of the moving time.

What does true wisdom tell us? "Atmānam biddhih." "Know thyself." "Bhumaiva sukham, Bhumātveva vijijnāsitavyah." "There is no joy in the small; therefore seek the Great." In order to know and realise the soul and the Great, it will not do to sleep away the working day, keeping our store of hereditary wisdom safe under lock and key. We must move on, we must create afresh. God knows himself by ever new creations; so must man,—not by begging or borrowing from the store of his forefathers, or that of his more fotunate neighbours.

Where, then, is the harbour in the sea of knowledge to which true education should lead us? There, where the words of wisdom "Know thyself" and "Seek the Great" find their meaning. man knows his own soul, he finds the Great. Where man gains that power to give up, which enables him to create, he knows that by renunciation he grows. By the same power he transcends death. But what is the harbour to be seen from your academic ferry, which bears crowds across the seas of your University education? It is Government service, -clerkships, police inspectorships, deputy magistrateships. To have embarked on so great a sea, with such pettiness of aspirations, that is a shame, the sense of which our country has lost. We have lost even the faculty to desire great things. In other kinds of poverty there is nothing to be ashamed of; for those are of outside. But alas for the shame of the proverty of aspiration which comes from penury of

So I have come here to exhort you to enlarge the scope of your endeavour to such an extent as to remind you and to prove that you are not merely creatures of flesh, but that you are of spirit, that you have the power to turn your losses into gains and death into immortality. Some may have more power and capacity, and others less, but let us not insult our soul by ignoring its longing for the freedom of life, of light, of self-revelation. To have immensity of aspirations is to despise comfort and accept tribulation willingly. It is man's privilege to glorify his soul in his sufferings—the sufferings for the cause of truth and freedom. Our Shāstras tell us "Yādrshi Bhāvanā yasya siddhir bhavati tādrshi,"—"As the thought so the achievement."

What is the achievement? It is not only of outside things, but of the knowledge that we have our right to eternity,—the knowledge expressing itself in work which is for all time.

From our childhood, we deliberately set about curbing our innermost impulses of the soul, which are God's best gift to man, —the gift of his own essential truth. In the storm and stress of worldly life, it is too often seen, all the world over, that high aspirations have their wings stripped and then worldly prudence gains the ascendant But our special misfortune is, that we are deliberately taught to lighten the burden by not taking sufficient provision for our journey along the higher road,-the provision of idealism, of faith in the soul. I have realised this keenly in the little boys of my school. For the first few years there is no trouble. But as soon as the third class is reached their wordly wisdom -the malady of agedness-begins to assert Then they begin to insist,—"We must no longer learn, we have to pass examinations." That is as much as to say,—"We must take the road by which it is possible to gain the greatest number of marks with the least amount of knowledge."

So I say we have got habituated to cheat ourselves, from our childhood. From the very outset we play false to that intellectual rectitude which should have served to take us to the truth. Does not the curse of this fall on our country? Is it not for this reason, that we are beggars waiting for crumbs of knowledge thrown

to us from the feast of the rich? Can head-clerkships make this up

degradation?

Now you will understand why a certain class of our youths are content with saying that what our Rishis of old have said and done leaves no room for further thought over that. We snap the very spring of a clock and then say, with a great gusto of satisfaction, that for us time has come to its perfection and therefore refuses to move. This is cheating ourselves of truth.

Is there any other country in the world where men, who have gone through their full course of education, are capable of saving, that only that society is perfect where the dead rules and life is defeated, where thoughts have no place of authority, and originality is an offence to be persecuted with persistency of punishement? It is the ever-active energy of mind, which, accompanied by the aspiring hope of the future, has built all great civilisation; and we are not only ready to sacrifice it, but we blow our trumpets and beat our drums at its ceremony of demolition and congratulate ourselves on being the only people in the world, who have such amazing uniqueness of mentality. But let us not delude ourselves with the hope that by boasting of our misfortunes they will prove any the less unfortunate. It is the same cheating of ourselves—when we think we are clever. because we prefer passing examinations to learning,—as when we keep our aims small, our striving narrow, and only swell our vanity out of all proportion. When we look for results, we are met with university degrees and remunerative posts; but our debt to truth remains unpaid and our heads are bowed in shame before the world.

When we are envious of other peoples who enjoy political freedom we overlook the fact that this feedom springs from a mind that constantly strives for intellectual freedom, whose best energies are not diverted to the endless conformity to customs which have lost their meaning, to the foolishness which tries to drag boats through the dry river-beds, because these were navigated ages ago, when they were

alive with water. We would cut the very roots of our true life and then cast envious glances at the fruits of freedom borne by living branches; we would keep our boat. clinging to the moveless bottom of the stream by means of hundreds of small and big anchors and then try to tug it against the current with a tow-rope of charitable concessions into the difficult haven of

political freedom.

We must know that freedom and truth are twins, they are closely associated. When there are obstacles for our mind against receiving truth, then those obstacles take shape in our outward world forming barriers against freedom of action. From our infancy we are brought up in unthinking conformity to customs in the smallest details of life. This acts as an accumulating poison deadening our freedom of power to receive truth. Let me give an instance from our own school in Santiniketan. Some time ago I noticed a fresh scar on the foreheads of at least a score of boys who attended my class. Knowing that such a number of coincidences could not be accidental, I made enquiries and found out that one of the students of my school had said to the others, that by scratching a particular spot of the forehead sin could be bled out from us. It took no time for these boys to believe this and act accordingly. We may talk ourselves hoarse in explaining to them scientific laws of sanitation or other matters without producing any result, but because of the training of generations they are ready to accept everything that does not offer any reason for its proof of truth. Ready submission to unreason is the poisonous breeding ground for submissiveness to all authorities however arbitrary they may be.

One of the greatest mischiefs that such a habit of mind produces is the pessimistic belief that all evils are permanent or incorrigible, that they are decreed by fate. The West has never accepted malaria or plague or famine or any tyranny of man or nature as permanent, as inexorable. Its own mind moves and therefore it constantly pushes things away that are obstacles. This movement of mind, this faith in reason, this perpetual exercise of will power, this ceaseless pushing off of all barriers of life is the only education for gaining freedom,—not writing petitions or organis-

ing beggary on a big scale.

I have not come here to lecture you from a distance. I want to show you in its true colours our accumulated shame, the shame which we have gilded with our vanity and are trying to pass off as something to be proud of. You are young, you are fresh; it is for you to remove this stain from our country. You must not try to delude others, nor suffer yourselves to be deluded. You must keep your aspirations high, your strivings true. If you keep your vision pure and your steps straight ahead, we may be yet able to fulfil the vow of humanity which has led other great peoples to their greatness. What is the vow? The vow of giving out of our abundance.

When we are unable to give, we may get beggars' doles; but when we are able to give out of our abundance, we are sure to gain our own selves. When we learn how to give, all the world will come out to meet and welcome us. Then we need not be kept pleading with folded hands—"Oh spare us, save us, hurt us not." For then mankind in its own interest will see that we are safe from hurt. Then we shall receive in our own right and not by others' fayours.

Now we are saying, in timid deprecation that we do not aspire to the seats of the great, but will be quite content, if we can get a corner for ourselves to cower in. For God's sake do not entertain so mean a desire nor utter so mean a prayer. "There is no joy in the small; therefore seek thou the Great." If we are oblivious of the Great within and only seek for it without, then whatsoever of comfort or pleasure we may succeed in getting by beggary will spell the doom of our country.

Sovereign Truth is out in his chariot of victory. His trumpet call is resounding from sky to sky. Those who are timid of spirit, who are indolent in mind, who are enamoured of their self-deluding false logic, who try to bar the path of truth with dead words of a decaying age, and thus hope to keep him captive at their own gate, will only succeed in forging fetters for their own feet. Sweep away this rubbish heap of ages,—for the King of the travellers is Every day the question comes abroad. from him, "How far have you made progress?" Should we every day repeat the same answer with a foolish swagger year after year and age after age, "Not a single step?" Should we keep our post at the same fixed spot, at the cross-road of the world's pilgrimage,—like a beggar with a castaway coat of the past age worn? to tatters,—and raise our impotent arms to the fortunate pilgrims who have their place in the chariot of the King of travellers, and beg from them for our food and help and knowledge and freedom? when they ask, "Why shouldyou also not come with us for the search of wealth?" should we give them the same answer year after year, age after age, that all movement is forbidden us because we belong to the holy past, and are tied to the dead for all time to come?

INDIAN SETTLERS IN AFRICA

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In these articles my desire is to write down as simply and lucidly as I can some of the main thoughts that have been impressed upon my mind, during a long absence from India, while travelling up and down the

continent of Africa and meeting there settlers from Asia and from Europe.

The journey which I undertook was an extensive one. It stretched as far north as the sources of the Nile in Uganda and as far south as Capetown and the Cape Penin-

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THE TRIAL

Acr I

KHIRI THE MAID SERVANT

Khiri

SOME people have the means to be good in gorgeous comfort, and others like us groan under the burden of their goodness. Their charity grows fat in their easy chairs, while we carry out their mission with the sweat of our brows. They reap undying fame and we early death.

A voice from without

Khiri! Khiri!

Khiri

There she calls! No time for poor me even to nurse my grievance!

ENTERS RANI KALYANI

Kalyani

Sulky as usual!

Khiri

That proves I am made of flesh and blood.

Kalyani

What is your latest grievance?

Khiri

That I made a wrong choice when I chose you for my mistress. Why should I come to a Rani's house, if I must serve a whole world of ragged riffraffs, cook for a needy neighbourhood bred in dirt, and wear out my fingers washing their dishes? and all this with nobody to help me!

Kalyani

Help you could have enough if your tongue did not sting out all the servants I brought to my house.

Khiri

You are right. I have a sensitive mind,

and cannot bear the least wrong around me. This fastidious delicacy of mine dooms me to solitude. The servants you had were pure-blooded robbers, blessed with a dangerously innocent look.

Kalyani

And what about yourself?

Khiri

Holy Mother! I never claim to be an exception. I freely take all that I can lay my hands on. Yet I have but a single pair of them. The Creator made these to grab and to hold; therefore if you multiply hands about you, you divide your possessions.

Kalyani

But your solitude seems to be bursting with a crowd of nephews and nieces and a miscellaneous brood of cousins. Hasn't each of them a pair of hands for their share? You anger me and yet make me laugh.

Khiri

If only you laughed less and got angered more, possibly you could have changed my nature.

Kalyani

Your nature change! Not even when you are dead.

Khiri

This is encouragingly true. It makes me hope that death will be cautious about claiming me. There! look at that lazy crowd waiting at your gate. Some of them have the story of a sick husband, who obligingly never dies, and some of an uncle, whose death remains for ever fresh with its endless claim to funeral rites. They bring their bags full of lies, to ex-

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2020-11-23 12:10 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/20 n in the United States, Google-digitized / http:/ change them for solid silver. I never cease to wonder how certain people can have a special relish for being cheated.

Kalyani .

The poor cheat because wealth is often meaner than poverty. However, tell me why, last evening, when I fed the poor, sweets were scarce and also milk.

Khiri

Very likely the pastryman and the milk-vendor like to give you a fair chance to be cheated.

ENTER NEIGHBOURING WOMEN

They shout

Long live Rani Kalyani!

Khiri

Listen to that! If their stomachs had missed their fill of good fare yesterday, their lungs would show it this morning.

Kalyani

Who is that girl with you, Piari? I never saw her before.

Second woman

It is the pride come to our house. I have brought her for your blessing.

Khiri

It is easy to guess what you mean by blessing.

رے Kalyani

She has a sweet face.

Second woman

But not a particle of jewelry has she brought from her father's house.

Khiri

"They are all safely stored in your own chest," whisper those who are in the secret.

Kalyani

Come with me into my room.

(Kalyani goes with the woman and the bride)

First woman

The uncommon cheek of that woman.

Khiri

It is tiresomely common.

Third woman

But this surpasses anything that we know.

Khiri

Because it benefits somebody else but you.

Third woman

Your wit makes our sides burst with laughter.

First woman

Whatever we may say, our Rani has the biggest heart in the world.

Khiri

In other words, she is the biggest fool under the Sun.

Fourth woman

That is true. You remember how blind Andi was loaded with money, merely for fun, it seemed to me.

Third woman

And that old witch of a potter woman took away from her a real woolen rug as a reward for her facility in weeping.

Fourth woman

There is no harm in charity, but must it be foolish?

First woman

But she has such a sweet nature.

Khiri

A great deal of one's sweetness belongs to one's pocket.

Fourth woman

What I object to inher is her familiarity with vulgar people.

Third woman

She could easily have a better companion, to say the least, than Kedar's mother.

Fourth woman.

It is simply courting the applause of the vulgar.

Khiri

Such is the way of the world. It is all give and take. She supplies food to our mouths, to gather back praise from them.

She gets the best of the bargain. For food is vulgar, but praise is for the great.

Fourth woman

There they come back from the Rani's room, that woman with the bride.

First-woman

Show us what you have got.

Second woman

Nothing but a pair of bracelets.

Third woman

It sounds like a practical joke.

Fourth woman

You remember Piari got for her newly married daughter a gold chain besides a pair of earrings.

Second woman

Pity is not for the poor, but fortunate are they who have the reputation for it.

Fourth woman

The generosity of the rich is a mere hobby, it is only to please themselves.

Khiri

If only Lakshmi, the Goddess of Luck, were kind to me, I would show how to be kind in proper style.

Second woman

We pray that your wish may be fulfilled.

First woman

Stop your chatter! I hear the Rani's footsteps!

Fourth woman

(Loudly) Our Rani is an angel of mercy.

Third woman

Wealth has been blessed by the touch of her hands.

ENTERS KALYANI

Kalyani

What are you all so busy talking about?

Khiri

They have been furiously ploughing the ground of your good fame, harrowing,

hoeing and raking, weeding out every green thing that bore flowers.

Kalyani Kalyani

Before you go home remember that if gifts had to flow parallel with expectations they would have run dry and disappeared from the world within a few days of creation. (She leaves the room).

Fourth woman

Isn't that spiteful? She must have been eavesdropping.

Khiri

No need for that. She is old enough to know by this time that the praise that grows to excess before her face is generally pruned thin behind her back.

Fourth woman

Really, you people ought to control your tongues.

Third woman

If only you can do it, it won't matter much if the rest of us fail.

Khiri

Enough for the day with of detraction. Now you can go home with eased hearts and try to forget the smart of receiving favours. (The women go.—She calls—) Kini, Bini, Kashi!

(THE GIRLS COME)

Kashi

Yes, Granny.

Kini and Bini

Yes, aunt.

Khiri .

Come and take your meal.

Girls

We are not hungry.

Khiri

For eating hunger is not essential, but opportunity is. You will find some milk in the cupboard and some sweets.

Kashi

You are doing nothing but eat all day.
Appetite has its limits.

But good things are immensely more limited. Bini, why don't I see the silver comb you had in your hair?

Bini

Poor Khetu's girl-

Khiri

I understand. Benevolence! The plague is in the air in this house! It is fatal for a girl of your circumstances. Our Rani indulges in wasting her means only to prove that they can never be exhausted. But for you to give is to lose for ever, do you not see the difference? Now then, off to bed.

(They go).

ENTERS KALYANI

Khiri

Life has become a burden to me, Rani.

Kalyani

You seem to bear it with wonderful ease.

m. Zhiri

I swear by your feet, I am serious. I have news from home, that my aunt, my father's youngest sister, is on her deathbed.

Kalyani

A year is hardly past since I paid you the funeral expenses of this very same aunt, the youngest one.

Khiri

What a pity! But you seem to have a keen memory only about my poor aunts.

Kalyani

Does it choke you to ask from me? Must you lie?

Khiri

Lies are necessary to give dignity to begging. Truth would be monotonous and mean.

Kalyani

But, have I ever denied you, when you asked?

Khiri

To neglect our weapons, when not needed, is the sure way to miss them in the time of need. But I must tell you that you encourage lies by believing them.

Kalayani

They will fail this time.

Khiri

I shall not despair about my next chance. Till then, my father's youngest sister shall never be mentioned again.

(Kalyani goes out laughing)

Mother Goddess of Luck, your favourite bird, the owl, must have daily carried you to this house. Could it by mistake alight on my shoulder, I would feed it with choice morsels of mice flesh till it became languid and lay at my door.

(Enters Goddess Lakshmi)

Khiri

Visitors again!

Lakshmi

I am willing to leave, if I am not wanted.

Khiri

I must not be rash. That seems to be a regular crown on your head. And yet you don't look ridiculous with it as a real queen would do. Tell me who you are.

Lakshmi

I am Lakshmi.

Khiri

Not from the stage?

Lakshmi

No, from my heaven.

Khiri

You must be tired. Do take your seat, and do not be in a hurry to leave. I know full well you have no mercy for those who have brains. It is, I suppose, because the clever ones need never die of starvation and only fools need your special favour.

Lakshmi

Are you not ashamed to make your living by cheating your mistress?

It is because you are perverse in your choice that those who have minds live upon those who have money.

Lakshmi

Intellect I never despise, only the crooked minds I avoid.

Khiri

The intellect, which is too straight, is only another name for stupidity! But if you promise me your favour, I give you my solemn word that henceforth my dullness will delight your heart. I shall be content to remain a perfect bore shunned by all intelligent people.

Lakshmi

Do you think you will ever be able to spend a farthing in charity?

Khiri

With pleasure. For when charity grazes only at the fringe of one's surplus, it adds to the beauty of the view—and it can also be made paying by good management. Only change our mutual position, and you will find the Rani developing a marvellous talent for devising means to get what is not her own. On the other hand, I shall become perfectly silly in swallowing lies and parting with my possessions, and my temper will grow as insipid as that of an egregious saint.

Lakshmi.

Your prayer is granted. I make you a Rani. The world will forget that you ever were a servant unless you yourself help it to remember.

Act II

KHIRI THE QUEEN

Khiri

Where is Kashi?

Kashi

Here I am.

Khiri

Where are your four attendants?

Kashi

It is a perfect misery to be dogged by servants day and night.

Khiri

Should the elephant ever complain of the weight of its tusks? Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

Teach this girl why she must be followed by attendants.

Malati

Remember that you are a Rani's grand-daughter. In the Nawab's house, where I used to serve, the Begum had a litter of pet mongooses; each of them had four maids for their attendants, and sepoys besides.

Khiri

Kashi, do you hear?

Attendant

Moti of our neighbourhood craves audience.

Khiri

Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness

Khiri

What is the form of salutztion expected from visitors in your Begum's house?

Malati

They have to walk forward, salaaming by touching the earth at each stee and then retire walking backward, salaaming again.

Khiri

Let Moti come before me in proper style.

MALATI BRINGS IN MOTI

Malati

Bend your head low. Touch the floor, and then touch the tip of your nose. Once again—not so fast—step properly.

Moti

Ah my poor back! How it aches!

Malati

Take dust on the tip of your nose three times.



Moti

I am rheumatic.

Malati

Once again.

Moti

Long live Rani Mother. Today, being the eleventh day of the moon, is for fasting and for almsgiving.

Your Rani Mother can ascertain the phases of the moon even without your help, if she finds it profitable.

Moti

Let me receive alms from our Rani and take leave singing her praises.

The first part of your prayer I prefer to ignore; the rest I graciously grant. You may leave immediately singing my praises. Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

Let this woman take her leave in proper style.

Moti

Then I go.

Malati

Not so easily. Bend your head down. Take up the dust of the floor on the tip of your nose. Once again. Once more.

(Moti goes.)

Khiri

Bini, what happened to the ring you had on your forefinger? Has it been stolen?

Bini

Not stolen.

Khiri

Then lost?

Bini

Not lost.

Khiri

Then someone has cheated you of it?

Bini

No.

Khiri

You must admit that a thing either remains, or is stolen, or lost, or

Bini

I have given it away.

Khiri

Which plainly means that someone has cheated you of it. Tell me, who has it?

Bini

Mallika. She is the poorest of all your servants, with her children starving. I have such a heap of rings, I thought . . .

Khiri

Listen to her! Only those of moderate means earn fame by spending in charity, while the rich in doing it earn ingratitude. Charity has no merit for those who possess too much. Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness.

Khiri

Mallika must be dismissed at once.

Malati

She shall be driven away.

Khiri

But not with the ring on her. What music is that outside my palace?

An attendant

A marriage procession.

Khiri

A marriage procession in front of the Rani's house! Suppose I happen to object, what is there to prevent me? Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

What do they do in a Nawab's house in such a case?

Malati

The bridegroom is taken to the prison, and, for three days and nights two amateur flute players practice their scales at each of his ears, and then he is hanged if he survives.

Khiri

Ask my guards to give everyone of the party ten strokes with a shoe.

First attendant

Only ten strokes! It almost sounds like a caress.

Second attendant

They ought to rejoice at this happy ending.

Third attendant

Our Rani has the gift of humour, for which God be praised.

ENTERS A MAID SERVANT

Maid

My pay has been in arrears for the last nine months. To slave and yet to borrow money to feed oneself is not to my taste. Either pay up my wages or allow me leave and go home.

Khiri

To pay up your wages is tolerably good, but it saves a lot of trouble to allow you to leave. Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness.

Khiri

What is your advice?

Malati

Let her be fined at least a hundred rupees.

Khiri

As she is poor I remit fifty rupees out of her fine.

First attendant

Rani, you are kind.

Second attendant

How lucky for her to get fifty rupees for nothing.

Third attendant

You can as well count it nine hundred and fifty rupees out of a thousand.

Fourth attendant

How few are there whose charity can bear such a drain.

Khiri

You do make me blush. (To the maid servant) Now you may go away with proper ceremony and finish the rest of your weeping at leisure outside my palace.

(Malati takes away the maid making her walk backwards with salaams)

RE-ENTERS MALATI

Malati

Rani Kalyani is at your door.

Has she come riding on her elephant?

Malati

No, walking. She is dusty all over.

Khiri

Must I admit her in?

First attendant

She should sit at a proper distance.

Second attendant

Let her stand behind your back.

Third attendant

She can be dismissed by saying that Your Highness is tired.

Khiri

Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

Advise me what to do.

Malati

Let all other seats be removed but your own.

Khiri

You are clever. Let my hundred and twenty slave girls stand in a row outside that door. Sashi, hold the state umbrella over my head. Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

Is it all right?

Malati

Perfect! like a picture!

Khiri

Bring her into my presence.

(Malati goes out and returns with

Kalyani)

Kalyani

Are you well?

Khiri

My desire is to keep well, but the rest of the world tries its best to wreck me.

Kalvani

I must have a talk with you in private.

Khiri

Nothing can be more private than this. Only yourself and I. These are mere servants. Malatil

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

Is it possible to send them away?

Malati

I shudder to think of it.

Kalyani

Then let me toll you briefly. Our Pathan King has forcibly robbed me of my lands.

Khiri

You are not joking? Then those villages Gopalnagar, Kanaiganj and

📣 Kalyani

They no longer belong to me.

Khiri

That's interesting. Haven't you some cash left?

Kalyani

Nothing whatever.

Khiri

How funny! That sapphire necklace and those wonderful diamonds and that chain of rubies, seven rows deep

Kalyani

They are all taken away.

Khiri

Doesn't our scripture say that wealth is unstable like a water drop on a lotus

leaf? And your jewelled umbrella, and that throne with its canopy—I suppose they also have followed the rest.

Kalyani.

Yes.

Khiri

This is instructive. Our sages truly say that prosperity is like a beautiful dream that makes the awakening all the more dismal. But have they left you your palace?

Kalyani

The soldiers are in possession.

Khiri

It does sound like a story—a Rani yesterday and today a beggar in the street. Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

What do you say?

Malati

Those who grow too high must have their fall.

Kalyani

If I may have shelter here for a short time I can try to recover my lost fortune.

Khiri

How unfortunate! My palace is crowded with my servants—no space left where a needle can be dropped. Of course, I could leave you my room and try to rough it in my country-house.

First attendant

Absurd!

Second

It will simply break our hearts.

Kalyani

I cannot dream of putting you to such inconvenience. I take my leave.

Khiri

Must you go so soon? By the by, if you still have some jewelry left, you may leave it with me for permanent safe keeping.



Kalyani

Nothing has been saved.

How late it is. It gives me a headache if I am made to talk too much. I feel it already coming on. (Kalyani goes) See that my State chair and footstool are carefully put back in the store-room. Malati!

Malati

Yes, Your Highness!

Khiri

What do you think of this?

Malati

It makes one laugh to see the frog turning into a tadpole again.

An attendant

A woman craves your audience. Shall I send her away?

Khiri

No, no, call her in. I am in a delightful mood today.

ENTERS THE WOMAN.

The woman

I am in trouble.

Khiri

You want to pass it on to others?

The woman

Robbers came to my room last night.

Khiri

And you must take your revenge on me!

The woman

I ask for your pity.

Khiri

Pity for what you have lost yourself and nothing for what you ask me to lose?

The woman

If you must reject my prayer, tell me where I may get it granted.

Khiri

Kalyani is the proper person to suit you. My men will go and show you her place.

The woman

Her place is well known to me,-I go back to her! (Revealing herself) I am the Goddess Lakshmi!

Khiri

If you must leave me, do it in proper style.-Malati, Malati, Tarini! Where are my maids?

(ENTERS KALYANI)

Kalyani

Have you gone mad? It is still dark, and your shouts bid fair to wake the whole neighbourhood.

Khiri

What ugly dreams I have had all night! It is a new life to wake up from them. Stay a while, let me take the dust of your feet. You are my Rani, and I am your servant for ever.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

INDIAN SETTLERS IN AFRICA

 \mathbf{II}

HAVE in my possession a pencil-written manuscript, which was given to me by an Indian friend, who travelled many long journeys with me in East Africa. We had talks together which sometimes continued far into the night; and I always found his nature the same,-simple, religious, free from the least touch of racial bias, perfectly frank and open, and essentially truthful. He had a great wish to accompany me on all my journeys, and it would have been a delight to me

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forward to relieve their sufferings and sorrows, and lift them to the level of healthy human existence?

The working classes of civilized countries, being comparatively comfortable and educated, have risen against their masters. They are attempting to prevent the continuance of profiteering and exploitation by their employers, both by means of passive and active resistance. But the workers in India being uneducated, unorganized and steeped in poverty and dense ignorance of the liberating.

torces—economic and political, of the world, need the active and constant sympathy and assistance of the workers of other countries. The State, too, ought to give up its stoic indifference, should sweep away all criminal opposition to the just demands of labour, fix a minimum wage for every branch of industry, save more than eighty million men, women, and children from under-feeding, ill-breeding and social injustice and thus restore them to freedom, comfort and culture.

BAL KRISHNA.

RHYMED VERSIONS FROM 'THE CRESCENT MOON'

[The following rhymed versions from 'The Crescent Moon' were sent to the Poet from Liverpool by a poor, working girl, who was deeply moved by the beauty of the Poet's own translation. I have received her permission to publish these in the "Modern Review". C. F. A.]

BABY'S WORLD.

Little baby, baby mine, What does thy tiny soul define In this new world?

Do the stars hold speech with thee, And the baby clouds, so swift and free?

A wonder world is my baby's mind, It has visions that I can never find,— To which my world-worn eyes are blind.

But he can see!

'Tis a realm of kings unfound, Where all dear baby things abound, And from the magic ground Springs new delight;

There Reason has elastic laws, And Fact has never any flaws, And Truth wins wild applause, In baby's world.

WHEN AND WHY.

That love's sweet summer flowers
May perfume all your infant hours,
I bring these colours in your toys,—
Little childish, painted joys,—
That every tint may win your sight,
As colours in a rainbow bright,
Making your day one perfect light,
That all life's colours may control
The freshness of your soul.

And when I sing, my gathered tone Shall make your spirit dimly own The music in the swaying trees And the faint whisper in the breeze. The wistful waves along the shore Will make you listen and understand, When my voice is heard no more.

The wild waved heart of the waters, Caressing the listening earth, Shall supplement your childish mirth.

To your baby lips I hold
The cup of life's pure gold,
Filled to the brim and o'er the rim,
Till Death's angel dim
Shall call me after a while.
I kiss your tiny brow,—
Ah 'tis the dawn of morning now
I gaze and bow
To your sweet tender smile.

THE BEGINNING.

"Where did I come from, Mother dear, Along the worlds, till I got here?"

The mother clasped her darling boy
"Desire of my heart, my love, my joy!"
She said.

"You were hidden deep in my heart's desire, You were the flame of my own life's fire; With little dolls I used to play And with tiny play-things made of clay; The little Baby Christ, enshrined,

So purified my heart and mind, That as I knelt before heaven's shrine, My trembling soul could scarce define,

God's ultimate, divine
Sweet will,
Until
You came to me, my child!

The Virgin Mother's salutation Thrilled through my life's probation

Through all the years, Bringing sweet hopes, sweet fears.

Welcome as the dawn, Your little life in me was born,

And you floated down the stream Of all my virgin dream, Until reaching

Until reaching My beseeching Soul.

You gained the portal fair of birth' On this all-welcoming earth.

"As I gaze upon your face,
Little hero of the race,
I scarcely know what I should do,—
Is there fear of losing you?
Ah! I press you closely to my breast,
God knows all things best,
Little baby mine,
In this great world!"

THE RECALL.

On a dark dark night,
When all were sleeping,
And I was alone, awake and weeping,
My baby's soul took its angel flight
Far away to the land of light,

The fixed stars were shining then, Tonight they shine again.

She died when the buds were nearly rife, With busy palpitating life, And she is dead.

Now all the beautiful flowers
Bedeck the summer hours.
And children scatter in their play
So many petals along the way
To that bright land,
Where you alone can understand

My hearts grief.

All the scented petals' dust It must, it must, Your baby soul recall.

Ah, could I but see beneath the pall
Of sullen Death!
So much of life around is wasted,—
Your little soul had hardly tasted

Earth's sweet inter-play
When you were taken far away
Out of the light of our common day,
Leaving me desolate.

My longing soul can ask but this, Give me one baby kiss,

Tonight.

Liverpool.

M. M. EVANS.

WRONG DIET AND WRONG HYGIENE AS SECONDARY CAUSES OF OUR PHYSICAL DEGENERATION

By Pramatha Nath Bose, B. sc. (London)

TMPOVERISHMENT leading to dearth of proper aliment is one of the primary causes of the increasing ill health of the multitude. But it cannot be operative in the case of the small class of fairly prosperous Neo-Indians consisting of well-to-do officials, lawyers, doctors, &c. The noxious effects of the other primary causes obstruction of drainage offered by railways, raised roads, embankments of canals, &c., and mental strain-no doubt have their influence on them as on others. But it might not unreasonably be expected to be counteracted to some extent by proper diet and hygiene. There appears to be but little indication of that, however.

Until lately, the diet of the upper class Hindus consisted of cereals, pulses, fresh

vegetables, fruits, and milk and its products. Since the Vedic period, at least, they have mostly abstained from fish and flesh except in Bengal, where also meat was but occasionally partaken of. The diet was the result of untold centuries of experiment, and that it was well suited to their constitution is attested by the splendid physique and the mental vigour of those who still adhere to it, especially among the Brahmans of southern and western India. The properties of all its ingredients had been thoroughly studied, their physiclogical effects were well known; and they were skilfully combined into dishes highly palatable, easily digestible and serving all the purposes of nutrition in a tropical or subtropical climate. In Bengal, for in-



Mahatma Gandhi, Moulana Mahamad Ali and a kisan delegate coming out of the Subjects Committee at Nagpur.

The result of the deliberations of the Congress and the statesmanship of the leaders of the movement is too apparent to be discussed here so far as the Non-Co-operation resolution is concerned. The resolution has a positively constructive side which has laid a programme before the nation with a view to work for the attainment of Swaraja. The next Congress according to the new constitution will be and ought to be the National Parliament of India.

The Congress enters into a new phase now. It will have time and facilities to deliberate, discuss and legislate for the Indian Nation.

We will want whole time Secretaries and a regular staff of clerks and Under-Secretaries. The Congress work will go on throughout the year.

The next step will be to construct a permanent building for holding the sessions of the Congress and a home for the staff. It means the National Parliament of India and will have to be fixed once for all. The place should be easily accessible to all provinces. No other place is more central than Allahabad. It is a happy idea that the office of the All-India Congress Committee, which hereafter becomes the executive body of the Congress, is located at Allahabad.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE ON CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

THE following letter has been received from the Poet in America:—

"It has given me great consolation to read in your letters what Mahatmaji is doing in the way of constructive work. Such a positive programme of duties requires no special stress of necessity to justify itself. The stars light up their flames, not because of their despair at the sun's absence, but because it is their nature to shine. One need not wait to find some cause for anger from other people's country, in order to be able to serve one's own. Let us do what we can for our

brothers, but never as a movement of retaliation against our cousins. Self-help loses a great deal of its merit when it is resorted to, as a desperate measure, by the importunate beggar thwarted in his expectation of outside help.

"'You are wicked: I shan't have anything to do with you,' sounds quarrelsome. I shall manage my own affairs, whatever you may think or do," sounds all right. Non-cooperation appeared to me to be the progeny of the union of rejection from one party and dejection from the other party; and therefore

though I tried to shed upon it my best smile, I long hesitated to welcome it to my heart.

"Why do we not feel the miserable shame of uttering in a tear-choked voice, or, for the matter of that, in a sullen growl, to our Governors—'We are sorely disappointed in you, and therefore we have no other alternative than to come down to our own people.' It is like the exclamation of a malcontent dog to its neglectful master, 'I was willing to guard your door and beautifully wag my tail at you, if you had provided me with the remnant of your dinner: but as you never cared to do so, I go to join my own species.'

"Not very long ago, we said to our rulers,—"We are willing to sacrifice our principles and to persuade our men to join in a battle about whose merit they have not the least notion; only, in exchange, we shall claim your favour.' It was pitifully weak: it was sinful. And now we must acknowledge our responsibility,—to the extent of our late effort at recruiting,—for turning our men into a mercenary horde, drenching the soil of Asia with brothers' blood for the sake of the self-aggrandisement of a people wallowing in the mire of imperialism.

"I am mighty glad that any reward was refused, or, at least, what was flung to us was deemed inadequate. It was ordained that we should go through our penance at Jallianwala Bagh and at the debates of both the Houses of Parliament. Let India also accept and carry out the Esher Commission recommenda-

tions, for her sackcloth and ashes!

"The word 'Non-co-operation' still chokes me. I cannot get over the shame that it carries. It will always proclaim the fact, that our co-operation came to us by a road of ignominy,—that it missed its true route and did not enter into the heart of our country through the great triumphal arch of love.

"Thave ever cried myself hoarse in trying to convince our people that self-government for us is simple,—like the eye-sight to the eyes,—it is already there, only the lids have

to be opened.

"The most vitally valuable part of Self-government is the 'Self.' When it comes to us as a *gift* packed in a tin from the outside,

then that very 'self' is smothered to death, and its tortured ghost becomes for us an eternal incubus.

"For a man to be kept fettered in a prisonhouse, is inconvenient, but not incongruous but for him to be left fettered in an open road is tragic and ludicrous at the same moment,—for it is inappropriate. Borrowed self-government is that fettered self-government,—it has the open road, but not the free

legs.

"And yet, what was it that hindered us from taking upon ourselves the full responsibility of our own education, sanitation, prevention of crimes, and such other duties that God Himself, and not Montagu or British Parliaments, had given us to perform entirely according to our own way? The sacred responsibility had been lying before our own door wearily waiting, not for any passing of a Bill, but for real sacrifice from ourselves.

"The power is there where there is right, and where there is the dedication of love. It is a maya to imagine that the gift of self-government is somewhere outside us. It is like a fruit that the tree must produce itself through its own normal function, by the help of its inner resources. It is not a Chinese lantern, flimsily gaudy, that can be bought from a foreign second-hand shop to be hung on the tree to illuminate its fruitlessness.

"All this I tried to explain in my 'Swadeshi Samaj'—and when I found that nobody took me at all seriously, and when pedants discovered to their utter cisgust discrepancies between my proposal and some doctrine of John Stuart Mill, then I took up, unaided, my village organisation work, which at the present moment is throbbing out its last heart throbs in a remote corner of Bengal. Certainly, I was more successful in writing the song on that occasion,—

'If nobody cares to come in answer to thy call, walk alone.

"Of course, turning out songs is my proper work. But those, who are unfortunate, cannot afford to limit their choice to the works they can do; they must also bear the burden of tasks they can not do!"

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WHOLE No 172

OUR SWADESHI SAMAJ By Rabindranath Tagore.

(Specially translated for the Modern Review).

[This paper was read by the author some 16 years ago on the occasion of a Government resolution bearing on Water Scarcity in Bengal. It is extraordinary how closely it touches the present feeling in the Country.—Ed., The Modern Review].

N our country the king has made wars, defended his territory and administered his laws, but the social organisation has attended to everything else, from the supply of water to the supply of knowledge, so simply and naturally that the repeated floods of new sovereignty, which swept over the land with the advent of each new era, did not reduce us to brutes by destroying our dharma, nor scatter us into vagabondage by breaking up our social structure. The kings incessantly battled against one another, but in our murmuring bamboo groves, amidst the of our mango orchards, temples were being raised, rest-houses for wayfarers established, and water-reservoirs excavated; the village schoolmaster taught his simple lore, higher philosophy was not lacking in the tols, and the village meeting-places were resonant with the chanting of the Ramayana and the singing of Kirtans. The social life did not depend upon outside aid, nor did outside aggression perceptibly mar its serene beauty.

It is a trivial matter that we should be deploring the scarcity of water to-day. The root of it is the thing, above all things, which should cause us the deepest misgiving,—the fact that our mind is no longer in our own social system, that our whole attention is directed outwards.

If a river, which has always flowed by the side of some village, deserts it and betakes its current elsewhere, then the village loses its water, its fruits, its health and its commerce. Its gardens become wildernesses, and the tangled growths which lodge in the cracks of its decayed prosperity become the haunt of bat and owl.

The current of man's mind is of no less importance than a river. This current of old had kept pure and joyful the cloistered shade of Bengal's villages,—but now the mind of Bengal has been distracted and turned away from its village homesteads. That is why its temples are in ruins, for there are none to repair them; its pools are insanitary, for there are none to clear out the slime; the dwellings of its wealthy ones are deserted and no joyful festivity resounds therein. So now it is the government which must give us water, government which must give us health, and for our very education we must cringe at the door of government. The tree which used to bear its own blossoms now stretches its withered branches upwards, petitioning for a rain of flowers from on high. What if its prayer be granted,—of what avail to it would be such make-believe bloom?

The state is the sovereign power in England. The old-time Raj-shakti in our country was different. In England the state is mainly responsible for the well-being of the people, but in India this was so only to a limited extent. Not that the king had not to maintain and reward the sages who gave free education to the people in religion and science,—but that was only in part. The real responsibility lay on the householder. If the king stopped his

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2020-11-23 15:43 GMT ... in the United States,

Original from UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN grants, or even if the land was kingless, - having read in her school, have come to these primary activities of the community would not suffer any serious check. Not that the king did not provide waterreservoirs for the people, but no more than what all wealthy men considered it their duty to do. The neglect of the king could not dry up the water resources of the country.

In England every one is at liberty to pursue his self-interest, his personal comforts and amusements. They are not burdened with communal duties. All the greater cares rest on the state. In our country it was the king who was comparatively free, and on the people was cast the burden of their civic obligations. The king warred and hunted; whether he spent his time attending to matters of state or to his personal pleasures was a matter for which he might be accountable to dharma, but on which the people did not leave their communal welfare to depend. The responsibility for this was divided in a wonderfully adaptive way among the members of the community themselves.

For this reason what we understand as dharma permeated the whole social fabric; each one had to practise the discipline of self-restraint, each one had to con-

form to dharma.

This shows that the seat of life of different civilisations is differently placed in the body politic. Where the responsibility for the welfare of the people lies, there beats the heart of the nation; and if a blow should fall thereon, the whole nation is wounded unto death. In England the overthrow of the state would mean destruction for the nation. But disaster can only overtake our country when its social body, its Samaj, is crippled. That is why we have never staked our all to resist a change of sovereignty, but have clung with might and main to the freedom of our Samaj. It is, I say, because all good works depend in England upon the state, and in India upon the social organisation, that in England to save the state is to save the country, and for India to live is to preserve her social institutions.

Naturally England is busy keeping the state ever alert, eternally vigilant. And we

the conclusion that the continual poking of Government out of its indifference is the whole duty of the Indian man. We somehow seem to have become incapable of understanding that putting a blister on someone else's body is not a way to cure one's own malady.

We love to argue, and here it may be argued whether or not it is better to centralise the business of public welfare in the hands of a specialised Government rather than leave it loosely spread over every member of the community. say is, that this may be a good subject for a debating club, but its discussion cannot lead us anywhere, for in England the state depends on the continued goodwill of the people, which has been evolved by a natural process. We cannot get to this state by discussion and, though it be perfection itself, we must perforce do without it!

The Government in our country—the Sarkar-has no relations with our social organisation—the Samaj; so that whatever we may seek from the former must be paid for out of our freedom. From whichever of its duties our Samaj seeks relief by getting it done by the Sarkar, to that extent will it be disabled with an incapability which was not of its essence in the past. To-day we are striving, of our own accord, to place in the hands of the Sarkar the whole duty of our Samaj. So long many a new sect has arisen in our Samaj, each with its own special manners and customs, without protest or penalty from the larger body. Now we are crystallised into rigidity by the Englishman's law, and every departure is compelled to declare itself non-Hindu. The innermost core of our Samaj, which we have been carefully guarding within our bosoms. through the ages, is at last exposed to outside aggression. That is the calamity,not water-scarcity.

In the old days those who were decorated by the Imperial power of the Moghuls, and called to share its counsels. did not find their fullest satisfaction in these honours. They gave a higher place to the approval of their own Samaj. And for the highest reward, which even Delhi had



not in its gift, they had to come and stand at the cottage door of the village of their birth. Acknowledgment as a high-souled member of the community by the meanest there, meant more than the highest Maharajaship conferred by the Sarkar. In those days they had learnt to value appreciation by the motherland in the very depths of their being; and the pomp of the metropolis, or the glories of the imperial audience chamber never succeeded in drawing their hearts away thereform. Therefore, there was no water-scarcity then, and all the adjuncts of true human culture were to be found in the life of the village.

To-day it adds not to our happiness that our countrymen should hail us as blessed, and so does our endeavour fail to be directed towards our country. It has now become necessary for requests and reminders to come to us from the Sarkar. There is nothing within us to impel us to take the natural course ourselves, for have we not signed away our birthright to the white man,—are not our very tastes put up

for sale in his shops?

I feel I may be misunderstood. I do not mean that each one of us should cling to the soil of his native village and that there is no need to stir outside it to gain knowledge or recognition. The Bengali cannot but be grateful to the forces of attraction which have drawn him out, roused his faculties, and broadened his mind by widening his sphere of activity. But the time has come to remind the sons of Bengal that they must not turn topsyturvy the natural relations of within and without. Men go abroad to earn, and come home to spend. To make the best use of our powers in the outside world, we must keep our heart true within. But, as the last Provincial Conference showed only too clearly, we have now changed all that. We went to confer with our provincial brethren, but our language was foreign. We have learnt to look upon the Englisheducated man as our next-of-kin, and cannot realise that all our politics are futile if we cannot make one with us the whole community, from the highest to the lowest. We have become used to keeping

the great mass of our countrymen outside our deliberations and so have set up an impassable barrier between them and ourselves. We have from the very first spared no effort or artifice to win the heart of England, but have clean forgotten that the heart of our own country is of greater value and requires at least as much of

striving for its conquest.

The ultimate object of political work is to mould the mind of the people into one. It is only in our unfortunate country that the idea finds place of calling a series of operations designed to capture the mind of the foreigner by the name of political education. If we acknowledge the conquest of the country's heart to be the supreme gain, we must cast aside the foreign methods which we have learnt to consider so necessary in business matters, and bring full into our view the avenues which have always been open, and still are available, as thoroughfares to the heart of the motherland.

Let us try and imagine what we should have done if we really had some message we wanted to deliver to country. Instead of getting up a meeting in the English style we should have organised a grand mela. There arrangements for play and song and festivity galore would bring crowds hurrying from the most distant places. There we could hold our markets and our exhibitions of home-made goods and agricultural produce. There we could award prizes to our bards and reciters and those who came to sing or play. There we could arrange lantern lectures on sanitation. There we could have heart to heart talks with each other, and bethink ourselves of ways and means, in regard to all matters of national interest, -- and with gentle and rustic alike we could hold communion in our own language.

Our countrymen are mainly villagers. When the village desires to feel in its veins the throb of the greater life of the outside world, the mela has always been its way of achieving that object. The mela is the invitation of the village to the world into its cottage home. On such festive occasion the village forgets its narrowness in a hospitable expansion of heart. Just as in the rains the water-courses are filled with water from the sky, so in *mela* time the village heart is filled with the spirit of the Universal.

These melas are altogether a natural growth in our country. If you call people to a formal meeting they come burdened with doubt and suspicion and it takes time for their hearts to open. But those who come to a mela are already in the open, holiday mood, for they have left plough and hoe and all cares behind. So that is the place and time to come and sit by the people and hold converse with them. There is not a district in Bengal where, at different times in the year and at suitable places, melas are not held. We should make a list of these times and places to begin with, and then take pains to make acquaintance with our own people through this open door.

If the leaders of the country will abjure empty politics and make it their business to give new life and objective to these melas, putting their own heart into the work and bringing together the hearts of Hindu and Muslim, and then confer about the real wants of the people,—schools, roads, water reservoirs, grazing commons and the like, then will the country soon awaken into life.

It is my belief that if a band of workers go about from district to district, organising these melas of Bengal, furnishing them with new compositions by way of Jatras, Kirtans and recitations; with bioscope and lantern shows, gymnastics and legerdemain; then the money question will give no trouble. In fact if they undertake to pay the zamindars their usual dues on being allowed to make the collections, they will stand to make considerable profit. And if this profit be used for national work, it would result in uniting the organisers of the mela to the people with a stronger tie, and would enable them to get acquainted with every detail of the life of the country. The valuable functions they could then perform in connexion with the national awakening would be too numerous to recount.

Religious and literary education has

always been imparted in our country in the midst of the joy of festivity. Now-adays, for one reason or another, the zamindars have been drawn away to the metropolis, and the festivities on the occasion of the weddings of their sons and daughters are limited to the dinners and nauches given for their rich town friends, the poor tenants being often called upon to pay extra impositions for the purpose. So the villages are losing all their joy, and the religious and literary culture, which was a feature of all festivity, and used to be the solace of man, woman and child alike, is getting to be more and more beyond the means of ordinary people. If our suggested band of organisers can take back this current of festivity to the villages, they will reclaim the desert into which the heart of the nation is fast lapsing.

We should also remember that the drying up or pollution of our reservoirs is not only a cause of water-scarcity, but of disease and death as well. So also many of our melas, originating in the name of some religious festival, have degenerated, and far from being a source of education are becoming centres of corruption. Fields which are neglected not only do not yield crops, but breed noxious weeds. If we do not rescue these institutions from such foul decay we shall be guilty before our

country and our dharma.

I have said this much to give an example of how we can approach our countrymen in a natural way, and also to give an idea how, by organising and regulating our existing institutions, it may be possible to make them fruitful of untold blessings to the country at large.

Those who are unable to pin their faith on petitioning the Government as the highest form of political activity are dubbed pessimists by the opposite school. That is to say, they think that we refuse to beg because we are pessimistic as to the quantity or quality of the alms. But let me say as clearly as I can that I have never been one of those who seek the consolation of the grape-forswearing fox, and that I have never preached the superiority of self-determination because of the big



Therefore it is always incumbent on us to inquire and find out what is the true way of India. To establish a personal relationship between man and man was always India's main endeavour. Our relationships extended to the most distant connections, continued unrelaxed with children even when grown up, and included neighbours and villagers irrespective of race or caste. The householder was bound by family ties to preceptor and teacher, guest and wayfarer, landlord and tenant, - not ties prescribed by religion or law, but of the heart. Some were as fathers, others as sons, some as brothers, others as intimates. Whomsoever we came into contact with we drew into the circle of relationship. So we never got into the habit of looking on man as a machine, or a tool for the furtherance of some interest.

There may be a bad as well as a good side to this, but it was the way of our country,—nay more, it is the way of the East.

We saw this in the Japanese war. War is doubtless a mechanical thing now-a-days and those who engage in it have to act and become as parts of a machine. And yet every Japanese soldier was something more than a machine. He was not reduced to a blind piece of war material, nor to a blood-thirsty brute. They all remained related to their Mikado and their country in a reverential self-dedication. So, in our old days, our warriors did not go to their death like pawns moved by an unknown player, but, through their chiefs, each of them dedicated himself to the Ksha-

tra-dharma. No doubt this made the ancient battle-field resemble a vast sacrifice of self-immolation: and the westerner may exclaim that it was magnificent, but not war: but the Japanese by not neglecting their pristine magnificence, while making efficient modern war, won the admiration of East and West alike.

Anyhow, that is our nature. We are unable to turn necessity to account unless we first purify it with the touch of personal relation. And so we have often to take on ourselves extra burdens. The ties of necessity are narrow and confined to the place of business. If master and servant are merely so related, their commerce is confined to the giving and taking of work and wages; but if personal relations are brought in, then is the burden of each cast on the other through the whole gamut of their respective joys and sorrows.

Let me give a modern illustration of what I mean. I was present at the Provincial Conferences of Rajshahi and Dacca. Of course we all looked on the work of the Conference as a serious piece of business, but what took me by surprise was, that the demands of hospitality, and not of the business of the day, were the more conspicuous - as if we had accompanied a bridegroom to his wedding — and the requirements of our comfort and our amusement were so insistent that they must have strained our hosts to the limit. If they had reminded us that we had come to do patriotic work and that there was no reason to suppose that we had laid them some eternal obligation, they under would have been justified. But it is not our characteristic to admit business as an excuse for keeping to one's own concerns. However business-like our modern training may be making us, the host must still be above mere business considerations. We cannot allow even business to remain untouched by the heart. And so at the Conferences we were less impressed by the business done than by the hospitality received. Those meetings of our countrymen, with all their western paraphernalia, were unable to get rid of their eastern heart. So, also, with the Congress, that much of it which is truly national — its hospitality

— has played an abiding part in the national regeneration, while its work ends with its three-day's session and is heard of no more during the rest of the year.

This eastern hospitality, which is of India's very nature, is a source of great joy to her when it can be offered on a grand scale. The individual hospitality of the householder used to be expanded in the old days into a vast Yajna in order to find its completest realisation. however, was in the distant past. So when India got this recent opportunity of throwing open her guest-house once more, she was overjoyed, and India's Goddess stepped in and took her long unused seat. And thus it happened that, even in the midst of the outrageously outlandish speechifying and clapping of hands in our Congress and Conferences, our Mother smiled on us once more, happy that she could serve out of her humble store to each one of her guests, albeit understanding but little else of what it was all about! She would have been happier still if, instead of this book-learned, this watch-and-chainbedecked assembly, she had found rich and poor, cultured and rustic, invited and uninvited, gathered together as in the Yajnas of old, to join this festivity. May be, in such case, there would have been less of material to go round, but the Mother's blessing would have fallen in richer abun-

However that may be, what I was saying is, that India is unwilling to forego the sweetness of human relationship even in her work and business, and is ready to take on herself the extra burdens so arising. That is why, in the past, no outsider has had to be concerned with the succour of the helpless, the teaching of the young, the sheltering of wayfarers, or any other public good work. If to-day the old samajic bonds have ceased to hold, and if the giving of water and health and learning be no longer possible from within the broken-up Samaj, even that need not cause us to despair.

Hindu Dharma has always shown the way for each householder to transcend the narrowness of home or parish and relate himself to the universal. Each house-

holder is still in the habit of making his daily offerings of Pancha-yajna to the Gods, the rishis, ancestors, humanity and all creatures. Why should it not be possible for him to maintain the same high relations with his country? Could we not set apart every day some offering, be it the smallest coin, be it half-a-handful of rice, in the name of our country? Would it be too much to ask of our Hinduism that it should unite us in concrete relations with this India of ours, the resort of our gods, the retreat of our rishis, the motherland of our ancestors? The relation of good works with our own land,-are we not to gain that for each one of ourselves. rather than leave it to others, and take our hearts off elsewhere?

We are ceaselessly bewaiting the draining out of our money, but is it a thing of less moment that our heart should be enticed away? Does our patriotism, then, consist simply in urging others to do all good work, and is that what all our Congresses and Conferences are content to be busy with? No, that can never be! This state of things cannot last long in our country, for it is not of India's nature. We who have uncomplainingly shared our hard-earned little with our destitute relations and connections without considering that to be any extraordinary sacrifice,— shall we say that we are unable to bear the burden of supporting our Mother? Is the foreigner to be for ever doling out alms and we crying ourselves hoarse because the doles are not generous to our liking? Never, never! Each one of us shall for every day of our lives, take up the burdens of our country. This shall be our glory, this is our Dharma. The time has come when each of us must know that he is not alone, that, insignificant though he be, he cannot be neglected, nor must he neglect the meanest.

If to-day we should say to one, "Go and work for your Swadeshi Samaj," he would be utterly puzzled to make out how, where, on what and for whom he is to work. It is perhaps just as well that each individual should not be capable of deciding for himself his own programme of work. Therefore there must be a centre.



Our bands of workers are often successful in making their enthusiasm blossom forth, but they fail to carry on till fruition. There may be many a reason for this, but one reason is, that they are unable to realise the oneness of their party, and so to maintain it. So each one's slackening responsibility gradually slips off his shoulders and cannot find a place. Our Samaj cannot afford to go on any longer in this way, because the opposing force which is seeking to devour it is well-knit and organised in its unity and moreover has introduced its tentacles through and through our social fabric, from our educational institutions to the shops dealing with our daily necessaries. In order to save ourselves from its fatal embrace, our Samaj must make the firmest stand in its united strength. And the only way is, to anoint some Samaj-pati to be our chief, and then for each one to rally round him as the symbol and representative of our union, not deeming it derogatory to render him the fullest obedience, for he shall represent the spirit of Freedom itself.

Such Samaj-pati-may sometimes be the best of men, and sometimes not, but if the Samaj be alive and alert, that will not matter, for the worst of them can do it no permanent injury. On the other hand, the anointment of such a Chief is the best way to keep the Samaj in full vigour,-by dint of continually realising its strength in that of its representative it will become unconquerable. Under the Samaj-pati there will, of course, be subordinate leaders for each convenient division of the country, who will see to the doing of all needful good works and be responsible to the Samajpati for their due performance. I have suggested that each one should set apart a small voluntary contribution for country as a matter of daily habit. could be amplified by larger contributions out of expenditure on all festive occasions. In our country, where voluntary contributions have founded rich monasteries and built monumental temples, it should be easily possible for the Samaj to be adequately maintained, especially when by its good works it would be entitled to the gifts of the grateful as well.

A little consideration will convince anyone how necessary it is to have a centre to which the Shakti of the country may flow. where it will accumulate, and from which can be appropriately distributed. No doubt we should contrive, as best we may, that disease should not gain entrance from without, but what if, in spite of us, it does come? Are we not to have our internal vital force ready to combat it? If such force be there, no outside aggression can reduce us to lifelessness, for its very dharma is to cure wounds, to co-ordinate efforts, and to rouse the fullest conscious-Even the Government is in the habit of bestowing titles for good work, but we can only be truly rewarded when we receive the benediction of our own country. Such power of reward, therefore, must also be placed in the hands of our Samaj, else shall we deprive ourselves of a potent source of self-satisfaction. Lastly, there is the Hindu-Moslem friction, which it must be the duty of our Swadeshi Samaj to eradicate by equity of treatment and regulation of conflicting interests-failing this, repeated disruptions will only weaken it more and more.

Let us not mistrust our own Shakti, for it is clear that the time has come. Know for certain that India has always been endowed with the power of binding together. Through adverse circumstances of every kind she has invariably succeeded in evolving an orderly system, so does she still survive. On this India I pin my faith. Even to-day, at this very moment, she is wonderfully adapting herself to recent conditions. May it be vouchsafed to each of us to co-operate with her consciously,—not to succumb to material considerations and go against her.

This is not the first time that India has come into contact with the outer world. When the Aryans first came in, violent antagonisms were set up between them and the first inhabitants. The Aryans won, but the non-Aryans were not exterminated, as were the American and Australian aborigines. In spite of their different manners and modes of thought, they found a place in the Aryan polity.

And, in their turn, they contributed variety to the Aryan Samaj.

Later there came another and more prolonged period of disruption. So long as Buddhism prevailed, there was, intimate commerce between India and every kind of foreigner. Such intimacy was far more serious for her than any conflict, for, in the absence of the latter the instinct of self-preservation is not awake, and indiscriminate mingling threatens to turn into disorganisation. That is what happened in the Buddhist age. During that Asiawide religious inundation, widely differing ideals and institutions found unchecked.

But even when weltering in that vast chaos, India's genius for synthesis did not desert her. With all that she had before, and all that had come upon her, she set to work to reconstruct her Samaj afresh, and in the midst of all this multifarious diversity she preserved and consolidated her unity of Ideal. Even now many ask, where in all these self-contradicting mutually-conflicting differences is the unity of the Hindu religion, of the Hindu Samaj? It is difficult to give a clear answer. The larger the circumference, the harder it is to locate the centre; but nevertheless the centre exists. We may not be able to lay our finger on the spot, but each one of us knows that the unity is there.

Then came the Mohamedans. It cannot be said that they had no effect on our Samaj. Synthetical re-actions began almost immediately, and a common ground was in course of preparation where the between Hindu and boundary lines Muslim were growing fainter and fainter. The followers of Nanak, of Kabir, and the lower orders of Vaishnavas are cases in point. But our educated classes do not keep in touch with the makings and breakings which are going on beneath the surface of the Samaj, among the common people. Had they done so they would have known that these re-actions have even now not ceased to work.

There has lastly come yet another religion with its different manners, customs and educational methods. And so now all the four great religions of the world are here together—Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohamedanism and Christianity. It is evident that India is God's chemical factory for the making of a supreme religious synthesis.

Here, however, we must take note of one thing. The long and thorough disorganisation which characterised the Buddhist age, left behind it a shrinking timidity in the succeeding Hindu Samajan utter dread of novelty or change—which still persists. This constant fearfulness is hampering its further progress, and makes it difficult for it to rise superior to obstacles. Any Samaj, which concentrates all its attention on sheer self-preservation, cannot freely move or act and comes to a state of death in life.

The barriers within which the Hindu Samaj then entrenched itself with all it could gather together, caused India to lose her place in the world. Once India was the world's guru, for her free thought ranged fearlessly over religion, philosophy and science, far and wide. But from that high seat she is now deposed,— and that because fear has entered into her soul.

Our timidity has caused us to stop all voyaging on the high seas,—whether of water or of wisdom. We belonged to the universe but have relegated ourselves to the parish. Our shakti has become the womanish shakti of thrift and conservation, and our masculine adventurous curiosity has owned defeat. Our treasure, which used to multiply by commerce, is now hoarded in the zenana store-room; it increases no longer, and whatever we may lose out of it is lost for good.

We must realise that every nation is a member of humanity and each must render an account of what it has created for the weal of mankind. By the measure of such contribution does each nation gain its place. When any nation loses its creative power, it hangs limp like a paralysed limb, for there is no virtue in mere continued existence.

India never fought for domination, norscrambled for spoils. China, Japan and Tibet, who are so careful to bar their windows against the advances of Europe, welcomed India with open arms as their



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guru, for she had never sent out her armies for plunder and pillage, but only her messages of peace and goodwill. This glory, which India had earned as the fruit of her self-discipline, was greater than that of the widest of Empires.

When with the loss of our glory we, with our bundled-up belongings, were huddled together in our corner, it was high time for the Britisher to come. At his onslaught the defensive barriers of our crouching, run-away Samaj began to give way in places, and through the gaps the Outside, in dread of which we had shrunk into ourselves, came hurtling in upon us. Now who shall thrust it back? With this breaking down of our enclosure we discovered two things - how wonderfully strong we had been, how miserably weak we have become.

And to-day we have likewise understood that this policy of funk will not do. The true way of self-defence is to rouse our inherent powers. The policy of protection by imitation of the conqueror is a self-delusion which will not serve, either,the imitation cannot prevail against the reality. I repeat, therefore, that the only way to stem the tide of waste of heart and taste and intellect is, to become our true selves, consciously, actively and with our full strength. Our dormant shakti must awake at the impact of the outside, for to-day the world stands sorely in need of the priceless fruits of the discipline of our ancient Rishis. God will not allow these to go to waste. That is why, in the fulness of time, He has roused us by this agony of suffering.

The realisation of unity in diversity, the establishment of a synthesis amidst variety,—that is the inherent, the Sanatan Dharma of India. India does not admit difference to be conflict, nor does she espy an enemy in every stranger. So she repels none, destroys none; she abjures no methods, recognises the greatness of all ideals; and she seeks to bring them all into one grand harmony.

By reason of this genius of India, Hindu, Moslem and Christian need not fight here for supremacy, but will find

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common ground under the shelter of her hospitality. That common ground will not be un-Hindu, it will be more especially Hindu. And however foreign the several limbs may be, the heart will still be the heart of India.

If we but realise this God-given function of India, our aim will become true, our shame will depart from us, and we shall revive the undying shakti of India. Before that great day comes, call once on the Mother! The One Mother who, through the ages, has been nourishing her children from her eternal store of wisdom and truth, preserving them from destruction, drawing them nearer one another, and to Herself.

We had once learnt to despise riches, to make poverty beautiful and glorious. Shall we to-day insult our Sanatan falling prostrate before Dharma by money? Shall we not once more be fit to serve our Mother, to build anew her fallen house, by taking up a clean, disciplined, simple life? It was never reckoned a shame in our country to eat off plantain leaves-the shame was in eating by oneself alone. Shall we not get back this sense of shame? Shall we not be able to forego some of our comforts, some of our luxuries, so that we may have enough to serve to all our brethren? Will that which was once so easy for us become impossible to-day? Never!

Even in her uttermost extremity India's tremendous power has secretly and calmly regained victory for herself. I know for certain that this school-taught obsession of ours will never be able to prevail over that imperishable power. I know for certain that the deep note of India's call has already found a response in our hearts, and that, unknown to ourselves, we are slowly but surely going back to her. Here, standing at the crossing of the ways, with face turned towards Home, and eyes fixed on the pure light of its sacred lamp, call once on the Mother!

> Free translation by SURENDRANATH TAGORE.



ed on the ground of their ceasing to be ratepayers. The force of this argument has however been greatly exaggerated. Married and unmarried women would not under the proposed measure be sharply or permadivided. Great numbers of female voters would be constantly passing into the married state. Great numbers of married women would be constantly acquiring by widowhood the right of voting; and married women with independent property would retain their votes in the married state.

The entrance of women into the field of politics would no doubt make the elimination of priestly influence from the political arena difficult; but this applies much more in the case of Catholic countries where women are absolutely under ecclesiastical influence than in the English speaking world. In India, educated professional women with independent property qualifications are more likely to be free from religious prejudices

than even many educated male voters.

As for the results of the enfranchisement of women, Lecky is of opinion that it would raise the standard of private morality required in public men, and increase the importance of character in public life. It would probably be a conservative influence, very hostile to revolutionary and predatory change. It would also probably tend somewhat, though not in any overwhelming degree, to strengthen ecclesiastical influence, especially in questions relating to religious education. Questions connected with the social condition of the masses of the people will receive an increased prominence in legislation, and women would make it the interest of the people's representatives to give them an increased share of their attention. At the same time it should be remembered that women, and especially

unmarried women, are on the whole more impulsive than men; more easily induced to gratify an undisciplined or misplaced compassion, to the neglect of the larger and more permanent interests of society [e.g., their vehement opposition to vivisection]; more apt to dwell upon the proximate than the more distant results; more subject to fanatiwhich often acquire almost the intensity of monomania. A due sense of the proportion of things; an adequate subordination of impulse to reason; an habitual regard to the ultimate and distant consequences of political measures; a sound, sober and unexaggerated judgment, are elements which already are lamentably wanting in political life, and female influence would certainly not tend to increase them. Nor is it likely that it would be in the direction of liberty. With women, even more than men, there is a strong disposition to overrate the curative powers of legislation, to attempt to mould the lives of men in all their details by meddlesome or restraining laws; and an increase of female influence could hardly fail to increase that habit of excessive legislation which is one of the great evils of the time.

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On the whole, however, Lecky's conclusion is as follows:

"Women form a great section of the community, and as we have seen, they have many special interests. The opening to them of employments, professions and endowments; the regulation of their labour; questions of women's property and succession; the punishment of crimes against women; female education; laws relating to marriage, guardianship and divorce, may all be cited; and in the great drink question they are the more sober sex, they are also, it is to be feared, the sex which suffers most from the consequences of intemperance. With such a catalogue of special interests it is impossible to say that they have not a claim to representation if they desire it."

A CRY FOR PEACE

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE world is crying for peace. The West is desiring the restoration of peace through a League of Powers But can Powers find their equilibrium

in themselves? Power cannot be made secure only against power, it must also be made secure against the weak; for there lies the peril of its losing balance. The

weak are as great a danger for the strong, as quicksands for an elephant. They do not assist progress, because they do not resist, they only drag down. The people who grow accustomed to wield absolute power over others are apt to forget, that by doing it they generate an unseen disruptive force, which some day rends that power into pieces. The dumb fury of the down-trodden finds its awful support from the universal law of moral balance. The air which is thin and weak gives birth to storms that nothing can resist. This has been proved in history over and over again; and stormy forces arising from the heart of insulted humanity are openly gathering in the air even in the present day. Yet the psychology of athletic might stubbornly refuses its lessons and despises to take count of the terribleness of the weak. This is the gross stupidity, that, like an unsuspected worm, burrows at the bottom of the muscular bulk of the prosperous and the proud. Have we never read of the gorgeousness of a power, supinely secure in its arrogance, in a moment dissolving in the air at the explosion of the outraged weak? Politicians calculate upon the number of mailed hands that are on the sword-hilts; they do not possess the third eye to see the great invisible hand, that clasps in silence the hand of the helpless and waits its time. The strong form their League by combination of Powers, driving the weak to form their league alone with their God. I know I am crying in the wilderness, when I raise my voice of warning; and while the West is busy in its organisation for building its machine-made peace, it will still continue to nourish, with its iniquities, underground forces of earthquake in the vast bosom of the Eastern Continent. The West seems unconscious that Science, by providing it with more and more power, is tempting it to suicide, encouraging it to accept the challenge of the disarmed, not knowing that this challenge comes from a higher

Two prophecies about the world's salvation are cherished in the hearts of the two great religions of the world. They represent the highest expectation of man, thereby indicating his faith in a truth, which he instinctively considers as ultimate,—the truth of love. These phecies have not for their vision the fettering of the world into tameness with a closely linked power forged in the factory of a political steel trust. One of these religions has, for its meditation, the image of Buddha who is to come, Maitreya, the Buddha of love. And he is to bring peace. The other religion waits for the coming of Christ. For Christ preached peace when he preached love, when he preached Oneness of the Father among brothers who are many. And this was the truth of peace. Christ never held that peace was the best policy. For policy is not truth. The calculation of self-interest can never successfully fight the irrational force of passion-the passion which is perversion of love, and which can only be set aright by the truth of love. So long as the Powers build a League on the foundation of their desire for safety, and for securest enjoyment of gains,—for consolidation of past injustice, for putting off reparation of wrongs, while their fingers still wriggle for grabbing and still reek of blood,-rifts will appear in their union, and conflicts in future will take greater force and magnitude. It is the national and commercial egoism, which is the evil harbinger of war; by different combinations it changes its shape and dimensions, but not its nature. egoism is still held almost as sacred as religion; and such religion, by its mere change of temple and of committee of priests, will never save men. We must know that, as, through science and commerce, the realisation of the unity of the material world gives us power, so the realisation of the great spiritual unity of man only can give us peace.

2020-11-23 16:00 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uiug.3011: in the United States, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitr ng him, frankly acknowledged that he reckoned to nake two rupees a week by this method, so for curisity's sake I said, 'Very well, bawarchi, I will add nextra two rupees a week to your pay on condition hat there be no bargaining, and that you charge me air prices only.' He was delighted at earning the dditional money so easily, but at the end of the nonth begged me to 'cut' the two rupees, and let him to back to the old system; 'bargaining' was such a real deasure to him that in consequence of there being one he was losing health. So back he went, quite yill at the prospect of a daily battle of words and, resumably, recovered health. It is the immemorial 'ustoor (custom) of the country, and, because the East the East, changeth not.

On one occasion another bawarchi charged me we annas for a small purchase, a fair price being four nd a half annas. On my pointing this out to him with ome asperity, he salaamed very profoundly, and aid it was his misfortune that he could not pronounce four and a half correctly, as he had lost some teeth, so lways had to say 'five annas', which caused him no lifficulty at all. This preposterous apology almost ook my breath away; but, controlling my face, I aid very sympathetically that I was exceedingly sorry or his misfortune, but that I, too, suffered from a seculiar deafness, and, therefore, whenever I heard im say 'five annas', I should write down 'four'. This style of argument appealed to him much/more han any form of vituperation, and I had no further rouble.

In the writer's opinion, it is no use asking a servant the reason for any dereliction of duty.

Plausibility is a fine art. 'Why has this place not been cleaned to-day?' 'Oh sahib, if I clean it to-day, it will be dirty again to-morrow, so what is the good of cleaning it to-day?' The only safe method is the direct 'Clean it.' Then in the eyes of the servant it becomes an order, hukum hai, something sacred, and

so must be obeyed. The somewhat apologetic and polite form of request will probably have no effect at all; the man thinks you are not in earnest.

Hindu and European notions of cleanliness are thus illustrated.

A very intelligent khansama was explaining to me how very clean the Hindus are in comparison with Europeans, in spite of the two baths daily the white man finds necessary. 'If I want to brush my teeth, sahib, I take a piece of fresh wood from God's own tree, fill my mouth with heaven-sent water, and use the frayed stick as a brush; but the sahib takes the hairs of an unclean dead animal, fixes them in the bone of another unclean animal, and then puts all this uncleanness into his mouth.' So does the humble and necessary tooth-brush appear to the mind of the Oriental, and therefore we are unclean in the using thereof. Needless to say, this view had not occurred to me before.

The Hindu idea is safer, cheaper, and more hygienic.

The *dhobie* comes in for his share of praise and blame.

The dhobie was an unfailing joy. He washed clothes beautifully, but tore them indiscriminately. Isn't it Mark Twain who says that the dhobie is a native of India who earns his living by breaking stones with a shirt? At any rate, this fairly indicates the methods employed by the dhobie who conscientiously tries to live up to his reputation. He never wrote down a list of the things he took away, but very rarely made a mistake. In some Oriental way he had Pelmanised his memory, and as he took to his dhobie-khana about a hundred pieces weekly from my house, and presumably similar quantities from one or two other sahibs, one may gain some idea of his mnemonic powers. His excuses for damage were always original, though not convincing. 'The bull ate it, sahib,' 'The wind blew a hole in it,' are specimens of these.

DR. TAGORE ON BRITISH MENTALITY IN RELATION TO INDIA

[The following letter has been received from the Poet, Rabindranath Tagore.]

RECENTLY I chanced to find a copy of Professor Lowes Dickenson's report of his travels in the East. It made me realise clearly the mentality of the British people in their relation to India. When the author indicates, in it, the utter difference of their temperament from ours, it fills me with despair at the unnaturalness of our relationship, which is so humiliating on our side and so demoralising on theirs.

In the pamphlet, he quotes, with

approval, a remark made to him by an Englishman, an officer, in India, whom he describes as "intelligent and enlightened". It is about the maintaining by Englishmen of an impassable social gulf between themselves and the people of India, and it says:—

"An Englishman cannot be expected to lose his own soul for the sake of other people's politics."

Here the author parenthetically explains

the word 'soul' by saying that it denotes the habits and traditions of one's race.

All this means that Englishmen feel a sense of irreconcilable contradiction between their nature and ours; and therefore we are like twins, who, by some monstrous freak of destiny, have been tied together back to back. He concludes the summary of his Report by saying:—

"But my own opinion is that India has more to gain and less to lose than any other Eastern country by contact with the

West."

He contemptuously ignores the fact that where no communication of sympathy is possible, gifts can be hurled, but not given; that while counting the number of gains by the receiver, we also have to consider the fracture of his skull; and while thanking the doctor for the rest cure, we must hasten to negotiate with the undertaker for the funeral.

It is the very irony of fate for us to be blamed by these people about the iniquity of our caste distinctions. And yet, never, in the blindness of our pride of birth, have we suggested that by coming into contact with any race of men we can lose our souls, although we may lose our caste which is a merely conventional classification. The analogy would be perfect, if the division of the railway compartments, with its inequality of privileges, was defended by the railway directors as being necessary for the salvation of the passengers' souls.

Only think in this connexion of the ideal which the life of Akbar represented. This Emperor's soul was not afraid, for its own safety, of the touch of a neighbouring humanity but of the want of touch. Aurangzeb, on the other hand, who was certainly "intelligent and enlightened" and meticulously careful about keeping intact what he considered to be his soul, represented a force, insolent and destructive. Such an enormous difference in the ideals of these two most powerful monarchs of Moghal India sprang from fundamentally different interpretations of the word 'soul'.

Lowes Dickenson has mentioned about

the possibility of India being benefited by her contact with the West. Very likely he meant the contact to be like that of the root of a tree with the water in the soil. I admit the light of Europe's culture has reached us. But Europe, with its corona of culture, is a radiant idea. Its light permeates the present age, it is not shut up in a single bull's eye lantern. which is some particular people from Europe who have come to us in India. yet we are repeatedly asked to be grateful to this bull's eye lantern and prostrate ourselves before it with loyalty and reverence. But this is not possible; for it is a mere lantern, it has no soul. Not only that, but it circumscribes the light to a narrow circle of barest necessity. The full radiation of European Culture has pervaded Japan only because it has not come to her through an unnatural glare of a miserly lense, exaggerating the division between the small shining patch and the vast obscure.

It is our pride which seeks difference, and gloats upon it. But sympathy is a higher faculty, being our spiritual organ of sight: it has the natural vision of the Advaitam. The world is an ever moving multitude with an eternal unity of movements, which must not be retarded in any of its parts by a break of cadence. The world of man is suffering because all movements in its individual parts are not in harmony with one another and therefore with the whole: because the relationship of races has not been established in a balance of truth and goodness. This balance cannot be maintained by an external regulation, as in a puppet show. It is a dance which must have music in its heart to regulate it. This great music of love is lacking in the meeting of men which has taken place in the present age; and all its movements in their discongruity are creating complexities of suffering.

.I wish I could write to you simple letters giving our detailed news. But the world-wide agony of pain fills my mind with thoughts that obstruct natural com-

munications of personal life.



Sandeman, Baluchistan, a supposed copper lode occurring in the neighbourhood was examined, but the deposit appears to be a poor one. Attempts to work commercially the indigenous deposits of this mineral have met with very limited success so far. A certain amount of argentiferous copper ore occurs in association with the lead-zinc ore bodies of the Bawdwin mines in the Northern Shan states of Burma, and the existence of considerable quantities of copper in Sikkim has been established, but it remains to be seen whether its extraction is commercially possible. The output of copper in 1918 amounted to 3619 tons.

Iron:-The recent discoveries of iron ore in the southern parts of Singhbhum having resulted in a large number of applications for prospecting licences and mining leases, it was decided to examine the ferruginous belt. The results show that the iron ore usually occurs at or near the top of hills, the most important being in the range running from about three miles south-west of Gua to the Kolhan Keon-jhar boundary east of Naogaon. The Kolhan hæmalites usually contain:-iron 64 per cent.; phosphorus, 0.03 to 0.08 per cent., and in some cases, -0.15 per cent. The sulphur content is usually below 0.03 per cent. Traces of titanium are also found occasionally in the ore. Samples from the better parts of the oredeposits contain as much as 68-69 per cent. iron. Little prospecting work has been done hitherto on the deposits, but enough is known to justify the belief that the quantities available will run into hundreds of millions of tons. In most cases, the chief obstacle to development lies in the difficult and inaccessible nature of the country.

Kaolin:—Extensive examination of the China clay deposits of Upper Burma proved the existence of very large quantities of clay eminently suitable for the manufacture of porcelain. The raw sand is said to contain about 60 per cent. of free silica, 25—30 per cent. of Kaolin, and to be very free from iron and alkalis. Laboratory test indicated that the plasticity, refractoriness, and colour of the levigated material were good.

Soda:—An enquiry has recently been made into the soda deposits and industry in Sind. Prior to this little was known regarding the nature and extent of these deposits. The salt obtained is a crude trona known locally as 'Chaniho', and is used for washing and dyeing clothes, for hardening treacle, for the preparation of molasses from sugarcane, but principally as a yeast in the manufacture of 'papars' or pulse biscuits. The total output in Sind averages approximately 1000 tons per annum.

Sulphur:—Early in 1919 the old sulphur mines near Sayni in Baluchistan were examined but the results showed there was likely to be only a small amount of sulphur available.

Tin:—A good show of tin was found in the streams adjoining the Tenasserim river (Tavoy) from the west. Tin mining is now a well established industry in Burma, the output of 1918 amounting to 15, 607 cwt.

Mining:—A school of mines and geology is to be established by the Indian Government at Dhanbaid in the coal-mining district of Behar and Orissa, and a Principal and senior professor of mining are soon to be appointed. A mining and metallurgical society has been formed at the Kolar gold field.

KALIPADA ĞHOSH, M. B. A. C. (Lond)

THE WAY TO GET IT DONE

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(Specially translated for the Modern Review)

This paper was read by the author in 1905-6 and, like the "Swadeshi Samaj" translated for our last number, it is remarkably apposite to the present situation. Ed., M. R.

THE river may think that it divides a country, but it really brings one part nearer another by carrying commerce and keeping open a permanent way. In a disunited country foreign domination is just such a unifying agency; and it is as the instrument of divine providence for this purpose that British Rule in India has been touched with glory.

This process of unification will go on even if England does not like it.

History has shown that no permanent good can be gained by one set of men at the expense of another. Only in a harmonious development is to be found that permanent force of coherence which we call Dharma. If the harmony be destroyed, so is the dharma and — Dharma êva hato hanti



— if the dharma be destroyed, it destroys in turn. Britain has been made great by her Empire. If now she tries to keep India weak, her greatness cannot last, but will topple over of itself, — the weakness of a disarmed, effete and starving India will be the ruin of the British Empire.

Few have the gift of taking a broad comprehensive view of politics, especially when greed stands in the way. If any system of political exploitation should fix its ambition on the permanence of India's connexion, then such a system is bound to overlook the very factors essential for such connexion. A permanent connexion is against the law of Nature. Even the tree has to yield up its fruit, and any artificial attempt to prolong its hold can only result in a shortening of its natural term.

To make a subjugated country weak, keep it distracted in disunity, to prevent the natural growth of its powers by refusing to allow their exercise, and thus to reduce it to lifelessness,—this is England's policy of the day when worldentrancing flowers have ceased to bloom in her literature and only thorny politics flourish in overwhelming luxuriance; when pity has ceased to well up for the weak, the unfortunate, the downtrodden; when only the expansion of dominion is accounted greatness; when deeds of daring have given way to aggressive exploitation, and the selfish cult of patriotism has usurped the place of religion.

Whether this state of things in England is unfortunate for us in India, or otherwise, will depend upon ourselves. A clearer vision of Truth is to be obtained in the day of tribulation, and without the vision of Truth there is no hope for any people. God has been visiting us with suffering in order to bring it home to us that we cannot gain by petitioning what it is our own duty to earn, and that expenditure of words is mere waste where service alone will do. So long as these simple truths are not realised by us, sorrow on sorrow, contumely on contumely, will be our lot.

We must first of all understand one thing clearly. If moved by some secret, underlying apprehension, the Government should choose to put obstacles in the way of our growing unity, to protest is worse than useless. Can we contrive any form of words clever enough to give them the assurance that we desire for ever to be under the British Empire as our summum bonum? And are they of such infantile innocence as to believe it? All we can say—and it will be clear enough even if we do not say it—is, that we have use for the British connexion only so long as we are unable to evolve a secure and lasting union among the differing elements which exist within India,—and no further.

Such being the case, if the Englishman looking to his own selfish interests—selfish albeit glorified with the name of Empire—should say that it is high time for him to set about consolidating his position by refusing to allow us to be united, then what reply have we to give him except in the shape of the purest of platitudes? If when the woodman is about to ply his axe, the tree should cry: "Stay, else I lose my branch," and the woodcutter should reply: "I know, I am here because I want it!"—is there any room for further argument?

But we have learnt that in Parliament they debate: one party replies to the other party: and the winning party rejoices in its victory. So we cannot get rid of the idea that success in debate is final. We forget the difference. There the two parties are the right and left hands of the same body, and are both nourished by the same power. Is it the same here? Are our powers and those of the Government derived from the same source? Do we get the same shower of fruit when we shake the same tree? Please do not look into your text books in answering this question. It will be of no avail to know what Mill has said, and Herbert Spencer has said, and Seeley has said. The book of the country lies open before us, and the true answer is there.

To put it briefly, it is for the master to call the tune, and we are not the master. But the lover of argument will not be silenced. Do we not pay so many crores of

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taxes, and is not the power of Government based on our money? Why not ask for an account to be rendered? But why, oh why does not the cow brandish her horns and ask for an account of the milk that has gone to fatten the plump young hopefuls of her lord and owner?

The simple truth is that methods must vary with circumstances. If the British Prime Minister wants to get some concession out of the French Government, he does not try to get the better of the French President in argument, nor does he preach to him high moral doctrine, - he makes some diplomatic move, and for that reason expert diplomats are permanently employed. There is a story that once upon a time when England was friendly with Germany, an English Duke left his seat at dinner to hand a table napkin to the Kaiser — this, it appears, largely advanced his cause. There was also a day when the Englishman had to bow and scrape at the durbar of the great Moghul, smilingly and with infinite patience to put up with repulses, spend any amount of money and toil in gratifying his satellites, in order to gain his object. This sort of thing is inevitable if concessions have to be won from adverse hands.

And yet in this impotent country of ours, what possesses us to think that constitutional agitation will serve with all-powerful Government? Agitation may raise butter from milk, but not if the milk be in the dairy and the agitation at home. Granted that we are only asking for rights and not favours, - yet when the rights are barred by limitation, that means the same old begging from the man in possession. Our Government is not a machine, — it is run by creatures of flesh and blood, with a good dash of passion in their composition, who have by no means come here purged of all earthly weaknesses. So, to put them in the wrong is not the way to make them mend their ways.

We never pause to consider the nature of our circumstances, of the object of our desires, and the means and methods best fitted thereto. Just as victory is the sole end of war, so is success in gaining the object the end of politics. But even if we admit this in words, we fail to realise it in action. That is why our political meetings are conducted like a debating club, as if the Government is a rival school-boy whom to silence is to defeat! But as men may die under the most scientific treatment, so have we failed of our object in spite of the most splendid oratory.

May I make a personal confession? For my part, I do not worry myself overmuch about what the Government does, or does not, do for us. I count it silly to be a-tremble every time there is a rumbling in the clouds. First of all, a thunderholt may or may not fall; secondly, we are not asked to assist in the counsels of the thunderbolt factory, nor will our supplications determine its course; and lastly if the thunderbolt is at all to be diverted that cannot be done by making a counterdemonstration of feebler thundering, but only by using the proper scientific appliances. The lightning conductor does not fall from the skies, like the lightning itself: it has to be manufactured patiently, laboriously and skilfully down below, by our own efforts.

It is no use fretting against the laws of nature. The winged ant may complain about the inequity of its getting burnt, but if it flies into the flame, the inevitable will nevertheless happen. So, instead of wasting time over a discussion of the equities, it is better to keep the fire at a The Englishman is respectful distance. determined to maintain his hold upon India at any cost, so that whenever he finds anything working loose he is bound to hammer in a nail or two, promptly and vigorously, in order to fix it firmly again. Merely because we can speak good English or chop subtle logic, he is not likely to give up this very business-like habit of his. And whatever else we may or may not do about it, it is futile to lose our temper.

One thing we should always remember.

— how very small we figure in the Englishman's eyes. He rules us from a remote corner of his vast political arena. All his



attention and skill are absorbed in steering through the rocks of the European waters and in keeping together his colonies. We who inhabit a fringe of his unwieldy empire,—our likes and dislikes, our effusions and tantrums, alike leave him cold. Hence he soporific power of Indian debates in Parliament.

The Englishman passes through this country like flowing water; he carries no nemory of value away with him; his leart strikes no root in its soil. He works with the prospect of furlough in his mind, and even for his amusements he looks to his compatriots alone. His acquainance with our language is confined to the depositions of witnesses and with our literature to translations in Sovernment Gazette. How little of his riew we subtend we are apt to forget and so are every now and then taken by surprise at his callousness towards us. When we blurt out our feelings, he in turn, naturally considers such expression an exaggeration, which sometimes provokes irritation and sometimes only a smile.

am not saying all this by way of formulating a charge against the Englishman, but merely to point to the facts as they are, and naturally must be. How can the high and mighty have a vision teen enough to discern in detail the agonies, however heart-rending, the losses however vital, of what is so very small? So what seems to us of immense moment is negligible to his perceptions. When we rage and fume over the partition of this little province of ours, or of some problem concerning this petty municipality of ours, or this education or literature of ours, we are astounded at not getting results proportionate to our outcry. We forget that the Englishman is not of us, but over us; and if ever we should reach the olympian heights where he dwells, only then could we know at what a distance we are and how ridiculously diminutive we look.

It is because we appeared so small to him that Lord Curzon asked with naive surprise why we were so absurdly mable to appreciate the glory of being

merged in the British Empire. Just think of it! To be compared with Australia, Canada, and the rest, for whose imperial embrace the Britisher is pining, at whose window he sings such moving serenades, for whose sake he is even willing to allow the price of his daily bread to mount up! Could his lordship have been serious? But whatever Lord Curzon may have felt when making this extravagant suggestion, our feelings were much the same as those of the lamb ceremonially invited, along with the guests, to join the feast! So are we called to glory within the There, if tropical areas British Empire. are to be brought under cultivation, it shall be our function to furnish cheap indentured labour; it shall be our right to supply funds for expeditions against poor, inoffensive Tibet; and if there be a rising of the oppressed in Somaliland, it shall be our privilege to die in its suppression. Only thus can both big and small participate in a common glory.

But, as I say, that is a natural law over which it is no use making our eyes either red or moist. In all that we do, it is enough to bear in mind what the natural law is. If we appeal to the Englishman on the ground of lofty morality and say: "Rise superior to the level of ordinary humanity and subordinate the interests of your country to those of India!" suppose he retorts: "Look here, we'll listen to your preaching later on, but will you first have the goodness to come down to our very ordinary level, and place the interests of your country before your own selfish ones; if you cannot give up your life, at least give up your money, your comforts, anything at all, for your country. Are we to do everything for you and you nothing for yourselves?" What are we to say to that? What after all are we doing, what are we giving? If we had only kept ourselves acquainted with our country, that would have been something, - but so lazy are we, we know next to nothing about her. The foreigner writes our history, we translate it; the foreigner discovers our grammar, we cram it! If we want to

know what there is next door, we have to look into Hunter. We gather no facts hand,— neither about men, nor commerce, nor even agriculture. And yet, with such crass indifference on our own part, we are not ashamed to prate about the duties of others towards our country. Is it any wonder that our empty preaching should be so utterly futile? The Government is at least doing something and has some responsibility. We are doing nothing and have none. Can there be any real interchange of counsels between two such parties? And so it happens that on the one hand we get up agitations and hold indignation meetings and vociferate to our heart's content and then, the very next day, swallow the most unpalatable humiliations so completely that no doctor, even, has to be called in!

I do hope that my readers will tell me that I am uttering the stalest truisms. The truths — that we must look after our own interests, carry on our own work, wipe away our own shame, earn our own welfare, do everything ourselves — are certainly not new. And I shall glory in any censure that may be passed on me because of their triteness. What I dread is lest any one should accuse me of advocating something new-fangled, for then must I confess ignorance of the art of proving self-evident things. It is the sign of a critical condition indeed, if the simple should appear difficult and old truths come as a surprise, or rouse honest indignation!

However, I have wandered of nights on the vast sandbanks of the Padma, and I know how, in the darkness, land and water appear as one, how the straightest of paths seem so confused and difficult to find; and when in the morning light dawns, one feels astonished how such mistakes could have been made. I am living in the hope that when our morning comes, we shall discover the true path and retrace our steps.

Moreover, I am sure that all of us are not wandering in the same darkness. There are many enthusiastic young fellows whom I know, who are willing to spend more than words in the service of

their country. Their difficulty is, they do not know what to do about it, where to go for advice, what service is to be rendered and to whom; to spend oneself without method and without organisation would be mere waste. If there had been some centre of our shakti, where all could unite; where thinkers could contribute their ideas, and workers their efforts: then there the generous would find a repository for their gifts. Our education, our literature, our arts and crafts, and all our good works would range themselves round such centre and help to create in all its richness the commonwealth which our patriotism is in search of.

I have not the least doubt in my mind that the rebuffs which we are meeting from the outside are intended by Providence to help this centre of our shakti to become manifest within the nation; our petitions are being thrown back to us in order that we may turn our faces towards such centre; and the pessimism which is spreading amongst the feckless, workless critics of the government is due not to the smart of any particular insult, or the hopelessness of any particular concession, but to the growing insistence of an inward quest for this centre.

If we can establish such centre in our midst, our persuasions and arguments may be addressed to it and will then acquire meaning and become real work. To this centre we can pay our tribute, to it we can devote our time and energy. It will be the means of evoking and giving full play to our intellect, our capacity for sacrifice and all that is great and deep in us. To it shall we give and from it shall we receive our truest wealth.

If our education, our sanitation, our industries and commerce radiate from such a centre, then we shall not, off and on, be kept running after orators to get up public meetings to protest against some wrong, to ventilate some grievance. These sudden awakenings and outcries, by fits and starts, followed by a relapse into the silence of somnolence, is getting to be ludicrous. We can hardly talk about it seriously any more, not even to ourselves.

our national progress.

Let no one think that I am advocating of sullen aloofness. would only be another form of sulking, which may have its place in a lover's quarrel, but not here. What I say is the reverse. I am for courteous, diplomatic relations with the Government. In courtesy there is freedom. A relationship which is forced on us is but a form of slavery and cannot last. Free relations may mature into friendship later on.

Some of us seem to think that if only we could get all we are asking for from the government, a state of effusive friendliness would be sure to arise. But that is contrary to experience. Where can one find the end to begging on the one hand and granting of favours on the other? As our shastras put it, you cannot quench a flame by pouring oil thereon. The more the beggar gets, the more does he want and the less is he satisfied. Where getting depends, not on the earning of the recipient, but on the generosity of the giver, it is twice accurst, - it spoils both him that takes and him that gives.

But where the relationship is one of give and take on both sides, of an exchange of benefits, there amicable arrangements are always possible, and the gain to both is real. This can only be brought about if we establish our power on foundation of good works. Mutual concessions between two powers are graceful as well as permanent, pleasing and honorable to both parties. That is why I say that, in order to get from the Government what is due from it to the country, up to the last farthing, the only way is to render in our turn the services which our country may expect from us ourselves, likewise to the last farthing. We may demand only by the measure of what we do give.

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Here it may be asked, what if the Government should use its forces to hinder our rendering true service to the country? That, of course, is possible. Where interests are adverse such attempts

are only to be expected. But that is no reason for our giving it up as a bad job. We should remember that it is not an easy matter to obstruct a person who is honestly engaged in doing his duty. Moreover we must not confuse such obstruction with the arbitrary withdrawal of favours. Take for instance the matter of self-government. We are crying ourselves hoarse because what Lord Ripon wanted to give. some other Lord took away. Shame on us for attaching such value to what others can give and others can take away. It was only our folly which led us to call such a thing by the name of selfgovernment.

And yet self-government lies at our very door, waiting for us. No one has tried, nor is it possible for any one even if he does try, to deprive us of it. We can do everything we like for our villages - for their education, their sanitation, the improvement of their communications,if only we make up our minds to set to work, if only we can act in unison. For this work we do not need the sanction of a government badge. . . . But what if we cannot make up our minds? What if we will not be united? Then are there not ropes and stones enough for us to go and drown ourselves?

I repeat that our education is the thing which we should first of all take into our own hands. The doubter will ask, what if we do - who will then provide us with lucrative posts? That, also, we shall do ourselves. If the work of the country be in our own hands, where is the difficulty in remunerating those who do it? He who provides the employment is bound to be the master,—it cannot be otherwise. And in assessing our wages the foreign master will naturally not be neglectful of his own pocket. All the more reason, therefore, why the whole field of work, including education as an essential part, should be under our own control. We complain of the want of opportunity for acquiring technical knowledge. But we know to our cost that, if the master be an outsider, he will take particular care not to allow us any real opportunity.

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I know my critics will say that the matter now begins to sound difficult. I do not hesitate to admit it. If it had not been difficult, it would not have been worth doing. If someone wants to go a-voyaging on a petition-paper boat in quest of the golden fleece, a certain class of patriots may be attracted by this fairy-tale proposition, but I would not recommend anyone to risk real national Capital in the venture. It is difficult to build a dike, and easy to get up a constitutional agitation asking the waters to recede,- but the latter is not a way out of the difficulty. To get something ultra cheap makes one feel extra clever, and when the cheap thing collapses under the strain of work, it is comforting to put the blame on some one else; but in spite of all these consolations the fact remains that the work fails to get done.

To consider all responsibilities as being light in one's own case and heavy in the case of others, is not a good moral code. When sitting in judgment on the behaviour of the British towards ourselves, it is well to take note of the difficulties in their way and their human weaknesses. But when searching out our own lapses, there must be no invention of excuses or palliations, no lowering of the standard on grounds of expediency. And so I say, the rousing of indignation against the British Government may be an easy political method, but it will not serve to lead us to our goal. Rather, the cheap pleasure of giving tit for tat, of dealing shrewd blows, will detract from the efficient pursuit of our own path of duty. When a litigant is worked up into a state of frenzy, he thinks nothing of staking and losing his all. If anger be the basis of our political activities, the excitement itself tends to become the end in view, rather than the object to be achieved. Side issues assume an exaggerated importance, and all gravity of thought and action is lost. Such excitement is not an exercise of strength, but a display of weakness.

We must give up all such pettiness and found our political work on the broad basis of love of country,— not on dislike of, or dependence upon others. This dislike and this dependence may seem to be opposite states of mind, but they are really twin branches of the same tree of impotence. Because we decided that our salvation lay in making demands, dislike was born of our disappointment. We then jumped to the conclusion that this feeling of ours was Patriotism,— gaining at one stroke profound consolation and an elevating pride!

Just think for a moment of the mother from whom the care of her child is taken away and entrusted to another. Why is she inconsolable? Because of her exceeding love. The same anxiety to do our best for our country by our own efforts may alone be called Patriotism,— not the cleverness of shifting that duty on to the foreigner, which is not true cleverness either, for the duty does not get done.

Free Translation by
SURENDRANATH TAGORE.

A GLIMPSE OF SCHOOL LIFE IN CHINA

T is opening day at Liu Mei School, the school which prepares Chinese boys for study in Europe and America. In the entrance hall of the Teachers' Court, the doors at the north have been closed to form a background, and on a table placed against them, a red tablet to Confucius

has been set up, with a bronze incense jar filled with incense sticks before it, and two red candles on either side.

At about eight o'clock in the morning the bell ringer, whose duty it is to usher in and bring to a close the classes by pacing up and down the various courts

words (Nos. Ixxxiii and cvii)-like "enemy," "foreigner," "barbarian," "heathen," "nigger,"—his advocacy of "each man's right," held as sacred as each woman's right (No. cii); his recognition of the "peasant-folk as Nature's noblemen and noblewomen" (out-rivalling Burns) in No. cix dedicated to "Norway, land of strong men and free women"—"of women equal in rights to men, land whose sons behold the vision of Universal Peace" (p. 232); and lastly, his equally strong denunciation, with an Old Testament Prophet's directness and vigour, in No. ci, of "a harrying, ruthless civilisation" and his soul-entrancing dream of the royal proclamation (in No. ix)-"Let al the races of the earth be one, all tongues be one, and all religions one" followed by the voice of the youthful prophet—he with "gentle, dreamy eyes"—offering to carry out the monarch's will by going to "each man's door and bid him search his heart and find the one"all these puissant utterances wince an essentially broad and modern outlook on life and its problems thoroughly imbued with whatever is highest and best in the democratic spirit of the West.

The great hope is his that-"Even the dust will come to be as glorious as a God' (No. ci.) which, by the way, reminds us of Shelley's "It (love) makes the reptile equal to the God" (Prometheus Unbound, Act II., Sc. V., Asiatic Panthea). His faith in the glorious future of humanity makes him fling his imagination forward to the day when after "the downfall of an earth-hungering, ego-minded nation," Norway's "sons may follow the path of wisdom through the green avenue of greedlessness, sublime forbearance, and science nobly utilised, to a new age of equal honour for all nations" (No. cix).

This is Shelley over again. How inspiring in these days of a new "storm and stress"!

"The Bengali Captain's" (No. xxvii) dying wish on the field of Mons and his prayer to Mother Humanity are in the same strain. In (xcii) "O Friends", which is his appeal for a "righteous commonwealth of nations," he solemnly hopes on behalf of "thought-burdened Humanity" for the day when "the budding sense of nationhood" will "flower" into the full-blown rose of Divine Humanity" if only "nations rival, as the saints do, each other in goodness and soulfulness." Then can the league of all nationseach honouring "the divinity within the humanity of other nations"— serve posterity for the foundation stones of the future edifice of Love." This piece is a modern application (if not extension) of the ancient teaching of Gautama Buddha Conceived in the same spirit is his "A New Star" (No. lxxix) embodying the ideal of "Love-born Harmony".

We have an unpleasant duty to do as honest critics and propose to dismiss with a bare statement certain elements that seem to take away from the merit of this excellent book.

(1) The Parable-like pieces such as, xli to xliii, lxxiv, lxxviii, have little poetry in them. Such is the case too with the "problem" poems (eg. lxxxiv, lxxxv) full of deep searchings of the spirit rather intellectually presented. No. Ixviii is redeemed by its last few lines. In No. lxxx too the atmosphere of the Norseland is re-created.

(2) "Local colouring" in the higher sense of the expression is absent from several pieces rich in local place names and even associations (cf. Nos. ii to viii and No. xvii). This is, however, not the case with others, such as, Nos. i, x to xii, xiv and xviii. No. xiv—"With the Muses"—reproduces the very spirit of Salmund's Edda as translated by Thorpe.

(3) Sometimes doctrine is allowed to tyrannically dominate a piece till the poetic quality is killed out-

right (e.g. xxxiv).
(4) "Bower and Swain (No. xxx), "heavy quilt of snow" (No. v.) 'tremulous stage of heaven"-suggest artificial convention.

Then there are conceits like "thy mountain lakes are tears shed by angels," (cix), "Thou wert created boneless" (said of the tongue) "that thou might'st utter naught but gentle, kindly words" (cvii). We do not want to multiply such instances for even if limited in number they are sure to jar upon the ear.

(5) We must allow a poet his mannerism within certain limits Frequent repetition of a "trick", however, sickens. We have too often in this volume such negative compounds as "un-alive," "un-sleeping," "un-waving," "un-speaking," "un-winking," "un-breathing," "un-stirring," "un-feeing," "un-asking," "un-existing," "un-laughing." Their name is legion.

(6) The writer is too fond also of such compound epithets as "self-making" "true-gold", etc.

epithets as "seit-making true-gold, etc.

(7) A sparing use of dainty things like "pansy-tinted," "pearl-crowned," "Aurora-hearted," 'silver-sprinkled," "heaven-tinted" may be recommended though in themselves these poetic expressions are exquisite in flavour.

(8) What shall we say of "time, the flammivomous dragon" (p. 191) or "the smithy of hylotheistic culture" (p. 233), not to speak of that proverbial last straw in "the arche-type of eudœmonic eunomocracy?" (p. 233).

Lastly we hope to be pardoned for not being able to relish in the "Snow-Birds" a strange bird of black feathers line the fling, however just and well-deserved, at Germany and German culture in No. cix. The tribute to the reigning English sovereign (p. 231), so loyal and just, seems also to have been smuggled in. Let us not be hastily condemned as captious.

JAYGOPAL BAVERJI.

LETTERS FROM RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I

March 2nd, 1921. **7**OUR last letter gives wonderful news about our students in Calcutta. I hope that this spirit of sacrifice and willingness to suffer will grow in strength; for to achieve this is an end in itself. This is the true freedom! Nothing is of higher value, -be it national wealth, or independence,-than disinterested faith in ideals, in the moral of man. The West greatness unshakable faith in material strength and

prosperity; and therefore however loud grows the cry for peace and disarmament, its ferocity growls louder, gnashing its teeth and lashing its tail in impatience. It is like a fish, hurt by the pressure of the flood, planning to fly in the air. Certainly the idea is brilliant, but it is not possible for a fish to realize. We, in India, shall have to show to the world, what is that truth, which not only makes disarmament possible but turns it into strength. That moral force is a higher power than brute force, will be proved by the people unarmed. Life, in its higher development, has thrown off its tremendous burden of armour and a prodigious quantity of flesh; till man has become the conqueror of the brute world. The day is sure to come, when the frail man of spirit, completely unhampered by arms and air fleets, and dreadnoughts, will prove that the meek is to inherit the earth. It is in the fitness of things, that Mahatma Gandhi, frail in body and devoid of all material resources, should call up the immense power of the meek, that has been lying waiting in the heart of the destitute and insulted humanity of India. The destiny of India has chosen for its ally, Narayan, and not the Narāyansena,—the power of soul and not that of muscle. And she is to raise the history of man, from the muddy level of physical conflict to the higher moral altitude. What is Swaraj! It is maya, it is like a mist, that will vanish, leaving no stain on the radiance of the Eternal. However we may delude ourselves with the phrases learnt from the West, Swaraj is not our objective. Our fight is a spiritual fight, -it is for Man. We are to emancipate Man from the meshes that he himself has woven round him,—these organisations of National Egoism. The butterfly will have to be persuaded that the freedom of the sky is of higher value than the shelter of the cocoon. If we can defy the strong, the armed, the wealthy,—revealing to the world the power of the immortal spirit,—the whole castle of the Giant Flesh will vanish in the void. And then Man will find his Swaraj. We, the famished, ragged ragamuffins of the East, are to win freedom for all Humanity. We have no word for 'Nation' in our language. When we borrow this word from other people, it never fits us. For we are to make our league with Narayan, and our victory will not give us anything but victory itself; victory for

God's world. I have seen the West; I covet not the unholy feast, in which she revels every moment, growing more and more bloated and red and dangerously delirious. Not for us, is this mad orgy of midnight, with lighted torches, but awakenment in the serene light of morning.

II

March 5th, 1921

Lately I have been receiving more and more news and newspaper cuttings from India, giving rise in my mind to a painful struggle that presages a period of suffering which is waiting for me. I am striving with all my power to tune my mood of mind to be in accord with the great feeling of excitement sweeping across my country. But deep in my being why is there this spirit of resistance maintaining its place in spite of my strong desire to remove it? fail to find a clear answer and through my gloom of dejection breaks out a smile and a voice saying, "Your place is on 'the seashore of worlds', with children; there is your peace, and I am with you there." And this is why lately I have been playing with inventing new metres. These are merest nothings that are content to be borne away by the current of time, dancing in the sun and laughing as they disappear. But while I play, the whole creation is amused, for are not flowers and leaves never-ending experiments in metre, is not my God an eternal waster of time? He flings stars and planets in the whirlwind of changes, he floats paper-boats of ages, filled with his fancies, on the rushing stream of appearance. When I tease him and beg him to allow me to remain his little follower and accept a few trifles of mine as the cargo of his playboat, he smiles and I trot behind him catching the hem of his robe. But where am I among the crowd, pushed from behind, pressed from all sides? And what is this noise about me? If it is a song, then my own sitar can catch the tune and I join in the chorus, for I am a singer. But if it is a shout, then my voice is wrecked and I am lost in bewilderment. I have been trying all these days to find in it a melody, straining. my ear, but the idea of non-co-operation with its mighty volume of sound does not sing to me, its congregated menace of negation.

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shouts. And I say to myself, "If you cannot keep step with your countrymen at this great crisis of their history, never say that you are right and the rest of them wrong; only give up your role as a soldier, go back to your corner as a poet, be ready to accept popular

derision and disgrace."

R, in support of the present movement, often said to me that passion for rejection is a stronger power in the beginning than the acceptance of an ideal. Though I know it to be a fact, I cannot take it as a We must choose our allies once for all, for they stick to us even when we would be glad to be rid of them. If we once claim strength from intoxication, then in the time of reaction our normal strength is bankrupt, and we go back again and again to the demon who lends us resources in a vessel whose bottom it takes away.

Brahma-vidya (the cult of Brahma, the Infinite Being) in India has for its object mukti, emancipation, while Buddhism has nirvana, extinction. It may be argued that both have the same idea in different names. But names represent attitudes of mind, emphasise particular aspects of truth. Mukti draws our attention to the positive, and nirvana to the negative side of truth. Buddha kept silence all through his teachings about the truth of the Om, the everlasting yes, his implication being that by the negative path of destroying the self we naturally reach that Therefore he emphasised the fact of truth. duhkha (misery) which had to be avoided and the Brahma-vidya emphasised the fact of Ananda, Joy, which had to be attained. The latter cult also needs for its fulfilment the discipline of self-abnegation, but it holds before its view the idea of Brahma, not only at the end but all through the process of realisation. Therefore the idea of life's training was different in the Vedic period from that of the Buddhistic. In the former it was the purification of life's joy, in the latter it was the eradication of it. The abnormal type of asceticism to which Buddhism gave rise in India revelled in celibacy and mutilation of life in all different forms. But the forest life of the Brahmana was not antagonistic to the social life of man, but harmonious with it. It was like our musical instrument tambura whose duty is to supply the fundamental notes to the music to save it from straying into discordance. It believed in anandam,

the music of the soul, and its own simplicity was not to kill it but to guide it.

The idea of non-co-operation is political asceticism. Our students are bringing their offering of sacrifices to what? Not to a fuller education but to non-education. It has at its back a fierce joy of annihilation which at its best is asceticism, and at its worst is that orgy of frightfulness in which the human nature, losing faith in the basic reality of normal life, finds a disinterested delight in an unmeaning devastation, as has been shown in the late war and on other occasions which came nearer to us. No in its passive moral form is asceticism and in its active moral form is violence. The desert is as much a form of himsa (malignance) as is the raging sea in storm; they both are against life.

I remember the day, during the swadeshi movement in Bengal, when a crowd of young students came to see me in the first floor hall of our Vichitra house. They said to me that if I would order them to leave their schools and colleges they would instantly obey. I was emphatic in my refusal to do so, and they went away angry, doubting the sincerity of my love for my motherland. And yet long before this popular ebullition of excitement I myself had given a thousand rupees, when I had not five rupees to call my own, to open a swadeshi store and courted banter and bankruptcy. The reason of my refusing to advise those students to leave their schools was because the anarchy of a mere emptiness never tempts me, even when it is resorted to as a temporary measure. I am frightened of an abstraction which is ready to ignore living reality. These students were no mere phantoms to me, their life was a great fact to them and to the All. I could not lightly take upon myself the tremendous responsibility of a mere negative programme for them which would uproot their life from its soil, however thin and poor that soil might be. The great injury and injustice which had been done to those boys who were tempted away from their career before any real provision was made, could never be made good to them. Of course that is nothing from the point of view of an abstraction which can ignore the infinite value even of the smallest fraction of reality. wish I were the little creature Jack whose one mission is to kill the giant abstraction which is claiming the sacrifice of individuals all over

the world under highly painted masks of delusion.

I say again and again that I am a poet, that I am not a fighter by nature. I would give everything to be one with my surroundings. I love my fellow-beings and I prize their love. Yet I have been chosen by destiny to ply my boat there where the current is against me. What irony of fate is this that I should be preaching co-operation of cultures between East and West on this side of the sea just at the moment when the doctrine of non-co-operation is preached on the other side? You know that I do not believe in the material civilisation of the West just as I do not believe in the physical body to be the highest truth in man. But I still less believe in the destruction of the physical body, and the ignoring of the material necessities of life. What is needed is establishment of harmony between the physical and spiritual nature of man, maintaining of balance between toundation and superstructure. I believe in the true meeting of the East and the West. Love is the ultimate truth of soul. We should do all we can, not to outrage that truth, to carry its banner against all opposition. idea of non-co-operation unnecessarily hurts that truth. It is not our hearth fire, but the fire that burns out our hearth and home.

III

March 13th, 1921.

Things that are stationary have no responsibility and need no law. For death, even the tombstone is a useless luxury. But for a world, which is an ever-moving multitude advancing toward an idea, all its laws must have one principle of harmony. This is the law of creation.

Man became great when he found out this law for himself, the law of co-operation. It helped him to move together, to utilise the rhythm and impetus of the world march. He at once felt that this moving together was not mechanical, not an external regulation for the sake of some convenience. It was what the metre is in poetry, which is not a mere system of enclosure for keeping ideas from running away in disorder, but for vitalising them, making them indivisible in a unity of creation.

So far this idea of co-operation has developed itself into individual communities

within the boundaries of which peace has been maintained and varied wealth of life produced. But outside these boundaries the law of co-operation has not been realised. Consequently the great world of man is suffering from ceaseless discordance. We are beginning to discover that our problem is world-wide, and no one people of the Earth can work out its salvation by detaching itself from the others. Either we shall be saved together, or drawn together into destruction.

This truth has ever been recognised by all the great personalities of the world. They had in themselves the perfect consciousness of the undivided spirit of man. Their teachings were against tribal exclusiveness, and thus we find that Buddha's India transcended geographical India, and Christ's religion broke through the bonds of Indaism.

Today, at this critical moment of the world's history, cannot India rise above her limitations and offer the great ideal to the world that will work towards harmony and co operation between the different peoples of the earth? Men of feeble faith will say that India requires to be strong and rich before she can raise her voice for the sake of the whole world. But I refuse to believe it. That the measure of man's greatness is in his material resources is a gigantic illusion casting its shadow over the present-day world,-it is an insult to man. It lies in the power of the materially weak to save the world from this illusion, and India, in spite of her penury and humiliation, can afford to come to the rescue of humanity.

The freedom of unrestrained egoism in the individual is license and not true freedom. For his truth is in that which is universal in him. Individual human races also attain true freedom when they have the freedom of perfect revelation of Man and not that of their aggressive racial egoism. The idea of freedom which prevails in modern civilisation is superficial and materialistic. Our revolution in India will be a true one when its forces will be directed against this crude idea of liberty.

The sunlight of love has the freedom that ripens the wisdom of immortal life, but passion's fire can only forge fetters for ourselves. The Spiritual Man has been struggling for its emergence into perfection,

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and all true cry of freedom is for this emancipation. Erecting barricades of fierce separateness in the name of national necessity is offering hindrance to it, therefore in the long run building a prison for the nation itself. For the only path of deliverance

for nations is in the ideal humanity.

Creation is an endless activity of God's freedom; it is an end in itself. Freedom is true when it is a revelation of truth. freedom is for the revelation of the truth of Man which is struggling to express itself. We have not yet fully realised it. But those people who have faith in its greatness, who acknowledge its sovereignty, and have the instinctive urging in their heart to break. down obstructions, are paving the way for its coming. India ever has nourished faith in the truth of Spriritual Man, for whose realisation she has made innumerable experiments, sacrifices and penance, some verging on the grotesque and the abnormal. But the fact is, she has never ceased in her attempt to find it even though at the tremendous cost of material success. fore I feel that the true India is an idea, and not a mere geographical fact. I have come into touch with this idea in far away places of Europe and my loyalty was drawn to it in persons who belonged to different countries from mine. India will be victorious when idea wins victory,—the idea of "Purusham mahāntam āditya-varnam tamasah parastat," the Infinite Personality whose light reveals itself through the obstruction of darkness. Our fight is against this darkness, our object is the revealment of the light of this Infinite Personality in ourselves. This Infinite Personality of Man is not to be achieved in single individuals, but in one grand harmony of all human races. darkness of egoism which will have to be destroyed is the egoism of the People. The idea of India is against the intense consciousness of the separateness of one's own people from others, and which inevitably leads to Therefore my one conflicts. prayer is, let India stand for the co-operation of all peoples of the world. The spirit of rejection finds its support in the consciousness of separateness, the spirit of acceptance in the consciousness of unity. India has ever declared that Unity is Truth, and separateness is maya. This unity is not a zero, it is that which comprehends all and

therefore can never be reached through the path of negation. Our present struggle to alienate our heart and mind from those of the West is an attempt at spiritual suicide. If in the spirit of national vaingloriousness we shout from our house-tops that the West has produced nothing that has an infinite value for man, then we but create a serious cause of doubt about the worth of any product of the Eastern mind. For it is the mind of Man in the East and West which is ever approaching Truth in her different aspects from different angles of vision; and if it can be true that the standpoint of the West has betrayed it into an utter misdirection, then we can never be sure of the standpoint of the East. Let us be rid of all false pride and rejoice at any lamp being lit at any corner of the world, knowing that it is a part of the common illumination of our house.

The other day I was invited to the house of a distinguished art-critic of America who is a great admirer of old Italian art. I questioned him if he knew anything of our Indian pictures and he brusquely said that most probably he would "hate them". I suspected he had seen some of them and hated them. In retaliation I could have said something in the same language about the Western art. But I am proud to say it was For I always try to not possible for me. understand the Western art and never to hate it. Whatever we understand and enjoy in human products instantly become ours wherever they might have their origin. I should feel proud of my humanity when I can acknowledge the poets and artists of other countries as mine own. Let me feel with unalloyed gladness that all the great glories Therefore it hurts me of man are mine. deeply when the cry of rejection rings loud against the West in my country with the clamour that the Western education can only injure us. It cannot be true. What has caused the mischief is the fact that for a long time we have been out of touch with our own culture and therefore the Western culture has not found its perspective in our life, very often found a wrong perspective giving our mental eye a squint. When we have the intellectual capital of our own, the commerce of thought with the outer world becomes natural and fully profitable. But 10 say that such commerce is inherently wrong

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is to encourage the worst form of provincialism, productive of nothing but intellectual
indigence. The West has misunderstood
the East which is at the root of the disharmony that prevails between them, but
will it mend the matter if the East in her turn
tries to misunderstand the West? The
present age has powerfully been possessed
by the West; it has only become possible
because to her is given some great mission

for man. We from the East have to come to her to learn whatever she has to teach us; for by doing so we hasten the fulfilment of this age. We know that the East also has her lessons to give, and she has her own responsibility of not allowing her light to be extinguished, and the time will come when the West will find leisure to realise that she has a home of hers in the East where her food is and her rest.

INDIAN PERIODICALS

India and the World in Ancient Times.

In the Hindustan Review, Mr. Shibanath Basu shows, by referring to and quoting from numerous authors, that

India in ancient times was in active intercourse with the whole of the then known world and occupied the position of the Queen of the Ancient World. Her adventurers, colonisers and navigators, not afraid of the dangers of the Mighty Deep built up a greater India beyond the seas, her merchants carried the torch of Indo-Aryan civilisation to the distant quarters of the world, her missionaries carried the Law of Gautama to countries beyond the frontiers of India, her Universities attracted students from countries beyond the deserts of Taklakaman and Gobi; while at home her children laid the foundation stone of a culture system which became the boast and inspiration of the civilised world.

"Journal of Indian Industries and Labour."

In the foreword to the newly started Journal of Indian Industries and Labour, Sir Thomas Holland says that the chief Government activities in respect of the development of industries "must necessarily be provincial—the grant of concessions and other forms of assistance necessary to facilitate private enterprise, the development of technical and industrial education, and the research work necessary to establish the value of raw materials.

Decentralisation of authority and responsibility must necessarily tend to give rise to

local variations in policy, apart altogether from those variations that necessarily follow local diversity in natural resources. Thus, there arises at once the necessity for designing some machinery to facilitate voluntary co-operation and mutual understanding; for no province can be entirely self-contained in those matters that affect the development of industries on modern lines. For the essential communications, for accessory raw materials, for markets, for financial aid, and even for unskilled labour, one province must rely on the resources of another. Industries do not flourish singly but in family groups: provinces do not develop singly but in federal associations.

As one step towards provincial co-operation, this *Journal* has been established at the special and unanimous request of the Provincial Directors of Industries who have met in conference on two occasions during the past year.

The reference to the provincial Directors of industries in the last sentence quoted above may make the reader curious to know who these Directors are. We find from the "summary of industrial intelligence for the quarter ending December 31st, 1920," that Assam is fortunate enough to possess Mr. K. L. Barua as its Director of Industries. The name appears to show that he is an Indian. Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, Bombay, Central Provinces and Punjab have European Directors; the Madras summary is signed by its European Assistant Director, leaving one in doubt as to the race and domicile of its Director; and there are no summaries for the United Provinces, and the N. W. Frontier Province. Who are the Directors and

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EAST AND WEST IN GREATER INDIA

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(Specially translated for the Modern Review)

Date of Original — 1909-10.

THE History of India,— of whom is it the history?

This history began with the day when the white-skinned Aryans, overcoming all obstacles, natural as well as human, made their entry into India. Sweeping aside the vast enveloping curtain of forest, which stretched across her from East to West, they brought on the scene sunny fields adorned with corn and fruit, and their toil and skill thus laid the foundation. And yet they could not say that this India was exclusively their India.

The non-Aryans became fused with the Aryans. Even in the first blush of the latter's victorious supremacy, they used to take to themselves non-Aryan girls in marriage. And in the Buddhist age such intermingling became freer. When, thereafter, the Brahminic Samaj set to work to repair its barriers and make its encircling walls impregnable, they found some parts of the country come to such a pass that brahmins of sufficiently pure stock could not be found to conduct the vedic ceremonies, and these either had to be imported, or new creations made by investiture with the sacred thread. The white skin, on the colour of which the difference between Brahmin and Sudra had originally been founded, had meanwhile tarnished into brown. The sudras, with their different manners and ideals, gods and rituals, had been taken into the social polity. And a larger Indian, or Hindu,

Samaj had been evolved which not only was not one with the Aryan Samaj of the vedic times, but in many respects even antagonistic.

But was India able to draw the line of her history there? Did Providence allow her to make the assertion that the History of India was the history of the Hindus? No. For, while in Hindu India the Rajputs were busy fighting each other in the vanity of a suicidal competition of bravery, the Mussalmans swept in through the breaches created by their dissensions, and scattering themselves all over the country they also made it their own by living and dying on its soil.

If now we try to draw the line here crying: "Stop! Enough! Let us make the History of India a history of Hindu and Muslim!" will the Great Architect, who is broadening out the history of humanity in ever-increasing circles, modify his plans simply to gratify our pride?

Whether India is to be yours or mine, whether it is to belong more to the Hindu, or to the Moslem, or whether some other race is to assert a greater supremacy than either,— that is not the problem with which Providence is exercised. It is not as if, at the bar of the judgment seat of the Almighty, different advocates are engaged in pleading the rival causes of Hindu, Moslem or Westerner, and that the party which wins the decree shall finally plant the standard of permanent posses-



sion. It is our vanity which makes us think that it is a battle between contending rights,— the only battle is the eternal one between Truth and untruth.

The Ultimate, the Perfect, is concerned with the All, and is evolving itself through every kind of obstacle and opposing force. Only to the extent that our efforts assist in the progress of this evolution can they be successful. Attempts to push on oneself alone, whether made by individuals or nations, have no importance in the processes of Providence. That Alexander did not succeed in bringing the whole earth under the flag of Greece was merely a case of unsatisfied ambition which has long ceased to be of concern to the world. The preparation of Rome for a worldempire was shattered to pieces by the Barbarians, but this fall of Rome's pride is not bewailed by the world to-day. Greece and Rome shipped their golden harvests on the bark of time,-their failure to get a passage on it, for themselves as well, proyed no loss, but rather lightened its burden.

So, in the evolving History of India, the principle at work is not the ultimate glorification of the Hindu, or any other race. In India, the history of humanity is seeking to elaborate a specific ideal, to give to general perfection a special form which shall be for the gain of all humanity ;-nothing less than this is its end and aim. And in the creation of this ideal type, if Hindu, Moslem or Christian should have to submerge the aggressive part of their individuality, that may hurt their sectarian pride, but will not be accounted a loss by the standard of Truth and Right.

We are all here as factors in the making of the History of Greater India. If any one factor should become rebellious and arrogate to itself an undue predominance, that will only interfere with the general progress. The section which is unable or unwilling to adapt itself to the entire scheme, but struggles to keep up a separate existence, will have to drop out and be lost, sooner or later. And the component which, realising its dedication to the ulti-

mate ideal, acknowledges its own individual unimportance, will lose only its pettiness and find permanence for its greatness in that of the whole.

So, for ourselves, we must bear in mind that India is not engaged in recording solely our story, but that it is we who are called upon to take our place in the great Drama, which has India for its stage. If we do not fit ourselves to play our part, it is we who shall have to go. If we stand aloof from the rest, in the pride of past achievement, content with heaping up obstacles around ourselves, God will punish us, either by afflicting us with sorrow unceasing till He has brought us to a level with the rest, or by casting us aside as mere impediments. If we insist on segregating ourselves in our pride of exclusiveness, fondly clinging to the belief that Providence is specially concerned in our own particular development; if we persist in regarding our dharma as ours alone, our institutions as specially fit only for ourselves, our places of worship as requiring to be carefully guarded against all incomers, our wisdom as dependent for its safety on being locked up in our strong rooms; then we shall simply await, in the prison of our own contriving, for the execution of the death sentence which in that case the world of humanity will surely pronounce against us.

Of late the British have come in and occupied an important place in India's history. This was not an uncalled for, accidental intrusion. If India had been deprived of touch with the West, she would have lacked an element essential for her attainment of perfection. Europe now has her lamp ablaze. We must light our torches at its wick and make a fresh start on the highway of time. That our forefathers, three thousand years age, had finished extracting all that was of value from the universe, is not a worthy thought. We are not so unfortunate, nor the universe so poor. Had it been true that all that is to be done has been done in the past, once for all, then our continued existence could only be a burden to the earth, and so would not be possible.



With what present duty, in what future hope, can they live who imagine that they have attained completeness in their great grand-fathers and whose sole idea is to shield themselves against the influx of the Modern behind the barriers of antiquated belief and custom?

The Englishman has come through the breach in our crumbling walls, as the messenger of the Lord of the world-festival, to tell us that the world has need of us; not where we are petty, but where we can help with the force of our Life, to rouse the World in wisdom, love and work, in the expansion of insight, knowledge and mutuality. Unless we can justify the mission on which the Englishman has been sent, until we can set out with him to honour the invitation of which he is the bearer, he cannot but remain with us as our tormentor, the disturber of our quietism. So long as we fail to make good the arrival of the Englishman, it shall not be within our power to get rid of him.

The India to which the Englishman has come with his message, is the India which is shooting up towards the future from within the bursting seed of the past. This new India belongs to humanity. What right have we to say who shall and who shall not find a place therein. Who is this "We"? Bengali, Marathi or Panjabi, Hindu or Mussalman? Only the larger "We" in whom all these,— Hindu, Moslem and Englishman, and whosoever else there be,— may eventually unite shall have the right to dictate who is to remain and who is to leave.

On us to-day is thrown the responsibility of building up this greater India, and for that purpose our immediate duty is to justify our meeting with the Englishman. It shall not be permitted to us to say that we would rather remain aloof, inactive, unresponsive, unwilling to give and to take, and thus to make poorer the India that is to be.

So the greatest men of modern India have all made it their life's work to bring about an approachment with the West. The chief example is Rammohan Roy. He stood alone in his day for the union of India with the world on the broad base of humanity. No blind belief, no ancestral habit was allowed to obscure his vision. With a wonderful breadth of heart and intellect he accepted the West without betraying the East. He, alone, laid the foundation of new Bengal.

Rammohan Roy cheerfully put up with persecution in order to extend the field of our knowledge and work, right across from East to West, to gain for us the eternal rights of man in the pursuit of Truth, to enable us to realise that we, also, had inherited the earth. It was he who first felt and declared that for us Buddha, Christ and Mohammed have spent their lives: that for each one of us has been stored up the fruits of the discipline of our Rishis: that in whatsoever part of the world whosoever has removed obstacles in the path of wisdom or, breaking the bondage of dead matter, has given freedom to man's true shakti, he is our very own, and through him is each one of us glorified.

Rammohan Roy did not assist India to repair her barriers, or to keep cowering behind them, - he led her out into the freedom of Space and Time, and built for her a bridge between the East and West. That is why his spirit still lives with us, his power of stimulating India's creative energies is not yet exhausted. No blind habit of mind, no pettiness of racial pride, were able to make him commit the folly of rebellion against the manifest purpose of Time. That grand purpose which could not have found its fulfilment in the past, but is ever marching onwards to the future, found in him a gallant, unflinching standard bearer.

In the Deccan, Ranade spent his life in the making of this same bridge between East and West. In his very nature there was that creative faculty of synthesis which brings men together, builds up the Samaj, does away with discord and inequity and circumvents all obstacles in the way of knowledge, love and will-power. And so he rose superior to all the petty or or unworthy considerations prevalent in his time, in spite of all the various conflicts of ideas and interests between the

Indian and the Englishman. His largeness of heart and breadth of mind impelled him to make a life-long endeavour to clear the way for an acceptance of whatever elements in the British are of value for the true History of India, and to strive for the removal of whatever obstructions stand in the way of India's attainment of perfection.

And the mahatma who passed away from us only the other day — Swami Vivekananda — he too took his stand in middle, with the East on his right, the West on his left. His message was not to keep India bound in her latter-day narrowness by ignoring in her history the advent of the West. His genius was for assimilation, for harmony, for creation. He dedicated his life to opening up the royal road by which the thought-treasure of the East may pass to the West, and of the West to the East.

Then there was the day when Bankimchandra invited both East and West to a veritable festival of union in the pages of his Bangadarshan. From that day the literature of Bengal felt the call of time, responded to it, and having thus justified herself, took her place on the road to immortality. Bengali literature has made such wonderful progress because she cut through all the artificial bonds which would have hampered her communion with the World literature, and regulated her growth in such wise as to be enabled to make her own, naturally and with ease, the science and ideals of the West. Bankim is great, not merely by what he wrote, but because his genius helped to pave the way for such growth.

Thus, from whatever view-point we take a survey, we see that the epoch-makers of modern India, in whom the greatness of man becomes manifest, are gifted, as the very essence of their nature, with that breadth of understanding in which the differences of East and West do not hurt, or conflict with, one another, but where both find their ultimate harmony.

Many of us who belong to the educated class, think that these attempts at union

of the different races belonging to India are for the purpose of gaining political strength. Thus, as in so many other cases, do we view the Great as subservient to the Small. That we in India should attain Unity, is a much greater thing than any particular purpose which our union may serve, - for it is a function of our humanity itself. That we are not succeeding in becoming united is due to some basic defect in our manhood, which also is the reason why on every side we perceive our lack of shakti. It is our own sin that destroys our dharma, which again makes for the destruction of everything else.

Our attempts at Union can only become successful when they are made from the standpoint of Righteousness, which cannot be brought within the confines of any petty pride or narrow expediency. And if Righteousness be our guiding principle these efforts will not remain restricted to the different classes of Indians alone, but the Englishman also needs must join hands in the good work.

What then are we to make of the antagonism which has arisen of late between the Englishman and the Indian, educated as well as uneducated? Is there nothing true in this? Is it only the machination of a few conspirators? Is this antagonism essentially different in purpose from the constant action and reaction of making and breaking which are at work in the making of Indian History? It is very necessary for us to come to a true understanding of its meaning.

In our religious literature, opposition is reckoned as one of the means of union. Ravana, for instance, is said to have gained his salvation because of the valiant fight that he fought. The meaning is simply this, that to have to own defeat after a manful contest with the truth is to gain it all the more completely. To accept with a too ready acquiescence is not a full acceptance at all. This is why all science is based on a severe scepticism.

We began with a blind, foolish, insensate begging at the door of Europe, with our critical sense entirely benumbed.



That was not the way to make any real gain. Whether it be wisdom, or political rights, they have to be earned, that is to say to be attained by one's own shakti, after a successful struggle against obstructing forces. If they be put into our hands by others, by way of alms, they do not become ours at all. take in a form which is derogatory can only lead to loss. Hence our reaction against the culture of Europe and its ideals. A feeling of wounded self-respect is prompting us to return upon ourselves.

This revulsion was necessary for the purposes of the History which, as I say, Time is evolving in this land of India. Of what we were receiving weakly, unquestioningly, in sheer poverty of spirit, it was not possible for us to appraise the value; therefore we were unable appropriate it at its worth, and so to put it to use. It remained with us merely as an ornamental appendage. And when we realised this, our desire to get away from it was only natural.

Rammohan Roy was able to assimilate the ideals of Europe so completely because he was not overwhelmed by them: there was no poverty or weakness on his side. He had ground of his own on which he could take his stand and where he could secure his acquisitions. The true wealth of India was not hidden from him, and and this he had already made his own. Consequently he had with him the touchstone by which he could test the wealth of others. He did not sell himself by holding out a beggar's palms, but assessed the true value of whatever he took.

This shakti which was natural to our first great leader, is steadily developing itself amongst us through constantly conflicting stresses and strains, actions and reactions. Pendulum-wise do our movements touch now this extreme, now the other. An undue eagerness of acceptance and an undue timidity of rejection assail us by turns. Nevertheless are we being carried forward to our goal.

Our soul which was overburdened with uncritically accumulated foreign ideas has now swung to the opposite extreme of wholesale rejection. But the cause of the present tension of feelings is not this alone.

The West has come as India's guest; we cannot send away the visitor while the object of his visit remains unfulfilled; he must be properly accomodated. But, whatever be the reason,— whether it be some defect in our power of appreciation, or the miserliness of the West in revealing itself in its truth, - if the flow of this great purpose of Time should receive a check, there is bound to be a disastrous irruption.

If we do not come into touch with what is true, what is best in the Englishman; if we find in him merely a merchant, or a military man, or a bureaucrat; if he will not come down to the plane in which man may commune with man and take him into confidence; - if, in fine, the Indian and the Englishman needs must remain apart, then will they be to each other a perennial source of unhappiness. In such case the party which is in power will try to make powerless the dissatisfaction of the weaker by repressive legislation, but will not be able to allay it. Nor will the former find any satisfaction in the situation; and feeling the Indian only to be a source of trouble the Englishman will more and more try to ignore his very existence.

There was a time when high-souled Englishmen like David Hare came very near to us and held up before our hearts the greatness of the English character. The students of that day truly and freely surrendered their hearts to the British connexion. The English professor of today not only does not succeed in exhibiting the best that is in his race to his pupils, but he lowers the English ideal in their eyes. As the result, the students cannot enter into the spirit of English literature as they used to do. They gulp it down but do not relish it, and we see no longer the same enthusiastic revelling in the delights of Shakspeare or Byron. The approachment which might have resulted from a genuine appreciation of the same literature has thus received a set-back.

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This is not only the case in the sphere of education. In no capacity, be it as magistrate, merchant, or policeman, does the Englishman present to us the highest that his racial culture has attained, and so is India deprived of the greatest gain that might have been hers by reason of his arrival; on the contrary, her self-respect is wounded and her powers deprived on every side of their natural development.

All the trouble that we see now-a-days is caused by this failure of East and West to come together. Bound to be near each other, and yet unable to be friends, is an intolerable situation between man and man, and hurtful withal. Therefore the desire to put an end to it must become overwhelming sooner or later. Such a rebellion, being a rebellion of the heart, will not take account of material gains or losses; it will even risk death.

And yet it is also true that such rebelliousness can only be a temporary phase. In spite of all retarding factors our impact with the West must be made good,- there can be no escape for India until she has made her own whatever there may be worth the taking from the West. Until the fruit is ripe it does not get released from stem, nor can it ripen at all if it insists on untimely release.

Before concluding I must say one word more. It is we who are responsible for the failure of the Englishman to give us of his best. If we remove our own poverty we can make him overcome his miserliness. We must rouse our powers in every direction before the Englishman shall be able to give what he has been sent here to give. If we are content to stand at his door empty-handed we shall only be turned away, again and again.

The best that is in the Englishman is not a thing that may be acquired by us in slothful case; it must be strenuously won. If the Englishman should be moved to pity that would be the worst thing for us. It is our manhood which must awaken his. We should remember that the Englishman himself has had to realise his best through supreme toil and suffering. We must cultivate the like power within ourselves.

There is no easier way of gaining the

Those of us who go to the Englishman's durbar with bowed heads and folded hands, seeking emoluments of office or badges of honour,—we only attract his pettiness and help to distort his true manifestation in India. Those, again, who in a blind fury of passion would violently assail him, succeed in evoking only the sinful side of the Englishman's nature. If, then, it be true that it is our frailty which excites his insolence, his greed, his cowardice or his cruelty, why blame him? Rather should we take the blame on ourselves.

In his own country the Englishman's lower nature is kept under control and his higher nature roused to its fullest capacity by the social forces around him. The social conscience there, being awake, compels each individual, with all its force, to take his stand on a high level and maintain his place there with unceasing effort. this country his society In is unable to perform the same function. Anglo-Indian society is not concerned with the whole Englishman. It is either a society of civilians, or of merchants, or of soldiers. Each of these are limited by their own business, and become encased in a hard crust of prejudice and supersti-So they develop into thorough civilians, or mere merchants, or going blatant soldiers. We cannot find the man in them. When the civilian occupies the High-Court bench we are in despair, for whenever there is a conflict between the Right and the civilian's gods, the latter are sure to prevail,—but these gods are inmical to India, nor are they worshipped by the Englishman at his best.

On the other hand, the decay and weakness of the Indian Samaj itself is also a bar to the rousing of the true British spirit, wherefore both are losers. It is our own fault, I repeat, that we meet only Burra Sahebs and not great Englishmen. And to this we owe all the sufferings and insults with which we have to put up. We have no remedy but to acknowledge our sin and get rid of it.

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Nayamatma balahinena labhyah,

Self-realisation is not for the weak,—nor

the highest truth.

Neither tall talk nor violence, but only sacrifice and service are true tests of strength. Until the Indian can give up his fear, his self-interest, his luxury, in his quest for the best and the highest, in his service of the Motherland, our demanding from the government will but be empty begging and will aggravate both our incapacity and our humiliation. When we shall have made our country our own by sacrifice and established our claim to it by applying our own powers for its reclamation, then we shall not need to stand abjectly at the Englishman's door. And if we are not abject, the Englishman need not lower himself. Then may we become colleagues and enter into mutual arrangements.

Until we can cast off our individual or samajic folly; as long as we remain unable to grant to our own countrymen the full rights of man; as long as our zamindars continue to look on their tenantry as part of their property, our men in power glory in keeping their

subordinates under their heels, our higher castes think nothing of looking down on the lowest castes as worse than beasts; so long shall we not have the right or power to demand from the Englishman proper behaviour towards ourselves.

At every turn,-in her religion, in her Samaj, in her daily practice—does the India of to-day fail to do justice to herself. She does not purify her soul by sacrifice, and so on every side she suffers futility. She cannot meet the outsider on equal terms and so receives nothing of value from him. No cleverness or violence can deliver her from the sufferings and insults which the Englishman is but the instrument. Only when she can meet him as his equal, will all reason for antagonism. and with it all conflict, disappear. Then will East and West unite in India,country with country, race with race, knowledge with knowledge, endeavour with endeavour. Then will the History of India come to an end, merged in the History of the World which will begin.

> Free translation By Surendranath Tagore.

PLAN OF ORGANISATION

Free the aims and objects of an organization have been defined, comes the problem of planning practical steps to attain the goal. Plans involve investigations of conditions and methods, provision of materials and tools with which the workers can perform the task, planning and controlling the progress of work and supervision. The basic facts have to be established first before any other steps can be taken. Then campaigns for membership, for financing, for the enactment of measures, for the establishment of branches and method of strengthening a movement are

Plans involve strategy. War maxims

such as: "activity, activity, life", "order, counter-order, disorder", "march divided. fight united", apply just as well to social organizations as the army. Eternal vigilance and activity is necessary by each of the departments, boards and committees of the organization to successfully conduct it. Life is one struggle after another with nature and our fellow-beings. The greatest competition, the greatest hindrance in our plan of work usually comes from the latter. The life of an organization is not free from oppositions. Organizations of reform have to fight continually with forces of conservatism, of labour with capitalism, of religion with the sinful tendencies of the day. Very like the army,

perties. It cannot be said that anarchy or internal disorder existed in any form or shape in these newly raised independent states. But this cannot be said of the British rulers of that age and the territories under their administration. It seems that they never cared for the welfare or prosperity of their subjects whose persons and properties they never took any step to protect.

It is also a singular fact that distractions and disorders commenced to appear in the different states of India not very long after the British established themselves as a political power in Bengal. It may hence be presumed that the Europeans sent emissaries to the states and principalities of Indian India to create distraction and confusion and disorder in them in order that they might be able to extend their power. It was the Europeans who helped the Nawab Vizir of Oude to murder in cold blood the brave inhabitants of Rohilkhand.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICUS.

LETTERS FROM RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THEN life began her first experiments, she was mightily proud of the hugeness of her animal specimens. The bigger the bodies were, the more extravagantly large the armour had to be made for their protection. The ludicrous creatures, in order to maintain their balance, had to carry a tail which was absurdly disproportionate to the rest of the body. It went on like this till life became a burden to itself and to the exchequer of creation. It was uneconomical, and therefore not only harmful but ungainly. True economy is the principle of beauty in practical arithmetic. Driven to bewilderment life began to seek for a pause in her insanity of endless multiplication. All forms of ambitious power are obsessed by this delirium of multiplication. All its steps are steps towards augmentation and not completeness. But ambitions, that rely solely upon the suggestions of their tails and armour, are condemned to carry out their own obstruction till they have to stop.

In its early history, life, after its orgies of megalomania, had at last to think of disarmament. But how did she effect it? By boldly relinquishing the ambition to produce bigness,—and man was born helplessly naked and small. All of a sudden, he was disinherited of the enormity of flesh, when apparently he was most in need of it. But this prodigious loss gained for him his freedom and victory.

There began the reign of Mind. It brought its predecessor of gigantic bulk under subjection. But, as it often happens, the master became the parasite of its slave, and mind also tried to achieve greatness by the bigness of materials. The dynasty of mind followed the dynasty of flesh, but employed this flesh as its Prime Minister.

Our history is waiting for the dynasty of Spirit. The human succeeded the brutal, and now comes the turn of the Divine. In our mythology, we have often heard of man taking the side of Gods, and saving Paradise from the dominion of Giants. But in our history, we often notice man holding alliance with Giants and trying to defeat the Gods. His guns and ships of huge power and proportion are turned out from the arsenal of the Giant. In the fight of bigness against goodness man has joined the former, counting coins of his reward in number and not in quality - in lead and not in gold.

Those who are in possession of material resources have become slaves of their own instruments. Fortunately for us, in India, these resources are beyond all immediate possibility of realisation. We are disarmed, and therefore we have no option but to seek for other and higher sources of power. The men who believe in the reality of brute force have made enormous sacrifices in order to attain and to maintain it. Let us, in India, have faith in moral power in man and be ready to sacrifice for it, all that we have. Let

anons

us do our best to prove that Man has not been the greatest mistake in Creation. Let it not be said, that, for the sake of happiness and peace of the world, the physical brutes were far preferable to intellectual brutes who boast of their factory-made teeth and nails and poison fangs.

II.

In every age and in every country facts are given to us in order that we may provide with them some special expression of Truth. Facts are like atoms in gases. They fight with, or else fly away from one another. But when they are united into a drop of dew they attain beauty and reality. Man must have that creative magic to bring the facts of his time into some unity of creation. In Christ and in Buddha, this creative ideal tried to unite men who were divided because of their formalism in religious faith.

Formalism in religion is like Nationalism in politics. It breeds sectarian arrogance, mutual misunderstanding and a spirit of persecution. Our mediæval saints, through their light of love and inner perception of truth could realise the spiritual unity of man. For them, the innumerable barriers of formalism had no existence, and therefore the mutually antagonistic creeds of Hindus and Muhammadans, irreconcilable as they seemed, did not baffle them. Our faith in truth has its

trial in the apparent difficulty of its realisation.

The most important of all facts in the present age is that the East and West have met. So long as it remains a mere fact, it will give rise to interminable conflicts; it will even hurt man's soul. It is the mission of all men of faith, in the present age, to raise this fact into truth. The worldly-wise will shake their heads and say it is not possible—that there is a radical difference between the East and the West and therefore only physical power will have its sway in their relationship.

But physical power is not creative. Whatever laws and organisations it may produce it will never satisfy spiritual humanity. Ram Mohan Ray was the first great man in our age who had the profound faith and large vision to feel in his heart the unity of soul between East and West. I follow him, though he is practically rejected by my countrymen. I only wish you had been with me in Europe! You would know at once what is the purpose of the modern age; what is the cry of man, which the politicians never hear. There were politicians in the courts of the Moghul Emperors. They have left nothing behind them, but ruins. Kabir and Nanak! They have bequeathed to us their imperishable faith in the unity of Man through God's love.

THE BURIAL OF A BIRD

(By an American boy of 10 or 11 years of age.)

One day, when I was walking near the bridge, I heard a noise and I turned to look, And I saw a man with a gun in his hand. I ran up when he fired the shot, I looked around for half an hour, Until I found something hopping on the ground, Then I saw a blackbird.

He hopped slower and slower, until he dropped dead, And then I picked him up.

I brought him to Miss Wylie,
And she gave me a box to bury him in.
Then I buried him in Shelter garden,
And then I built a cross,
And made a wreath of flowers,
And I put some flowers on the grave.
Then some other boys said the Lord's Prayer,
And then we went away sad.

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EAST AND WEST

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(I)

T is not always a profound interest in man that carries travellers nowadays to distant lands. More often it is the facility for rapid movement. For lack of time and for the sake of convenience, we generalise and crush human facts flat in the packages inside our steel trunks that hold our traveller's reports.

Our knowledge of our own countrymen, and our feelings about them have slowly and unconsciously grown out of innumerable facts which are full of contradictions and subject to incessant change. They have the elusive mystery and fluidity of life. We cannot define to ourselves what we are as a whole, because we know too much; because our knowledge is more than knowledge. It is an immediate consciousness of personality, any evaluation of which carries some emotion, joy or sorrow, shame or exaltation. But in a foreign land, we try to find our compensation for the meagreness of our data by the compactness of the generalisation which our imperfect sympathy itself helps us to form. When a stranger from the West travels in the Eastern world, he takes the facts that displease him and readily makes use of them for his rigid conclusions, fixed upon the unchallengeable authority of his personal experience. It is like a man, who has his own boat for crossing his village stream, but, on being compelled to wade across some strange watercourse, draws angry comparisons, as he goes, from every patch of mud and every pebble which his feet encounter.

Our mind has faculties which are universal, but its habits are insular. There are men who become impatient and angry at the least discomfort, when these habits are incommoded. In their idea of the next world, they probably conjure up the ghosts of their slippers and dressing gowns, and expect the latch-key that opens their lodging-house door on earth to fit their door-lock in the other world. As travellers they are a failure; for they have grown too accustomed to their mental easy-chairs and in their intellectual nature love home comforts, which are of local make, more than the realities of life, which like earth itself, are full of ups and downs, yet are one in their rounded completeness.

The modern age has brought the geography of the earth near to us, but made it difficult for us to come into touch with man. We go to strange lands and observe; we do not live there. We hardly meet men, but only specimens of knowledge. We are in haste to seek for general types and overlook individuals.

When we fall into the habit of neglecting to use the understanding, that comes of sympathy, in our travels, our knowledge of foreign people grows insensitive, and therefore easily becomes both unjust and cruel in its character, and also selfish and contemptuous in its application. Such has, too often, been the case with regard to the meeting of Western people in our days with others for whom they do not recognise any obligation of kinship.

It has been admitted that the dealings

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between different races of men are not merely between individuals; that our mutual understanding is either aided, or else obstructed, by the general emanations forming the social atmosphere. These emanations are our collective ideas and collective feelings, generated according to special historical circumstances.

For instance, the caste-idea is a collective idea in India. When we approach an Indian, who is under the influence of this collective idea, he is no longer a pure individual with his conscience fully awake to the judging of the value of a human being. He is more or less a passive medium for giving expression to the sentiment of a whole community.

It is evident that the caste idea is not creative; it is merely institutional. It adjusts human beings according to some mechanical arrangement. It emphasizes the negative side of the individual,—his separateness. It hurts the complete truth in man.

In the West, also, the people have a certain collective idea that obscures their humanity. Let me try to explain what I feel about it.

(II)

Lately I went to visit some battlefields of France, which had been devastated by war. The awful calm of desolation, which still bore wrinkles of pain, death-struggles stiffened into ugly ridges,-brought before my mind the vision of a huge demon, which had no shape, no meaning, yet had two arms that could strike, and break and tear, a gaping mouth that could devour, and bulging brains that could conspire and plan. It was a purpose, which had a living body, but no complete humanity to temper it. Because it was passion,-belonging to life, and yet not having the wholeness of life,—it was the most terrible of life's enemies.

Something of the same sense of oppression in a different degree, and the same desolation in a different aspect, is produced in my mind when I realise the touch of the West upon Eastern life,—the West which, in its relation to us, is all plan and purpose incarnate, without any superfluous humanity.

I feel the contrast very strongly in Japan. In that country, the old world presents itself with some ideal of perfection, in which man has his varied opportunities of self-revelation in art, in ceremonial, in religious faith, and in customs expressing the poetry of social relationship. There one feels that deep delight of hospitality, which life offers to life. And side by side, in the same soil, stands the modern world, which is stupendously big and powerful, but inhospitable. It has no simple-hearted welcom: for man. It is living; yet the incompleteness of life's ideal within it cannot but hurt humanity.

The wriggling tentacles of a coldblooded utilitarianism, with which the West has grasped all the easily yielding succulent portions of the East, are causing pain and indignation throughout the Eastern countries. The West comes to us, not with the imagination and sympathy that create and unite; but with a shock of passion,—passion for power and wealth. This passion is a mere force, which has in it the principle of separation, of conflict.

I have been fortunate in coming into close touch with individual men and women of the Western countries, and have felt with them their sorrows and shared their aspirations. I have known that they seek the same God, who is my God,-even those who deny Ilim. I feel certain, that, if the great light of culture be extinct in Europe, our horizon in the East will mourn in darkness. It does not hurt my pride to acknowledge, that in the present age, Western humanity received its mission to be the teacher of the world; that her science, through the mastery of laws of matter, is to liberate human souls from the dark dungeon of For this very reason, I have realised all the more strongly, that the dominant collective idea in the Western countries is not creative. It is ready to enslave or kill individuals, to drug a great people with soul-killing poison, smudging their whole future with the black mist of stupefaction and emasculating entire races of men to the utmost degree of helplessness. It is wholly wanting in spiritual power to blend and harmonise;

it lacks the sense of the great personality

The most significant fact of modern days is the fact, that the West has met the East. Such a momentous meeting of humanity, in order to be fruitful, must have in its heart some great emotional idea, generous and creative. There can be no doubt that God's choice has fallen upon the knights-errant of the West for the service of the present age; arms and armour have been given to them; but have they yet realised, in their hearts the single-minded loyalty to their cause which can resist all temptations of bribery from the devil? The world today is offered to the West. She will destroy it, if she does not use it for a great creation of man. The materials for such a creation are in the hands of science; but the creative genius is in Man's spiritual ideal.

(III)

When I was young, a stranger from Europe came to Bengal. He chose his lodging among the people of the country, shared with them their frugal diet, and freely offered them his service. He found employment in the houses of the rich, teaching them French and German, and the money thus earned he spent to help poor students in buying books. This meant for him hours of walking in the midday heat of a tropical summer; for, intent upon exercising utmost economy, he refused to hire conveyances. He was pitiless in his exaction from himself of his resources, in money, time and strength, to the point of privation; and all this for the sake of a people who were obscure, to whom he was not born, but whom he dearly loved. He did not come to us with a professional mission of teaching sectarian creeds; he had not in his nature the least trace of that self-sufficiency of goodness, which humiliates by gifts the victims of its insolent benevolence. Though he did not know our language, he took every occasion to frequent our meetings and ceremonies; yet he was always afraid of intrusion and tenderly anxious lest he might offend us by his ignorance of our customs. At last, under the continual strain of work in an alien climate and surroundings, his health broke down. He died, and was cremated at our burning ground

according to his express desire.

The attitude of his mind, the manner of his living, the object of his life, his modesty, his unstinted self-sacrifice for a people who had not even the power to give publicity to any benefaction bestowed upon them, were so utterly unlike anything we were accustomed to associate with the Europeans in India, that it gave rise in our mind to a feeling of love bordering upon awe.

We all have a realm of a private paradise in our mind, where dwell deathless memories of persons who brought some divine light to our life's experience, who may not be known to others and whose names have no place in the pages of history. Let me confess to you that this man lives as one of those immortals in the

paradise of my individual life.

He came from Sweden, his name was Hammargren. What was most remarkable in the event of his coming to us in Bengal was the fact that in his own country he had chanced to read some works of my great countryman, Ram Mohan Roy, and felt an immense veneration for his genius and his character. Ram Mohan Roy lived in the beginning of the last century, and it is no exaggeration when I describe him as one of the immortal personalities of modern time. This young Swede had the unusual gift of a far-sighted intellect and sympathy, which enabled him even from his distance of space and time, and in spite of racial differences, to realise the greatness of Ram Mohan Roy. It moved him so deeply that he resolved to go to the country which produced this great man, and offer her his service. He was poor and he had to wait some time in England before he could earn his passage money to India. There he came at last and in reckless generosity of love utterly spent himself to the last breath of his life, away from home and kindred and all the inheritances of his motherland. His stay among us was too short to produce any outward result. He failed even to achieve during his life what he had in his mind, which was to found by the help of his scanty earnings, a library as a memorial to Ram Mohan Roy, and thus to leave behind him a visible symbol of his devotion. But what I prize most in this European youth, who left no record of his life behind him, is not the memory of any service of good will, but the precious gift of respect which he offered to the people who are fallen upon evil times, and whom it is so easy to ignore or to humiliate. For the first time in the modern days, this obscure individual from Sweden brought to our country the chivalrous courtesy of the West, a greeting of human fellowship.

The coincidence came to me with a great and delightful surprise when the Nobel prize was offered to me from Sweden. As a recognition of individual merit, it was of great value to me, no doubt; but it is the acknowledgment of the East as a collaborator with the Western continents, in contributing its riches to the common stock of civilisation, which has an immense significance for the present age. It is the joining hands in comradeship of the two great hemispheres of the human world across the sea.

(IV)

Today the real East remains unexplored. The blindness of contempt is more hopeless than the blindness of ignorance, for contempt kills the light which ignorance merely leaves unignited. The East is waiting to be understood by the Western races, in order not only to be able to give what is true in her, but also to be confident of her own mission.

In Indian history, the meeting of the Mussalman and the Hindu produced Akbar, the object of whose dream was the unification of hearts and ideals. It had all the glowing enthusiasm of a religion, and it produced an immediate and a vast result even in his own lifetime.

But the fact still remains that the Western mind, after centuries of contact with the East, has not evolved the enthusiasm of a chivalrous ideal which can bring this age to its fulfilment. It is everywhere raising thorny hedges of exclusion, offering human sacrifices to national self-seeking.

It has intensified the mutual feeling of envy among Western races themselves, as they fight over their spoils and display a carnivorous pride in their snarling rows of teeth.

We must again guard our minds from any encroaching distrust of the individuals of a nation. The active love of humanity and the spirit of martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth, which I have met with in the Western countries have been an immense lesson and inspiration to me. I have no doubt in my mind that the West owes its true greatness, not so much to its marvellous training of intellect, as to its spirit of service devoted to the welfare of man. Therefore I speak with a personal feeling of pain and sadness about the collective power which is guiding the helm of Western civilisation. It is a passion; not an ideal. The more success it has brought to Europe, the more costly it will prove to her at last, when the accounts have to be rendered And the signs are unmistakable, that the accounts have been called for. The time has come, when Europe must know that the forcible parasitism, which she has been practising upon the two large Continents of the world, the two most unwieldy whales of humanity,—must be causing to her moral nature a gradual atrophy and degeneration.

As an example, let me quote the follow• ing extract from the concluding chapter of "From the Cape to Cairo", by Messrs. Grogan and Sharp, who have the power to inculcate their doctrines both by precept and by example. In their reference to the African they are candid, as when they say. "We have stolen his land. Now we must steal his limbs." These two sentences. carefully articulated, with a smack of enjoyment, have been more clearly explained in the following statement, where some sense of that decency, which is the attenuated ghost of a buried conscience, prompts the writers to use the phrase, "compulsory labour", in place of the honest word "slavery"; just as the modern politician adroitly avoids the word "possession" and uses the word "mandate". "Compulsory labour in some form," they say, "is the corollary or our occupation of the country." And they add: "It is pathetic, but it is history,"—implying thereby, that moral sentiments have no serious effect in the history of human beings.

Elsewhere they write: "Either we must give up the country commercially, or we must make the African work. And mere abuse of those who point out the impasse cannot change the facts. We must decide and soon. Or rather the white man of South Africa will decide." The authors also confess, that they have seen too much of the world "to have any lingering belief that Western Civilisation benefits native races."

The logic is simple,—the logic of egoism. But the argument is simplified by lopping off the greater part of the premise. For these writers seem to hold, that the only important question for the white men of South Africa is, how indefinitely to grow fat on ostrich feathers and diamond mines, and dance jazz dances over the misery and degradation of a whole race of fellow beings of a different colour from their own. Possibly they believe, that moral laws have a special domesticated breed of comfortable concessions for the service of the people in power. Possibly they ignore the fact, that commercial and political cannibalism, profitably practised upon foreign races, creeps back nearer home; that the cultivation of unwholesome appetites has its final reckoning with the stomach that has been made to serve it. For, after all, man is a spiritual being, and not a mere living money-bag jumping from profit to profit, and breaking the backbone of human races in its leapfrog of bulging prosperity.

Such, however, has been the condition of things for more than a century; and today, trying to read the future by the light of the European conflagration, we are asking ourselves everywhere in the East: "Is this frightfully overgrown power really great? It can bruise us from without; but can it add to our wealth of spirit? It can sign peace treaties; but can it give peace?"

It was about two thousand years ago that all-powerful Rome in one of its eastern provinces executed on a cross a simple teacher of an obscure tribe of fishermen. On that day, the Roman governor felt no falling off of his appetite or sleep. On that day, there was, on the one hand, the agony, the humiliation, the death; on the other, the pomp of pride and festivity in the Governor's palace.

in the Governor's palace.

And today? To whom, then, shall we bow the head?

Kasmai devaya havisha vidhema? "To which God shall we offer oblation?"

We know of an instance in our own history of India, when a great personality both in his life and voice, struck the keynote of the solemn music of the soul, love for all creatures. And that music crossed seas, mountains and deserts. Races belonging to different climates, habits and languages were drawn together, not in the clash of arms, not in the conflict of exploitation, but in harmony of life, in amity and peace. That was creation.

When we think of it, we see at once what the confusion of thought was, to which the Western poet, dwelling upon the difference between East and West, referred, when he said, "Never the twain shall meet." It is true, that they are not yet showing any real sign of meeting. But the reason is, because the West has not sent out its humanity to meet the man in the East, but only its machine. Therefore the poet's line has to be changed into something like this,

Man is man, machine is machine, And never the twain shall wed.

You must know that red tape can never be a common human bond, that official sealing wax can never provide means of mutual attachment; that it is a painful ordeal for human beings to have to receive favours from animated pigeon-holes, and condescensions from printed circulars that give notice, but never speak. The presence of the Western people in the East is a human fact. If we are to gain anything from them, it must not be a mere sumtotal of legal codes and systems of civil and military services. Man is a great deal more to man than that. We have our human birthright to claim direct help from the man of the West, if he has anything

great to give us. It must come to us, not through mere facts in a juxtaposition, but through the spontaneous sacrifice made by those who have the gift and therefore

the responsibility.

Earnestly I ask the poet of the Western world to realize and sing to you with all the great power of music which he has, that the East and the West are ever in search of each other, and that they must meet not merely in the fullness of physical strength, but in fullness of truth; that the right hand, which wields the sword, has the need of the left, which holds the shield of safety.

The East has its seat in the vast plains watched over by the snow-peaked mountains and fertilized by rivers carrying mighty volumes of water to the sea. There, under the blaze of a tropical sun, the physical life has bedimmed the light of its vigor, and lessened its claims. There man has had the repose of mind, which has ever tried to set itself in harmony with the inner notes of existence. In the silence of sunrise and sunset, and on star-crowded nights, he has sat face to face with the infinite, waiting for the revelation that opens up the heart of all that there is. He has said, in a rapture of realisation,

"Hearken to me, ye children of the Immortal, who dwell in the kingdom of I have known, from beyond darkness, the Supreme Person, shining

with the radiance of the sun."

The man from the East, with his faith in the eternal, who in his soul has met the

touch of the Supreme Person,-has he never come to you in the West and spoken to you of the Kingdom of Heaven? Did he not unite the East and the West in truth, in the unity of one spiritual bond between all children of the Immortal, in the realization of one great Personality in all human persons?

Yes, the East did meet the West profoundly in the growth of her life. Such union became possible, because the East came to the West with the ideal that is creative, and not with the passion that destroys moral bonds. The mystic consciousness of the infinite, which she brought with her, was greatly needed by the man of the West to give him his balance.

On the other hand, the East must find her own balance in Scie ice,—the magnificent gift that the West can bring to her. Truth has its nest as well as its sky. That nest is definite in structure, accurate in law of construction; and though it has to be changed and rebuilt over and over again, the need of it is never-ending and its laws are eternal. For some centuries the East has neglected the nest building of truth. She has not been attentive to learn its secret. Trying to cross the trackless infinite, the East has relied solely upon her wings. She has spurned the earth, till, buffeted by storms, her wings are hurt and she is tired, sorely needing help. But need she then be told, that the messenger of the sky and the builder of the nest shall never meet?

THE FIRST LORD MINTO'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION

(Continued from page 210 of the August Number.)

o then, though it may not have been a matter of political expediency during the administration of Lord Minto not to give peace or afford security to the persons and properties of the inhabitants of the territories then under the rule of the East India Company, such peace and security were not enjoyed by them.

But the rising in arms of Indians of their own territories against their tyrannical rule was not the only danger which the British had to apprehend. The Marathas had been defeated, but not altogether crushed. It was quite possible for them to combine again and take revenge on their British persecutors and prohibition. As the State Treasurer of Montana recently wrote to Mr. Johnson:—

"The counties of the States have lost the income from licenses formerly collected, but have saved materially by not having their prisons or poorhouses filled with criminals and dependents, caused by the use of liquor. The State has also lost the percentage of the revenue formerly derived from these licenses, but has saved in the same manner. Therefore, we do not consider that the prohibition policy has raised our taxes."

As taxation in the United States is based upon the value of property, the authorities, in many places, have benefited from the general rise in the value of property which has resulted from the removal of the saloons.

The effect of prohibition upon domestic civic and social life is equally marked, whereas in the old days the worker used to take in his cheque to be cashed at the saloon, which would deduct the best part of it for drink, supplied on account and also for "treating" on pay day; now it is taken to the wife, who is able to provide better food, clothes and amusement, and withal to save a part of it and put it by for the rainy day. Between June 30, 1919, and November 17, 1919, there were 880,000 new accounts opened in the National Banks of the United States, the increase in deposits aggregating

\$1,422,883,000, while the increase in the number and amount of deposits in the State and private banks was far greater than that in the National Banks.

Why should a country so poor as India, and a people so constitutionally opposed to drink as Indians, continue to waste money and stamina upon the liquor traffic and reap all the ills which follow in its train? With her traditions, India should have really led the way in prohibition, but though that opportunity has been lost to us, there is nothing to prevent us from following the example set by the United States of America.

Any administrator who tells us that the drink traffic cannot be extinguished because the money derived from it is needed for education and sanitation, is really not worth keeping. Not so very long ago physicians in England used to tell their patients that alcohol was indispensable. When people began to test the fitness of the doctor by his ability to do without liquor, physicians soon found that they could prescribe without having recourse to alcohol. Administrators are the servants of the people, and if the people are determined to extinguish the liquor traffic, their agents must find a way to get along without excise revenue.

LETTERS FROM RABINDRANATH TAGORE

T

THERE are a large number of ideas, about which we do not even know that they are inaccessible to us, only because we have grown too familiar with their names.

Such is our idea of God. We do not have to realise it, in order to be aware that we know it. This is why it requires a great deal of spiritual sensitiveness to be able to feel the life-throb of God's eality behind the vulgar callosity of words. Things that are small naturally ome to their limits for us, when they are amiliar. But the truth which is great hould reveal its infinity all the more astly, when it is near to us. Unfortured

nately, words that represent truth, and the minds that use those words, have not the same immensity of life as truth itself. Therefore, the words (and with them our attention and interest) become inert, by constant handling, obscuring our faith underneath them without our being conscious of that tragic fact.

This is the reason, why men who are obviously religious are frequently more irreligious, in reality, than those who openly ignore religion. Preachers and ministers of religion have made it their business to deal with God at every moment. They cannot afford to wait, until they come in touch with them. They dare not acknowledge the fact, that

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they have not done so. Therefore, they have to strain their minds into a constant attitude of God-knowingness. They have to delude themselves, in order to fulfil the expectation of others, or what they consider to be their duty.

And yet, the consciousness of God, like that of all other great ideas, comes to us only with intense moments of illumination, of inspiration. If we do not have the patience to wait for it, we only choke the path of that inspiration with the debris of our conscious efforts. Those, who make it their business to preach God, preach creeds. They lose their sense of distinction between these two. Therefore, their religion does not bring peace in this world but conflict. They do not hesitate to make use even of their religion for the propaganda of national self-seeking and boastfulness.

You may wonder, in your mind, as to the reason of my bringing up this topic in my present letter. It is in connexion with the same endless conflict within me between the poet and the preacher,—one of whom depends for his mission upon inspiration and the other upon conscious endeavour. Straining of consciousness leads to insensitiveness, of which I am more afraid than anything else. The preacher is the professional dealer in particular ideas. His customers come at all hours of the day and put questions to him. The answers, which he gets into the habit of producing, gradually lose their living quality, and his faith in his ideas runs the risk of being smothered under the deadness of his words. I believe that such a tragedy is more common than people suspect, especially with those who are good, and therefore are ever ready to sign their cheques of benefit for others, without waiting to see if the cash had time to accumulate in the bank.

This makes me think, that it is safe to be nothing better than a mere poet. For poets have to be true to their best moments and not to other peoples' requirements.

H

Even when I was very young, my mind saw things with a large atmosphere and

an environment of reality. That is to say, fact indicated some truth to me, even though I did not clearly understand it. That is why my mind was constantly struck with things that, in themselves, were commonplace. When I watched, from over the wall of the terrace of the apartments of our Jorashanko house, the cocoanut trees and the tank sorrounded by the huts of the milk vendors, they came before me with a more-than-themness that could not be exhausted. That faculty,-though subsequently mingled with reasoning and selfanalysis,-has still continued in my life. It is the sense and craving for wholeness. Constantly it has been the cause of my separation from others and also to their misunderstanding of my motives. Swadeshism, swarajism, ordinarily produce intense excitement in the minds of my countrymen, because they carry in them some fervour of passion generated by the exclusiveness of their range. It cannot be said that I am untouched by this heat and movement. But somehow, by my temperament as a poet, I am incapable of accepting these objects as final. claim from us great deal more than is their due. And after a certain point is reached, I find myself obliged to separate myself from my own people, with whom I have been working, and my soul cries out,—"The complete man must never be sacrificed to the patriotic man, or even to the merely moral man."

To me, humanity is rich and large and many sided. Therefore, I feel deeply hurt when I find that, for some material gain, Man's personality is mutilated in the Western world and he is reduced to a machine. The same process of repression and curtailment of humanity is often advocated in our country under the name of patriotism. Such 'deliberate empoverishment of our nature seems to me a crime. It is a cultivation of callousness, which is a form of sacrilege. For God's purpose is to lead man into that persection of growth, which is the attainment of a unity comprehending an immense manifoldness. But when I find man, for some purpose of his own, imposing upon his society, a mutilation of mind, a niggardliness of culture, a puritanism which is spiritual penury, it makes me inexpressibly sad.

I have been reading a book by a Frenchman on Japan,—it almost makes me feel almost envious! The sensitiveness to the ideal of beauty which has been made universal in Japan, is not only the source of her strength, but of her heroic spirit of renunciation. For true renunciation blossoms on the vigorous soil of beauty and joy,—the soil which supplies positive food to our souls.

But the negative process of making the soil poor produces a ghastly form of renunciation, which belongs to the nihilism of life. Emaciation of human nature has already been going on for a long time in India, let us not add to it by creating a mania for self-immolation. Our life today needs more colour, more expansion, more nourishment, for all the variety of its famished functions. Whatever may be the case in other countries, we need in India more fullness of life, and not asceticism.

Deadness of life, in all forms, gives rise to impurities, by enfeebling our reason, narrowing our vision, creating fanaticism, owing to our forcing our will power into abnormal channels. Life carries its own purification, when its sap finds its passage unbarred through all its ramifications.

REFORM OF FIGHTING IN COURTS OF LAW

IGHTING in Courts of Law between individuals or between the State and one or more individuals is a civil contest carried on with weapons of law, and not with weapons of violence. The combatants here are highly trained men of keen intellects, a very large part of the highest talent in every civilized country being drawn to this body of combatants. But the combatants are mercenaries after all, for they sell their services indiscriminately for pay. This gives the litigant with the long purse an immense advantage over the litigant with the small purse. The higher the fee paid the abler is the advocacy secured. Generally speaking, a man of small means has hardly any chance of success in a legal contest with a man of large means. "The law's delay" has become a proverbial expression, and delay means additional expenditure. With the system of the distribution of justice now prevailing in civilized countries great dissatisfaction has been widely felt. In France, in 1793, popular courts were introduced in place of the then existing courts, but they did not answer. Soviet Russia has followed

the course taken by France in 1793 and has abolished the Bar. But this too will not answer. In our own country Mahatma Gandhi sometime back declared himself against law courts and legal practitioners. This propaganda of his has had but trifling success, and is bound to fail,

completely.

The reform of the existing system of judicial administration should follow the line of retaining all that is good in the existing system and of casting off all that is evil. For the performance of judicial work, civil or criminal, specialization is necessary, if it is necessary in any department of human life. The present practice of specialization for judicial officers and advocates requires to be retained, and judicial officers require to be highly paid, and also advocates, if they are to be made servants of the State, as is proposed in this paper. How advocates as servants of the State are to work, will be indicated later on. Soviet Russia has made all medical practitioners servants of the State and employed them to look after the health of the entire body of the people. A similar idea has been

- (e) Manufacture of Coke.
- (f) Fuel.
- (g) Labour.
- (h) Cost Accounting.
- (i) Electricity.
- (j) Mechanical Drawing.

SECOND YEAR COURSES.

- (k) Manufacture of Pig Iron.
- (1) Manufacture of Steel.
- (m) Rolling Mill Practice.
 (n) Heat Treatment of Steel.
- (o) Metallography.
- (p) Metallurgy of other metals. (q) Economic Considerations.
- (I) Theses.

The curriculum which is given above [with particulars omitted] is all that a student can be expected to carry during the two years he is in training and some of the courses may have to be reduced. If it were given in to months continuously the students would not be able to carry such a variety of subjects or cover so much ground. It is believed, however, that with the alternate weeks in the mill which allow time for the student to digest the technical work which he has covered the previous week and which will give him an opportunity for extra study, the course can be carried.

XIII. TEXT BOOKS.

The text bkoos required for the entire course will cost some Rs. 300 to 400. For 25 men annually, this would represent a total cost of Rs. 7500 to Rs. 10,000. This cost is too high to be borne by the students themselves without some assistance.

The text books will be loaned to the men by the Technical Institution and each student will be debited with their cost. If the course be successfully completed, the students will be expected to repay the cost of the text books during the first two years of their contract, the cost being deducted from their salary monthly. If the men fail, the text books will be taken back by the Technical Institute and reissued to incoming students at a reasonable valuation.

In addition to the 3 scholarships awarded at the end of one year of experience, 3 additional prizes will be given. These prizes will be the cancellation of the charge for the text-books and the award of one extra text-book to each prize winner.

XIV. LIBRARY.

The Technical Institute must have a thoroughly good library relating to the metallurgy of steel. This must include the proceedings and transactions of the principal steel metallurgical societies in England, America, and if possible France and Germany. It should have a file of the best steel works journals, and the principal steel works journals should be taken regularly. All the courses will require some collateral reading, particularly in the trade journals where descriptions are given of modern mills erected in various countries. This library will be increased from year to year.

XV. LABORATORIES.

There will be two laboratories, one for chemical work, and the other for physical testing. The chemical laboratory, which must be well equipped, will include various types of combustion furnaces in addition to the usual chemical apparatus. There will be one small research laboratory separate from the main room in which special research may be carried on if required.

The physical laboratory will be equipped with machines of various kinds for testing steel. This will include a tencile testing machine, a torsion machine, an impact machine, an abrasion machine and such others as might be found necessary for special research work in the future.

Separate from the main physical laboratory will be the laboratory for metallography, which will contain grinding and polishing machines and the micro-photographic camera. Attached to this will be a Dark Room.

THE SONG

When the evening steals on western waters, Thrills the air with wings of homeless shadows; When the sky is crowned with star-gemmed silence, And the dreams dance on the deep of slumber; When the lilies lose their faith in morning, And in panic close their hopeless petals, There's a bird which leaves its nest in secret, Seeks its song in tracklese path of heaven.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

2

/ https://not.nangle.net/zez//mgp.syelsvalsyels/ Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-us-google INDIA? It is not necessary that we should pronounce the word fellowship with wry faces. It is only requisite that we should kneel down and adore the common mother. So loving, so praising, we shall accomplish all else by implication.

And once more it will stand demonstrated that "All that we are is the result of what we have thought. It is founded on our thought. It is made up of our thought."

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

1

T was a moonless night, and Mritunjaya was seated before the ancestral image of the goddess Kali. As he finished his devotions the cawing of an early morning crow was heard from a neighbouring

mango grove.

First seeing that the door of the temple was shut, he bowed once more before the image and, shifting its pedestal, took from under it a strong wooden box. This he opened with a key which hung on his sacred thread, but the moment he had looked inside he started in dismay. He took up the box and shook it several times. It had not been broken open, for the lock was uninjured. He groped all round the image a dozen times, but could

find nothing.

Mritunjaya's little temple stood on one side of his inner garden which was surrounded by a wall. It was sheltered by the shade of some tall trees. Inside there was nothing but the image of Kali, and it had only one entrance. Like a mad man Mritunjaya threw open the door, and began to roam round on all sides in search of a clue, but in vain. By this time daylight had come. In despair he sat on some steps and with his head buried in his hands began to think. He was just beginning to feel sleepy after his long sleepless night when suddenly he heard some-one say: "Greeting, my son !" Looking up he saw in the courtyard before him a long-haired sannyasi. Mritunjaya made a deep obeisance to him and the ascetic placed

his hand on his head, saying: "My son, your sorrow is vain."

Mritunjaya, in astonishment, replied: "Can you read people's thoughts? How do you know about my sorrow? I have spoken of it to no-one."

The sannyasi answered: "My son, instead of sorrowing over what you have

lost, you ought to rejoice."

Clasping his feet Mritunjaya exclaimed: "Then you know everything? Tell me how it got lost and where I can recover it."

The sannyasi replied: "If I wanted you to suffer misfortune then I would tell you. But you must not grieve over that which the goddess has taken from you out of

pity."

But Mritunjaya was not satisfied and in the hope of pleasing his visitor he spent the whole of that day serving him in different ways. But when early next morning he was bringing him a bowl of fresh milk from his own cow he found that the sannyasi had disappeared.

2

When Mritunjaya had been a child his grandfather, Harihar, was sitting one day on those same steps of the temple, smoking his hookah, when a sannyasi came into the courtyard and greeted him. Harihar invited him into his home and for several days treated him as an honoured guest.

When about to go the sannyasi said to him: "My son, you are poor, are you not?", to which Harihar replied: "Father,



I am indeed. Only hear what my condition is. Once our family was the most prosperous in the village, but now our condition is so miserable that we can hardly hold up our heads. I beg you to tell me how we can restore ourselves to prosperity again."

The sannyasi laughing slightly said: "My son, why not be satisfied with your present position? What's the use of trying

to become wealthy?"

But Harihar persisted and declared that he was ready to undertake anything that would restore his family to their proper

rank in society.

Thereupon the sannyasi took out a roll of cloth in which an old and stained piece of paper was wrapped. It looked like a horoscope. The sannyasi unrolled it and Harihar saw that it had some signs in cypher written within circles, and below these was a lot of doggerel verse which commenced thus:—

"For attainment of your goal Find a word that rhymes with soul. From the "Radha" take its "ra", After that at last put "dha." From the tamarind-banyan's mouth Turn your face towards the south. When the light is in the East There shall be of wealth a feast."

There was much more of the same kind of rigmarole.

Harihar said: "Father, I can't under-

stand a single word of it."

To this the sannyasi replied: "Keep it by you. Make your pujah to the goddess Kali, and by her grace you, or some descendant of yours, will gain the untold wealth of which this writing tells the secret hiding place."

Harihar entreated him to explain the writing, but the sannyasi said that only by the practice of austerity could its mean-

ing be discovered.

Just at this moment Harihar's youngest brother, Shankar, arrived on the scene and Harihar tried to snatch the paper away before it could be observed. But the sannyasi, laughing, said: "Already, I see, you have started on the painful road to greatness. But you need not be afraid. The secret can only be discovered by one

person. If anyone else tries a thousand times he will never be able to solve it. It will be a member of your family, so you can show this paper to anyone without fear."

The sannyasi having left them, Harihar could not rest until he had hidden the paper. Fearful lest anyone else should profit by it, and above all lest his young brother Shankar should enjoy this hidden wealth, he locked the paper in a strong wooden box and hid it under the seat of the household goddess Kali. Every month, at the time of the new moon, he would go in the dead of night to the temple and there he would offer prayers to the goddess in the hope that she would give him the power to decipher the secret writing.

Some time after this Shankar came to his brother and begged him to show him

the paper.

"Go away, you idiot!" shouted Harihar, "that paper was nothing. That rascal of a sannyasi wrote a lot of nonsense on it simply to deceive me. I burnt it long ago."

Shankar remained silent, but some weeks afterwards he disappeared from the

house and was never seen again.

From that time Harihar gave up all other occupations, and spent all his waking moments in thinking about the hidden treasure.

When he died he left this mysterious paper to his eldest son, Shyampada, who as soon as he got possession of it gave up his business and spent his whole time in studying the secret cypher and in worshipping the goddess in the hope of goodluck

coming to him.

Mritunjaya was Shyampada's eldest child, so he became the owner of this precious heirloom on his father's death. The worse his condition became the greater eagerness he showed in trying to solve the secret. It was about this time that the loss of the paper occurred. The visit of the long-haired sannyasi coinciding with its disappearance Mritunjaya determined that he would try to find him, feeling sure he could discover everything from him. So he left his home on the quest.

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After spending a year in going from place to place Mritunjaya one day arrived at a village named Dharagole. There he stayed at a grocer's shop, and as he was sitting absent-mindedly smoking and thinking, a sannyasi passed along the edge of a neighbouring field. At first Mritunjaya did not pay much attention, but after a few minutes he came to himself and it flashed across his mind that that was the very sannyasi for whom he had been searching. Hurrriedly laying aside his hookah he rushed past the startled storekeeper and dashed from the shop into the street. But the sannyasi was nowhere to be seen.

As it was dark and the place was strange to him he gave up the idea of searching further and returned to the shop. There he asked the storekeeper what lay beyond the village in the great forest near by. The man replied:

"Once a great city was there, but owing to the curse of the sage, Agastya, its king and all his subjects died of some dreadful pestilence. People say that enormous wealth and piles of jewels are still hidden there, but no-one dares to enter that forest even at midday. Those who have done so have never returned."

Mritunjaya's mind became restless, and all night long he lay on his mat tormented by mosquitoes and by thoughts of the forest, the sanyasi, and his lost secret. He had read the verses so often that he could almost repeat them by heart, and hour after hour the opening lines kept ringing through his mind, until his brain reeled.

> "For attainment of your goal Find a word that rhymes with soul. From the "Radha" take its "dha", After that at last put "ra"."

He could not get the words out of his head. At last when dawn came he fell asleep and in a dream the meaning of the verse became as clear as daylight. Taking the "ra" from "Radha" you get "Dha", and at the end of that putting "ra" you get "Dhara", and "gole" rhymes with soul! The name of the village in which

he was staying was "Dharagole"! He jumped up from his mat sure that he was at last near the end of his search.

The whole of that day Mritunjaya spent roaming about the forest in the hope of finding a path. He returned to the village at night half dead with hunger and fatigue, but next day he took a bundle of parched rice and started off again. At midday he arrived at the side of a lake round which there were traces of a path. The water was clear in the middle but near the banks it was a tangle of weeds and water lilies. Having soaked his rice in the water by some broken stone steps on the bank he finished eating it and began to walk slowly round the lake looking carefully everywhere for signs of buildings. Suddenly when he had reached the west side of the lake he stood stock still, for there before him was a tamarind tree growing right in the centre of a gigantic banyan. He immediately recalled the lines:

"From the tamarind-banyan's mouth Turn your face towards the south."

After walking some distance towards the south he found himself in the middle of a thick jungle through which it was impossible to force a way. He however determined not to lose sight of the tamarind tree.

Turning back he noticed in the distance through the branches of the tree the pinnacles of a building. Making his way in that direction he came upon a ruined temple, by the side of which were the ashes of a recent fire. With great caution Mritunjaya made his way to a broken door and peeped in. There was no-one there, not even an image, only a blanket, and a water pot with a sannyasi's scarf lying beside it.

Evening was approaching, the village was far off, and it would be difficult to find a path back by night, so Mritunjaya was pleased at seeing signs of a human being. By the door lay a large piece of stone which had fallen from the ruin. On this he seated himself and was deep in thought when he suddenly noticed what appeared to be written characters on the surface of the stone. Looking closely he saw a circular symbol which was familiar to him. It was partly obliterated, it is true, but it was sufficiently distinct for him to recognise the design as that which had appeared at the top of his lost piece of paper. He had studied it so often that it was clearly printed on his brain. How many times had he begged the goddess to reveal to him the meaning of that mystic sign as he sat at midnight in the dimly lit temple of his home with the fragrance of incense filling the night air. To-night the fulfilment of his long cherished desire seemed so near that his whole body trembled. Fearing that by some slight blunder he might frustrate all his hopes, and above all dreading lest the sannyasi had been beforehand in discovering his treasure he shook with terror. He could not decide what to do. The thought came to him that he might even at that very moment be sitting above untold wealth without knowing it.

As he sat repeating the name of Kali evening fell and the sombre darkness of the forest resounded with the continual chirping of crickets.

5

Just as he was wondering what to do he saw through the thick foliage the distant gleam of a fire. Getting up from the stone on which he was seated he carefully marked the spot he was leaving and went off in the direction of the light.

Having progressed with great difficulty a short way he saw from behind the trunk of a tree the very sannyasi he had been seeking with the well known paper in his hand. He had opened it and, by the light of the flames, he was working out its meaning in the ashes with a stick.

There was the very paper which belonged to Mritunjaya, and which had belonged to his father and his grandfather before him, in the hands of a thief and a cheat! It was for this then that this rogue of a sannyasi had bidden Mritunjaya not to sorrow over his loss!

The sannyasi was calculating the meaning of the signs, and every now and then would measure certain distances on the ground with a stick. Sometimes he would stop and shake his head with a disappointed air, and then he would go back and make fresh calculations.

In this way the night was nearly spent and it was not until the cool breeze of daybreak began to rustle in the leafy branches of the trees that the sannyasi folded up the paper and went away.

Mritunjaya was perplexed. He was quite sure that without the sannyasi's help it would be impossible for him to decipher the mystery of the paper. But he was equally certain that the covetous rascal would not knowingly assist him. Therefore to watch the sannyasi secretly was his only hope; but as he could not get any food without going back to the village, Mritunjaya decided he would return to his lodgings that morning.

When it became light enough he left the tree behind which he had been hiding and made his way to the place where the sannyasi had been making his calculations in the ashes. But he could make nothing of the marks. Nor, after wandering all round, could he see that the forest there differed in any way from other parts of the jungle.

As the sunlight began to penetrate the thick shade of the trees Mritunjaya made his way towards the village looking carefully on every side as he went. His chief fear was lest the sannyasi should catch sight of him.

That morning a feast was given to Brahmins at the shop where Mritunjaya had taken shelter, so he came in for a sumptuous meal. Having fasted so long he could not resist eating heavily, and after the feast he soon rolled over on his mat and fell sound asleep.

Although he had not slept all night, Mritunjaya had made up his mind that he would that day take his meals in good time and start off early in the afternoon. What happened was exactly the opposite, for when he woke the sun had already set. But although it was getting dark, he could not refrain from entering the forest.

Night fell suddenly and so dense was the darkness that it was impossible for him to see his way through the deep



shadows of the thick jungle. He could not make out which way he was going and when day broke he found that he had been going round and round in one part of the forest quite near the village.

The raucous cawing of some crows from near by sounded to Mritunjaya like

mockery.

After many miscalculations and corrections the sannyasi had at length discovered the path to the entrance of a subterranean tunnel. Lighting a torch he entered. The brick walls were mouldy with moss and slime, and water oozed out from the many cracks. In some places sleeping toads could be seen piled up in heaps. After proceeding over slippery stones for some distance the sannyasi came to a wall. The passage was blocked! He struck the wall in several places with a heavy iron bar but there was not the least suspicion of a hollow sound—there was not a crack anywhere-without a doubt the tunnel ended there.

He spent the whole of that night studying the paper again, and next morning having finished his calculations, he entered the underground passage once more. This time, carefully following the secret directions, he loosened a stone from a certain place and covered a branch turning. This he followed but once more he came to a stop where another wall blocked all further progress.

But finally, on the fifth night, the sannyasi as he entered exclaimed, "To-night I shall find the way without the shadow

of a doubt!"

The passage was like a labyrinth. There seemed no end to its branches and turnings. In some places it was so low and narrow that he had to crawl on hands and knees. Carefully holding the torch he arrived at length at a large circular room, in the middle of which was a wide well of solid masonry. By the light of his torch the sannyasi was unable to see how deep it was, but he saw that from the roof there descended into it a thick heavy iron chain. He pulled with all his strength at this chain and it shook very slightly. But

there rose from the depth of the well a metallic clang which reverberated through that dark dismal chamber. The sannyasi called out in excitement: " At last I have found it !"

Next moment a huge stone rolled through the hole in the broken wall through which he had entered and someone fell on the floor with a loud cry. Startled by this sudden sound the sannyasi let his torch fall to the ground and the room was plunged in darkness.

He called out, "Who is there?" but there was no answer. Putting out his hand he touched a man's body. Shaking it he asked, "Who are you?" Still he got no reply. The man was unconscious.

Striking a flint he at last found his torch and lighted it. In the meantime the man had regained consciousness and was trying to sit up though he was groaning with

On seeing him the sannyasi exclaimed: "Why, it is Mritunjaya! What are you

doing here ?"

Mritunjaya replied: "Father, pardon me. God has punished me enough. I was trying to roll that stone on you when my foot slipped and I fell. My leg must be

To this the sannyasi answered: "But what good would it have done you to kill

Mritunjaya exclaimed: "What good indeed! Why did you steal into my temple and rob me of that secret paper? And what are you doing in this underground place yourself? You are a thief, and a cheat! The sannyasi who gave that paper to my grandfather told him that one of his family was to discover the secret of the writing. The secret is mine by rights, and it is for this reason that I have been following you day and night like your shadow, going without food and sleep all these days. Then to-day when you exclaimed: 'At last I have found it!' I could restrain myself no longer. I had followed you and was hiding behind the wall where you had made the hole, and I tried to kill you. I failed because I am weak and the ground

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was slippery and I fell. Kill me if you wish, then I can become a guardian spirit to watch over this treasure of mine. But if I live, you will never be able to take it. Never! Never! Never! If you try, I will bring the curse of a Brahmin on you by jumping into this well and committing suicide. Never will you be able to enjoy this treasure. My father, and his father before him, thought of nothing but this treasure and they died thinking of it. We have become poor for its sake. In search of it I have left wife and children, and without food or sleep have wandered from place to place like a maniac. Never shall you take this treasure from me while I have eyes to see!"

8

The sannyasi said quietly: "Mritunjaya, listen to me. I will tell you everything. You remember that your grandfather's youngest brother was called Shankar?"

"Yes," replied Mritunjaya, "he left home and was never heard of again."

"Well," said the sannyasi, "I am that Shankar!"

Mritunjaya gave a gasp of despair. He had so long regarded himself as the sole owner of this hidden wealth that, now that this relative had turned up and proved his equal right, he felt as if his claim were destroyed.

Shankar continued: "From the moment that my brother got that paper from the sannyasi he tried every means in his power to keep it hidden from me. But the harder he tried the greater became my curiosity, and I soon found that he had hidden it in a wooden box under the seat of the goddess. I got hold of a duplicate key, and by degrees, whenever the opportunity occurred, I copied out the whole of the writing and the signs. The very day I had finished copying it I left home in quest of the treasure. I even left my wife and only child neither of whom is now living. There is no need to describe all the places I visited in my wanderings. I felt sure that as the paper had been given to my brother by a sannyasi I would be able to find out its meaning from one, so I began to serve

sannyasis whenever I had the chance. Many of them were impostors and tried to steal the writing from me. In this way many years passed, but not for a single moment did I have any peace or happiness.

"At last in my search, by virtue of some right action in a previous birth, I had the good fortune to meet in the mountains Swami Rupananda. He said to me: 'My child, give up desire, and the imperishable wealth of the whole universe will be yours.'

"He cooled the fever of my mind. By his grace the light of the sky and the green verdure of the earth seemed to me equal to the wealth of kings. One winter day at the foot of the mountain I lit a fire in the brazier of my revered guru and offered up the paper in its flames. The Swami laughed slightly as I did it. At the time I did not understand that laugh. But now I do. Doubtless he thought it is easy enough to burn a piece of paper, but to burn to ashes our desires is not so simple!

"When not a vestige of the paper remained it seemed as if my heart had suddenly filled with the rare joy of freedom. My mind at last realised the meaning of detachment. I said to myself; 'Now I have no more fear, I desire nothing in the world.'

"Shortly after this I parted from the Swami and although I have often sought for him since I have never seen him again.

"I then wandered as a sannyasi with my mind detached from worldy things. Many years passed and I had almost forgotten the existence of the paper, when one day I came to the forest near Dharagole and took shelter in a ruined temple. After a day or two I noticed that there were inscriptions on the walls, some of which I recognised. There could be no doubt that here was a clue to what I had spent so many years of my life in trying to discover. I said to myself: 'I must not stay here. I must leave this forest.'

"But I did not go. I thought there was no harm in staying to see what I could find out, just to satisfy my curiosity. I examined the signs carefully, but without

result. I kept thinking of the paper I had burnt. Why had I destroyed it? What harm would there have been in keeping

"At last I went back to the village of my birth. On seeing the miserable condition of my ancestral home I thought to myself: 'I am a sannyasi, I have no need of wealth for myself, but these poor people have a home to keep up. There can be no sin in recovering the hidden treasure for their benefit.'

"I knew where the paper was, so it was not difficult for me to steal it.

"For a whole year since then I have been living in this lonely forest searching for the clue. I could think of nothing else. The oftener I was thwarted the greater did my eagerness become. I had the unflagging energy of a mad man as I sat night after night concentrating on the attempt to solve my problem.

"When it was that you discovered me I do not know. If I had been in an ordinary frame of mind you would never have remained concealed, but I was so absorbed in my task that I never noticed what was going on around me.

"It was not until to-day that I discovered at last what I had been so long searching for. The treasure hidden here is greater than that of the richest rajah in the world, and to find it the meaning of only one more sign had to be deciphered.

"This secret is the most difficult of all, but in my mind I had come even to its solution. That was why I cried out in my delight, 'At last I have found it!' again in this underground realm of If I wish I can in a moment enter that hidden store house of gold and jewels."

Mritunjaya fell at Shankar's feet and exlaimed: "You are a sannyasi, you have no use for wealth-but take me to that treasure. Do not cheat me again!"

Shankar replied: "To-day the last link of my fetters is broken! That stone which vou intended should kill me did not indeed strike my body but it has shattered forever the folly of my infatuation. Today I have seen how monstrous is the image of desire. That calm and incomprehensible smile of my saintly Guru has at

last kindled the inextinguishable lamp of my soul."

Mritunjaya again begged pitifully: "You are free, but I am not. I do not even want freedom. You must not cheat me of this wealth."

The sannyasi answered: "Very well my son, take this paper of yours, and if you can find this treasure keep it."

Saying this the sannyasi handed the paper and his staff to Mritunjaya and left him alone. Mritunjaya called out in despair: "Have pity on me. Do not leave me. Show me the treasure!" But there was no answer.

Mritunjaya dragged himself up and with the help of the stick tried to find his way out of the tunnels, but they were such a maze that he was again and again completely puzzled. At last worn out he lay down and fell asleep.

When he awoke there was no means of telling whether it was night or day. As he felt hungry he ate some parched rice, and again began to grope for the way out. At length in despair he stopped and called out: "Oh! Sannyasi, where are you?" His cry echoed and re-echoed through the tangled labyrinth of those underground tunnels, and when the sound of his own voice had died away, he heard from close by a reply, "I am near youwhat is it you want?"

Mritunjaya answered: "Have pity on me and show me where the treasure is."

There was no answer, and although he called again and again all was silent.

After a time Mritunjaya fell asleep perpetual darkness where there was neither night nor day. When he woke up and found it still dark he called out beseechingly: "Oh! Sannyasi, tell me where you are?"

The answer came from near at hand: "I am here. What do you want?".

Mritunjaya answered: "I want nothing now but that you should rescue me from this dungeon."

The sannyasi asked: "Don't you want the treasure?"

Mritunjava replied: "No."



There was the sound of a flint being struck and the next moment there was a light. The sannyasi said: "Well Mritunjaya, let us go."

Mritunjaya: "Then, father, is all my trouble to be in vain? Shall I never obtain

that wealth?"

Immediately the torch went out. Mritunjaya exclaimed—"How cruel!", and sat down in the silence to think. There was no means of measuring time and the darkness was without end. How he wished that he could with all the strength of his mind and body shatter that gloom to atoms. His heart began to feel restless for the light, for the open sky, and for all the varied beauty of the world, and he called out: "Oh! Sannyasi, cruel sannyasi, I do not want the treasure. I want you to rescue me."

The answer came: "You no longer want the treasure? Then take my hand,

and come with me."

This time no torch was lighted. Mritunjaya holding his stick in one hand and clinging to the sannyasi with the other slowly began to move. After twisting and turning many times through the maze of tunnels they came to a place where the sannyasi said, "Now stand still."

Standing still Mritunjaya heard the sound of an iron door opening. The next moment the sannyasi seized his hand,

and said: "Come!"

Mritunjaya advanced into what appeared to be a vast hall. He heard the sound of a flint being struck and then the blaze of the torch revealed to his astonished eyes the most amazing sight that he had ever dreamed of. On every side thick plates of gold were arranged in piles. They stood against the walls glittering like heaped rays of solid sunlight stored in the bowels of the earth. Mritunjaya's eyes began to gleam. Like a mad man he cried: "All this gold is mine—I will never part with it!"

"Very well," replied the sannyasi, "here is my torch, some barley and parched rice, and this large pitcher of water for

you. Farewell."

And as he spoke the sannyasi went out, clanging the heavy iron door behind him.

Mritunjaya began to go round and round the hall touching the piles of gold again and again. Seizing some small pieces he threw them down on the floor, he lifted them into his lap, striking them one against another he made them ring, he even stroked his body all over with the precious metal. At length, tired out, he spread a large flat plate of gold on the floor, lay down on it, and fell asleep.

When he woke he saw the gold glittering on every side. There was nothing but gold. He began to wonder whether day had dawned and whether the birds were awake and revelling in the morning sunlight. It seemed as though in imagination he could smell the fragrant breeze of daybreak coming from the garden by the little lake near his home. It was as if he could actually see the ducks floating on the water, and hear their contented cackle as the maidservant came from the house to the steps of the ghat, with the brass vessels in her hand to be cleaned.

Striking the door Mritunjaya called out: "Oh, Sannyasi, listen to me!"

The door opened and the sannyasi entered. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to go out," replied Mritunjaya, "but can't I take away a little of this gold?"

Without giving any answer the sannyasi lighted a fresh torch, and placing a full water pot, and a few handfuls of rice on the floor went out closing the door behind him.

Mrituniaya took up a thin plate of gold, bent it and broke it into small fragments. These he scattered about the room like lumps of dirt. On some of them he made marks with his teeth. Then he threw a plate of gold on the floor and trampled on it. He asked himself, "How many men in the world are rich enough to be able to throw gold about as I am doing!" Then he became oppressed with a fever for destruction. He was seized with a longing to crush all these heaps of gold into dust and sweep them away with a broom. In this way he could show his contempt for the covetous greed of all the kings and maharajahs in the world.

At last he became tired of throwing the gold about in this way and fell asleep.



Again he saw on awakening those heaps of gold, and rushing to the door he struck at it with all his strength and called out: "Oh sannyasi, I do not want this gold. I do not want it!"

But the door remained closed. Mritunjaya shouted till his throat was hoarse and still the door did not open. He threw lump after lump of gold against it, but with no effect. He was in despair. Would the sannyasi leave him there to shrivel up and die, inch by inch, in that golden prison?

As Mritunjaya watched the gold fear gripped him. Those piles of glittering metal surrounded him on all sides with a terrifying smile, hard, silent, without tremor or change, until his body began to tremble, his mind to quake. What connection had he with these heaps of gold? They could not share his feelings—they had no sympathy with him in his sorrows. They had no need of the light, or the sky. They did not long for the cool breezes, they did not even want life. They had no desire for freedom. In this eternal darkness they remained hard and bright

On earth perhaps sunset had come with its golden gift of limpid light,-that golden light which cools the eyes as it bids farewell to the fading day, falling like tears on the face of darkness. Now the evening star would be gazing serenely down on the courtyard of his home where his young wife had tended the cows in the meadow and lit the lamp in the corner of the house, while the tinkling of the temple bell spoke of the closing ceremony of the day.

To-day the most trifling events of his home and his village shone in Mritunjaya's imagination with overpowering lustre. Even the thought of his old dog lying curled up asleep in front of the stove caused him pain. He thought of the grocer in whose shop he had stayed while he was at Dharagole and imagined him putting out his lamp, shutting up his shop and walking leisurely to some house in the village to take his evening meal, and as he thought of him he envied him his happiness. He did not know what day it was, but if it were Sunday he could picture to

himself the villagers returning to their homes after market, calling their friends from over the fields and crossing the river together in the ferry boat. He could see a peasant, with a couple of fish dangling in his hand and a basket on his head, walking through the meadow paths, or making his way along the dikes of the paddy fields, past the bamboo fences of the little hamlets, returning to his village after the day's work in the dim light of the star-strewn sky.

The call came to him from the world of men. But layers of earth separated him from the most insignificant occurrences of life's varied and unceasing pilgrimage. That life, that sky, and that light appealed to him now as more priceless than all the treasures of the universe. He felt that if only he could for one moment again lie in the dusty lap of mother earth in her green clad beauty, beneath the free open spaces of the sky, filling his lungs with the fragrant breeze laden with the scents of mown grass and of blossoms, he could die feeling that his life was complete.

As these thoughts came to him the door opened, and the sannyasi entering asked: "Mritunjaya, what do you want now?"

He answered, "I want nothing further. I want only to go out from this maze of darkness. I want to leave this delusive gold. I want light, and the sky; I want freedom!"

The sannyasi said: "There is another storehouse full of rarest gems of incalculable value, tenfold more precious than all this gold. Do you not wish to go there?"

Mritunjaya answered: "No."

"Haven't you the curiosity just to see it once ?"

"No, I don't want even to see it. If I have to beg in rags for the rest of my life I would not spend another moment here."

"Then come," said the sannyasi, and taking Mritunjaya's hand he led him in front of the deep well. Stopping here he took out the paper and asked: "And what will you do with this ?"

Taking it Mritunjaya tore it into fragments and threw them down the well.

(Translation by W. W. Pearson.)

at the corner of Dinu's tea party. But I must not grumble, for our corporeal existence has its own joy because of its obstacles and pain and the devious process of the fulfilment of its hope.

P.S. I have just written this about Dr. Patrick Geddes.

What so strongly attracted me in Dr. Patrick Geddes when I came to know him in India, was not his scientific achievements, but, on the contrary, the rare fact of the fulness of his personality rising far

above his science. Whatever he has studied and mastered has become vitally one with his humanity. He has the precision of the scientist and at the same time, the vision of the prophet. He has also the power of an artist to make his ideas visible through the language of symbol. His love of man has given him the insight to see the truth of man, and imagination to realise in the world the infinite mystery of life, not merely its mechanical aspect.

THE CALL OF TRUTH

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

ARASITES have to pay for their readymade victuals by losing the power of assimilating food in its natural form. In the history of man this same sin of laziness has always entailed degeneracy. Man becomes parasitical, not only when he fattens on others' toil, but also when he becomes rooted to a particular set of outside conditions and allows himself helplessly to drift along the stream of things as they are; for the outside is alien to the inner self, and if the former be made indispensable by sheer habit, man acquires parasitical characteristics, and becomes unable to perform his true function of converting the impossible into the possible.

In this sense all the lower animals are parasites. They are carried along by their environment; they live or die by natural selection; they progress or retrogress as nature may dictate. Their mind has lost the power of growth. The bees, for millions of years, have been unable to get beyond the pattern of their hive. For that reason, the form of their cell has attained a certain perfection, but their mentality is confined to the age-long habits of their hive-life and cannot soar out of its limitations. Nature has developed a cautious timidity in the case of her lower types of life; she keeps them tied to her apron strings and has stunted their minds, lest they should stray into dangerous experiments,

But Providence displayed a sudden accession of creative courage when it came to man; for his inner nature has not been tied down, though outwardly the poor human creature has been left naked, weak and defenceless. In spite of these disabilities, man in the joy of his inward freedom has stood up and declared; "I shall achieve the impossible." That is to say, he has consistently refused to submit to the rule of things as they always have been, but is determined to bring about happenings that have never been before. So when, in the beginning of his history, man's lot was thrown in with monstrous creatures, tusked and taloned, he did not, like the deer, simply take refuge in flight, nor, like the tortoise, take refuge in hiding, but set to work with flints to make even more efficient weapons. These, moreover, being the creation of his own inner faculties, were not dependent on natural selection, as were those of the other animals, for their development. And so man's instruments progressed from flint to steel. This shows that man's mind has never been helplessly attached to his environment. What came to his hand was brought under his thumb. Not content with the flint on the surface, he delved for the iron beneath. Not satisfied with the easier process of chipping flints, he proceeded to melt iron ore and hammer it into shape. That which resisted more stubbornly was converted into a better ally.

Man's inner nature not only finds success in its activity, but there it also has its joy. He insists on penetrating further and further into the depths, from the obvious to the hidden, from the easy to the difficult, from parasitism to self-determination, from the slavery of his passions to the mastery of himself. That is how he has won.

But if any section of mankind should say, "The flint was the weapon of our revered forefathers; by departing from it we destroy the spirit of the race," then they may succeed in preserving what they call their race, but they strike at the root of the glorious tradition of humanity which was theirs also. And we find that those, who have steadfastly stuck to their flints, may indeed have kept safe their pristine purity to their own satisfaction, but they have been outcasted by the rest of mankind, and so have to pass their lives slinking away in jungle and cave. They are, as I say, reduced to a parasitic dependence on outside nature, driven along blindfold by the force of things as they They have not achieved Swaraj in their inner nature, and so are deprived of Swaraj in the outside world as well. They have ceased to be even aware, that it is man's true function to make the impossible into the possible by dint of his own powers; that it is not for him to be confined merely to what has happened before; that he must progress towards what ought to be by rousing all his inner powers by means of the force of his soul.

Thirty years ago I used to edit the Sādhanā magazine, and there I tried to say this same thing. Then English-educated India was frightfully busy begging for its rights. And I repeatedly endeavoured to impress on my countrymen, that man is not under any necessity to beg for rights from others, but must create them for himself; because man lives mainly by his inner nature, and there he is the master. By dependence on acquisition from the outside, man's inner nature suffers loss. And it was my contention, that man is not so hard oppressed by being deprived of his outward rights as he is by the constant bearing of the burden of prayers and petitions.

Then when the Bangadarshan magazine came into my hands, Bengal was beside herself at the sound of the sharpening of the knife for her partition. The boycott of Manchester, which was the outcome of her distress, had raised the profits of the Bombay mill-owners to a superforeign degree. And I had then to say: "This will not do, either; for it is also of the outside Your main motive is hatred of the foreigner, not love of country." It was then really necessary for our countrymen to be made conscious of the distinction, that the Englishpresence is an external accident, —mere māyā—but that the presence of our country is an internal fact which is also an eternal truth. Māyā looms with an exaggerated importance, only when we fix our attention exclusively upon it, by reason of some infatuation—be it of love, or of hate. Whether in our passion we rush to embrace it, or attack it; whether we yearn for it, or spurn it; it equally fills the whole field of our blood-shot vision.

Māyā is like the darkness. No steed, however swift, can carry us beyond it; no amount of water can wash it away. Truth is like a lamp; even as it is lit mīyā vanishes. Our shastras tell us that Truth, even when it is small, can rescue us from the terror which is great. Fear is the atheism of the heart. It cannot be overcome from the side of negation. If one of its heads be struck off, it breeds, like the monster of the fable, a hundred others. Truth is positive: it is the affirmation of the soul. If even a little of it be roused, it attacks negation at the very heart and overpowers it wholly.

Alien government in India is a veritable chameleon. Today it comes in the guise of the Englishman; to-morrow perhaps as some other foreigner; the next day, without abating a jot of its virulence, it may take the shape of our own countrymen. determinedly we may try to hunt this monster of foreign dependence with outside lethal weapons, it will always elude our pursuit by changing its skin, or its colour. But if we can gain within us the truth called our country, all outward māyī will vanish of itself. The declaration of faith that my country is there, to be realised, has to be attained by each one of us. The idea that our country is ours, merely because we have been born in it, can only be held by those who are fastened, in a parasitic existence, upon the outside world. But the true nature of man is his inner nature, with its inherent powers. Therefore that only can be a man's true country, which he can help to create by his wisdom and will, his love and his actions. So, in 1905, I called upon my countrymen to create their country by putting forth their

own powers from within. For the act of creation itself is the realisation of truth.

The Creator gains Himself in His universe. To gain one's own country means to realise one's own soul more fully expanded within it. This can only be done when we are engaged in building it up with our service, our ideas and our activities. Man's country being the creation of his own inner nature, when his soul thus expands within it, it is more truly expressed, more fully realised. In my paper called 'Swadeshi Samaj', written in 1905, I discussed at length the ways and means by which we could make the country of our birth more fully our own. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of my words then uttered, I did not fail to lay emphasis on the truth, that we must win our country, not from some foreigner, but from our own inertia, our own indifference. Whatever be the nature of the boons we may be seeking for our country at the door of the foreign Government, the result is always the same. it only makes our inertia more densely inert. Any public benefit done by the alien Government goes to their credit, not to ours. So whatever outside advantage such public benefit might mean for us, our country will only get more and more completely lost to us thereby. That is to say, we shall have to pay out in soul value for what we purchase as material advantage. The Rishi has said: The son is dear, not because we desire a son, but because we desire to realise our own soul in him.' It is the same with our country. It is dear to us, because it is the expression of our own soul. When we realise this, it will become impossible for us to allow our service of our country to wait on the pleasure of others.

These truths, which I then tried to press on my countrymen, were not particularly new, nor was there anything therein which need have grated on their ears; but, whether anyone else remembers it or not, I at least am not likely to forget the storm of indignation which I roused. I am not merely referring to the hooligans of journalism whom it pays to be scurrilous. But even men of credit and courtesy were unable to speak of me in restrained language.

There were two root causes of this. One

was anger, the second was greed.

Giving free vent to angry feelings is a species of self-indulgence. In those days there was practically nothing to stand in the

way of the spirit of destructive revel, which spread all over the country. We went about picketing, burning, placing thorns in the path of those whose way was not ours, acknowledging no restraints in language or behaviour,-all in the frenzy of our wrath. Shortly after it was all over, a Japanese friend asked me: "How is it you people cannot carry on your work with calm and deep determination? This wasting of energy can hardly be of assistance to your object." I had no help but to reply: "When we have the gaining of the object clearly before our minds, we can be restrained, and concentrate our energies to serve it; but when it is a case of venting our anger, our excitement rises and rises till it drowns the object, and then we are spend-thrift to the point of bankruptcy." However that may be, there were my countrymen encountering, for the time being, no check to the overflow of their outraged feelings. It was like a strange dream. Everything seemed possible. Then all of a sudden it was my misfortune to appear on the scene with my doubts and my attempts to divert the current into the path of self-determination. My only success was in diverting their wrath on to my own devoted head.

Then there was our greed. In history, all people have won valuable things by pursuing difficult paths. We had hit upon the device of getting them cheap, not even through the painful indignity of supplication with folded hands, but by proudly conducting our beggary in threatening tones. The country was in ecstasy at the ingenuity of the trick. It felt like being at a reduced price sale. Everything worth having in the political market was ticketed at half-price. Shabby-genteel mentality is so taken up with low prices that it has no attention to spare for quality, and feels inclined to attack anybody who has the hardihood to express doubts in that regard. It is like the man of worldly piety who believes that the judicious expenditure of coin can secure, by favour of the priest, a direct passage to heaven. The dare-devil who ventures to suggest that not heaven but dreamland is likely to be his destination must beware of a violent end.

Anyhow, it was the outside māy i which was our dream and our ideal in those days. It was a favorite phrase of one of the leaders of the time that we must keep one hand at the feet and the other at the throat of the

Englishman,—that is to say, with no hand left free for the country! We have since perhaps got rid of this ambiguous attitude. Now we have one party that has both hands raised to the foreigner's throat, and another party which has both hands down at his feet; but whichever attitude it may be, these methods still appertain to the outside māy i. Our unfortunate minds keep revolving round and round the British Government, now to the left, now to the right; our affirmations and denials alike are concerned with

the foreigner. In those days, the stimulus from every side was directed towards the heart of Bengal. But emotion by itself, like fire, only consumes its fuel and reduces it to ashes; it has no creative power. The intellect of man must busy itself, with patience, with skill, with foresight, in using this fire to melt that which is hard and difficult into the object of its desire. We neglected to rouse our intellectual forces, and so were unable to make use of this surging emotion of ours to create any organisation of permanent value. The reason of our failure, therefore, was not in anything outside, but rather within us. For a long time past we have been in the habit, in our life and endeavour, of setting apart one place for our emotions and another for our practices. Our intellect has all the time remained dormant, because we have not dared to allow it scope. That is why, when we have to rouse ourselves to action, it is our emotion which has to be requisitioned, and our intellect has to be kept from interfering by the hypnotism of some magical formula,—that is to say we hasten to create a situation absolutely inimical to the free play of our intellect.

The loss which is incurred by this continual deadening of our mind cannot be made good by any other contrivance. In our desperate attempts to do so we have to invoke the magic of māyā and our impotence jumps for joy at the prospect of getting hold of Aladin's lamp. Of course everyone has to admit that there is nothing to beat Aladin's lamp, its only inconvenience being that it beats one to get hold of. The unfortunate part of it is that the person, whose greed is great, but whose powers are feeble, and who has lost all confidence in his own intellect, simply will not allow himself to dwell on the difficulties of bespeaking the services of some genie of the lamp. He can only be brought

to exert himself at all by holding out the speedy prospect of getting at the wonderful lamp. If any one attempts to point out the futility of his hopes, he fills the air with wailing and imprecation, as at a robber making away with his all.

In the heat of the enthusiasm of the partition days, a band of youths attempted to bring about the millennium through political revolution. Their offer of themselves as the first sacrifice to the fire which they had lighted makes not only their own country, but other countries as well, bare the head to them in reverence. Their physical failure shines forth as the effulgence of spiritual glory. In the midst of their supreme travail, they realised at length that the way of bloody revolution is not the true way; that where there is no politics, a political revolution is like taking a short cut to nothing; that the wrong way may appear shorter, but it does not reach the goal, and only grievously hurts the feet. refusal to pay the full price for a thing leads to the loss of the price without the gain of These impetuous youths offered the thing. their lives as the price of their country's deliverance; to them it meant the loss of their all, but alas! the price offered on behalf of the country was insufficient. I feel sure that those of them who still survive must have realised by now, that the country must be the creation of all its people, not of one section alone. It must be the expression of all their forces of heart, mind and will.

This creation can only be the fruit of that yoga, which gives outward form to the inner faculties. Mere political or economical yoga is not enough; for that all the human powers must unite.

When we turn our gaze upon the history of other countries, the political steed comes prominently into view; on it seems to depend wholly the progress of the carriage. We forget that the carriage also must be in a fit condition to move; its wheels must be in agree ment with one another and its parts well fitted together; with which not only have fire and hammer and chisel been busy but much thought and skill and energy have also been spent in the process. We have seen some countries which are externally free and independent; when, however, the political carriage is in motion, the noise which it makes arouses the whole neighbourhood from slumber and the jolting produces aches and pains in the limbs of the helpless passengers. It comes to pieces

in the middle of the road, and it takes the whole day to put it together again with the help of ropes and strings. Yet however loose the screws and however crooked the wheels, still it is a vehicle of some sort after all. But for such a thing as is our country,—a mere collection of jointed logs, that not only have no wholeness amongst themselves, but are contrary to one another,—for this, to be dragged along a few paces by the temporary pull of some common greed or anger, can never be called by the name of political progress. Therefore, is it not, in our case, wiser to keep for the moment our horse in the stable and begin to manufacture a real carriage?

From the writings of the young men, who have come back out of the valley of the shadow of death, I feel sure some such thoughts must have occurred to them. And so they must be realising the necessity of the practice of yoga as of primary importance; - that form which is the union in a common endeavour of all the human faculties. This cannot be attained by any outside blind obedience, but only by the realisation of self in the light of intellect. That which fails to illumine the intellect, and only keeps it in the obsession of some delusion, is its greatest obstacle.

The call to make the country our own by dint of our own creative power, is a great call. It is not merely inducing the people to take up some external mechanical exercise; for man's life is not in making cells of uniform pattern like the bee, nor in incessant weaving of webs like the spider; his greatest powers are within, and on these are his chief reliance. If by offering some allurement we can induce man to cease from thinking, so that he may go on and on with some mechanical piece of work, this will only result in prolonging the sway of Māyā, under which our country has all along been languishing. So far, we have been content with surrendering our greatest right—the right to reason and to judge for ourselves-to the blind forces of shastric injunctions and social conventions. We have refused to cross the seas, because Manu has told us not to do so. We refuse to eat with the Mussulman, because prescribed usage is against it. In other words, we have systematically pursued a course of blind routine and habit, in which the mind of man has no place. We have thus been reduced to the helpless condition of the master who is altogether dependent on his servant. The real master, as I have said, is the internal man; and he gets into endless trouble, when he becomes his own servant's slave—a mere automaton, manufactured in the factory of servitude. He can then only rescue himself from one master by surrendering himself to another. Similarly, he who glorifies inertia by attributing to it a fanciful purity, becomes, like it, dependent on outside impulses, both for rest and motion. The inertness of mind, which is the basis of all slavery, cannot be got rid of by a docile submission to being hoodwinked, nor by going through the motions of a wound-up mechanical doll.

The movement, which has now succeeded the Swadeshi agitation, is ever so much greater and has moreover extended its influence all over India. Previously, the vision of our political leaders had never reached beyond the English-knowing classes, because the country meant for them only that bookish aspect of it which is to be found in the pages of the Englishman's history. Such a country was merely a mirage born of vapourings in the English language, in which flitted about thin shades of Burke and Gladstone, Mazzini and Garibaldi. Nothing resembling self-sacrifice or true feeling for their countrymen was visible. At this juncture, Mahatma Gandhi came and stood at the cottage door of the destitute millions, clad as one of themselves, and talking to them in their own language. Here was the truth at last, not a mere quotation out of a book. So the name of Mahatma, which was given to him, is his true name. Who else has felt so many men of India to be of his own flesh and blood? At the touch of Truth the pent-up forces of the soul are set free. As soon as true love stood at India's door, it flew open : all hesitation and holding back vanished. Truth awakened truth.

Stratagem in politics is a barren policy,—this was a lesson of which we were sorely in need. All honour to the Mahatma, who made visible to us the power of Truth. But reliance on tactics is so ingrained in the cowardly and the weak, that, in order to eradicate it, the very skin must be sloughed off. Even today, our worldly-wise men cannot get rid of the idea of utilising the Mahatma as a secret and more ingenious move in their political gamble. With their minds corroded by untruth, they cannot understand what an important thing it is that the Mahatma's supreme love should have drawn forth the country's love. The thing that has happened is nothing less than

the birth of freedom. It is the gain by the country of itself. In it there is no room for any thought, as to where the Englishman is, or is not. This love is self-expression. It is pure affirmation. It does not argue with negation: it has no need for argument.

Some notes of the music of this wonderful awakening of India by love, floated over to me across the seas. It was a great joy to me to think that the call of this festivity of awakening would come to each one of us; and that the true shakti of India's spirit, in all its multifarious variety, would at last find expression. This thought came to me because I have always believed that in such a way India would find its freedom. When Lord Buddha voiced forth the truth of compassion for all living creatures, which he had obtained as the fruit of his own self-discipline, the manhood of India was roused and poured itself forth in science and art and wealth of every kind. True, in the matter of political unification the repeated attempts that were then made as often failed; nevertheless India's mind had awakened into freedom from its submergence in sleep, and its overwhelming force would brook no confinement within the petty limits of country. It overflowed across ocean and desert, scattering its wealth of the spirit over every land that it touched. No commercial or military exploiter, to day, has ever been able to do anything like it. Whatever land these exploiters have touched has been agonised with sorrow and insult, and the fair face of the world has been scarred and disfigured. Why? Because not greed but love is true. When love gives freedom it does so at the very centre of our life. When greed seeks unfettered power, it is forcefully impatient. We saw this during the partition agitation. We then compelled the poor to make sacrifices, not always out of the inwardness of love, but often by outward pressure. That was because greed is always seeking for a particular result within a definite time. But the fruit which love seeks is not of to-day or tomorrow, nor for a time only: it is sufficient unto itself.

So, in the expectation of breathing the buoyant breezes of this new found freedom, I came home rejoicing. But what I found in Calcutta when I arrived depressed me. An oppresive atmosphere seemed to burden the land. Some outside compulsion seemed to be urging one and all to talk in the same strain, to work at the same mill. When

I wanted to inquire, to discuss, my wellwishers clapped their hands over my lips, saying: "Not now, not now. To day, in the atmosphere of the country, there is a spirit of persecution, which is not that of armed force, but something still more alarming, because it is invisible." I found, further, that those who had their doubts as to the present activities, if they happened to whisper them out, however cautiously, however guardedly, felt some admonishing hand clutching them within. There was a newspaper which one day had the temerity to disapprove, in a feeble way, of the burning of cloth. The very next day the editor was shaken out of his balance by the agitation of his readers. How long would it take for the fire which was burning cloth to reduce his paper to ashes? The sight that met my eye was, on the one hand, people immensely busy; on the other, intensely afraid. What I heard on every side was, that reason, and culture as well, must be closured. It was only necessary to cling to an unquestioning obedience. Obedience to whom? To some mantra, some unreasoned creed!

And why this obedience? Here again comes that same greed, our spiritual enemy. There dangles before the country the bait of getting a thing of inestimable value, dirt cheap and in double-quick time. It is like the faqir with his goldmaking trick. With such a lure men cast so readily to the winds their independent judgment and wax so mightily wroth with those who will not do likewise. So easy is it to overpower, in the name of outside freedom, the inner freedom of man. The most deplorable part of it is that so many do not even honestly believe in the hope that they swear by. "It will serve to make our countrymen do what is necessary"-say they. Evidently, according to them, the India which once declared: truth is Victory, not in untruth"—that India would not have been fit for Swaraj.

Another mischief is that the gain, with the promise of which obedience is claimed, is indicated by name, but is not defined. Just as when fear is vague it becomes all the more strong, so the vagueness of the lure makes it all the more tempting; inasmuch as ample room is left for each one's imagination to shape it to his taste. Moreover there is no driving it into a corner because it can always shift from one shelter to another. In short, the object of the temptation has been

of our people have unquestioningly accepted the creed, that by means of sundry practices swaraj will come to them on a particular date in the near future, and are also ready to use their clubs to put down all further argument,—that is to say, they have surrendered the freedom of their own minds and are prepared to deprive other minds of their freedom likewise,—is not this by itself a reason for profound misgiving? We were seeking the exorciser to drive out this very ghost; but if the ghost itself comes in the guise of exorciser then the danger is only heightened. The Mahatma has won the heart of India with his love; for that we have all acknowledged his sovereignty. He has given us a vision of the shakti of truth; for that our gratitude to him is unbounded. We read about truth in books: we talk about it : but it is indeed a red-letter day, when we see it face to face. Rare is the moment, in many a long year, when such good fortune happens. We can make and break Congresses every other day. It is at any time possible for us to stump the country preaching politics in English. But the golden rod which can awaken our country in Truth and Love is not a thing which can be manufactured by the nearest goldsmith. To the wielder of that rod our profound salutation! But if, having seen truth, our belief in it is not confirmed, what is the good of it all ? Our mind must acknowledge the truth of the intellect, just as our heart does the truth of love. Congress or other outside institution succeeded in touching the heart of India. roused only by the touch of love. Having had such a clear vision of this

magnified through its indefiniteness, while the

time and method of its attainment have been

reason of man has been overcome in this way,

he easily consents to give up all legitimate

questions and blindly follows the path of

forget so easily that delusion is at the

root of all slavery-that all freedom means

freedom from māyi? What if the bulk

But can we really afford to

made too narrowly definite. When

obedience.

Let me give an illustration. I am in search of a Vina player. I have tried East

wonderful power of Truth, are we to cease

to believe in it, just where the attainment of Swaraj is concerned? Has the truth, which

was needed in the process of awakenment, to

be got rid of in the process of achievement?

and I have tried West, but have not found the man of my quest. They are all experts, they can make the strings resound to a degree, they command high prices, but for all their wonderful execution they can strike no chord in my heart. At last I come across one whose very first notes melt away the sense of oppression within. In him is the fire of the shakti of joy which can light up all other hearts by its touch. His appeal to me is instant, and I hail him as Master. I then want a Vina made. For this, of course, are required all kinds of material and a different kind of science. If, finding me to be lacking in the means, my master should be moved to pity and say: "Never mind, my son, do not go to the expense in workmanship and time which a Vina will require. Take rather this simple string tightened across a piece of wood and practise on it. In a short time you will find it to be as good as a Vina." Would that do? I am afraid not. It would, in fact, be a mistaken kindness for the master thus to take pity on my circumstances. Far better if he were to tell me plainly that such things cannot be had cheaply. It is he who should teach me that merely one string will not serve for a true Vina; that the materials required are many and various; that the lines of its moulding must be shapely and precise; that if there be anything faulty, it will fail to make good music, so that all laws of science and technique of art must be rigorously and intelligently followed. In short, the true function of the master player should be to evoke a response from the depths of our heart, so that we may gain the strength to wait and work till the true end is achieved.

From our master, the Mahatma, -may our devotion to him never grow less !-we must learn the truth of love in all its purity, but the science and art of building up Swaraj is a vast subject. Its pathways are difficult to traverse and take time. For this task, aspiration and emotion must be there, but no less must study and thought be there likewise. For it, the economist must think, the mechanic must labour, the educationist and statesman must teach and contrive. In a word. the mind of the country must exert itself in all directions. Above all, the spirit of Inquiry throughout the whole country must be kept intact and untrammelled, its mind not made timid or inactive by compulsion, open or

We know from past experience that it is

not any and every call to which the Country responds. It is because no one has yet been able to unite in Yoga all the forces of the country in the work of its creation, that so much time has been lost over and over again. And we have been kept waiting and waiting for him who has the right and the power to make the call upon us. In the old forests of India, our Gurus, in the fulness of their vision of the Truth had sent forth such a call saying: "As the rivers flow on their downward course, as the months flow on to the year, so let all seekers after truth come from all sides." The initiation into Truth of that day has borne fruit, undying to this day, and the voice of its message still rings in the ears of the world.

Why should not our Guru of to-day, who would lead us on the paths of Karma, send forth such a call? Why should he not say: "Come ye from all sides and be welcome. Let all the forces of the land be brought into action, for then alone shall the country awake. Freedom is in complete awakening, in full self-expression." God has given the Mahatma the voice that can call, for in him there is the Truth. Why should this not be

our long-awaited opportunity? But his call came to one narrow field alone. To one and all he simply says: Spin and weave, spin and weave. Is this the call: "Let all seekers after truth come from all sides"? Is this the call of the New Age to new creation? When nature called to the Bee to take refuge in the narrow life of the hive, millions of bees responded to it for the sake of efficiency, and accepted the loss of sex in consequence. But this sacrifice by way of self-atrophy led to the opposite of freedom. Any country, the people of which can agree to become neuters for the sake of some temptation, or command, carries within itself its own prisonhouse. To spin is easy, therefore for all men it is an imposition hard to bear. The call to the ease of mere efficiency is well enough for the Bee. The wealth of power, that is Man's, can only become manifest when his utmost is claimed.

Sparta tried to gain strength by narrowing herself down to a particular purpose, but she did not win. Athens sought to attain perfection by opening herself out in all her fulness,-and she did win. Her flag of victory still flies at the masthead of man's civilisation. It is admitted that European military

camps and factories are stunting man, that their greed is cutting man down to the measure of their own narrow purpose, that for these reasons joylessness darkly lowers over the West. But if man be stunted by big machines, the danger of his being stunted by small machines must not be lost sight of. The charka in its proper place can do no harm, but will rather do much good. But where, by reason of failure to acknowledge the differences in man's temperament, it is in the wrong place, there thread can only be spun at the cost of a great deal of the mind itself. Mind is no less valuable than cotton thread.

Some are objecting: "We do not propose to curb our minds for ever, but only for a But why should it be even for a time? Is it because within a short time spinning will give us Swaraj? But where is the argument for this? Swaraj is not concerned with our apparel only—it cannot on cheap clothing; its be established foundation is in the mind, which, with its diverse powers and its confidence in those powers, goes on all the time creating Swaraj for itself. In no country in the world is the building up of Swaraj completed. In some part or other of every nation, some lurking greed or illusion still perpetuates bondage. And the root of such bondage is always within the mind. Where then, I ask again, is the argument, that in our country Swaraj can be brought about by everyone engaging for a time in spinning? A mere statement, in lieu of argument, will surely never do. If once we consent to receive fate's oracle from human lips, that will add one more to the torments of our slavery, and not the least one either. If nothing but oracles will serve to move us, oracles will have to be manufactured, morning, noon and night, for the sake of urgent needs, and all other voices would be defeated. Those for whom authority is needed in place of reason, will invariably accept despotism in place of It is like cutting at the root of a tree while pouring water on the top. This is not a new thing, I know. We have enough of magic in the country,magical revelation, magical healing, and all kinds of divine intervention in mundane affairs. That is exactly why I am so anxious to re-instate reason on its throne. As I have said before, God himself has given the mind sovereignty in the material world. And I say to-day, that only those will be able to get and

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keep Swaraj in the material world who have realised the dignity of self-reliance and selfmastery in the spiritual world, those whom no temptation, no delusion, can induce to surrender the dignity of intellect into the

keeping of others.

Consider the burnnig of cloth, heaped up before the very eyes of our motherland shivering and ashamed in her nakedness. What is the nature of the call to do this? Is it not another instance of a magical formula? The question of using or refusing cloth of a particular manufacture belongs mainly to economic science. The discussion of the matter by our coutrymen should have been in the language of economics. If the country has really come to such a habit of mind that precise thinking has become impossible for it, then our very first fight should be against such a fatal habit, to the temporary exclusion of all else if need be. Such a habit would clearly be the original sin from which all our ills are flowing. But far from this, we take the course of confirming ourselves in it by relying on the magical formula that foreign cloth is 'impure'. Thus economics is bundled out and a fictitious moral dictum dragged into its place.

Untruth is impure in any circumstances, not merely because it may cause us material loss, but even when it does not; for it makes our inner nature unclean. This is a moral law and belongs to a higher plane. But if there be anything wrong in wearing a particular kind of cloth, that would be an offence against economics, or hygiene, or æsthetics, but certainly not against morality. Some urge that any mistake which brings sorrow to body or mind is a moral wrong. To which I reply that sorrow follows in the train of every mistake. A mistake in geometry may make a road too long, or a foundation weak, or a bridge dangerous. But mathematical mistakes cannot be cured by moral maxims. If a student makes a mistake in his geometry problem and his exercise book is torn up in consequence, the problem will nevertheless remain unsolved until attacked by geometrical methods. what if the schoolmaster comes to the conclusion that unless the exercise books are condemned and destroyed, his boys never realise the folly of their mistakes? If such conclusion be well-founded, then I can only repeat that the reformation of such moral weakness of these particular boys

should take precedence over all other lessons, otherwise there is no hope of their becoming men in the future.

The command to burn our foreign clothes has been laid on us. I, for one, am unable to obey it. Firstly, because I conceive it to be my very first duty to put up a valiant fight against this terrible habit of blindly obeying orders, and this fight can never be carried on by our people being driven from one injunction to another. Secondly, I feel that the clothes to be burnt are not mine, but belong to those who most sorely need them. If those who are going naked should have given us the mandate to burn, it would, at least, have been a case of self-immolation and the crime of incendiarism would not lie at our door. But how can we expiate the sin of the forcible destruction of clothes which might have gone to women whose nakedness is actually keeping them prisoners, unable to stir out of the privacy of their homes?

I have said repeatedly and must repeat once more that we cannot afford to lose our mind for the sake of any external gain. Where Mahatma Gandhi has declared war against the tyranny of the machine which is oppressing the whole world, we are all enrolled under his banner. But we must refuse to accept as our ally the illusion-haunted magic-ridden slave-mentality that is at the root of all the poverty and insult under which our country groans. Here is the enemy itself, on whose defeat alone Swaraj within and without can come to us.

The time, moreover, has arrived when we must think of one thing more, and that is this. The awakening of India is a part of the awakening of the world. The door of the New Age has been flung open at the trumpet blast of a great war. We have read in the Mahabharata how the day of self-revelation had to be preceded by a year of retirement. The same has happened in the world today. Nations had attained nearness to each other without being aware of it, that is to say, the outside fact was there, but it had not penetrated into the mind. At the shock of the war, the truth of it stood revealed to mankind. The foundation of modern, that is Western, civilisation was shaken; and it has become evident that the convulsion neither local nor temporary, but has traversed the whole earth and will last until the shocks between man and man, which have extended from continent to continent, can be brought to rest, and a harmony be established.

From now onward, any nation which takes an isolated view of its own country will run counter to the spirit of the New Age, and know no peace. From now onward, the anxiety that each country has for its own safety must embrace the welfare of the world. For some time the working of the new spirit has occasionally shown itself even in the Government of India, which has had to make attempts to deal with its own problems in the light of the world problem. The war has torn away a veil from before our minds. What is harmful to the world, is harmful to each one of us. This was a maxim which we used to read in books. Now mankind has seen it at work and has understood that wherever there is injustice, even if the external right of possession is there, true right is wanting. So that it is worth while even to sacrifice some outward right in order to gain the reality. This immense change, which is coming over the spirit of man raising it from the petty to the great, is already at work even in Indian politics. There will doubtless be imperfections and obstacles without number. Self-interest is sure to attack enlightened interest at every step. Nevertheless it would be wrong to come to the decision that the working of self-interest alone is honest, and the largerhearted striving is hypocritical.

After sixty years of self-experience, I have found that out and out hypocrisy is an almost impossible achievement, so that the pure hypocrite is a rarity indeed. The fact is, that the character of man has always more or less of duality in it. But our logical faculty, the trap-door of our mind, is unable to admit opposites together. So when we find the good with the bad, the former is promptly rejected as spurious. In universal the movement, as it becomes manifest in different parts of the world, this duality of man's character cannot but show itself. And whenever it does, if we pass judgment from past experience, we are sure to pronounce the selfish part of it to be the real thing; for the spirit of division and exclusion did in fact belong to the past age. But if we come to our judgment in the light of future promise, then shall we understand the enlightened large-heartedness to be the reality, and the counsel which will unite each to each to be the true wisdom.

picture of India, which we shall display if we fail to realise for ourselves the greater India. This picture will have no light. It will have in the foreground only the business side of our aspiration. Mere business talent, however, has never created anything. In the West, a real anxiety and effort of their higher mind to rise superior to business considerations, is beginning to be seen. I have come across many there whom this desire has imbued with the true spirit of the Sannyasin, making them renounce their home-world in order to achieve the unity of man, by destroying the bondage of nationalism; men who have within their own soul realised the Advaita of humanity. Many such have I seen in England who have accepted persecution and contumely from their fellow-countrymen in struggles to free other peoples from the

I have condemned, in unsparing terms, the present form and scope of the League of Nations and the Indian Reform Councils. I therefore fell certain that there will be no misunderstanding when I state that, even in these, I find signs of the Time Spirit, which is moving the heart of the West. Although the present form is unacceptable, yet there is revealed an aspiration, which is towards the truth, and this aspiration must not be condemned. In this morning of the world's awakening, if in only our own national striving there is no response to its universal aspiration, that will betoken the poverty of our spirit. I do not say for a moment that we should belittle the work immediately to hand. But when the bird is roused by the dawn, all its awakening is not absorbed in its search for food. Its wings respond unweariedly to the call of the sky, its throat pours forth songs for joy of the new light. Universal humanity has sent us its call to-day. Let our mind respond in its own language; for response is the only true sign of life. When of old we were immersed in the politics of dependence on others, our chief business was the compilation of others' short-Now that we have decided to dissociate our politics from dependence, are we still to establish and maintain it on the same recital of others' sins? The state of mind so engendered will only raise the dust of angry passion, obscuring the greater world from our vision, and urge us more and more to take futile short cuts for the satisfaction of our passions. It is a sorry

oppression of their own country's pride of power. Some of them are amongst us here in India. I have seen sannyasins too in France—Romain Rolland for one, who is an outcast from his own people. I have also seen them in the minor countries of Europe. I have watched the faces of European students all a glow with the hope of a united mankind, prepared manfully to bear all the blows, cheerfully to submit to all the insults, of the present age for the glory of the age to come. And are we alone to be content with telling the beads of negation, harping on others'

faults and proceeding with the erection of swaraj on a foundation of quarrelsomeness? Shall it not be our first duty in the dawn to remember Him, who is One, who is without distinction of class or colour, and who with his varied shakti makes true provision for the inherent need of each and every class; and to pray to the Giver of Wisdom to unite us all in right understanding—

Yo ekövarno vahudhā shakti yōgāt Varnānanekān nihitārthodadhāti Vichaiti chānte vishwamādau Sa no buddhyā subhayā samyunaktu!

SIAM TO-DAY

By Dr. Sudhindra Bose of the State University of Iowa, U. S. A.

THE kingdom of Siam affords a striking illustration of the political principle that a country possessing its own government, even though it is imperfect, may be happy and contended. His Majesty king Rama VI rules over the Siamese nation as an absolute autocrat. He is "the absolute sovereign lord of all of us" is the way a Siamese put it. Nevertheless,

there is little or no complaint by the Siamese people as a whole against the present form of government. They prefer their own Siamese monarch with unlimited power of veto and initiative to, say, a foreign viceroy who may give them a few sham legislative and executive councils to play with.

Formerly Siam was a large kingdom; but in comparatively recent years France on the east and England on the west, under one pretext or another, swallowed up huge

portions of her territory. Siam is now a small buffer state between her two formidable neighbours. "We are like a little house," said a Siamese, "with two vicious dogs on either side of us. These beasts not only bark, but they frequently break into our house with savage ferocity."

Even in its reduced condition, Siam bas a physical area of over 200,000 square miles. In other words, it is as large as the State of Hyderabad, or a trifle larger than



Cambodian Man.

Annamite Woman.

the Republic of France. The population of Siam is relatively small, being estimated at 10,000,000. Siam is called Muang Thai,

THE UNION OF CULTURES

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

T cannot but be admitted that this is a day of victory for the people of the West. The world is theirs to draw upon as they please and their stores are overflowing. We are left standing at a distance, agape, watching our share growing less and less; and with the fire of our hunger blazes the fire of our wrath. We wish we could have the opportunity of getting hold of the man who has been eating our share of the food. But so far he has got hold of us, and the opportunity still remains in his hands, and has not reached us at all.

But why does the chance not come to us? Why is the enjoyment of the earth's plenty for them alone? Surely because of some underlying truth. It is not a case of banding ourselves together in a particular way so as to be able to deprive them and provide for ourselves. The matter is not quite so simple as that. It is mere folly to expect to get the locomotive under control by hitting the driver on the head: for it is not the man but his science which makes the engine go. So the fire of our wrath will not serve the purpose; we must acquire the requisite science, if we covet the boon which fruth has in her gift.

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It is like a father with two sons. The father drives his own motor car and has promised it to the son who learns first how to drive. One of the sons is alert and full of curiosity. His eye is always on the driving to see how it is done. The other one is excessively good natured. His

reverent gaze is always on his father's face. He pays no regard to what the hands are doing with lever and wheel. The clever one soon picks up the science of motor driving, and one fine day he drives off all by himself, with exultant toots of the horn. So absorbed does he become in the joy of his new acquisition that he forgets even the existence of his father. But the father does not punish him for the liberty he is taking, nor take the car away from him; for he is pleased that his son should succeed. The other son, when he sees his brother careering madly over his fields, playing havoc with his corn, dare not stand in the way to protest, even in the name of their father; for that would mean certain death. So he keeps his gaze fixed on his father's face, saying that this is all in all to him.

But whoever contemns the useful, saying he has no use for it, simply courts suffering. Every utility has its rightful claim, the ignoring of which entails a permanent slavery in the way of payment of interest until its dues are fully met. The only way to get rid of the school master's importunity is to do one's lessons properly.

There is an outside aspect of the world where it is simply an immense machine. In this aspect, its laws are fixed and do not yield by a hair's breadth either this way or that. This mechanical world gets in our way at every step; and he who, through laziness or folly, tries to evade its laws, does not succeed in cheating the machine, but only himself. On the oth

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hand, he who has taught himself its working is able not only to avoid its obstruction, but to gain it for an ally, and so is enabled to ride swiftly over the paths of the material world. He reaches the place of his quest first, and has his fill of the good things there. But those who have lagged behind, jogging along unaided, arrive late to find very little left over for themselves.

Since these are the facts, merely to revile the science by which Westerners have gained their victory in the modern world, will not tend to relieve our sufferings, but will rather add to the burden of our sins. For this science which the West has mastered is true. If you say, it is not their science, but their satanic abuse of it to which you object, that point need not disturb us; for we may be certain that the satanic part of it will be the death of them, because Satan's way is not true.

The beasts live if they get food, and die if they get hurt. They accept what comes, without question. But one of the greatest traits of man is his habit of pro-Unlike the beast, he is a rebel by nature. Man has achieved his glorious position in the history of the world because he has never been able to accept as final what has been imposed upon him without his concurrence or co-operation. In short, man is by no means a mild creature only; he is ever in revolt. From the beginning of his career, man has sworn to sway the world of events. How? By conquering it, or else coming to an understanding with the forces of which it is the resultant. He will never be content to be merely a fact; he needs must be a factor. He began with magical practices, because at first it seemed to him that whatever was happening was due to some wonderful magic at work behind the scenes. He felt that he also could take a hand in it, if he could but master the art. The activities which began as magic ended in science, but the motive in both cases has been the refusal to be subservient to the blind forces of nature. Those, whose efforts were successful, attained the mastery over the material world, and were no longer its slaves.

The belief in universal, immutable laws, is the basis of science, and loyalty to this belief has led to victory. Secure in this loyalty, the people of the West are winning their way through the obstructions and difficulties of the material world. those who have held on to a lingering faith in magic have failed to acquire control over the world's mechanism, and are being defeated at every turn. At a time when we were still busy invoking the exorciser against ill and the fortune-teller against poverty and misfortune, while we were content to seek protection against small-pox from Sitala Devi, and relied on charms and spells for the destruction of our enemies, in Europe a woman asked Voltaire, whether it was true that incantations could kill a flock of sheep. She got the reply that doubtless they could, provided there was enough arsenic. I do not mean that there is no belief in magic in any corner of Europe today; but certainly belief in the efficacy of arsenic is universal. That is why they can kill when they want to, and we have to die even when we do not.

It is a platitude to be saying today that the phenomenal world is only a manifestation of universal law, and that, through the law of reason, we realise the laws of the material world. It is because we know such power to be inherent in us, that we can take our ultimate stand on our own selves. But he who, in his commerce with the universe, cannot get rid of the habit of looking to accidental interventions, tends to rely on anything and everything except himself. One who doubts that his intelligence will avail, ceases to question, or to experiment. He casts about for some external master, and as a result is exploited, right and left, beginning from police officers and ending with malaria-breeding mosquitos. Cowardliness of intellect is a fertile source of feebleness of power.

From what period did political liberty begin to evolve in the West? In other words, when did the people of the West begin to realise, that political power was not the privilege of special individuals or classes, but depended on their own consent? It was from the time that their pursuit of Science freed them from nameless fears, and they discovered that only those laws were true which could not be distorted or diverted by anyone's whim or

Giant Russia was so long the slave of her Czars, because her people relied in every matter on Providence and not in their own powers. Even now, when her Czar is gone that power which has taken his place is but dragging her through a sea of blood to the barren shore of starvation. The reason is that self-rule cannot be established through outside agency, but must be based on that self-reliance which is born of trust in one's own intellect.

I was once engaged in trying to improve one of our Bengal villages. There had been a fire and I asked the villagers how it was they had not been able to save a single homestead? "It was our fate!" they exclaimed. "Not fate," said I, "but the lack of wells. Why not make wells?" "That will be as the master pleases," was the reply. So it comes to pass that the people, whose homesteads are gutted by fate and whose wells await the master's pleasure, may lack all else but never a master.

From the very beginning God has given us Swarajya in His universe. That is to say He has given us for ourselves universal laws independent of Himself. We can not be prevented from bringing these under our control by anyone or anything except our own folly. So the Upanishat has it, that God has given us laws for our own material provisions, immutable for all That is to say those laws hold good for all people, and all periods, and all occasions. Had this not been so, man would have remained weakly dependent on God at every step, all his energies exhausted in propitiating, now this intermediary, now the other, in a chronic state of abject fear. But our God-given Magna Charta of Swaraj sets us for ever free from the wiles of all pretending intermediaries,—with our freedom firmly based on well-ordered and enduring laws. In the glowing letters of sun, moon and stars, God gives us his message: "You have no

need of my help at every turn in the material world. I stand aside. On the one hand, you have the laws of matter; on the other, the laws of your mind. Use them together, and grow in greatness. The empire of the universe is yours; yours its wealth, yours its armoury of forces. May yours be the victory!"

He who accepts this charter of material Swaraj has the opportunity to achieve all other kinds of Swaraj and also to keep them when achieved. But those, who surrender their intellect to the slave-driver, have no help but to be slaves in politics as well. Those who insist on invoking masters, where God Himself has refrained from asserting His own mastery, those who court insult where God has granted them dignity,—their self-rule will certainly mean rule after rule, the only doubt being as to that little prefix "self".

The science of material existence is in the keeping of the professors of the West. This is the science which gives us food and clothing, health and longevity and preserves us from the attacks of matter, brute and barbarian. This is the science of the unchangeable laws of matter, and self-rule can only be achieved when these are brought into harmony with the laws of our mind. There is no other way.

Let us consider the case of a departure from this truth. Take the idea that, if a Mussalman draws water from the well of a Hindu, the water becomes impure. This is a confusion indeed! For, water belongs to the world of matter, and impurity to the realm of the spirit. Had it been said, that if the Hindu contemns the Mussalman, this shows the impurity of his mind, the proposition would have been intelligible, it would be wholly a spiritual question. But when impurity is imputed to the Mussalman's vessel, then that which belongs to the category of the material is taken entirely outside the scope of material laws. The intellect is defrauded of its legitimate scope. The Hindu disciple of the West will urge that this imputation of impurity is only a religious way of promulgating a sanitary doctrine. Sanitation, however, takes no account of moral purity. The answer is given us: "But it is only

put thus in order to induce people, who have no faith in Science, to obey its laws." This is not a right reply. For if external compulsion be once brought in, it comes to stay. Those for whom it is made necessary, lose all initiative of their own and get into the habit of depending on injunctions. Furthermore, if truth has to be bolstered up by untruth, it ends by getting smothered. By using the phrase 'morally impure' where 'physically unclean' is meant, truth is made difficult of apprehension. Whether a thing is unclean or not can be proved. And if uncleanliness be the charge, a comparative inquiry into the vessels and wells of Hindu and Moslem should be made, and we should find out if there is anything less sanitary in the Moslem water arrangements than in those of the Hindu. Uncleanliness itself being an external fault, it can be remedied by external means. But an allegation of impurity takes the question out of the jurisdiction of the ordinary mind, and makes it a matter of religion. Is that a sound method of achieving the desired object? To keep the intellect in a state of delusion cannot be the way to attain high moral excellence. Untruth from the teacher, together with blindness in the pupil, will never create a spiritually healthy society.

So if we call Western Science 'impure', merely because it was discovered in the West, we shall not only be unable to master it, but shall also be placing in a bad light that Eastern Science which

teaches of moral purity.

Here I am apprehensive of another argument. Many will ask, Whether, when the West was still savage, clothed in skins and living by hunting, we in the East had not been able to feed and clothe ourselves? When they fared forth merely for plunder, had we not evolved a political commonwealth? Certainly, we were then far more advanced than the West. But the reason was that, in those days, we in the East had a superior knowledge of Science and its laws. We had then the knowledge of cultivation and weaving. That scientifie knowledge went far further than mere skill in hunting which the West then possessed. It requires more science to conduct a stable government than to hunt wild beasts. How then did the parts become reversed? It was not by any trick of fate. It was by no luck or magic. Rather it was due to the West learning the same Science which the East had learnt before, and to a still more useful purpose. Therefore, it is not by looking to some external force that we can now compete with the West. We can resist their onslaught only if we make their Science our own. To say this implies that the greatest of our problems in India is the problem of Education.

But at this point in the argument, I have to answer the further question, whether I have found satisfaction in that aspect of power, which the West is now presenting to mankind. My answer would be, 'No'. What I saw did not satisfy me. The picture was that of selfaggrandisement, not that of happiness. For seven months at a stretch I have lived in the giant's Castle of Wealth, in America. Through my hotel window, sky-scrapers frowned on me. They only made me think of the difference between Lakshmi, the Goddess of grace, who transmutes wealth into well-being, and the ugly god Mammon, who represents the spirit of insensate accumulation. The process of piling up has no ultimate end Twice two are four, twice in view. four are eight, twice eight are sixteen, the figures leap frog-like over increasing spans. He, who is obsessed by their stride, becomes intoxicated by it and revels in the glory of mere multiplication. But, what oppressiveness it produces in the mind of an onlooker, I can best explain by an analogy.

Once I was in a house-boat on the brimming autumn river, seated at the window on the eve of the full moon. Not far off, moored along-side the bank, there was an up country cargo boat, whose crew were enthusiastically engaged in entertaining themselves. Some of them had tom-toms, others had cymbals; none of them had a voice; but all of them had muscles beyond any possibility of question! And the beats of their clanging sped on from double-quick to quadruple-quick time, with the stimulus of its own frenzy. Ten o'clock passed,

eleven o'clock passed; it was well on towards midnight, yet they would not stop. Why should they? Had there been a song, there would have been some natural pause. Anarchic rhythm, on the other hand, has movement, but no rest: excitement, but no satisfaction. Those rhythm-maniacs on the cargo boat had no doubt that they were scaling the topmost heights of enjoyment. But what of poor me?

I was much in the same plight over there on the other side of the Atlantic. The crescendo of their rhythmic advance like a wilderness of bricks and mortar was obvious. But where was the song? That was the burdening question. And standing before the forbidding might of their towering opulence, the son of indigent downtrodden India was left cold, murmuring—"What then?"

I am not for emptiness, in the garb of renunciation. External restraint is true, only when it is the expression of internal fulness,—just as time and tune are kept properly regulated because the artist is full of his song. Unmitigated noise has no occasion for disciplined restraint. If there be the truth called Love, at the heart, enjoyment must be restrained, service must be true, that is to say, such a process of realisation needs the spirit of charity to help it. The renunciation, which is in the chastity of love, is the true renunciation. The union of the Goddess of Plenitude with the God who needs no wealth is the true union.

When I was in Japan, the spirit of old Japan gave me a profound pleasure. Old Japan had found Beauty reigning on the lotus throne of her heart. In her dress and ornament, in her dwellings and furniture, in her work and play, in her rites and ceremonials, she expressed in various forms the One who is beauty. Utter penury is as unmeaning as lavish profusion. The spirit of old Japan represented neither, but rather the fulness of perfection. Such fulness makes man's heart hospitable,—its passion is for welcome and not for rejection. Side by side with the old, I have also seen the modern Japan. Here the spirit of the rhythm-maniac has assumed control, and its din nocks the moonlight.

By all this, I do not mean that railways and telegraphs are not needed. They have their use, but not their message. Where man has needs, he must furnish himself with materials; but where he has fulness, there is manifest his immortality; Man's envy and hatred are in the region of his material needs, the region where he is in want. Here he erects his barricades and maintains his guards. Here he is for self-aggrandisement and for the exclusion of others. But where he is immortal he displays, not things, but his soul. He invites all to enter. His distribution does not mean diminution; and so peace reigns.

When Europe was opening out the mystery chambers of the Universe with the keys of Science, she found at every step fixed laws. And their constant presence in her field of vision ever since has caused her to forget that there is something more behind these laws, which has its harmony of delight in accord with our complete humanity. By the help of natural laws we achieve success, but man aspires to gain something greater than success. The laws which the tea-garden manager imposes on his coolies. if well devised, tend to increase his output. But where the manager's friends are concerned, he does not dream of efficient laws. In dealing with his friends he does not increase his output; he spends his tea in entertainment. It is well to believe in the laws which make for efficiency. But if ever it is believed, that the truth of friendship is not a part of an infinite truth, then that belief tends to destroy our humanity itself. We cannot make friends with a machine. Therefore, if we cease to be aware of anything beyond mechanism, then our personality which is ever seeking its own affinity in other persons, finds no permanent refuge. The West, in its one-sided pursuit of Science. has been steadily thrusting personality further and further into the back-ground till hardly any room has been left for it. If our own one-sided spiritual tendency of mind has made us lose our way and left us stranded in the quagmire of weakness and poverty, the limping gait of the West has taken it no nearer, from its own side, to humanity's goal.

True, it is difficult to cope with those

who consistenly keep to the tea-gardenmanager outlook on the universe; for they have enlisted the services of the genie of efficiency. The good natured man invariably gets caught by their recruiters, and once in their net, there is no escape. He has no conception of the value of fixed laws of the world. He insists on pinning his faith just where he should not, whether it be on the unluckiness of Thursday, the virtue of talismans, the trustworthiness of touts, or the honesty of tea-garden recruiters. But even the most helplessly good natured man has a place, beyond the reach of laws, where he can take his stand and say: "God grant I may never be born, despite my trials and troubles, to be a tea-garden manager!"

And yet the tea-garden manager also has his own methods of benevolence. He makes sanitary dwellings for his coolies, soundly and symmetrically built, and his arrangements for their supplies are admirable. But this non-human benevolence is but an appendage of efficiency. It helps to increase the profits; it bestows a kind of benefit upon the human tools. But from that springs not even a fraction of true

happiness.

Let no one imagine that I am referring to the relations between the Western masters and their Eastern servants only. The undue stress laid on the mechanical side of the world, both in external and internal relations, has similarly created a split in the polity of the West. If the mechanical bonds of association be made into a fetish, the living bonds of voluntary fellowship slacken. And this, in spite of the fact that these mechanical bonds make for extraordinary mechanical efficiency. Commodities multiply, markets spread, tall buildings pierce the sky. Not only so, but in education, healing and the amenities of life, man also gains real success. That is because the machine has its own truth. But this very success makes the man, who is obsessed by its mechanism, hanker for more and more mechanism. And as his greed continually increases, he has less and less compunction in lowering man's true value to the level of his own machine.

Greed is not an ideal,—it is a passion.

Passion cannot create. So when any civilisation gives the first place to greed, the soul relation between man and man is severed; and the more luxurious such a civilisation grows in pomp and power, the poorer it becomes in truth of soul. A picture is a creation, because it is the harmony of many lines, related to one another. An engineer's plan is not a picture, because the lines there are bound to each other by some external necessity. When greed of success is the main nexus between man and man, Society becomes a huge plan and ceases to be a picture of 'the ideal. Man's spiritual relations are lost sight of; money becomes the prime mover; the capitalist the driver; and the rest of mankind merely the fuel for the running of the machine. It is possible to measure the value of such civilisation in terms of the speed of its pro-But man, at the bottom of his heart, does not worship Mammon, and so has no real happiness in the triumphal progress of his car. Because his faith in Mammon is wanting, the cords, by which man is bound to Mammon's service, are not bonds of loyalty, but shackles. And man ever revolts when he feels himself shackled. The dark clouds of this social revolt lower only too dismally over the West. There the union, devised for exploitation, has ended in disruption. In India the union, imposed by customary rule, has resulted in emasculation. Because traditional customs and professional dealings are not ideals, therefore they make their arrangements by keeping man's soul out of the account.

What is the ideal? Jesus Christ said: "I and my father are one." Here is one ideal. "My unity with my father," is a true unity. But the unity of the coole with the manager is not true. Again a great ideal has been given utterance to in the Isha Upanishat. "All that moves in this moving world is enveloped by God. Therefore enjoy by renunciation; never covet others' possessions." I have already referred in terms of condemnation to the greed which has become the dominant motive in the West. Why do we condemn it. The Rishi tells us the reason,—"Do not covet." Why should we not cover.

cause truth cannot be obtained through greed. But if I say, "I want my enjoyment rather than truth." Well, the Rishi also says, "Enjoy." But there can be no enjoyment outside truth. What then is the truth? It is this: "All that moves in this moving world is enveloped by God." Had "all that moves in the world" been itself the ultimate truth, then to keep piling up would have been the best thing to do; and greed would have been the most efficient of man's virtues. But the truth being this, that God is there, enveloping all things, we have to enjoy this truth with our soul, and for such enjoyment renunciation is needed, not greed. During my seven months' stay in America, the land of mountain-high piles of lucre, I have watched this striving in the reverse direction. There, "all that moves in this moving world" has become prominent. God, who "envelops all things" has become obscured in the thick dust of dollars. Therefore, in America, the injunction to enjoy is not observed with the help of truth, but with the help of money. Truth gives us Unity. Money sets up separation. Furthermore, it keeps our soul empty. Therefore, it causes in us a hankering to fill that emptiness from outside, and we pursue the path of multiplying numbers in hot haste. While our desire runs at a break-neck pace, jumping from one figure to another in the multiplication table, we grow dizzy and forget that whatever else we may have been acquiring, it is not happiness.

Our Rishis have told us that satisfaction is only to be found in the One. Apples fall one after another. The truth about their falling cannot be arrived at by counting them: arithmetical progression marches on indefinitely and the mind turns away unsatisfied from each fresh enumeration, saying: "What does it all mean?" But when innumerable falls find their unity in the principle of gravitation, the intellect at last finds satisfaction and can say:

"Enough, I have found the truth."

And what of the truth of Man. It is not in the Census Report, not in an interminable series of figures. Man is expressed, says the Upanishat, when he realises all

creation in himself and himself in all creation. Otherwise his truth is obscured. There is a telling example of this in our history. When the Lord Buddha realised humanity in a grand synthesis of unity, his message went forth to China as a draught from the fountain of immortality. But when modern empire-seeking merchant, the moved by his greed, refused allegiance to this truth of unity, he had no qualms in sending to China the deadly opium poison, nay, in thrusting it down her throat at the cannon's mouth. What could be a better illustration of how the soul of man is revealed, and how it is obscured?

Many at the present moment will exclaim: "That is just what we were saying. How can we possibly maintain relations with those, who only know how to divide, whose rapacious maw continually opens wider and wider? They know nothing of the spirit of the Infinite which is all in all to us. They follow the cult of the finite. Must we not keep at arm's length their pernicious teaching and culture?"

But this attitude is also one of division, while it has not even the merit of worldly prudence behind it. India's ancient teaching was not this. Manu says: "Restraint cannot be practised so well by leaving the world, as by remaining in it purified by wisdom." That is because the responsibility of the material world is also on us and cannot be shirked, if we would do justice to the responsibilities of the world of the spirit. So the Upanishat says: "Rescue yourself from death by the cult of the finite, and then by the cult of the infinite you shall attain immortality." Shukra, the preceptor of the Titans, was master of the art of material existence; and in his school Kacha, the emissary of the Gods, had to gain admission in order to learn the secret of immortality.

One of the first steps in the culture of the Soul is to free it from the tyranny of matter. This is the basic effort which must be made to start with; and unless the foundation be thus well and truly laid, the powers of the majority of men will be exhausted in their struggles to stave off sheer physical starvation. It is quite true, that the West has kept its head bent to the ground and become so absorbed in the spade work that no time has been left to lift its head upwards. Nevertheless, it will not do for those, who aspire to live in the light and air of the upper storey, to despise the spade work itself. In the region of the spirit, our seers have told us, ignorance is bondage, knowledge is freedom. The same is true in the material world. Those who do not know its laws are its slaves, those who do are emancipated. The bondage of external forces is an illusion which science alone can dispel.

Anyhow, the Western continents have been striving for liberation from the maya of matter, striking hard whenever they encounter any of the roots of that ignorance which breeds hunger and thirst, disease and want, or other ills of mun-In a word, they have been dane life. engaged in securing for man protection against physical death. On the other hand, the striving of the Eastern peoples has been to win for man his spiritual kingdom, to lead him to immortality. By their present separateness, East and West alike are now in danger of losing the fruits of their age-long labours. That is why the Upanishat, from the beginning, has enunciated the principle, which yet may serve to unite them. "Gain protection." it says, "from death by the cult of the finite, and then by the cult of the infinite you shall attain immortality." "All that moves in the moving world" is the province of Science. "God envelops all this" is the province of the philosophy of the Infinite. When the Rishi enjoins us to combine them both, then that implies the union of the East and the West. For want of that union, the East is suffering from poverty and inertia and the West from lack of peace and happi-

There is a danger of my being misunderstood as to what I mean by Union. I should like to make that point quite plain to my readers. Uniformity is not unity. Those who destroy the independence of other races, destroy the unity of all races of humanity. Modern Imperialism is that idea of Unity, which the python has in swallowing other live creatures. I have said before, that, if the spiritual altogether swallows up the material interest of man that cannot be called harmony. But when the spiritual and the material keep separate, in their own respective provinces, then they can find their unity. In like manner, when we respect the true individuality of men, then we can discover their true unity.

While Europe, after the great war, has been yearning for peace, the smaller nations have been more and more insistent in claiming self-determination. If a new era is really to be ushered in, it must be signalised by the overthrow of the monster, Wealth, and the monster, Empire, and also of the enormity of organisations. The true unity must be established upon true units. Those who co-operate with the New Age must cultivate their own individuality in order to attain successfully the spirit that shall unite. They must remember that Freedom (which is the great quest) is not of this or that nation, but of universal man.

The truth that "the man who knows others as himself is truly revealed" is not only to be found in the pages of man's scriptures. Its working can be seen throughout human history. In the beginning, we see man gathered into separate groups within barriers of mountain and ocean. As soon as man came into touch with man, the problem of his truth as a member of the human race demanded attention. Whenever men came together, but were unable to unite, they lost their truth. Those of them, who, having come into contact, hit out wildly against one another, none trusting the other, each trying to gain the advantage, have all disappeared from the face of the earth. And those, who have tried to realise the one Soul in the souls of all, have developed into great peoples.

Thanks to Science, so many vehicles of communication are speeding over land and water and even through the air, that today there are no longer any geographical barriers. Now, not only individual men, but whole nations have come into contact, and the problem has become



acute. Those whom Science has brought together how shall man put asunder? If the conjunction of man is a real union, then all goes well, otherwise nearness produces conflict. Such an age of universal conflict has come. The outward forces which are bringing men together are running at a great speed; the inner forces which make men united are lagging behind. It is as if a locomotive were to rush on with its train, the driver left behind wringing his hands in despair, while a cheering crowd of onlookers are lost in admiration at its headlong speed, crying "This is progress indeed!" And we, the mild men of the East, who are in the habit of trudging along on foot, how can we possibly bear the brunt of the collision? Things which are near us and yet keep aloof, if they have their movement, always give us shocks. Such a conjuction of shocks may not be comfortable, but, in certain circumstances, it may be wholesome.

However that may be, nothing is more obvious than the fact, that nations have come together, but yet are not united. The agony of this presses on the whole world. Why is it, that, in spite of its torture, the world can find no solution? Because even those, who had mastered the art of uniting within their own boundaries, have not yet learnt the secret of uniting outside them. The barrier, by limiting truth, makes truth itself at first easier of comprehension; so man is apt to give the credit to the barrier and not to the truth; he worships the priest to the exclusion of the divinity, and fears the policemen more than the king.

Nations have risen on the strength of truth, but it was not their Nationalism which was true. And yet human sacrifices are being offered to this barrier-god. So long as the victims were of alien race no question arose; but all of a sudden, in 1914, the votaries developed a mania for sacrificing one another. Then the doubt arose: "Is this after all the right kind of household god, who fails to distinguish between kindred and stranger?" While he was fastening his fangs on the limbs of the offerings from the East, sucking out their substance, the festivity of the sacrificial rites waxed fast and furious, for

stimulants were not lacking either. Today some of them are to be seen with bowed heads, oppressed with the misgiving, that perhaps this kind of riotous worship might not be altogether healthy. While the war was at its height, there was some hope that the orgy of Nationalism might soon be brought to an end. But the war, which disappeared in one aspect came back wearing the mask of peace. The thinkers of the West are bemoaning the tragic fact, that, the infatuation from which this disaster has been caused, is still as vigorous as ever. This infatuation is Nationalism, the collective Egotism of the whole nation. It is a passion whose tendency is against the ideal of Unity. Its pull is towards itself.

The peoples have come together. This great truth cannot be crushed beneath the triumphal car of any imperialistic ambi-Then we must establish relations. with this truth. Otherwise there will be no end to these wars of annihilation. Since it is essential that education should fit in with the spirit of the time, the high priests of Nationalism will avail themselves of every pretext and opportunity to inculcate by means of education the doctrine of national pride in the growing generation. When Germany frankly made her Universities the servitors of her political ambitions, other European nations condemned her. But which of the greater European nations has not followed suit? The only difference has been that Germany being the greater master of scientific method, carried on the nationalistic propaganda more thoroughly. She made her education into a scientific incubator for hatching the eggs of Nationalism, and the chickens produced have been more vigorous than those of the neighbouring nations. The same has become the function of the press,—the unremitting circulation plausible national untruths.

An Education which can free the nations from this ungodly fetish of Nationalism is what is chiefly needed today. Tomorrow is to begin the chapter of the federation of races. Any evil tendencies of thought and sinful habits, which militate against the spirit of federation will unfit us to take our part in the history of tomorrow

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I hope I can claim to be duly conscious of the glories of my own country, but my fervent prayer is that such consciousness may never make me forgetful of the earliest message of our seers, the message of unity, in which the forces of disruption have no place.

I can hear, from over the seas the wailing of men questioning themselves : "Wherein was our sin,—in what part of our thoughts, of our education,—that this terrible suffering is ours today?" May the reply of our Rishis reach them: "There can be no blindness and sorrow, where all beings are known as oneself and the Unity is realised." I can hear, from over the seas, the cry for Peace. We must give them the message of our great forefathers: "Peace is where the Good is; the Good is where there is Unity."

SHANTAM, SHIVAM, ADVAITAM.

Unity is peace; for Unity is the Good.

I am fully conscious of the glories of my motherland, so it shames me even to think, that now, on the eve of the new age, when the command of Rudra, the Terrible, has gone forth to sweep away the rubbish of decayed ages, this same rubbish should be piled up into an altar for her worship. He who is Peace, who is Good, is the One Universal Refuge of all the different Nations of men. Cannot the of the mantra,—Shantam, Shivam, Advaitam,—with the first fresh glow of the dawning era, rouse in us once more our ancient love of truth?

It is the dream of my heart, that the culture-centre of our country should also be the meeting ground of the East and West. In the field of business, antagonism still prevails; it struggles hard against reconcilement. In the field of culture, there is no such obstacle. The householder, who is exclusively occupied with his domestic concerns and is chary of his hospitality, is poor in spirit. No great country can afford to be confined to its kitchen, it must have its reception room where it can do honour to itself by inviting the world.

India has only government institutions,

prototypes, for her education. aly govivog

By far the greater part of it consists in begging for the crumbs of other people's attaining. When begging becomes a habit, the lack of hospitality ceases to cause shame. So the Indian Universities have no compunction in proclaiming themselves mendicants with nothing to offer in return for what they receive. It is not true, that nothing is expected from them. I have often been confronted in Europe with the question: "Where is India's voice?" But when the enquirer from the West comes to India, and listens at her door, he says: "The words which we hear are only the feeble echoes of our own words,the mere parodies, of things preached by us." To me, it has always seemed that, when the Indian disciple of Max Muller boasts in strident tones of his Aryan descent, there is heard all the blatant noise of the Western brass band; and also when in a frenzy of condemnation he rejects the West, there is heard only the most discordant sounds of the Western tunes.

It is my prayer that India should, in the name of all the East, establish a centre for the culture of Truth to which all may be invited. I know she lacks material wealth, but she has no lack of spiritual wisdom. On the strength of the latter she may invite the world, and be invited into every part of the world, not to hang round the threshold, but to take the seat prepared for her in the inmost chamber. But even that honour may be left out of sight. The real object of our endeavour should be to realise truth in our inner nature and then to manifest it in the outer world, not for the sake of expediency: not for gaining honour, but for emancipating man's spirit from its The ideal revelation of soul obscurity. must be expressed, through all our education and through all our work, and then by honouring all men we shall ourselves be honoured, and by welcoming the new age we shall ourselves be freed from the burden of senility. The mantra of that education is this:

"He, who realises all crelatures in himself and himself in all creatures, is never obscured."

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THE MODERN AGE

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

HEREVER man meets man in a living relationship, the meeting finds its natural expression in works of art, the signatures of beauty in which the mingling of the personal touch leaves its memorial.

On the other hand the relationship of pure utility humiliates man, it ignores the rights and needs of his deeper nature; it feels no compunction in maltreating and killing things of beauty that can never be restored.

Some years ago, when I set out from Calcutta on my voyage to Japan, the first thing that shocked me, with a sense of personal injury, was the ruthless intrusion of the factories for making gunny bags on both banks of the Ganges. The blow it gave to me was owing to the precious memory of the days of my boyhood when the scenery of this river was the only great thing near my birthplace reminding me of the existence of a world which had its direct communication with our innermost You all know that Calcutta is an upstart town with no depth of sentiment in her face and in her manners. It may truly be said about her genesis, in the beginning there was the spirit of the Shop which uttered through its megaphone, "Let there be the Office!" and there was Calcutta. She brought with her no dower of distinction, no majesty of noble or ro-

mantic origin; she never gathered around her any great historical association, annals of brave sufferings, or memory of mighty deeds. The only thing which gave her the sacred baptism of beauty was the river. I was fortunate enough to be born before the smoke-belching iron dragon had devoured the greater part of the life of its banks; when the landing stairs descending into its waters, caressed by its tides, appeared to me like the loving arms of the villages clinging to it; when Calcutta, with her tilted-up nose and stony stare, had not completely disowned her fostermother, rural Bengal, and had not surrendered body and soul to her wealthy paramour, the spirit of the ledger, bound in dead leather.

But as an instance of the contrast of the different ideal of a different age, incarnated in the form of a town, the memory of my last visit to Benares comes to my mind. What impressed me most deeply, while I was there, was the mother-call of the river Ganges, which ever filled the atmosphere with an "unheard melody", attracting the whole population to its bosom every hour of the day. I am proud of the fact, that India has felt a most profound love for this river, which nourishes her civilisation on its banks, guiding its course from the silence of the hills to the sea with its myriad voices of solitude. The love of this river, which has become



one with the love of the best in man, has given rise to this town as an expression of reverence. This is to show, that there are sentiments in us which are creative, which do not clamour for gain, but overflow in gifts, in spontaneous generosity of self-sacrifice.

But our minds will nevermore cease to be haunted by the perturbed spirit of the question,—"What about gunny bags?" I admit they are indispensable, and am willing to allow them a place in society, if my opponent will only admit that even gunny bags should have their limits, and will acknowledge the importance of leisure to man, with space for joy and worship, and a home of wholesale privacy, with associations of chaste love and mutual service. But if this concession to humanity be denied or curtailed, and if profit and production are allowed to run amuck then they play havoc with our love of beauty. of truth, of justice, and also with our love for our fellow-beings. So it comes about that the cultivators of jute, who live on the brink of everlasting famine, are combined against, and driven to lower the price of their labours to the point of blank despair, by those who earn more than cent per cent profit and wallow in the infamy of their wealth. The facts that man is brave and kind, that he is social and generous and self-sacrificing, have some aspect of the complete in them; but the fact that he is a manufacturer of gunny bags is too ridiculously small to claim the right of reducing his higher nature to insignificance. The fragmentariness of utility should never forget its subordinate position in human affairs. It must not be permitted to occupy more than its legitimate place and power in society, nor to have the liberty to desecrate the poetry of life, to deaden our sensitiveness to ideals, bragging of its own coarseness as a sign of virility. The pity is that when in the centre of our activities we acknowledge. by some proud name, the supremacy of wanton destructiveness, or productiveness. not less wanton, we shut out all the lights of our souls, and in that darkness our conscience, and consciousness of shame, are hidden and our love of freedom is killed.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that in any particular period of history men were free from the disturbance of their lower passions. Selfishness ever had its share in their government and trade. Yet there was a struggle to maintain a balance of forces in society; and our passions cherished no delusions about their own rank and value. They contrived no clever devices to hoodwink our moral nature. For, in these days our intellect was not tempted to put its weight into the balance on the side of over-greed.

But in recent centuries a devastating change has come in our mentality with regard to the acquisition of money. Whereas in former ages men treated it with condescension, even with disrespect, now they bend their knees to it. That it should be allowed a sufficiently large place in society, there can be no question; but it becomes an outrage when it occupies those seats which are specially reserved for the immortals, by bribing us, by tampering with our moral pride, by recruiting the best strength of society on its side in traitor's campaign against human ideals, disguising, with the help of pageantry and pomp, its true insignificance. Such a state of things has come to pass, because, with the help of science, the possibilities of profit have suddenly become The whole of the human immoderate. world, throughout its length and breadth, has felt the gravitational pull of a giant planet of greed, with its concentric rings of innumerable satellites, causing to our society a marked deviation from its moral In former times, the intellectual and spiritual powers of this earth upheld their dignity of independence and were not giddily rocked on the tides of the money market. But, as in the last fatal stages of disease, so this fatal influence of money has got into our brain and affected our heart. It has like a usurper, occupied the throne of higher social ideals, using every means, by menace and threat, to take away our right and by offer of temptation It has not even the desire to judge it. only science for its ally, but other forces also that have some semblance of religion, such as nation-worship and the idealizing

of organised selfishness. Its methods are far-reaching and sure. Like the claws of a tiger's paw they are softly sheathed. Its massacres are invisible, because they are fundamental, attacking the very roots of life. Its plunder is ruthless behind a scientific system of screens, which have the formal appearance of openness and respon-By whitewashing sibility to enquiries. its own stains it keeps respectability unblemished. It makes a liberal use of falsehood in diplomacy, only feeling embarrassed when its evidence is disclosed by others of the trade. An unscrupulous system of propaganda paves the way for widespread misrepresentation. It works up the crowd psychology through regulated hypnotic doses at repeated intervals; administered in bottles with moral labels upon them of soothing colours. In fact, man has been able to make his pursuit of power easier today by his art of mitigating the obstructive forces that come from the higher region of his humanity. With his cult of power and his idolatry of money, he has, in a great measure, reverted to his primitive barbarism,—a barbarism whose path is lit up by the lurid light of intellect. For, barbarism is the simplicity of a superficial life. It may be bewildering in its surface adornments and complexities, but it lacks the ideal to impart to it the depth of moral responsibility.

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Society suffers from a profound feeling of unhappiness, not so much when it is in material poverty, as when its members are deprived of a large part of their humanity. This unhappiness goes on smouldering in the subconscious mind of the community till its life is reduced to ashes, or a sudden combustion is produced. repressed personality of man generates an inflammable moral gas deadly in its explosive force.

We have seen in the late war, and also in some of the still more modern events of history, how human individuals, freed from moral and spiritual bonds, find a boisterous joy in a debauchery of destruction. There is generated a disinterested passion of ravage. Through such catastrophe we

can realize what formidable forces of annihilation are kept in check in our communities by bonds of social ideas, nay, made into multitudinous manifestations of beauty and fruitfulness. Thus we know that evils are, like meteors, stray fragments of life, which need the attraction of some great ideal in order to be assimilated with the wholesomeness of creation. The evil forces are literally outlaws; they only need the control and cadence of spiritual laws to change them into good. The true goodness is not in the negation of badness; it is in the mastery of it. Goodness is the miracle which turns the tumult of chaos into a dance of beauty.

In modern society, the ideal of wholeness has lost its force. Therefore its different sections have become detached and resolved into their elemental character of forces. Labour is a force; so also is Capital: so are the Government and the People; so are Man and Woman. It is said that when the forces lying latent in even a handful of dust are liberated from their bond of unity, they can lift the buildings of a whole neighbourhood to the height of a mountain. Such disfranchised forces, irresponsible freebooters, may be useful to us for certain purposes; but human habitations, standing secure on their foundations, are better for us. To own the secret of utilizing these forces is a proud fact for us, but the power of selfcontrol and self-dedication of love is a truer subject for the exultation of mankind. The genii of the Arabian Nights may have in their magic their lure and fascination for us. But the consciousness of God is of another order, and infinitely more precious in imparting to our minds ideas of the spiritual power of creation. Yet these genii are abroad everywhere; and even now, after the late war, their devotees are getting ready to play further tricks upon humanity, by suddenly spiriting it away to some hill-top of desolation.

3)

We know that when at first any large body of people in their history became aware of their unity, they expressed it in some popular symbol of divinity. For they

felt that their combination was not an arithmetical one; its truth was deeper than the truth of number. They felt that their community was not a mere agglutination, but a creation, having upon it the living touch of the infinite Person. The realisation of this truth having been an end in itself,—a fulfilment,—gave meaning to self-sacrifice, to acceptance even of death.

But our modern education is producing a habit of mind which is ever weakening in us the spiritual apprehension of truth, the truth of a person as the ultimate reality of existence. Science has its true sphere in analysing this world as a construction; just as grammar has its legitimate office in analysing the syntax of a poem. But the world as a creation is not a construction; it is also more than a syntax. It is a poem, which we are apt to forget, when grammar takes exclusive hold of our minds.

Upon the loss of this sense of a universal personality, which is religion, the reign of the machine and of method has been firmly established, and man, humanly speaking, has been made a homeless tramp. And, as nomads, ravenous and restless, the men from the West have come to us. They have exploited Eastern humanity for sheer gain of power. This meeting of men has not yet received the blessing of God. For it has kept us apart, though railway lines are laid far and wide, and ships are plying from shore to shore to bring us together.

It has been said in the Upanishads:— Yastu sarvâni bhutāni ātmanyevânupashyati Sarva bhuteshu châtmânam na tato

"He who sees all things in Atma, in the infinite spirit, and the infinite spirit, in all beings, remains no longer unrevealed."

vijugupsate.

In the modern civilization, for which an enormous number of men are used as materials, and human relationships have in a large measure become utilitarian, man is imperfectly revealed. His revelation does not lie in the fact that he is a power but that he is a spirit. The prevalence of the theory which realises the power of the machine in the universe, and organizes men into a machine, is like the eruption of Etna, tremendous in its force, in the outburst of fire and fume; but its creeping lava covers up human shelters made by the ages and its ashes smother life.

(4)

The terribly efficient method of repressing personality in the individuals and the races who have failed to resist it, has in the present scientific age spread all over the world; and in consequence there have appeared signs of a universal disruption which seems not far off. Faced with the possibility of such a disaster, one which is sure to affect the successful peoples of the world in their intemperate prosperity,—the great Powers of the West are seeking peace, not by curbing their greed, or by giving up the exclusive advantages which they have unjustly acquired, but by concentrating their forces for mutual security.

But can powers find their equilibrium in themselves? Power has to be made secure not only against power, but also against weakness; for there lies the peril of its losing balance. The weak are as great a danger for the strong, as quicksands for an elephant. They do not assist progress, because they do not resist; they only drag down. The people who grow accustomed to wield absolute power over others are apt to forget that by doing so they generate an unseen force which some day rends that power into pieces. The dumb fury of the down-trodden finds its awful support from the universal law of moral balance. The air, which is so thin and unsubstantial, gives birth to storms that nothing can resist. This has been proved in history over and over again, and stormy forces arising from the revolt of insulted humanity are openly gathering in the air at the present time. Yet the psychology of the strong stubbornly refuses the lesson and despises to take count of the terribleness of the weak. This is the latent ignorance, that, like an unsuspected worm, burrows under the bulk of the prosperous. Have we never read of the castle of power, securely buttressed on all sides, in a moment dissolving in air, at the explosion

caused by the weak and outraged besiegers? Politicians calculate upon the number of mailed hands that are kept on the sword-hilts; they do not possess the third eye to see the great invisible hand that clasps in silence the hand of the helpless, and waits its time. The strong form their league by a combination of powers, driving the weak to form their own league alone with their God. I know I am crying in the wilderness, when I raise the voice of warning and while the West is busy with its organisation of a machine-made peace, it will still continue to nourish with its iniquities the undergound forces of earthquake in the Eastern Continent. The West seems unconscious that science, by providing it with more and more power, is tempting it to suicide, encouraging it to accept the challenge of the disarmed, not knowing that the challenge comes from a higher source.

Two prophecies about the world's salvation are cherished in the hearts of the two great religions of the world. They represent the highest expectation of man thereby indicating his faith in a truth which he instinctively considers as ultimate, the truth of love. These prophecies have not for their vision the fettering of the world, and reducing it to tameness, with the closelinked power forged in the factory of a political steel trust. One of these religions has for its meditation the image of Buddha who is to come,

Maitreya, the Buddha of love. And he is to bring peace. The other religion waits for the coming of Christ. For Christ preached peace when he preached love, when he preached the oneness of the Father with the brothers who are many. this was the truth of peace. He never held that peace was the best policy. policy is not truth. The calculation of selfinterest can never successfully fight the irrational force of passion, the passion which is perversion of love, and which can only be set right by the truth of love. So long as the powers build a league on the foundation of their desire for safety and the securest enjoyment of gains, for the consolidation of past injustice, for putting off the raparation of wrongs, while their fingers still wriggle for greed, and still reek of blood, rifts will appear in their union, and conflicts in future will take greater force and magnitude. It is the political and commercial egoism which is the evil harbinger of war. By different combinations, it changes its shape and dimensions but not its nature. This egoism is still held almost as sacred as religion; and such a religion, by a mere change of temple, and by new committees of priests, will never save men. We must know that, as, through science and commerce, the realisation of the unity of the material world gives us power, so the realisation of the great spiritual Unity of Man alone can give us peace.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Antwerp, October 3rd, 1920.

You must have heard by this time, from different sources, that our American tour has been cancelled. The atmosphere of our mind has been cleared, at a sweep, of the dense fog of the contemplation of securing money. This is deliverance. In the meanwhile I have spent about a fortnight in Holland. This fortnight has been most

generous of its gifts to me. It has condensed the love and fellowship of fifteen years into fifteen days and has made it mine. It is so wonderful to think that I had so completely occupied the heart of this people before I had ever known them. Yet, by nature, they are not quick in their mind and not easily moved. They are phlegmatic, but they have their idealism protected and kept pure by this external



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WHOLE No. 181

LETTERS FROM THE ATLANTIC

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

I

S. S. RHYNDAM.

THE very fact that we have turned our face towards the East fills my heart with joy. For me my East is the poet's East, not that of a politician or a scholar. It is the East of the magnanimous sky and exuberant sun-light, where once upon a time a boy found himself straying in the dim twilight of child-consciousness peopled with dreams. That child has grown, but never grown out of his childness. I realise it all the more strongly when some problem, political or otherwise, becomes clamorous and insistent, trying to exact its answer from me. I rouse myself up, I strain my mind, I raise my voice for prophetic utterances and in every way try to be worthy of the occasion, but in my heart of hearts I feel exceedingly small and to my utter dismay discover I am not a leader, not a speaker, not a teacher, and farthest of all away from being a prophet. The fact becomes fully evident to me, that I had forgotten to grow. It comes of an incorrigible absentmindedness. My mind has ever wandered away from those things that mature one into wisdom and old age,—I have neglected my lessons. And this utter want of training makes me such a wretchedly bad reader of journals dealing with the practical questions of the day! But I am

afraid the present time is a tremendously difficult one in India for the child, for the poet. It is no use protesting that he is lacking in understanding,—that he is congenitally incapable of paying attention to anything urgent and serious. No, he must attend meetings, or write editorials; cultivate cotton-fields, or accept some responsibility of grave and national import, in order to make a fool of himself. And yet my heart is aching in longing to meet with proper ceremony the first day of the rainy season or fill every pore of my mind with the smell of mango blossoms. Is that allowable at the present moment? Does our south breeze still enjoy all the frivolities of spring days? Have our sunset hours taken the vow of discarding all traces of colours from their cloud turbans? But what is the use of complaining? The poets are too primitive for this age. If they had not ignominiously been discarded by the law of evolution, they would long ago have grown into their career as politicians, but the mischief is,—they have been lest behind in a world which has stopped growing, where things are still important which have no use or market value. The more the call for action grows loud from across the sea, the more I feel conscious of the poet in me, who cries, "I am of no use,—leave me alone to my utter inutility." But I know, when I reach India, the poet

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in me will be defeated and I shall piously study the newspapers—every paragraph of them. But, for the present, even the poet in me is at a disadvantage,—for the sea is rough, my head is swimming and the English language is extremely difficult to manage in a rolling ship.

II

S. S. RHYNDAM.

Sometimes it amuses me to observe the struggle for supremacy that is going on between the different persons within me. In the present condition of India, when the call is sure to come to me to take some part, in some manner or other, in some political affairs, the Poet in me at once feels nervous, thinking that his claims are likely to be ignored, simply because he. is the most useless member in the confederacy of my personality. He fully anticipates that argument against him, and takes special pains to glorify his deficiency even before any complaint has been submitted by anybody on this point. He has proudly begun to assert: "I belong to the great brotherhood of the supremely Useless. I am the cupbearer of the Gods. I share the common privilege with all divinities to be misunderstood. My purpose is to reveal Purposelessness to the children of the Immortal. I have nothing to do with committee meetings or laying of foundation stones for structures that stand against the passage of time and are sure to be trampled to dust. I am to ply the ferry boat that keeps open the traffic between this shore and the shore of Paradise,—this is our King's mail-boat for the communication of messages, and not for carrying cargo to the markets." I say to him: "I fully agree with you; but, at the same time, take my warning, that your mail boat may have to be commandeered for other urgent purposes, wholly unconnected with the Celestial Postal Department." His cheeks pale; his eyes become bemisted, his frail body shivers like a cypress at the first breath of winter, and he says to me: "Do I deserve to be treated like this? Have you lost all your love for me, that you can talk of putting me

under martial law? Did you not drink your first cup of Amrita from my hand, and has not the Citizenship of the Sphere of Music been conferred upon you through my persuation?" I sit dumb, and muse and sigh, when sheaves of newspapercuttings are poured upon my table, and a leer is spread upon the face of the Practical man; he winks at the Patriotic man sitting solemnly by his side; and the man who is Good, thinks it his painful duty to oppose the Poet, whom he is ready to treat with some indulgence within proper limits. As for me, who am the President of this Panchayet, I have my deepest sentiment of tenderness for this poet, possibly because he is so utterly good-for-nothing always the first to be ignored in the time of emergency. The timid Poet, avoiding the observation of the Practical and the Good comes to my side and whispers: "Sir, you are not a man made for the time of emergency,-but for the time that transcends it on all sides." The rascal knows how to flatter and generally wins his case with me,—especially when others are too cocksure of the result of their appeal; and I jump up from my judgment. seat, and, holding the Poet by the hand, dance a jig dance and sing: "I shall join you, Comrade, and be drunk, and gloriously useless." Ah, my evil luck! know why the Presidents of meetings hate me, newspaper editors revile me, the virile call me effeminate; and I try to take my shelter among children, who have the gift of being glad with things and men that have no value.

III

S. S. RHYNDAM.

My difficulty is that when, in my environment, some intense feeling of pride or resentment concentrates its red light within a certain limited area, I lose my true perspective of life and the world and it deeply hurts my nature. It is not true that I do not have any special love for my own country, but when it is in its normal state it does not obstruct outside reality; on the contrary, it offers a standpoint and helps me in my natural relationship with others. But when that stand-

point itself becomes a barricade, then something in me asserts that my place is somewhere else. I have not yet attained that spiritual altitude from which I can say, with perfect assurance, that such barricading is wrong, or even unnecessary; but some instinct in me says, that there is a great deal of unreality in it, as there is in all passions that are generated through contraction of consciousness, through rejection of a great part of truth I remember your wondering why Christ gave no expression to his patriotism, which was so intense in the Jewish people. It was because the great truth of man, which he realised, through his love of God, would only be cramped and crushed within that enclosure. I have a great deal of the patriot and the politician in me, and therefore I am frightened of them, and I have an inner struggle against submitting myself to their sway. But I must not be misunderstood,—there is such a thing as moral standard of judgment. When India. suffers from injustice, it is right that we should stand against it; and the responsibility is ours to right the wrong not as ·Indians, but as human beings. There your position is higher than most of our countrymen's. You have accepted the cause of India for the sake of humanity. But I know that most of our people will accept your help as a matter of course, and yet reject your lesson. You are fighting against that patriotism with which the West has humiliated the East-the patriotism which is racial egoism, national egoism, which is a comparatively later growth in European history and a far greater cause of misery and injustice in the human world than the blood-thirsty ferocity, the nomadic savagery in the primitive history of man. The Pathans came to India and the Moghals, and they perpetrated misdeeds in their heedlessness, but simply because they had no taint of patriotism, they did not attack India at the very root of her life, keeping themselves superciliously aloof. Gradually they were growing one with us; and just as the Normans and Saxons combined into a nation, our Muhammadan invaders would ultimately have lost their line of

separateness and contributed to the richness and strength of Indian civilization. We must remember that Hinduism is not the original Aryanism, in fact a greater portion of it is non-Aryan. Another great mixture had been awaiting us, the mixture with the Muhammadans. I know there were difficulties in its way,—but the greatest of all difficulties was lacking, patriotism, the sacrilegious idolatry of Geography. Just see what hideous crimes are being committed by British patriotism in Ireland;—it is a python which refuses . to disgorge this live creature which struggles to live its separate life. For patriotism is proud of its bulk, and in order to hold in a bond of unity the units that have their own distinct individualities, it is ever ready to use means that are inhuman. Our own patriots would do just the same thing, if the occasion arose. When a minority of our population claimed its right of inter-caste marriage, the majority cruelly refused to allow it that freedom; it would not acknowledge a difference which was fundamental, and was willing to perpetrate a moral torture far more reprehensible than a physical one. Why? Because power lies in number and in extension. Power, whether in the patriotic or in any other form, is no lover of freedom. It talks of unity-but forgets that unity is unity of freedom, uniformity is unity of bondage. Suppose, in our Swaraj, the anti-Brahmin community refuses to join hands with us; suppose for the sake of its self-respect and self-expression, it tries to keep an absolute independence,—patriotism will try to coerce it into an unholy union. Because patriotism has its passion of power; and power builds its castle upon arithmetic. I love India, but my India is an idea and not a geographical expression, and therefore I am not a patriot,—I shall ever seek my compatriots all over the world. You are one of them, and I am sure there are many others.

IV

S. S. RHYNDAM.

Plato threatened to banish all poets from his republic. Was it in pity or in

Will our anger, I wonder? Indian Swaraj, when it comes to exist, pass a deportation order against all those feckless creatures, who are pursuers of phantoms and fashioners of dreams, who neither dig nor sow, bake nor boil, spin nor darn, neither move nor second nor support resolutions? I have often tried to imagine the banished hordes of poets establishing their own Republic in the near neighbourhood of that of Plato. Naturally, as an act of reprisal, His Excellency the Poet President is sure to banish from the Rhymers' Republic all philosophers and politicians. Just think of the endless possibilities arising from feuds and truces of these rival Republics,—peace conferences, deputations of representatives, institutions with busy secretaries and permanent funds having for their object the bridging of the gulf between the two adversaries. Then think of a trivial accident through which a hapless young man and a melancholy maiden coming from the opposite. territories meet at the frontier and owing to the influence of the conjunction of their respective planets fall in love with each There is no harm in supposing that the young man is the son of the President of the Philosphers' Republic while the maiden is the daughter of that of the Poets. The immediate consequence is the secret smuggling of forbidden love lyrics by the desperate youth into the very heart of the commentaries and controversies of the two contradictory schools of Philosophy,—the one professed by the yellow turbanned sages proclaiming that one is true and two is nought, and the other, which is the doctrine of the greenturbanned sages, asserting that two is truth and one is an illusion. Then came the day of the great meeting, presided over by the Philosopher President, when the Pandits of opposite factions met to fight their dialectic duels finally to decide the The din of debates grew into a tumultuous hubbub, the supporters of both parties threatened violence the throne of truth was usurped by When these shouts were about to be transmuted into blows, appeared in the arena the pair of lovers,

who, on the full moon light of April were secretly wedded, though such intermarriage was against the law. When they stood in the open partition between the two parties, a sudden hush fell upon the assembly. How this unexpected and yet ever to be expected event, mixed with texts liberally quoted from the proscribed love-lyrics, ultimately helped to reconcile the hopeless contradiction in logic, is a long story. It is well-known to those who have had the privilege to pursue the subsequent verdict of the judges, that both doctrines are held to be undoubtedly true, that, one is in two and therefore two must find itself in one. The acknowledge ment of this principle helped to make the intermarriage valid, and since then the two Republics have successfully carried out their disarmament, having discovered for the first time, that the gulf between them was imaginary. Such a simple and happy ending of this drama has caused widespread unemployment and consequent feeling of disgust among the vast number of secretaries and missionaries belonging to the institutions maintained, with the help of permanent funds, for the preaching of Union—those organisations which were so enormously perfect in their machinery that they could well afford to ignore the insignificant fact of their barrenness of result. A large number of these individuals gifted with an ineradicable passion for doing good are joining the opposite organisations, which have their permanent funds in order to help them to prove and to preach that two is two and never the twain shall meet.

That the above story is a true one will, I am sure, be borne out by the testimony of even the august shade of Plato himself. This episode of the game of hide and seek of one in two should be sung by some poet, and therefore I request you to give it, with my blessings, to Satyendranath Datta that he may set it in those inimitable verse forms of which he is a master—and make it ring with the music of happy laughter.

V

S. S. RHYNDAM.
The sea has been exceedingly rough—

the wild East wind, playing its snakecharmer's bagpipe, has made a myriad of hissing waves raise their hoods to the sky. The rude handling by the sea does not affect me much, but the gloom and unrest and the tremendous rise and fall of the waves, like a giant's beating of the breast in despair, depress my mind. The sad thought very often comes to me, with an imaginary supposition, that I may never reach the Indian shore and my heart aches with a longing to see the arms of my motherland extended into the sea with the palm leaves rustling in the air. It is the land where I gazed into the eyes of my first great sweetheart-my muse-who made me love the sunlight, touching the top of the cocoanut row through a pale mist of the serene autumn morning and the storm-laden rain-clouds rolling up from some abyss behind the horizon, carrying in their dark folds a thrilling expectation of a mad outburst of showers. But where is this sweetheart of mine, who almost the only companion of my boyhood, and with whom I spent my idle days of youth exploring the mysteries of dreamland? She, my Queen, has died; and my world has shut against me the door of that inner apartment of beauty, which gives the real taste of freedom. I feel like Shah-Jehan when his beloved Mumtaz was dead—and now I have left to me my own progeny a magnificent plan of an International University,-but it will be like Aurangzeb, who will keep me imprisoned and become my lord and master to the end of my days. Every day my fear and distrust against it are growing in strength. For it has been acquiring power from outside my own resources, and it is material power. Shantiniketan has been the playground of my own spirit. What I created on its soil was made of my own dream-stuff. Its materials are few; its regulations are elastic; its freedom has the inner restraint of beauty. But the International University will be stupendous in weight and rigid in construction, and if we try to move it, it will crack.— It will grow up into a bully of a brother, and browbeat its sweet elder sister into a cowering state of subjection. Beware

of organisation, my friend! They say organisation is necessary in order to give a thing its permanence, but it may be the permanence of a tombstone. This letter of mine will seem to you pessimistic. The reason is I am unwell and utterly homesick; and the vision of home, which haunts my mind, night and day, আমানের শান্তিনিকেতন [Amader Shantiniketan =Our Shantiniketan], and the big towers of International University obstruct its view. I am tired to the marrow of my bones trying all these months for a purpose and working in a direction which is against the natural current of my inner being.

VI

S. S. RHYNDAM.

You, who are given a stable and solid surface to work out your problems of daily life, cannot fully realise what a trial it has been for us, these two days, to be tossed upon a wild sea every moment of our existence. I do not feel sea-sick,—but the great fact for us is, that we are the children of the land,—this is an immovable fact,—and yet, when this fact begins to move, it is not only misery but an affront to us. The whole sea seems to laugh loud at the conceited creatures who only have a pair of tottering legs and not even a fraction of a fin. Every moment the dignity of man is outraged in making him helplessly tumble about in an infinite variety of awkwardness. He is compelled to take part in a very broad farce: and nothing can be more humiliating for him than to exhibit a comic appearance in his very sufferings,—it is like making the audience roar with laughter by having the clown kicked into all manner of helpless absurdi-While sitting, walking, taking meals we are constantly being hurled about unexpected into postures, which are shamefully inconvenient. When try to become funny in their sublime manner of perpetrating jokes, we, mortal creatures, find ourselves at a terrible disadvantage; for their huge laughter, carried by the millions of roaring waves, in flashing foam, keeps its divine dignity

unimpaired, whilé we, on our side, find our self-respect knocked into pieces. I am the only individual in this steamer, who is vying with the Gods by fashioning my misery into laughing words and refusing to be a mere passive instrument an elemental foolery. A laughter, which is tyranny, has to be answered by another laughter which is rebellion. And this letter of mine carries the laughter of defiance. I had no other object in sitting down to write this morning; I had nothing particular to say to you,—and to try to think when the ship is rolling in such an insane manner, is like trying to carry a full vessel of water while one is drunk,—the greater part of the content is spilt. And yet I must write this letter, merely to show, that, though at the present moment I cannot stand erect on my legs, I can write. This is to assert, in the face of the ironical clapping of hands of the mighty Atlantic, that my mind, not only can stand up straight in its world

of language, but can run, and even dance. This is my triumph.

To-day is Tuesday,—on the morning of Thursday we are expected to reach Plymouth. I had been nourishing in my heart the expectation of finding your letters waiting for me in London; for I had hoped that R — had cabled to Thos. Cook's about our movements. But I find that he has not, and a number of your letters will take nearly a month to find I cannot tell you what a disappointment it is for me. Your letters have helped me more than anything else during these extremely trying months of my exile,—they have been like food and water to a soldier who is dragging his wounded and weary limbs, counting every step, across a difficult and doubtful road back to his camp-fire. However, I am coming to my journey's end and intensely hoping to see you, when I reach home. What I have suffered God only knows.— I am longing for rest.

ON THE TEACHING OF APPLIED CHEMISTRY

(A paper read before the Students' Society, Lucknow.)

By Dr. E. R. Watson, M.A., D.sc.,

PRINCIPAL, TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, CAWNPORE.

HAVE now been in this province nearly two years. I came to start a Research Institute whose primary function was to be chemical research for the assistance and development of the industries of this province. But at the request of the Legislative Council the function of the Institute was reconsidered, it has been re-named the Technological Institute and in addition to the work originally intended we shall now teach students applied chemical research and we shall also train works chemists for the oil, leather and textile industries. We have already made a start in the teaching world by admitting a few students for the research course and a few to train as oil chemists. The

Institute has now a definite connection with the Universities because the B. Sc., degree is our entrance qualification.

I have chosen for the object of my address one which is not only of great interest to the Technological Institute but is also at the present time receiving the attention of nearly all Universities.

At the present time it is generally admitted that a knowledge of chemistry is of considerable practical value. In the past the recognition of this fact has been by no means so general as at present. Germany has always been the foremost country in recognising the practical value of Chemistry and in the Great War she utilised her chemical resources and her

and September last. This also explains their demand to be taken into the South African Union as an integral part of that Union. For they were ready to sacrifice everything else, if only the white race supremacy itself remained unbroken.

C. F. Andrews.

Calicut.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

I

THE UNCLE.

WHEN I first met Satish he appeared to me like a constellation of stars, his eyes shining, his tapering fingers like flames of fire, his face glowing with a youthful radiance. I was surprised to find that most of his fellow students hated him for no other fault than that he resembled himself more than he resembled others. With men, as with insects, taking the colour of the surroundings is often the best means of self-protection.

The students in the hostel, where I lived, could easily guess my reverence for Satish. This caused them discomfort and they never missed an opportunity of reviling him in my hearing. If you have a speck of dust in your eye, it is best not to rub it. And when words smart, it is best to leave them unanswered.

But, one day, the calumny against Satish was so gross that I could not remain silent.

Yet the trouble was, that I hardly knew anything about Satish; we seldom even had a word between us; while some of the other students were his close neighbours, and some his distant relatives. These affirmed, with assurance, that what they said was true; and I asserted, with even greater assurance, that it was incredible. Whereupon all my fellow inmates of the hostel bared their arms, and cried: "What impertinence!"

That night I was vexed to tears. Next day, in an interval between lectures, when Satish was reading a book, lying at full length on the grass in College Square, I went up to him and, without a word of introduction, blurted out my agitation in a confused manner, scarcely knowing what I said.

Satish shut his book and looked in my face. Those who have not seen his eyes will not know what that look was like. He said to me: "Those who libel me do so,

not because they love to know the truth, but because they love to believe evil of me. Therefore it is useless to try to prove to them that the calumny is untrue."

"But," I protested, "must not the liars be—"

"They are not liars," interrupted Satish.

"I had a poor young neighbour," he went on, "who had epileptic fits. Last winter I gave him a blanket. My servant came to me, in a furious temper, and told me that the boy only feigned the disease. These students, who malign me, are like that servant of mine. They believe what they say. Possibly my fate has awarded me an extra blanket which they think would have suited them better."

I ventured on the question: "Is it true what they say, that you are an atheist?"

He said: "Yes."

I had to hang my head. What about my vehement assertion that Satish could not possibly be an atheist?

I had received two severe blows at the outset of my short acquaintance with Satish. I had imagined that he was a Brahman, but came to know that Satish belonged to a Bania family, and I in whose veins flowed a bluer blood was bound duly to despise all Banias. Secondly, I had a rooted belief that atheists were worse than murderers, nay, worse even than beef-eaters.

Nobody could have imagined, even in a dream, that I would ever sit down and take my meals with a Bania student, or that my fanatical zeal in the creed of atheism would surpass even that of my instructor. Yet both these things came to pass.

Wilkins was our Professor in the College.

His learning was as high as his opinion of his pupils was low. He felt that it was a menial occupation to teach literature to Bengali students. That is why, even in our Shakespeare class, he would give us the synonym for 'cat' as "a quadruped of the feline species." But Satish was excused taking down these notes. The Professor told him: "I will make good to you the hours wasted in this class, when you come to my

The other less favoured students used to ascribe this partiality for Satish to his fair complexion and to his profession of atheism. Some of the more worldly-wise among them went to Wilkins' study, with a great show of enthusiasm, to borrow from him some book on Positivism. But he refused, saying that it would be beyond their understanding. they, should be held unfit even to cultivate atheism, made their minds all the more bitter against Satish.

(2)

Jagamohan was Satish's uncle. He was a • notorious atheist of that time. It would be inadequate to say that he did not believe in God, - rather he vehemently believed in 'No God.' As the business of a Captain in the Navy is more to sink ships than to steer clear, so it was Jagamohan's business to sink the creed of theism, wherever it put its head above water.

The order of his arguments ran like this: If there be a God, then we must owe our intelligence

But our intelligence clearly tells us that there is no God.

Therefore God himself tells us that there is no God.

"Yet you Hindus," he would conclude, "have the effrontery to contradict God by asserting that he exists. For this sin, three and thirty million gods and goddesses rightly serve you people, by twisting your ears for your presumption."

Jagamohan was married when he was a Before his wife died he had mere boy. read Malthus. He never married again.

His younger brother, Harimohan, was the father of Satish. Harimohan's nature was so exactly the opposite of his elder brother's, that people might suspect me of fabricating it for the purpose of writing this story. But only stories have to be always on their guard to sustain their reader's confidence. Facts have no such responsibility

and laugh at incredulity. So, in this world, instances of two brothers, as exactly the opposite of one another as morning and

evening, are by no means lacking.

Harimohan, in his infancy, had been a weakly child. His parents had tried to keep him safe from the attacks of all maladies by barricading him behind amulets and charms, dust taken from holy shrines, and blessings bought from innumerable Brahmans at enormous expense. When Harimohan grew up, he was physically robust enough, yet the tradition of his poor health lingered on in the family. So nobody claimed from him anything more arduous than that he should continue to live; and right dutifully did he fulfil all expectations by holding on At the same time, he never to his life. ceased to display the label that life in his case was more fragile than in most other mortals, and thus managed to divert towards himself the undivided attention of all his aunts and his mother. He had specially prepared meals served to him, and had less work, and more rest, than other members of the family. He was not allowed to forget for a moment that he was under the special protection, not only of his aforesaid mother and aunts, but also of the countless gods and goddesses presiding in the three regions of earth, sky and heaven. He thus acquired an attitude of prayerful dependence towards all the powers of the world, both seen and unseen: from police sub-inspectors, wealthy neighbours, and highly placed officials, to sacred cows and Brahmans,

Jagamohan's anxieties went altogether in the opposite direction. He would give a wide berth to men of power, lest the slightest suspicion of snobbishness should come near him. It was this same sentiment which had greatly to do with his defiance of the gods. His knees were too stiff to bend before those from whom favour could be expected.

Harimohan got himself married at the proper time,—that is to say, long before the time. After three sisters and three brothers, Satish was born. Everybody was struck by his resemblance to his uncle, and Jagamohan took possession of him as if he were his own son.

At first, Harimohan was glad of this, having regard to the educational advantage of the arrangement; for Jagamohan had the reputation of being the most eminent scholar of that period. He seemed to live within the shell of his English books. It was easy to find the rooms he occupied in the house, by the rows of books about the walls; just as it is easy to know the bed of a stream by its lines of pebbles.

Harimohan petted and spoilt his eldest son, Purandar, to his heart's content. He had an impression that Purandar was too delicate to survive the shock of being denied anything he wanted. His education was neglected. No time wes lost in getting him married; but that did not help to keep him within the connubial limits. Harimohan's daughter-in-law did not fail to express her emphatic disapprobation of her husband's excursions out of bounds, but Harimohan would only get angry with her and ascribe his son's conduct to her want of tact and charm.

Jagamohan took entire charge of Satish to save him from similar paternal solicitude. Satish acquired a mastery of the English language while he was still a child, and the inflammatory doctrines of Mill and Bentham set his brain on fire, till he began to burn like a living torch of atheism.

Jagamohan treated Satish, not as a ward, but as his boon companion. He held the opinion that veneration in human nature was a superstition, specially designed to make men into slaves. Some son-in-law of the family happened to write him a letter, with the usual formal beginning:

To the gracious feet of -

Jagamohan, in answer, proceeded to instruct him in this wise:

My dear Noren,

Neither you, nor I, know what special significance it gives to the feet to call them 'gracious'. Therefore the epithet is worse than useless and had better be dropped. And then it is apt to give your correspondent a nervous shock when you address your letter only to his feet, completely ignoring their owner. Please to understand that, so long as my feet are attached to my body, you should never dissociate them from their context. Next, you should bear in mind that human feet have not the advantage of prehensibility, and it is sheer madness to offer anything to them, confounding their natural function. Lastly, your use of the word 'feet' in the honorific plural instead of the dual inflection, may denote special reverence on your part (because there are animals with four feet which have your particular veneration) but I consider it my duty to disabuse your mind of all errors concerning my own zoolegical identity.

Yours, Jagamohan. Jagamohan used to discuss with Satish subjects which are usually kept out of sight in polite conversation. If people objected to this plainness of speech with one so young, he would say that, just as you can only drive away hornets by breaking up their nest, so you can only get rid of the shamefulness of certain subjects by breaking through the shame itself.

When Satish had completed his college course, Harimohan tried his best to extricate him from his uncle's influence. when once the noose is round the neck. it only grows ti hter by pulling at it. Harimohan became more and more annoyed with his brother, the more Satish proved recalcitrant. If this atheism of his son and elder brother had been merely a matter of private opinion, Harimohan could have tolerated it. He was quite ready to off dishes of fowl as 'kid curry'.* matters had now become so desperate, that even lies were powerless to whitewash the culprits. What brought things to a head •was this.

The positive side of Jagamohan's atheistic creed consisted in doing good He felt a special pride in it, because doing good, for an atheist, was a matter of unmitigated loss. It had no allurements of merit, and no deterrents punishment, in the hereafter. If he was asked, what concern he had about 'the greatest happiness bringing greatest number,' he answer that his best incentive was, that he could expect nothing in return. He would say to Satish: "Baba,† we are atheists, so the very pride of it should keep us stainless. Because we have no respect for any being higher than ourselves, we must all the more respect ourselves."

There were some leather shops in the neighbourhood kept by Mussalman dealers. The uncle and nephew bestirred themselves with great zeal and at considerable expense in doing good to these untouchable leather dealers. This made Harimohan beside himself with indignation. Since he knew that any appeal to scriptures, or to tradition, would have no effect upon these two

- * In Bengal, kid curry may be eaten by Hindus without blame, but the flesh of the domestic fowl is one of the prohibited meats.
 - + A term of endearment, literally "father'.



renegades, he complained to his brother concerning such wasting of their patrimony.

"When my expenditure," his brother answered, "comes up to the amount you have spent upon your full-fed Brahman

priests, we shall be quits."

One day, Harimohan's people were surprised to find preparations going on in Jagamohan's quarters for a grand feast. The cooks and waiters were all Mussalmans. Harimohan called for his son and taxed him angrily: "I hear that you are going to give a feast to your respected friends, the leather-dealers."

Satish replied that he was far too poor to think of such a thing. It was his uncle

who had invited them.

Satish's elder brother, Purandar, was equally indignant. He threatened to drive

all these unclean guests away.

When Harimohan expressed his protest to his brother the latter answered: "I never make any objection to your offering food to your idols. You should make none to my offering food to my gods."

"Your gods!" exclaimed Harimohan. "Yes, my gods," his brother repeated.

"Have you turned Theist* all of a sudden?" sneered Harimohan.

"No!" retorted his brother. "Theists worship a God who is invisible. You idolators worship gods who are visible, but dumb and deaf. The gods I worship are both visible and audible, and it is impossible not to believe in them."

"Do you mean to say," cried Harimohan, "that these mussulman leather-dealers are

really your gods?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jagamohan. "You shall see their miraculous power when I put food before them. They will actually swallow it, which I defy your gods to do. It delights my heart to see my gods perform such divine wonders. If you have not become morally blind, it will delight your heart also."

Purandar came to his uncle and swore in a high-pitched voice that he was prepared to take desperate measures to put a stop to

the proceedings.

Just you try to lay hands on my gods, and you will instantly discover how powerful they

* Meaning monotheist, i.e., one who does not believe in caste or ritualistic observances and thus is looked upon as a non-Hindu by the orthodox.

are. I shall not have to trouble to defend them."

Purandar was even a greater coward than his father. He played the tyrant only where he felt sure of receiving submission. In this case he could not screw up courage enough to risk a quarrel with his Mussalman neighbours. So he went over to Satish, instead, and reviled him. Satish gazed at him with those wonderful eyes of his, and remained silent.

The feast was a great success.

(3)

Harimohan could not take this insult passively. He declared war. The property on whose income the whole family subsisted was a temple endowment. Harimohan brought a suit in the law court against his brother, accusing him of grave breaches of orthodox propriety which made him unworthy of continuing as a beneficiary of a Hindu religious endowment. Harimohan had as many witnesses as ever he wished. The whole Hindu neighbourhood was ready to support him.

Jagamohan professed in open court, that he had no faith in gods or idols of any description whatever: that all eatable food was for him food to be eaten: that he never bothered his head to find out the particular limb of Brahma from which the Mussalmans had issued, and so had not the smallest hesitation in

taking food in their company.

The judge decreed Jagamohan to be unfit to take any benefit from this temple property. Jagamohan's lawyers assured him that this decision could be upset by an appeal to the higher court. But Jagamohan refused to appeal. He said he would rather not cheat even the gods whom he did not believe in. Only those, who had the intelligence to believe such things, could have the conscience to betray them.

His friends asked him: "How are you go-

ing to maintain yourself?"

He answered: "If I have nothing else left to swallow, I shall be content to gulp down my last breaths."

After this, a partition was made of the family house. A wall was raised from the ground floor to the uppermost story, dividing the house into two parts.

Harimohan had great faith in the solfish sanity of prudence in human nature. He was certain that the sayour of good living would tempt Satish into his golden trap, away



from the empty nest of Jagamohan. But Satish gave another proof that he had inherited neither his father's conscience, nor his sanity. He remained with his uncle.

Jagamohan had become so accustomed to look upon Satish as his own, that he took it as a matter of course when he found him remaining on his side after the partition.

But Harimohan knew his brother's temperament very well. He went about explaining to people that the reason why Jagamohan did not let go his hold on Satish was in order to make a good thing out of his brother by keeping his son as a kind of hostage. Harimohan almost shed tears as he complained to his neighbours: "Could my brother ever imagine that I was going to let him starve, that he should go to the length of concocting this diabolical plot against me? However, I shall now wait and see whether he is cleverer than I am."

Harimohan's insinuations, helped on by mutual friends, duly reached his brother's ears. Jagamohan was surprised at his own stupidity in not anticipating such a move on his brother's part.

He said: "Good bye, Satish."

Satish was absolutely certain that nothing could make Jagamohan change his mind, so he had to take his leave, after having spent his eighteen years of life in his uncle's company.

When Satish had put his books and things on the top of the carriage and driven away, Jagamohan shut the door of his room and flung himself on the floor. When evening came, and the old servant knocked at the door with the lighted lamp, he got no answer.

Alas for the greatest happiness of the greatest number! The estimate in number is not all that counts in human affairs. The man who gains 'one' may go beyond all arithmetic, when the heart does the sum. When Satish took his departure, he at once became infinite to Jagamohan.

Satish went into a students' lodging to share a room with one of his friends. Harimohan shed tears while meditating on the neglect of filial duties in this god-for-saken age. Harimohan had a very tender heart.

After the partition, Purandar dedicated a room in their portion of the house to the family god. It gave him a peculiar pleasure to know that his uncle must be execrating him for the noise raised every morning and evening by the sacred conches and prayer gongs.

In order to maintain himself, Satish secured a post as a private tutor. Jagamohan obtained an appointment as headmaster of a high school. And it became a religious duty with Harimohan and Purandar to persuade parents and guardians to take away their boys from the malign influence of the atheist, Jagamohan.

(4)

One day, after a long interval of absence, Satish came to Jagamohan. These two had given up the usual form of greeting* which passes between younger and elder. Jagamohan embraced Satish and led him to a chair and asked him for the news.

There was news indeed!

A girl named Nonibala had taken shelter with her widowed mother in the house of the mother's brother. So long as her mother lived, there was no trouble. short time ago her mother had died. cousins were rascals. One of their friends had taken away this girl. Then after a while, suspecting her of infidelity, he made her life a constant torture. This had happened in the house next to the one where Satish had his tutorship. Satish wanted to save her from this misery, but he had no money shelter of his own. Therefore he had come to his uncle. The girl was about to give birth to a child.

Jagamohan, when he heard the story, was filled with indignation. He was not the man to calculate coldly the consequence of his deeds, and he at once said to his nephew: "I have the room in which I keep my books. I can put the girl there."

"But what about your books?" Satish

asked in surprise.

Very few books, however, were now remaining. During the time while he had been unable to secure an appointment, he had been obliged to eke out a living by selling his books.

Jagamohan said: "Bring the girl here at once."

"She is waiting downstairs, I have brought her here."

Jagamohan ran downstairs, and found the girl crouching in a corner, wrapped in her sari, looking like a bundle of clothes.

* This greeting in Pengal is for the younger to touch the feet of the elder and for the latter to give his blessing in return.



Jagamohan, greeted her at once in his deep bass voice: "Come, little mother,* why do you sit in the dust?"

The girl covered her face and burst into tears. Jagamohan was not a man to give way to emotion, but his eyes were wet as he turned to Satish, and said: "The burden that this girl is bearing is ours."

Then he continued to the girl: "Mother, don't be shy with me. My schoolfellows used to call me 'Mad Jagai', and I am the same

madcap even now."

Without the least hesitation, he took the girl by both her hands and raised her. The veil dropped from off her head. Her face was fresh and infantile in its youthfulness,—there was no line of hardness or vice in it. The inner purity of her heart had not been stained, just as a speck of dust does not soil a flower.

Jagamohan took Nonibala to his upper room, and addressed her thus: "Mother, look what a state my room is in! The floor is all unswept. Everything is upside down; and as for myself, I have no fixed hour for my bath or my meals. Now that you have come to my house, everything will be put right; and even this mad Jagai will be made respectable."

Nonibala had never felt before, even when her mother lived, how much one person could be to another; because her mother had looked upon her, not so much as a daughter, but as a young girl who had to be watched.

Jagamohan employed an elderly woman servant to help Nonibala. At first Noni was afraid, lest Jogamohan should refuse to take food from her hand, because of her impurity. But as it turned out, he refused to take his meals unless they were cooked and served by his little mother.

Jagamohan was aware that a great wave of calumny was about to break over his head. Noni also felt that it was inevitable, and she had no peace of mind. Within a day or

two it began.

The servant who waited on her had at first supposed that Noni was Jagamohan's daughter. But she came one day and said hard things to Noni, and resigned her service in contempt. Nani became pale with fear, thinking of Jagamohan.

Jagamohan said to her: "My little mother,

* Way of addressing a daughter, or one situated as a daughter.

the full moon is up in the horizon of my life, so the time is ripe for the flood tide of revilement. But, however muddy the water may become, it will never stain my moonlight."

An aunt of Jagamohan's came from Harimohan's quarters muttering: "Jagai, what a disgrace, what a disgrace! Wipe off this stain of sin from your house."

Jagamohan answered: "You are pious people, and this feeling is worthy of you. But, if I drive away all relics of sin, what will become of this sinner?"

Some old woman of a grandmother came to him with the advice: "Send the wench away to the hospital. Harimohan is ready to bear all the cost."

"But she is my mother," replied Jagamohan. "Because someone else is ready to pay the expenses, should I send my mother to the hospital?"

The grandmother opened her eyes wide. "Who is this you call your mother?" she

asked, in surprise.

Jagamohan replied: "One who nourishes life within her womb and is risking her own life to give birth to a child. I cannnot call the other scoundrel-parent of the child 'Father'. He can only cause trouble, keeping himself safely out of it."

Harimohan's whole body shrank at the utter infamy of the thing. That a fallen woman should be sheltered only on the other side of the wall, and in the midst of a household sacred to the memory of generations of mothers and grandmothers! The disgrace was intolerable.

Harimohan at once surmised that Satish was mixed up in this affair, and that his uncle was encouraging him in his shameful conduct. He was so sure of his facts that he went about spreading the news. Jagamohan did not say a single word to contradict him.

"For us, atheists," he said, "the only heaven waiting for good deeds is calumny."

The more the rumour of Jagamohan's doings became distorted, the more he seemed to enjoy it, and his laughter rang loud in the sky. It was hardly possible for Harimohan, and respectable people of his class, to imagine that the uncle could go so far as to jest openly on such a subject and indulge in loud unseemly buffoonery about it with his own nephew.

Though Purandar so long had been carefully avoiding his uncle's part of the house, he

vowed that he would never rest now till he had driven the girl away from her shelter.

At the time when Jagamohan had to go to his school, he would shut up all access to his quarters, and he would come back the moment he had any leisure, to see how Noni was faring.

One day, at noon, Purandar, with the help of a bamboo ladder crossed the boundary parapet over the terrace roof and jumped down on Jagamohan's side of the house. Nonibala was resting after the mid-day The door of her room was open. When Purandar, coming down from the terrace, caught sight of her sleeping figure he gave a great start and shouted: "Ah, I see, so you are here, are you?"

Noni woke up and saw Purandar before She went pale as death and her limbs stiffened, leaving her powerless to rise, or to utter a single word.

Purandar, trembling with rage, shouted

again: "Noni!"

Just then Jagamohan entered the room from behind. "Get out of this house," he commanded.

Purandar's whole body began to swell up Jagamohan insisted: like an angry cat. "If you don't get out at once, I will call in the police."

Purandar darted a terrible glance at Noni

as he went away. Noni fainted.

Jagamohan now understood the whole situation. He found out by his questions that Satish had been aware that Purandar had seduced Noni: but fearing an angry outbreak he had not informed Jagamohan of the fact.

For days after this incident Noni trembled like a bamboo leaf. Then she gave birth

to a dead child.

One midnight Purandar had driven Noni from the room kicking her in a fit of temper. Since then he had sought her in vain. When he suddenly found her in his uncle's house, he was seized with an uncontrollable passion of jealousy. He was sure that Satish had enticed her away from him, to keep her for his own pleasure, and had then put her in that very house in order to insult him. This was more than any mortal man could bear.

Harimohan heard all about it. Indeed, Purandar never took any pains to hide these doings from him: for the father looked upon the son's moral aberrations with a kindly indulgence. But Harimohan thought it contrary to all notions of decency for Satish to snatch away this girl whom his elder brother, Purandar, had looked upon with favour. He devoutly hoped that Purandar would be successful in recovering his spoil.

It was the time of the Christmas holidays. Jagamohan attended Noni night and day. One evening he was translating a novel of Sir Walter Scott's to her, when Purandar burst into the room with another young man.

On Jagamohan threatening to call for the police, the young man said: "I am Noni's cousin. I have come to take her

with me."

Jagamohan caught hold of Purandar by the neck and shoved him out of the room and down the stairs. He then turned to the other young man, shouting: "You are a villain and a scoundrel! You assert this cousin's right of yours in order to wreck her life, not to protect her."

The young man hurried away. But when he had got to a safe distance, he swore • that he would take legal proceedings in order

to rescue his ward.

"Open, O earth, and hide me away!" was

Noni's prayer. *

Jagamohan called Satish and said to him: "Let me leave this place and go to some upcountry town with Noni. It will kill her if this is repeated."

Satish pointed out that his brother was certain to follow her, once he got the clue.

"Then what do you propose?" asked Jagamohan.

"Let me marry Noni,"

"Marry Noni!"

"Yes, according to the civil marriage rites." Jagamohan stood up, went to Satish and

pressed him to his heart.

Since the partition of the house, Harimohan had not once been over to see his elder brother. But that day he came in, "Dada,† dishevelled, and said: disaster is this you are planning?"

"I am saving everybody from disaster,"

replied Jagamohan.

"Satish is just like a son to you," Harimohan pleaded. "Yet you can have the heart to let him be married to that woman of the street!"

- * Sita, in the Ramayan, uttered this cry in the extremity of her insult.
 - † Elder brother.



"Yes," rejoined Jagamohan, "I have brought him up as my own son, and I consider that my pains have borne fruit at last."

"Dada," said Harimohan, "I humbly ac-

knowledge defeat at your hands. I am willing to write away half my property to you, if only you will not take revenge on me like this."

Jagamohan started up from his chair as he bellowed out: "You want to throw me your dirty leavings, as you throw a dog a bone! I am an atheist,—remember that! I am not a pious man like you! I neither take revenge, nor beg for favours."

Harimohan hastened round to his son's lodgings. He cried out to him: "Satish! What in the world are you about to do? Can you think of no other way of ruining yourself? Are you determined to plunge the whole family into this hideous shame?"

Satish calmly answered: "I have no particular desire to marry. I am doing it in order to save the family from hideous shame."

Harimohan was shocked: "Have you not the least spark of conscience left in you? That girl, who is almost like a wife to your brother -

Satish caught him up sharply: "Wife!" he exclaimed. "Pollute not that word, sir, I pray ýou."

After that Harimohan became wildly

abusive, and Satish remained silent.

What troubled Harimohan most was that Purandar openly advertised his intention to commit suicide, if Satish married Noni. Purandar's wife merely told her husband with her compliments that this would be the best solution of a difficult problem, if only he could muster up the courage to do it!

Satish had sedulously maintained a distance from Noni all these days, but when the proposed marriage was settled, Jagamohan suggested that Satish and Noni should try to know each other better, before they were united in wedlock. Satish consented.

Jagamohan fixed a day for their first talk together. He said to Noni: "My little mother, you must dress yourself up for the

Noni bent her eyes to the ground, hesitat-

"No, no," he insisted, "don't be shy, Noni. I have a great longing to see you nicely dressed, and you really must satisfy my desire." He had specially selected a Benares silk sari with a suitable bodice and veil for Noni. These he now handed her.

Noni prostrated herself at his feet. This

made Jagamohan get up hurriedly.

He snatched away his feet from her embrace, protesting: "I am afraid, Noni, I have miserably failed in clearing your mind of all this superstitious reverence. I may be your elder in age, but don't you know you are greater than I am, for you are my mother?"

He then kissed her on the forehead, telling her: "I have an invitation to dine out, and I shall be late coming back this evening."

Noni clasped his hand. "Baba, I want

your blessing to-night," was all she said.
"Mother," replied Jagamohan, "I see that you are determined to turn me into a believer in my old age. I wouldn't give a brass. farthing for a blessing, myself. Yet I cannot help blessing you, every time I look on you."

Jagamohan put his hand under her chin, and raised her face, and gazed into it silently,

while the tears ran down her cheeks.

(5)

In the evening a man ran up to the place where Jagamohan was having his dinner, and

brought him back to his house.

He found the dead body of Noni, stretched on the bed, dressed in the things he had given her. In her hand was a letter. Satish standing by her head. Jagamohan opened the letter and read:

Baba, forgive me. I cannot do what you wanted. I have tried my best, for your sake, but I could never forget him. My thousand salutations to your gracious

Nonibala, the sinner.

(To be continued)

CHANCE AND PLAN

HANCE brings fortune to some men and we have got into the habit of overvaluing it. The difference between depending on luck, and relying upon an intelligent plan, is just the difference between waiting in a boat for a

fish to jump in, and going to a good place to fish with all the proper tackle and bait. Sometimes fish iump into boats, but a heap more are caught in the regular way on hooks. -The American Boy.

class, which, constitutes 95 percent of the people, have nothing whatever to say about the imperial policy of the country. As he says,

"Where the subject peoples or smaller states attempt to assert their rights of self-determination or of independence, the Empire will act as Great Britain has acted in Ireland and in India; as Italy and France have acted in Africa; as Japan has acted in Korea; as the United States has acted in the Philippines, in Hayti, in Nicaragua and in Mexico."

A few significant passages are given here to show the opinions held by Nearing upon the last war-opinions such as led to his trial for

"sedition"

"The Chicago Tribune, in one of its charmingly frank editorials, thus describes the gains to the British Empire as a result of the war. 'The British mopped up. They opened up their highway from Cairo to the Cape. They reached out from India and took the rich lands of the Euphrates. They won Mesopotamia and Syria in the war. They won Persia in diplomacy. They won the east coast of the Red Sea. They put protecting territory about Egypt and gave India bulwarks. They make the eastern dream of the Germans a British reality....'

"Egypt and India helped to win the late war, and by that very process they fastened the shackles of servitude more firmly upon their own hands and feet. The imperialists of the world never had less intention than they have today of quitting the game of empire-

building."

The American Empire, says the author, will travel the same path as other Empires have trodden before. Preparations are being made now for another contest with the great world powers in the game of "grab". The same old story will be told, from the "preparedness" campaigns, the brutal oppressions and repressions, down to the time when "the killing is over and a few old men, sitting around a table will carve the world—stripping the vanquished while they reward the victors."

Against this world imperialism, this strangl-

ing capitalism, there is one protest—the revolutionary protest. The author traces this protest from the Russian revolution of 1905 down to the present Russian revolution, and of the revolutionary movements of Europe. Speaking of it, he says—

"This is the real struggle for the possession of the earth. Shall the few own and the many labor for the few, or the many own and labor upon jobs they themselves possess? The struggle between the capitalist nations is incidental. The struggle between the owners of the world and the workers of the world is fundamental."

For the American workers to travel any other road than the road of revolution means that they must pay the price of Empire. And what is this price, queries Nearing. He gives

the answer, here summarized briefly:

1. It will cost them their liberties. 2. It will cost them not only their own liberties, but they will be compelled to take liberties away from the peoples that are brought under the domination of the Empire. 3. They will be compelled to produce surplus wealth for the imperial ruling class. 4. They must be prepared to create and maintain an imperial class. 5. They must be prepared, in peace time as well as in war time, to provide the "sinews of war". 6. In return for these sacrifices, they must be prepared to accept the poverty of a subsistence wage; to give the best of their energies in war and in peace, and to stand aside while the imperial class enjoys the fat of the land.

The new system, he says, "may establish a new economic order—a system belonging to the workers, and managed by them for their benefit. The workers of Europe have learned the way. It was no longer a question of wages or a job in Europe. It was a question of life or death."

Such are the opinions of a professor of economy and sociology, an avowed Pacifist, and at the same time, a Pacifist-revolutionary.

ALICE BIRD.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

II.

SATISH

THE last words of Jagamohan, the atheist, to his nephew, Satish, were: "If you have a fancy for funeral ceremony, don't waste it on your uncle,—reserve it for your father." This is how he came by his death.

When the plague first broke out in Calcutta, the poor citizens were less afraid of the epidemic than of the preventive staff who wore its badge. Satish's father, Harimohan, was sure that their Mussulman neigh-

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bours, the untouchable leather dealers, would be the first to catch it, and then defile him and his kith and kin by dragging them along into a common end. Before he fled from his house, Harimohan went over to offer refuge to his elder brother, saying: "I have taken a house on the river at Kalna, if you—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Jagamohan.

"How can I desert these people?"

"Which people?"

"These leather dealers of ours."

Harimohan made a grimace and left his brother without further parley. He next proceeded to his son's lodgings, and to him simply said: "Come along."

Satish's refusal was equally laconic. "I

have work to do here," he replied.

"As pall bearer to the leather dealers, I

suppose ?"

"Yes sir, that is, if my services be needed."

"Yes sir, indeed! You scamp, you scoundrel, you atheist! If need be you're quite ready to consign fourteen generations of your ancestors to perdition, I have no doubt!"

Convinced that the Kali Yuga* had touched its lowest depth, Harimohan returned home, despairing of the salvation of his next of kin. To protect himself against contamination he covered sheets of foolscap with the name of Kāli, the protecting goddess, in his neatest handwriting.

Harimohan left Calcutta. The plague and the preventive officials duly made their appearance in the locality; and for dread of being dragged off to the plague hospital, the wretched victims dared not call in medical aid. After a visit to one of these hospitals, Jagamohan shook his head and remarked: "What if these people are falling ill,—that does not make them criminals."

Jagamohan schemed and contrived till he obtained permission to use his own house as a private plague hospital. Some of us students offered to assist Satish in nursing: there was also a qualified doctor amongst us.

The first patient in our hospital was a Mussulman. He died. The next was Jagamohan himself. He did not survive either. He said to Satish: "The religion I have all

* According to the Hindu Shastras the present age, the Kali Yuga, is the Dark Age when Dharma (civilisation) will be at its lowest ebb.

along followed has given me its last reward. There is nothing to complain of."

Satish had never taken the dust † of his uncle's feet while living. After Jagamohan's death he made that obeisance for the first and last time.

"Fit death for an atheist!" scoffed Harimohan when he first came across Satish after the cremation.

"That is so, sir !" agreed Satish, proudly.

2

Just as, when the flame is blown out, the light suddenly and completely disappears, so did Satish after his uncle's death. He went

out of our ken altogether.

We had never been able to fathom how deeply Satish loved his uncle. Jagamohan was alike father and friend to him and, it may be said, son as well; for the old man had been so regardless of himself, so unmindful of worldly concerns, that it used to be one of the chief cares of Satish to look after him and keep him safe from disaster. Thus had Satish received from and given to his uncle, his all.

What the bleakness of his bereavement meant for Satish, it was impossible for us to conceive. He struggled against the agony of negation, refusing to believe that such absolute blankness could be true: that there could be emptiness so desolate as to be void even of Truth. If that which seemed one vast 'No' had not also its aspect of 'Yes', would not the whole universe leak away, through its yawning gap, into nothingness?

For two years Satish wandered from place to place, — we had no touch with him. We threw ourselves with all the greater zeal into our self-appointed tasks. We made it a special point to shock those who professed belief in any kind of religion, and the fields of good work we selected were such that not a good soul had a good word left for us. Satish had been our flower; when he dropped off, we, the thorns, cast off our sheaths and gloried in our sharpness.

3

Two years had passed since we lost sight of Satish. My mind revolted against harbouring the least thing evil against him, nevertheless I could not help suspecting that

† Touching the feet of a revered elder, and then one's own head, is called taking the dust of the feet. It is the formal way of doing reverence.

the high pitch, at which he used to be kept strung, must have been flattened down by this shock.

Uncle Jagamohan had once said of a sannyasin: "As the money changer tests the ring of each coin, so does the world test each man by the response he gives to shocks of loss and pain, the resistance he offers to the craze for cheap salvation. Those who fail to ring true are cast aside as worthless. These wandering ascetics have been so rejected, as being unfit to take part in the world's commerce,—yet the vagabonds swagger about, boasting that it is they who have renounced the world! The worthy are permitted no loophole of escape from duty—only withered leaves are allowed to fall off the tree."

Had it come to this, that Satish, of all people, had joined the ranks of the withered and the worthless? Was he, then, fated to leave on the black touchstone of bereavement his mark of spuriousness?

While assailed with these misgivings, news suddenly reached us that Satish (our Satish, if you please!) was making the welkin resound with his cymbals in some out of the way village, singing frenzied kirtans* as follower of Lilananda Swami, the Vaishnava revivalist!

It had passed my comprehension, when I first began to know Satish, how he could ever have come to be an atheist. I was now equally at a loss to understand how Lilananda Swami could have managed to lead him such a dance with his kirtans.

And how on earth were we to show our faces? What laughter there would be in the camp of the enemy—whose number, thanks to our folly, was legion! Our band waxed mightily wroth with Satish. Many of them said they had known from the very first, that there was no rational substance in him,—he was all frothy idealism, And I now discovered how much I really loved Satish. He had dealt his ardent sect of atheists their death blow,—yet I could not be angry with him.

Off I started to hunt up Lilananda Swami. River after river I crossed, and trudged

* The kirtan is a kind of devotional oratorio sung to the accompaniment of drums and cymbals, the libretto ranging over the whole gamut of human emotions, which are made the vehicle for communion with the Divine Lover. As their feelings get worked up, the singers begin to sway their bodies with, and finally dance to the rhythm.

over endless fields. The nights I spent in grocers' shops. At last in one of the villages I came up against Satish's party.

It was then two o' clock in the afternoon. I had been hoping to catch Satish alone. Impossible! The cottage which was honoured with the Swami's presence was packed round with crowds of his disciples. There had been kirtans all the morning; those who had come from a distance were now waiting to have their meal served.

As soon as Satish caught sight of me, he bounded up and embraced me fervidly. I was staggered. Satish had always been extremely reserved. His outward calm had ever been the only measure of his depth of feeling. He now appeared as though intoxicated.

The Swami was resting in the front room, with the door ajar. He could see us. At once came the call, in a deep voice: "Satish!"

Satish was back inside, all in a flurry. "Who is that?" inquired the Swami.

"Srivilas, a great friend of mine," Satish reported.

During these years I had managed to make a name for myself in our little world. A learned Englishman had remarked on hearing one of my English speeches: "The man has a wonderful —" but let that be, why add to the number of my enemies? Suffice it to say that, from the students up to the students' forbears, the reputation had travelled round that I was a rampaging atheist who could bestride the English language and race her over the hurdles at break-neck speed in the most marvellous manner.

I somehow felt that the Swami was pleased to have me here. He sent for me. I merely hinted at the usual salutation as I entered his room,—that is to say, my joined hands were uplifted, but my head was not lowered. Staunch pupils of Uncle Jagamohan as we were, our reverence was not directed to any outward object, as from a bent bow, but remained defiantly erect, like a bayonet on guard.

This did not escape the Swami. "Here, Satish!" he ordered. "Fill me that pipe of mine."

Satish set to work. But as he lit the tinder, it was I who was set ablaze within. Moreover, I was getting fidgety, not knowing where to sit. The only seat in the room was a wooden bedstead on which was spread the Swami's carpet. Not that I confessed to any

qualms about occupying a corner of the same carpet on which the great man was installed, but somehow my sitting down did not come off. I remained standing near the door.

It appeared that the Swami was aware of my having won the Premchand-Roychand* scholarship. "My son," he said to me, "it is good for the pearl diver if he succeeds in reaching the bottom, but he would die if he had to stay there. He must come up for the free breath of life. If you would live, you must now come up to the light, out of the depths of your learning. You have enjoyed the fruits of your scholarship, now try a taste of the joys of its renunciation."

Satish handed his master the lighted pipe and sat down on the bare floor near his feet. The Swami leant back and stretched his legs out towards Satish, who began gently to massage them. This was more than I could stand. I left the room. I could of course see that this ordering about of Satish and making him fag, was deliberately directed at me.

The Swami went on resting. All the guests were duly served by the householder with a meal of kedgeree. From five o'clock the kirtans started again and went on till ten

in the night.

When I got Satish alone at last, I said to him: "Look here, old fellow! You have been brought up in the atmosphere of freedom, from infancy. How have you managed to get yourself entangled in this kind of bondage to-day? Is Uncle Jagamohan, then, so utterly dead?"

Partly because the playfulness of affection prompted it, partly, perhaps, because precision of description required it, Satish used to reverse the first two syllables of my name

and call me Visrit.

"Visri," he replied, "while Uncle was alive he gave me freedom in life's field of work,—the freedom which the child gets in the playground. After his death it is he, again, who has given me freedom on the high seas of emotion,—the free lom which the child gains when it comes back to its mother's arms. I have enjoyed to the full the freedom of life's day-time; why should I now deprive myself of the freedom of its evening? Be sure that both these are the gift of that same uncle of ours."

- * The highest prize at the Calcutta University.
- † Ungainly, ugly.

"Uncle could have nothing to do with this kind of pipe filling, leg-stroking business. Surely this is no picture of freedom."

"That," argued Satish, "was the freedom on shore. There Uncle gave full liberty of action to our limbs. This is freedom on the ocean. Here the confinement of the ship is necessary for our progress. That is why my Master keeps me bound to his service. This massaging is helping me to cross over."

"It does not sound so bad," I admitted, the way you put it. But, all the same, I have no patience with a man who can thrust

out his legs at you like that."

"He can do it," explained Satish, because he has no need of such service. Had it been for himself, he might have felt ashamed to ask it. The need is mine."

I realised that the world into which Satish had been transported had no place for me, . his particular friend. The person, whom Satish had so effusively embraced, was not I, Srivilas, but a representative of all humanity, just an idea. Such ideas are like wine. When they get into the head, anyone can be embraced and wept over, - I, only as much as anybody else. But whatever joys may be the portion of the ecstatic one, what can such embrace signify to me, the other party? What satisfaction am I to get, merely to be accounted one of the ripples on a grand, difference-obliterating flood, - I, the individual I?

However, further argument was clearly useless. Nor could I make up my mind to desert Satish. So, as his satellite, I also danced from village to village, carried along

the current of kirtan singing.

The intoxication of it gradually took hold of me. I also embraced all and sundry, wept without provocation, and tended the feet of the Master. And one day in a moment of curious exaltation, Satish was revealed to me in a light, for which there can be no other name than divine.

5

With the capture of two such egregious, college-educated atheists, as we were, the fame of Lilananda Swami spread far and wide. His Calcutta disciples now pressed him to take up his head-quarters at the metropolis.

So Swami Lilananda came on to Calcutta. Shivatosh had been a devoted follower

of Lilananda. Whenever the Swami visited Calcutta, he had stayed with Shivatosh. And it was the one delight of Shivatosh's life to serve the Master together with all his disciples, when they thus honoured his house. When he died he bequeathed all his property to the Swami, leaving only a life-interest in the income to his young childless widow. It was his hope that this house of his would become a pilgrim-centre for the Sect.

This was the house where we now went into residence.

During our ecstatic progress through the villages I had been in an elated mood, which I now found it difficult to keep up in Calcutta. In the wonderland of emotion where we had been revelling, the mystic drama of the courting of the Bride within us and the Bridegroom who is everywhere, was being played. And a fitting accompaniment to it had been the symphony of the broad grazing greens, the shaded ferry landing-places, the enraptured expanse of the noon-day leisure, the deep evening silences vibrant with the tremolo of cicadas. Ours had been a dream progress to which the open skies of the country side offered no obstacle. But with our arrival at Calcutta, we knocked our heads against its hardness, we got jostled by its crowds, and our dream was at an end.

Yet, was not this the Calcutta where, within the confines of our students' lodgings, we had once put our whole soul into our studies, by day and by night; where we had pondered over and discussed the problems of our country with our fellow students in the College Square; where we had served as volunteers at the holding of our National Assemblies; where we had responded to the call of Uncle Jagamohan, and taken the vow to free our minds from all slavery imposed by Society or State? Yes, it was in this selfsame Calcutta that, in the flood tide of our youth, we had pursued our course, regardless of the revilement of stranger and kindred alike, proudly breasting all contrary currents like a boat in full sail. Why, then, should we now fail, in this whirlpool of pleasure-andpain ridden, hunger-and-thirst driven, muchsuffering humanity, to keep up the exaltation proper to our tear-saturated cult of Emotional Communion?

As I manfully made the attempt, I was beset with doubts at every step. Was I then a mere weakling: unfaithful to my ideal: unworthy of strenuous endeavour? When I

turned to Satish, to see how he fared, I found on his countenance no sign to show that Calcutta, for him, represented any geographical reality whatsoever,—in the mystic world where he dwelt, all this city life meant no more than a mirage.

6

We two friends took up our quarters, with the Master, in Shivatosh's house. We had come to be his chief disciples, and he would

have us constantly near his person.

With our Master and our fellow disciples, we were absorbed day and night in discussing emotions in general and the philosophy of Spritual Emotion in particular. Into the very thick of the abstruse complexities which thus engaged our attention, the ripple of a woman's laughter would now and again find its way from the inner apartments.* Sometimes there would be heard, in a clear, hightoned voice, the call: "Bami!"— evidently a maid-servant of that name.

These were doubtless but trivial interruptions for minds soaring, almost to vanishing point, into the empyrean of idea. But to me they came as a grateful shower of rain upon a parched and thirsty soil. When little touches of life, like shed flower petals, were blown across from the unknown world behind the wall, then all in a moment I could understand that the wonderland of our quest was just there: there, where the keys jingled, tied to the corner of Bami's sari; where from the floors rose the sound of the broom, and from the kitchen the savour of the cooking,—all trifles, but all true. That world, with its commingling of fine and coarse. bitter and sweet,—that itself was the heaven where Emotion truly held sway.

The name of the widow was Damini. We could catch momentary glimpses of her through opening doors and flapping curtains. But the two of us grew to be so much part and parcel of the Master, that very soon these doors and curtains were no longer barriers in our case.

Daminit was the lightning which gleams within the massed clouds of July. Without, the curves of youth enveloped her in their fulness: within, flashed fitful fires. Thus runs an entry in Satish's diary:

- * The women's part of the house.
- † Damini means Lightning.



In Nonibala I have seen the Universal Woman in one of her aspects,—the woman who takes on herself the whole burden of sin, who gives up life itself for the sinner's sake, who in dying leaves for the world the balm of immortality. In Damini I see another aspect of Universal Woman. This one has nothing to do with death,—she is the Artist of the art of Life. She blossoms out, in limitless profusion, in form and scent and movement. She is not for rejection; refuses to entertain the ascetic; and is vowed to resist the least farthing of payment to the tax-gathering Winter Wind.

It is necessary to relate Damini's previous history.

At the time when the coffers of her father Annada, were overflowing with the proceeds of his jute business, Damini was married to Shivatosh. So long, Shivatosh's fortune had consisted only in his pedigree: it could now count a more substantial addition. Annada bestowed on his son-in-law a house in Calcutta and sufficient money to keep him for life. There were also lavish gifts of furniture and ornaments made to his daughter.

Annada, further, made a futile attempt to take Shivatosh into his own business—but the latter had no interest in worldly concerns. An astrologer had once predicted to Shivatosh that, on the happening of a special conjunction of the stars, his soul would gain its emancipation whilst still in the flesh. From that day he lived in this hope alone, and ceased to find charm in riches, or even in objects still more charming. It was while in this frame of mind that he had become a disciple of Lilananda Swami.

In the meantime, with the subsidence of the Jute boom, the full force of the adverse wind caught the heavy-laden bark of Annada's fortune and toppled it over. All his property was sold up and he had hardly enough left to make a bare living.

One evening, Shivatosh came into the inner apartments and said to his wife: "The Master is here. He has some words of advice for you, and bids you attend."

"I cannot go to him now," answered Damini. "I haven't the time."

What? No time! Shivatosh went up nearer and found his wife seated in the gathering dusk, in front of the open safe, with her ornaments spread out before her. "What in the world is keeping you?" inquired he.

"I am arranging my jewels," was the reply.

So that was the reason for her lack of time. Indeed!

The next day, when Damini opened the

safe, she found her jewel box missing. "My jewels?" She exclaimed, turning inquiringly to her husband.

"But you offered them to the Master. Did not his call reach you at the very moment?—for he sees into the minds of men. He has deigned, in his mercy, to save you from the lure of pelf."

Damini's indignation rose to white heat. "Give me back my ornaments!" she com-

manded.

"Why, what will you do with them?"

"They were my father's gift to me. would return them to him."

"They have gone to a better place," said Shivatosh. "Instead of pandering to worldly needs they are dedicated to the service of devotees."

That is how the tyrannical imposition of faith began. And the pious ritual of exorcism, in all its cruelty, continued to be practised in order to rid Damini's mind of its mundane affections and desires.

So, while her father and her little brothers were starving by inches, Damini had to prepare daily, with her own hands, meals for the sixty or seventy disciples who thronged the house with the Master. She would some times rebelliously leave out the salt, or contrive to get the viands scorched, but that did not avail to gain her any respite from her penance.

At this juncture, Shivatosh died: and in departing he awarded his wife the supreme penalty for her want of faith: he committed his widow, with all her belongings, to the guardianship of the Master.

7

The house was in a constant tumult with rising waves of fervour. Devotees kept streaming in from all quarters to sit at the feet of the Master. And yet Damini, who had gained the Presence without effort of her own, thrust aside her good fortune with contumely.

Did the Master call her for some special mark of his favour?—she would keep aloof pleading a headache. If he had occasion to complain of some special omission of personal attention on her part, she would confess to have been away at the theatre. The excuse was lacking in truth, but not in rudeness.

The other women disciples were aghast at Damini's ways. Firstly, her attire was not



such as widows * should affect. Secondly, she showed no eagerness to drink in the Master's words of wisdom. Lastly, her demeanour had none of the reverential restraint which the Master's presence demanded. "What a woman!" exclaimed they. "Many a hoyden have we seen, but not one so outrageous."

The Swami used to smile. "The Lord," said he, "takes a special delight in wrestling with a valiant opponent. When Damini will have to own defeat, her surrender will be absolute."

He began to display an exaggerated to erance for her contumacy. That vexed Damini still worse, for she looked on it as a more cunning form of punishment. And one day the Master caught her in a fit of laughter, mimicking to one of her companions the ultrasuavity of his manner towards herself. Still he had not a word of rebuke, and repeated simply that the final denouement would be all the more extraordinary, to which end the poor thing was but the instrument of providence and so herself not to blame.

This was how we found her when we first came. The denouement was indeed extraordinary. I can hardly bring myself to write on further,—what happened, moreover, is so difficult to tell. The net-work of suffering, which is woven behind the scenes, is not of any pattern set by the scriptures, nor of our own devising either. Hence the frequent discords between the inner and the outer life—discords that hurt, and wail forth in tears.

There came, at length, the dawn when the harsh crust of rebelliousness cracked and fell to pieces, and the flower of self-surrender came through and held up its dew-washed face. Damini's service became so beautiful in its truth, that it descended on the devotees like the blessing of the very Divinity of their devotions.

And when Damini's lightning flashes had matured into a steady radiance, Satish looked on her and saw that she was beautiful; but I say this, that Satish gazed only on her beauty, failing to see Damini herself.

In Satish's room there hung a portrait of the Swami sitting in meditation, done on a porcelain medallion. One day he found it on the floor – in fragments. He put it down to his pet cat. But other little mischiefs began to follow, which were clearly beyond the

• Hindu widows in Bengal are supposed to dress in simple white, (sometimes plain brown silk, without border, or ornamentation. powers of the cat. There was some kind of disturbance in the air which now and again broke out in unseen electric shocks.

How others felt, I know not, but a growing pain gnawed at my heart. Sometimes I thought that this constant ecstacy of emotion was proving too much for me. I wanted to give it all up and run away. The old work of teaching the leather dealers' children seemed, in its unalloyed prose, to be now calling me back.

One wintry afternoon, when the Master was taking his siesta, and the weary disciples were at rest, Satish for some reason went off into his own room at this unusual hour. His progress was suddenly arrested at the threshold. There was Damini, her thick tresses dishevelled, lying prone on the floor, beating her head on it as she moaned: "Oh you stone, yon stone, have mercy on me, have mercy and kill me outright!"

Satish, all a-tremble with a nameless fear, fled from the door.

8

It was a rule with Swami Lilananda to go off once a year to some remote, out of the way place, away from the crowd. With the month of Magh* came round the time for his journey. Satish was to attend on him.

I asked to go too. I was worn to the very marrow with the incessant emotional excitement of our cult; and felt greatly in need of physical movement as well as of mental quiet.

The master sent for Damini. "My little mother," he told her, "I am about to leave you for the duration of my travels. Let me arrange for your stay meanwhile, with your aunt as usual."

"I would accompany you," said Damini
"You could hardly bear it, I am afraid.
Our journeying will be troublesome."

"Of course I can bear it," she answered. "Pray have no concern about any trouble of mine."

Lilananda was pleased at this proof of Damini's devotion. In former years this opportunity had been Damini's holiday time,—the one thing to which she had looked forward through the preceding months. "Miraculous!" thought the Swami. 'How wondrously does even stone become as wax in the Lord's melting-pot of emotion."

* January-February.



So Damini had her way, and came along with us.

9

The spot at which we arrived, after hours of tramping in the sun, was a little, cocoanut-palm-shaded promontory on the sea-coast. Profound was the solitude and the tranquillity which reigned there, as the gentle rustle of its palm tassels merged into the idle plash of the girdling sea. It looked like a tired hand of the sleepy shore, limply fallen upon the surface of the waters. On the palm of this hand, stood a bluish-green hill; and inside the hill was a sculptured cave-temple of yore, — being, for all its serene beauty, the cause of much disquiet amongst antiquarians as to the origin, style and subject matter of its sculptures.

Our intention had been to return to the village where we had made our halt, after paying a visit to this temple. That was now seen to be impossible. The day was fast declining and the moon was long past its full. Lilananda Swami at length decided that we should pass the night in the cave.

All four of us sat down to rest on the sandy soil beneath the cocoanut groves fringing the sea. The sunset glow bent lower and lower over the western horizon, as though Day was making its parting obeisance to approaching Night.

The Master's voice broke forth in song—one of his own composition—

The day has waned, when at last we meet

And as I try to see your face, the last ray of evening fades into the night.

We had heard the song before, but never with such complete rapport between singer, audience and surroundings. Damini was affected to tears. The Swami went on to the second verse—

I shall not grieve that the darkness comes

Doly, for a moment, stand before me that I may kiss thy feet and wipe them with my hair.

When he had come to the end, the placid eventide, enveloping sky and waters, was filled, like some ripe, golden fruit, with the bursting sweetness of melody.

Damini rose and went up to the Master. As she prostrated herself at his feet, her loose hair slipped off her shoulders and was scattered over the ground on either side. She remained long thus, before she raised her head.

10

[From Satish's Diary:]

There were several chambers within the temple. In one of these I spread my blanket and laid myself down. The darkness pent up inside the cave seemed alive, like some great black monster, its damp breath bedewing my body. I began to be haunted by the idea that this was the first of created animals, born in the beginning of time, with no eyes or ears, but just one enormous appetite. Confined within this cavern for endless ages, it knew nothing, having no mind: but having sensibility, it felt; and wept and wept, in silence.

Fatigue overpowered my limbs like a dead-weight, but sleep came not. Some bird, or perhaps bat, flitted in from the outside, or out from the inside,—its wings beating the air as it flew from darkness to darkness; when the draught reached my body it sent a shiver through me, making my flesh creep.

I thought I would go and get some sleep outside. But I could not recollect the direction in which the entrance was. As I crawled on my hands and knees along the way which appeared the right one, I knocked against the cave wall. When I tried a different side I nearly tumbled into a hollow in which the water dribbling through the cracks had collected.

I crawled back to my blanket and stretched myself on it again. Again was I possessed with the fancy that I had been taken right into the creature's maw, and could not extricate myself; that I was the victim of a blind hunger which was licking me with its slimy saliva, through which I would be sucked and digested noiselessly, little by little.

I felt that only sleep could save me. My living, waking consciousness was evidently unable to bear such close embrace of this horrible, suffocating, obscurity—fit only for the dead to suffer. I cannot say how long after it came,—or whether it was really sleep at all,—but a thin veil of oblivion fell at last over my senses. And while in such half-conscious state I actually felt a deep breathing somewhere near my bare feet.—Surely not that primeval creature of my imagining!

Then something seemed to cling about my feet. Some real wild animal this time!— was my first thought. But there was nothing furry in its touch. What if it was some species of serpent or reptile, of features and

body unknown to me, of whose method of absorbing its prey I could form no idea? All the more loathsome seemed the softness of it,—of this terrible, unknown, mass of hunger.

What between dread and disgust, I could not even utter a cry. I tried to push it away with ineffectual leg thrusts. Its face seemed to be touching my feet, on which its panting breath fell thickly. What kind of a face had

it, I wondered. I launched a more vigorous kick, as the stupor left me. I had at first supposed there was no fur, but what felt like a mane now brushed across my legs. I struggled up into a sitting posture.

Something went away in the darkness. There was also a curious kind of a sound.

Could it have been sobbing?

(To be continued)

HYDRO-ELECTRICITY IN MYSORE

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH.

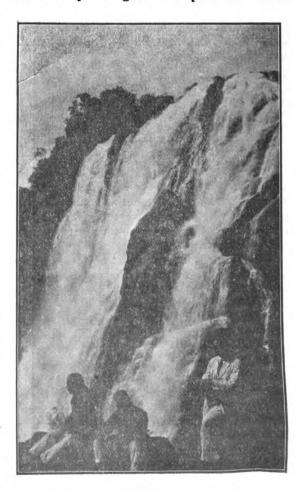
ROM an unpretentious wooden frame hanging against an unpapered wall in the power station at Siva-samudram, Mysore, the figure of a simply-garbed, venerable Brahman statesman, Sir Seshadri Iyer, looks down upon the electric switches controlling the current which, at a distance of some 60 miles, sets machinery at work digging gold from the bowels of the earth, and lights up the cities of Bangalore and Mysore, each less distant than the Kolar Gold Fields.

Only a little more than two decades have passed since that statesman, then Dewan of Mysore, first dreamed a dream of generating power from "Siva's Sea". He had never left the shores of India, except for a trip to Ceylon, if that be leaving India's shore. Nor had he come into intimate contact with electric engineers. All that he knew of hydro-electricity was gleaned from books and journals he had chanced to read.

It is said that when the subject was first broached to the Government of India, the Earl (now Marquis) Curzon, then Viceroy and Governor-General, did not appear to be keen upon incurring heavy expenditure upon works whose utility had not been tested in India. As His Highness the Maharaja was then a minor, and the State was being administered under British supervision, his hesitation to embark upon this project is not difficult to understand.

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Sir Seshadri, however, supported by the far-seeing Maharani-Regent, the mother of the Maharaja, stuck to his scheme, and finally succeeded in convincing the Governor-General that it was practical. The tug of war on that and other questions between the two seems to have inspired great respect in Lord



Siva-samudram Falls, from which Mysore Gets Water Power.

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A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

III

DAMINI

WE are back in our quarters in the village, near a temple, in a two-storeyed house belonging to one of the Swami's disciples, which had been placed at our disposal. Since our return we see but little of Damini, though she is still in charge of our household affairs. She has made friends with the neighbouring women and spends most of her off time going about with them from the house of this one to that of the other.

The Swami is not particularly pleased. Damini's heart, thinks he, does not yet respond to the call of the etherial heights, all its fondness is still for earthen walls. In her daily work of looking after the devotees — latterly like an act of worship with her — a trace of weariness has become noticeable. She makes mistakes. Her service has lost its radiance.

The Master begins to be afraid of her again, at heart. Between her brows there darkens a gathering frown; her temper is ruffled with fitful breezes; the loosening knot of her hair lowers over her neck; the pressure of her lips, the gleams from the corner of her eye, her sudden wayward gestures, presage a rebellious storm.

The Swami turned to his kirtans with renewed attention. The wandering bee, he hoped, would be brought to drink deep of the honey, once enticed in by its fragrance. And so the short winter days were filled to the brim with the foaming wine of ecstatic song.

But no, Damini refused to be caught. The exasperated Swami laughed out one day: "The Lord is out hunting: the resolute flight of the deer adds zest to the chase: but succumb she must, in the end."

When we had first come to know Damini, she was not to be found amongst the band of devotees clustering round the Master. That, however, did not attract our notice then. Her empty place had now become conspicuous. Her frequent absences smote us tempestuously.

The Swami put this down to her pride, and that hurt his own pride. As for me,— but what does it matter what I thought?

One day the Master mustered up the courage to say in his most dulcet tones: "Damini, my little mother, do you think you will have a little time to spare this afternoon? If so—"

"No," said Damini.

"Would you mind telling me why?"

"I have to assist in making sweetmeats at the Nandi's."

"Sweetmeats! What for?"
"They have a wedding on."

"Is your assistance so indispensably—?"

"I promised to be there."

Damini whisked out of the room without waiting for further questioning.

Satish, who was there with us, was dumbfounded. So may men of learning, wealth and fame had surrendered at the feet of the Master, and this slip of a girl,—what gave her such hardihood of assurance?

Another evening Damini happened to be at home. The Master had addressed himself to some specially important topic. After his discourse had progressed awhile, something in our faces gave him pause. He found our attention wandering. On looking round

he discovered that Damini, who had been seated in the room, sewing in hand, was not to be seen. He understood the reason of our distraction. She was not there, not there, not there,—the refrain now kept worrying him too. He began to lose the thread of his discourse and at last gave it up altogether.

The Swami left the room and went off to Pamini's door. "Damini!" he called. "Why are you all alone here?

Will you not come and join us?"
"I am engaged," said Damini.

The baffled Swami could see, as he passed by the half-open door, a captive kite in a cage. It had somehow struck against the telegraph wires, and had been lying wounded, when Damini rescued it from the pestering crows; and she had been tending it since.

The kite was not the only object which engaged Damini's solicitude. There was a mongrel pup, whose looks were on a par with its breeding. It was discord personified. Whenever it heard our cymbals it would look up to heaven and voice forth a prolonged complaint. The gods, being fortunate, did not feel bound to give it a hearing. The poor mortals whose ears happened to be within reach were wofully agonised.

One afternoon, when Damini was engaged in practising horticulture in sundry cracked pots on the roof-terrace, Satish came up and asked her point blank: "Why is it you have given up coming over there altogether?"

"Over where?"
"To the Master."

"Why, what need have you people of me?"

"We have no need,—but surely the need is yours."

"No, no!" flung out Damini. "Not at all, not at all!"

Taken aback by her heat, Satish gazed at her in silence. Then he mused aloud: "Your mind lacks peace. If you would gain peace—"

"Peace from you? You who are consumed day and night with your excitement,— where have you the peace to give? Leave me alone, I beg and

pray you. I was at peace. I would be at peace."

"You see but the waves on the surface. If you have the patience to dive deep, you will find all calm there."

Damini wrung her hands as she cried: "I beseech you, for the Lord's sake, don't insist on my diving downwards. If only you will give up all hope of my conversion, I may yet live!"

2

My experience has never been large enough to enable me to penetrate the mysteries of woman's mind. Judging from what little I have seen of the surface from the outside, I have come to the belief that women are ever ready to bestow their heart where sorrow cannot but be their lot. They will either string their garland of acceptance* for some beast who will trample it under foot and defile it in the mire of his passions, or dedicate it to some idealist, on whose neck it will get no hold, attenuated as he is, like the dreamstuff of his imaginings.

When left to do their own choosing, women invariably reject ordinary men like me, made up of gross and fine, who know woman to be just woman,— that is to say, neither a clay doll made to serve for our pastime, nor a transcendental melody to be evoked at our master touch. They reject us because we have neither the forceful delusions of the flesh, nor the roseate illusions of fancy: we can neither break them on the wheel of our desire, nor melt them in the glow of our fervour to be cast in the mould of our ideal.

Because we know them only for what they are, they may be friendly, but cannot love us. We are their true refuge, for they can rely on our devotion, but our self-dedication comes so easy, they forget that it has a price. So the only reward we get is, to be used for their purposes; perchance to win their respect; . . . but I am afraid my psychological propositions are more likely nothing but personal grievances. The fact probably

* In the old days, when a girl had to choose between several suitors, she signified her choice by putting a garland round the neck of the accepted one. is, what we thus lose is really our gain, any way, that is how we may console ourselves.

Damini avoids the Master because she cannot bear him. She fights shy of Satish because for him her feelings are of the opposite description. I am the only person, near at hand, with whom there is no question of love or hate. So whenever I am with her, Damini talks away to me of unimportant matters concerning the old days, the present times, or the daily happenings at the neighbours' houses. These talks would usually take place on the shaded part of the roof-terrace. which served as a passage between our several rooms on the second storey, where Damini sat slicing betelnuts.

What I could not understand is, how these trifling talks should have attracted the notice of Satish's emotion-clouded vision. Granted that the circumstance was not so trifling, but do I not know that, in the world where Satish dwelt, they had no such disturbing things as circumstances, at all? The Mystic Union, in which personified cosmic forces were assisting, was an eternal drama, not an historical episode. Those who are rapt with the undying flute strains borne along the ceaseless zephyrs which play on the banks of the ever-flowing Jamuna of that mystic paradise,— one would not suppose that they have eyes or ears left for the doings immediately around ephemeral them. This much at least is certain, that before our return from the cave, Satish used to be much denser in his mundane perceptions.

For this difference I may have been partly responsible. I also had begun to absent myself from our kirtans and discourses, perhaps with a frequency which could not elude even Satish. One day he came round on inquiry, and found me after Damini's mongoose — a recent acquisition — trying to lure it into bondage with a pot of milk which I had procured from the local milkman. This occupation, viewed as an excuse, was simply hopeless. It could easily have waited till the end of our sitting. the matter of that, the best thing

clearly would have been to leave the mongoose to its own devices, thus at one stroke demonstrating my adherence to the two principal tenets of our cult,—compassion for all creatures, and Passion for the Lord.

That is why, when Satish came up, I had to feel ashamed. I put down the pot then and there, and tried to edge away along the path which led back to self-respect.

But Damini's behaviour took me by surprise. She was not in the least abashed as she asked: "Where are you off to, Srivilas Babu?"

I scratched my head as I mumbled: "I was thinking of joining the —"

"They must have finished by this time.
Do sit down."

This coming from Damini, in the presence of Satish, made my ears redden.

Damini turned to Satish. "I am in awful trouble with the mongoose," she said. "Last night it stole a chicken from the mussulman quarters over there. I dare not leave it loose any longer. Srivilas Babu has promised to look out for a nice big hamper to keep it in."

It seemed to me that it was my devotion to her which Damini was using the mongoose to show off. I was reminded how the Swami had ordered about Satish to impress me. The two were the same thing.

Satish made no reply and his departure was somewhat abrupt. I gazed on Damini and could see her eyes flash out as they followed his disappearing figure; while on her lips there set a hard, enigmatic smile.

What conclusion Damini had come to, she knew best; the only result apparent to me was, that she began to send for me on all kinds of flimsy pretexts. Sometimes she would make sweetmeats, which she pressed on me.

One day 1 could not help suggesting: "Let's offer some to Satish as well."

"That would only annoy him," said

And it happened that Satish, passing that way, caught me in the act of being thus regaled.

In the drama which was being played, the hero and the heroine spoke their parts 'aside'. I was the one character who, being of no consequence, had to speak out. This sometimes made me curse my lot; none the less, I could not withstand the temptation of the petty cash with which I was paid off, from day to day, for taking up the role of middleman. What a situation to be in!

3 •

For some days Satish clanged his cymbals and danced his kirtans with added vigour. Then, one day, he came to me and said: "We cannot keep Damini with us any longer."

"Why?" I asked.

"We must free ourselves altogether from the influence of Woman."

"If that be a necessity," said I, "there must be something radically wrong with our system."

Satish stared at me in amazement.

"Woman is a natural phenomenon," I continued undaunted, "who will have her place in the world, however much we may try to get rid of her. If your spiritual welfare depends on ignoring her existence, then its pursuit will be like the chasing of a phantom, and will shame you so, when the illusion is dissipated, that you will not know where to hide yourself."

"Oh stop your philosophising!" exclaimed Satish. "I was talking practical politics. It is only too evident that women are emissaries of Maya, and at her behest ply on us their blandishments—for they cannot fulfil the design of their Mistress unless they overpower our reason. So we must steer clear of them if we would keep our intellect free."

I was about to make my reply, when Satish stopped me with a gesture, and went on: "Visri, old fellow! Let me tell you plainly: if the hand of Maya is not visible to you, that is because you have allowed yourself to be caught in her net. The vision of Beauty with which she has ensnared you to-day will vanish as soon as its purpose is accomplished, and with the beauty will disappear the spectacles of desire through which you

now see it as greater than all the world. Where the noose of Maya is so glaringly obvious, why be foolhardy enough to take risks?"

"I admit all that," I rejoined. "But, my dear fellow the all-pervading net of Maya was not cast by my hands, nor do I know the way to escape round it. Since we have not the power to evade Maya, our spiritual striving should help us, while acknowledging her, to rise above her. Because it does not take such course, we have to flounder about in vain attempts to cut away the half of Truth."

"Well, well, let's have your idea of spiritual striving a little more clearly," said Satish.

"We must sail the boat of our life," I proceeded, "along the current of Nature, in order to reach beyond it. Our problem is, not how to get rid of this current, but how to keep the boat afloat in its channel, until it is through. For that a rudder is necessary."

"You people who have ceased to be loyal to the Master,— how can I make you understand that in him we have just this rudder? You would regulate your spiritual life according to your own whims. That way death lies!" With this Satish betook himself to the Master's chamber and fell to tending his feet with feryour.

The same evening, when Satish lit the Master's pipe, he also preferred his plaint against Maya and her emissaries. The smoking of one pipe, however, did not suffice for its adjudication. Evening after evening, pipe after pipe was exhausted, yet the Master was unable to make up his mind.

From the very beginning, Damini had given the Swami no end of trouble. Now the girl had managed to set up this eddy in the midst of the smooth current of the devotees' progress. But Shivatosh had thrown her and her belongings so absolutely on the Master's hands that he knew not how or where to cast her off. What made it more difficult still was, that he harboured a secret fear of his ward.

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And Satish - for all the doubled and quadrupled enthusiasm which he put into his kirtans, for all the pipe-filling and massaging in which he tried to rest his heart — the poor fellow was not allowed to forget for a moment that Maya had taken up her position right across the line of his spiritual advance.

One day some kirtanists of repute had arrived, and were to sing in the evening at the temple next door. The kirtan would last far into the night. I managed to slip away after the preliminary overture, having no doubt that, in so thick a crowd,

no one would notice my absence.

Damini, that evening, had completely thrown off her reserve. Things which are difficult to speak of, which refuse to leave one's choking throat, flowed from her lips so simply, so sweetly. It was as if she had suddenly come upon some secret recess in her heart, so long hidden away in darkness,—as if, by some strange chance, she had gained the opportunity to stand before her own self, face to face.

Just at this time, Satish came up from and stood there hesitating, without our being aware of it at the Not that Damini was saying moment. anything very particular, but there were tears in her eyes,— all her words, in fact, were then welling up from some tearflooded depth. When Satish arrived, the kirtan could not have been anywhere near its end. I divined that he must have been goaded with repeated inward urgings, to have left the temple then.

As Satish came round into our view, Damini rose with a start, wiped her eves and made off towards her room. Satish with a tremor in his voice said: "Damini, will you listen to me? I would

have a word with you."

Damini slowly retraced her steps and came and sat down again. I made as though to take myself off, but an imploring glance from her restrained me from Satish, who seemed to have stirring. made some kind of effort meanwhile, came straight to the point.

"The need," said he to Damini, "which brought the rest of us to the Master, was not yours when you came to him."

"No," avowed Damini, expectantly.

"Why, then, do you stay amongst his devotees?"

Damini's eyes flamed up as she cried: "Why do I stay? Did I come of my own accord? Was not this helpless creature, for all her lack of faith, bound hand and foot by your devotees into this dungeon of devotion? What avenue of escape have vou left me?"

"We have now decided," stated Satish, "that if you would go to stay with some relative, all your expenses will be found."

"You have decided, have you?"

"Yes."

"Well then,— I have not !"

"Why, how will that inconvenience vou?"

"Am I a piece in your game, that you devotees shall play me now this way, now the other?"

Satish was struck dumb.

"I did not come," continued Damini, "wanting to please your devotees. And I am not going away, at the bidding of the lot of you, merely because I don't happen to please you!"

her face with her Damini covered hands and burst out sobbing as she ran into her room and slammed the door.

Satish did not return to the kirtan singing. He sank down in a corner of the adjoining roof-terrace and brooded there in silence.

The sound of the breakers on the distant sea-shore came, wafted along the south breeze, like despairing sighs, rising up to the watching star clusters, from the very heart of the Earth.

I spent the night wandering round and round through the dark, deserted village

lanes.

The World of Reality has made a determined onslaught on the Mystic Paradise, within the confines of which the Master sought to keep Satish and myself content, by repeatedly filling for us the cup of symbolism with the nectar of idea. Now the clash of the actual with the symbolic bids fair to overturn the latter and spill its emotional contents in the

dust. The Master is not blind to this danger.

Satish is no longer himself. Like a paper kite, with its regulating knot gone, he is still high in the skies, but may at any moment begin to gyrate groundwards. There is no falling off, as yet, in the outward rigour of his devotional and disciplinary exercises, but a closer scrutiny reveals the tottering gait of incipient weakening.

As for my condition, Damini has left nothing so vague in it as to require any guess-work. The more she notices the fear in the Master's face, and the pain in Satish's, the oftener she makes me dance attendance on her.

It came to be so, that when we would be engaged in talk with the Master, Damini would sometimes appear in the doorway and interrupt us with: "Srivilas Babu, would you mind coming over this way?" without even condescending to add what I was wanted for.

The Swami would glance up at me; Satish would glance up at me; I would hesitate for a moment between them and her; then I would glance up at the door; — and in a trice I was off the fence, and out of the room! An effort would be made, after my exit, to go on with the talk, but the effort would soon get the better of the talk, whereupon the latter would stop.

Everything seemed to be falling to pieces around us. The old compactness was gone.

We two had come to be the pillars of the sect. The Master could not give either of us up without a struggle. So he ventured once more to make an overture to Damini. "My little mother," said he, "the time is coming for us to proceed to the more arduous part of our journey. You had better return from here."

... "Return where ?"

"Home, to your aunt."

"That cannot be."

"Why?" asked the Swami.

"First of all," said Damini, "she is not my own aunt at all. Why should she bear my burden?"

"All your expenses shall be borne by us."

"Expenses are not the only burden. It is no part of her duty to be saddled with looking after me."

"But Damini," urged the Swami in his desperation, "can I keep you with me for

ever ?"

"Is that a question for me to answer?"
"But where will you go when I am
dead?"

"I was never allowed," returned Damini icily, "to have the responsibility of thinking that out. I have been made to realise too well that in this world I have neither father nor brother; neither home nor property; nothing at all to call my own. That is what makes my burden so heavy to bear. It pleased you to take it up. You shall not now cast it on another!"

Damini went off.

"Lord, have mercy!" sighed the Swami.

Damini had laid on me the command to procure for her some good Bengali books. I need hardly say, that by 'good' Damini did not mean spiritual, of the quality affected by our sect. Nor need I pause to make it clear, that Damini had no compunction in asking anything from me. It had not taken her long to find out that making demands on me was the easiest way of making me amends. Some kind of tree is all the better for being pruned: that was the kind of person I seemed to be where Damini was concerned.

Well, the books I ordered were unmitigatedly modern. The author was distinctly less influenced by Manu,* than by man himself. The packet was delivered by the postman to the Swami. He raised his eyebrows as he opened it, and asked: "Hullo, Srivilas, what are these for?"

I remained silent.

The Master gingerly turned over some of the pages, as he remarked for my benefit that he had never thought much of the author, having failed to find in his writings the correct spiritual flavour.

"If you read them carefully, Sir," I suddenly blurted out, "you will find his writings not to be lacking in the flavour

* The Hindu law-giver.



of Truth!" The fact is, rebellion had been long brewing within me. I was feeling done to death with mystic emotion. I was nauseated with slobbering over abstract human feelings, to the neglect of living human creatures.

The Master blinked at me curiously before he replied: "Very well, my son, carefully read them I will!" with which he tucked the books away under the bolster on which he reclined. I could perceive that his idea was, not to surrender them to me.

Damini, from behind the door, must have got wind of this, for at once she stepped in and asked: "Haven't the books you ordered for me arrived yet?"

I remained silent.

"My little mother!" said the Swami. "These books are not fit for your reading."

"How should you know that, pray?"
The master frowned. "How, at least, could you know better?"

"I have read the author: you, perhaps, have not."

"Why, then, need you read him over again?"

"When you have any need," Damini flared up, "nothing is allowed to stand in the way. It is only I who am to have no needs, I suppose?"

"You forget yourself, Damini. I am a sannyasin, I have no worldly desires."

"You forget that I am not a sannyasin. I have a desire to read these books. Will you let me have them, please?"

The Swami drew out the books from under his bolster and tossed them across to me. I handed them over to Damini.

In the result, the books that Damini would have read alone by herself, she now began to send for me to read out to her. It was in that same shaded verandah along our rooms, that these readings took place. Satish passed and re-passed, longing to join in, but could not, unasked.

One day we had come upon some humorous passage, and Damini was rocking with laughter. There was a festival on at the temple and we had supposed that Satish would be there. But we heard a door open behind us, through which Satish unexpectedly appeared and came and sat down beside us.

Damini's laughter was at once cut short. I also felt awkward. I wanted badly to say something to Satish, but no words would come, and I went on silently turning over page after page of my book. He rose, and left as abruptly as he had come. Our reading made no further

progress that day.

Satish may, very likely, have understood that while he envied the absence of reserve between Damini and me, its presence was just what I envied in his case! That same day he petitioned the Master to be allowed to go off on a solitary excursion along the sea coast, promising to be back within a week. "The very thing, my son!" acquiesced the Swami, with enthusiasm.

Satish departed. Damini did not send for me to read to her any more, nor had she anything else to ask of me. Neither did I see her going to her friends, the women of the neighbourhood. She kept her room, with closed doors.

Some days passed thus. One afternoon, when the Master was deep in his siesta, and I was writing a letter seated out on our verandah, Satish suddenly turned up. Without so much as a glance at me, he walked straight up to Damini's door, knocking as he called: "Pamini, Damini."

Damini came out at once. But what a Satish met her inquiring gaze! Like a storm-battered ship, with torn rigging and tattered sails, was his condition,—eyes wild, hair dishevelled, features drawn, garments dusty.

"Damini," said Satish, "I asked you to leave us. That was wrong of me. I beg your forgiveness."

"Oh don't say that!" cried the distressed Damini, clasping her hands.

"You must forgive me," he repeated. "I will never again allow the pride to overcome me, which led me to think I could take you or leave you, according to my own spiritual requirements. Such sin will never cross my mind again, I promise you. Do you also promise me one thing."



"Command me!" said Damini, making humble obeisance.

"You must join us, and not keep aloof like this."

"I will join you," said Damini. "I will sin no more." Then, as she bowed low again to take the dust of his feet, she repeated: "I will sin no more."

5

The stone was melted again. Damini's bewildering radiance remained undimmed, but it lost its heat. In worship and ritual and service her beauty blossomed out anew. She was never absent from the kirtan singing, nor when the Master gave his readings and discourses. There was a change in her raiment also. She reverted to the golden brown of plain tussore,* and whenever we saw her she seemed fresh from her toilet.

The severest test came in her intercourse with the Master. When she made her salutation to him, I could catch the glint of severely repressed temper through her half-closed eyelids. I knew very well that she could not bear to take orders from the Master; nevertheless, so complete was her self-suppression, that the Swami was able to screw up the courage to repeat his condemnation of the obnoxious tone of that outrageously modern Bengali writer. The next day there was a heap of flowers near his seat; and under them were the torn pages of the books of the objectionable author!

I had always noticed that the fagging of Satish was specially intolerable to Damini. Even now, when the Master asked him for some personal service, Damini would try to hustle past Satish and forestall him. This, however, was not possible in every case; and while Satish kept blowing on the tinder to get it into a blaze for the Master's pipe, Damini would have much ado to keep herself in hand by grimly repeating under

* The tussore silk-worm is a wild variety, and its cocoon has to be used after the moth has cut its way out and flown away, thus not being killed in the process of unwinding the silk. Hence tussore silk is deemed specially suitable for wear on occasions of divine worship.

her breath: "I will sin no more. I will sin no more."

But what Satish had tried for did not come off. On the last occasion of Damini's self-surrender, he had seen the beauty of the surrender only, not of the self behind it. This time, Damini herself had become so true for him that she eclipsed all strains of music and all thoughts of philosophy. Her reality had become so dominant, that Satish could no longer lose himself in his visions, nor think of her merely as an aspect of Universal Woman. It was not she who, as before, set off for him the melodies which filled his mind; rather these melodies had now become part of the halo which encircled her person.

I should not, perhaps, leave out the minor detail that Damini had no longer any use for me. Her demands on me had suddenly ceased altogether. Of my colleagues who used to assist in beguiling her leisure, the kite was dead, the mongoose fled, and as for the mongrel puppy, its manners having offended the Master's susceptibilities, it had been given away. Thus, bereft both of occupation and companionship, I returned to my old place in the assembly surrounding the Master, though the talking and singing and doing, that went on there, had all alike become horribly distasteful to me.

ß

The laboratory of Satish's mind was not amenable to any outside laws. One day, as he was concocting therein, for my special delectation, a weird mixture of ancient philosophy and modern science, with reason as well as emotion promiscuously thrown in, Damini burst in upon us panting:

"Oh, do come both of you, come

quick!"

"Whatever is the matter?" I cried, as I bounded to my feet.

"Nabin's wife has taken poison, I think," she said.

Nabin was a neighbour: one of our regular kirtan singers: and an ardent disciple. We hurried after Damini, but when we arrived, his wife was dead.

We pieced together her story. Nabin's

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wife had brought her motherless younger sister to live with them. She was a girl and, when Nabin's very pretty brother had last been home, he was so taken with her that their marriage speedily arranged. This greatly relieved her elder sister; for, high caste as they were, a suitable bridegroom was not easy to find. The wedding day had been fixed some months later, when Nabin's brother would have completed his college course. Meanwhile Nabin's wife lit upon the discovery that her husband had seduced her sister. She forthwith insisted on his marrying the unfortunate girl - for which, as it happened, he did not require much persuasion. The wedding ceremony had just been put through, whereupon the elder sister had made away with herself by taking poison.

There was nothing to be done. The three of us slowly wended our way back, to find the usual throng round the Master. They sang a kirtan to him and, as was his wont, he waxed ecstatic and began to dance with them. . . .

That evening the moon was near its full. One corner of our terrace was overhung by the branch of a chalta tree. At the edge of the shadow under its thick foliage, sat Damini lost in silent thought. Satish was softly pacing up and down our verandah, behind her. I had a mania for diary-writing, in which I was indulging, alone in my room, with the door wide open.

That evening the koil could not sleep; stirred by the south breeze, the leaves too were speaking out; and the moonlight, shimmering on them, smiled in response. Something must have also stirred within Satish, for he suddenly turned his steps towards the terrace, and went and stood near Damini.

Damini looked round with a start, adjusted her sari* over the back of her head, and rose as if to leave. Satish called: "Damini!"

She stopped at once, and turning to

* A formal recognition of the presence of an elder.

him appealingly, with folded hands she said: "My Master, may I ask you a question?"

Satish looked at her inquiringly, but

made no reply.

Damini went on: "Tell me truly, of what use to the world is this thing with which your sect is occupied day and night. Whom have you been able to save?"

I came out from my room and stood on the verandah.

Damini continued: "This passion, passion, passion, on which you harp,—did you not see it in its true colours to-day? It has neither religion, nor duty; it regards neither wife, nor brother, nor the sanctuary of home; it knows neither pity, nor trust, nor modesty, nor shame. What way have you discovered to save men from the hell of this cruel, shameless, soul-killing passion?"

I could not contain myself, but cried out: "Oh yes, we have hit upon the wonderful device of banishing Woman right away from our territory, so as to make our pursuit of passion quite safe!"

Without paying any heed to my words, Damini spoke on to Satish: "I have learnt nothing at all from your Master. He has never shed a moment's peace over my distracted mind. Fire cannot quench fire. The road, along which he is taking his devotees, leads neither to courage, nor restraint, nor peace. The woman who is dead,— her heart's blood was sucked dry by that ogress, Passion, who killed her. Did you not see the hideous countenance of the murderess? For god's sake, my Master, I implore you, do not sacrifice me to that ogress. Oh save me, for if anybody can save me, it is you!"

For a space, all three of us kept silent. So poignant became the silence all around, it seemed to me that the droning vibration of the cicadas was but a swoon-thrill of the pallid sky.

Satish was the first to speak. "Tell me," said he to Damini. "What is it you would have me do for you?"

"Be my guru! I would follow none else. Give me some creed — higher than all this — which can save me. Do not let

me be destroyed, together with the Divinity which is in me."

Satish drew himself up straight, as he

responded: "So be it."

Damini prostrated herself at his feet, her forehead touching the ground, and remained long thus, in reverential adoration, murmuring: "Oh my Master, my Master, save me, save me from all sin."

7

Once more there was a mighty sensation in our world, and a storm of vituperation in the newspapers — for Satish had again turned renegade!

At first he had loudly proclaimed active disbelief in all religion and social convention. Next, with equal vehemence, he had displayed active belief

in gods and goddesses, rites and ceremonies, not excluding the least of them. Now, lastly, he had thrown to the winds all the rubbish heaps both of religious and irreligious cults, and had retired into such simple peacefulness that no one could even guess what he believed, or what he did not. True, he took up good works as of old; but there was nothing aggressive about it, this time.

There was another event over which the newspapers exhausted all their resources of sarcasm and virulence. That was the announcement of Damini's marriage with me. The mystery of this marriage none will perhaps fathom, but why need they?

(To be continued)

EDUCATION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, SECONDARY SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO AGRICULTURE

By PRINCIPAL G. C. Bose.

N instructive and interesting article on Agricultural education in Denmark has been published in 81st volume of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England to which the writer wishes to invite the attention of the Government, the University, and the people of Bengal, whose minds are now greatly exercised on the subject of Vocational studies. As the Journal may not be available to all of them, a brief summary is given here of contents of the article and of the points which are of special interest to us in Bengal where the question of Education in Agriculture, which has been trifled with much too long, will soon have to be faced.

As compared with England, Denmark is a country of small farmers. A sixth of the whole of the land is in holdings of less than 35 acres (100 bighas nearly). They are worked in many cases solely by the farmer and his family. The parallel between Denmark and Bengal is very close in these respects; hence Denmark has been chosen

as the country which may afford Bengal some guidance in the matter of education with special reference to agriculture. Although 90 per cent of the land of Denmark is under arable, cultivation, the agriculture of the country is founded on cows, as there are 46 cows for every 100 heads of population; whereas in England and Wales the ratio is 10 to 100. The milk is sent to local creameries to be made into butter, or cheese, for export.

In tracing out the scheme of Agricultural Education in Denmark and thereby formulating, if possible, a scheme for Bengal, it is desirable to start with the boy at the Elementary Schools, popularly called Village Schools, and gradually trace his career through various kinds of Secondary Schools, to the highly technical Royal Agricultural College at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLS.

Denmark is essentially an agricultural country and the want of a strong agricultural bias in the curriculum of the Village Schools



A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

IV

I, SRIVILAS

on this spot. All that now remains of it are some tumble-down rooms belonging to the old house, the rest having crumbled into dust. When returning homewards, after performing Damini's last rites, the place as we passed by it, somehow appealed to me, and I stayed on alone.

The road, leading from the river-side to the factory gate, is flanked by an avenue of sissoo trees. Two broken pillars still mark the site of the gateway, and portions of the garden wall are standing here and there. The only other memento of the past is the brick-built mound over the grave of some Musalman servant of the factory. Through its cracks, wild flowering shrubs have sprung up. Covered with blossoms, they sway to the breeze and mock at death, like merry maidens shaking with laughter while they chaff the bridegroom on his wedding day. The banks of the garden pool have caved in and let the water trickle away, leaving the bottom to serve as a bed for a coriander patch. As I sit out on the roadside, under the shade of the avenue, the scent of the coriander, in flower, goes through and through my brain.

I sit and muse. The factory, of which these remnants are left, like the skeleton of some dead animal by the wayside, was once alive. From it flowed waves of pleasure and pain in a stormy succession, which then seemed to be endless. Its terribly efficient English proprietor, who made the very blood of his sweating cultivators run blue,—how tremendous was he compared to puny me!

Nevertheless, Mother Earth girded up her green mantle, undismayed, and set to work so thoroughly to plaster over the disfigurement wrought by him and his activities that the few remaining traces require but a touch or two more to vanish for ever.

This scarcely novel reflection, however, was not what my mind ruminated over. "No, no!" it protested. "One dawn does not succeed another merely to smear fresh plaster* over the floor. True, the Englishman of the factory, together with the rest of its abominations, are all swept away into oblivion like a handful of dust,—but my Damini!"

Many will not agree with me, I know. Shankaracharya's philosophy spares no one. All the world is maya, a trembling dew drop on the lotus leaf. But Shankaracharya was a sannyasın. "Who is your wife, who your son?" were questions he asked, without understanding their meaning. Not being a sannyasın myself, I know full well that Damini is not a vanishing dew drop on the lotus leaf.

But, I am told, there are householders also, who say the same thing. That may be. They are mere householders, who have lost only the mistress of their house. Their home is doubtless maya, and so likewise its mistress. These are their own handiwork, and when done with, any broom is good enough for sweeping their fragments clean away.

* The wattle-and daub cottages of a Bengal village are cleaned and renovated every morning by a moist clay mixture being smeared by the housewife over the plinth and floors.

70%-4



I did not keep house long enough to settle down as a householder, nor is mine the temperament of a sannyasin,— that saved me. So the Damini whom I gained neither housewife nor maya. She remained true to herself and, to the end, my Damini. Who dares call her a shadow?

Had I known Damini only as mistress of my house, much of this would never have been written. It is because I knew her in a greater, truer relation, that I have no hesitation in putting down the whole truth, recking nothing of what

others may say.

Had it been my lot to live with Damini as others do in the every-day world, the household routine of toilet and food and repose would have sufficed for me as for them. And after Damini's death, I could have heaved a sigh and exclaimed with Shankaracharya: "Variegated is the world of maya!" before hastening to honour the suggestion of some aunt or other wellmeaning elder, by another essay at sampling its variety. But I had not adjusted myself to the domestic world, like a foot in a comfortable old shoe. From the very outset I had given up hope of happiness,—no, no, that is saying too much; I was not so non-human as that. Happiness I certainly hoped for, but I did not arrogate to myself the right to claim it.

Why? Because it was I who persuaded l'amini to give her consent to our marriage. Not for us was the first auspicious vision* in the rosy glow of festive lamps, to the rapturous strains of wedding pipes. We married in the broad light of day, with eyes wide open. . . .

When we went away from Lilananda Swami, the time came to think of ways and means, as well as of a sheltering roof. We had all along been more in danger of surfeit than of starvation, with the hospitality which the devotees of the Master pressed on us, wherever we

* At one stage of the wedding ceremony a red screen is placed round the Bride and Bridegroom and they are asked to look at each other. This is the Auspicious Vision.

went with him. We had almost come to forget that to be a householder involves the acquiring, or building, or at least the renting of a house; so accustomed had we become to cast the burden of its supply upon another, and to look on a house as demanding from us only the duty of making ourselves thoroughly comfortable in it.

At length we recollected that Uncle Jagamohan had bequeathed his share of the house to Satish. Had the Will been left in Satish's custody, it would by this time have been wrecked, like a paper boat, on the waves of his emotion. It happened, however, to be with me; for 1 was the executor. There were three conditions attached to the bequest which I was responsible for carrying out. No religious worship was to be performed in the house. The ground floor was to be used as a school for the children. leather-dealers' after And Satish's death, the whole property was to be applied for the benefit of community. Piety was the one thing Uncle Jagamohan could not He looked on it as more defiling even than worldliness; and probably provisions, which he facetiously referred to in English as 'sanitary precautions', were intended as a safeguard against the excessive piety which prevailed in the adjoining half of the house.

"Come along," I said to Satish.

go to your Calcutta house."

"I am not quite ready for that yet," Satish replied.

I did not understand him.

"There was a day," he explained, "when I relied wholly on reason only to find at last that reason could not support the whole of life's burden. There was another day, when I placed my reliance on emotion, only to discover it to be bottomless abyss. The reason and the emotion, you see, were alike mint. Man cannot rely on himself alone. 1 dare not return to town until I have found my support."

"What then do you suggest?" I asked. two go on to the Calcutta I would wander house. alone for a

time. I seem to see glimpses of the shore. If I allow it out of my sight now, I may lose it for ever."

As soon as we were by ourselves, Damini said to me: "That will never do! If he wanders about alone, who is to look after him? Don't you remember in what plight he came back, when he last went wandering? The very idea of it fills me with fear."

Shall I tell the truth? This anxiety of Damini's stung me like a hornet, leaving behind the smart of anger. Had not Satish wandered about for two whole years after Uncle's death,— had that killed him? This question of mine did not remain unuttered. Rather, some of the smart of the sting got expressed with it.

"I know, Srivilas Babu," Damini replied. "It takes a great deal to kill a man. But why should he be allowed to suffer at all, so long as the two of us are here to prevent it?"

The two of us! Half of that meant this wretched creature, Srivilas! It is, of course, a law of the world, that in order to save some people from suffering others shall suffer. All the inhabitants of the earth may be divided into two such classes. Damini had found out to which I belonged. It was a compensation, indeed, that she included herself in the same class.

I went and said to Satish: "All right, then, let us postpone our departure to town. We can stay for a time in that dilapidated house on the river side. They say it is subject to ghostly visitations. This will serve to keep off human visitors."

"And you two?" inquired Satish.

"Like the ghosts, we shall keep in hiding as far as possible."

Satish threw a nervous glance at Damini,—there may have been a suggestion of dread in it.

Damini clasped her hands as she said imploringly: "I have accepted you as my guru. Whatever my sins may have been, let them not deprive me of the right to serve you."

3

I must confess that this frenzied pertinacity of Satish's quest is beyond my understanding. here was a time when I would have laughed to scorn the very idea. Now I had ceased to laugh. What Satish was pursuing was fire indeed, no will-othe-wisp. When I realised how its heat was consuming him, the old arguments of Uncle lagamohan's school refused to pass my lips. Of what avail would it be to find, with Herbert Spencer, that the mystic sense might have originated in some ghostly superstition, or that its message could be reduced to some logical absurdity? Did we not see how Satish was burning, - his whole being aglow?

Satish was perhaps better off when his days were passing in one round of excitement,—singing, dancing, serving the Master,—the whole of his spiritual effortexhausting itself in the output of the moment. Now that he has lapsed into outward quiet, his spirit refuses to be controlled any longer. There is now no question of seeking emotional satisfaction. The inward struggle for realisation is so tremendous within him, that we are afraid to look on his face.

I could remain silent no longer. "Satish," I suggested, "don't you think it would be better to go to some guru who could show you the way and make your spiritual progress easier?"

This only served to annoy him. "Oh do be quiet, Visri," he broke out irritably. "For goodness' sake, keep quiet! What does one want to make it easier for? Delusion alone is easy. Truth is always difficult."

"But would it not be better," I tried again, "if some guru were to guide you along the path of Truth?"

Satish was almost beside himself. "Will you never understand," he groaned, "that I am not running after any geographical truth? The Dweller within can only come to me along my own true path. The path of the guru can only lead to the guru's door."

What a number of opposite principles have I heard enunciated by this same mouth of Satish. I, Srivilas, once the

favorite disciple of Uncle Jagamohan,who would have threatened me with a big stick if I had called him Master,— I had actually been made by Satish to massage the legs of Lilananda Swami And now not even a week has passed, but he needs must preach to me in this strain! However, as I dared not smile, I maintained a solemn silence.

"I have now understood", Satish went on, "why our scriptures sav that it is better to die in one's own dharma rather than court the terrible fate of taking the dharma of another. All else may be accepted as gifts, but if one's dharma is not one's own, it does not save, but kills. I cannot gain my God as alms from anybody else. If I get Him at all, it shall be I who win Him. If I do not, even death is better."

I am argumentative by nature and could not give in so easily. "A poet," said I, "may get a poem from within himself. But he who is not a poet needs must take it from another."

"I am a poet," said Satish, without blenching.

That finished the matter. I came away. Satish had no regular hours for meals or sleep. There was no knowing where he was to be found next. His body began to take on the unsubstantial keenness of an over-sharpened knife. One felt this could not go on much longer. Yet I could not muster up courage to interfere. Damini, however, was utterly unable to bear it. She was grievously incensed at God's ways. with those who ignored Him, God was powerless,-was it fair thus to take it out of one who was helplessly prostrate at His feet? When Damini used to wax wroth with Lilananda Swami, she knew how to bring it home to him. Alas, she knew not how to bring her feelings home to God!

Anyhow, she spared no pains in trying to get Satish to be regular in satisfying his physical needs. Numberless and ingenious were her contrivances to get this misfit creature to conform to domestic regulations. For a considerable space, Satish made no overt objection to her endeavoure. But one morning he waded

across the shallow river to the broad sand-bed along the opposite bank, and there disappeared from sight.

The sun rose to the meridian: it gradually bent over to the West; but there was no sign of Satish. Damini waited for him, fasting, till she could contain herself no longer. She put some food on a .tray, and with it toiled through the knee-deep water till she found herself on the sand bank.

It was a vast expanse on which not a living creature of any kind was to be seen. The sun was cruel. Still more so were the glowing billows of sand, one succeeding the other, like ranks of crouching sentinels guarding the emptiness. As she stood on the edge of this spreading pallor, where all limits seemed to have been lost, where no call could meet with any response, no question with any answer, Damini's heart sank within her. It was as if her world had been wiped away and reduced to the dull blank of original colorlessness. One vast "No" seemed to be stretched at her feet. No sound, no movement, no red of blood, no green of vegetation, no blue of sky,—but only the drab of sand. It looked like the lipless grin of some giant skull, the tongueless cavern of its jaws gaping with an eternal petition of thirst to the unrelenting fiery skies above.

While she was wondering in what direction to proceed, the faint track of foot-steps caught Damini's eye. she pursued and went on and on, over the undulating surface, till they stopped at a pool on the further side of a sanddrift. Along the moist edge of the water could be seen the delicate tracery of the claw marks of innumerable water-fowl. Under the shade of the sand-drift sat Satish.

The water was the deepest of deep blue. The fussy snipets were poking about on its margin, bobbing their tails and fluttering their black and white wings. some distance were a flock of wild duck quacking vigorously and seeming never to get the preening of their feathers done to their own satisfaction. When Damini reached the top of the mound which

formed one bank of the pool, the ducks took themselves off in a body, with a great clamour and beating of wings.

Satish looked round and saw Damini.

"Why are you here?" he cried.

"I have brought you something to eat," said Damini.

"I want nothing," said Satish.
"It is very late—" ventured Damini.

"Nothing at all," repeated Satish.

"Let me then wait a little," suggested Damini. "Perhaps later on —?"

"Oh, why will you -" burst out Satish, but as his glance fell on Damini's face, he

stopped short.

Damini said nothing further. Tray in hand she retraced her steps through the sand, which glared round her like the eye

of a tiger in the dark.

Tears had always been rarer in Damini's eyes than lightning flashes. But when I saw her that evening,—seated on the floor, her feet stretched out before her,—she was When she saw me, her tears weeping. seemed to burst through some obstruction and showered forth in torrents. I cannot tell what it felt like within my breast. I came near and sat down on one side.

when she had calmed herself a little I inquired: "Why does Satish's health

make you so anxious?"

"What else have I to be anxious about?" She asked simply. "All the rest he has to think out for himself. There I can neither understand nor help."

"But consider, Damini," I "When man's mind puts forth all its energy into one particular channel, his bodily needs become reduced correspondingly. That is why, in the presence of great joy or great sorrow, man does not hunger or thirst. Satish's state of mind is now such, that it will do him no harm even if you do not look after his body."

"I am a woman," replied Damini. "The building up of the body with our own body, with our life itself, is our dharma. It is woman's own creation. So when we women see the body suffer, our spirit refuses to be comforted.'

"That is why, "I retorted, "those who are busy with things of the spirit

seem to have no eyes for you, the guardians of mere bodies!"

"Haven't they!" Damini flared up. "So wonderful, rather, is the vision of their eyes, it turns everything topsy-turvy."

"Ah, woman," said I to myself. "That is what fascinates vou. Srivilas, my boy, next time you take birth, take good care to be born in the world of topsy-turvydom."

4.

Th. wound which Satish inflicted on Damini, that day on the sands, had this result that he could not remove from his mind the agony he had seen in her eyes. During the succeeding days he had to go through the purgatory of showing her special consideration. It was long since he had freely conversed with us. Now he would send for Damini and talk to her. The experiences and struggles through which he was passing were the subject of

Damini had never been so exercised by his indifference as she now was by his solicitude. She felt sure this could not last, because the cost was too much to pay. Some day or other Satish's attention would be drawn to the state of the account, and he would discover how high the price was; then would come the crash. The more regular Satish became in his meals and rest, as a good householder should, the more auxious became Damini, the more she felt ashamed of herself. It was almost as if she would be relieved to find Satish becoming rebellious. She seemed to be saying: "You were quite right to hold aloof. concern for me is only punishing yourself. That I cannot bear! - I must," she appeared to conclude, "make friends with the neighbours again, and see if I cannot contrive to keep away from the house."

One night we were roused by a sudden shout: "Srivilas! Damini!" It must have been past midnight, but Satish could not have taken count of the hour. How he passed his nights we knew not, but the way he went on seemed to have cowed the very ghosts into flight.

We shook off our slumbers, and came

out of our respective rooms to find Satish on the flagged pavement in front of the house, standing alone in the darkness. "I have understood!" he exclaimed as he saw us. "I have no more doubts."

Damini softly went up and sat down on the pavement. Satish absently followed her example and sat down too. I also followed suit.

"If I keep going," said Satish, "in the same direction along which He comes to me, then I shall only be going further and further away from Him. If I proceed in the opposite direction, then only can we meet."

I silently gazed at his flaming eyes. As a geometrical truth what he said was right enough. But what in the world was it all about?

"He loves form," Satish went on, "so He is continually descending towards form. We cannot live by form alone, so we must move on towards His formlessness. He is free, so His play is within bonds. We are bound, so we find our joy in freedom. All our sorrow is, because we cannot understand this"

We kept as silent as the stars.

"Do you not understand, Damini?" pursued Satish. "He who sings proceeds from his joy to the tune; he who hears, from the tune to joy. One comes from freedom into bondage, the other goes from bondage into freedom; only thus can they have their communion. He sings and we hear. He ties the bonds as He sings to us, we untie them as we hear Him."

I cannot say whether Damini understood Satish's words, but she understood Satish. With her hands folded on her lap she kept quite still.

"I was hearing His song through the night," Satish went on, "till in a flash the whole thing became clear to me. Then I could not keep it to myself, and called out to you. All this time I had been trying to fashion Him to suit myself, and so was deprived.— O Desolator! Breaker of ties! Let me be shattered to pieces within you, again and again, for ever and ever. Bonds are not for me, that is why I can hold on to no bond for long. Bonds are yours, and so are you kept eternally bound to

creation. Play on, then, with our forms and let me take my plunge into your formlessness.— O Eternal, you are mine, mine, mine.—" With this cry Satish departed into the night towards the river.

After that night, Satish lapsed back into his old ways, forgetful of all claims of rest or nourishment. As to when his mind would rise into the light of ecstasy, or lapse into the depths of gloom, we could make no guess. May God help her, who has taken on herself the burden of keeping such a creature within the wholesomeness of worldly habit. . . .

5

It had been stiflingly oppressive the whole day. In the night a great storm burst on us. We had our several rooms along a verandah, in which a light used to be kept burning all night. The river was was now blown out. lashed into foaming waves, and a flood of rain burst forth from the clouds. splashing of the waves down below and the dashing of the torrents from above played the cymbals in this chaotic revel of the Nothing could be seen gods. deafening movements which resounded within the depths of the darkness, and made the sky, like a blind child, break Out of the into shivers of fright. bamboo thickets pierced a scream as of some bereaved giantess. From the mango groves burst the cracking and crashing of breaking timber. The river-side echoed with the deep thuds of the falling masses of the crumbling banks. Through the bare ribs of our dilapidated house the keen blasts howled and howled like infuriated beasts.

In such a night the fastenings of the human mind are shaken loose. The storm gains entry and plays havoc within, scattering into disorder its well-arranged furniture of convention, tossing about its curtains of decorous restraint in disturbing revealment. I could not sleep. But what can I write of the thoughts which assailed my sleepless brain? They do not concern this story.

"Who is that?" I heard Satishery out all of a sudden in the darkness.



"It is I,—Damini," came the reply.

"Your windows are open and the rain is streaming in. I have come to close them."

As she was doing this she found Satish had got out of his bed. He seemed to stand and hesitate, just for a moment, and then he went out of the room.

Damini went back to her own room and sat long on the threshold. No one returned. The fury of the wind went on increasing in violence.

Damini could sit quiet no longer. She also left the house. It was hardly possible to keep on one's feet in the storm. The sentinels of the revelling gods seemed to be scolding Damini and repeatedly thrusting her back. The rain made desperate attempts to pervade every nook and cranny of the sky.—If only Damini could give outlet to her agony in just such a world-drowning flood!

A flash rent the sky from end to end with terrific tearing thunder. It revealed Satish standing on the river brink. With a supreme effort Damini reached him in one tempestuous rush outvying the wind. She fell prone at his feet. The shriek of the storm was overcome by her cry: "At your feet I swear I had no thought of sin against your God! Why punish me thus?"

Satish stood silent.

"Thrust me into the river with your feet, if you would be rid of me. But return you must!"

Satish came back. As he re-entered the house he said: "My need for Him whom I seek is immense,— so absolutely, that I have no need for anything else at all. Damini, have pity on me and leave me to Him."

After a space of silence Damini said: "I will."

6

I knew nothing of this at the time, but heard it all from Damini, afterwards. So when I saw through my open door, the two returning figures pass along the verandah to their rooms, the desolation of my lot fell heavy on my heart and took me by the throat. I struggled up from

my bed. Further sleep was impossible that night.

The next morning, what a Damini was this who met my gaze? The demon dance of last night's storm seemed to have left all its ravages on this one forlorn girl. Though I knew nothing of what had happened, I felt bitterly angry with Satish.

"Srivilas Babu," said Damini. "Will

you take me on to Calcutta?"

I could guess all that these words meant for her, so I asked no questions. But, in the midst of the torture within me, I felt the balm of consolation. It was well that Damini should take herself away from here. Repeated buffetting against the rock could only end in the vessel being broken up.

At parting, Damini made her obeisance to Satish, saying: "I have grievously sinned at your feet. May I hope for pardon?"

Satish with his eyes fixed on the ground replied: "I also have sinned. Let me first purge my sin away and then will I claim forgiveness."

It became clear to me, on our way to Calcutta, what a devastating fire had all along been raging within Damini. I was so scorched by its heat that I could not restrain myself from breaking out in revilement of Satish.

Damini stopped me frenziedly. "Don't you dare talk so in my presence!" she exclaimed. "Little do you know of what he saved me from! You can only see my sorrow. Had you no eyes for the sorrow he has been through in order to save me? The hideous thing tried to destroy the Beautiful and got well kicked for its pains— Serve it right!—"Damini began to beat her breast violently with her clenched hands. I had to hold them back by main force.

When we arrived in the evening, I left Pamini at her aunt's and went over to a lodging house, where I used to be well-known. My old acquaintances started at sight of me. "Have you been ill?" they cried.

By next morning's post I got a letter from Damini. "Take me away," she wrote. "There is no room for me here."



It appeared that her aunt would not have her. Scandal about us was all over the town. The Poojah numbers of the weekly newspapers had come out shortly after we had given up Lilananda Swami. The instruments for our execution had been kept sharpened. The carnage turned out to be worthy of the occasion. In our shastras the sacrifice of she-animals is prohibited. But, in the case of modern human sacrifice, a woman victim seems to add to the zest of the performers. The mention of Damini's name was skilfully avoided. But no less was the skill which did away with all doubt as to the intention. Anylow, it had resulted in this shrinkage of room in the house of Damini's distant aunt.

Damini had lost her parents. But I had an idea, that one of her brothers was living. I asked Damini for his address, but she shook her head saying they were too poor. The fact was, Damini did not care to place her brother in an awkward position. What if he also came to say there was no room?

"Where will you stay, then?" I had to inquire.

"I will go back to Lilananda Swami."

I could not trust myself to speak for a time,—I was so overcome. Was this, then, the last cruel trick which Fate had held in reserve?

"Will the Swami take you back?" I asked at length.

"Gladly!"

Damini understood men. Sect-mongers rejoice more in catching adherents, than in gaining truths. Damini was quite right. There would be no dearth of room for her at Lilananda's, but—

"Damini," I said, just at this juncture.
"There is another way. If you promise not to be angry, I will mention it."

"Tell me," said Damini.

"If it is at all possible for you to think of marrying a creature, such as I am —"

"What are you saying, Srivilas Babu?" interrupted Damini. "Are you mad?"

"Suppose I am," said I. "One can sometimes solve insoluble problems by becoming mad. Madness is like the wishing carpet of the Arabian Nights. It can waft one over the thousand petty considerations which obstruct the every-day world."

"What do you call petty considerations?"

"Such as: What will people think?— What will happen in the future?— and so on, and so forth."

"And what about the vital considera-

tions?"

"What do you call .vital?" I asked in my turn.

"Such as, for instance: What will be your fate, if you marry a creature like me?" said Damini.

"If that be a vital consideration, I am reassured. For I cannot possibly be in a worse plight than now. Any movement of my prostrate destiny, even though it be a turning over to the other side, cannot but be a sign of improvement."

of course I could not believe that some telepathic news of my state of mind had never reached Damini. Such news, however, had not, so far, come under the head of 'Important'— at least it had not called for any notice to be taken. Now action was definitely demanded of her.

Damini was lost in silent thought.

"Damini," I said. "I am only one of the very ordinary sort of men,— even less, for I am of no account in the world. To marry me, or not to marry me, cannot make enough difference to be worth all this thought."

Tears glistened in Damini's eyes. "Had you been an ordinary man, it would not have cost me a moment's hesitation,"

she said.

After another long silence, Damini murmured: "You know what I am.".

"You also know what I am," I rejoined.

Thus was the proposal mooted, relying more on things unspoken than on what was said.

7

Those who, in the old days, had been under the spell of my English speeches had mostly shaken off their fascination during my absence; except only Naren, who still looked on me as one of the rarest

products of the age. A house belonging to him was temporarily vacant. In this we took shelter.

It seemed at first that my proposal would never be rescued from the ditch of silence, into which it had lumbered at the very start; or at all events that it would require any amount of discussion and repair work, before it could be hauled back on the high road of 'yes' or 'no'.

But man's mind was evidently created to raise a laugh against mental science, with its sudden practical jokes. In the spring, which now came upon us, the Creator's joyous laughter rang through and through this hired dwelling of ours.

All this while, Damini never had the time to notice that I was anybody at all; or it may be that the dazzling light from a different quarter had kept her blinded. Now that her world had shrunk around her, it was reduced to me alone. So she had no help but to look on me with seeing eyes. Perhaps it was the kindness of my fate, which contrived that this should be her first sight of me.

By river and hill and sea shore have I wandered along with Damini, as one of Lilananda's kirtan party, setting the atmosphere on fire with passionate song, to the beat of drum and cymbal. Great sparks of emotion were set free as we rang the changes on the text of the Vaishnava poet: The noose of love hath bound my heart to thy feet. Yet the curtain which hid me from Damini was not burnt away.

But what was it that happened in this Calcutta lane? The dingy houses, crowding upon one another, blossomed out like flowers of paradise. Verily God vouchsafed to us a miracle. Out of this brick and mortar, he fashioned a harpstring to voice forth His melody. And with His wand He touched me, the least of men, and made me, all in a moment, wonderful.

When the curtain is there, the separation is infinite; when it is lifted, the distance can be crossed in the twinkling of an eye. So it took no time at all. "I was in a dream," said Damini. wanted this shock to wake me. Between that 'you' of mine and this 'you' of mine, there was a veil of stupor. I salute my master again and again, for it is he who dispelled it."

"Damini," I said. "Do not keep your gaze on me like that. Before, when you made the discovery that this creation of God is not beautiful, I was able to bear it; but it will be difficult to do so now."

"I am making the discovery," she replied, "that this creation of God has its beauty."

"Your name will go down in history!" I exclaimed. "The planting of the explorer's flag on the South Pole heights was child's play to this discovery of yours. 'Difficult' is not the word for it. will have achieved the impossible!"

I had never realised before how short our spring month of Phalgun is. It has only thirty days, and each of the. days is not a minute more than twenty-four hours. With the infinite time, which God has at his disposal, such parsimony I failed to understand!

"This mad freak that you are bent on,-" said Damini, "what will your people have to say to it?"

"My people are my best friends. So they are sure to turn me out of their house "

"What next?"

"Next it will be for you and me to build up a home, fresh from the very foundations. That will be our own special creation."

"You must also fashion afresh the mistress of your house, from the very beginning. May she also be your creation, with no trace left of her old battered condition!"

We fixed a day in the following month for the wedding. Damini insisted that Satish should be brought over.

"What for?" I asked.

"He must give me away."

Where the madcap was wandering I was not sure. I had written several letters, but with no reply. He could hardly have given up that old haunted house, otherwise my letters would have been returned as undelivered.. The chances



were, that he had not the time to be opening and reading letters.

"Damini," said I, "you must come with me and invite him personally. This is not a case for sending a formal invitation letter. I could have gone by myself, but my courage is not equal to it. For all we know, he may be on the other side of the river, superintending the preening of the ducks' feathers. To follow him there is a desperate venture of which you alone are capable!"

Damini smiled. 'Did I not swear I would never pursue him there again?"

"You swore you would not go to him with food any more. That does not cover your going over to invite him to a repast!"

8

This time everything passed off smoothly. We each took Satish by one hand, and brought him along with us, back to Calcutta. He was as pleased as a child receiving a pair of new dolls!

Our idea had been to have a quiet wedding. But Satish would have none of that. Moreover, there were the Musalman friends of uncle Jagamohan. When they heard the news, they were so extravagantly jubilant,-the neighbours must have thought it was for the Amir of Kabul, or the Nizam of Hyderabad, at the very least. But the height of revelry was reached by the newspapers in a very orgy of calumny. Our hearts, however, were too full to harbour any resentment. were quite willing to allow the blood-thirstiness of the readers to be satisfied, and the pockets of the proprietors to be filled—along with our blessings to boot.

"Come and occupy my house, Visri, old fellow," said Satish.

"Come with us, too," I added. "Let us set to work together, over again."

"No, thank you," said Satish: "My work is elsewhere."

"You won't be allowed to go, till you have assisted at our house-warming," insisted Damini.

This function was not going to be a crowded affair, Satish being the only

guest. But it was all very well for him to say: "Come and occupy my house." That had already been done by his father, Ilarimohan,—not directly, but through a tenant. Harimohan would have entered into possession himself; but his worldly and other-worldly advisers warned him, that it was best not to risk it,— a Musalman having died there of the plague. Of course the tenant, to whom it was offered, ran the same spiritual and physical risks, but then why need he be told?

How we got the house out of Harimohan's clutches is a long story. The Musalman leather-dealers were our chief allies. When they got to know of the contents of the Will, we found further

legal steps to be superfluous!

The allowance, which I had all along been getting from home, was now stopped. It was all the more of a joy to us to undertake together the toil of setting up house without outside assistance. With the seal of Premchand-noychand, it was not difficult for me to secure a professor-I was able to supplement my income by publishing notes on the prescribed text-books, which were eagerly availed of as patent nostrums for passing examinations. I need not have done so much, for our own wants were few. Damini insisted that Satish should not have to worry about his own living while we were here to prevent it.

There was another thing, about which Damini did not say a word, and which, therefore, I had to attend to secretly. That was the education of her brother's son and the marriage of his daughter,—both matters beyond the means of her brother himself. His house was barred to us; but pecuniary assistance has no caste to stand in the way of its acceptance. Moreover, acceptance did not necessarily involve acknowledgment. So I had to add the sub-editorship of a newspaper to my other occupations.

Without consulting Damini, I engaged a cook and two servants. Without consulting me, Damini sent them packing the very next day. When I objected, she made me conscious how ill-judged was my attempted consideration for her. "If I

am not allowed," she said, "to do my share of work, while you are slaving away, where am I to hide my shame?"

My work outside and Damini's work at home flowed on together like the confluent Ganges and Jumna. Damini also began to teach sewing to the leather-dealers' little girls. She was determined not to take defeat at my hands. I am not enough of a poet to sing how this Calcutta house of ours became Brindaban itself, our labours the flute strains which kept it enraptured. All I can say is, that our days did not drag, neither did they merely pass by,—they positively danced along.

One more springtime came and went; but never another.

Ever since her return from the cave temple, Damini had suffered from a pain in her breast, of which, however, she then told no one. This suddenly took a turn for the worse, and when I asked her about it she said: "This is my secret wealth, my touchstone. With it, as

dower, I was able to come to you. Else, I would not have been worthy."

The doctors, each of them, had a different name for the malady. Neither did they agree in their prescriptions. When my little hoard of gold was blown away between the cross fire of the doctors' fees and the chemists' bills, the chapter of medicament came to an end, and change of air was advised. As a matter of fact, nothing else of changeable value was left to us except air.

"Take me to the place from which I brought the pain," said Damini. "It has no dearth of air.".

When the month of Magh ended with its full moon, and Phalgun began; while the sea heaved and sobbed with the wail of its lonely eternity; Damini, taking the dust of my feet, bade farewell to me with the words:

"I have not had enough of you. May you be mine again in our next birth."

THE END.

RAM-LEELA*

By Miss Seeta Chatterjee.

THE hot and sultry evening was drawing to a close. It was still insufferably warm, and the leaves of the guava tree which stood by the house, were unstirred by a single whiff of air and looked like the creation of a painter's brush, so motionless they were.

The house stood at the extreme end of a small town of the United Provinces, but one look sufficed to tell that the inhabitants came from Bengal. On the small verandah in front two children sat playing. One was about five years of age, another about three. The elder was clad in a dirty and ragged cloth, which ill became his beautiful and fair

* The annual festival in Upper India to celebrate the deified hero Ram's victory over the Rakshas king Ravan of Lanka or Ceylon. appearance. The younger was not good looking at all. But he was dressed in a frock of gaudy pink silk, profusely decorated with black lace, whose pristine glory had become somewhat tarnished through constant contact with the oily body of the child.

A voice cried out shrilly from the inner apartments: "Sheolal, why don't you bring in baby here? I have been shrieking for about half an hour; are you deaf, that you cannot hear?"

Being thus addressed, in atrocious Hindustani, the boy servant, Sheolal, had reluctantly to come down from the guava tree where he had been hunting for edible fruits. The voice acted like a storm signal, and with two half-ripe guavas in his hand, he picked up the rebellious child and proceeded to enter the

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PILGRIM

Pilgrim, the night of the weary old year is ended. The blazing sun brings on your path the call of the Destroyer, the fiery scourge for pollutions of the past. A thin line of distance stretches along the road like a fine-drawn note from the one-stringed lute of a beggar seeking the way he has lost.

Let the grey dust of the road be like your nurse! May she take you up in her arms, lead you away from the clasp of clinging reluctance!

Not for you is the music of the home, the light of the evening lamp,

the wistful gaze of the lover keeping watch.

You have ever claimed the boon of Life

which is not in pleasure nor in peace or comfort, therefore the time has come for you for rejection at every door.

The Cruel One has come,—

the bolts and bars of your gate are broken,

your wine vessel shattered;

take his hand whom you do not know and dare not understand.

Never fear, pilgrim!

Turn not away from the terror of Truth,

or the dark phantom of the unreal,

accept your final gift from him who takes away everything.

Has the old night ended?

then let it end!

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



THE WATERFALL

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[Scene. A mountainous country, with a road leading to the Temple of Bhairava.* (The Scene remains the same throughout the play.)

In the background is represented the upper framework of a big iron machine; opposite to this is the spire of the Bhairava Temple, with its trident.

Ranajit, the king of Uttarakut, has his royal tent in the mango grove by the side of the road. He is resting there on his way to celebrate the evening festival, on the dark night of the moon. After twenty-five years of strenuous effort, his Royal Engineer, Bibhuti, has succeeded in building up an embankment across the waterfall called Muktadhārā. †

The inhabitants of Uttarakut are seen visiting the temple with their offerings and preparing to hold in the temple court-yard the festival, which is to celebrate the achievement of the Royal Engineer, Bibhuti.

* One of the names of the God Shiva, meaning
The Terrible.'

† The Free Current.

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The temple DEVOTEES of Bhairava are in the foreground. They are seen making a long circuit in religious procession round the Temple. As they sing the praises of the God Bhairava, some are swinging their censers, some are beating the gongs, some are blowing the conch shells.]

The Devotees sing, in procession,—
Victory to Him, the Terrible,
The Lord of Destruction,
The uttermost Peace,
The Dissolver of doubts,
The Breaker of fetters,
Who carries us beyond all conflicts,
The Terrible, the Terrible!

[They go in.

A stranger comes with his offerings of worship and meets a citizen of Uttarakut.

STRANGER. What's that there put up against the sky? It is frightful!

CITIZEN. Don't you know? You're a stranger, I see.—It's the Machine.

STRANGER. Machine! What Machine? CITIZEN. The Royal Engineer, Bibhuti, has been working at it for the last twentyfive years. It's just been finished. A



festival is now being held in honour of the occasion.

STRANGER. What's the object of the Machine?

CITIZEN. It has bound up the waterfall of Muktadhārā.

STRANGER. What a monster! It looks like a dragon's skull with its fleshless jaws hanging down! The constant sight of it would make the life within you withered and dead.

CITIZEN. The life within us has got a thick hide to protect it! You needn't have any fear for us!

STRANGER. All the same, this is n't a thing to put up nakedly before the sun and stars. Can't you see how it seems to irritate the whole sky by its obtrusion?

CITIZEN. But are n't you going to attend the evening worship of Bhairava?

STRANGER. Yes, I've come out for that object. Every year I bring my offering at this time. But I've never seen such a monstrous obstruction in the sky before. Don't you think it's a sacrilege to allow it to overtop the spire of the Temple?

He goes.

Enters a woman named Amba, with a white veil which covers her head and body and trails in the dust.

AMBA. My Suman! My Suman! Won't my son Suman come back to me? You've all returned, but where is he?

CITIZEN. Who are you?

AMBA. I'm Amba of Janai village. Suman, my son, 's the light of my eyes, the breath of my life,—my Suman!

CITIZEN. What's happened to him?

AMBA. I don't know where they've taken him. I'd gone to worship Bhairava, in the Temple; and when I came back, I found that he had been taken away.

CITIZEN. Then he must have been recruited for the work of building up the embankment.

AMBA. I've heard that they've taken him along this road to the west of the Hill of Gauri; and my eyesight does n't reach so for. I can't see the way across it.

CITIZEN. What's the use of grieving? We're going to the Temple. It's a great day for us. You also must come.

AMBA. No, no! From that day, when I lost my son, I've dreaded going to the Temple. Let me tell you, our worship never reaches Him. Someone filches it away, as it's carried to the shrine.

CITIZEN. Who's that?

AMBA. The one who's taken my Suman away from me! I don't know who it is. Suman! My Suman! My darling!

[They go.

The messenger from Abhijit, the Crown Prince of Uttarakut, meets Bibhuti, while he is on his way to the Temple.

MESSENGER. Bibhuti! The Crown Prince has sent me to you.

BIBHUTI. What is his wish?

Messenger. You have been for a long time building up an embankment across the waterfall of Muktadhārā. Over and over again it gave way, and men perished, smothered with sand and earth; and others got washel away by the flood. At last, to-day—

BIBHUTI. My object is accomplished; and the sacrifice of their lives has met with its fulfilment.

MESSENGER. The inhabitants of Shiutarai are still ignorant of this fact. They cannot believe, that any man can deprive them of the water, which has been to them the gift of God.



BIBHUTI. God has given them the water; but He has given me the power to bind that water.

Messenger. They don't know that, within a week, their fields—

BIBHUTI. Why talk about their fields? What have I to do with their fields?

Messenger: Was n't it your object to devastate their fields with drought?

BIBHUTI. My object was to make Man triumphant over the sands and water and stones, which conspired against him. I had not the time to trouble my mind about what would happen to some wretched maize field of some wretched cultivator in some place or other.

Messenger. The Crown Prince asks you, if the time has not come at last for you to trouble your mind about it.

BIBHUTI. No! My mind is occupied with the contemplation of the majesty of the Machine.

MESSENGER. Cannot the cry of hunger interrupt that contemplation?

BIBHUTI. No! the pressure of water cannot break my embankment; the cry of hunger cannot sway my Machine.

Messenger. Are n't you afraid of curses?

BIBHUTI. Curses?—When labourers became scarce in Uttarakut, I had all the young men of over eighteen years of age from every house of Pattana village brought out by the King's command, and a great number of them never returned to their homes. My Machine has triumphed against the storm of mothers' curses. He who fights God's own power, is not afraid of man's malediction.

MESSENGER. The Crown Prince says that you have already attained. the glory of a creation; and now it is time for you to attain a greater glory by demolishing that creation.

BIBHUTI. So long as my work remained unfinished, it was mine. But now that it is finished, it belongs to all Uttarakut. I have no longer the right to demolish it.

MESSENGER. The Crown Prince declares, that he will take this right into his own hands.

BIBHUTI. Are these words from our own Crown Prince himself? Does he not belong to us?

MESSENGER. He says, that it has yet to be proved, whether God's Will has found its entrance into the Government of Uttarakut; the Machine must not stand between.

BIBHUTI. It is my mission to prove, by the force of the Machine, that God's throne is ours. Tell the Crown Prince, that no road is left open to make the Machine slacken its grip.

MESSENGER. The God, who breaks, does not need the broad road for his passage. The smallest holes, which escape our notice, are enough for him.

BIRHUTI. Holes! What do you know about them?

MESSENGER. Nothing. But He knows, who makes use of them.

[Messenger goes.

Citizens of Uttarakut, on their way to the Temple, meet Bibhuti.

1st CITIZEN. Engineer, you're a wonderful fellow! We never noticed when you got ahead of us!

2ND CITIZEN. That 's ever been his habit. Nobody knows how he wins in the race. That shaven-headed Bibhuti of our Chabua village got his ears pulled along with ourselves at the village school.



And yet he's done such wonders, surpassing us all!

3RD CITIZEN. Hallo, Gobru! why d'you stand there, basket in hand, with your mouth wide open? Is this the first time you 've seen Bibhuti? Bring out the garlands. Let's garland him.

BIBHUTI. No, no! What's the use of doing that?

3RD CITIZEN. Why do you say 'no'? If the length of your neck could keep pace with your greatness, it'd grow like a camel's and we'd load it up to the tip of your nose with garlands.

2ND CITIZEN. Harish, our drummer, has n't yet arrived.

1st Citizen. That man 's the very prince of the sluggards! He needs a good beating on the drum of his back.

3RD CITIZEN. Nonsense, he can beat the drum far better than we can.

4TH CITIZEN. The idea came to me, that we might borrow the chariot from Samanta, to drive Bibhuti on it to the Temple. But we hear that the king himself'll go walking to the temple. Let's carry him on our shoulders.

BIBHUTI. No, no! This is too much!
5TH CITIZEN. Not at all! You were
born in the lap of Uttarakut, and now you
've got to be raised on its shoulders.

(They all take him up and sing.)
The Song of the Machine.

We salute the Machine, the Machine!

Loud with its rumbling of wheels,

Quick with its thunder flame,

Fastening its fangs

into the breast of the world. Hurling against obstructions

its fiery defiance

That melts iron, crushes rocks, And drives the inert from its rest. We salute the Machine, the Machine!

Now stolidly stable, with timber

and stones.

Now light and free, like a storm cloud Sailing across earth, water and sky.

The Machine, whose claws wrench bare

The entrails of the earth.

Whose magic net captures in its meshes

The elements elusive and subtle.

We salute the Machine, the Machine!

[They all go out.

Enter the King Ranajit and his Minister from the Camp.

RANAJIT. You ever failed thoroughly to subdue our subjects in Shiu-tarai. And now, Bibhuti has made it possible at last by controlling the waterfall, Muktadhārā. But how is it, that you do not show any sign of elation? Is it jealousy?

MINISTER. Pardon me, Your Majesty. It is not our business to wrestle with the clay and stones by the help of spades and pickaxes. Our weapon is diplomacy. We deal with men's minds. It was I who advised you to send the Crown Prince to Shiu-tarai; and the embankment, which could have been built up by this policy, would have controlled a turbulent force with greater security and permanence than this one before us

KANAJIT. Yet what was the result? They have not paid taxes for two years. Famines are not unusual among them, yet in former days they had never left their dues unpaid.

MINISTER. Something more valuable than taxes was being realised at the very moment when you ordered the Crown Prince back. It is not a sound policy to despise the small. When things are intol-



erable, then the small becomes great with the power of their suffering.

RANAJIT. You change the tune of your advice, time after time. I distinctly remember how you have often said to me that it is easiest to put pressure upon those, who are down below you, from the vantage ground of the higher position; and that foreign subjects must always be under that pressure.

MINISTER. Yes, I did say that; but the circumstances then were different; therefore my advice was timely. But now,—

RANAJIT. It was against my wish to send the Crown Prince to Shiu-tarai.

MINISTER. Why, Sire?

RANAJIT. Distance has its dignity. Familiarity diminishes it. You can win the hearts of your own people through love; but aliens must be won over by fear.

MINISTER. You forget, Sire, what was the real reason for sending the Crown Prince to Shiu-tarai. For some days, we had noticed in him a spirit of restlessness, and we suspected that, by some chance, he had come to know that he was not born to the royal house, but picked up near the source of this waterfall. Therefore in order to keep his mind engaged,—

RANAJIT. Yes, I know. He began to visit the source of the waterfall alone, in the night. Once I surprised him, and asked him what was the matter, and why he was there. It esaid, "I find my mother's tongue in the murmurs of this water."

MINISTER. Once I asked him what had come over him, and why he was so often absent from the palace. He answered, that he had come into the world to open out roads: this was the inner meaning of his life which he must fulfil:

RANAJIT. The prophecy, that he would be the ruler of a great empire, is no longer credible.

MINISTER. But, Sire, it was the guru of your guru who came here specially for the purpose of telling you this. He made that prediction.

RANAJIT. He must have been mistaken. The Crown Prince, in all his moods, has always made me suffer loss. By his last fit of folly, wantonly destroying the wall across the Nandi Pass, he has undone the work in a few days which our forefathers took years to complete. And now there will be nothing to prevent the wool and other products of Shiu-tarai from finding their outlet in markets beyond our own kingdom. This will raise the price of food and clothing in Uttarakut.

MINISTER You must remember that he is young and takes an one-sided view of his duty, having only the good of Shiutarai in view.

RANAJIT. But that is what I call rebellion against his own people. I am sure that Vairagi* Dhananjai, of Shiu-tarai, whose business it is to incite our subjects against us, must have had a hand in this business. We must throttle this man with his own rosary. We must capture him.

MINISTER. I dare not contradict. But I am sure you know, that there are dangers which are better left free, than captured.

RANAJIT. You need not trouble yourself about it.

MINISTER. No Sire! I want you to trouble about it.

Enter Warder.

WARDER. Sire, your uncle, Viswajit, of Mohangarh, has come.

* A mendicant ascetic singer.



RANAJIT. There is another of them! He is the worst of all those, who have acted their part in spoiling the Crown Prince. The man, who is a relation and yet an alien, is like a hump on the back of a hunch-back. It always follows you. You cannot cut it off, and yet it is a trouble to bear it. What is that?

MINISTER. The devotees have come out, and are going round the temple in procession.

The Devotees come and sing the rest of their song.

Victory to the fearful flame,

That tears the heart of darkness, That burns to ashes things that are dead, Victory to him, whose voice thunders

forth Truth.

Whose right arm smites the unrighteous, Whose guidance leads mortals across death. The Terrible!

[They go away.

Viswajit, the uncle of Ranajit, enters.

RANAJIT. My greeting to you! I never expected the good fortune of your coming and joining with us to-night in our worship.

VISWAJIT. I have come to warn you that the God Bhairava will reject the worship you bring to him to-night.

RANAJIT. Such words from you are an insult to our great Festival.

VISWAJIT. Festival? For what? For shutting up the water, that has ever poured forth from the cup of the God of Gods, so that all who thirst may drink? Why did you do it?

Ranajir. To defeat our enemies!

VISWAJIT. Are you not afraid of making an enemy of your God himself?

RANAJIT. Our victory is His. He is

the Patron God of Uttarakut. Therefore He has allowed His own boon to be withdrawn for our sake. He will bring Shiu-tarai to the feet of Uttarakut, piercing its heart with the spear of thirst.

VISWAJIT. If that is true, then the worship you offer to Him is no worship at all, but merely wages.

RANAJIT. Uncle, you are partial to the outsiders, and against your own kith and kin. It is through your lessons that Abhijit has failed fully to accept the duties of the kingdom of Uttarakut which are to be his hereafter.

VISWAJIT. Through my lessons!—Was there not a time when I belonged to your party? After your actions had caused a rebellion in Pattana, was it not I who crushed it, desolating the whole place? Then came that boy Abhijit into my heart. He came like a flash of light; and those whom I had struck, blinded by the darkness of my heart—I could see them, for the first time, in their full humanity. You accepted him into your home, because you found in him the signs of a World Emperor; and now you try to keep him tied to the limits of the throne of Uttarakut.

RANAJIT. I am sure that it was you, who divulged to him the secret; it was you, who told him that he was a foundling picked up at the source of the waterfall, Muktadhārā.

VISWAJIT. Yes, I did. It was on the night of the Lamp Festival in my palace. I found him standing alone in the balcony, gazing at the summit of Gauri. I asked him, what he was looking at. He said that he saw the vision of the roads of the future,—the roads which

had not yet been built across the difficult passes of the mountains; the roads that would bring the distant near. When I heard him, I said to myself, that nothing could keep such a child captive, whom some homeless mother had given birth to near the waterfall, which seeks its home in the Unknown. I could not contain myself and I said to him,—'My child, that bare mountain accepted you in its arms when you were born by the roadside. The welcome music of the home was not for you at your birth.'

RANAJIT. Now, I understand.

VISWAJIT. What do you understand?

RANAJIT. Abhijit has lost his feeling of attachment for our royal house ever since the time he heard this news from you. In order to show this disaffection the first thing he did was to break the wall of the fort of Nandi and open out the road of Nandi Pass.

VISWAJIT. What harm was there in that? The open road belongs to all, —as much to Uttarakut as to Shiu-tarai.

RANAJIT. Uncle, I have borne with you for long, but no more of this! You must leave my kingdom!

VISWAJIT. I have not the power to leave you. But if you leave me, I shall merely suffer it.

[Goes.

Enters Amba.

AMBA. Who are you there? The sun is about to set, but my Suman has n't yet come back.

RANAJIT. Who are you?

AMBA. I'm nobody. He, who was my all in all, has been taken away from me along this path. And has this path no end? Does my Suman walk and ever walk on, into the West, across the

peak of Gauri, where the sun is sinking, the light is sinking, and everything is sinking?

RANAJIT (to his minister). It seems that—

MINISTER. Yes, Sire, it must be connected with the building up of the embankment.

RANAJIT (to Amba). Set your mind free from all grief. I assure you, your son has received the last great gift of life.

AMBA. If that were true, he would have brought it to my hands in the evening. For I'm his mother.

RANAJIT. He will bring it. That evening time has not yet come.

AMBA. May your words turn out to be true! I shall wait for him on this road leading to the temple.

She goes.

A Schoolmaster enters, with a group of boys.

Schoolmaster. These wretched boys are in for a good caning, I can see. Shout, with your loudest voices boys: "Salve Imperator."

Boys. 'Salve Im-'

SCHOOLMASTER. '-perātor!'

Boys. '-perator!'

SCHOOLMASTER. 'Salve Imperator Imperatorum!'

Boys. 'Salve Imperator-'

SCHOOLMASTER. - 'Imperatorum!'

Boys. 'Imperatorum!'

RANAJIT. Where are you going?

SCHOOLMASTER. Your Majesty is about to confer special honour on the Royal Engineer, Bibhuti; and I am taking my boys to the festival, in order to share in the rejoicing. I do not want my boys to miss any opportunity of participating in the glory of Uttarakut.

RANAJIT. Do these boys know what Bibhuti has done?

THE Boys. (clapping their hands and jumping). Yes! Yes! We know. He has shut up the drinking water of the Shiu-tarai people!

RANAJIT. Why has he shut it up?

Boys. To give them a good lesson.

RANAJIT. What for?

Boys. To make them smart!

RANAJIT. Why?

Boys. Because they are bad!

RANAJIT. Why bad?

Boys. Oh they are terribly bad. Everybody knows it!

RANAJIT. Then, you do not know why they are bad?

SCHOOLMASTER. Certainly, they know it, Your Majesty. (To the boys) What's happened to you, you blockheads? Have n't you—Have n't you,—in your books?—Have n't you—in your books?—(in a low voice, whispering) Their religion is rotten!

Boys. Yes! Yes! Their religion is rotten!

Schoolmaster. And they are not like us,—come, answer, boys,—don't you remember (pointing to his nose).

Boys. Yes, they haven't got high-bridged noses.

SCHOOLMASTER. Good! Of course you know what has been proved by our Professor. What does a high-bridged nose denote?

Boys. The greatness of the race!

SCHOOLMASTER. Good! Good! And what is the mission of the greater races?—Speak out! They conquer—speak out!—They conquer,—the world,—for themselves. Is not that so?

Boys. Yes! They conquer the world for themselves.

SCHOOLMASTER. Is there a single case, in which Uttarakut has been defeated in a war?

Boys. No, never!

SCHOOLMASTER. You all know how the grandfather of our king, with only 293 soldiers, put to flight 31,700 barbarians from the South. Isn't that true, boys?

Boys. Yes!

SCHOOLMASTER. Your Majesty may rest assured that these very boys will one day be a terror to all those who have the misfortune to be born outside boundaries. I shall be false to vocation as a schoolmaster if this does not happen. I never allow myself to forget for one moment the great responsibility which we teachers have. We build up men! Your statesmen merely them.—And yet Your Majesty take the trouble to compare the pay, which they draw, with what we get.

MINISTER. But those very students are your best reward.

Schoolmaster. Wonderfully uttered! Indeed, they are our best reward! Beautiful! But, Sir, food is becoming so dear nowadays. For instance, the butter from cow's milk was once—

MINISTER. You needn't go on. I shall ponder over this question of the butter from cow's milk. Now you may take your leave.

[The Schoolmaster, with his boys, departs.]

RANAJIT. Inside the skull of this schoolmaster of yours, there is nothing but the butter made of cow's milk.

MINISTER. Nevertheless, Sire, such people are useful. He loyally repeats the lesson, day after day, according to the instruction that he has received. If he had



more brains, such a thing as this would not be possible.

RANAJIT. What is that in the sky?

MINISTER. Have you forgotten about it? That is the top of Bibhuti's Machine.

RANAJIT. I have never seen it so clear as it is to day.

MINISTER. The storm this morning has cleared the sky. That is why it is so distinct.

RANAJIT. Don't you see how the sun from behind it looks red with anger, and the Machine appears like the menacing fist of a giant. It has not been at all proper to raise it so high.

MINISTER. The thing appears like a spasm of agony in the heart of the sky.

RANAJIT. It is time for us to go to the temple.

They go.

A second group of Citizens of Uttarakut enters.

1st CITIZEN. Don't you notice, how Bibbuti seeks to evade us now-a-days? He tries to rub off from his skin the fact that he was bred up along with ourselves. One day he'll realise, that it's not good for the sword to grow longer than the sheath.

2ND CITIZEN. Whatever you may say, Bibhuti has upheld the reputation of Uttarakut.

1st CITIZEN. Stop that nonsense! You're making too much of him! This embankment, which has cost him all his resources, has given way ten times at least.

3rd CITIZEN. Who knows that it won't give way once again?

1st CITIZEN. Have you noticed the mound on the northern side.

2ND CITIZEN. What about it?

1st Citizen. Don't you know? Everybody, who has seen it, says—

2ND CITIZEN. What? Tell me.

1st CITIZEN. You are a simpleton! Don't you know, that from one end to the other, it's—Oh, rubbish!

2ND CITIZEN. Do explain it to me a little more clearly.

1st Citizen. Wait a while. It 'll explain itself, when all of a sudden— (ends with a gesture).

2ND CITIZEN. Terrible! All of a sudden? 1st CITIZEN. Yes! Jagru will be able to tell you all about it. He has measured every inch of it.

2ND CITIZEN. That's the best thing about Jagru. He has a wonderfully cool head. When everybody's delirious with admiration, he quietly brings out his measuring tape.

3RD CITIZEN. Some people say that all the science of Bibhuti—

1st Citizen. Yes, yes! It's stolen from Benkot Varma. He was a great man, indeed! Yes indeed, he was great! There was nobody like him. What brains! What prodigious brain power!—And yet Bibhuti gets all the rewards, and that poor man,—he actually died of starvation.

3RD CITIZEN. Only of starvation?

1ST CITIZEN. Whether from starvation or from some food from some hand,—who knows? But what's the use of discussing it? Someone may overhear what we 're saying. There are all kinds of scandal-mongers in this land. Our people can't bear to hear good of others.

2ND CITIZEN. Whatever you may say, . he's a—

1st CITIZEN. What wonder is there in that. Just consider in what soil he flourished. That Chabua village of ours,—don't

you realise, it has given birth to my great grandfather?—Of course you know his name.

2ND CITIZEN. Of course! Everybody in Uttarakut knows him. He's that—what do you call it?

1st CITIZEN. Bhāskar. There was none in the whole kingdom of Uttarakut, who could come near to him in making snuff. The great Rajah Satrujit could n't pass a day without buying snuff from him.

3RD CITIZEN. Let's hurry to the temple now. We belong to the same village as Bibhuti. Our place will be on his right side.

Batu from behind the screen cries out:— Don't go, friends! Don't go! Turn away from this path!

2ND CITIZEN. There he is, -old Batu!

Batu enters with a torn blanket on his back and a crooked stick in his hand.

1st CITIZEN. Where are you going, Batu?

BATU. I warn you, friends! Don't take that path! Go back, while there's time!

2ND CITIZEN. Why?

BATU. They'll sacrifice,—sacrifice human beings! They've taken away by force two of my grandsons, who never returned.

3RD CITIZEN. Sacrifice? Before whom? BATU. Before the Demon Thirst!

2ND CITIZEN. Who's that?

BATU. The Demon whose dry tongue grows and grows, like a flame of fire fed by the oil.

1st CITIZEN. Madman! We're going to Bhairava's temple. Where's your Demon Thirst there?

BATU. Haven't you heard the news? They're going to dethrone Bhairava to-

day, and the Demon Thirst will occupy his altar.

2ND CITIZEN. Hold your tongue, madman! The people of Uttarakut will cut you to pieces, if they hear you talk like this.

BATU. They're throwing mud at me, and the children are pelting me with stones. Everybody's saying, that my grandsons were fortunate in being able to give up their lives.

1st CITIZEN. That's true!

BATU. True? If the offer of life does not bring life in return,—if with death you gain death itself,—then Bhairava will never allow such an utter loss! I warn you, friends, never take that path!

[He goes.

2ND CITIZEN. I must confess his words seem to send a shiver of cold through my blood.

1st Citizen. Ranju, you're a great coward. Let's go!

[They all go.

Enter the Crown Prince Abhijit and the Prince Sanjay.

SANJAY. I cannot understand why you are leaving our palace.

ABHIJIT. You will not fully understand it. For how are you to know that my life is a stream which must have its free course over the stones of the king's house.

SANJAY. We all have noticed, that you have been feeling restless for some time past. It seemed as if the bond that kept you tied to us was slackening every day. Has it snapped at last?

ABHIJIT. Sanjay! Look at that image of the sunset over the peak of Gauri! Some bird of fire has spread its wings and is flying towards the night. The



setting sun has drawn in the sky the picture of my own life's adventure.

Sanjay. To me the picture is different. Look how the top of that Machine has pierced the heart of this evening. It seems like a stricken bird falling head foremost into the valley of night! I do not like this omen! Now is the time for rest. Come into the palace.

ABHIJIT. Where there is an obstruction, there can be no rest.

Sanjay. How have you discovered, after all these days, this obstruction of which you are speaking?

ABHIJIT. I discovered it when I heard that they had bound the waters of Mukta-dhārā.

Sanjay. I do not understand the meaning of these words.

ABHIJIT. Every man has the mystery of his inner life somewhere written in the outer world. The secret of my own life has its symbol in that waterfall of Mukta-dhārā. When I saw its movements shackled, I received a shock at the very root of my being; I discovered that this throne of Uttarakut is an embankment built up across my own life's current. And I have come out into the road to set free its course.

SANJAY. Take me with you as your companion!

ABHIIIT. No! You have to find out your own course. If you follow me, then I shall only obscure it—your own true path.

Sanjay. Do not be so hard! You hurt me!

ABHIJIT. You know my heart; and you will understand me even when I pain you.

SANJAY. I do not wish to question you as to the source from which your call has come. But, Prince, now it is evening,

and the music of the nightfall comes floating from the palace tower. Has not this also its call? All that is stern and strenuous may have its glory. But all that is sweet has also its value.

ABHIJIT. The pursuit of the hard is for paying the price of the sweet.

Sanjay. Do you remember, the other day, you were surprised to find a white lotus before your seat, where you have your prayer? Some one had gathered that lotus early in the morning before you were awake, and you were not told who it was. Can you ignore, at a moment like this, the divine gift which lies hidden in the heart of that little incident? Does not the face of that timid creature haunt your memory, who hid herself, but not her worship?

ABHIJIT. Yes, it does! And for the sake of that very love, which is in this world, I cannot tolerate this hideousness. It kills the music of the earth, and laughs its sinister laughter, displaying its rows of steel teeth in the sky. Because I love the paradise of the Gods, I am ready to fight the Titans who menace it.

SANJAY. Cannot you see the picture of an infinite sorrow in the twilight glow, clinging to that purple hill?

ABHIJIT. Yes, my heart fills with tears. I never boast of harshness as heroic. Look at that tiny bird, sitting on the topmost branch of the pine tree, all alone. I do not know whether it will go to its nest, or take its journey across the night to a distant forest; but the sight of that lonely bird gazing at the last ray of the setting sun fills my heart with a sadness which is sweet. How beautiful is this world! Here is my salutation to all that has made my life sweet.

Enters Batu.

BATU. They would n't let me go on, but turned me back with blows.

ABHUIT. What has happened to you, Batu? There is a wound on your forehead, from which blood flows.

BATU. I came out to warn them; I cried out to them to leave that path and go back.

ABHIJIT. Why?

BATU. Don't you know, Prince? They're going to instal, upon the altar of the Machine, the Demon Thirst. They will sacrifice human beings to this Demon.

Sanjay. What is this wild talk?

BATU. They've already poured out the blood of my own two grandsons at the foundation of this altar. I'd hoped that this shrine of sin would break into pieces with its own load of evil. But that has not yet come to pass; and the God Bhairava has not yet awakened out of sleep.

ABHIJIT. Yes, the shrine will break in pieces. The time has come!

BATU (coming close to him, whispers). Then you must have heard,—heard the call of Bhairava?

Авнит. Yes, I have heard.

BATU. Then there is no escape for you? ABHIJIT. No escape for me!

BATU. Don't you see how the blood flows from my wound? Will you be able to bear it, Prince, when your heart bleeds?

Авнит. By the grace of Bhairava, I shall bear it.

BATU. When everybody becomes your enemy? When your own people renounce you?

Авнит. I must bear it! Вати. Then there's no fear! Авнит. No fear for me. BATU. Good! Keep me in your mind. I'm also bound for that path. You 'll be able to recognise me, even in the dark, by this mark of blood, which Bhairava Himself has painted on my forehead.

[Batu goes.

Enters the King's Guard, Uddhab

UDDHAB (to the Crown Prince). Sire, what made you open out the road along the Nandi Pass?

ABHIJIT. To save the people of Shiutarai from perpetual famine.

UDDHAB. Our King is kind! Is he not always ready to help them?

ABHIJIT. When the right hand in its miserliness shuts out the path of plenitude, the generosity of the left hand is no help at all. For this I have freed the passage of provisions in Shiu-tarai. I have no respect for that mercy, which keeps poverty dependent on it.

UDDHAB. The King says, that you have taken the bottom out of *Uttarakut*'s food vessel by breaking down the fort of the Nandi Pass.

ABHUIT. I have set Uttarakut free from remaining for all time a parasite of Shiutarai.

UDDHAB. It was extremely rash of you. The King has heard the news. I dare not say any more. Leave this place at once, if you can do so. It's not safe for me to be seen talking with you on the road.

[Uddhab goes.

Enters Amba.

AMBA. Suman, my darling! Have none of you followed that path, along which they took my Suman?

ABHIJIT. Have they taken your son away?

AMBA. Yes, towards the West, where



the sun sinks, where the days come to their end.

ABHIJIT. My journey is also along that path.

AMBA. Then remember an unfortunate woman like me. When you meet him, tell him that mother is waiting.

Авнугт. Yes, I shall tell him.

[Amba goes out.

The Devotees of Bhairava enter singing Victory to Him, who is Terrible!

The Lord of Destruction!

The uttermost Peace!

The Dissolver of doubts,

The Breaker of fetters!

Who carries us beyond all conflicts.
The Terrible! The Terrible!

They go.

Enters a General, Bijaypal.

BIJAYPAL. Princes, accept my humble salutation. I come from the King.

ABHIJIT. What is his command?

BIJAYPAL. I must tell it to you in secret.

SANJAY (holding Abhijit by his hand). Why in secret?—Secret even from me?

BIJAYPAL. Such is my instruction. I beg you, Crown Prince, to enter the tent.

SANJAY. I must accompany him.

(Attempts to do so)

BIJAYPAL. No! That will be against the wishes of the King.

SANJAY. Then I shall wait for him at this road side.

[Abhijit, followed by Bijaypal, goes towards the tent.

Enters a Flower-seller.

FLOWER-SELLER (to Sanjay). Sir, who is this man, Bibhuti, of Uttarakut?

Sanjay. Why do you seek him?

FLOWER-SELLER. I'm a stranger coming from Deotali, and I've heard that they

are throwing flowers on his path in Uttarakut. He must be some saint. So I've brought these flowers from my own garden to offer to him.

Sanjay. He is not a saint, but a clever man.

FLOWER-SELLER. What has he done? SANJAY. He has bound up our waterfall.

FLOWER-SELLER. Is all this worship for that? Will the binding of the water-fall serve God's purpose?

SANJAY. No. It will fetter God's own designs.

FLOWER-SELLER. I don't understand.

SANJAY. It is good for you not to understand it. Go back again! (She starts to go.) Stay, hear me! Will you sell that white lotus to me?

FLOWER-SELLER. I can't sell this flower, which I had already offered in my mind to some saint.

SANJAY. The saint, whom I venerate more than any one else, shall have this.

FLOWER-SELLER. Then take it. (He offers money.) No! No price for this! Give the Father my salutation, and tell him that I'm the poor woman of Deotali, who sells flowers.

[She goes.

Enters Bijaypal.

SANJAY. Where is the Crown Prince?
BIJAYPAL. He is a captive in the tent.
SANJAY. The Crown Prince a captive!
What arrogance!

BIJAYPAL. Here is the warrant from the King.

SANJAY. Whose conspiracy is this? Let me go to him for a moment.

BIJAYPAL. Pardon me, I cannot.

Sanjay. Then arrest me, also! I am a rebel!

BIJAYPAL. I have not the instructions. Sanjay. I go myself to force from him the instructions. (He goes some way, and then returns.) Give this white lotus to the Crown Prince, in my name.

[They go out.

Enters the Bairagi, Dhananjay of Shiutarai with citizens who are his followers from Shiutarai.

DHANANJAY (to one of his followers). You look as pale as a ghost! Why? What's the matter?

1st Shiu-tarai Citizen. Master, the blows from Chandapal, the King's brother-in-law, have become intolerable!

The Shin-tarai Leader, Ganesh, enters.

GANESH. Father, give me your orders! Let me snatch away the baton from that scoundrel, Chandapal, and prove to him what a blow can really mean.

DHANANJAY. * You had better try to prove what a 'no blow' can really mean! The helm's not for beating the waves, but for conquering them by keeping itself steady.

2ND SHIU-TARAI CITIZEN. Then, what's your wish?

DHANANJAY. Raise your head! Say that nothing hurts you, and then the hurt will receive its death blow.

3RD SHIU-TARAI CITIZEN. It's difficult to say that nothing hurts me!

DHANANJAY. The true man within us is a flame of fire. He consumes all hurts in light. Only the brute beast is hurt. The brute beast is flesh, and it goes whining when it is struck.—Why do you stand

* The character of Dhananjay and a great part of the language he utters are taken from an earlier play of the Poet, called 'Prayaschitta,' which was written more than fifteen years ago. with your mouths gaping wide open? Cannot you follow my words!

2ND S. CITIZEN. Father, we understand you! It doesn't matter if we fail to understand your words.

DHANANJAY. Then it's past cure.

GANESH. It takes a most tedious time to understand words. But when we understand you, we are saved at once.

DHANANJAY. Saved at once? But what about later on?

GANESH. We know that we must come to you for our shelter, and that shows that we understand.

DHANANJOY. No, not in the least. That's why your eyes are still red with passion, and your voice lacks music. Shall I give you the proper tune?

He sings.

Let your hurts come upon me, Master! More, if you wish, and yet more!

You cowards! In order to avoid being hurt, you either hurt others, or else run away. Both are the same. Both are for the brute beasts.

He sings again.

I hide myself, I run away.

I try to avoid you in fear.

Capture me, and take all that I have !

Look here, children! I am going to make my final reckoning with the great God, Mrityunjay,* the Conqueror of death. I want to say to him, "Try me, and see if blows hurt me, or not." I must not in this voyage burden my boat with those who fear and those who frighten others.

He sings again.

May this be my last stake at the game! Let me see whether I win, or thou!

* A name of the God Shiva meaning the Death-Conqueror.



In the markets, in the highways, among the crowds,

I had my mirth and I laughed.

Let me see if at last you can make me

weep!

ALL (Crying out together). Bravo, Father.—" Let me see if at last you can make me weep."

2ND S. CITIZEN. .Tell us where are you going?

DHANANJAY. To the King's Festival.

3RD S. CITIZEN. But the King's Festival is not for you. Why do you go there at all?

DHANANJAY. I must make my name known in the King's Court.

4TH S. CITIZEN. When once he catches you, then he'll—. But, no! that must never be!

DHANANJAY. Let it be, man! Let it be to the full!

1st S. CITIZEN. You 're not afraid of the King, Master. But we dread him!

DHANANJAY. That's only because, in your secret hearts, you want to hurt. But I don't want to hurt, and therefore I never fear.

2ND S. CITIZEN. Very well then. We also shall accompany you!

3RD S. CITIZEN. Yes! We shall go to the King's Court.

DHANANJAY. What will you ask the King?

3RD S. CITIZEN. There are so many things to ask. But the question is, which of them will be granted.

DHANANJAY. Why not ask for the kingdom?

3RD S. CITIZEN. Father, you're joking! DHANANJAY. Not at all! If the kingdom belonged to the king alone and not also to the subjects, then the hopping about of that one-legged kingdom might make you jump with fright; but it would bring tears to the eyes of God!—You must claim the kingdom for the sake of the king himself.

2ND S. CITIZEN. But when they come to push us out?

DHANANJAY. The push from the king will come back upon the king himself, if your claim has truth.

He sings.

I forget, and forget again, my Lord,
That Thou callest us to Thine own seat.
—Shall I tell you the truth, children? So
long as you don't recognise the seat to be
His, your claim to the throne will be futile.

He sings again.

Thy door-keepers do not know us, They shut the gate against our face.

We stand outside Thy house.

How are the door-keepers to recognise us? The dust has settled upon the mark of royalty on our foreheads. We can show nothing to prove our claim.

He sings once more.

Thou hast given us life with Thine

own hand.

And with it Thy crown of honour, But greed, fear and shame smudge it

with grimy touch,

And Thy gift is obscured day by day.

1st S. CITIZEN. Whatever you may say, we don't understand why you're going to the King's Court.

DHANANJAY. Shall I tell you why? It's because I have misgivings in my mind about you.

1st S. CITIZEN. Why, Father?

DHANANJAY. The more you cling to me, while trying to swim, the more you forget your lessons in swimming, and also keep dragging me down. I must take my leave of you and go where nobody follows me.

1st S. CITIZEN. But the king won't easily let you go!

DHANANJAY. Why should he let me go? 2ND S. CITIZEN. We can never remain quiet, if they molest you!

DHANANJAY. If He, to whom I have dedicated this body of mine, chooses to suffer through me, you also will have to be patient.

1st S. CITIZEN. Very well, then, Father! Let us also go, and then let happen what may!

DHANANJAY. You must wait here for me. This is a strange place and I must get to know something about the neighbourhood.

[He goes.

1st S. CITIZEN. Have you noticed the features of these men of Uttarakut? They look as if the Creator, when He made them, had begun with a big lump of flesh and had had no time to finish His work.

2ND S. CITIZEN. And do you see how they dress themselves in tight clothes.

3RD S. CITIZEN. They pack themselves up tightly in bundles as though to prevent the least leakage.

1st S. CITIZEN. They're born to drudgery. They spend their lives in going from market to market, and from one landing place to another.

2ND S. CITIZEN. They 've no culture worth speaking of. The books that they have are worth nothing.

1st S. CITIZEN. Nothing at all. Havn't you noticed the letters in them like lines of white ants creeping across the page.

2ND S. CITIZEN. Well said! White ants indeed! Their culture gnaws everything to pieces.

3RD S. CITIZEN. And heaps up earth mounds. They kill life with their arms and destroy mind with their books.

2ND S. CITIZEN. Sin! Sin! Our guru says that even to cross their shadow is a sin. Do you know why?

3RD S. CITIZEN. Tell me, why.

2ND S. CITIZEN. After the nectar had been churned up by the Gods and Titans from the sea, some drops of it were spilt from the Gods' cups. From the clay thus formed the ancestor of the Shiu-tarai was made. And when the Titans licked the nearly empty cups of the Gods and threw them into the ditch, the broken pieces of the cups were fashioned into the ancestor of the Uttarakut people. That's why they are so hard, and faugh!—so unclean!

3RD S. CITIZEN. Where did you learn all this?

2ND S. CITIZEN. From our own guru!

3RD S. CITIZEN (reverently bowing his head). Guru, you're truth itself!

A group of Uttarakut citizens enters.

1st Uttarakut Citizen. Everything has passed off so happily, excepting the admission of that blacksmith, Bibhuti, into the Kshatriya order by our king.

2ND UTTARAKUT CIT ZEN. That's all a domestic question. We shall deal with that, later on. Meanwhile let's cry "Long live the Royal Engineer, Bibhuti."

3RD UTTARAKUT CITIZEN. He who has united the Kshattriya's weapons with the tools of the Vaishya! "Long live Bibhuti."

1st U. CITIZEN. Hallo! There are some men from Shiu-tarai.

2ND U. CITIZEN. How d' you know?

1st U. CITIZEN. Don't you see their ear-caps. How queer they look! They



seem like people suddenly thumped on the head and thus stopped in their growth.

2ND U. CITIZEN. Of all head dresses, why have they chosen this? Do they think that ears are a mistake of the Creator?

IST U. CITIZEN. They have put an embankment over their ears, lest the precious little intelligence which they have should ooze out.

3RD U. CITIZEN. No, it's rather to prevent any common sense entering in to trouble them.

1st U. CITIZEN. Some ear-pulling ghost of Uttarakut might haunt them!

(They all laugh.)

1st U. CITIZEN. Hallo! You clodhoppers from Shiu-tarai! What's the matter with you?

3RD U. CITIZEN. Don't you know that to-day's our festival? Come and join us in our cry—"Long live the Royal Engineer, Bibhuti!"

1st U. CITIZEN. Are your throats dry? Shout "Long live Bibhuti."

GANESH. Why should we cry "Long live Bibhuti"! What has he done?

1st U. CITIZEN. Just hark at him! "What has he done?" The tremendous news has not reached them yet! That's all the result of their ear-caps!

(The U. Citizens laugh)

3RD U. CITIZEN. Do you ask what he has done? Why! The water to quench your thirst is in his hands! If he witholds it, then you will dry up, like toads in a time of drought!

2ND S. CITIZEN. Our water in Bibhuti's hands! Has he suddenly become a God?

2ND U. CITIZEN. He has dismissed God from service. He 'll take up God's work himself.

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1ST S. CITIZEN. Is there any specimen of his work?

1st U. Citizen. Yes! That embankment across Mukta-dhārā.

(Shiu-tarai people langh loudly.)

2ND U. CITIZEN. D' you take this to be a joke?

GANESH. Why! What else can it be? That son of a blacksmith to snatch away from us the gift that comes from Bhairava Himself!

1st U. CITIZEN. See with your own eyes there in the sky!

2ND S. CITIZEN. Great heavens! What on earth is that?

3RD S. CITIZEN. Good God! It looks like a gigantic grasshopper just going to jump towards the stars!

1st U. CITIZEN. That grasshopper is going to stop, with his legs, your water supply!

GANESH. Leave off that foolery, won't you? Some day you will be saying that the son of this blacksmith is riding the grasshopper in order to catch the moon!

1st U. CITIZEN. That's the beauty of their ear-caps. They refuse to listen and thus they perish!

1st S. Citizen. We refuse to perish!

3RD U. CITIZEN. That sounds well! But who is to save you?

GANESH. Haven't you seen our God, our Vairagi Dhananjay? One of his bodies is in the temple, and one outside.

3RD U. CITIZEN. Listen to these men with their ear-caps on! Nobody can save them from utter destruction.

[The Citizens of Uttarakut go out. Enters Dhananjay.

DHANANJAY. Fools! What have you been saying? Is it in my hand to sa



you from death?—Then you're dead thrice over!

GANESH. The Uttarakut people said to us that Bibhuti has stopped the water of Mukta-dhārā.

DHANANJAY. Did they say that an embankment had been raised?

GANESH. Yes, Father!

DHANANJAY. You haven't listened to them carefully!

Ganesh. It is not worth listening to !

DHANANJAY. Have you kept all your ears with me alone? Must I hear for all of you?

3RD S. CITIZEN. What is there to hear at all, Father?

DHANANJAY. Is it a small thing, to control the turbulent power, whether it is outside us or within us?

GANESH. That may be; but what about this stoppage of—

DHANANJAY That's a different matter; and Bhairava will never suffer it to be done. I must go and find out all about it. This world is full of voices. To stop listening to them is to perish.

[Dhananjay goes out.

Another Citizen from Shiu-tarai enters.

4TH S. CITIZEN. Bishan, what's the news?

BISHAN. The Crown Prince has been recalled from Shiu-tarai.

ALL. Impossible!

BISHAN. What are you to do?

ALL. We shall take him back.

BISHAN. How?

ALL. By force.

BISHAN. What about our King?

ALL. We defy him.

Enter King Ranajit and Minister.
RANAJIT. Whom do you defy?

ALL (to the king). Long live Your Majesty!

GANESH. We have come to you with our prayer.

RANAJIT. What is it?

ALL. We want the Crown Prince for ourselves.

RANAJIT. You are modest in your demand.

1ST S. CITIZEN. Yes, we must take him back to Shiu-tarai.

RANAJIT. And then triumphantly forget to pay the taxes?

ALL. But we're starving.

RANAJIT. Where is your leader?

2ND S. CITIZEN (pointing to Ganesh). Here's our leader, Ganesh.

RANAJIT. No. Where is the Vairagi? GANESH. There he comes.

Enters Dhananjay.

RANAJIT. It is you who make these people forget themselves.

DHANANJAY. Yes, Sir. And I forget myself also.

RANAJIT. Don't parry words with me! Tell me, are you for paying taxes?

DHANANJAY. No, Sir! Decidedly no!

RANAJIT. You are insolent.

DHANANJAY. I must not give you what is not yours.

RANAJIT. Not mine?

DHANANJAY. A part of our excess food belongs to you, but not the food which belongs to our hunger.

RANAJIT. Do you prevent my people from paying me my dues?

DHANANJAY. Yes, they are timid and ready to submit. But I tell them, "Give your life only to Him, whose gift it is."

RANAJIT. Their timidity you merely repress with your own assurance; but when that bloated assurance is pricked



somewhere, the fear will burst out with double force, and then they will be lost. You have trouble written on the tablet of your fate.

DHANANJAY. I have taken that tablet to my heart. There dwells He, who is above all trouble.

RANAJIT (to S. Citizens). All of you go back to your place, and the Vairagi will remain here.

ALL. No, that cannot be!

DHANANJAY. (Sings)

"Remain!" You cry.

But, strain hard as you may,

Only that will remain which must.

King! You can keep nothing by straining. He who gives all, keeps all. That which your greed tries to keep, is a stolen thing. It will have to be given up.

(Sings)

"You are wilful, you are strong, in the injuries you inflict,

There is one who suffers.

And only what he chooses to bear,

Shall be borne.

You make a mistake, King, when you think that the world, which you take by force, is your world. What you keep free, you gain. But seize it, and it eludes you! (Sings),

You dream that you make the world dance,

To the tune of your own desire;

Suddenly your eyes open; you see,

That things happen which you never wish.

RANAJIT. Minister, keep this Vairagi under custody.

MINISTER. Sire,—(pauses)

RANAJIT. This command of mine is not agreeable to you?

MINISTER. A terrible engine of punishment is made ready. You merely weaken it, by trying to add to its fierceness.

S. CITIZENS. We shall never allow this.

DHANANJAY. Leave me, I tell you!

Leave me and go!

1st S. CITIZEN. Have n't you heard, Father, that we have also lost our Crown Prince?

2nd S. CITIZEN. Who is there to sustain our strength if we lose both of you?

DHANANJAY. I am defeated! Let me retire.

ALL. Why, Father?

DHANANJAY. You rejoice to think, that you gain me, and take no heed that you lose yourself! I cannot make good that loss! You put me to shame!

1st S. Citizen. Don't say that! We shall do whatever you wish.

DHANANJAY. Then leave me and go.

2ND S. CITIZEN. But have you the heart to keep away from us? Do you not love us?

DHANANJAY. It is better to love you and keep you free, than to love you and smother you by my love. Go! No more of this! Go, and leave me!

2ND S. CITIZEN. Very well, Father, we go. But-

DHANANJAY. No 'but'! Hold your heads high and go!

ALL. Very well, father, we go!

(They move slowly away.)

DHANANJOY. Is that what you call going? Quick! Begone!

GANESH. As you wish. But you must know, that all our hopes and thoughts remain with you.

[They go.

RANAJIT. What are you thinking of, Vairagi? Why are you so silent?

DHANANJAY. They have made me anxious, King!

RANAJIT. For what?

DHANANJAY. I am afraid that I have succeeded in doing what your own Chandapal has failed to accomplish with his baton.

RANAJIT. What makes you think so?

DHANANJAY. Once I chuckled to myself and said,—"I am strengthening their hopes and thoughts." But today they brutally threw it in my face, that it was I who had robbed them of their hopes and thoughts.

RANAJIT. How has that been made possible?

DHANANJAY. The more I excited them, the less I matured their minds. By making people run and rush, you do not lighten their load of debts.—They believe me to be greater even than their Providence, and to have the power to write off the debt, which they owe to their God. And therefore they shut their eyes and cling to me with all their might.

RANAJIT. They have taken you to be their God.

DHANANIAY. And thus they stop at me, and never reach their true God. He, who could have guided them from within, has been obscured by me, who forced them from outside.

RANAJIT. You prevent them, when they come to pay their dues to their king. But do not you suffer in your mind, when they come to pay you the offering which is for their God?

DHANANJAY. I do indeed! I feel as if I could sink through the ground. They become bankrupt in their minds by spending on me all their worship. The responsibility for their debt will be mine; and I shall not be able to escape from it.

RANAJIT. What is your duty now?

DHANANJAY. To remain away from

them. If it is true that I have raised an embankment across the freedom of their minds, then I am afraid the God Bhairava will take both your Bibhuti and me to account at the same time.

RANAJIT. Then why delay? Why not move away?—(To Uddhab) Take this Vairagi to my tent and keep him there.

[Uddhab takes Dhananjay to the tent. RANAJIT. Minister! Go and see Abhijit in the guard house. If you find him in a repentant mood, then—

MINISTER. Sire, is it not right, that you yourself should personally—

RANAJIT. No, no! He is a traitor against his own people. I shall not see his face, until he confesses his guilt. I go back to my palace. Send me the news there!

[The King goes.

Enter the Devotees, who sing, Victory to the fearful Flame,

That tears the heart of Darkness,
That burns to ashes things which
are dead.

Victory to Him, whose voice thunders forth Truth,

Whose right arm smites the unrighteous,

Whose guidance leads mortals across Death.

[They go.

Udhhab re-enters.

UDDHAB. What is this? The King goes away without seeing the Crown Prince!

MINISTER. He was afraid, lest his resolution should fail him. He was prolonging his talk with the Vairagi, because the conflict was going on in his mind. He could not decide to go into the tent, or to leave the tent. I must go and see the Crown Prince.

[They go out.

Some Citizens from Uttarakut enter.

1st CITIZEN. We must be firm. Let's go to the King.

2ND CITIZEN. What's the good of it? The Crown Prince is the jewel of his heart. We will never be able to judge him; he will only be angry with us.

1st CITIZEN. That does n't matter. We must give him a piece of our mind, whatever may happen after. The Crown Prince made such a fine display of his love for us, and is this the end? Shiutarai has become greater in importance to him than Uttarakut.

2ND CITIZEN. If this can come to pass, then there's no justice in the world!

3RD CITIZEN. It 's impossible to trust anybody merely by his appearance.

1st CITIZEN. If our king does n't punish him, we must do it ourselves.

2ND CITIZEN. What will you do?

1st CITIZEN. He'll not find his place here. He must be sent off along the very path he has opened out at Nandi Pass.

3RD CITIZEN. But that man at Chabua village says, that he's not at Shiu-tarai at this moment. And he cannot be found in the palace here.

1ST CITIZEN. I am sure that our King has been hiding him from us.

3RD CITIZEN. Hiding him? We'll break down the palace walls and drag him out!

1ST CITIZEN. We'll set fire to the palace.

Enter the Minister and Uddhab.

1st Citizen (to the Minister). Don't you try to play the game of hide and seek with us! Bring out the Crown Prince!

MINISTER. Who am I, to bring him out?

2ND CITIZEN. It must have been by your advice.—But, I tell you—it won't do! We'll drag him out from his hiding place.

MINISTER. Then take the reins of this government in your own hands, and release him from the King's prison.

3RD CITIZEN. From the King's prison!
MINISTER. The King has imprisoned him.

ALL. Long live the King! Victory to Uttarakut!

2ND CITIZEN. Come, let's go to the prison, and there—

MINISTER. What?

2ND CITIZEN. We'll take the flowers from the garland that Bibhuti has cast off, and put the string of it on the Crown Prince's neck.

MINISTER. The Crown Prince is guilty, you say, because he has broken the Fort. But is there no guilt in it, when you break the laws of the realm?

2ND CITIZEN. That 's altogether a different affair.

3RD CITIZEN. But if we do break the laws?

MINISTER. You may jump into the void because you are not in love with the ground underneath your feet. But I can assure you, that you won't find yourself in love with that void.

3RD CITIZEN. Then let's go and stand before the Palace and shout, 'Long live the King.'

1ST CITIZEN. Look there! The sun has set, and the sky's growing dark. But that framework of Bibhuti's machine is still glowing. It looks as if it had got red with drunkenness.

2ND CITIZEN. And on that trident, the last sinking light of the day is held aloft. It looks a kind of,—I don't know how to describe it.

[The Citizens of Uttarakut go out. MINISTER. Now I understand, why the King has kept the Crown Prince captive in his own camp.

UDDHAB. Why?

MINISTER. To save him from the hands of his people. But things look ugly. The excitement is growing wilder every moment.

Enters Sanjay.

SANJAY. I dare not show my eagerness to the King, because that only helps to make his determination stronger.

MINISTER. Prince, try to keep quiet. Do not add to the complications which are already too great.

Sanjay. I went to talk to the people. I knew that they loved the Crown Prince more than life itself; that they would not tolerate his imprisonment. But I found them flaming with anger at the news of the opening out of Nandi Pass.

MINISTER. Then you ought to understand, that the Crown Prince's safety lies in his imprisonment itself.

SANJAY. I have ever followed him, from my childhood. Let me follow him into the prison.

MINISTER. What good will that do?

SANJAY. Every man is but half a man by himself. He finds his unity only when he is truly united with someone else. My unity I find in my union with the Crown Prince.

MINISTER. But where the union is true, a mere outward meeting is superfluous. The cloud in the sky, and the water in the sea, are truly one, in spite of their distance from each other. Our Crown Prince must manifest himself through you, where he is absent.

Sanjay. These words do not seem like your own. They sound like his.

MINISTER. · His words are everywhere

in the air of this place. We make use of them, and yet forget that they are his.

SANJAY. You have done well to remind me of this. I shall serve him by living away from him. I must now go to the King.

MINISTER. Why?

SANJAY. I shall ask the King to give me the Governorship of Shiu-tarai.

MINISTER. But the times are very critical.

SANJAY. And therefore, this is the best time.

They go.

Enters Vishwajit, the King's Uncle.

VISHWAJIT. Who is there? Is that Uddhab?

UDDHAB. Yes, Sire!

VISHWAJIT. I was waiting for it to grow dark. Have you received my letter?
UDDHAB, I have.

VISHWAJIT. Have you followed my advice?

UDDHAB. You will know within a short time. But—

VISHWAJIT. Have no misgivings in your mind. The King is not ready to give him freedom: but if, by some chance, someone without his knowledge effects it, it will be a great relief to the King.

UDDHAB. But he will never forgive the man who does it.

VISHWAJIT. My soldiers will take you and your guards captive. The responsibility is mine.

A voice from outside, "Fire! Fire!"

UDDIAB. There it is! They have set on fire the kitchen tent, which is near the guard-room. This is the opportunity



for me to release Dhananjay and the Crown Prince.

(He goes out, and Abhijit comes in later.)

ABHIJIT (to Vishwajit). Why are you here?

VISHWAJIT. I have come to capture you. You must come to Mohangarh.

ABHIJIT. Nothing will be able to keep me captive today,—neither anger, nor affection. You think that you are the agents who set this tent on fire? No! This fire has been waiting for me! The leisure has not been granted to me to remain in captivity.

VISHWAJIT. Why, child? What work have you to do?

ABHIJIT. I must pay off the debt of my birthright. The current of the waterfall has been my first nurse and I must set her free.

VISHWAJIT. There is time enough for that, but not today!

ABHIJIT. All that I know is this, that the time has come! And no one knows when that time will ever come again.

Vishwajit. We also shall join you.

ABHIJIT. No, the quest is mine; it has never reached you.

VISHWAJIT. The people of Shiutarai, who love you and are eagerly waiting to join hands in your work,—will you not call them to your side?

ABHIJIT. If my call had come to them also, they would never sit waiting for me. My call will only lead them astray.

VISHWAJIT. It is growing dark, my child.

ABHIJIT. The light comes from that direction, from whence comes the call.

VISHWAJIT. I have not the power to turn you from your own path. Though you are taking a plunge into the darkness, I will trust in God to guide you. I must leave you in His hands. Only let me hear one word of hope. Tell me, that we shall meet again.

Авніјіт. Keep it ever in your mind, that we can never be separated.

[They go in opposite directions. Enter Batu and Dhananjay.

BATU. Father, the day is ended and it grows dark.

DHANANJAY. My son, we have formed the habit of depending upon the light which is outside us, and therefore we are blinded when it is dark.

BATU. I had thought that the dance of the God, Bhairava, would commence from to-day. But has the Engineer, Bibhuti, bound up even His hands and feet with the machine?

DHANANJAY. When Bhairava begins His dance, it is not visible Only when it comes to its end, is it revealed.

BATU. Give us confidence, Master. We are afraid! Awake Bhairava! Awake! The light has gone out! The path is dark! We find no response! Lord of all conquering Life! Kill our fear with something still more dread! Bhairava, awake! Awake!

Enter Citizens of Uttarakut.

1st CITIZEN. It was a lie! He's not in the prison house! They have bidden him somewhere.

2ND CITIZEN. We shall see how they can hide him.

DHANANJAY. No! They will never be able to hide him. The walls will break down; the gate will be shattered. The light will rush into the dark corner, and everything will be revealed.

1st CITIZEN. Who's this?—He gave me such a stat

3RD CITIZEN. All's right! We must have some victim! This Vairagi will serve us quite well. Bind him!

DHANANJAY. What is the use of catching one, who has always surrendered himself?

1st CITIZEN. Leave your saintliness behind you! We are not your followers.

DHANANJAY. You are fortunate! I know some miserable wretches, who have lost their teacher by following him,

1st CITIZEN. Who is their teacher?

DHANANJAY. Their true teacher is he, from whom they get their blows.

Enter the Devotees, who sing, Victory to the fearful Flame,

That tears the heart of Darkness, That burns to ashes things which are dead, Victory to Him, whose voice thunders

Whose right arm smites the unrighteous, Whose guidance leads mortals across death,

forth Truth.

Victory to Him!

3RD CITIZEN. Look there! Look at that! The evening is darkening and that machine is looking blacker and blacker.

1ST CITIZEN. In the day time, it tried to outmatch the sunlight, and now it's rivalling the night itself in blackness. It looks like a ghost!

2ND CITIZEN. I can't understand why Bibhuti built it in that fashion. Wherever we are in the town, we cannot help looking at it. It's like a shriek rending the sky.

Enters 4th Citizen.

4TH CITIZEN. Our King's uncle has carried away by force the Crown Prince along with the guards who guarded his prison.

1st CITIZEN. What's the meaning of that?

3RD CITIZEN. It shows he has the blood of Uttarakut in his veins. He must have done it, for fear lest the Crown Prince should fail to get his proper punishment from our King.

1st CITIZEN. Outrageous! Think of it! To encroach upon our right to punish our own Prince ourselves!

2ND CITIZEN. The best thing to do, friend, is to—you understand?

1ST CITIZEN. Yes, Yes. The gold mine which he has in his territory,—

3RD CITIZEN. And I've heard from a most reliable source that he has at least fifty thousand head of cattle in his stall. We must take possession of them, counting every head. I'his is insufferable!

4TH CITIZEN. And then again, the yearly yield of his saffron field must amount at least to—

2ND CITIZEN. Yes! yes! His State must be made to disgorge it. What an affront!

1ST CITIZEN. Come! Let us inform the King about it.

They all go.

Enters a Traveller, who shouts out.

1st Traveller. Budhan! Sambhu! Budha-an! Sambhu-u-u! What a nuisance! They sent me in advance, saying they'd overtake me, following the short cut. But there's no sign of them.—(Looking up) That black iron monster over there! It's making grimaces at me! It makes me shiver with fear.—

Enters another Traveller.

Who's there? Why don't you answer? Are You Budhan?

2ND TRAVELLER. I'm Nimku, the lampseller. They 've got an all night festival in the Capital, and lamps will be needed.— Who are you?



1st Traveller. l'm Hubba. belong to a band of strolling players. Did you meet with our party on the way, and their leader Andu?

NIMKU. There are crowds of men coming up. How could I recognise them?

HUBBA. But our Andu is an entire man by himself. You don't have to put on glasses to pick him out of the crowd. He's not a mere fraction.—I say! What a quantity of lamps you have in your basket! Can't you spare one for me? Those who are out in the street have greater need of lamps than those who are in their houses.

NIMKU. How much will you pay for it?

HUBBA. If I could afford to pay, I should order you in a loud voice, and not waste my sweet tones on you!

NIMKU. You seem to be a humorist! He goes.

HUBBA. I failed to get my lamp; but I got my recognition as a humorist! That's something! Humorists have the knack of making themselves felt, even in the dark. Confound this chirping of the crickets! It is like pins and needles in the limbs of the sky, made audible.—I wish I had used my muscle with that lamp-seller, instead of displaying my humour.

Enters a Recruiter.

RECRUITER. Up! up!

HUBBA. Oh, goodness! Why on earth d'you go and frighten me in that way?

RECRUITER. Get ready to start!

KUBBA. That was exactly my intention, my friend. And now I am trying to digest the lesson how to get stuck, when one tries to go ahead.

RECRUITER. Your party is ready. Only you are wanting.

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HUBBA. What do you say? We, inhabitants of Tin Mohana are remarkably inept at understanding words, when their meaning is not clear. What do you mean by my party?

RECRUITER. We inhabitants of Chabua village have become wonderful adepts in making our meaning clear by other means than words. (Gives him a push) Now vou understand!

The H'm! Yes! Hubba. meaning is, I must start, whether I wish it or not. But for what place? Please make your answer a little more gentle this time. That first push of your talk has cleared my mind greatly.

RECRUITER. You have to go to Shiutarai.

HUBBA. To Shiutarai? On this dark night? What is the subject of the play there?

The subject is 'The RECRUITER. rebuilding of the fort of Nandi Pass'.

HUBBA. You mean to rebuild the Fort with my help? My dear friend, it's only because you can't get a good sight of me, in this darkness, that you could ever utter such an absurdity as that! l'm-

RECRUITER. I don't care who you are! You've got your two hands.

HUBBA. That's only because I could not help it. But can you call these-

RECRUITER. The proof of the use of of your hands doesn't come from your mouth. We shall discover it at the right time. Come now! Get up!

Enters 2nd Recruiter.

2ND RECRUITER. Here's another man. Kankar.

KANKAR. Who is he? WAYFARER, I'm nobody, Sir! I am Lachman. I sound the gong in the Temple of Bhairava.

KANKAR. That means your hands are strong. Come to Shiu tarai!

LACHMAN. But the gong?

KANKAR. Bhairava will sound His own gong himself.

LACHMAN. Pray, have pity on me! My wife's ailing!

KANKAR. She'll either be cured or dead, when you're absent. And the same thing 'll happen if you're present.

Hubba. Lachman, my good fellow! Don't make a fuss. The work has its risk, I know. But your objection also has its own risk, and I've had some taste of it already.

KANKAR. Listen! I can hear the voice of Narsingh.

Narsingh enters with a gang of men.

KANKAR. Is the news good, Narsingh? NARSINGH. I've gathered these men for

our purpose. And some have already been despatched.

ONE OF THE PARTY. I refuse to go.

KANKAR, Why? What's the matter with you?

ONE OF THE PARTY. Nothing. But I'm not going.

KANKAR. What's his name, Narsingh?

NARSINGH. His name's Banwari. He makes rosaries out of lotus seeds.

KANKAR. Let me settle with him. (To Banwari) Why do you refuse to go?

Banwari. I've no quarrel with the Shiu-tarai people. They 're not our enemies.

KANKAR. But let's suppose that we are their enemies! Hasn't that also its responsibility?

Banwari. I'd hate to take part in wrong doing.

KANKAR. Wrong's only wrong where you've the right to judge. Uttarakut is a great body, you're only a part. Whatever you do as a part of it—you can have no responsibility for that!

BANWARI. There's a greater body, whose part's Uttarakut as well as Shiu-tarai.

KANKAR. I say, Narsingh! This man argues! Nobody's a greater nuisance for the country than the man who argues!

NARSINGH. Hard work is the best cure for that! This is why I'm taking him along with us.

BANWARI. I'll be only a burden to you, and of no use for your work.

KANKAR. You're a burden to Uttarakut, and we're trying to get rid of you.

Hubba. My dear friend Banwari, you seem to belong to that class of men who are rational and you won't accept the fact that there's another class of men who are powerful. And you two always clash! Either learn their method, or else give up your own and keep quiet.

Banwari. What's your method?

HUBBA. I usually sing. But that would only be useless now, and therefore I keep silence.

KANKAR (to Banwari). Now tell me what you're going to do.

BANWARI. I shan't move a step further.

KANKAR. Oh! Then we'll have to make you move. I say there! Bind him with this rope.

Hubba (intervening). My dear sir, please let me say one word. Don't be angry with me! The force you spend in carrying this man can be better used, if you save it.

KANKAR. Those who are unwilling to serve Uttarakut—we've got, our un-



pleasant duty towards them, and we can't neglect it. D' you understand?

HUBBA. H'm, yes! Very clearly indeed!

[They all go out except Narsingh and Kankar.

NARSINGH, Here comes Bibhuti. Long live Bibhuti!

Enters Bibhuti.

KANKAR. We 've made great progress. Our party's grown strong. Why are you here? They 're waiting for you at their Festival.

BIBHUTI. I have no heart for this Festival.

NARSINGH. Why?

BIBHUTI. The news about the Nandi Pass has deliberately been sent to us to-day, in order to take away from the glory of my reception. There is a rivalry against me.

KANKAR. Who's the rival?

BIBHUTI. I do not want to utter his name. You all know it. The problem has become acute with him,—whether he shall have more honour in this country than I. I have not told you one fact. A messenger came to me from the other party, to lure me away, and he also gave me a hint that they are ready to break the embankment.

NARSINGH. What impudence!

KANKAR. How could you bear it, Bibhuti?

BIBHUTI. It is useless to contradict the ravings of madness.

KANKAR. But is it right to feel too secure? I remember how you said once that there are one or two weak spots, which can easily be—

BIBHUTI. Those who have any information about these weak spots also

know, that they themselves will be carried away by the flood, if they meddle with them.

NARSINGH. Wouldn't it be wise to keep guards at those places?

BIBHUTI. Death itself is keeping guard there. There is not the least fear for my embankment. If only I can shut up once again the Nandi Pass, I shall die happy.

KANKAR. It's not at all difficult for you to do that.

BIBHUTI. My appliances are ready. Only the Pass is so narrow, that it can be defended by a very few men.

KANKAR. That means we shall require men who must die.

From behind the scene, the cry comes, Awake, Bhairava! Awake!

Enters Dhananjay.

KANKAR. This is an evil sight for us at the moment of starting for our adventure.

BIBHUTI. Vairagi, saints like you have never succeeded in awakening Bhairava. But men like myself, whom you call infidels, are on our way to give Him a good rousing up.

DHANANJAY. I have no doubt in my mind, that it's for you to awaken Him.

BIBHUTI. Our process of awakening Him is not through sounding temple gongs and lighting temple lamps.

DHANANJAY. No! When you bind Him with your fetters, e will wake up to break them.

BIBHUTI. Our fetters are not easy to break. The evils are innumerable, and there are an infinite number of knots.

DHANANJAY. His time comes when the obstacle becomes insurmountable.

The devotees come, singing,
Victory to Him, the Terrible,
The Lord of Destruction,
The Uttermost Peace,
The Dissolver of doubts,
The Breaker of fetters,
Who carries us beyond all conflicts,
The Terrible! The Terrible!
Enter Ranajit and Minister.

MINISTER. Sire, the camp is deserted and a great part of it is burnt away. The few guards, who were there—

RANAJIT. Never mind about them. Where is Abhijit? I must know!

KANKAR. King! We claim punishment for the Crown Prince.

RANAJIT. Do I ever wait for your claim, in order to punish the one who deserves it?

KANKAR. The people harbour suspicions in their minds, when they cannot find him.

RANAJIT. Suspicions? Against whom? KANKAR. Pardon me, Sire! You must understand the state of mind of your subjects. Owing to the delay in finding the Crown Prince, their impatience has grown to such a degree, that they will never wait for your judgment, when he is discovered.

BIBHUTI. Of our own accord we have taken in hand the duty of building up again the Fort of Nandi Pass.

RANAJIT. Why could you not leave it in my hands?

BIBHUTI. We have the right to suspect your secret sanction to this outrage done by the Crown Prince.

MINISTER. Sire, the mind of the public is excited by their self-glorification on the one hand and by their anger on the other. Do not add to their impatience, and make it still more turbulent by your impatience.

RANAJIT. Who is there? Is it Dhanan-jay?

DHANANJAY. I am happy to find that you have not forgotten me!

RANAJIT. You certainly know where Abhijit is.

DHANANJAY. I can never keep secret, what I know for certain.

RANAJIT. Then what are you doing here?

DHANANJAY. I am waiting for the appearance of the Crown Prince.

From outside, the voice is heard or Amba:

Suman! Suman, my darling! It's dark. It's so dark!

RANAJIT. Who is that calling?

MINISTER. It is that mad woman.

Amba.

Enters Amba.

AMBA. He has not yet come back.

RANAJIT. Why do you seek him? The time came, and Bhairava called him away.

AMBA. Does Bhairava only call away and never restore,—secretly? In the depth of the night?—My Suman!

[Amba goes out.

Enters a Messenger.

MESSENGER. A multitude of men from Shiu-tarai is marching up.

BIBHUTI. How is that? We had planned to disarm them, by falling on them suddenly. There must be some traitor among us! Kankar! Very few people knew, except your party. Then how was it,—?

KANKAR. Bibhuti! You suspect even us!

BIBHUTI. Suspicion knows no limits. KANKAR. Then we also suspect you.

BIBHUTI. You have the right! But



when the time comes, there will be a reckoning.

RANAJIT (to the Messenger). Do you know, why they are coming?

MESSENGER. They have heard that the Crown Prince is in prison, and they have come to seek him out and rescue him.

BIBHUTI. We are also seeking him, as well as they. Let us see who can find him!

DHANANJAY. Both of you will find him. He has no favourites.

MESSENGER. There comes Ganesh, the leader of Shiu-tarai.

Enters Ganesh.

GANESH (to Dhananjay). Father, shall we find him?

DHANANJAY. Yes.

GANESH. Promise us!

DHANANJAY. Yes, you shall find him.

RANAJIT. Whom are you seeking?

GANESH. King! You must release him.

RANAJIT. Whom?

GANESH. Our Crown Prince! You do not want him, but we do! Would you shut up everything that we need for our life,—even him?

DHANANJAY. Fool! Who has the power to shut him up?

GANESH. We shall make him our King. DHANANJAY. Yes, you shall! He is coming with his King's crown.

Enter the devotees, singing.

Victory to the fearful Flame,
That tears the heart of Darkness,
That burns to ashes things

which are dead.

Victory to Him whose voice

thunders forth Truth,

Whose right arm smites

the unrighteous,

Whose guidance leads mortals

across Death.

From outside there is heard the cry of Amba.

AMBA. Mother calls, Suman! Mother calls! Come back, Suman! come back!

(A sound is heard in the distance.)

BIBHUTI. Hark! What is that? What is that sound?

DHANANJAY. It is laughter, bubbling up from the heart of the darkness.

BIBHUTI. Hush! Let me find out from what direction the sound comes.

In the distance, the cry is faintly heard, "Victory to Bhairava!"

BIBHUTI (listening with his head bent towards the ground). It is the sound of water.

DHANANJAY. The first beat of the drum in the dance—

BIBUUTI. The sound grows in strength!
KANKAR. It seems—

NARSINGH. Yes! It certainly seems-

BIBHUTI. My God! There is no doubt of it! The water of Muktadhārā is freed!
—Who has done it?—Who has broken the embankment? He shall pay the price!
There is no escape for him!

He rushes out.

[Kankar and Narsingh rush out, following him.

RANAJIT. Minister! What is this!

DHANANJAY. It is the call to the Feast of the Breaking of Bondage—(Sings)

The drum beats;

It beats into the beatings of my heart.

MINISTER. Sire, it is-

RANAJIT. Yes, it must be his!

Minister. It can be no other man than—

Ranajit. Who is so brave as he? Dhananjay. (Sings)

His feet dance,

They dance in the depth of my life.

RANAJIT. I shall punish him, if punished he must be. But these people, maddened with rage,—O my Abhijit! He is favoured of the Gods! May the Gods save him!

GANESH. I do not understand what has happened, Master!

DHANANJAY. (Sings)

The night watches,

And watches also the Watchman.

The silent stars throb with dread.

RANAJIT. I hear some steps !—Abhijit ! Abhijit !

MINISTER. It must be he, who comes. DHANANJAY. (Sings)

My heart aches and aches, While the fetters fall to pieces.

Enters Sanjay.

RANAJIT. Here comes Sanjay!—Where is Abhijit?

SANJAY. The waterfall of Muktadhārā has borne him away, and we have lost him.

RANAJIT. What say you, Prince? SANJAY. He has broken the embankment.

RANAJIT. I understand! And with this he has found his freedom! Sanjay! Did he take you with him?

SANJAY. No! But I was certain he would go there. And so I preceded him, and waited in the dark.—But there it ends. He kept me back. He would not let me go.

RANAJIT. Tell me more!

SANJAY. Somehow he had come to know about a weakness in the structure, and at that point he gave his blow to the monster Machine. The monster returned that blow against him. Then Mukta-dhārā, like a mother, took up his stricken body into her arms and carried him away.

GANESH. We came to seek our Prince! Shall we never find him again!

DHANANJAY. You have found him for ever!

Enter the Devotees of Bhairava, singing. Victory to Him, who is Terrible,

The Lord of Destruction,

The Uttermost Peace!

The Dissolver of doubts,

The Breaker of fetters,

Who carries us beyond all conflicts,

The Terrible! the Terrible!
Victory to the fearful Flame,
That tears the heart of Darkness!
That Turns to ashes things that are dead!
Victory to Him, whose voice thunders

forth Truth,

Whose right arm smites the unrighteous, Whose guidance leads mortals across

death!

The Terrible! the Terrible!
(The End.)

Note by the Author.

[The waterfall round which the action of this play revolves is named Muktadhārā—the Free Current. Such a descriptive name may sound strange in English, but those who are familiar with geographical names prevalent in India, will at once be reminded of the *Pagla-jhora*—the waterfall of Darjeeling, whose meaning is the Mad Stream.

The name Free Current is sure to give rise in the readers' minds to the suspicion that it has a symbolic meaning; that it represents all that the word 'freedom' signifies in human life. This interpretation



will appear to be still more obvious when it is seen that the Machine referred to in the play has stopped the flow of its water.

While acknowledging that there is no great harm in holding the view that this play has some symbolical element in its construction, I must ask my readers to treat it as a representation of a concrete fact of psychology. The Crown Prince Abhijit, who is one of the principal characters in this drama, suddenly comes to learn that he is a foundling, picked up near the source of Muktadhārā. This unexpected revelation profoundly affects his mind, making him believe that his life has a spiritual relationship with this waterfall; that its voice was the first voice which greeted him with a message when he came to the world. From that moment the fulfilment that message becomes the sole aim of his life, which is to open out paths for

adventurous spirit of Man. at this time the news reaches him that the Royal Engineer Bibhuti with his machine has stopped the flow of Muktadhārā. It comes as a challenge to himself personally; for to him current of this waterfall has become an objective counterpart of his inner life. The fact that it was the King's policy which for its political purposes utilised this machine, makes him realise that the palace and its responsibilities are the real hindrances to his spiritual freedom,they are the machine obstructing the flow of his soul for a purpose which is alien to his inner being. He rejects the palace; he comes out with the object of emancipating the prisoned water and his life at the same time. achieves this through a supreme act of renunciation.]

VAISHNAVA LYRICS DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE

7

The night is dark; the sky is overcast.

Only the lightnings flash in the sky's ten

corners

And down the rain pours, thick and cold and

And down the rain pours, thick and cold and fast;

Yet Radha, the darling, now with maidens few, Hasteneth to the grove to meet her Lover; And she is muffled in clinging scarf of blue.

Since Love, new-wakened, maketh strong
the weak,
Radha hath kept the tryst, but not her
Lover.

Him, therefore, Jnanadasa goeth to seek.

So the Maid speaketh, looking at the trees: "How the twigs do quiver in the gentle breeze!"

Startled anon, she looketh wistfully; Then "Krishna is coming! Madhava!"

says she.

"At your tricks again! Hiding there behind The tall tamala tree—but is it really kind To keep a Maid waiting whom you swore to please?"

So the Maid speaketh; for it was not he; "What can the meaning be? Is it done to tease?

Nay, I will walk about; indeed I cannot stay. I wonder if Krishna can have lost his way. If the jingling music of the nupur I could hear, Then I should know that he was really near." Govindadāsa, the poet, singeth so Of Krishna and a Maiden long long ago.

The night is dark; clouds thunder overhead. How will he come to me; PICTURE · 333

PICTURE

[Translated from Rabindranath Tagore's "Balaka"]

By K. C. SEN, I. C. S.

Art thou a picture mere, on canvas limn'd?

—That starry cluster, distance-dimm'd

That throngs its nest

Of heaven's breast;

That tireless travellers' band

A-journeying through the darkness, lamps in hand,—

The sun and moon and stars that speed

Through wheeling year by year:

Art thou not real like those, indeed?

Art thou, alas, a picture mere?

'Mid restless change why art thou fix'd in rest?

Be thou the traveller's comrade blest,
O thou who hast lost thy way!
Why night and day
Dost thou, in midst of all, remain so far from all,
Immured in quietude's inmost hall?
This dust doth raise
Its grey-hued skirt, and plays
With winds in wanton mirth.
In summer months it drapes the Earth,
Of splendour shorn in widow's weeds austere.
In spring-time of the year

Thus dust, too, lives in truth.

These leaves of grass

That lie at the Universe's feet, alas,

Are real, too,—they change from green to sere.

Thou changest not,—thou art a picture mere,

A picture mere!

It paints and decks her youth:

Once didst thou walk beside us on our way.

Thy breast did heave and sway,

Thy life in every limb of thine

In melody and grace

Did trace

Its own new rhythm and rhyméd line,

Attuned to the music of the spheres.

Since then have passed by many months and years.

And in my life, my world,

That round about thee whirled,

How real wert thou, in sooth,
O goddess of my youth!
For thou didst paint, with beauty's brush,
All earth and sky, in joy's deep flush.
Yea, in that dawn on Earth,
In thee all Nature's voice had birth.

We walked together hand in hand;
But thou didst step aside, and stand
Behind the shadow of the night.
Since then, with all my might,
Onward I 've walked, and on,
Through grief and joy, alone.
Daylight and night, the heaven's ebb and flow,
Pass on and go;
The flowers I greet
Beside the road, move on with silent feet,
In splendour's hues array'd.
In a thousand streams Life's river sweeps unstay'd
With Death as anklets sweet

On its dancing feet.

Afar and farther still

I rove

Stirred by a nameless thrill:
For I have given the roadside all my love.
Where thou didst step aside,
Thou standest still.
And thou dost hide
Behind the dust, behind the leaves of grass,

Behind the sun and moon and stars, alas, Thou, who wert so dear, To-day a picture mere!

What senseless fancies cloud the poet's brow?
A picture thou?

Ah no, thou art no picture mere.

The painter's lines have not confined thee, dear,

Nor silence stopt thy breath.

Ab no, for if the joy that's thou had met its death,
This river

Would lose its liquid quiver, This cloud that gleams

Would fold for e'er its golden beams.

If from this world the dark enchantment of thy hair

Did pass and fade,

The wind-fann'd murmurous shade
Of the blossom'd woodlands there
Would dreamlands' be.
Have I, indeed, forgotten thee?
Ah, no, thou hast thy seat

In Life's own source, and heart's red beat; So art remember'd not. So we remember not the flowers that dot

The paths we walk with listless hearts distraught.

So we remember not the stars.

Yet they,

Across the viewless bars,
Add fragrance to the breath of night and day,—
Unseen, unsought,

They fill oblivion's void with tunes unheard. Forgetting's not the same as remembering not;

So thou hast stirr'd

And sway'd my blood, unknown.

From oblivion's throne.

Thou livest not before mine eye,
For in its pupil dost thou lie.

And that is why
Thou livest in the woodlands green, and in the azure sky.
In thee

My world hath found its inmost melody.

None know they hear thy accents ring
In all the songs I sing.

Thou art the poet that sits within the poet's heart;
No picture, no, no picture mere thou art!
Thou camest, long ago, array'd in morning's light,
And I have lost thee in the night.

Since then,

In midnight gloom, unknown of men,
Thou hast been coming back to me, my dear:
No picture thou, thou art no picture mere.

BHARATAVARSIIA

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

By Mrs. Norall Richards.

Persons of the Play
DR. PURANA
DR. STEAM
DR. WHISTLE
DR. WHITEHALL
DR. DELHI
DR. SHORTIS
DR. MONTAGU FORD
A SICK MAN
His Wife
BHARATA, their son.
A BOY.
A SERVANT

Physicians.

Scene-The courtyard of any house in India.

The SICK MAN, his WIFE, BHARATA and Dr. PURANA are discovered, Dr. PURANA is seated in the centre facing the SICK MAN who is lying on a charpai to the right,* reclining against a big pillow. The WIFE of the SICK MAN is seated on a pirhi below the charpai, she occasionally fans the patient. BIJARATA is sitting below and a little to the left of PURANA.

* Right and left are to be understood as fro ! .
the point of view of the audience.

years.

NOTE 1. On the Incidence of Taxation	Rs. As. P_{S_1}
for 1922 (Budget). Crores.	The Incidence for 1920 is 5 o 11 The additional taxation per head
1921—Additional Central Taxation amounted to—	in 1921 and 1922 amounts to 1 3 4
Customs 8 Taxes on Income 8.5 1922—Additional Central Taxation	The Incidence for 1922 is, therefore, 6 4 3 Similarly the Incidence for 1922 will
amounted to Customs 9.64 Addition in March 1921 due to increase in Customs duties .5	be 6 7 7 if we include the net profits from Commercial undertakings.
Taxes on Income 2.25 1922—Additional Provincial Taxation amounted to— So lakhs in Bombay, 40 lakhs in Bengal.	NOTE, 2. In his speech as a member of the Commercial Deputation on Retrenchment to His Excellency the Viceroy on May 30th, 1922, Mr. Purushottamdas Thakurdas gave a table showing the Incidence of Taxation in India, His figures given below are in sub-
Total additional taxation in 1921 and 1922— 30.09 We have in all 30 crores of Additional taxation for all India in the years 1921 and 1922. If we take 248 millions as the population in 1922, (the census figure for 1921 is	stantial agreement with those estimated above. He compared the taxation per head with the four well known estimates of the average annual income per head, referred to above. His estimates of taxation per head as under:

I'VE LOVED THIS WORLD'S FACE

Translated from Rabindranath Tagore's Bengali Poem.]

sink.

I've loved this world's face splendour-girt
With all my heart;
And I have wound,
In fold on fold,
My life around it and around;
The gloom of dusks, the gold
Of countless dawns across my soul
have rolled,
And sped and passed;
At last
My life to-day is one
With earth and sea and sky, and moon
and sun.

247 millions), we get Rs. 1-3-4 as the

additional taxation per head in these two

Thus life hath won my heart, For I have loved this world's face splendour-girt.

And yet I know that I shall have to die; One day my cyc No more the light of day will drink, In the abysmal void my voice will drop and My soul no more will fly
To greet the morning's flaming light;
No more will night
Her secrets whisper in my ears.
I'll take my final look on earth, and tell
My last farewell,
When Death appears.

1871 ... Rs. 1 13 9 1911 ... Rs. 2 11

1881 ... Rs. 2 2 3 1913 ... Rs. 2 14 1901 ... Rs. 2 6 6 1922 ... Rs. 6 1

As true
Is passion's yearning cry,
So, too,

This bleeding parting when we die.
And yet some inner harmony must bind
the two;

Or the Universe, so long,
Would not endure the fraud, the wrong
So grievous, base,
With smiling face;
And all its light

Would wither like a worm-bit flower in blight.

K. C. SEN.

have had some thoughts about it. Chiefly of its force; of its power to rush on, sweeping all onwards with the current. Consider, I have thought, how much any piece of Elizabethan prose has in common with all the prose of the age; how much any piece of 18th or 19th century prose bears all the strong features of the writing of the time, and you will realize how much the time makes a man's style, however he has one of his own. It is always a fellowship and a common lot; so that the very man (the purist) who cries out against his neighbours' manners, will be seen at a distance (of time, that is) to have had them in general for his own.

We are aware, when we see a man clothed, that within the garments is a man, and our attention may be so occupied with the man, that we go away from him unable to say how he was dressed. Let him, however, put on the garments of a dead age. We then see nothing but clothes. It is much the same, if a man use the vocabulary and modes of construction of a bygone age. He expresses a grammatical meaning, but hardly will it pass from his page to a reader's mind. Shakespeare may write—

"in the dark backward and abysm of time," and we catch our breath in wonder; but let

Tennyson write-

"in this low pulse and palsy of the state," and we cry: "It is dead, dead, dead!" The tide had swept Shakespeare's age away.

So let no man be a purist without sufficient cause, as that it is his business, or

his good pleasure. Nor let anyone listen to the purists without a good reason; for to do so tends to disturbing of peace. A purist may tell you that some phrase or another is faulty: you may think you will not vex your soul about it; but you can never afterwards take up a book, it would seem, but the offending phrase is there; and each time you see it, it says: "You remember?" It need not be, either, that the phrase is faulty: the man may have said no more than that he, personally, dislikes it, and prefers another. The phrase may be under the circumstances. which he says is wrong, or commence, which he dislikes, preferring begin-you never afterwards can meet under the circumstances or commence without an impertinent distraction of attention.

To end with a foot-note to an earlier paragraph. The frequency of occurrence of the phrase which you have been taught to disapprove, and which you can consequently never overlook, is another index to the strength of the ocean tide. It has appeared to me that from about a certain time until yesterday there was no writing man who was capable of saying in the circumstances. Under the circumstances appears in book after book-even in Newman. So, too, there was a time, apparently, when it would have been safe to offer £5 to every writer who had showed he preferred begin to commence, and yet one cannot help thinking that begin is much the pleasanter word.

J. A. CHAPMAN.

MY SONGS THEY ARE LIKE MOSS

guests unknown.

(Translated from the Bengalee of Rabindranath Tagore)

My songs they are like moss; where they have birth
They are not rooted to the earth.
They've flowers and leaves, but roots
they've none,
Upon the wave they dance, disporting
in the sun.
No home, no hoarded wealth they
own,
None know when they appear, these

When July-rains descend in ceaseless
torrents swift,
Flooding the earth with rising drift,
My restless moss, that day,
Is swept away
By th' inundation's tide,

And, losing way,
It flies to every side,
To land and sea and bay,
Adrift upon the waters wide.

K. C. Sen.

THE MODERN REVIEW



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THE PROBLEM

BY RABIADRANATH TAGORE

(Authorised translation f r the Modern Review)

STUDENTS flock to our examination halls in their thousands, for all of them, the questions are identical, presented to each on precisely similar printed paper, and the same answers likewise serve to gain them their diplomas, it being even possible to pass by copying from one's neighbour But the examination system of God's providence is not so simple. The peoples of the Earth have been given their own particular problems, the solution of which each of them must find for itself in its own way, in order to gain place and honour in the world.

India has thus had her own problem set to her, and until she truly solves it, her sorrows cannot be ended. All this time we have been trying to pass our examination by copying our answers from Europe,—at first stupidly, word for word, then more cunning ly, with change of phrasing,—but to no purpose. The round marks, given by the Kxaminer's blue pencil in either case, do not even gain by addition, the empty total still remaining zero.

An atmospheric storm is called "nasty weather' because of the angry buffetings to which it subjects us. What is there behind all its discomforting turmoil? Only some break in the harmony which should subsist

between the neighbouring strata of air, one having developed undue weight, the other too much lightness. Until their harmony can be restored, the fury of the elements knows no bounds upsetting the gravity even of the forests and driving the very ocean into madness. No mere incantations, however fervid, can help to appeare this agony of discord, due to break in normal relation.

As with the elements, so with men All our trouble is due to some break in the harmony of true relations. No agitation on our part, constitutional or otherwise, can serve to counteract the thundering of our wrathful Flysians or the wrangling of our hundred and one distracted elements. When, therefore, we clamour for I reedom, we should try to be clear in our own minds, what it is we desire to be free from

Man has absolute liberty only where he is absolutely alone, baring no relations with, no responsibilities to, no dependence upon anyone else, but this is a kind of freedom which man not only does not want, but is beside himself if he gets

Robinson Crosce lost this absolute liberty when he found his man Friday—for even in the relation of master and servant there is mutual dependence—but he did not feel it as a loss of freedom, such as he would have done it Friday had been a treacherous, self-seeking savage. This shows that we do not, as a matter of fact, feel freer when our relations with our fellow men are lay or lacking, but rather the reverse. The joy of

Freedom is gained only when these ielations are full and unobstructed. We are freest with our greatest friend to whom we are

bound by the strongest of ties

The empty, negative freedom of absence of relations hurts, because man is not ful filled in his solitary state, but can only realise the truth of his humanity in his rela tions with others, with the All And upon his failure to realise this truth, owing to some break, or imperfection, or distortion in such relations, man's freedom is obstruct So that, the true freedom is the positive freedom of fulness of relation

Whether in the domestic or in the politi cal world, storms occur when any of the natural relations are broken or disturbed by envy or greed, leading to mutual encroach ment So, when we want freedom for our country, it cannot be the emptiness of negative freedom, but the removal of all obstructions in the way of our countrymen maintaining the fullest relations with their fellows, - obstructions which may be internal as well as external

We have read in history how the people of the West have stormed and raged for liberty We imitate their outcry, but we forget that whenever this happened Europe, there were some particular sorrows of some break in their own internal relations from which they sought to be freed, and when such rupture was healed, they felt their end gained When we feel the lack of freedom we should, rather, first of all try to form a clear idea of what breaks in mutual relations are obstructing our common wel fare and thus causing us sorrow no attention to such obstructions, and yet to talk of striving for freedom, is unmeaning

In l'urope, again, we have seen new political conditions brought about by revolu At the bottom of these were dif ferences between rulers and ruled, wlo, however, belonged only to different classes, not to different race. Whenever the diver gence between the rights and privileges of these became so excessive as to lead to an outbreak, the sole function of the resulting revolution has been to repair this rent in

the social fabric

Now a days another revolution is in progress in the West, which on investigation proves to be due to equally excessive dif ferences between the rights and privileges

of capitalists and wage earners talists scenting danger, have begun to take thought for the amelioration of the lot of their workers,-better housing, more educa tion, and increase of amenities generally,but the reason why the progress of this revolution has not yet been checked is, that patchwork by means of such doles does not

serve to establish true relations

When England first colonised the New World and tried to keep her American children in leading strings, the chafing of the strings proved too much of a strain for even the ties of blood, and the remedy had to be found in a permanent separation, in spite of the closeness of their brotherhood Italy, likewise, when the Austrian was at the head and the Italian at the tail end, there was no living connection between head and tail, and their enforced propinquity, in the absence of true relations, became so intoler able that Italy, also, had to seek her freedom in a definite rupture

So we see, in any case, that the way to true freedom is by getting rid of the tor ments of the absence of true relations the religion of our country this truth is expressed in its most general form by saying that the sense of break in relation is an Untruth due to ignorance, only by over coming which by the realisation of the Truth of our relation with the All, can we gain our

As I began by saying, the same questions are not set to all the examinees in the exami nation hall of Providence Their problems are various A sandal on one foot and a boot on the other, is one kind of trouble, one leg short and the other long, is another kind, a broken leg is a third they all impede progress, but if the broken leg is content with copying the prescription for the sandalled foot, it will only make matters worse for itself

In the case of Europe, a revolution of the constitutional wheels might have served, on occasion, to repair some rent in the social fabric but where, as in our country, the fabric itself is yet to be woven,—the very warp lying disarranged, threads broken here, there tangled up into knots,-any such mechanical remedy is unthinkable. So with us we must go further back, getting the warp straightened up, put on to the sociological loom, and made up first into woven stuff That may take time But, to import a sewing

machine in place of the loom, does not help to save time in the making of the fabric

Our nursery rhyme tells us of the three wives of Shibu, the Brahmin The first one cooked, the second ate, the last, getting nothing, went off to her father's, in a pet The third wife, apparently, not being in the favoured position of the second, sought, under the old paternal roof, a round about solution of her food problem. The record is vague as to how the first wife fared in regard to the satisfaction of her hunger, I suspect she was an example, not rare in history, of one having to sweat that the other may enjoy

This motherland of ours is not in the happy situation of the old Brahmin's favourite,—that much has been made clearer and clearer during the centuries. Fither she neglected to cook, and on being reprimanded took, in a huff, the long, long road back to her father's, or, in spite of having contrived and cooked, she found, every time, the dish being served up to the other one. Her problem is, there fore, to discover and remove the cause of the old man's annoyance with herself, it will do her no good to be constantly grumbling about his partiality for her more fortunate sister.

We are fond of repeating that foreign domination is our one curse and that with its disappearance will disappear, likewise, all our sorrows. I have no love for foreign domination, no more than I have for the usurpation of our interior by an enlarged spleen. But I have been noticing for long that this encroach ment of the spleen upon our vitals has not awaited our pleasure. And now it has become as dangerous, quietly to allow it to remain in possession, as to dislodge it forcibly at the risk of rupture.

Wise men tell us that unless and until we fill up the malara breeding indes round door us, the spleen will remain to fill our insides. At which we are aghast, much rather, would we, that their depths be filled with our tears, than have these sacred foot prints of lather. Time obliterated! So all our irritation continues to be vented, not on the holes, but on the spleen. Meanwhile the different sections of our community are kept effectively segregated by these innumerable pitfalls.

My readers, by this time, must have got fairly impatient 'Out with your problem!' cry they I have been hesitating and beating about the bush, only because it is so absurdly simple 'Don't we all know that?" will be

the reply as soon as I say it. So I have been like the doctor who dares not demand his fee unless he calls a case of want of sleep by the name of Insomna

Well, the real trouble with us is, we are not one our differences are innumerable. I have already indicated that break in true relation is the one fault, the original sin,—breaks which may occur between our own people as well as with the foreigner. It is because of these that we cannot use our polity as a properly coordinated body. It goes without saying that if, when the blood tries to feed the brain, a counter current promptly drives it back or when the foot requires massaging the hand goes in for a harfal, then such lumbering entity cannot expect to enjoy the efficiency of the Body politic from over the seas

To see the jounty Stranger, with stylish shoes and elegant umbrella pursuing his prosperous career, makes us feel that by emulating his outfit we shall attain to his Bit it is futile to try and sleekness as well rectify the omissions of Providence by adding to it one of our own We may procure shoes and umbrella of the same pattern, but they will slip off our feet or be blown out of our hand or being snatched away, be used as weapons of offence against ourselves convert ing comedy into traged. The problem is not that of providing an outfit but of building up a body which can carry it

This caricature of a body of ours seems to have left aside the duty of co ordinating its limbs for the present in the belief that by dressing up fashionably facility of movement will come of itself. But this blind trust in things happening of themselves is only a delading of oneself and self delasion is a thing which manifegure to inve an affection for, and then refuses to put to the test

I remember how, when yet I was young, there used to rage, off and on, a great controversy as to whether we were, or were not, a Nation I cannot claim to have followed all the arguments of the rival disputants, but of this I was sure that, if a king I would have put the no Nation party into gool, or if a popular leader cut off their social amenities Non violence towards them would have been, for me, out of the question!

The stock argument of the pro Nation party was that, if in Switzerland three different races could live side by side as one

nation, then where was the difficulty? And, as I heard it, I said to myself that now, at last, all was safe But, it is one thing to cry 'no fear " and another to feel really reassured

The man in the story, condemned to the gallows, was advised by his advocate "Don't be afraid-swing off in the name of Durgawe shall see about it in appeal!" The poor fellow did not mind calling on Durga, but, for the life of him, he could not overcome his objection to being swung off! It is not much of a consolation to establish by argument that, if Switzerland is a nation, so are we for, when it comes to practical effect, they are on firm ground, and we are left swinging

It is well worth considering what it is at the root which leads to this disparity in Whatever may be the other the fruit differences between the sections of the people of Switzerland, the feeling of difference is not there There is no obstacle, whether of law or of tradition, in the way of their forming blood connections But obstacles, with us, are so tremendous, that the very idea of legislation permitting inter caste marriages, throws our social leaders into a cold sweat And yet relationship runs more deeply in the current of blood, than in a torrent of words

If those who plame themselves on being one great community leave no channel open for the blood current to flow through and through, their unity can never be a living one, it will always remain difficult for them jointly to dedicate their lives to any cruse, for their joint lives will not form one Being

A friend of mine used to live in the N W I rontier Province There were frequent abductions of Hindu women by Pathan roughs from across the border On one such occasion my friend asked a local Hindu why they did not band together to resist such outrage on the Hindu community 'Oh, that was only a Bania wench," was the The Bania girl was a Hindu, sneering reply so was the contemptuous speaker but, for all their common acceptance of slastric bonds, there was clearly no living tie between them That was why the blow suffered by one found no response in the Oneness of Nations incans at bottom oneness through birth,-the very derivation of the word shows it, its underlying ideal demands it

Nothing great can be based on unreality When man gets into an awkward position, he often tries to escape from his own conscience by cherting himself When at his wit's end he can bring himself to believe that it is possible to gain with the right hand what he has deprived himself of by the

At the bottom of our hearts we all know how unreal is the unity of relationship at the base of the political unity of our agitations, that is why we are so anxious to keep this fundamental defect out of sight and are wont to display so vehemently the materials we have gathered for the political superstructure But, to smother a shaky foundation by a superabundance of the best of building material, does not tend to make it stronger, but rather, brings out its weakness all the sooner

rectudescence of Hindu Moslem outbreaks, after the collapse of the proppedup truce of the Khildfat, is an instructive example of this, proving that a defect at the root cannot be cured at the branch point this out, however, puts some of us out of patience "There's a third party," say they, - 'our enemy, the foreigner, who foists the quartel on us It's his fault, not ours Didn't we, Hindus and Moslems, formerly live side by side in amity? etc, etc"

But our Astrology tells us that Saturn has to await some fault before he can fasten his baleful influence on man He can contrive our downfall only if he finds open some gateway of sin The ensuing disaster may be an outside thing, but the sin is our own, and the greatest of calamities always is the fondness we acquire for the sin, reserving

all our ire for the disaster

This leaky vessel of ours doubtless used to make its passage in fair weather, giving little trouble except for the occasional baling out But, now, with the storm, the leak has increased and it threatens to founder Captain throws all the blame on the storm, content with calling for a chorus of imprecations, and leaving the leak to take care of itself, then his leadership will help the vessel to the bottom, not to port If the storm be on us, as an unfriendly third party, we should remember that it is not there to assist us to do repair work , rather will it was eloquent in showing up our utter lack of seaworthiness. Nay more, it will smite us now on the right

cheek, then on the left, to make it quite clear that if our right and left hands cannot work together at the real remedy, the only course we shall eventually steer is straight for

perdition

If we but apply the time and energy we waste in fatile fretting and faming, to the repair of the cracks at the bottom, there is yet hope of saving ourselves Providence is inclined to make game of us, there may be a fall in the storm for a while, but I am afraid a deaf ear will be turned to any prayer, even of the holy llinda, for the annihilation of the atmosphere which breeds storms, or for a reduction of the sea to a puddle So I earnestly implore our captains not to seek to emulate the storm with their stentorian roarings, in order to drown the question of setting about the repair of those cracks

Our leaders assure us that this subject has their attention, for, orthodox as they are, have they not nevertheless pronounced against untouchability? But, say I, that again is mere tinkering. This untouchability is but one of the outward symptoms of our fundamental feeling of disunion. To break off one twig of the spreading tree of differences which stands across our path, will not serve to clear the way for us. I have said elsewhere that where religion divides, the door to union is barred from within. Let me here try to make my meaning clearer.

Religion is that which binds Our word Dharma means that which holds together That is to say all things that afford us a sure refuge appertain to Dharma,—things about which there is no room for argument, which are not subject to change If in regard to these, our attitude is not stable, our opinions and course of action liable to fluctuation, then shall our very life become

insecure

But there is another department of life where changes are ever going on, where accidental happenings are incessant, where the maintaining of life is not possible without constant adaptations to varying circumstances. If into this department we import, and there try to establish, that which properly belongs to the realm of the unchangeable, then catastrophe is inevitable.

The firm soil is good for the rooted tree, but it is not healthy for it to have its freeswaying branches likewise imbedded. The earth upholds me and its immovability is essential for my security, its quaking is a calamity. The carriage also holds me, if, however, it stands fast instead of advancing, it becomes for me not as the earth, but like a cage, with it my proper relations are those of constant adjustment, selling the old one, baying a new one, getting in or coming out,—may be, jumping off in a july

at any sign of overturning

When religion tells me that I should be friendly with the Musalmans, I accept that reverently without a word of argument, for the truth underlying this dictum is for me as permanent as the great ocean itself. But when religion tells me that I should not eat food touched by a Musalman, then argue I must, and ask why so? For the validity of this kind of proposition is to me as impermanent as the water in a pot, which I can keep or throw away as my reason may dictate

To those who insist that even such injunctions if given by religion, must be deemed beyond question, my reply is, that if need be I am prepared to take my stand against all the scriptures of the world and assert that on such commandment lies the curse of Him who hath youchsafed unto us the supreme gift of Reason (Dhiyo you had prachedarat). Those who voice such commandment are really placing priest before deity and but insult Religion in whose

name they dare thus to speak

In the region of the mind, man can truly unite with man only through reason unreason gains entry its impish pranks upset the mental equilibrium altogether A spectre owns no home of its own and, as it pays no rent for its haunts, it cannot be given notice to quit So, once we admit the unreal as real we cannot make it answerable That is why it makes our legs give vay, our hearts go pit a pat and shivers run down our back, the only thing left firm being our belief in it If one questions. Why this belief?" all we can do is to point a trembling thumb over our shoulder and whisper "There it is!" If the questioner persists and asks "Where?" we go for him as an unbeliever, threatening, moreover, to deprive him of sanctified cremation when he is dead!

If we enthrone Reason in our mind, there we have Swarn; for there we acknowledge our own sovereignty,—as well as the sway of the best minds of all places and times. Unreason tyrannises because it belongs neither to the individual nor to humanity. It reduces our mentality to a prison house in which we can associate only with other equally fettered, prematurely-decrepit fellow unfortunates, deprived of all communion with the free millions outside. This separation from the Great is indeed bondage, the primal trouble, the ultimate disaster.

It has become the fashion with us to decry big factories, for that they reduce men to machines. We find in this thought all the more of a consolation because it amounts to an indictment of western civilisation. But why do factories mutilate man hood? Because the workers are forced into narrow grooves, without scope for their fullest development. Now, unreasoning injunctions are not a whit less hard and rigid than machinery of steel.

The India wide cast iron social system, which with its cruel penalties has for ages compelled countless men and women to submit unquestioningly to a continual repetition of the same unmeaning, unreasonable practices, is as much of a mechanical monstrosity as the worst of factories. In fact I know of nothing more heartless and unyielding devised by the mind of man, in any country or age, on so vast, so complete a scale.

Once upon a time, when India out of the fullness of her heart offered up a prayer, she prayed Ya eko'varnah sa no budhyā subhaya samyunaktu — may He, who is beyond distinctions of coleur or caste, unite us by means of good understanding. Then India did pray for Unity, but not mechanical unity, whether social or political—she wanted to become one, led by budhyā subhayā—good understanding, not by being tied round with the same fetters, whether of acquiescence in political subordination, or of unreasoning obedience to scriptural injurctions

In the sphere of the impermanent, as I have said, man has to adjust himself continually to the variations of his environment. It is one of the most important functions of our intellect to help us in regard to such adjustments. These variations, our experience tells us, accidentally occur in Nature. They come as isolated facts which have to be

assimilated and brought into line with the universal rhythm, to which in turn they contribute their variety. The same happens in the societies of man, as well as in his individual life. He has to learn to deal properly with unlooked for accidents, that is to say instead of allowing them to come as an outrage on intellect, feeling, or taste, to bring them into harmony with life by the exercise of his wisdom.

Suppose that a faqir, having by chance planted a stake in the middle of the road to tie up his goat, has departed with the animal, leaving the stake behind him. What is to be done about it? Reason alone can deal with new facts, unreason needs must assume that it was always there, and that whatever is, should be allowed to remain. Thereupon some sanctimonious simpleton turns up, who besmears it with vermillion, and enshrines it within a temple raised around it. And the almanac compiler follows with the date of its festival and a list of the merits to be acquired by its worship.

Thus, in the realm of unreason do all accidental stakes put into the ground stick there in sanctified permanence, and so it becomes easier for the people to remain bound to them, than to steer clear of them in order to move onwards. Nay more the pious section of them soon begin to proclaim that they are the anointed of the Lord, different from all the other peoples of the world, so, what though all progress be blocked, to remove any of the stakes is desecration!

Finally, those who have no faith in the sanctity of the stakes, even including sentimental foreigners, then hold up their hands in admiration saying "Ah, what a spiritual people?" In the same breath they add "Of course it would never do for us, with our different temperament, to do likewise, but we do hope they will not be so silly as to give up the serenity of their repose within their pristine fence of sacred stakes, so beautiful to contemplate from a distance!"

As to the beauty of it, I will not argue That is a matter of taste Like religion, beauty is sufficient unto itself. But a mere modern like myself will nevertheless make bold, from the view point of his reason, to inquire how the car of freedom can possibly progress to its goal through this stake studded road. And jet however bold in questioning the modern man's pride of reason may impel him to be,

he puts his question at the risk of his night's rest, for, as his curtain lecture will remind him, his womankind are mortally afraid of

the evil eye

'Why take risks, with our precious children about?" they cry "Who knows what may be the effect on their fortunes of uprooting which stake? There are plenty of desperate youths without ties, now-a-days. Why not leave the clearing of the road to them?"

Upon which admonition even our modern souls cannot help confessing to qualms, for, say what we will, all tradition cannot be strained out of our blood. So, the very next morning, there we are at the Stake temple, bearing a little over the regulation

offerings prescribed in the almanac!

This then is our main problem. How to get rid of the stakes of superstition which make thorny the highway along which alone we can march side by side to a common prosperity, how to uproot the stakes of callousness and contempt which permanently fence us off from one another and prevent our coming together at all, how to cast out the unreason which stops us from working to remove these obstacles, nay more, impels us to make a fetish of them

Our sentimental pietists stand before these age-long obstacles with tears in their eyes, saying that the big, the beautiful thing is the devotion,—the particular stake for which it happens to be felt being a mere accident of no moment. We, the moderns, must reply that the big thing, the beautiful thing, is Reason, while the stakes, as well as the worship lavished on them, are alike rubbish.

"But O how unatterably sweet is it to see our women, for the sake of the welfare of their loved ones, pledge even their right hands in a very ecstasy of devotion, as a

thanks offering to their deity!

Whereat the staunch moderner must still aver "Where the right hand is purposefully dedicated to a good cause, with openeyed, courageous acceptance of consequences, there alone does beauty blossom. But where a blind fear of unmeaning evil visitations eats into the sweetness, with its canker of ignorance and poverty of spirit, there is all beauty spoilt, all goodness destroyed, at the core'

Another of our urgent problems is the closed door to the mutual approachment of

Hindu and Moslem The solution of this is so difficult because of the impenetrable barrier of religion with which each of them has hedged himself round their religion itself having marked out, in their respective views of humanity, the white and black spheres of the ins and the outs

In this world, all separation cannot be avoided between self and not self But, when the gap between them yawns too wide, evil finds entry. The bushman type looses his poisoned arrow at the stranger on sight, and consequently he has kept himself deprived of all expansion of his manhood which is the outcome of relations between man and man. On the other hand, the people which succeeds in reducing this gap to the lowest dimension attains the highest expression of its humanity, and in the cooperation of its individuals with one another, it raises its thought and work and character

to their fullest development

The Hindu prides himself on being religious and so does the Musalman to say only a narrow margin of their lives is left outside the enclosure of religion, which therefore becomes the main barrier keeping them at a distance from each other and from the rest of the world, militating against that expansion of their manhood which depends on the maintaining of true relations with all humanity This religious separatism likewise keeps them, screened off within their own narrow bounds, from the grand universal aspect of Truth why, with both of them, outward injunctions and artificial customs carry more weight than the ideal of Righteousness, in their dealings with others In their world, the gap between self and not self has been allowed to become too wide

In modern Hindu orthodoxy the onle must always remain out, for with it the one endeavour always is to prevent the outsider, whether mieccia or parial, from gaining any means of entry. With the Musalmans it is the opposite. With them, too, the man outside the pale of their religion is an utter outsider, but they are only too glad to have him come into the fold and there to secure him as one of themselves. We need not trouble to ferret out scriptural texts in support of this, for it is clear enough from their age long practice that the one, with its protecting walls against the outside world, is huddled up within itself.

while the other has its fortress within which it seeks to bring in and confine its captives

This has resulted in two different types of becoming ingrained separatism mentality of these two communities, who, between themselves, have been destined by Providence to occupy the chief position in India The Moslem is mleccha to the Hindu, the Hindu in turn is lafir to the Musalman Neither will have anything to do with the other by way of acknowledging or permitting kin There is only one narrow ground, that of opposition to the third party, the foreigner, on which they now and again try to make a united stand

If the story of Shibu, the Brahmin, had come down to us in more complete form we should probably have found that ordinarily, there was a common understanding, against his favourite, between the first wife who did the cooking without any part in the eating, and the third wife who, getting nothing, had to betake herself to her father's But when the second wife would be away from home, then the erstwhile political alliance between the other two would give place to a bout of

mutual hair pulling I

I have seen on the sand banks of the Padma river, when the wind was high, how both crow and wagtail in their efforts to save themselves from being blown away, would flutter side by side, wing almost touching wing, busy digging their bills into the ground Such a spectacle, however, need not make us rush to sentimentalise about bird friendships because during the much longer periods of calm weather, I have also seen their beaks otherwise occupied—with each other's bodies!

At the time of the Swadeshi upheaval in Bengal, Hindu and Moslem did not unite For, to the Musalman, the dismemberment of the province of Bengal was not a real sorrow, such as is the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, which recently made him join the Hindu in the non-co operation movement Now, this kind of union cannot by its very nature be permanent There has been no real union of hearts, but only a temporary flutter side by side, one facing East, the other facing West So that, no sooner las the weather clanged, than the fluttering wings have given place to pecking beaks political leaders have to spend all their time cogitating how they can divert them from damaging each other

But the real mischief is deeper in the blood, and no mere diversion will do as a remedy. Religion is not the only thing standing in the way of Hindu Moslem unity ference of social strength has also arisen The Islamic system has between them brought about a compact solidarity amongst its followers, while the Hindu system has ope rated to spread wider and wider disunion

through its ranks

The result is that, with or without cause, Hindus are always battling amongst themselves, while even for the best of causes they cannot stand up against a foe The Musalmans, on the contrary, even when no outside cause is operating maintain their ranks intact, while when occasion arises they can give most vigorous battle to the aggres-This is not due to superior physical prowess, but to more effective moral support from their own community

How can two such unequal rivals come to a permanent understanding? They may hang on together during some temporary stress, but they are sure to fall out again over the division of spoils, whereupon the lion's share will go to the lion by virtue of the strength

of his paw

During the late Furopean war, when the whole Inglish nation had gone pale with fright, they had occasion to call upon even us weaklings to come to their aid Not only that, but they were swept by a wave of uni versal good feeling,—such as comes for the time upon even the most worldly minded in the face of a great calamity,-under the influence of which they felt a sudden genero sity towards their dusky fellow participants in the carnival of carnage But no sooner was the war over, than came the demoniac doings of Jallianwilla Bagh, to be followed by the order of the boot from Kenya for all Indians This may make us angry, but it also make us remember that to should be treated as an equal one has to attain equality

That is why our Mahatman made his stupendous effort to rouse the power of the He knew that so long as this gulf between powerful and weak remained un bridged, peace between the two was out of the question And a peaceful solution was his one object Had our soul force been able to set up a quake beneath the king's throne, all the king's borses and all the

king's men would have hied to invite us to confer on a settlement But Asop has recorded once for all, the history of the conference between the wolf and the lamb on the question of the right of drinking at the stream, and the easy settlement of the difficulty which was eventually arrived at by the stronger party

If we desire the welfare of India as a whole, Hindu and Moslem must not only unite, but they must come together on a footing of equality,-not the personal equality of two rival champions, but equality in regard to the social support at their

back.

The ugly incident of the Mopla outrages occurred at the very height of the Khilafat entente Both the contending parties had been for ages in the habit of applying their religion as a weapon to defeat the dictates of universal morality The religion of the Nambudri Brahmins has always contemned the Musalman, the religion of the Moplas despised the Brahmin It is futile to expect a lasting bridge between the two to be made with the feeble cement of the brotherhood manufactured on the Congress platform

And yet we persist in saying "Let our old religion remain just as it is what if the means be unreal, the results will be real and will right the wrong" We are anxions to checkmate first, and then think of our moves to gain Swaray to begin with, and wait for the development of our manhood

afterwards !

Dr Munji, in his report on the Mopla incident made to the Sankaracharya, the head of the Deccan Hindus says

The Hindus of Malabar are, generally speak ing, mild and docile, and have come to entertain such a mortal fear of the Moplas that the moment any such trouble arises, the only way of escape the Hindus can think of is to run for their lives leaving their children and womenfolk be hind, to take care of themselves as best as they can thinking perhaps honestly, that if the Moplas attack them without any previous molestation, God the Almigl ty and the Omni scient is there to teach them a lesson, and even to take revenge on their behalf?

This is one of the examples which make it so clear that the Hindus have not yet learnt the lesson of dealing with the world in a worldly manner Spiritual and material

have become utterly jumbled up within their brains, arl so wrought havon with their intellect, and Lecause of their resulting inertness of mind, they fail to understand how this insult to Divinity, offered by the depreciation of their own humanity, is at the root of all their sorrows

In another part of Dr Munn's report le states that, eight hundred years ago, a Hindu Ling of Malabar, on the advice of his ministers, offered special indocements to the Arabs to settle in his territory, going so far, in his pro-Arab proclivities, as to assist them in the conversion of Hindus to their faith by promulgating a law that one member of every fisherman household should eml race The reason appears to have been that this extremely religious king, together with his extremely religious ministers, dread ed to violate the shastric prohibition against sea voyage, so that, for the protection of their coast they had to fall back upon those who preferred the dictates of Reason to those of Manu, the law giver !

Here, again we have an illuminating instance of how those who make a religion of obeying the beliests of unreason cannot achieve independence, even on the throne itself For them the light of day is no more than the night for sleep so that even in the full blaze of midday their backs are pelted with the brickbats of the ghost in the

nursery rhyme

In the old days the Malabar king merely wore the mask of kingslip leaving the sovereignty to unreason. The same unreason is still the de facto occupant of the Hindu throne of Malabar That is why the Hindus there get all the punishment, whilst they

Leep on asseverating that God is on high Throughout all India we Hindus cringe and fawn before the Unreal which our unreason has enthroned in our midst empty throne, that awful void forsaken by Gods providence, leaves a vacancy to be filled from time to time by the Pathan, the Moghul, the Fnglishman We ascribe our punshiment to them, but they are but the tools of Providence,-the brickbats, not the ghostly thrower whom we, ourselves, lave conjured up by shutting our eyes to the light of reason, converting day into night so, while the rest of the wide awake world is busy thinking and doing, bang, bang, on our devoted heads shower the brickbats!

Our fight must consequently be with this spectre of unreason, of unreality. This is what keeps us as under, what imposes foreign dominion on us, what keeps us so blind that we can only rave against the missiles while dedicating our very homestead to the ghost of our adoration. If we confine our view to the brickbats, our future seems hopeless, for their number is legion, and they are to be found on every side, but the ghost is one, and if that be exercised, the bricks will remain lying at our feet and not come hurtling on our heads

The time has therefore come to utter once again, with a full heart, that same ancient prayer of India, not by our voices alone, but also in thought and deed, and reverently in our mutual relations

Ya ekah avarnah sa no budhya subhaya samyunaktu.

May He, who is beyond distinctions of celour er caste, unite us by good understanding

Translated by SURFNDRANATH TAGORE

ON THE EVE OF A GREAT STRUGGLE

URING the voyage to England, which I was unexpectedly called upon to make, in April, 1923, at the wish of the Kenya Indian delegates, my mind was acutely absorbed by the greater issues of the East African struggle and its world significance It became necessary for me to unburden myself to one, who could understand the deeper meaning of the situation Before I started on my long journey westward, I had been travelling with the Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, in Sind and Gujerat, and he had very strongly urged me to leave my work at the Asram and undertake this new task in England It was natural, therefore, that I should write to him rather than to any one On board the ship, I had abundant lessure to think out the problems, but in London, every hour of the day was taken up with interviews and visits and consultations The extracts which follow were written on the voyage and they represent the thoughts that came to me before I reached England

S S Kaiser i Hind April 15
This boat is crowded almost beyond human endurance Everyone is tired and hot and cross including the waiters and the cabin stewards. What a strange experience it has been to come from the strike of the mill labourers at Ahmedabad into an atmosphere such as this! It was a very great relief to me to read, that Shankerlal Banker would be

immediately released, and therefore could take the burden of the Mill strike off Anasuya Bapu's shoulders * For it was very difficult for me to go away and leave her to bear that burden I felt so deeply the suffering which was in her eyes, and the tired look she had.

Just before starting, I received a communication from the Government of India It appears, that the Kenya authorities have warned the Government concerning the danger of a visit from me, which would be resented by the white settlers For this reason, the Government of India would suggest, that I should not land at Mombasa However, my plans have been changed by the Kenya Indian delegates' insistence on my going to England with them and therefore all this information is out of date has been more than usually calm, but I have had sea sickness all the same, though only in the form of 'malaise Yet it makes serious thinking somewhat difficult Perhaps it would be better to give way to tiredness, till it is past, and read novels But the novels, which fill the library of a great steamer like this, are so utterly mane and insipid, that a

* Shankerlal Banker and Anasuya Bapu had been the organisers of labour in Ahmedabad under Mabatma Gandhi. Shankerlal had been imprisoned along with Mahatma Gandhi but his term was ended about the middle of April

THE CAR OF TIME.

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(Translated from the Original Published in "Prabasi,")

A Drama in one Act

The curtain rises on a group of Citi ens s'and ing on the roads le, looking towards the Cai, which

however is not risible to the audience

1st Citizen Father Time's Car festival has come round, but his Car is at a standstill simply refuses to stir I know whose fault it is, for the Soothsayer has told us

2nd Citizen It may not be anybody's fault at Perhaps old Father Time is tired, and

wants a rest

1ST CITIZEN Nonsense! How shall we get along, if Time refuses to move on? Just look at that rope, lying there What an age long rope What a number of people have put their hands to it Bat never before has it lain thus in the dust

3ED CITIZEN. If the Car doesn't move, and the rope lies limp, it will prove a halter round

the neck of the whole kingdom

210 Citizey Lord' How fearsome it looks, as if about to writhe and rear its head like a snake !

Oh, look look It actually 3gd CITIZEN

seems to be moving!

1sr Cirizer If we can't make it go, and it takes its own course, there il be trouble, I can

tell you'

JED CITIZEN It will mean the loosening of all the bonds of the world Then the Car will knock us down and roll over our bodies It's because we help to drag it along that we don't fall under its wheels. What s to be done now?

There's the Priest sitting and 1ST CITIZEN

chanting his riastra

His chanting went make the 2ND CITIZEN Car go on In the old days the Priest had to give the first pull Does he think his mantias

will now do the work instead?

1sr Cirizey The pulling has already been tried, friend From early dawn, while it was yet dark, the Priests got here, before everybody else, and tugged and hauled for all they were It was only when the morning light came, and people began to arrive, that they left the ropes and sat apart, with eyes closed, to do their chanting Do you think they have any strength left in this Kali yuga?

380 CITIZEY Good gracious! The rope seems to be throbbing, -as if it was the artery of the

1sr Citizer It seems to me the Car can only be started by the touch of some great and holy man

2ND CITIZEN

If we have to wait for some great and holy man, the anspicious time will be over Meanwhile what's going to happen to us ordinary sinful people

3RD CITIZEN Providence doesn't bother its head about what may, or may not happen to

sinful people?

What' D you think the world 2ND CITIZEN was made for holy men? Where would we have been then ? No no, Creation was meant for us ordinary folk Holy men drop in accidentally, now and then, and do not stay long either They cannot bear the brunt of us, and have to fly to the shelter of caves and forests

Well, old man, why not try a 1ST CITIZE hand at the rope yourself, and let us see whether the Car moves, or the rope breaks, or you come

down bang on your nose

2ND CITIZES The difference between holy men and us is that they are only one or two and we are many If the lot of us could but screw ourselves up to join hands and give a manly pall, all together, the Car would run fast enough We can't draw it because we can't, or won t come together and keep staring into vacancy for Sem extraordinary man to turn up
SED CITIZEN My goodness! Was that the

rope wriggling? Do be careful what you fellows

1st CITIZEN In the scriptures it is written that, at the first sacred moment of day break, the first pull is for the Priest And, in the second watch, the second pull is for the King Both has failed to day Now, on whom falls the third pall?

[Enter Soldiers]

1st Soldier What a shame! What a shame! The King himself put his hand to the rope, and we in our thousands joined in the tugging, but never a squeak did we get out of the wheels

2 VD SOLDIFR We are Kshatriyas, my dear fellow, not cattle like the Sudras Our business

is to ride the Car, not to drag it

Or, perhaps, to break the Car and Soldier My hands are itching to lay hold of an axe and smash it up I should like to see how old Father

Time is going to pievent me

1st Citizen The kind of arms you bear, my gallant friends, will neither serve to move nor break the Car You haven't heard what the Soothsayer has said, have you?

1st Soldier What did he say?

1st Citizen Its a case of the Treta yaga story over again

1st Soldier Wasn't it in the Treta yuga

that the monkeys set Lanka on fire? 1sr CITIZEN No, no, not that one

2ND SOLDICK Is it then Rama's killing of the

monkey King that you mean?

1st CITIZEN Now you re nearer Don t you remember how the Sudra went in for austere discipline to gain spiritual merit? Good old Father Time was furious and could only be pacified after Rama had cut off the presumptuous Sudra's head

3rd Soidier There's no fear of that now Even the Brahmins have given up all discipline,

why talk about Sudras?

I IST CITIZEN Some of our Sudras, here, have taken to reading the scriptures in secret, "Are we not men? they fling out, if they are dis covered It must be the Evil Spirit of this godless age who has gone about putting it into their heads that they re men Father Time is wise in If once it starts, it will not letting his Car stir grind earth, moon and sun underneath its wheels Just fancy !- the Sudra throwing out his chest and proclaiming hes a man! What next, I

To day the Sudra reads scrip 1ST SOLDIER ture, to morrow the Brahmin takes to the plough

and then follows red rain t

Then come along, let's go 2ND SOLDIFR over to the Sudra quarters and get busy with our Well soon show them who are the better arms

men t

3RD SOLDIER Some one has gone and told the King that in this Kali luga neither arms nor scriptures, but only gold pieces can act as prime movers So the King has sent for Dhanapati, Merchant They've all come to believe that but for his pull the Car won t budge

1sr Soldier If the Car starts at the pulling of a Bania, we had better tie our weapons round

our necks and go and drown ourselves!

2ND SOLDIER What's the good of getting

excited? The Bania has the pull everywhere now a days, even Cupid's bow string twangs to his touch

3rd Soldier That's true enough The King only shows himself in front, behind him is the

Bania all the time

1st Soldifr Well, let the Bania remain behind We are ranged on either side of the King, so the poans are all sung to us

3RD SOLDIFF May be, but it's the man at the

back who calls the tune

[Enter Minister & Dhanapati] 1st Soldier Who the deuce are these?

2ND SOLDIFR The flashes jump off then diamonds, like so many crickets, right into our

3nd Soldien Look at those huge gold chains round their necks,-regular fetters! Who on

earth are they?

They are Dhanapati, the Mer IST CITIZEN They have got Tather Time tiel up hand and foot with those gold chains of theirs That's why his Car can't move

What 1st Soldier (To the retainers)

brings you here?

1ST RETAINER The King has sent for our Master, Dhanapati None of the others have been able to move the Car, so they're all hoping he'll do it

2ND SOLDIER Who are "they all" and what

business have they to be so "hoping"?

2ND RETAINER Doesn't everything that moves now a days, move under our Master's hands

21D SOLDIER I'll show you just now that the sword does not move in his hands, but in ours

3RD RETAINER And who moves your hands,

eh? As if you never heard about that!

1st Soldier Be quiet, you unmannerly boor' 2ND RETAINER Quiet indeed! Dyon know that it's our voice which resounds to day through out earth, water and sky

Your voice? When our hun 1sr Soldier

dred mouthed weapon thanders-

Its our behest which that 2ND RETAINER

thunder carries from market to market!

1st Citizen What's the good of quarrelling with these people? You'll never get the better of them

1st Soldifr What! How do you mean?

lsr Citize No sooner you draw your swords from their scabbards, you'll find some have eaten of their salt and others have tasted of their bribes

IST RETAINER We are told they had brought up the wonderful old ascetic, who lives by the Narmada, to try his hand on the Car Does

anybody know what happened?

I do When they reached 2ND RETAINER his case they found him on the flat of his back, in a trance, with his legs locked in

the lotus posture They pushed and pulled him into his senses, but his legs had gone stiff, he could t rise to the occasion !

3RD RETAINER Small blame to his legs, after being locked for sixty five years! But what did

he say?

2vp Retainer Nothing doing there, either Lest his tongue should sin, he had taken the precaution of cutting it off He could only keep on groaning, and each one gave each groan his own meaning

And then? 1ST RETAINER

2ND RETAINER Then they lifted him up and brought him along, but hardly had he touched the rope when the wheels began to sink into the

3RD RETAINED Ha, ha! Like his own mind

he would fain drag Time's Car into the depths
1st Retainer No, it must have been the burden of his sixty five years' fasting that was too much for the wheels Why our legs refuse their office even after a single day of it '

3nd Citizen Talking of burden, the burden

of you people's pride seems heavy enough !

2ND CITIZEN That's a burden which crushes itself

To retainers You wait and see what a fall your Dhanapati s pride is going to have to-day

1st RETAINER All right, we'll see Who furnishes Father Time's rations I should like to ask? If they re stopped, it'll be all one whether the Car balts or runs 'Tis the full belly makes the world go round!

[Enter Minister & Dhanapati]

DHANAPATI Well, Sir Minister, why am I summoned?

Whenever the Kingdom s in any MINISTER kind of want, aren't you the first to be called upon to remove it?

DHAVAPATI If it's a question of supply, I m always ready—but what about the present

trouble?

You must have heard that the MINISTER Car has failed to respond to any other pull?

DHAMAPATI I have indeed, but, Sir Minister, this is a matter which has all along been in

charge of-

I know, the Priests have so far been in charge But in the old days they used to achieve their own progress by dint of hard striving, and then they could make things pro gress too Now they are all sitting tight at your door,-immoveable themselves and unable to move others

DHANAPATI There were also the King and his ministers and his warriors —they all used to take their turn at the rope So everything went smoothly and all we had to do was to oil the wheels. This is the first time I masked to do any hauling

MINI TER Look here, Master Merchant, this moving of the Car is a test for all of us turning of its wheels will show who really leads When the Priest was leader, and the world then the King was leader, the Car used to bound forward at their very touch, like a hon roused from sleep Now they don't get the least res-That only shows how pen and sword alike have become bankrupt-all command has gone over into your hands Those are the hands that must now man the ropes

DHANAPATI Well, let my men try first . If they manage to get so much as a quiver out of the Car, Ill join them But it would never do to expose myself, before all these people, to the

discredit-

MINISTER Ask them to burry up then, Master Merchant The whole Lingdom awaits you, fasting for all refreshment is forbidden till the Car arrives at the Temple Besides, what if you try, and don't succeed, where's the discredit? That's no more than has befallen both Priest and King

DHANAPATI They are at the top, my dear Sir. while we are only at the bottom of everything So they will be judged in one way, and we in another If the car fails to move I'm disgraced. if it does move I may be undone, for then mone will tolerate my good luck Each one of you will then begin to think how to bring about its' curtailment

MINISTER All you say may be very true,—but what s to be done? The Car must be got to move If you hesitate much longer, we shall have the populace up against us

DHANAPATI All right, let's have a try If fortune favours and gives me success, let not

that be held against me

Now, my men, lets have (To his men) hearty cheers for Siddhi *

Jas Sidhi! Jas Siddhi! RETAINERS Siddhi, our Goddess ! DHANAPATI Jas Siddhi, our Goddess! RETAINERS

DHANAPATI Oh, I say, I can't even lift the rope, let alone pulling it. It's as heavy as the

Car itself This is no ordinary man's task

(To his men) Come on, all of you, take hold, every one Where's my Cashier? Come along, Cashier Now once more Jai Siddhi, heave hold Jai Siddhi, all together! Jai Siddhi, pull away, my hearties?

No Its no use The rope gets stiffer and

stiffer at every tog

ALL Fie! Shame! Shame! 1st Soldier Saved! Our honour's saved! DHALAPATI I salute you, Father Time are truly on our side for that you have kept Had you begun to move at our hands you

Success

would have ended by riding over our breasts, levelling us to the dust

Cashier Alas, Master, our prestige, which of late was steadily in the ascendant, is grievously

lowered to day

DHANAPATI Look here! We've been making headway all this time, under the shade of the moving Car, unobserved by the multitude. Now that we are right in front of it, we have become dangerously obvious—I hear the grinding of teeth here and there, only too clearly. Once it becomes too patent that we are working the Car, that will mean the end of us

1st Soldier (To Dhanapati) In the old days this failure would have meant the loss of

your head

DHANAPATI. In other words, your hands would have found something to do -how fallow

they lie without heads to chop off

1st Soldier If Father Time himself, to say nothing of the King, hadn't become your very humble servant, I d have known how to give a fitting reply!

DHANAPATI To tell you the truth, we were safer when our person wasn't so very sacred This humble service only leads us to our death

Why so downcast, Sir Minister P

MINISTER Now that we've played our last move, I'm worried to think that there's nothing

left to try.

DHAMAPATI. Don't be anxious Now that you've come to the end of your devices, Father Time himself will devise his own means. After all, it's to his interest to move on—not ours. When his call rings forth, his proper steeds will come running up. Those who are behind the scenes to day will then come to the forefront Meanwhile let me go and put my Counting house in order.

Come on, Cashier, let's double lock the strong room to begin with There's no time to lose (Exeunt Dhanapate and and his retainers— Enter

SPY Sir Minister, there's a great turmoil on at the Sudra quarters

MINISTER What a the trouble?

SPY A crowd of them are marching up

ALL What! Who's going to let them touch the ropes?

Ser Who's going to prevent them, rather! Sordiers No fear! We'll stand guard

Sry How many are you after all? You may blunt your swords cutting them down, but there Il be so many left that you won t even get standing room near the car

(To the Minister) You seem all of a trem

ble. Sir

MINISTER It's not anything they may do to us that I dread

Spr Then?

MINISTER I am afraid they'll succeed!

SOLDIERS What are you saying, Sir Minister? They pull the Car of Time! Shall the store float?

MINISTER But, don't you see, if they can, it will show that a new dispensation of Providence has been ushered in? If the ground floor takes the place of the top floor, doesn't that portend a cataclysm? What's the most terrible earth quake?—only the same thing happening under ground. A change of Cycle is but the coming into light of that which was hidden

Solders What would you have us do?

Command us! We fear nothing on earth

MINISTER This love of parading fearless ness creates our most fearful problems No harrier of swords, however desperate, will avail to check the flood of Time

SPY Then what is your advice, Sir?

MINISTER The best course is not to put any obstacles in their way Obstacles teach Power to recognise itself And once you allow uncon scious Power to know where it is we are no where!

SOLDIERS Then are we to stand by and let

them come?

SPY They're already here'
MINISTER. Don't do a thing Keep quite
still

[Enter crowd of Sudras]

MINISTER (To their leader) Hullo, Sardar! Glad to see you all

SUDRA LEADER We've come to drive Time's

Car, Sir Minister

MINISTER That's what you've always been doing We were there only for forms sake Don't I know that?

SUDRA LEADER All this time we've been offering ourselves up under the wheels of the Car, and its progress has been over our mangle! bodies This time Father Time refused to accept our sacrifice

MINISTER So I could see There were scored of you grovelling in the dust before the Car this morning, but the wheels had apparently lost their appetite, for they did not advance on their victims, with shriels of joy, as usual Their

ominous silence is what dismays us

SUDRA LEADER Father Time has not called us to day for paving the road under the wheels, but to pull the ropes of his Car

PRIFST Indeed! And how came you to

know this, pray?

Suder Leader No one knows how these things are known. From early this morning the whisper has gone round that Father Time calls us old and young —man, woman and child

A SOLDIER Calls you for your blood !

Sides Leader No, for taking charge of the

gaillag

PRIEST Look here, my son, just consider Shouldn't the ropes of Time's Car be placed in charge only of those who can move the world?

Sudra Leader Does Your Reverence really

think that it is you who move the world?

The times are awry, I admit But, after all's said and done, aren't we Brahmins

Sudra Leader. (To the Minister) Then, Honourable Sir, is it you who claim to move the

world?

MINISTEE What is the world, but you your selves? You move of your own motion, while we, the clever men, pretend that we are moving you. Apart from all of you, how miserably few of us remain?

SCORA LEADER Whatever may be your num. ber, can you remain at all, apart from us?-

that's the point

MINISTER That's so, that s so

You nourish your bodies on SUDRA LEADET the food we produce, and maintain your status

on the clothes we weave

A SOLDIER What impertinence? Up to now they've been crying with folded hands "O Masters, you feed and clothe us" They've got hold of a new tag this time We really can t allow this sort of thing

(To the Soldiers) Do keep quiet ! MINISTER (To the Sulra Lealer) Exactly so, Sardar, we were only waiting for you Are we such fools as not to know that you alone are the proper steeds of time? Go on, do your part and then we'll get the chance of doing ours

SUPER LEADER Come along, brothers, set to work with a will. Whether we live or die for

it, well get a more on this Car

MINISTER But my dear Sardar, be careful to stick to the road,—the high road along which the Car has always travelled Don't you come

lumbering right on to us

We are only steeds, what do SUDRA LEADER we know about right or wrong road? The Driver will see to that. Come along, all of you Don't you see how the pennant over the Car top flatters? That's the signal given by Father Time himself Come on, had away

PRIEST Ah, they've toucled it, they've actually touched it' What desecration'
CITIZENS Oh' Oh' What abomination'
PRIESTS Close your eyes, my children, close Paiests Close your eyes, my children, close your eyes If your gaze falls on Father Time when he bursts on them in the full baze of his wrath, you li be reduced to ashes

A Source. What's that ?—the remble of wl cels?—or does the very sky groan in despair?

PRIET It cannot be !

A CITIZEY Yes, indeed, it seems to move

SOLDIERS There Dust rises A crime, a most horrible crime! The Car moves! O sin, thrice accursed sin !

Victory ' Victory! Victory to SUDRAS

Father Time !

Ah, woe is me! It has actually PRIEST

happened

Soldiers Give us the word of command, Reverend Sir, and let us fall upon that rabble, with all our weapons, to stop their sacrilegious progress

PRIEST I dare not If Father Time himself doesn't mind losing caste, no command of ours

will make him do penance,

Then let us throw away our SOLDIERS

useless arms †

PRIEST I, too, will throw away my scriptures

CITIZENS Let's clear out of this kingdom What will you do, Sir Minister? Where are You off to?

MINISTER I go to join them at the ropes CITIZENS You ' To mingle with them?

Then only will Father Time be MINISTER propitiated Isn't it clear enough that it's they who have now gained his favour? What has happened is no dream, no illusion Our place of honour to day is at their side-else shall we be dishonoured indeed

SOLDILE But still, for you to take hold of the rope contaminated by their touch-that surely was never the design of Providence Check them we must ' We go to call out all our forces If the Car cannot be stopped, it shall roll through a mire of blood

PRIEST Ill go with you too I may be of

use as your counsellor

MINISTER Youll never check them Its

your turn, I see, to go under, this time

So be it Too long has base born SOLDIEES blood polluted the wheels of Father Time's Car Let it now be cleaused with ours

Oh look, do look Sir Minister Car leaves the Kings highway and runs down The Lord knows what uninto the fields fortunate village it may charge into !

What are Dhanapatis men shout SOLDIERS ing over there? They seem to be calling on us for help The Car looks like heading straight for the Counting house To the rescue! To the

MINISTER. Save yourselves first, my good fellows, and then talk of rescning others I rather think its your Armoury that the Car makes for There'll be nothing left of it, if that be so Look there!

Soldiers Wlats to be done?

MINISTER. Man the ropes along with the pullers That's the only way to guide the car to safety This is no time to dilly dally I'm off

do? (To the Priest) Reverend Sir, what is your idea?

PRIEST What have you decided, my braves?
SOLDILES Fight or pull?—We don't know
which, confound it? Do tell us, Sir, what you
propose

PRIEST Rush to the ropes, or sit at the scriptures?—I'm afraid I don't know, either

lst Soldier D you feel how the earth trembles, as though it were falling to pieces?

2nd Soldier Look over there It doesn't seem as if they are pulling,-it's the Car which

pushes them on

3ad Soldier The Car appears to have come to life How it roars! Often have I been at the Car festival, but never before have I seem the sleepy old thing so lively That's why it's not keeping to our highway, but marks out a path of its own

2ND SOLDIER. But what of the destruction it threatens? There comes the Poet,—let s ask him

what it all means

PRIEST Nonsense! You expect Poets to un derstand what we don't! They can only make up their own stories,—they know nothing of

what's written in the scriptures

1st Soldier The scripture texts have been dead for ages, Reverend Sir, that's why your words have ceased to carry weight These Poets speak a living language, so truth uses their song for its own medium

[Enter Poct]

2ND SOLDIER —Can you tell us, Poet, why the Car festival has turned out all topsy turvy this time?

POET Of course I can

IST SOLDIER What means it that the Car refused to move at the pull of Priest or King?

POET Both had forgotten that it's not enough to believe in Time's Car,—one must also believe in its ropes

1st Soldier Your words sound as if they had a meaning, Poet, but when we try to search it out it can t be found

POET They had faith only in movement, not

in the bonds which alone make right progress possible. Therefore have these bonds turned into angry whips which threaten to flay them alive

Pans T Are your Sudras, then, so wise as to understand the ropes and respect their bondage?

Pour They are not They II soon forget the spirit that makes things move and pin their faith on the vehicle and themselves lou won't have to wait long They'll next be shouting Victory to the Plough, the Hoe, the Spinning Wheel and the Loom! Then shall their own intoxication destroy them, and upset the rest of the world as well

PRIEST When the Car thus stops again, it will be the Poet's turn to be called in, I suppose?

Poer Your joke's no joke, but a fact, friend Priest Father Time has again and again called on the Poets, but they've never been able to jostle their way up through the crowd

Pairsr And what strength have they to do

the pulling?

Poer Not stren the of brawn, most certainly We poets believe in Rhythm and know that to fail to stop where a stop is called for, is to be out of time. We believe, further, that only when Beauty holds the reins, does Strength go straight You have faith only in Violence—the faith of the crowd, of the weak, of the inert

1st Soldier But you preach, Poet, while

the kingdom burns

POET Age after age have kingdoms burned, and yet that which was to live has always survived

210 SOLDIER And what are you going to do,

Poet ?

Port I will sing a song of Good Hope and Courage

3RD SOLDIER What good will that do?

POET It will set the time of the people's steps as they pull the Car Palling out of tane is the root of all the trouble in the world

SOLDIERS And what are we to do?
PRIEST And what am I to do?

POFT Do nothing in a hurry, I beg you Watch and think and work, preparing yourselves for your Call

[CURTIN]
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WHOLE NO.

THE FOURFOLD WAY OF INDIA

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE,

N artist carefully selects his lines and A colours and harmonises them in such a manner that they no longer remain a sum total of lines and colours. They transcend themselves to form a picture in which the artist's ideal of perfection finds its release in a final attainment. Similarly, India in pursuit of her ideals of liberation, a liberation in the bosom of the Perfect, tried to train and manipulate life's forces towards a deliberate end. Life, according to her, must not only grow within itself but outgrow itself into a higher meaning which is beyond it, as the flower outgrows itself into the fruit. Lines through discipline of limits lead the form to the region of beauty which is the expression of the Limitless. India's aim has been to guide life's current through its boundaries of banks towards an unbounded sea of freedom. The object of this paper is to discuss the principles and method of such an art of living which once India taught her children to follow.

The flesh is impure, the world is vanity, therefore renunciation in the shape of self-mortification is necessary for salvation,—this was the ideal of spiritual life held forth in mediaeval Europe. Modern Europe, however, considers it unwholesome to acknowledge an everlasting feud between the human world of natural desires and social aims on the one hand, and the spiritual life with its discipline and aspiration on the other. According to her, we enfeeble the moral purpose of our

existence if we put too much stress on the illusoriness of this world. To drop down dead in the race course of life, while running at full speed, is acclaimed by her to be the most glorious death.

It is true that Europe has gained a certain strength by pinning its faith on the world, by refusing to dwell on its evanescence, on the certainty of death,—condemning the opposite frame of mind as morbid. Her children are, perhaps, thereby trained to be more efficient in competition, to gain victory in the struggle which, in their view, represents the whole of life. But, whatever may be the practical effect of leading this life as if its connection with us were interminable, that is not a fact.

Doubtless Nature, for its own biological purposes, has created in us a strong faith in life, by keeping us unmindful of death. Nevertheless, not only our physical existence, but also the environment which it builds up around itself, desert us in the moment of triumph. The greatest prosperity comes to its end, dissolving into emptiness; the mightiest empire is overtaken by stupor amidst the flicker of its festival lights. All this is none true because the truism bores us to be reminded of it. Therefore all our works which make for the composition of our life have to be judged according to their harmony with their background, the background which is death.



And yet, it is equally true that, though all our mortal relationships have their end, we cannot ignore them with impunity while they last. If we behave as if they do not exist, merely because they will not persist, they will all the same exact their dues, with a great deal over by way of penalty. We cannot claim exemption from payment of fare because the railway train has not the permanence of the dwelling house. Trying to ignore bonds that are real, albeit temporary, only strengthens

and prolongs their bondage.

That is why the spirit of attachment and that of detachment have to be reconciled in harmony, and then only will they lead us to fulfilment. Attachment is the force which draws us to the truth in its finite aspect. the aspect of what is, while detachment leads us to freedom in the infinity of truth which is the ideal aspect. In the act of walking, attachment is in the step that the foot takes when it touches the earth; detachment is in the movement of the other foot when it raises itself. The harmony of bondage and freedom is the dance of creation. According to the symbolism of Indian thought, the god Siva, the male principle of Truth, represents freedom which is of the spirit, while the goddess Sivani, its female principle, represents the bonds which are of the real. their union dwells the ideal of perfection.

In order to achieve the reconciliation of these opposites, we must first come to a true understanding of man; that is to say, we must not cut him down to the requirement of any particular duty. To look on trees only as firewood, is not to know the tree in its completeness. Similarly, to look on man merely as the protector of his country, or the producer of its wealth, is to reduce him to soldier or merchant or diplomat, to make his efficiency as such the measure of his manhood. Not only is such a view limited, it is destructive. And those whom we would thus glorify are but assisted to a rocket-like descent.

How India once looked on man as greater than any purpose he could serve, is shown by the well-known couplet of a Sanskrit poet which may be translated thus: For the family, sacrifice the individual; for the community, the family; for the country, the community; for the soul, all the world.

A question will be asked; "What is this soul?" Let us first try to answer a much simpler question; "What is life?" Certainly life is not merely the facts of life that are evident to us, the breathing, digesting and

various other functions of the body; not even the principle of unity which comprehends them. In a mysterious manner it contains within it a future which continually brings itself out from the envelopment of its present, dealing with unforeseen circumstances, experimenting with new variations. If its presence, with dead materials, chokes the path of its ever-unfolding future, then it is a traitor that betrays its trust. The soul, which is our spiritual life, contains our infinity within it. It has an impulse that urges our consciousness to break through the dimly walls of animal life where our turbulent passions fight and scream to find their throne within that narrow enclosure. Though, like animals, man is dominated by his self, he has an instinct that fights against it, like the rebel life within a seed that breaks through the dark prison bringing out its flag of freedom in the realm of light. Our sages in the East have always maintained that self-emancipation is the highest form of freedom for man,-because it is his fulfilment in the heart of the Eternal, and not merely some reward achieved through some process of what is called salvation.

That was what had been preached and practised in India. Our sages saw no end to the dignity of the human spirit which found its consummation in the Supreme Spirit itself. Any limited view of man would therefore be a false view. He could not be merely Citizen or Patriot, for neither city nor country, nor, for the matter of that, the bubble called the

world, could contain his infinity.

A poet of classical India, who was once a King, has said: What if you have secured the fountain-head of all desires; what if you have put your foot on the neck of your enemy, or by good fortune gathered friends around you; that, even, if you have succeeded in keeping mortal bodies alive for ages,—what then?

The realm of our desires is for the creature who is imprisoned within his self. These desires not having their perspective of the eternal have some fanciful value for which the prisoners scramble in the dark and break each other's skulls. You can only direct man's life towards its perfection if you remind him that there is something for him which is ultimate and those who stop short of that can never find the answer to the question: What then?

Europe is incessantly singing paeans to Freedom, which to her means freedom to acquire, freedom to enjoy, freedom to work.

This freedom is by no means a small thing, and much toil and care are required to maintain it in this world.

In the process of attaining freedom a man must bind his will in order to save its forces from distraction and wastage, so as to gain for it the velocity which comes from the bondage itself. Those who seek liberty in a purely political plane must constantly curtail it and reduce their freedom of thought and action to that narrow limit which is necessary for making political liberty secure, very often at the cost of liberty of conscience. Are the soldiers of England free men, or are they not merely living guns? And what of the toilers in her mines and factories—mere appendages of the machines they work,—who assist with their life's blood to paint red the map of England's Empire. How few are the Englishmen who really participate in this political freedom of theirs? Europe may have preached and striven for the rights of the individual, but where else in the world is the individual so much of a slave?

The only reply to this is the paradox to which I have already referred. Freedom can only be attained through bonds of discipline, through sacrifice of personal inclination. Freedom is a profit which can only be gained if you lay out a commensurate capital of self-restriction.

Individualism was also the object of India's quest,—not of this narrow however, for it stretched up towards selfemancipation,—so it tried to gain this larger individual freedom through every detail of life, every relation of family and society. And as in Europe her ideal of freedom has manifested itself in the full rigour of mechanical and military bonds, so the ideal of India found its expression in the strict regulation of the most intimate details of the daily life. If we fail to see the ideal behind and focus our view on its external manifestations which are of the present age, then indeed in India individual liberty appears most thoroughly fettered. It has happened over and over again in the history of man when the means have got the better of the end. It occurs either when some passion like greed lures away our mind from the ideal end to the material means itself, making us blind to their relative value. or when through lassitude of spirit our endeavour falls short of its aim and takes pride in conforming to regulations that no longer have their meaning, that exact our sacrifices without giving us anything in return.

That is what has happened in our country. We still submit to the bondage of all kinds of social restrictions, but the emancipation which was the object is no longer in our view. So that if now the looker-on should come to the conclusion that the social system of India is only a device for keeping down its people by unmeaning prohibitions, we may get angry, but we shall find it difficult to give an effective contradiction.

It is not my object to lament our downfall. What I wish to point out is that India had originally accepted the bonds of her social system in order to transcend society, as the rider puts reins on his horse and stirrups on his own feet in order to ensure greater speed towards his goal. India knew that society was not the ultimate end of man, but through the mutual help and collective endeavour of individuals it was the best means of training him for and leading him to liberation. And her bonds were even more severe than those which Europe has imposed on herself. That was because an even greater freedom was in contemplation. Her present plight only shows that the deeper the lake, the more cavernous is its hollow when it has dried up.

The reconciliation of these opposite aspects of bondage and freedom, of the means and the end, is thus referred to in one of our sacred scriptures:

"In darkness are they who worship only the world, but in greater darkness they who worship the Infinite alone. He who accepts both, saves himself from death by the knowledge of the former, and by that of the latter attains immortality."

That is to say, we must first have our fulness of worldly life before we can attain the Infinite. Desire must be yoked to work for the purpose of transcending both desire and work, and then only can union with the Supreme be thought of. The mere renunciation of the world does not entitle to immortality.

The same scripture says:

"Performing work in this world, must thou desire to live a hundred years. O man, no other way is open to thee. His work • never absolutely attaches itself to man."

· A full life with full work can alone fulfil the destiny of man. When his worldly life is thus perfected, it comes to its natural end, and the fetters of work are loosened and drop off.

In Europe we see only two divisions of man's worldly life—the period of training and that of work. It is like prolonging a straight

line till, wearied, you drop off your brush. Such elongation of a straight line can never produce a picture; it can have no design; so it is unmeaning. Work is a process and cannot really be the end of anything; it must have some gain, some achievement, as its object. And yet Europe has omitted to put before man any definite goal in which its work may find its natural termination and gain its rest. To acquisition, whether of material or of knowledge, there is no limit. And European civilisation puts all its emphasis on the progress of this cumulative acquisition forgetting that the best contribution which each individual can make to the progressive life of humanity is in the perfection of his own life. So their end comes in the middle of things; there is no game, but only the

We, also, say that the desire is not exhausted, but rather increases, with the getting. How then is one to come to the end of work? The reply that India of old gave was, that there is an exception to this general rule, that there is a plane wherein getting does arrive at its terminus, whereto if we strive to attain, our work shall come to an end, and rest be ours. The Universe cannot be so madly conceived that desire should be an interminable singing with no song to which it can be completed.

India has not advised us to come to a sudden stop while work is in full swing. It is true that the unending procession of the world has gone on, through its ups and downs, from the beginning of creation till to-day; but it is equally obvious that each individual's connection therewith *does* get finished. Must be necessarily quit it without any sense of fulfilment? Had that been so, he would have been unfortunate indeed.

On the one hand, I represent in me an endless current of generations; with my life I add to its flow, I contribute as much as I can to its store of ever increasing experience of knowledge and possibilities of power. On the other hand, I represent the individual whose life has a beginning and end in itself and therefore who must find some ideal of perfection in that limited period of time. The unending stream can have no idea of completeness, its nature is movement. To remain for a moment its part and then to vanish means struggle and no realisation. Those who say that the world is a humming top of absurdity which only hums and whirls for no reason whatever, should not preach their gospel of work and help this madness of

movements. As in the heart of all things there is the impulse of unending progress, so there must also be the ideal of fulfilment which only gives meaning to all movements. Who is to realise it if not the individual? The movement which is in the finite has its claims from him, but the fulfilment which is in the infinite has also its call to him. When we respond to that call, then death does not come as an abrupt interruption to our world of reality. Directly we know the truth which is ultimate, we enter the realm of the everlasting yes.

In the division of man's world-life which we had in India, work came in the middle, the freedom at the end. As the day is divided into morning, noon, afternoon and evening, so India has divided man's life into four parts, following the indication of his nature. The day has the waxing and waning of its light, so has man of his bodily powers; and acknowledging this, India gave a connected meaning to his life from start to finish.

First came *Brahmacharya*, the period of education; then *garhasthya*, that of the world's work; then *ranaprasthya*, the retreat for the loosening of bonds; and finally, *prarrajya*, the expectant awaiting of freedom through death.

Nowadays we have come to look upon life as a conflict with death,—the intruding enemy, not the natural ending,-in impotent quarrel with which we spend every stage of it. When the time comes for youth to depart, we would hold it back by main force. When the fervour of desire slackens, we would revive it with fresh fuel of our own devising. When our sense organs weaken, we urge them to keep up their efforts. Even when our grip has relaxed, we are reluctant to give up possession. We fain would ignore all the rest of our life except only its morning and noon. And when at last the growing dusk compels us to acknowledge its afternoon and evening, we are either in a rebellious or in a despairing frame of mind, and so unable to make due use of them. We are not trained to recognise the inevitable as natural, and so cannot give up gracefully that which has to go, but needs must wait till it is snatched from us. The truth comes as conqueror only because we have lost the art of receiving it as guest.

The stem of the ripening fruit becomes loose, its pulp soft, but its seed hardens with provision for the next life. Our outward losses, due to age, likewise have corresponding inward gains. But, in man's inner life, his will plays a dominant part, so that these

gains depend on his own disciplined striving; that is why, in the case of undisciplined man, it is so often seen that his muscles slacken, his legs tetter, and yet his stern hold on life refuses to let go its grip, so much so that he is anxious to exercise his will in regard to worldly details even after his death. This kind of tenacity is coming to be regarded, even in our country, as something to be proud of; but what is there so glorious in it?

Renounce we must, and through renunciation gain,—that is the truth of the inner world.

Man leaves the refuge of the womb in order to achieve the further growth of body and mind in which consists the whole of the child life; next, he has to leave the selfcentred security of this narrow world and enter the fuller which has varied relations with the multitude; lastly comes the decline of the body, and enriched with his experiences, man should now leave the narrower life for the universal life, to which he must dedicate his accumulated wisdom on the one hand and. on the other, should himself enter relations with the Life Eternal; so that, when finally the decaying body has come to the very end of its tether, the soul views its breaking away quite simply and without regret, in the expectation of its own rebirth into the infinte.

From individual body to community, from community to universe, from universe to Infinity,—this is the soul's normal progress.

Our sages, therefore, keeping in mind the goal of this progress, did not, in life's first stage of education, prescribe merely the learning of books or things, but brahmacharya, the living in discipline, whereby both enjoyment and its renunciation would come equally easy to the strengthened character. Life being a pilgrimage, with liberation in the Supreme Being as its object, the living of it was a spiritual exercise to be carried through its different stages, humbly, reverently and vigilantly. And the pupil, from his very initiation, has this final consummation kept in his vew.

The series of adjustments between within and without which constitute the physical life, have become automatic; but in the case of man, his mind comes in as a disturbing factor which is still in the stage of conscious experimentation and which therefore may involve him in endless trouble before its activities can be attuned to universal law. For instance, the body may have come to the end of its requirement of food for the time,

whereas the mind will not have it so, but, seeking to prolong the enjoyment of its satisfaction, even beyond actual need, spurs on the tongue and the stomach to greater efforts, thus upsetting age-long adjustments and creating widely ramified trouble in the process of the superficial effort required for procuring needless material.

Once the mind refuses to be bound by actual requirements, there ceases to be any reason why it should cry halt at any particular limit, and so, like trying to extinguish fire with oil, its acquisitions only make its desires blaze up all the fiercer. That is why it is so essential to habituate the mind, from the very beginning, to be conscious of, and desirous of keeping within, the natural limits, in other words, to attune itself to the universal nature, so that, with every liberty to play its varied tunes, it may learn to avoid discord with the Good and the True.

After the period of such education comes the period of worldly life. Our law-giver Manu tells us that

"It is not possible to discipline ourselves so effectively if out of touch with the world, as while pursuing the world-life with wisdom."

That is to say, wisdom does not attain completeness except through the living of life; and discipline divorced from wisdom is not true discipline, but merely the meaningless following of custom, which is only a veil for ignorance.

Work becomes true, only when desire has learnt to control itself. Then alone does the householder's state become a centre of welfare for the society, and instead of being an obstacle helps on the final liberation. When all his work is true, having the detachment of unselfishness, its obligations cannot curtail the freedom of his spirit. •

When the second stage of life has thus been spent, when the crops that were raised on the field of youth have been harvested and garnered and done with, life's evening comes, the time to leave the enclosure of labour for the open road; to set out for home where peace awaits us. Have we not been toiling through the live-long day for this very home,—the Home which is fulfilment itself?

After the infant leaves the womb, it still has to remain close to its mother for a time, remaining attached in spite of its deliverance, until it can adapt itself to its new freedom. Such is the case in the third stage of life, when man, though aloof from the world, remains in touch with it. He still gives to the world



of his store of wisdom, as the ripe fruit dropped from its stem, gives food to the world before its seed finds soil for its further life. His wisdom comes to the world like a shower of rain which is for all, because it is taken up in the upper air of disinterested detachment.

Then at last comes a day when even such free relations have their end, the emancipated spirit steps out of all bonds to face the Supreme Spirit. Just as a good housewife, while dealing with diverse men and things in the course of her duties, is after all doing the work of her husband's household all the time, openly and tacitly acknowledging at every step her relationship with him, yet at the end of the day she puts aside all her work and betakes herself with her husband to the solitude of their union, so does the soul, whose world-work is done, put away all finite matters and come all alone to its communion with the Eternal.

Only in this way can man's world-life be truly lived from one end of it to the other, without being engaged at every step in trying conclusions with death and without being overcome when death arrives in due course,

as by a conquering enemy.

This fourfold way of India attunes the life of man to the sublime harmony of the universe, leaving no room for untrained desires to forget their simple relations therewith and to pursue their destructive career unchecked, but leading them on to their final relations

with the Supreme.

I feel that the doubt may arise here: how far is it possible so to mould the whole people of any country? To which I would reply that when the wick is ablaze at its tip, the whole lamp is said to be alight. Whatever may be the ideal of the righteous life, it finds luminous expression only in the topmost few. If in any country even a small number of its people succeed in realising an ideal, that is a gain for the whole of it.

However dire may be the outward degeneration which has overtaken us in India, there is an inmost core still alive within us, which refuses to acknowledge anything less than the Supreme as the highest gain. Even now when any great soul strikes a higher note, our whole being responds, and no lesser consideration of worldliness can stop it from

so doing.

Now-a-days, on occasions of festivity in our country, we have acquired the habit of adding a foreign brass band to the usual set of our own festive pipes, thereby creating a terrible confusion of sound. Nevertheless,

the plaintive Indian note of our real yearning may be discerned by the sensitive ar, through all its clash and clang. But while, in the public part of our homes, the foreign big drum and blatant trumpet proclaim the pride of wealth and the emulation of fashion, those who are in touch with the privacy of our inner life, know that this deafening din

does not penetrate there.

We were not always this kind of a market crowd, jostling and elbowing one another so vulgarly, quarrelling over privileges and titles, advertising our own worth in unashamed The whole thing is sheer exaggeration. mostly sham. has no imitation and Ιt redeeming feature of courtesy or gracefulness. But, before this age of make-believe overtook us, we had an inherent dignity of our own, which was not impaired by plain living or poverty. This was for us like a congenital armour which used to protect us against all the insults and trials of our material vicissitudes. But this natural protection has been wheedled away from us, driving us to take our stand behind bluster and bluff. Dignity has now become outside thing which we must bolster up outward show. As we no longer reckon inward satisfaction to be the fulness of wealth, we have to hunt for its paraphernalia in foreign shops, and never can together enough.

But, in spite of all this, I say that it has not worked its way into the core of our being. It is yet of the outside and therefore, perhaps, so excessively obvious. Just because we have not become really used to our new acquisitions, do we make so much of a turmoil about them, like the loisterers move-

ments of the inexpert swimmer.

Moreover, I cannot at all admit that there can be anything in man's higher life which only good in a particular geographical latitude. It is never true that we must take refuge in meekness because we are weak, or that we want righteousness only as a convenient cloak for hiding our indigence. Ideals preached by great personalities of the world need for their acceptance more steady courage, perfect training, power of sacrifice, than those which are needed to make good our school-learnt lessons on the profits of insensate competition and the duplicity and carnage of a hungry nationalism thriving on human flesh.

To prepare, in a spirit of reverence and by a life of discipline, for the world-life in which the soul is to attain maturity amidst



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her daily work of self-dedication and find at the serene end of her physical existence her own perfect revelation in a world of ineffable light and life,—is the only way through which a human being can attain to consistency and fulness of meaning.

If we believe this, then we must also recognise that each and every people must strive to realise it, overcoming their respective obstacles in their own way. If they would live in truth, then everything else,—the luxury of individual riches, the might

of nations,—must be counted as subordinate. The spirit of man must triumph and liberate itself, if man's incessant endeavour during all these ages is to attain its fulfilment.

If that is not to be, and yet if by the help of some magic wand of progress men find an inexhaustible source of incessant profit, some weapon that in a second can kill millions of enemies, some potion that can keep their mortal bodies alive for ages,—what then?

DAIL EIREANN: THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS —A GENERAL IMPRESSION

By St. NIHAL SINGH

T

JST as I enterel, for the first time, the chamber in which DAIL EIREANN—corresponding to the British House of Commons—holds its sittings, and took my seat in the Press Gullery, a Deputy sitting at some distance to the left of the Speaker's chair rose to his feet and began to address the Assembly. The distance between us could not have been more than 20 or possibly 30 feet. Yet I could not understand a word he was saying. His voice was audible enough: in fact, he spoke loudly.

I was on the point of asking my neighbour an oldish, stoutish man representing one of the news agencies, what the Deputy was saying, when I suddenly began to follow the speech without difficulty. It then dawned upon me that he had been speaking in Irish, and possibly finding that he was not being followed by some of his fellow-Deputies or by some of the reporters in the Gallery as well as he wished, had turned to English, which he spoke almost like a foreigner who thought in another language. On subsequent inquiry I learned that Gaelic was his native tongue.

A similar experience must have fallen to the lot of other visitors from abroad, for it is not at all uncommon for some of the Deputies to start off in Irish and continue in English. Every one of them, whether Gaelic-speaking or not, in any case, begins with the phrase "A Ceann Comhairle" (pronounced "AKin Korle"), which is the Irish equivalent of the English "Mr. Speaker."

Some persons among the Irish, while undoubtedly patriotic, fell disposed to laugh at the attempt to revive the Irish language, and even seek to obstruct it. Some of the Deputies object, on the score of expense, if for no other reason, to the printing of the Dail documents and Acts of Parliament in Irish side by side with English.

This attitude is scarcely to be wondered at when it is remembered that for many centuries a systematic endeavour was made to overlay Irish culture with English civilization. So successful, indeed, proved the effort to kill the Irish language that it has ceased to be spoken over the larger part of the island, "native speakers" being confined to remote districts along the southern and western seaboard—about 600,000 persons out of a total population of over 4,000,000 persons taking the whole of Ireland.

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The green tint of the Order Paper (symbolic of the Emerald Isle, though blue is the traditional Irish colour) which attracted my eye as soon as I sat down, the use of Gaelic by the Deputy who proceeded to speak

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OCTOBER, 1924.

WHOLE NO. 214

THE SCHOOLMASTER

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

If fifty years ago some prophet had come and told me that I was to be invited to a meeting of the teachers of Japan to discuss my ideas of education, it would have startled even the imagination of a poet. For, I suppose, some of you at least know that, since I was thirteen, I have hardly ever been inside an educational institution until latterly when I have my reputation as a poet and am invited to lecture.

Thus, when I felt it my duty to start a school for the children, I had hardly any experience of education. This was possibly an advantage for me. Not being tied down by cut and dried doctrines of education, I had to find my own experience through experiment and failure. I was made intensely conscious when I was young of what was wrong in education. It drove me away from school, and it was that which made me decide, when quite old, to found an institution where some of these mistakes should not be made, mistakes from which I had suffered as a boy.

When, at about the age of five, I was forced to attend school, my whole heart rose in rebellion against an arrangement where there was no tinge of colour, no play of life, where the lessons had no context with their surroundings, and where I was banished from that paradise, to which I had been born, where Nature dwells full of beauty,—and this for no crime but that of being born ignorant. I was banished into a cage where education was provided from outside as birds are fed. My whole heart felt the indignity of treatment, even though I was so young.

Our system of education refuses to admit that children are children. Children are punished because they fail to behave like grown-up people and have the impertinence to be noisily childish. Their educators do not know, or they refuse to acknowledge that this childishness is Nature's own provision and that the child through its restless mind and movements should always come into touch with new facts and stumble upon new information. Thus the child becomes the battle-ground for a fight between the schoolmaster and mother Nature herself.

The schoolmaster is of opinion that the best means of educating a child is by concentration of mind, but Mother Nature knows that the best way is by dispersion of mind. When we were children, we came to gather facts by such scattering of mental energy, through unexpected surprises. The surprise gave us that shock which was to make us intensely conscious of the facts of life, of the world. Facts must come fresh to children to startle their minds into full activity. But such activity itself was held to be intolerable by the schoolmaster who reigned in the class I was compelled to attend. The master insisted that I should have to be passive and my mind rebelled every moment; for Mother Nature encouraged me never to accept this tyranny from that man.

It is the utter want of purpose in child life which is important. In adult age, having made our life a bundle of a few definite purposes, we exclude all facts outside their boundaries. Our purpose wants to occupy all the mind's attention for itself, obstructing

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the full view of most of the things around us; it cuts a narrow bed for our deliberate mind which seeks its end through a restricted passage. The child, because it has no concious object of life beyond living, can see all things around it, can hear every sound with a perfect freedom of attention, not having to exercise choice in the collection of information. It gives full rein to its restlessness which leads its mind into knocking against knowledge. Like a stream going over pebbles, its itself against obstructions, hurls and through them finds more and more velocity.

But the schoolmaster, as I have said, has his own purpose. He wants to mould the child's mind according to his ready-made doctrines and therefore wants to rid the child's world of everything that he thinks will go against his purpose. He excludes the whole world of colour, of movement, of life, from his education scheme. snatching the helpless creature from the mother heart of Nature, shuts it in his prisonhouse, feeling sure that imprisonment is the surest method of improving the child mind. This happens only because he himself is a grown-up person who, when he wants to educate himself has to take the deliberate course of choosing his own subject and material. Therefore he naturally thinks that in educating children that kind of choice is good which is exclusive, that children should attain special facts and that they should have a special manner of acquiring facts. He does not understand that the adult mind in many respects not only differs from, but is contrary to the child mind.

It is like forcing upon the flower the mission of the fruit. The flower has to wait for its chances. It has to keep its heart open to the sunlight and to the breeze, to wait its opportunity for some insect to come seeking honey. The flower lives in a world of surprises, but the fruit must close its heart in order to ripen its seed. It must take a differ-For the flower the ent course altogether. chance coming of an insect is a great event, but for the fruit its intrusion means an injury. The adult mind is a fruit mind and it has no sympathy for the flower mind. It thinks that by closing up the child mind from outside, from the heart of Nature and from the world of surprise it can enable it to attain true maturity. It is through this tyranny of the adult mind that the children are everywhere suffering, and when I was about forty I thought I must save some of them, so far as

lay in my power, from these mistakes made by prudent people of adult age.

There is no room for surprises in the schoolroom, only the perfect symmetry which can be of non-life. Every morning, exactly on the stroke of the clock, the pupil must attend school, must come to a particular class, to hear the same subject taught by the same teacher of forbidding aspect. Exactly at a particular hour he finds his freedom. The holidays are all on the calendar long beforehand, and everything is mechanically accurate and perfect.

This is all right for grown-up people. It is profitable for a business man to be steady and punctual in his work, in his routine. It is even enjoyable when he has a prevision of the profit at the end of the month; he is rewarded when he finds something at its mark-

But the child has no such reward of expectation. From day to day, from month to month he goes on through the routine, not knowing what he is to get from his unmeaning sufferings. At the end of the year he comes to the terrible trial of examinations. Then comes injustice, for boys who work hard, but fail to get full marks, are deprived of the reward of their labour, the consolation of the prize. This is a cruel slavery in which to drill the child mind. It is demoralising. It exacts perfect obedience at the cost of individual responsibility and initiative of mind.

Has it any great or real value? We are saved from trouble when the children, who have their restless wings given them by Nature are at last put into this cage. But we kill that spirit of liberty in their mind, the spirit of adventure, which we all bring with us into the world, the spirit that every day seeks for new experiences. This freedom is absolutely necessary for the intelligent growth of the mind, as well as for the moral nature of children.

Eventually the whole scheme goes wrong, the police have to come and take the place of conscience. We are drilling prisoners for our prison-houses, imbeciles for our lunatic asylums; we are killing the mind of the children by crushing their inherent power of gathering facts for themselves, by generalisation and analysis, through breaking things and being naughty. This spirit of naughtiness is the greatest gift the child of man brings with him.

When I started my school, I was fortunate in having almost all the naughty boys from the neighbourhood and even from distant parts of the country. Because our parents were not used to sending their boys to boarding-schools, only the most intractable boys came so that I had an interesting gathering of just those children who are most preached against in the Sunday-school books.

Who were these naughty boys? Those who had a special gift of energy which the whole spirit of discipline prevailing in respectable society could not wholly still into absolute passivity. Therefore they were considered troublesome and therefore the parents often asked me to punish them,—even when they did nothing wrong. They believed in the code of punishment itself as though it were some bitter medicine for the liver, a regular dose of which was good for the moral health of wicked boys.

But you must know that vigour and energy are Nature's best gifts to children, and there is always a fight between this vigour and the code of respectability in our civilised homes. Through this eternal conflict have been born all kinds of aberration and real wickedness, through an unnatural repression of what is natural and good in itself.

I never used any coercion or punishment against my unruly boys. Most of us think that in order to punish boys who are wicked, a restraint of their freedom is necessary. But restriction itself is the cause of Nature going wrong. When mind and life are given full freedom they achieve health. I adopted the system of freedom cure, if I can give it the name. The boys were allowed to run about, to climb difficult trees, and often to come to grief in their falls. They would get drenched out in the rain, they would swim in the pond. Through Nature's own method a cure came to these boys who were considered wholly bad and when they returned home, their parents were surprised to find the immense change effected.

Freedom is not merely in unrestricted space and movement. There is such a thing as unrestricted human relationship which is also necessary for the children. They have this freedom of relationship with their mother, though she is much older in age,—in fact through her human love. she feels no obstruction in their communion of hearts. and the mother almost becomes a comrade to her children. This gift of love which the mother is has given Nature lutely necessary for children because this love is freedom, and so I felt, in this Institution, that our young pupils who came away from their mothers, should have their freedom of relationship with their teachers.

I became the playmate of my students and shared their life completely. When I had a few, I was almost the only teacher they had, and yet they were not frightened at the disparity of age between them and myself. They felt the spirit of home in this place. What is the spirit of the home? It is the natural kinship of a boy with his brothers, his family, and the resulting atmosphere in which the heart finds its full amount of space.

Most teachers do not know that in order to teach boys they have to be boys. Unfortunately schoolmasters are obsessed with the consciousness of their dignity as grown-up persons and as learned men, and therefore they always try to burden the children with their grown-up manners and their learned manners, and that hurts the mind of the students unnecessarily.

I try to let them realise that though we have our difference of age, yet, like wayfarers, we are travelling the same path together—old and young, we are working for the same goal. It is not that we, the teachers, have reached that goal and they the pupils, are immensely away from us. This immensity of difference is a frightful thing. It should never be allowed to work on the minds of children.

There is a lack of living growth in our educational institutions. These institutions are things completed. They are made with iron bars and skilfully built for the accommodation of children within them. But I wanted to let the boys feel that it was not their cage but their nest—that is to say, they also had to take part in building it themselves. The edifice of education should be our common creation, not only the teachers', not only the organisers', but also the students'. The boys must give part of their life to build it up and feel that they are living in a world which is their very own and that is the best freedom which man can have.

If we live in an arrangement which is not our own, but which is made by somebody else, however wise he may be, it is no real world of freedom for us. For our creative mind craves expression for itself in building its own world. I wanted to give that satisfaction to my students, and to give them freedom to manage their own affairs as much as was possible. I always urged them to realise that this school was not mine, but theirs; that the school was not com-

pleted—that it waited for its completion through their co-operation; that they have come to learn, by collaborating with their teacher. And I think that students in my institution understood my idea and, because they understood it, they developed an intense this institution which always take occasion to visit whenever they find time and opportunity after they have left it.

I had to consider these significant facts: The birds and animals and men are born with an active mind which seeks its freedom. This activity which they bring with them seeks its world of freedom for its self-education. Then it also has its activity of heart. which seeks for its freedom in the natural relationship of sympathy. Then also it has its activity of soul which seeks its opportunity to create the world for itself—a world of freedom. All these we have to keep in mind in our effort to educate children.

This active mind of theirs must not be thwarted by constant imposition from outside; and their active heart must not be restricted through the unsympathetic obstruction of artificial relationship; and the active creative will must not be allowed to dwindle away into utter passivity through want of opportunity. So in my institution I try to make provision for these three aspects of freedom-freedom of mind, freedom of heart and freedom of will.

I have a deep-rooted conviction through freedom can man attain his fulness of growth, and when we restrict that freedom it means that we have some purpose of our own which we impose on the children, and we have not in mind Nature's own purpose of giving the child its fulness of growth. When we want to have more deaves from a tree, we try to train it in such a manner as to suppress its energy of producing flowers and fruit and then all its energy can be utilised in producing leaves, but that does not really give completeness of life for the tree.

If we have some purpose expressed through our educational institutions—that children should be producing patriots, practical men, soldiers, bankers, then it may be necessary that we have to put them through the mechanical drill of obedience and discipline! but that is not the fulness of life, not the fulness of humanity. He who knows that Nature's own purpose is to make the boy a full man when he grows up—full in all directions, mentally and mainly spirit-

ually—he who realises this, brings up the child in the atmosphere of freedom. Unfortunately we have our human weakness, and we have our love of power, and some ·teachers most schoolmasters—have that inherent love of power in them, and they find this field ready-made for its exercise upon these helpless children.

I have noticed this fact, that those teachers who pride themselves on being disciplinarians are really born tyrants, as so many men are, and in order to give outlet to their inherent lust for tyranny, they make use of these helpless children and impose on them their own code of behaviour. They try to crush their minds with tasks which are lifeless, which are mechanical, which kill the intellectual mind, the fresh mind. They impose all kinds of torture because these tyrants take pleasure at the very sight of it, and such a great opportunity for such enjoyment they can never hope to attain outside their school premises.

This is not only torture and misery for the pupils, but it causes the greatest mischief possible in the human world,—this choice of the schoolmaster's profession by people who ought to have for their vocation that of executioner or prison-warder or something of that kind. An immense amount sympathy and understanding imagination are needed to bring up human children. They are not produced and trained for some purposes of display, they are not dancing bears or monkeys. They are human beings, with the treasure of their mind and their spirit. And that work should never be left to the care of those who have no imagination, no real sympathy for children, who cannot be a child. He who has lost child in himself is absolutely unfit this great work of educating human children.

Unfortunately for me the language I am using is not yours nor mine, and it is taking a long time. I cannot go fully into details about my system and manner of education owing to this obstruction. But I have given you the general principles of the education which I believe to be true, and it is thisthat as God himself finds his own freedom in his own creation and then his nature is fulfilled, human beings have to create their own world and then they can have their freedom. And for that they must be trained, not to be soldiers, not to be clerks in a bank, not to be merchants but to be the makers of their own world and their own destiny. And for that

they must have all their faculties fully developed in the atmosphere of freedom.

We, who only believe in book education, distort the minds of those boys who have their natural gift of teaching themselves through their work, through their direct observation. We force them to accept book lessons, and by doing it we kill for good their power to create their own world. This is happening to most of the human boys. We impose upon them our ideas and also those which are secondhand ideas for us.

That to create our own world has been the purpose of God, we see when we find that, even as children we had our one and only pleasure in that play where, with trifling materials, we gave expression to our imagination. That is more valuable to us as children than gold or banknotes or anything else. The same thing is

true with regard to every human individual. We forget this value of the individual creative power because our minds become obsessed with the artificial value which is made prevalent in society by other peoples' valuation of a particular manner of living, a particular style of respectability. We force ourselves to accept that imposition and we kill the most precious gift that God has given us, the gift of creation, which comes from His own nature.

God is creator, and as His children we, men and women, also have to be creators. But that goes against the purposes of the tyrant, of the schoolmaster, of the educational administration, of most of the governments, each of whom want the children to grow up according to the pattern which they have set for themselves.

NATIONHOOD OF DOMINIONS WITHIN THE BRITISH COMMON-WEALTH OF NATIONS AND INDIA

By TARAKANATH DAS. M. A., PH. D., AUTHOR OF "INDIA IN WORLD POLITICS", ETC.

ELF-governing dominions within the British
Empire are every day asserting their rights as independent nations associated with the British Commonwealth of Nations enjoying equal rights with Great Britain in every respect even in matters of defence and foreign relations. This assertion has been increasingly evident since the conclusion of the World War. The Dominion of Canada is asserting her rights more persistently without making much fuss about it.

Lately a few incidents happened in international affairs which marked the stand of Canada that the British Empire must have to hear Canada in dealing with foreign nations if the latter is to abide by the decision; and if there be any international negotiation with another nation in which purely Canadian interest is involved, then it would be the Canadian representative who would conduct the negotiations and sign the agreement on behalf of Canada, a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Canada asserted this right in concluding the so-called Halibut

Treaty (regarding fishing rights between the United States and Canada). When Lloyd George called upon the dominions to respond to the call to arms against Turkey, Canada paid no attention to it, because she was not consulted in the matter. Recently when the question of ratification of the Laussane Treaty by Canada was asked for by the British Government, the Canadian premier refused to refer the question to the Canadian Parliament, because no Canadian representative participated in the Laussane Conference. Canada ratified the treaty merely as a matter of form. following press despatch shows that a momentous change has come in matters of transaction of foreign relations of Canada.

Ottawa, July 5

A commercial treaty between Belgium and Canada wherein each grants to the other most favored nation treatment on its whole tariff schedule, has been signed at Laurier House, the home of the prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King, by Baron de Selys, the Belgian Cousul-General, and Janes A. Robb, acting Minister of Finance, and Dr. Henry Beland, Minister of the Soldiers Civil Re-establishment.



means of expiation.* Sin may be due to one's own actions, one's own depraved will, or the characteristic imperfection of one's lower nature, but redemption is attainable only through the mercy of God. This idea of Divine mercy brings Vaishnavism very near to Christianity - so much so, that some scholars seriously suggest that it is derived from a Christian source! The settlement of a Christian colony in Malabar coast in the second century supplies the necessary historical basis for their astounding theory. But the idea of Divine Mercy and Love can be traced to much earlier sources in Hinduism, only they were cast into the shade by the prevailing Pantheism of the time-somehow or other Pantheism is more congenial to the Indian mind.

सर्व्यथर्कान् परित्यच्य मामेकं शर्षं ब्रजः ।—गीताः ।

The Hindu philosophers generally speak of knowledge as the true means of attaining salvation. There can be little doubt that to know one-self properly and to know God is the most rational way of combating with the evil principle in our nature. The Upanishads mention the Sun as the symbol of Brahma (Cf. Purusha in the Sun, Purusha in the Eye). The knowledge of Brahma dispels the darkness and removes the imperfection of our nature. But so far as the conception of sin is concerned, mercy seems to be more in demand. When the heart is sore, the healing virtue of mercy is more necessary. Knowledge delays, but mercy hastens the union between man and and his Maker.

KHAGENDRANATH MITRA.

TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Rabindra, lord of a new world of song,
Heir of the sacred rishis of old time,
This homage comes from a far distant clime
To hail thee crowned amid the immortal throng,

Whose words have power to make man's spirit strong:
For thou hast reared a citadel of rhyme
Great and majestic, with its towers sublime
Above the lower mists, which to this world belong.

Heaven sends to every people one pure soul,
Filled with the spirit of music, who can sway
The hearts of countless multitudes, till they
Move at his bidding. Age on age may roll

Voiceless, but when the singer comes, the whole People awake to greatness. Nought can stay The might of song on that victorious day, When nations find at length their own appointed goal.

So wast thou sent to give thy nation birth,
Such was the power that brought back life again
To thy dear country. Like a gracious rain
Thy songs poured forth upon the weary earth,

And thirsting souls parched dry with arid dearth Revived. The magic of thy mighty strain Echoed in all men's hearts and swept amain Darkness and gloom away, and wakened joy and mirth.

DELIN.

C. F. Andrews.

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TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

When comes a king, the cannonade booms forth Traditional greeting—along the flattering shores The gaudy straining ranks declare their joy Or counterfeit of joy; men's hearts are big With pride of the glittering vision, until all—Shores, banners, gazers, empty pageantry, Are swallowed by the night. The king has passed!

But when the Poet comes, the patient shores Maintain their wonted peace. Only the sun Unflattering sweeps the broad plains of the sky For brighter canopy, and loving minds Enfold him with old comradeship; while ever The silent processions of the day and night Lay down their precious gifts and pass to peace. Methinks when comes the Poet the songless plains Are trembling with his nearness and the hills Wave banners of delight while epic waters Murmur a new content and rise to claim Him as their lyric voice, and future time In envy of the present frets for birth. And from the desert silence of great towns, From out the hunger of the choking plains, Upon lone heights where white souls grope for peace, From far dim shores of unborn centuries, Wherever spirit yearneth unto light, Or dumb lips crave an utterance divine, In greeting and in yearning eager arms Reach out to him. Behold the king has come!

MAYCE F. SEYMOUR.

Urbana, Illinois, U. S. A.

I find two instances of old monarchical nations adopting the republican system their old dynasties disappeared: the Kurus and the Panchalas had formed themselves into Sanghas by the days when the Artha-Shastra was written. A third instance is the case of the Videhas, pointed out by Prof. Rhys Davids. From a kingdom they had become a republic by the sixth century B.C.

Thus we have about the 6th to 4th centuries B. C. the stage when Conclusion as to republics and similar bodies Developed Stage. were founded designedly, that is, the primitive "tribal stage" had been long passed over,-a conclusion to which we would be brought also by the principles underlying the procedure and the principle of the separation of functions and powers as noticed above.

To be continued.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE MODERN REVIEW."]

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT SIMLA. PART I.

The Bengal Renaissance.

THE Kingdom of Literature has a truly noble franchise: its divine rights of sovereignty belong to genius alone: its aristrocracy is drawn from all ages and all climes: its parliament is open to women as well as men: its citizens are citizens of the world. We meet here to-night, away from the noise of politics of a more earthly kind, to do homage to a Bengali poet and musician who has risen to a sovereignty such as great monarchs might envy. If there be any here who have not yet acknowledged his sway, I expect before the lecture is over to have won for him their allegiance.

A short story will explain, most rapidly, the power of the poet in India itself. I was once in the heart of the great Himalayan mountains, not far from the borders of Tibet. A Bengali lad, about ten years old, had wandered up there impelled by that roving instinct which so many Indian boys possess. Late one evening we were sitting in company with the villagers when suddenly the young boy began to sing one of the songs of Rabindranath. The dialect was strange to the mountaineers, but they could gather the drift of the words, and could feel the heart of the young singer going out into his song. They swayed backwards and forwards seated on the ground, moved by the power of the song

and the spirit of the singer. Such is a typical example of the sovereignty of the poet in his own country. In England I stayed with him last summer and saw the instinctive and immediate homage that was rendered to him, by the greatest names in English and Irish literature. In my own personal experience there was reserved something far deeper than mere homage to literary merit: for the poet gave me his own heart's affection, and if my words to-night about him are enthusiastic, it will be due to

the pardonable enthusiasm of love.

In order to explain Rabindranath I must ask your patience while I describe first the Renaissance movement in Bengal of which he is the crown. The course taken by that movement has been more complex than the Renaissance in Europe; there has been a double instead of a single process. The Greek and Latin Classics which caused our own Renaissance were indigenous in Europe: it was no new product which was introduced, but a recovery of our own ancient ideals. The first stage in Bengal was wholly different: it was a foreign culture and a foreign language from the West which were superimposed. But fortunately, this was but the beginning, not the end. The true Renaissance in Bengal began, when the minds of the greatest thinkers went back to the Sanskrit classics of India itself, and recovered the ideals underlying the great Sanskritic civilisation. It is the working out of this second and indigenous stage of the Renaissance which has given birth to the Bengal literary and artistic movement, and has led up to the poetry and music of Rabindranath.

Early in the Nineteenth Century, the burning question in Bengal was whether the spread of the English language should be encouraged. Macaulay's famous minute written in 1835, fixed English as the medium for higher education. "Never on earth," writes Sir John Seeley, "was a more momentous question discussed,"-and Macaulay won. But his premises were unsound, and his conclusions inaccurate. He poured contempt on the Indian classics: he treated Bengali literature as useless: he cast upon the Bengali people the most cruel and unjust aspersion. Yet strangely enough, inspite of his narrow outlook, Macaulay's practical policy was right. The hour for the indigenous revival had not yet come. A shock from without was needed, and the study of English gave the shock required. Bengal awoke under this English stimulus.

But the new life, which first appeared, was not altogether healthy. It led immediatley to a shaking of old customs and an unsettlement of religious convictions, which was often carried to a violent and unthinking extreme. The greatest disturbance of all was in the social sphere. A wholesale in tation of purely Western habits led to a painful confusion of ideas. It was a brilliant and precocious age, bubbling over with a new vitality, but wayward and unregulated, like a rudderless vessel on a stormy

The one outstanding heroic character, whose presence saved Bengal at this crisis, was the great Raja Ram Mohun Roy. Towering above his contemporaries, solitary and majestic, this extraordinary man seems to have measured accurately the force of every new current as it flowed quickly past, and to have steered his own course with an almost unerring accuracy. As practical as Macaulay, he was no mere opportunist. He was a true prophet, and had the prophet's sacred fire of enthusiasm. On the literary side, he was one of the strongest promoters of the new Western learning, and eagerly helped forward Macaulay's pro-But the best energies of his marvellously full life were directed to recreate in the heart of the Bengali people that true reverence for the Indian past, which should lead to a revival of their own Sanskrit classics. Above all, he did not despise his Bengali mother tongue, but brought it back into full literary use.

Serampore missionaries, Marshman and Ward, rendered invaluable aid at this critical juncture. The part they played has been generously recognised in a fascinating book written by Dinesh Chandra Sen. They were the first actually to print books in Bengali type, and though their style was crude and colloquial, it was freed from archaism and pedantry. Alexander Duff, the brilliant young Scotsman, who came later, worked hand in hand with Raja Ram Mohun Roy in spreading the new English culture. But he was too obsessed by the spirit of Macaulay. He did not share Ram Mobun's wider outlook with regard to the indigenous Sanskrit classics.

Debendranath Tagore, the father of Rabindranath, is the next outstanding figure in the Bengali literary revival. His work and influence lasted over nearly the whole century. If Ram Mohun Roy may be likened to the root of this tree of literature, planted deep in Bengali soil, Debendranath Tagore may be likened to its strong and vigorous stem, and Rabindranath his son may be compared to its flower and fruit. Rarely in the history of literature can such a direct succession be traced.

Debendranath Tagore's character illuminated his age with a kind of prophetic light and grandeur. In his later life he received by universal consent the name of Maharshi, or Great Rishi, so deep was his religious spirit and his moral authority. During the flood tide of English fashion he held fast to the ancient moorings, and strengthened every bond which kept his country close to its own historic past. His autobiography, translated by Satvendranath, is one of the most instructive books on the spirit of modern Bengal that I have ever read. Maharshi's own conservative position was taken up when he was quite young, and he never departed from it. The present century will probably show the greatness of his massive strength and his true insight into the future. For a time his eminence was somewhat overshadowed by a younger leader, Keshav Chandra Sen, whose brilliant gifts and generous' personality irresistibly attracted young Bengal. The warm affection cherished by Maharshi for this younger leader, amid great difference of opinion, is one of the most beautiful records of a noble age, and reveals the true greatness of its leading men.

Maharshi himself wrote copiously in the Bengali mother tongue, and improved it as a vehicle for modern thought. Through his disciple Akhsay Kumar Dutt, whose life was one long martyrdom of physical suffering, he fostered the growth of periodical literature. This has been one of the greatest means of popularising Bengali prose among

the rising educated classes.

By the middle of the Nineteenth Century, owing to these initial movements, a great creative period in Bengali literary history had set in. It bears on its surface the marks of conflict between the new Western learning and the revived Sanskrit classics. All the chief writers of the period had studied English. Toru Dutt, the fairest and frailest flower among them, wrote in English itself, though the fragrance of the Sanskrit past pervades all her works and makes them a national possession. Michael Dutt began by writing English verse: but he abandoned this, while his powers were still at their height, and composed his later poems in a wonderfully sonorous and majestic Bengali style. He has been called the Milton of the Bengal revival. Bankim Chandra Chatterji's novels, carry back the mind at every turn to the great 'Waverley' series. We can almost feel behind them the pure joy and zest with which young Bengal explored the new-found English

But the originality of the period consisted in this, that the writers, amid all their study of English, remained true to the ancient Indian ideal. They remembered the rock from whence they were hewn. They did not despise their own birth right. were tempted indeed in two directions, either of which might have been fatal to true progress. On the one hand there was the tendency to import English metres and constructions without assimilation,-to Anglicise Bengali literature. On the other hand there was the temptation to strain after purity of style by introducing Sanskrit words and phrases unmodified and unmodulated, - to Sanskritise Bengali. The latter became the more pressing danger as the full force of the reaction against English took place; and Vidyasagar and Michael Dutt show the pressure of it in their Bengali style. It is only when we come to Bankim that we find the danger practically overcome. What has been called his romantic style (as contrasted with the earlier classical style) pierced its way through all obstacles and produced a form of language in close touch with the living speech of the people, yet having a high literary colour of its own. Not only the language, but also the subjects of this new literature, were brought more in touch with the people. The village life of Bengal, where romance was still unclouded, gained a new appreciation. The mediaeval as well as the classical times were laid under contribution for subject matter. The commanding ideal at last rose up before the minds of men, to lay aside the artificial imitation of the West, and build up a truly national literature and art out of the living stones of indigenous poetry, musica and song.

Into this rich heritage of the past the young poet Rabindranath entered, and he has done more than any living man to make the ideal mentioned come right home to the hearts of the Bengali people. of mine has described to me the scene took place, when the aged novelist Bankim was being honoured and garlanded. The old man took the garland from off his own neck, and placed it on that of a young writer, who was seated at his feet,-Rabindranath Tagore. This act of Bankim has now been universally recognised as both generous and just. For what others were struggling to attain amid almost insuperable difficulties, Rabindranath has reached with the quick leap and joyful ease of supreme genius. The ideals of art, which were before only dimly discerned, he has seen with open vision. Moreover, in his later works, he has carried still further the spiritual mission of his father, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore; and he has clothed his own deepest spiritual thoughts with a raiment of pure simplicity and beauty. His fame has come to the full in recent years, and his message has taken continually a higher and more prophetic tone. He has passed on from the period of sheer, unbounded delight in nature and physical beauty, to enter into the mystery of the sorrow and the suffering of the world; to share the burden of the poor; to face death itself unmoved; to look for and attain the supreme vision of God. In all this he has remained close to the heart of his own country, his own Bengal. There never was a poet who was more wholly wrapt up in his own motherland. Every day that I was with him last summer in England, his eves were straining across the sea, as he spoke of his boys at Bolpur, of the village people among whom he was a father and friend, of his fellow workers and his companions. "Oh! my boys, my boys at Bolpur," he would say to me, "I cannot bear the separation." In every letter that I have received from him since, he has spoken eagerly of his return. He told me a strange thing. Ever since he left Bengal, up to the time when I went away from him last October, the fountain of his poetry had dried up in the foreign land. He could write prose, In and tender, full of humour and pathos, with brilliant character study. The letters that he has sent home are each of them literary gems. But the Muse of Poetry has departed for a season.

ot wonderful therefore that Bengal se very soil he seems to belong, and from whose very soil he seems to draw his deepest inspiration, should have been inspired in turn by his music and song with a high intensity of purpose and a sublime consciousness of its own destiny. What Shakespeare did for England in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Rabindranath has done for modern Bengal. He has given vital expression, at a supreme moment of history, to the rising hopes of his own people. In that country of music and art and song

The prophetic soul of the wide world Dreaming of things to come

has found, at last, its vision in and through his poems. The dreams, which Bengal is now dreaming, may not all come true:

The tumult and the shouting dies:

The captains and the kings depart in the pageant of literature, as well as that of empire. When the great literary period is over, the glamour will surely pass away. But song and music are mighty instruments, when the spirit of an emotional people is beating high with hope; and to-day, men, women, and even little children, are seeing through the eyes of Rabindranath the vision of their country's progress. That vision is radiant and luminous. There is something in it which inspires religious fervour; and there is not unmixed with it also a sacred sense of awe, that God has visited his people.

This power of music and literature to create a new spirit in a whole people may sound unreal to modern ears. But it must be remembered, that India still retains, deep below the surface of life, its supreme faith in the unseen. That faith can work wonders by ways that are scarcely understood in the grey and sober West. In Bengal, especially, that faith is still winning its victories, inspite of a growth of materialism which at times retards the course of higher spiritual advance. I have learnt to believe whole-heartedly in the great qualities of the Bengali people, and I am not ashamed to confess openly my belief. I have learnt to love them also, and that love has been returned in overflowing measure. Above all, I have had the inestimable privilege of friendship with Rabindranath himself. It is with this outlook, the outlook of faith, and love, and friendship, -that I have written, and I am confident that it is true to the facts. I wish that these facts could be fully understood, and their significance realized, by my fellow-countrymen, for they have no slight bearing on that which we all long so earnestly to foster and retain,the growth of cordial sympathy and mutual good-will.

Delhi. C. F. Andrews.

(To be concluded in next month's issue).

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(A LECTURE DELIVERED IN SIMLA)

By the Rev. C. F. Andrews

Part II

The Personality of the Poet.

have been obliged to tax your patience by describing in brief outline the chief features of the Bengal Renaisance, for herwise the appearance of such a poet d musician as Rabindranath would have air about it of unreality. It is true, as shall now go on to see, that both his ersonality and his art have qualities which ily belong to the highest order of genius; it Rabindranath is no isolated and inplicate phenomenon of nature, standing part from his own age and country as a nd of accident in human history. No et with a universal message was ever is; and Rabindranath is not an excepon to the rule. Rather, to use an appote metaphor, he has come forward on the est of a great wave, with the surging tide his own nation's life behind him. Others ho are still today the masters of Bengali erature, were borne on by the same tide,lichæl, Toru, Hem Chandra, Bankim, avin Chandra,-but Rabindranath has ached the topmost wave of all. He is ne national poet of Bengal in the sense nat Shakespeare was the national poet of ngland in the days of Queen Elizabeth. his fact is a remarkable one in the present entury. Indeed, of all the poets living in ne world today, there is none, as far as am able to judge, who holds the same lace in the affection of his own people, and is this which gives a freshness, a sponaneity, a width of humanity, to his work, rhich is altogether refreshing in our somethat artificial age.

I think I shall bring before you most ividly the second part of my subject, the ersonality of the poet, if I describe as imply and as clearly as I can one unforetable day in London when my friend told the his own life-story, marking out for my enefit the chief points in his own literary

career. There is much of course that must remain untold, for it was too sacred and intimate for publication, but that which I am able to tell you without reserve will, I trust, disclose the poet and reveal his message. He was good enough to allow me to take full notes at the time and in many cases I shall quote to you his own very words.

You must picture, therefore, (and most of my present audience know the spot well!) a house just outside the entrance to South Kensington underground station. The time of the incident was a morning in October, and a dark and thick London fog filled the air during the first part of Rabindranath's narrative. But strangely enough, and very beautifully, just as he came to the end of his life-story and spoke of Death and Immortality, the fog rolled away and the warm sunshine bathed the air. The glory of the radiant, sunlit mists could be seen from the upper-window, where we were sitting, and the gloomy London streets were enveloped for a short space in all the glory of a poet's dream.

He told me first about his father,—the great Maharshi,—how all the household became still and hushed when he was present in the house, anxious not to disturb his spiritual meditations. He spoke to me also, with great tenderness, about his mother,—how she died when he was quite young; and as he saw her face for the last time, calm and beautiful in death, it awakened in him no childish terror nor even a childish wonder; all seemed so peaceful and even natural. It was only later, as he grew older, that he learnt Death's meaning.

The account he gave me of his own life in early childhood was as follows:—

"I was very lonely — that was the chief feature of my childhood — I was very lonely. I saw my father seldom: he was away a great deal, but his presence pervaded the whole house and was one of the deepest influences on my life. I was kept in charge of the ser-

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vants after my mother died, and I used to sit, day after day, in front of the window, and picture to myself what was going on in the outer world. From the very first time I can remember I was passionately fond of Nature. Oh! it used to make me mad with joy when I saw the clouds come up in the sky one by one. I felt, even in those very childish days, that I was surrounded with a friend, a companionship, very intense and very intimate, though I did not know how to name it. I had such an exceeding love for Nature, I can not tell how to describe it to you; but Nature was a kind of loving companion always with me, and always revealing to me some fresh beauty."

This was how he pictured his childhood to me on that foggy day in London, and a passage in his Jivan-smriti nakes the picture still more vivid.

"In the morning of Autumn," he writes, "I would run into the garden the moment I got up from sleep. A scent of leaves and grass, wet with dew, scemed to embrace me, and the dawn, all tender and fresh with the new awakened rays of the sun, held out its face to me to greet me beneath the trembling vesture of palmleaves. Nature shut her hands and laughingly asked every day 'what have I got inside?' and nothing seemed impossible."

I must break off for a moment to read you one of his later songs addressed to light. I recall to mind as I begin to read it to you how in the sunless days of last summer in England he seemed to lose his own brightness and vivacity, and to long intensely for the sunlight of 'Golden Bengal'. Here is the poem itself:—

Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kiss-

ing light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life: the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my

darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad."

Rabindranath went on to tell me that his first literary awakening came from reading the old Bengali poets, Chandidas and Vidyapati. These had recently been selected and published by Sarada Charan Mittra and Akshay Chandra Sircar, and, to his great joy, he found a copy, when he was twelve or thirteen, and revelled in their beauty. He went still further, and, with the precocity of youth, imitated their style and published some poems under the name of Bhanu Sinha. Literary Bengal wondered for a time who this Bhanu Sinha could be. He laughed as he told me of this exploit of his boyhood, and went on to say that

these and many other juvenile poems we merely conventional and imitative: the were exercises in the technical skill of vers making; that was all their value. wrote, however, the poems lished later under the name of 'Sandhy Sangit' (Evening Songs) he broke awa from the archaic and conventions style and became purely romantic. A first he was derided by the older gener tion for his bad metres and lack of classica form; but the younger generation was wit him. He chose no English model, but th early Vaishnava literature was the soun of his deepest inspiration. This ever after wards remained intimately endeared t him: its influence is marked in the Gitanja translations, which are now becoming familiar to English readers.

His school life, he told me, was a failure and he learnt most of his knowledge through association with the older members of the Tagore family and by his own eage interest in all that had to do with poetry and art. He was also passionately fond music and acting. But the whole of the period of boyhood and youth was extreme subjective and this mood is represented "

all his earliest works.

The time of his real birth as a poet h dates from a morning in Free School Street Calcutta, when with dramatic suddenness the veil seemed to be removed from his eye and saw the inner soul of reality. Here I shall quote his own very words, for the phenome non was one of the most remarkable it literary history. He told me the story as follows:-

It was morning I was watching the sunrise 1 Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn, and everything I saw became luminous. The whole seem was one perfect music, one marvellous rhythm. The houses in the street, the men moving, the children play ing, all seemed parts of one luminous whole,—inexpresibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eight days. Every one, even those who bored me, seemed lose their outer barrier of personality; and I was for of gladness, full of love, for every person and even timiest thing. Then I went to the Himalayas, and looked for it there and I least it. The transmission from looked for it there, and I lost it.....That morning in Fro School Street was one of the first things which gave in the inner vision, and I have tried to explain it in m poems. I have felt, ever since, that this was my goal life: to express the fullness of life, in its beauty, a perfection. - if only the veil were withdrawn.'

I copied this account down word to word, as the poet told it on that foggy London morning; and I can remember distinctly even now the quiet laugh he gave as he said, "And I lost it" and also the em phasis he laid upon the words "fullness"



life," In Rabindranath's own prose work Jivan-smriti the same incident is also recor-You will like to compare this passage with the word-picture he gave me in London. They corroborate and explain one another.

"Where Sadar Street ends trees in the garden of Free School Street are visible. One morning I was standing in the verandah, looking at them. The sun was slowly rising above the screen of their leaves; and as I was watching it, suddenly, in a moment, a veil seemed to be lifted from my eyes. I found the world wrapt in an inexpressible glory with its waves of joy and beauty bursting and breaking on all sides. The thick shroud of sorrow that lay on my heart in many folds was pierced through and through by the light of the world which was everywhere radiant. That very day the poem known as "The fountain awakened from its dream" flowed on like a fountain itself. When it was finished still the curtain did not fall on that strange vision of beauty and joy. There was nothing and no one whom I did not love at that moment.....I stood on the verandah and watched the coolies as they tramped down the road. Their movements, their forms, their countenances seemed to be strangely wonderful to me, as if they were all moving like waves in the great ocean of the world. When one young man placed his hand upon the shoulder of another and passed laughingly by, it was a remarkable event to me.....I seemed to witness, in the wholeness of my vision, the movements of the body of all humanity, and to feel the beat of the music and the rhythm of a mystic dance.

"For some time I was in this ecstatic mood. My brothers had made up their minds to go to Darjeeling and I accompanied them. I thought I might have a fuller vision of what I had witnessed in the crowded parts of the Sadar Street, if once I reached the heights of the Himalayas.

"But when I reached the Himalayas the vision all departed. That was my mistake. I thought I could get at truth from the outside. But however lofty and imposing the Himalayas might be, they could not put anything real into my hands. But God, the Great Giver Himself, can open the whole Universe to our gaze in the narrow space of a single lane."

The volume of lyrics, "Prabhat Sangit," (Morning Songs) was the direct outcome of this time of vision and illumination. It contains the poem 'The fountain awakened from its dream' referred to above. There is in these poems a romantic longing to come in touch with, to know intimately, the meaning of the world and human life. The poet feels the stirrings of love within himself and strives to get freed, as it were, from the bondage of his own narrow individuality, and to merge himself in the larger life of nature and humanity. But as yet he has not the deep-laid basis of practical experience on which to build. Prabhat Sangit contains some of Rabindranath's purest lyrics: they are, however, like the lyrics of Shelley, mainly in the realm of the imagination, and not so closely related to common human experience as those of his later powers. To poetic natures which have had even a glimpse of what Rabindranath saw that morning and have themselves witnessed even for a fleeting moment,

> The earth and every common sight Apparelled in celestial light. The glory and the freshness of a dream,

these songs of sunrise will have a rapture and an intimacy which no other forms of his poetry can equal. But this gift of poetic vision(like the kindred gifts of a highly sensitive ear for music, or an artist's appreciation of colour and form) is not granted to if Rabindranath every one; and remained absorbed and entranced in this palace of imaginative splendour he could never have become the national poet of Bengal.

But outer circumstances, as well as his own inner spirit, prevented the young writer from remaining too long in that enchanted garden of the soul. As he went on with his story that morning, he marked the next stage of his own literary career from the date of his wedded life (which began when he was twenty-three) and from the change which came to him when his father, Maharshi, insisted (much against his own inclination) that he should go down to Shilaida, on the banks of the Ganges, and supervise there the large family zemindari. This work brought him into closest touch with the village life of Bengal, and he had to deal each day with the practical affairs of men; to understand and appreciate the elemental passions of mankind, stripped of all convention and artificiality; to study with a heart brimming over with tenderness and love the homelife of his own Bengali people. To his own great good fortune, also as a poet, his joy in communing with nature found at the same time its fullest and freest expression. During pauses in his active, business life, he would live all alone on the sand-flats of the Ganges moving up and down from village to village in his boat.

"Sometimes," he told me, "I would pass many months without speaking, till my own voice grew thin and weak through lack of use. I used to write from my boat the stories of the village life, which I had witnessed in the course of my work, and put into written words the incidents and conversations which I had heard. was my 'short story' period; and some think these stories better than the poems."





Rabindranath was anxious, while I was staying with him in England, that I should help him in selecting from among these short stories such as would repay translation into English. He was eager that those who could not understand Bengali should be able to appreciate the soul of goodness that was to be found among his own Bengali people. He often returned to this subject, and it was only the shortness of the time that I was with him, which prevented it from being accomplished.

It was during this period in Shilaida, he told me, that an intense and burning love for Bengal, his mother-land, seemed to take possession of his soul. The national movement had not yet come into actual outward shape and form; but the forces which were to break forth later were already acting powerfully in the hearts of leading Bengali thinkers, and Rabindranath's soul caught the flame of patriotism, not in Calcutta itself, but among the villagers of Bengal. His unshaken faith in the destiny of his own country, its glorious past and its still more glorious future, received its strongest confirmation from what he saw in the country life of his own people. He was not unaware for a moment of the dangers which threatened that life through its contact with the new social forces from the west. Indeed this forms the theme of many of his short stories. But he believed, with all his heart, from what he had witnessed with his own eyes, that the stock from which the new national life was to spring forth was sound at the core. He spoke to me, that morning, with the greatest possible warmth and affection of the Bengali villagers, and of the many lessons he owed to them of patience, simplicity and human kindliness and sympathy. Time will not allow me to enter more fully into this part of his narrative, but it was clearly nearest his own heart.

I will give at this point Rabindranath's

own ideal for his nation:-

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is

Where knowledge is free:

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls:

Where words come out of the depth of truth:

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection :

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit :

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into everwidening thought and action :-

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

And side by side with this I would give his own prayer for strength :-

"This is my prayer to thee, my Lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love."

As an instance of his dramatic power of seizing a common-place incident in his own country and giving it the saving touch of humanity I select the following -

"The workman is busy with his wife digging clay to make bricks for the kiln. Their little daughter goes to the landing place by the river. There she has endless scouring and scrubbing of pots and pans.

Her baby brother, with bald head and brown naked limbs, sits patiently on the high bank at her bidding. She goes back, when her work is done, to her home, with the full pitcher poised on her head, the shining brass water-vessel in her left hand, and with her right she holds the child,...she the tiny 'mother,' grave with the weight of all her household cares.'

Rabindranath dated the next great landmark in his own literary career from the time when he was nearly forty. He left the work of the estate in the country, and there seemed to come to him, so he told me, the strongest and deepest impression that there was about to arrive in his life a Varsha Shesha, a close of the year. He seemed to anticipate some vast sorrow and change, for which these quiet unbroken years in the country had been a solemn preparation. A restlessness took hold upon him. He was in great doubt what to do. It has always appeared to me, though I may be mistaken, that the mood of the poet at this time is represented in that which is perhaps the most dramatic of all the poems Gitanjali,-

"Light, ah where is the light? Kindle it with burn-

ing fire of desire.

There is the lamp but never a flicker of flame—is such thy fate, my heart? Ah! death were better by far for thee!

Misery knocks at thy door and her message is that thy lord is wakeful and he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of the night.

The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is ceaseless. I know not what this is that stirs in me - I know not its meaning

A moment's flash of lightning drags down a deeper gloom on my sight, and my heart gropes for the path to where the music of the night calls me.

Light, oh where is the light? Kindle it with the burning fire of desire! It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void. The night is black as a



black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the dark. Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.

Slowly there came to Rabindranath, so he tried to explain to me, the clear and unmistakable call to give up his life somehow (he knew not how) more wholly for his country. He went to Calcutta, and prepared to start a school. His own school life, as I have said, had been an unhappy one,—too wooden and conventional. He longed to work out a new educational model which should bring the young into closer touch with nature and also inspire them with nobler ideals of their own country and their own country's past traditions. This he actually accomplished later at Shantiniketan, Bolpur, about which I hope to speak before the conclusion of my lecture. But on his arrival in Calcutta to take up the work he was handicapped for want of funds. "I sold my books," he said to me pathetically." I sold all my books, my copyrights, everything I had, in order to carry on the school. I cannot possibly tell you what a struggle it was, and what difficulties I had to go through. At first the object in view was purely patriotic, but later on it grew more spiritual. Then in the very midst of all these outer difficulties and trials, there came the greatest change of all, the true Varsha Sesha, the change in my own inner life."

He went on to tell me of that change, how, when he was forty years old, his wife died, and almost immediately after his daughter showed signs of consumption. He left the school in the care of Mohit Chandra Sen and went away with his daughter to nurse her and tend her, but after six months of mingled hope and anguish she passed away from his arms and left his heart still more desolate. the third overwhelming wave of sorrow. His youngest son, to whom he had learnt to be father and mother in one, was taken suddenly ill with cholera and died in his presence,—the child of his love.

I cannot speak, in a public lecture such as this, of all that Rabindranath told me about that time of suffering and death. He referred to it, in speaking to me that morning, with the wonderful unreserve and freedom of truest friendship, and what he said has left a mark on my own life that nothing can efface. As I have told you, while he was still speaking, the darkness of the London mists rolled away and athwart them as they passed into space

there appeared the sunlit vision of an eternal glory. This outward scene was but a faint symbol of the story that was being told me so simply, so quietly, in that upper room. He spoke of the days and hours wherein death itself became a loved companion, an infinite illumination—no longer the king of terrors, but altogether transformed into a loved and cherished friend. "You know," he said to me (and these words I can repeat), "this death was a great blessing to me. I had through it all, day after day, such a sense of fulfilment, of completion, as if nothing were lost. I felt that if even an atom in the universe seemed lost, it could not be lost. It was not mere resignation that came to me, but the sense of a fuller life. I knew now at last what Death was. It was perfection,—nothing lost, nothing lost."

Through what long-drawn agony that peace and joy came out at last triumphant the lines in his face told me as he spoke these words, as well as the radiance that filled it. We can enter into his sorrow through the veil of poetry (for he has opened his heart to us) in that most simple of his lyrics which rises to the height of a solemn and majestic faith. It runs as

follows:-

"In desperate hope I go and search for her in all the corners of my room; I find her not.

My house is small and what has once gone from it can never be regained.

But infinite is thy mansion, my Lord, and seeking her I have come to thy door.

I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky

and I lift my eager eyes to thy face.

I have come to the brink of eternity from which

nothing can vanish-no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.

We may learn also how the goal of infinite illumination was at length attained from the companion lyric which follows:

"On the day when death will knock at my door what wilt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my

life—I will never let him go with empty hands.

All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and gleanings of my busy life will I place before him at the close of my days, when death will knock at my door.'

It was during this period of Varsha Sesha that Gitanjali was written. English translation now published contains also some poems from other works, Naivedya, Shishu and Kheya. They all mark the great transition, during which the poet's national and social longings, so deep and ardent in themselves, became more and more spiritual and merged in the universal,

just as in the earlier period his passion for beauty and his almost physical companionship with nature had become more intimately spiritual as life advanced. It is this realization of the spiritual in and through the material,—the material becoming luminous and transparent through life's inner experience,—that appears to me the glory and the wonder of Rabindranath. He has attempted (to repeat his own words to me that morning) to "express the fullness of life in its beauty as perfection—if only the veil were withdrawn." And the glory and the wonder is this, that he has withdrawn the veil so far.

Rabindranath has now fared forth as a voyager, a pilgrim. This is the last phase of all. It was his own health which first compelled him to set out to the West. There was also the natural longing to be with the only son that now remains to him among his children during his University career. But here again, as in the former period mentioned, the outward circumstance has brought with it a new poetic and "As I crossed the spiritual experience. Atlantic," he wrote to me only a week ago "and spent on board ship the first of Vaishakh, the beginning of the new year, I realized that a new stage in my life had come, the stage of a voyager. To the open road! To the emancipation of self! To the realization in love!'

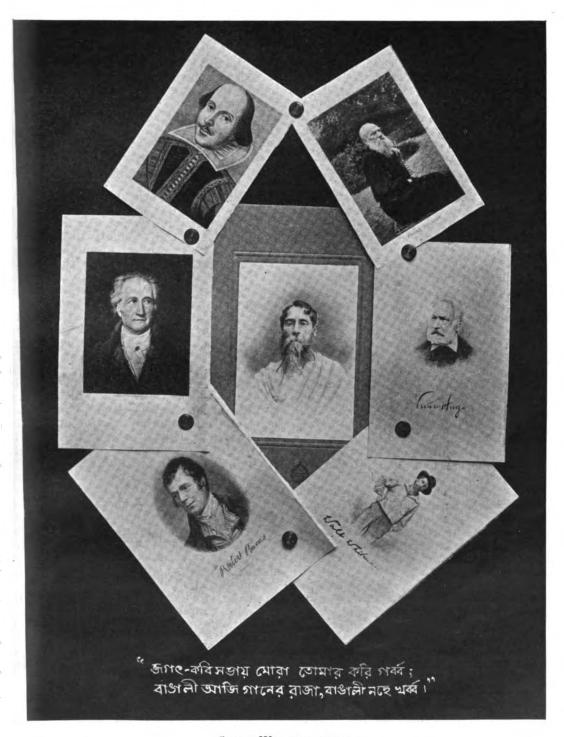
In another letter which he wrote earlier to me, dealing with the union of the conflicting races of the world, the 'making of man,' he uses these words: "This is the one problem set before this present age, and we must be prepared to go through the martyrdom of sufferings and humiliations till the victory of God in man is achieved."

Such are some of Rabindranath's inner thoughts and longings at the present time. During this 'voyaging' period he has been dwelling more and more upon the universal aspects of humanity. He is facing the larger international problems of mankind. He is attempting also to comprehend the harmony of his own life's work and to read its inner meaning: to account for those wonderful currents of emotion which have welled up from the pure fountain of song. Whether his true and original poetic spirit can be kept free, and breathe freely, in this new philosophic atmosphere, remains yet to be seen. It may be that the dramatic instinct, which has again and again come to his aid in the past, will return; and in that case,

we may find that the unity of life, which he is now seeking to express, will be worked out in a drama of action rather than uttered in a lyrical outburst of song.

When Rabindranath first came to England he placed before his English friends some translations of his poems. He did this with the greatest modesty and diffidence, and without realizing the supreme value of his own achievement. "I-found," he said, "that I had to strip my Bengali verses their gaudy of all ornaments clothe them in the simplest dress.'' That 'simplest dress' has now seen to represent the most beautiful and rhythmical English prose,—a new form of English composition which has actually enlarged the bounds of our own literature. The triumph has been won, a triumph never before, I believe, achieved in literary history, of a poet transcribing his own imaginative thoughts into a wholly new medium, and giving his own spiritual message in perfect poetic form to two peoples speaking two different tongues.

Of the effect of the little book 'Gitanjali' on the mind of the thinking West it would be difficult to speak in strong enough terms. It has been already confidently declared by men of the highest literary reputation that its publication is likely to introduce an epoch in thought and style comparable with the Italian influence of the sixteenth century,an epoch in which the English mind will find a fresh creative impulse from abroad. However this may be,—and the future alone can show the value of the prediction,—the translations of Rabindranath have already afforded a common meeting-ground of appreciation between East and West, such as in modern times has not been realized in any other sphere. It has led to the great hope that in the higher phases of life and thought East and West may become wholly and intimately one. Where the disruptive forces and jealous rivalries of race and colour and intolerant creeds, of commerce and trade and party politics, are so seemingly strong and outwardly powerful, it is indeed no small blessing to mankind, if even a single voice can be heard above their discordant tumult, speaking a message which East and West alike acknowledge to be true The sovereignty of the poet, and great. which I mentioned in the beginning of my lecture, is no shadowy thing. It is already heralding the downfall of ancient tyrannies



SOME WORLD-POETS.

Photograph by Hop Sing & Co. on Rabindranath Tagore's 50th Birthday anniversary.

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and the coming in of new world forces which make for peace.

If it is felt by Rabindranath's own fellow-countrymen in Bengal that the price of this gain which has come to the West through their own poet's absence is too high to pay, then I would urge, with all candour, that this is taking a too short-sighted view. Nations as well as individuals need to leave the narrow groove of self and merge themselves in the Universal. Of them, it is true, as of individuals, that to lose self is to find it. The deeply laden barque of Bengali literature must not hug too closely its own inland waters. It must put forth gallantly in this auspicious morning prime to cross the perilous seas with a rich argosy of song.

Its spreading sails white-gleaming in the sun Its freight of human hearts, how beautiful!

It may be that it will "touch the Happy Isles"—the famed Hesperides of the West,—and unladen there its precious treasures, receiving in return fruit all golden for the homeward voyage. If this come to pass, Bengal will be none the poorer, but all the richer, for having given of its own bounty to far-off lands.

I had intended to speak in detail of Rabindranath's great and noble conceptions of the spirit of God in man; to deal specially with his leading idea of the Jivan-Devata, that singularly rich and original interpretation of the atma and paramatma of the Vedanta. I had also intended to speak of my visit to his wonderful school at Shantiniketan, Bolpur, where music and song have been made, as in Plato's 'Republic,' the very warp and woof of the texture of education. But time will not allow me to linger in these tempting meadows of thought. I would only add one word in conclusion.

Many have found in the newly translated poems of Gitanjali resemblances extraordinarily akin to Christian teaching and have hastily assumed that Rabindranath has borrowed these wholly and directly from the Christianity of the West. The more, however, I have considered the matter, the more I have felt certain that the main source of these spiritual conceptions of the poet has been the great storehouse of thought contained in the ancient Indian classics and in the Vaishnava literature of medieval Bengal. Even such a poem as that beginning 'Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest,

and lowliest, and lost', which is so wholly Christian in spirit, may be found, symbolically expressed, in a hundred passages in the early Vaishnava hymns. And again the thought, so alien to popular Hinduism of today, 'Deliverance is not for me in renunciation', combined with the conception of 'the fullness of life' as the true pathway to salvation, is not foreign to that ancient Hindu thought which could picture Janaka, the Rajarshi. It was also worked out fully before the poet's own eyes in the life of his father, Maharshi, who was at one and the same time a grihastha and a sannyasin.

Not for one moment do I wish to imply that the Christian spirit has not been profoundly appreciated by the Bengali poet, or that it has not profoundly influenced his work. The atmosphere of modern Bengal has been deeply permeated with Christian ideals and the sensitive nature of a great and noble poet could not live in that atmosphere without feeling their power. In all Rabindranath's writings I have found an appreciation of the Christian spirit in its purest form, and this has been, if I may make a personal confession, the deepest joy of my friendship and fellowship with him. But, as have said, the main source of his religious conceptions, the source indeed of his appreciation of Christianity itself,—I find, not in the vague and diffused mental atmosphere of modern Calcutta, but in his own deep study of the Upanishads, in the Buddhist ideal, in the Vaishnava hymns, and in the sayings of Kabir. These all, as I have reason to know, have intimately affected his spirit at different periods of his career. Perhaps the two influences that have left their deepest marks on Gitanjali itself have been the Upanishads and the Vaishnava writings

May it not come to pass that, in the higher ranges of ancient Hindu thought on the one hand, and in the higher ranges of primitive Christianity on the other, there will be found a great mountain chain which, when fully explored, will unite the East and West together, and offer at length an unbroken highway for the great onward march whereby humanity shall reach those shining tablelands,

To which our God Himself is Moon and Sun.

At the conclusion of the lecture H. E. the Viceroy stated that the sovereignty of Rabindranath Tagore, of



Generated on 2020-11-18 14:30 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/mdp.39015031994125 Public Domain in the United States, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/acces which the lecturer had spoken, had already passed far beyond the bounds of Bengal and had reached to Western as well as Eastern shores. He might be named, without fear of any rival claim, as the Poet-laureate of Asia. From reading Rabindranath's translations and from hearing the touching story of his life, the note left most deeply impressed upon his own mind was the large humanity of the Bengali

poet. His affections, his interests, his emotions, were as large as humanity itself. He rejoiced, along with those present, to honour a poet whose sympathies were so deep and wide, and whose poetry was so true to nature and profound in spirit.

(Note. A few passages in the lecture had to be omitted when reading, as it was found too long: the lecture is here given, in full, exactly as it was written.

C. F. A.)

THE RELATIVE CLAIMS OF THE FACTORY, THE WORKSHOP AND THE COTTAGE INDUSTRY IN THE ECONOMIC LIFE OF INDIA

By Professor Radhakamal Mukerjee, M.A.

the THERE is also a rich field for utilisation of our existing resources in attempting small industries. The two types small industries comprehend workshop, organisation—(1) the By the side (2) the cottage industry. of the industries which are carried on entirely in the cottage by one or more members of the family or of a couple of labourers, there are the industries in which workshop artisan keeps a small attached to his house and works in it with a few apprentices and labourers. Or else, the artisan has a small workshop often with hired wheel power in which he employs some five to ten artisans who are paid in wages. The variety of these small workshops is indeed great and there is no reason to suppose that their number will decrease as factory organisation is more developed. On the other hand, it is probable that their number and variety will increase in future.

Even in England, which may be considered to represent the highest development of large scale production, the number of persons employed in small workshops at the present day continues to be immense. 270,000 work-people are found employed in

small factories having less than 50 and even 20 workers each, The result being that the very big industries (the factories employing more than 1,000 work-people per factory) and the very small ones (having less than 10 workers each) employ nearly the same number of operatives. Thus the small industries are as much a distinctive feature of British Industry as its few immense factories and iron-works.

In the continent of Europe the small industries are met with in a much greater variety than in England. In France, it has been estimated that while one-half the population live upon agriculture and this industry, upon one-third part is equally distributed between the great industry and the small one more than 99 per cent. of all the industrial establishments in France-that is, 571,940 out of 575,529,—have less than 100 work-They give occupation to each. 20,00,000 persons and represent an army of 5,71,978 employers. More than that. The immense majority of that number (5,68,075 employers) belong to the category of those who employ less than 50 workmen each. Of these latter, 5,20,000

as to whether Pandit of the old type should be made to reinforce his knowledge, deep, extensive, accurate, and technical, with the critical, historical and philological knowledge of the west. This controversy has not yet come to a close, but we in Bengal may refer to our experience in regard to the Calcutta Sanskrit College as a safe guide in these matters. deeply learned in the Shastras and imbued with the spirit of Hindu philosophy and literature, like Mahamahopadhyaya Chandrakanta Tarkalankar, have certainly their uses; they keep the ideal of learn. ing high, and are living representatives of the traditional culture and spirit of the ancient sages. They form a very necessary corrective to shallow and superficial learning, which is sometimes associated with the names of European Sanskritists. At the same time, men like Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar have shown that depth of classical learning is no bar to the advancement of vernacular literature by means of translations from European and Sanskritic sources. Nevertheless, it is in the main true, as Dr. Thibaut says, that the development of vernacular literature must be the work of men educated principally in European literature and science, as the example of most Bengali writers from Bankim Chandra Chatterji downwards amply demonstrates. Lastly, Babu Pramadadas Mitra was certainly wrong in thinking that the Pandits would never be able to acquire the power of historical

and criticism. Scholars like research Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Shastri in Bengal and Dr. Bhandarkar in the Decean exhibit the truly beneficial results flowing from the union of Sanskrit learning with the critical, historical and comparative methods of the west. It is scholars of this type, more than the Pandits of the old school, that are more and more needed in the interest of the development and regeneration of our national life and faith. It is they who will give a rational exposition of our culture, traditions and ideals, and help to fix our legitimate place among the highly civilised nations of the world, and point out with the unerring finger of scientific investigation the reasons of the decay of that civilisation and the means of resuscitating it. The newly created Hindu University, in its theological side, is expected to foster the growth of scholarship of this kind; and by so doing give that fulness and vitality to our national life which is, or ought to be, one of the main objects of that University. When the learning of the orthodox Pandit, much of which is dry and barren, is rendered fruitful and instinct with potent ideas, a new day will have dawned for the rejuvenated Hindu nation which will then be in a position to shake off the deadweight of the agelong accumulation of rusty formulas, and march forward under conditions more favourable to success in the strenuous competition of the modern world.

Politicus.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TAGORE IN EUROPE

By James H. Cousins.

In the month of August, 1912, I indulged in my first "Continental" holiday. A long and stiff session in school teaching terminating in annual examinations, had been followed by an unexpected appointment to a summer course. The appointment carried with it remuneration which, being equally unexpected, could only fitly find an unexpected outlet. Nothing short of Paris could meet the requirements of the occasion.

But Paris has—or rather, had then—a trick of "extras." The closest calculation of conducted tours, all-found, could not provide an arithmetical mesh sufficiently fine to hold all possibilities of little fish escaping into deep waters of explorations which, even in the virtuous light of day, transformed themselves into francs and centimes. It therefore became necessary to find a less leaky habitat for the tail-end of the month, and Fate, and the worst

railway system I had till then known, landed me in the historical and quaint city of William the Conqueror, Bayeaux in Normandy. In its neighbourhood I found the little town of Balleroy, with its exquisite church designed by the architect of the Louvre, and a comfortable hotel managed by a stout widow with the largest smile and the smallest quantity of English possible, that is, none.

That year made a record in rainfall in Western Europe. Fortunate individuals who wandered as far eastward as Copenhagen smiled pitifully on those of us who dwelt under the Atlantic cloud—but there were compensations. A line announced itself in a note from a friend who happened to be staying at her seaside house on the coast of Normandy, to the effect that as we were all evidently destined to be drowned, we might as well perish together. The note added: "Mr. Yeats is here." I thanked God for the deluge that floated us (speaking maritally not editorially) into the more immediate precinct of one of world's master singers than lecture platforms or the crush-room of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

Our luck turned out to be greater than our dreams of it. Instead of one poet, we had two: one in the flesh, the tall, dark, leader of the Irish ever-distinguished literary and dramatic movement; one in the spirit; almost, as it were, in a pre-natal state awaiting birth in the English language, but living royally, vitally, in the splendid imagination and enkindled joy of another: one was Yeats, the other Tagore. I have often wondered if the immortal singer of the songs of the spirit in the East has come near a realisation of the place that his songs occupied in the mind of the immortal singer of the songs of the spirit in the West before fame had ratified them. When I had the great joy, four years later, of coming face to face with Rabindranath in his Calcutta home, I had a mind to clear up my wonder, but it was as difficult to break through his interest in the work of Yeats and his fellowsingers and to get him to talk of his own work as it had been in Normandy to get Yeats to talk anything but Tagore. After all, I suppose, it does not matter much to the individuals whether or not they realise in what relationship they stand to one another. They cannot add an inch to their stature, for each is supreme in his

place: nevertheless, to others, not at their height, there must be something stirring in the spectacle of a poet of transcendent genius standing on the housetop of enthusiasm, proclaiming, on the slightest provocation, the splendours of the genius of a brother poet.

At that time, Rabindranath was a name unknown in English letters, but a few at the heart of things literary were in the secret of a coming revelation. Yeats carried with him a manuscript book containing the poems of lagore which he avas then prefacing for the India House edition of "Gitanjali." He read-or rather, chanted as only he can-every one of the poems, adding to their inherent, quality a glory of music and interpretation. Time has blurred the ear's memory of those after-dinner recitals, but it has not falsified the first conviction that those little mouthfuls of lyrical prose were among the abiding things of the Soul, and that they would work a beneficent revolution in English literature, since they entered it at its highest—in the purest of musical speech, full of the authenticity of creation, rather than the adumbrations of translation, and glowing with a spirit that was new to the West, yet essentially in affinity with the spirit of the seers of all time, who are also the utterers.

My first impression of Tagore's poetry, made through car-gate, was that of direct statement of subjective experience akin to that of Maeterlinek and Emerson, but differing from Maeterlinck in its wonderful clarity, and from Emerson in its equally wonderful simplicity. It seemed to move at an altitude far above all derivation, and with a sense of finding in the history of religion, philosophy and literature—a gratifying, but hardly essential, corroboration, not a source of justification. This was not, of course, felt as a pose or a conscious quality, but rather as the concomitant of spiritual authenticity that is at home in all lands and new in all ages.

I did not see "Gitanjali" in print until Macmillan's edition came out. Then it came upon me in a crowded tramcar in one of the dirtiest and most odoriferous districts of Liverpool. I put the book in my pocket to while away a forty-five minutes' journey by mean streets among a crowd of tired women and squirming babies, interspersed with the silk hat of

suburban respectability going to evening church, and the sharp odour of alcohol from labour off duty and having "a good time." I had to hang on to a strap by one hand—my seat having gone to a lady—but I had taken the precaution to cut my "Gitanjali," and so it was not difficult to hold it, and turn the pages when required.

I learned then the meaning of a "joyride," and I fancy my fellow-passengers felt something of its radiation, for I had to pass the book to my' companion to share the glow of re-discovery which showed itself in brightened eyes and heightened colour as. Trance and a chanting poet's voice built themselves in the midst of the drabness and stench of our physical environment, and the eye gave confirmation to the ear in hailing the wonderful new thing in poetry,—a voice that had no need to speak of truth, or of beauty since it was itself beauty.

One might, I suppose, rest satisfied with the exalted pleasure of such experiences, but after all, they are somewhat of the nature of refined sensuality unless they touch some deeper level of the being than the exclusively aesthetic in thought or feeling. Their influence must be ephemeral unless one's own consciouness supply the medium of fixation, and this can only be done by thinking around the aesthetic impacts, finding their inter-relationships, and their relationships with the great facts and intuitions of life. Very possibly Tagore would resist any attempt systematise him, and quite rightly, for he is not a system but a life. At the same time, since he is a life, an organism of spirit, he must preserve a symmetry and coherence in his parts. Every line, every thought in his writings, hangs upon every other, and it is in the discovery of the "hang of them" that those outside himself can put their image of him in their shrine, the Bhoga murti to which they can present the offerings of thought that would wither under the eye of the very-God. The mind is, as the "Gita" says, the slayer of the real, but it is also the path to the real for those on the hither side of inspiration. In creation, the artist may, nay must, overleap it; in understanding, we cannot.

That is my excuse, if not my justification, for having found in the "Gitanjali" a series of poems which, organically, though not chronologically, presented a coherent view of the life of humanity, and its relationship with the universe, and which may, I think, be regarded as Tagore's message to the world. In reading any new poet, I instinctively search for his greatest "word", that is, a declaration that has springing out of it the greatest range of branches and twigs of vision and thought. That attained, the rest of the poet's utterances put on an illuminating perspective.

Tagore's greatest thought is, I believe, his enunciation (72)* of the unbroken perfection that he conceives to be the basis of all manifested being. One life works through all degrees of lives (64), so ... that the visible Creation is not merely symbolised as, but actually is, the Body; of God (61). The poet, therefore, always sees the Divine working through the human (57), and he sets up a personal relationship between himself and the Divine (66), and conducts his life through reliance on the Great Life (6) of which his own is a part. That Great Life is within conscious reach of every one (71); the fulfilment of its law is Love (14), a Love that is no renunciation (68), but purifies its members (3) for sheer joy of making them fitter instruments to express the Great Life.

What distinguishes Tagore's expression of his vision from western poets is that his religion and philosophy are not departments of his work, but its "fundamental ether," its vital substance. His religion is without theology, though not without personality: his philosophy is without argument, though not without rationale. The outstanding quality that shows in every line of his poetry is *life*, but not the little span of sensation and lower thought that is the western connotation of the word amongst minor poets and minor critics. His affinities in English literature are Herbert, and Vaughan, and Crashaw, and among living poets the seer-singer of. the Irish renaissance, A E, and the highland and mystic-singer, James L. MacBeth Bain; but while these are Tagore's spiritual kindred, he has as comrades the whole hierarchy of song and one of the most fascinating speculations as to the future is the influence that Tagore will

^{*} These figures refer to the page in Macmillan's 'Gitanjali."

exert on English literature. He comes to it, not as a translation, but as a powerful original; post-Whitman in technique, that is, uniting the freedom of vers libre to lyrical architectonics. He has bettered the mechanics of the younger English

poets, but he has done more: he has let loose a spirit of eclecticism in thought and phrase that will put an end to the fallacy of equating vulgarity with democracy in letters, and help to accomplish the muchneeded poetical Restoration.

UDAIPUR—THE FAIRY CITY OF INDIA

By Lynfield.

NDIA is a land of infinite variety, and on every hand are to be seen examples of magnificent construction, strong and apparently impregnable for tresses, buildings of pure marble, with the most elaborate workmanship, mosques of surpassing beauty, and temples cut out of the solid rock to provide a home for their many gods. But the city of Udaipur stands alone. Here there is "in its perfection the fairy palace of one's childhood, just such a long cataract of marble terraces and halls falling into waters of a mountaincircled lake." Udaipur certainly reminds one, as no other place in India, of the wonderful imaginations of fairy land, and it is not to be regretted that all the schemes evolved in the minds of the rulers of India, for the utilisation of Udaipur's natural resources, have come to nought, and that the city is still the same as it was a hundred years or more ago. There are changes of a minor kind, but Udaipur remains conservative, and the very men who were keenest on improvements before they visited the place, are quite content that this remote and unhackneyed city shall remain untouched. Udaipur is off the beaten track, and on this account it does not receive the attention it deserves from the sight-seer. But the construction of a branch railway line from Chitor has done something toward making the journey comfortable. Udaipur not only appeals to the imagination on account of the fairy-like scenery but because the ruler of this State is over-lord, not only of the State of Mewar, but in a sense of all India. "Were free election," writes one, "to be made tomorrow among the native competitors for the kingship of India, no one would dare to stand

against the Maharana of Udaipur. For the Maharana of Udaipur is the two hundred and fortieth descendant in right line from the Sun, and primate and pontifex secular among all who hold the Hindu faith."

It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the situation of this city. It is true the approach by rail is through a barren, even plain, with scarce anything but cactus hedges in the way of vegetation, and the traveller is scarcely prepared for the sight of the great lake, with its white palaces on its banks, and studded with little islands on which also are small white palaces which stand out in the glorious sunlight that bathes the place. The lake, known as Pola Lake, is the chief attraction, and everything else pales into insignificance besides it. Yet without the palaces, in spite of the natural position and surroundings it would lose much of its attractiveness. The two islands of most importance are the Jag Mandar and the Jag Newas, and these islands are covered with white marble palaces, in the grounds of which are tall palms and banana trees which afford a welcome shade in the midday heat. In order to visit these islands, in fact, to go on the lake at all, a special permit is necessary. but as a rule these are not difficult to obtain, and the Maharana places his boats at the disposal of the visitors. In one of the palaces the Emperor Shah Jahan took shelter, when a young prince, from the auger of his father, Jehangir; in another some of the refugees in the time of the Mutiny were received and protected by the Rana: from another Sir John Outram, when taunted by the Rana,

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League and the Depressed Classes Mission Society are doing philanthropic work of great value in various directions with the help of women. Even in backward Bengal, women showed some faint sympathy with South African Indians by calling a meeting and raising a small sum. They have also raised small amounts for famine-relief. A few of them have done good work in connection with a Widow's Home, a rescue home, and teaching in the zenana. To be able to do the different kinds of work mentioned in this paragraph satisfactorily requires education. Those ladies who have done such work belong to different sections of Indian Society, Hindu, Jaina, Parsi, Christian, Brahmo, etc.

There are many persons who think that a little elementary education is enough for girls; but they also think that this education should be imparted by women teachers. This makes the situation somewhat · amusing. Women teachers for girls' elementary schools, to be competent, must have received secondary education; and competent women teachers for girls' secondary schools must have received collegiate education. Women professors and principals for women's colleges, and inspectresses cannot discharge their duties satisfactorily if they have not received postgraduate education. So the advocates of elementary education for girls must admit that some women require higher and some the highest education. If high education be good and necessary for some women, it certainly cannot be a very bad thing. It high education spoils women, why then do you think of placing your little girls under these spoiled women for instruction? And why again are you so selfish that you wink at the injury done to women by secondary and university education, in order that you may have teachers for elementary girls' schools to which you may send your daughters? Either keep your daughters illiterate, or admit that education, without any adjective denoting degree, is good and necessary for women.

Sin Roland Wilson on Home Rule for India.

The Indian Messenger quotes the following passage in support of Home Rule for India from Sir Roland Wilson's book "The Province of the State":--

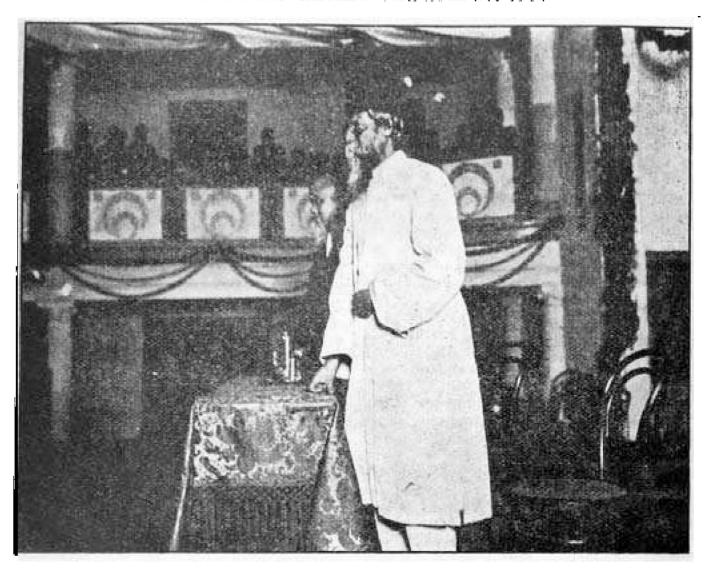
"If there are to be found in India itself a sufficient number of persons willing and able to form an

effective 'justice-association,' the task ought to be left to these persons, because there are inherent difficulties in the government of one people by another situated on the other side of the globe, through agents sent out for the purpose, neither born, bred, nor intending to become domiciled among the people committed to their charge, and whose personal interests remain from first to last centred wholly in their native land. Even with the best intentions on the part of the ruling nation these difficulties can never be entirely overcome; consequently that task should never be undertaken or continued, if there is any tolerable alternative. During the century (1757-1857) which witnessed the gradual establishment of the British supremacy in India, it may turly be said that there was no tolerable alternative, at least from the point of view from which this book is written. Regarded as instruments, for protecting peaceful industry and dealing out equal justice, the various native Governments which had sprung up on the ruins of the old Moghal Empire were undeniable tailures No serious student of History, whether Indian or European, demes that in these essential points British rule has been, relatively speaking, a success. But this very success was bound to produce in time conditions more favourable to the formation of an indigenous justice association which would, other things being equal, have an anmense advantage over any possible. Government operating from Downing Street, for reasons above stated. There will naturally be much difference of opinion as to the precise point of time when other things have beening so appoximately equal as to cause the inherent advantages of Home Rule to turn Two things, however, seem fairly clear, if our general principle is admitted. First, that so long as the necessary for foreign rule continues, any experiment that may be tried in the way of elective governors bodies, must be merely experiments and must leave the ultimate division of all questions in the hands of the paramount power. Xext, that tipeness for universal suffrage, or anything approaching to it, should not be considered a sine qua-non for the granting of Home Rule. It will be sufficient if a workable constitution can be framed which will vest the supreme legislative and executive power in some set of persons who may be reasonably expected to m fintain external and internal security even nearly as well as it is now in untained by European officials responsible to the British Parliament. If they do it nearly as well at the outset, they will do it quite as well, or better, after some years' practice and will be followed in duc course by still more capable successors who will doubtless be led in due time, by experiences more or less analogous to ours, to see in democracy a more perfect stage for the exercise of their best

It is noteworthy that the calm judgment of a jurist of the standing of Sir Roland Wilson is in favour of self-rule for India, though he does not definitely fix the time for its commencement.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore in Japan.

Mr. Yone Noguchi, the famous Japanese author, writes to us in a private letter, as we also learn from some Japanese papers, that Sir Rabindranath Tagore has been receiving a wonderful reception in the



Sir Rabindranath addressing a meeting at Osaka, Japan.

Land of the Rising Sun. On his arrival at Kobe on board the Tosa-mara, where he first touched Japanese land, he was interviewed by press representatives. A Japanese paper says that he stated to his interviewers that he had had a very pleasant yoyage, except for one day in the Bay of Bengal, where the ship had to pass through a eyclone of great violence. The wind was blowing at 120 miles an hour, and it was regarded as the worst storm within living experience in that region. Sir Rabindranath Tagore praised the Captain and officers very much indeed for the splendid way in which they had handled the ship during the storm. The ship at one time came near the centre of the cyclone. The Tosa-maru actually got through the cyclone better than any other boat. The rest of the voyage was in delightful weather and the poet was able to get a considetable amount of his literary work done on board. He told his interviewers that his babits were retired and solitary, and that he wished to be as free from public meetings during his visit as possible. He wished especially to see all he could of Buddhism in Japan, and to live for some time, if that were possible, in a Buddhist monastery. He wished also to study the people of Japan, in the country, rather than in the towns; for he had been used to country life in India and understood the country people hest.

After his stay in Tokyo the poet hoped to go to some retired part of Japan, and there study the village life and continue his literary work. He has taken with him a young artist from India who has been taught by the poet's nephew, Abanindra Nath Tagore. He will study Japanese brush-work while in that country and Japanese art in general.

Mr. Shumei Okawa, writes to us from Tokio: "Since his arrival here he was the guest of honour at many a well-attended reception given by the leading Japanese including H. E. Count Okuma,

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Press dinner to Six Ratingrapath at Osaka, Japan.

the Premier of Japan. The Indian residents of Japan also entertained the poet in Kobe and Yokohama." There was a dinner given to him by the leading journalists. We are indebted to Mr. Okawa for the following extracts from two of the leading Japanese daily papers:

"The Tokio Mainichi," commenting on the Indian poet Tagore who is visiting Japan, says that Japan owes to India much in thought India was civilized early while yet Japan was uncivilized Indian ideas have influenced the world much Even Plata received inspiration from India. Schopenhauf and Swedenborg were affected by Indian thought, Japan received the Indian civilization through Karen and China. We must repay our debts to India. We mught to receive Ingore with our whole heart.

The Yorolzo' says that Sir Rahindranath Tagore, who landed in Jupon yesterday, will be welcomed here by the literary world of this country, to which he will give life. The editor reviews the thought of Tagore and says that he stands for harmonization of life and poetry. His influence will be very much appreciated here. Japan owes fadin much in ideas.

Rabindranath's Bengali Speech in Japan

That the greatest of Bengali authors made a speech in Bengali in Japan was

quite in the fitness of things. The following paragraphs relating to the address are taken from the Kobe Herald:

TAGORE UNDER THE TREES AT UYENO. SAGE, SPEARING IN BENGALL GIVES WARNING TO TAPAN.

A pullic welcome for Sir Rabindranath Tagore took place at the Kanciji, in Tyens Park, on the Billi inst, when over two limited prominent men were present, including Count Okama, It. Takata, Minister of Education, Mr. Komo, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Dr. Bagon Yamakawa of the Imperial University and Dr. Okmba, Mayor of Tokes hust of the day, says The clas East, was Chief Abbot Hioki, head of the Soto seet. The temple was approprinte for the occasion, situated as it is in the thick would of the magical park. In reply to an address of welcome, the poet said at the outset that he did not speak Japanese, while English was not the native language of the Japanese, and masmuch as the poet himself was not quite at home in the horrowed langauge, he preferred to speak in his native tongue in the presence of his Japanese feiends.

This Pengali speech was translated by Prof., Kamera into Japanese, and was to the effect that the part was disappointed on his arrival at Kobe, for everything that greeted his eye was pure initation of the West. It was when he reached Shizuoka that he felt that he had come to Japan, for a Japanese priest was at the station to need him. hurning fru-



The andrease bearing on Rahandranath at Osako, Japan

grant meens, while his bands were pointed ingether when speaking to the ludge vestor. There were two appropriate constant in the country, new lapan and all fagure mod it was his arisest desire that fagure would chearsh what was her own

Count Okuma then delivered a speech, and much amusement was aroused by the veteran metaking the Bengali address for English. The Prime Monister said that he could hardly understand English, yet withed to express the sense of his grantede to the tage of India for his timely visit and for giving very round warning, for Japan stood at the present time at the parting of the ways in her inner life, and the world of thought faced a turning point. Or, Takakusa closed the meeting with a few appropriate remarks. The speeches were followed by a real vegetarian dinner and the waiters on the occasion were students of a Buddhist school.

A Japanese on Rabindranath.

"A sapanese" writes to a paper published in sapan:

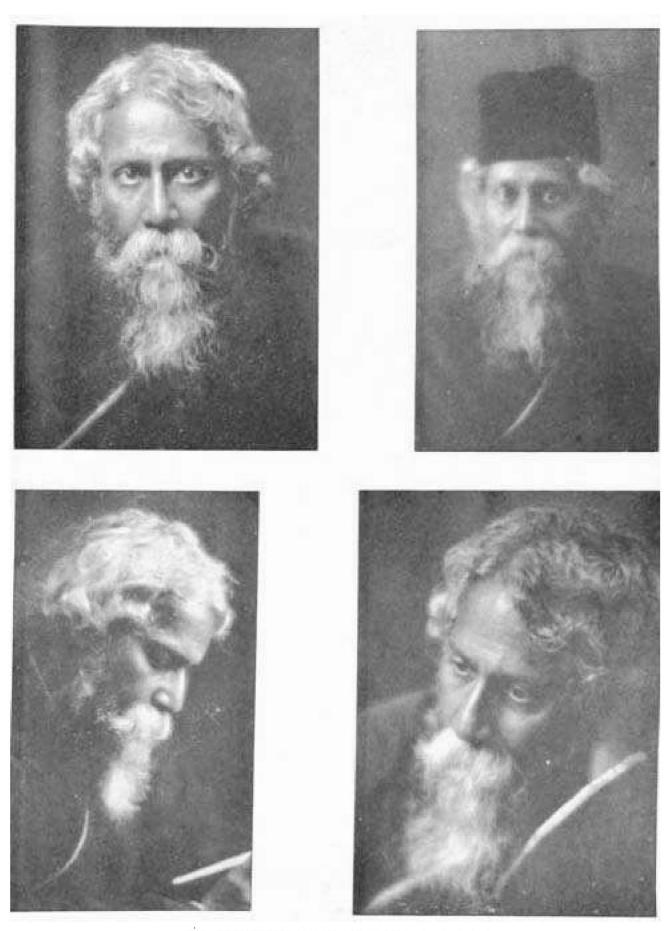
To think that among the Orientals whom the Buropeaus are inclined more or less to despise in matters relating to the month thereshould be one who has raised himself to a world-wide fame mover dreams of by the Orientals, is no doubt at once flattering and clating to the Japanese, and a large part of the enthusians with which Tagore is received on his

present voit to us, I am judened to attribute to this. The Japanese who thought that though Oriental are already out of date have found in Tagore an example of how even Orientals can be the subject of respect, if not worship, throughout the world, and in this sense the Japanese have reason to be grateful to Ingote.

There from my bank-store keeper that with the name of Tugore surprising the ears of the Japanese a few years ago, there has been an increasing demand for Sanzarit grammars.

The Gratitude of Asia to Japan.

Sir Rabindranoth Tagore delivered a lecture on "The Message of India to Japan" at the Imperial University of Tokyo on June 12 last. The Japan Advertiser reports, that the audience "filled to overflowing the auditorium of the Imperial University." "The audience," says the same paper, "was composed mostly of Japanese, professors and students, but there were a large number of foreigners present, including a large proportion of women. The lecture was punctuated by frequent outlinests of applianse, and the great poet held



SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN JAPAN.

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his hearers intent throughout his talk." He began by speaking of Asia's gratitude to Japan and the reasons therefor.

The first thing which is uppermost in my heart is the feeling of gratitude which we all owe to you,—we whose home is in Asia. The worst form of bondage is the bondage of dejection which keeps men hopelessly chained in loss of faith in themselves. We have been repeatedly told, with some justification, that Asia lives in the past,—it is like a rich mansoleum which displays all its magnificence in trying to immortalise the dead. It was said of Asia that it could never move in the path of progress, its face was so inevitably turned backwards. We accepted this accusation and came to believe it. In India 1 know, a large section of our educated community, grown tired of feeling the humiliation of this charge against us is trying all its resources of self-deception to turn it into a matter of boasting. But boasting is only a masked shaine, it does not truly believe in itself.

When things stood still like this and we in Asia hypnotised ourselves into the belief that it could never by any possibility be otherwise. Japan rose from her dreams, and in grant strides left centuries of inaction behind overtaking the present time in its foremost goal. This has broken the spell under which we lay in torpor for ages, taking it to be the normal condition of certain races living, in certain geographical limits. We forgot that in Asia great kingdoms were founded, philosophy, science, arts and literatures flourished, and all the great religions of the world had their cradles. Therefore it cannot be said that there is anything inherent in the soil and Alimate of Asia that produces mental mactivity and atrophies the faculties which impelmento go forward. For centuries we did hold the torch of civilisation in the East when the West slumbered in darkness and that could never be the sign of sluggish mind or narrowness of vision.

Japan Both New and Old.

Sir Rabindranath then described how Japan was both old and new, and how valuable is her legacy of ancient culture from the East.

The truth is that Japan is old and new at the same time. She has her legacy of ancient culture from the East,-the culture that enjoins man to look for his true wealth and power in his inner soul, the culture that gives self-possession in the face of loss and danger, self-sacritice without counting the cost or hoping for gain, defiance of death, acceptance of countless social obligations that we owe to man as a social being,—the culture that has given us the vision of the infinite in all finite things, through which we have come to realise that the universe is living with a life and permeated with a soul, that it is not a huge machine which had been turned out by a demon of accident or fashioned by a teleological God who lives in a far away heaven. In a word modern Japan has come out of the immemorial East like a lotus blossoming in an easy grace, all the while keeping its firm hold upon the profound depth from which it has sprung.

And Japan, the child of the Ancient East, has also fearlessly claimed all the gifts of the modern age for herself. She has shewn her hold spirit in breaking through the confinements of habits, useless accumulations of the lazy mind, seeking safety in its thrift

and its lock and keys. Thus she has come in contact with the living time and has accepted with an amazing cagerness and aptitude the responsibilities of modern civilisation.

Japan's Teaching.

What has Japan to teach us? Let the Poet reply.

This it is which has given heart to the rest of Asia. We have seen that the life and the strength are there in us, only the dead crust has to be removed, that we must nakedly take our plunge into the youth-giving stream of the time-flood. We have seen that taking shelter in the dead is death itself, and only taking all the risk of life to the fullest extent is living.

Japan has taught us that we must learn the watchword of the age, in which we live, and answer has to be given to the sentinel of time, if we must escape annihilation. Japan has sent forth her word over Asia, that the old seed has the life germ in it, only it has to be planted in the soil of the new age.

Japan No Mere Imitator.

The Poet does not believe that Japan has become strong merely by imitation.

I, for myself, cannot believe that Japan has become what she is by imitating the West. We cannot imitate life, we cannot sinulate strength for long, nay, what is more, imitation is a source of weakness. For it pampers our true nature, it is always in our way. It is like dressing our skeleton with another man's skin, giving use to eternal feuds between the skin and the bones at every movement.

The real truth is that science is not man's nature, it is mere knowledge and training. By knowing the laws of the material universe you do not change your deeper humanity. You can borrow knowledge from others, but you cannot borrow temperament.

But in the first incertitude of new knowledge we not only try to learn but we try to imitate. That is to say, with the science that we acquire we try the impossible feat of acquiring the teacher of science himself, who is the product of a history not our own. But in that vain attempt we merely copy his manners and mannerisms, those outer forms which are expressions of his historical identity, having their true meaning only with regard to himself. Of course there are forms which ar not merely personal but universal, not historical but scientific, and these can be and have been borrowed by one nation from the other with great advantage.

"Something radically wrong in the Administration of Bengal."

New India thus neatly turns the tables, upon the Pioneer:—

Commenting on the present situation in Bengal and the recent armed dacoities, the *Pioneer*, which as a rule advocates repression, says.

There must be something tadi ally wrong in the administration of Bengal when the Government is anable to stamp out these crimes.

Of course there is, and towards that wronguess the *Pioneer*, and other, Anglo-Indian newspapers have contribted their share. Indian leaders and the Indian press have consistently pointed out that the method adopted by the Government is wrong and that repression must fail. Well, repression is failing. ence demands that every unit should come to its full self-realisation. No potential value must be lost. The claim of every individuality should be asserted. Every one of us strives unflinehingly to be himself. The poet too like any of us seeks to become himself. But there is more. Every intense individuality will express itself. It will seek to realise its approach to selfhood, its "becoming"-internally and externally as well. The artist's expression is Art. No individuality can escape this law. If there is no attempt at external expression, there is an inward refusal to be oneself—a shrinking from life. Poetry is the outward revelation of the poet's will to find himself. It is the effect of the causes that go to make up the potentiality of the poet : of circumstances in their widest sense, of the epoch in which he lives and by which he is, to some extent, conditioned: of the inherited past of the particular art in which he seeks expression; but far more intimately of the obscure and undecipherable impulses that constitute his personality in its witest and deepest sense.

To check or attempt to control this expression of the poet, by imposing upon him from outside any formula or theory on Art or Life, is to set back his inward self-expression and thus commit spiritual murder. The advocates of "Art with a purpose" should not forget that the personality of a man seeking self-realisation and expression is deeper than polities or nationality or religion. It is absurd to demand of a poet that he defend and identify himself with a cause, political, national or

religious, or that he even express it. Poet Nabin Sen's expression of himself is profoundly coloured by Hindu ideas and ideals. But he did not set out to glorify the "sacred tuft of hair" or versify the tracts of the Anti-cow-killing Society. His expression of himself is more than Hindu. I will even go so far as to say that his Hinduism is partly accidental, the result of external circumstances. But there is something deeper and more personal in his Art. There is himself Some of his sincerest admirers are not Hindus at all. It cannot be his Hinduism which attracts them.

- TOWNER WALLE TO

The critic should not also ask if a poet's expression, his poetry, is in accord or not with the accepted conventions of the world. For these are made by those and only those who have refused to live! Indeed the more the poet's work is in disaccord with these, the newer and more valuable in the sum total of spiritual evolution will be the personality of which it is the outward expression. The duty of the critic is to disengage from the poet's work the part of the poet's surroundings, the part of his historical place in his art, and, beyond and above these, the part of man expressing himself. The poet, the then, expresses himself because he must. He creates beauty, quite independently of all formulas on Λ rt, and says to the world if he says anything: "Take it or Meave it." And the world mostly leaves it, airaid for "the little house of eards it calls Society, the refuge of the Eternal No."

AMAL CHANDRA HOME.

TAGORE IN JAPAN

WAS pleased to hear in London two years ago that Sir Rabindranath Tagore, alarmed by the violent temper of the European nations running counter to all the finer instincts of humanity so cherished by him, hurried to return to a region in India where, to use Sir Rabindranath's words, his great ancient civilisation had its birth. As I already expressed somewhere, I returned home from London, let

me say again, much dissatisfied with the Western life founded on individualism and often egoism or self-satisfaction; in fact, I returned to Japan, whose spiritual safety should require her to refuse the Western invasion with its long arms reaching out after exciting luxury or disruptive sensation. I said that the social community of the West was less harmonious and loving; and when one does not respect the others,

I said, there will be only one thing to come, that is strife, in action or in silence. And my prophecy has been, I dare say, amply fulfilled by the present European war. (Pray, let me speak as if we were not concerned in the war as one of the belligerents.) I feel justified on reading Ernest Rhys' study of Rabindranath Tagore to find in the earlier part of the book such a phrase: "The major energies of the Western world, as Sir Rabindranath observed them, were not constructive; they did not make for the world's commonwealth, and by their nature they must come into con-flict sooner or later." He was evidently in the same thought with myself: As I said at the beginning, I was pleased that our Indian poet returned from Europe to a region in India, to use his words, "where the mind is without fear and the head held high, where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow walls, where the mind is led forward into ever-widening thought and action."

My first thought, or more true to say, my uneasiness of mind, on having right before us the Indian poet whose melodious strength, as the Atheneum once observed, might recall familiar passages in the Psalms or Solomon's Song, is certainly that our modern Japan with her wholesale adoption of the so-called Western civilization which is turned perhaps to use and then left aside, quite forgetting at least in our cities the old meditation and service for attainment of the ideal of perfection, would reveal herself to Sir Rabindranath as London or Paris to be an ugly monster restless and tending to trouble, from which be might run away in haste. He confesses his first impression of Japan seen from the baleony of a house at Kobe in the following language:

"The town of Kobe, that huge mass of corrugated iron roofs, appeared to me like a dragon, with glistening scales, basking in the sun, after having devoured a large slice of the living flesh of the earth. This dragon did not belong to the mythology of the past, but of the present; and with its iron mask it tried to look real to the children of this age,—real as the majestic rock on the shore, as the epic rhythm of the sca waves. Anyhow it hid Japan from my view, and I felt myself like the traveller, whose time is short, waiting for the cloud to be lifted to have a sight of the eternal snow on the Himalayan summit."

As I expected, his two lectures, gracefully elaborated in phraseology, which he delivered before the students under the

titles of the "Message of India to Japan," and the "Spirit of Japan," with an impressively vibrant voice and an eloquence, emphasised by something foreign, which, as Rhys remarked somewhere, brick-made hall into a place where the sensation, the hubbub and the actuality of the modern world were put under a spell, were in fact a strong reminder to us of the threatening dangers in our surrender, to use his words, before the screeching machinery and gigantic selfishness, the blatant lies of statecraft and the smug selfsatisfaction of the prosperous hypocrisy of the West. When he laughed and sneered at the so-called Modernism ("True modernism is independence of thought and action," he declared, "not tutelage under European schoolmasters"), he doubted and even slighted the Western science which forgot that man's existence is not merely of the surface, and as he declared offhand, looked so powerful because of its superficiality, like a hippopotamus that is very little else but physical, and when he declared the spirit of the Western civilization to be poisoning the very foun-tainhead of humanity, and advocated that Japan should have a firm faith in the moral law of existence the path of saicide of the Western nations, and spoke of the common spiritual heritage of the "whole of Eastern Asia from Burma to Japan," the large audience who were listening to him distinctly divided into two opinions; while some, adherents of the so-called Western civilization in Japan, called Sir Rabindranath merely a propagandist of negativism or willful dreamer who, in spite of himself, will surely fail to realise the fulness of his own nature, the others, delightfully awakened into the so-called Japanism or Orientalism endorsed by the exposed weakness of the present European war, thought that Sir Rabindranath agreed with their first principle in encouraging the real individualism to assert the inner development of the nation. The Japanese chauvinists (I admit that we have a great number of them here) were pleased to hear the Indian poet saying that the political civilization which had sprung up from the soil of Europe and was overrunning the whole world like some prolific weed, was based upon exclusiveness; he declared: "This spirit of extermination is showing its fangs in another manner-in California, in Canada, in Australia,—by inhospitably shutting out aliens through those who themselves were aliens in the land they now occupy." What Sir Rabindranath brought to the well-balanced intellectual Japanese minds was this: How can we properly check the Western invasion? Again how can we keep our own beauty and strength grown from the soil a thousand years old and let them realize the fullness of their nature, not curtailing all that is best and true in them at the threatened encroachment of foreign elements? After all, he only presents this great momentous question; and like any other prophet, he does not answer the question, only pointing the way by his inspired hand unseen but sure; it is our work to solve it.

Again I am glad to have him in Japan from a literary point of view; his presence before us, as his presence in London encouraged many English poets who were in doubt how to return to an age like Chaucer's England, when there was only one mind, as Yeats temarked, and poetry was something which had never seemed strange, unnatural, or in need of defence, is in the highest sense meaningful, if as in fact our present Japanese literature is sauntering away from the spiritual wholeness of a symphony, becoming some individualistic scraps which only rebel against the soul's surrender to a divine instinct or real naturalness. I myself as a fellow-worker in the literary domain feel a great joy in reading his songs, again to use Yeats' words, "so abundant, so spontaneous, so daring in passion, so full of surprise," because first of all he teaches or hints to us. how to "rebuild our literature through the force of music whose heart is simplicity." I addressed to him one poem, part of which runs as follows:

"Oh, to have thy song without art's rebellion,
To see thy life gaining a simple force that is itself
ereation.

Oh, to be forgotten by the tyranny of intellect:
Thou biddest the minuet, chansen and fancies to be stopped,

The revels and masquerade to be closed;
Thou stoopest down from a high throne
To sit by people in simple garb and speech.

In simplicity
Thou hast thine own emancipation;
Let us be sure of our true selves,
There is no imagination where is no reality;
To see life plain
Is a discovery of sensation.

Although he was pessimistic over the general aspect of Japan at the outset seeing quite a dominating westernization which is threatening Japanese civilisation, it seems that he soon found a Japan more true and more human, as he had hoped to find; he says in one of his lectures:

While travelling in a railway tram I met, at a wayside station, some Buddhist priests and devotees. They brought their baskets of fruits to me and held their lighted incense before my face, wishing to pay homage to a man who had come from the land of Buddha. The distinguished serenity of their bearing, the simplicity of their devoutness, seemed to fill the atmosphere of the busy railway station with a golden light of peace. Their language of silence drowned the noisy effusion of the newspapers. I felt that I saw something which was at the root of Japan's greatness.

Again he says:

Japan does not boast of her mastery of nature, but to her she brings, with infinite care and joy, her offering of love. Her relationship with the world is the deerer relationship of heart.... Your national unit is not an outcome of the necessity of organisation for some ulterior purpose, but is an extension of the family and the obligations of the heart in a wide field of space and time. The ideal of "Maitri" is at the bottom of your culture,—"maitri" with men and "maitri" with nature. And the true expression of this love is in the language of beauty, which is so abundantly universal in this land.

I can assure Sir Rabindranath or anybody else that we are still sufficiently Japanese as in the olden time, whose hearts will at once respond to the joy and song of foliage and waters; we daresay that we are quite ready to sing, as Sir Rabindranath sang once in "Gitanjali":

"I am here to sing the songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat.

In thy world I have no work to do! my useless life can only break out in tunes without a purpose.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight, command me, my master, to stand before thee to sing.

When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, commanding my presence."

YONE NOGUCHI.

morrow, and I'll confess—I'll break away. It wasn't my fault that I joined with Roberts and the others. They said they only wanted me to climb through the ivy and open the window to them, and there I was, let in for the whole blooming show !"

"I know you told me something but I bought the shoe-buckles from you in thorough good faith without knowing how you came by them—they were so quaint, I knew Sybil would like them. I gave you five hundred for them."

"Yes, I know you did, you've been a brick all through, and I've been a low thieving cur, but I'll make amends, never

fear."

It was getting dark as the two men turned into the house where they shared rooms. Vandeleur opened the door with his latch-key; a slight, girlish figure was standing by the fire. She turned round suddenly.

"Sybil!" cried Vandeleur, hoarsely.

"Sybil! Can it really be you?"

"Yes," she answered dully, "it is I. The porter let me in. I came to bring you back these." She handed him a small parcel done up in tissue paper.

"I brought them back," she said without looking at him. "You see I can't wear them again, people say such things."

"And you believe them, Sybil ?"

. She gazed up at him.

"No, no, not really—not when you look at me like this, Ernest; but, oh, what is it that is so wrong? Tell me, tell me, I want

to believe in you."

"He won't tell you," cried Crosbie, starting forward; "he is too loyal for that, but I'll tell you. It was I who helped to break into that house at Portman Square. I was driven to it. I was desperately hard up, glad to do anything. It was I who got the diamond buckles as my share

of the loot, and Vandeleur bought them from me. That's the honest truth, Lady Sybil! Make what you like of it."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "I knew Brnest, you couldn't have been the thief; and yet, forgive me, I doubted you once or

twice."

"And now?"

"Now," she cried, throwing herself into his arms, "I believe in you more than ever. I love you ten times more than I ever did. I adore you—I worship you for your loyalty to your friends. It was noble, splendid of you not to betray him."

"And shall he be punished, Sybil? Shall

I round on him now?"

"No, I am going myself to Mr. Marcus Mettheimer. t have met him, I will give him back the shoe-buckles, and ask him not to prosecute. He has got the other things, so he will not suffer."

"By George! Lady Sybil," cried Crosbie, "you're a good plucked 'un. You've saved me this night, for if you'd chucked Vandeleur, I should have given myself up. And now I'll get off to Australia, and turn over a new leaf; it wants turning, goodness knows!"

The public never knew the mystery of Lady Sybil's diamond shoe-buckles.

Everything was discreetly hushed up. Mr. Mettheimer received back the stolen goods, and there was no prosecution. But it was remarked at the wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, that the beautiful bride wore a pair of white satin shoes with wonderful diamond buckles. They were the gift of the bridegroom, and had been copied from those in the case of Mr. Mettheimer's house in Portman Square by special permission. Many thought they were the same as she had worn before, but not those who were in the secret.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN AMERICA

DURING his last visit to England and America, in a series of addresses delivered in London under the auspices of the Quest Society and also at Oxford, Harvard, New York, Chicago and

Illinois, Rabindranath gave to the west his views of the great problems of life. These addresses were largely attended every, where and created a very deep impre on thoughtful minds. They won for Gitanjah' had not succeeded to win so completely, e.g., the philosophical circle at the Harvard University, the members of the Quest Society, men like Mr Bilfour, and others Of course, the Gitanjah' had prepared the way for a deeper understanding of the poet's view of life and a fuller acceptance of it by the earnest and think

ing minds of Lugland and America

It is a commonplace mistake here, in India, to think that Rabindranath's Gitan jali' created such a sensational and arecord impression in England and else where, either by reason of its novelty and strange ness, in its being characteristically Indian, or by reason of its perfect rhythm and colour of words, its"trance like beauty' as a reviewer in the "Aetheneum' beautifully Simply the novelty of senti phrased ments, or the delicate beauty the rhyth mical atmosphere of the poems would not have given such a shock of surprise charm of novelty is short lived, the charm of words still less The power of 'Gitaniali' was owing to two chief reasons Mr Yeats himself says in his introduction, it is 'not their strangeness but the perfect simplicity and clarity of Rabindranath's poems in the Gitanjali which impressed "He concentrates and clarifies what a less sure spiritual vision catches only in glimp ses and records haltingly," says a reviewer Wordsworth, Tennyson, Patmore, Whit Traharne, Herbert, Vaughan, F Thompson, Yeats, A E and a host of other poets were brought forward by these English reviewers to show that Rabindra nath had deeper affinities of spirit with them than with any medieval or ancient poet or seer of his own land But he was more simple and much clearer than all of them and herein lay his power. (2) The second reason was, what Mr Lascelles Abercrombie pointed out in his review · The poems of Rabindranath could not credibly come except on the crest of some large and vital impulse moving through a nation, the milieu for such a work as this must either be the youthful vigour of a new civilisation or else an ancient and refreshed civilization achieving again some positive ideal mastery in life"

The first reason gained ground as work after work of Rabindranath began to be published. More resemblances with modern poets were noticed, greater simplicity and clarity of spiritual vision and conse

quently greater power. The second reason was at first dimly and vaguely apprehend. ed Mr Abercrombie was one who apprehended it, possibly Mr. Yeats was another They found certain qualities in the poems of the Gitanjah which had the air of marking a new Indian epoch Mr Stopford Brooke was profoundly interested and impressed by the autobiography of Maharshi Debendranath Tagore and he clearly perceived that many elements in Maharshi's soul, the poet had passed through in his own soul, had 'reshaped' them there and 'given them a new form in his poems' But behind the Maharshi was a great movement and the movement was itself of The epoch, if the a complex character poems of the Gitanjali marked any, not merely a literary epoch but an epoch of renaissance, of national unbeaval

In Rabindranath's addresses, during his last visit, therefore, there were a few people who felt that he was not speaking as an individual poet standing on an isolated rock of his own imagination and suscepti bilities, be was voicing the marticulate yearnings surging deep in the heart of a whole people, a whole They found out that he was an oriental profoundly impressed by European thought, yet they found at the same time that he was oriental first and last was the oriental mystical apprehension of the infinite, the sense of mystery behind life in what he said There was also the occidental quick grasp of life and the sense of the immediate value of life, in all his utterances In the Gitanjali as in the 'Sadhana' this is what forcibly struck the

western readers and reviewers

The difference between the former visit and the recent one to America seems there consist in this that this time fore to Rabindranath went as the bearer of a distinct message of India and Indian civilisa-He went as a fitting representative of the East, of India, of Bengal, and not merely in the capacity of a poet. It is not to be supposed, bowever, that this phase of Rabindranath has been a new development, it was there, only less pronounced when he had visited America before burden of his message has remained much the same, only the recent war and certain new circumstances have lent a new color, force and import to it. He has been more strong, more direct in his appeal, more concrete and hold in his choice of illustrations than before. I have with me two cuttings from two very best papers about Rabindranath's addresses during his last visit at Oxford and at Rochester Congress of Religions, New York, where he was invited to speak on 'Race-conflict' along with Rudolf Eucken, the great savant of Jena University, Germany. Concerning the address at Oxford, the impression of a writer in the Christian Commonwealth ran as follows —

"Nor were the expectations of the large audience disappointed. At the close of Mr. Tagore's address on "Realisation of Love, one felt that the whole problem of modern social life had been lifted on to a plane higher than is usual, and had been dealt with in a most moving spirit of mystic insight. One saw at last the thinness of the modern money made, and money making, civilisation in the piercing light of Tagore's gospel of the radiant joy of life and the non derial unity between mankind and the universe In words that reminded one forcibly of Prof Royce's highest expressions of "Loyalty to the Community, or, again, of Bosanquet's plea for the greater self, Tagore told his audience that sin was an attitude of life that regarded its goal as finite, and its own little self as its chief aim and object of affection The utter failure of all civilisations that look on man as a machine and not as a spirit was certain No civilisasort, physical, mental, or spiritual If one suffered then all must suffer If one part of the community lived at the expense of the other part, the whole com-munity was in peril. All separateness, all selfish exclusiveness, is doomed to die, it can never be made eternal. But the spirit that becomes one with the whole, and in harmony with the laws of the whole, that spirit cannot die

Concerning the address at Rochester a reporter in the Inquirer said :-

The whole subject was lifted to a higher and universal standpoint while Mr Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu scholar and poet, who was an honoured guest of the Congress, treated of race distinctions and race conflicts in the light of universal religious principles. With a singularly felicitous use of the English tongue and literary distinction, Mr Tagore held up to the meeting (says the Christian Register) the light social ideals and reverence for the divine in the human which alone can permanently solve this question.

This time, Rabindranath chose the same subject, as above, in the course of his lecturing tour in the United States, only treating it more comprehensively, adequately, and forcibly than before. He gave five lectures altogether in different places in America, besides readings, conversations, etc. The subjects of the lectures were: "My School at Shantiniketan", "The Second Birth," "The Cult of Nationalism," "What is Art" and "The World of Personality." The lecturing tour was organised by a famous agent, James R. Pond,

who accompanied the poet wherever he was fixed for an address.

How has America received him and his message? Let the papers of different places speak for themselves.

No wonder that the personality of the poet should have exercised a fascination and a spell over many. The reporters seem all to be eloquent on his tall and graceful figure, his solt and luminous eyes, the 'eagle like nose,' 'the waving masses of grey hair,' and particularly this time,—his dress—'the long woolen robe embroidered on its edges with a quaint design'—the strangely fascinating personality with a hint of remoteness and aloofness that invested him with an unconscious authority.

An English paper remarked that Sir Rabindranath Tagore's lecture tour in America was inspiring even the reporters to poetry. One description ran as follows: "Bells ring, leaves whisper, light kisses; air murmurs, all in Sir Rabindranath's musical syllabic utterance"

Rabindranath had the warmest sort of reception when he arrived at San Francisco. A gorgeous dinner was given him by the Bohemian Club. In the San Francisco Bulletin, it was announced:—

"As a compliment to the famous East Indian poet and philosopher, the entire red room of the club will be transformed into an East Indian palace. Amadee Joulin, the well known artist, whose Oriental pictures won him fame, is in charge of the decorating, and is using all his art and knowledge of the Far East, learned through his long residence there, in making the room into a proper setting for so distinguished a guest"

In San Francisco, he had to speak twice, on the same subject, as at the first meeting many people who had come to hear him went away disappointed finding the hall packed to overflowing. But of his lectures and their tremendous impression all throughout America, we shall speak afterwards.

From the various newspaper cuttings, one can easily draw out certain outstanding impressions of the Americans concerning the poet, and the most prominent one among them, was the richness of Rabindranath's culture, his wide sympathies, his blissful unconsciousness about his greatness, his brilliant powers of conversation, his 'intense humanity' and his wonderful practical sense. For instance, in the San Francisco Examiner, his impression of western music was published and

very much appreciated He heard Pade rewski play at the Cort Theatre It was a marvellous performance Rabindranath liked the Bach and rejoiced in the Beethoven and when asked what he thought of western music, he said —

That is a question I have often asked myself At first, I must admit your western music jarred upon me. I heard Madame Albani sing a song in which there was initation of the nightingale. It was so childishly imitative of the mere externals of nature that I could take little pleasure in it

'And what food for musical inspiration would a Hindu find in the song of the nightingale —the

questioner demanded

'He would find the soul state of the listener he would make music in the same way that heats

wrote his ode

'It seems to me that Hindu music concerns itself more with human experience as interpreted by religion than with experience in an every-day sense. For us music has above all a transcendental significance. It disengages the spiritual from the happenings of life it sings of the relationship of the human soul with the soul of things beyond

Just this—this beautiful interpretation of Hindu music, as compared with western music,—could never have been given by any ordinary cultured Indian. He might have talked and talked for hours on empty polities and policy of British Government, or on the husks of Vedanta Philosophy—the ordinary platitude talk—but never could have interpreted the soul of the East to the soul of the West in the above way, establishing thereby the possibility of a better, a truer understanding between the East and the West.

In another San Francisco paper, there is the report that he inquired of the Lick Observatory, which institution he said by its discoveries, has broadened the world's ideas of our universe. In Portland, with Dean Collins, whom he granted an interview, he discussed farm methods. The

reporter of it writes

He talks in a thoroughly practical manner that dissipates the ilea of the average occidental that the famous Bengali master is a new species of mystic with his head forever in the clouds. For instance he discussed the possibil ties of effective establishment of the wholesale machine methods of farming that are used in U.S. A in the fertile farmlands of Bengal. "The only method "he said—that suggests itself as feasible is the installation of these methods in cooperative farming communities."

Thus Art, Music, Education Religion, Philosophy, Literature,—he talked about everything and with the greatest illumination. This is the secret how he could create such a very great impression everywhere in the United States during his recent tour. It

is again, not merely the imposing appear ance, the grace of his person, but his culture and refinement his broad sympathics that attracted people towards him

Judging from this general impression of Americans, it is quite easy to imagine how his message would be received by them The Americans would be tolerant even if he criticised them severely at times, for he had made them feel that beneath all his criticism, there was a thorough sympathy, a deep understanding and appreciation of all that was best in the Americans This quality of culture and sympathy, as I have hinted already, has been the secret of his success. In various towns, from San Francisco to New York, he addressed on the subjects I have already mentioned in another place He read particularly everywhere his brilliant address on 'The cult of Nationalism' which, this time, conveyed his entire message to It was in substance the same as America his former lecture at Rochester on Race-But it was more conflict and its solution powerful, it was a thousand times more appealing and more prophetic, I must say. And so is the impression of most of the American papers with the single exception of one paper in New York, which most emphatically cried down the message

I shall quote from an article contributed by Prof A R Seymour Ph D in the December number of the Hindustham Student, in which both a brief synopsis of the address as well as the professor's thoughts and comments about it have been admirably set forth Thus writes the profes

eor -

What he saw from his distance was nation pitiless by destroying nation in a fury of greed. All the splen did achievements of science and invention all the wealch and power of wonderfully organized and developed countries were maily dedicated to the god of destruction. He saw how the nation had become a spendidly efficient machine how nationalism had become a cult turning whole people to selfishiness and sacrilegiously invoking the blessings of heaven upon their gigantic egotism.

"A nation" he says is an ofganized gregarious ness of gluttony, that is it is a political and commercial machine, inhuman without soul. This nationalism has got hold of the people. It extracts the human ty from them and makes them parts of a great machine whose only use is to become more powerful. And the people of western nations accept the mental slavery of nationalism because of their nervous desire to become more machine like than the other nations."

He points out how the West lives in an atmos phere of fear and greed and panic, due to the preylog

of one nation upon another for material wealth. Its civilization is carmivorous and cannibalistic, feeding Its one idea upon the blood of the weaker nations is to thwart all greatness outside its own boundaries lever before were there such terrible jealousies, such etrayals of trust, and all this is called patriotism whose creed is politics "

Better than this, it seems to this poet, incompar ibly better than these nations writhing on the altars of ambition and going down to physical and moral ruin, is India, the country of non nation, India, the umple, patient, strong in faith, the spiritual citadel

of troubled times

It is not, therefore, as the representative of a lescated land that he speaks to America to day Though pressed beneath the heel of nationalism, and pierced by its fang of cruelty, India still can claim a ioul, her children can still glory in her spiritual sub brought Rabindranath Tagore to our shores again The poet has given up for a time his birthright of quiet and leisure, and, putting on the robes of the Prophet, has undertaken to bring to us the un thanged message of the East.

It is a simple message that he brings, familiar to us all,-it is better to keep one s soul than to gain the whole world , it is better for a people, to keep its soul than to gain the whole world Rabindranath Tagore, the Poet Prophet of our time, has a message so simple that some may miss it. It is nothing new to western ears, but never before in the world was it enforced with such potent argument as now flows in

upon us from the far reaching battle fields of Europe In this war he sees Europe "reaping the reward for that organized greed called nationalism death struggle of nationalism has begun This war is the fifth act of the tragedy of the unreal There is a moral law in this world, a moral law that has its application to organized society as well as to individuals. We may forget truth, for our own convemence, but truth does not forget us Prosperity can not save itself without moral foundation man can see the gaping chasm between his full store house and his humanity, until he can feel the unity of mankind, the kind of barbarism which you call civili zation will exist "

In India and China spiritual civilization is a living thing India and China tried to live lives devoid of politics, aloof from the quarrels of the But the nations of the West have driven their tentacles deep into their soil, and the govern ment, as seen in India, is an applied science as free from human feelings as an hydraulic press and as effective." "Japan, too, was a people; Europe with annon and machine taught her to be a nation And now English and American complain that Why should they Japan is becoming too aggressive complain? Why should they not rather rejoice in ber proficiency instead of preparing to act against this apt pupil ?

"You of the west tell us," he says, "that we should organize ourselves into a nation and so be able to protect ourselves. I would listen to you if you came and told us to live better lives, to love God more deeply, to practise a deeper abnegation of self, but when you come with your machinery and your wealth, and your cold intellectualism, and prey upon us because we are helpless, and therefore Reasy victims, I say that it is time for the East to rise and deliver the message that I bring to jou"

Rabindranath tells us that the sudden calamity that has come upon Europe "is the direct result of

the unsound foundation upon which European civilization rests" Much in this mechanical age that is of great inherent power for good has become perverted through the greed and base ambitions of nations so that what ought to be constructive has become destructive

We are warned that the United States is on the same road as Europe, but there is more hope for this country, since its people are of open mind, seekers after truth We, too, are a land of no nation, but we are so because we are a land of every nation living as one people. The hope of the Western world is in this Melting Pot where all peoples mingle and it is most easy to forget differences of race and country, and accept man as

An editorial in the Detroit Times commenting on the recent address of Rabindranath Tagore in that city declares that the people of the United States "are beginning, just beginning to realize that there is a world outside of their own boundaries , that human beings in other countries may have as much appreciation of justice and truth as they have, that there is something nobler for a man to do than pounce upon his weaker neighbor and take from him whatever he can filch, that we are not merely animals fighting for existence, but moral beings with human responsibilities-in short, that patriotism is a narrow ideal compared with the love of humankind

It is very evident, from newspaper reports, that America, the immature but unchildlike, the grasping but generous, is listening soberly to the words of this stranger The American looks upon him as more than a curious and impressive figure in an oriental garb delivering an old fashioned message He listens, he is touched with awe; he calls him prophet, messiah That is very well, yet, lest we misrepresent him, let us call him simply a friendly soul a lover of life, to whom it has been given in a bitter time of hate and wrong, to sing the praise of God and the enduring power and the eternal triumph of the soul

Nothing reveals more clearly the motives of this teacher than that most wonderful moment when at the end of his lecture on the Cult of Nationalism, he allows the Poet Prophet to stand forth in utter simplicity and dignity as he reads from his own poems, repeating and repeating his message. "My Master bids me stand at the roadside of

retreat,

And sing the song of the defeated, For she is the bride whom he woos in secret "

"Those who walk on the path of pride Crushing the lowly life under their tread, Spreading their footprints in blood

Upon the tender green of the earth, Let them rejoice, and thank thee, Lord, For the day is theirs

But thou hast done well in leaving me with the humble,

Whose doom it is to suffer And bear the burden of power, And hide their faces and stiffe their sobs in the dark.

For every throb of their pain Has pulsed in the secret depth of thy night, And every insult has been gathered In thy great silence, And the morrow is theirs "

In all American Cities and especially in

Boston and New York and the Universitytowns, this lecture made a tremendous Rabindranath carried city impression after city by storm, he read the lecture before bankers and millionaires those "who came to scoff remained to pray" So cronded were the audiences everywhere and raised to such a high pitch of enthusiasm and admiration, that they were almost electrified by the galvanic shocks of the noble rage of the poet at the outrages done to humanity by nationalism Hundreds of American papers are full of this great news, the news of the fall of the American cities one after another, at the feet of this great Master In a famous American paper, we find the following report of the lecture on the Cult of Nationalism

> ORIENT AND OCCIDENT MEET IN TAGORE & WOYDERFLL TALK

'Haloed in silver and garbed in dull gold against a background of pale blue sky Sir Rabindranath Tagore first in the series of Fine Arts offerings

spoke Monday night at Macauley s Theater

"It was an audience unusually representative. It was beyond that an audlence of exceptional of tense and earnest attention And most of all it hesitated to disturb with applause utterances so strangely poetic, philosophic and of the day For be it noted most of all the Oriental was so thoroly well posted in all that concerns the Occidental world in its yesterday no less than its today that one felt that here was a desector carving out our foolish boasts and our smug comfortabilities into their essentials and finding, for the most part little or

It was done without a trace of pose. It was done in the most natural way in the world unconsciously almost and meritably beyond a word Thus we are no doubt naked And if we are not ashanied, it is our own fault Wir, Well principally because we have not known how to use-still-less how to improve -the heaven sent opportunities. We have been content and happy in our snobby consciences Remember-Sir Rabindrauath was speaking for the most part of Anglo Indians or of English as yet fore gn to India-that he has not found them I ving

up to their own ideals

The Poet who is a Philosopher is not frequently met The Poet who is a man of politics and affaire that is Hugo and-how hard to keep away from him -it is kipling, too But these were men essentially practical and one might almost say, commercial Tagore is practical because he is human real virile vibrant. Commercial, he is not We do not regret it. If a indignation burns this wrath sears this sense of the unseemly and the

scandalous is a benediction for the sole reason that it is conviction How paltry are the things we tolerate How dirty. It is refreshing to meet this manly man of an outs de world very near to us and more valuable, by far, than it is pear

EAJ

The Morning Oregon thus gives a report

of the same lecture delivered under the auspices of the Drama League at Port-

The attendance at the lecture completely filled the auditorium and took up all available standing room The intensity of the spell under which the audience was held was ind cated by the breathless silence that followed the regal chant of his poem of peace with which Rabindranath fagore closed his lecture-a silence that continued it seemed for minutes before the spell was broken in the harst of applause that follo ved the retiring master

A nation is a thing in which society is organized for a mechanical purpose nation is the organised self interest of a whole people, where it is most selfish and least human ' This definition of nation by Rabindranath and his firm conviction and contention that 'it is the continuous pressure of the dead human upon the living human that is destroying humanity," that "the nation is the greatest enemy of nations," and that' the war of nations to day is a war of retribution' may provoke the west to this criticism, (as it has already provoked only a few Japanese and American papers', that while admitting and accepting all the poet's statements as true, it has yet to be seen whose position is really good and sound, the position of those peoples whose basis is nation and conflict, or the position of those people whose basis is non untion and peace For, it may be argued, that those who have built their civilisation on the basis of peace, have utterly lost the dynamic element of civilisation and the creative force The dynamic, creative individualism has merged there in a static social order and a static code of duties, as has been the case in China India could still develop a sort of anti social type of religious emancipation, the type of the sansculott or the Sannyas., for instance, but considering the sum total of social progress, the achievements of India ford centuries have been little The good of nationalism is in giving birth to a mass life and mass-consciousness, and making that consciousness the real guide of society in place of classes or castes, kings or priests of the old order, as still prevails in the Fast For, national consciousness implies that the ceaseless action and reaction of each and all in the nation, the endless resistances, co-operations, agreements, disagreements in the mass life of the nation, are ever at work and are ever lifting society and state to

planes of more effective realisation. Society and state are organically allied, although

their functions are different.

The Nation and its consciousness have up till now been confined within very narrow limits. The conflicts of nations with nations, and nations with nonnations have therefore become painfully acute and it is to be hoped and fervently Nationalism should prayed for that develop sooner or later into cosmic humanism. The whole trend of Rabindranath's address seems to tend to this solution, although he has not offered any solution at all. He has painted for us the darkest picture of nationalism, he has shown what horrors and catastrophies are within it. And he has shown, morover, the absolute insensibility of the nations with regard to the grim and awful sufferings of a large body of humanity, who form the non nation, and at whose expense the nations grow and prosper. And he has done it most powerfully. His utterance, therefore, has become one of the noblest utterances of man in any age or in any country. He has delivered his message for the modern age.

Finishing this hasty report of America's impression of him and of his message, we may fitly ask ourselves, what has been Rabindranath's impression of America? In the Evening Post, New York, an interviewer thus writes about it :-

"It is very oppressive to me here," Mr. Tagore says, wearily "It is very difficult I want to get away as soon as I can Besides the strenuous part of the life there is no leisure, no space for the recupera-I have left like a bile of cotton being transported from town to town. These houses you live in are frightful, he said, thoughtfully as if forgetting an audience "These houses are not for human habitation" he said, pointing out of the window to the sky-scrapers all around "We are not Titans to live in such houses, defining Heaven's light and air. There is such houses defying Heaven's light and air. There is no grace, no beauty, just bulk ... From port to port I have seen the strides of the great giant of ugliness crushing out the green world of God . This is a sign of failure, this lack of grace and beauty."

He has now come back to his own country, the country of sunshine and green. His work is done. Should it not now be the duty of our country to give him a fitting welcome for all that he has done to elevate his motherland and humanity through her?

LITERATUS.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

BY FRANK HOWFL EVANS. AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS," "THE CINEWA GIRL," &c.

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[Our readers are informed that all characters in any living person happens to be mentioned no personal reflection is intended]

CHAPTER V.

FRIENDS AND RIVALS.

66 YES, that's mine, and that and that.
I don't know whether than "!! -" on a taxi, but at any rate we'll have a try. There's one! Hi! you, driver! All right, porter, I'd better give you a hand with this box ; it's rather heavy."

A tall, brown-haired young man in a light lounge suit pointed to his luggage on Charing Cross the eronded platform of Charing Cross Station, and seized hold of one of the handles of a big trunk to help the porter

put it on the taxi.

"Don't you trouble, sir, I can do that," said the porter, as with a heave and a lift of two mighty arms he picked up the box as if it were a feather's weight.

"Well, I thought I was pretty hefty, but you knock me, porter! By Jore! it was worth half a crown to see you lift that! Why bless my soul, it's Here you are, Harry-Harry Raymes !"

"Great Scott! if it isn't Jack Guardene!"

Harry Raymes, in the uniform of an hotel porter, had been busily going up and down on the platform amongst the passengers who had just arrived from the Conti-

she would hardly, in face of such a poem as In Salutation to the Fternal leace have stated that neither the hope of Virvana nor the promise of Paradise could drug Sarojini s sense of the value of life nor darken her perception of the beauty of phenomena when as is evident from a perspective view of Sarojinis song the value and beauty of life and phenomena to her depend upon their relation to the spiritual substratum on which the pleno menal side of life is based

Fuller knowledge and reflection will no doubt remedy these defects in any case they do not dimin shour gratitude to an enthusiastic lover of poetry who has read and enjoyed practically all that is worth reading in modern English poetry and given us an excellert compendium of the same

are Lascelles etudied poets The Rupert Brooke IIAb rerombie de la Mare W W Igson F M Heni Davies II Heuffer Rose Palph Hodgson Uncaulty John Masefield Harold Monro Sarojini Sai lu John Presland Margaret L Woods James Stephens, and in Irish Group

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN AMERICA

VIVI readers of the Modern Review are anxious for a detailed account of Sir Rabindranath Tagores work What I propose to do in this article therefore is to reprint as many extracts as possible from various Ameri can papera describing their impression of the poets lectures and personality talks and readings as he passed from

one American c ty to another

Interesting and amusing accounts of the poet some of them futhful and others fanciful and wild and all of then, charac Imerican with sensational teristically headings fit for commercial advertisements began to flood all the daily papers of U S A as soon as the cable was received that Sir Rabindranath was on his way to America For instance in Los ingeles Calif Herald Some Solul was reported to have sail about Rabindranath's school at Shantiniketan that it was a school for all classes and a movement for uplift were sent from students and that that school throughout India to spread the philosophy and teachings of Tagore But every Bengali knows ti at the students of Bolpur school are quite tiny boys who cannot possibly enter into the poet s philo sophy and teachings Of course it must not be supposed that all the papers pub I lished such fancied reports concerning the poet s life and works Many of them were astonishingly faithful and accurate and gave interesting details

The Seattle papers and all the promi nent papers of America noticed the arrival of Rabindranath on Sept 18 1916, in Scattle on the Canada Maru from Japan This was the description of Rabindranath when he landed in Seattle in Seattle Wash Post Intel Sept 19 1916 -

Above's x feet tall the head of a Greek God over which flows a mass of soft iron gray locks a full I gh bron soft cark eyes a Wh to an beard and a figure size ht as an Indians of the plane Sr Pab ndrapat! some of the most notable and viduals to-day a tle no ld

Professional interviewers who are busy bodies all over the world published that the object of his visit to America was to ruse funds to carry on his school for boys in India In America one cannot get rid of these people who live on flap doo lle and who will therefore come with all sorts of questions and wring out at most all the views of the man and unimportant matters important becoming more enthusiastic as the topic Lecomes more hopelessly trite and insigni ficant It is a sort of craze there and so all papers seed out interviewers vying with one another as regards the amount of useless information each is success fully able to squeeze out of the big man who becomes for the time being the object of universal interest We Lear that Mr Pearson the private secretary of the poet, ad great difficulties to keep out the harm of intervieners who would buzz aboutday and night, disturbing the poet's This is another peace and solitude. aspect of the fever and craze for sensationalism, the fascination for novelty, which rages high in countries like America. It is interesting to note that Rabindra a h, in his prophet's role, denouncing all the tetishes and shibboleths of modern civilisa ion in his famous lectures, no less denounced this side of Ameri an life, this mal raze for sensationalism, which wills all higher and deeper interests of life

However, but for these interviewers, the Americans and the civilised world through them, would never have known some of the important views and ideas of the poet on the outstanding problems of hum inity today. Although a few of them placed Hamlet without a Hamlet, publishing interviews without actually interviewing, still one must not be hard on such pettifoggery, considering that they did publish

some very faithful interviews.

In Seattle Wash Times, Sept 20, 1916, a report was published of an entertainment given to Rabindranath by the officers and trustees of the Sunset Club to which forty guests, representatives of Seattle's so ial and literary circles, were invited

port runs thus -

"A large T shape I table was arranged in the din ing room and was decorated at intervals with large blue howls filled with marigolds, the auspicious flower of India. Between the bowls were Chinese peacocks, the club's insignia. The place cards were adorned with blue and gold peacocks. Above the flowers fluttered many yellow. Above the flowers fluttered many yellow butterflies Mrs Winfield P Smith, president of the club, presided as Chairman and introduced Or Herbert H Gowen and Dr Oliver P Richardson of the university of Washington and Judge Frederick V. Brown, who welcomed the distinguished guest In a speech which delighted the guests, Tagore responded to the greetings "Always," he said, "there is more preparation made for the fast than the occasion warrants. It is so with this welcome you have given me. I can take to myself but a modest share of the good things you have said to me and through me to my country In India the welcome to the guest is always by the women of the household, so this welcome in this club of nomen is in accordance with our form of hospitality. I think it most ausp cims that my first welcome on this shore should have been in this charming way Bast and West are not so far apart and it is such occasions as this that hurry forward the time we are all looking for, theday when intellectual hospitality will be universal "

In the Seattle papers it was advertised. that Rabindranath was to read his lecture! on 'The Cult of Nationalism' at the Sunset Club on Monday at 2-30 p.m. to club members only and again on the same day at 8-15 p m. to the general public, "owing

to the hig popular demand". The price of admission was one dollar. In Scattle Wash, Post Intell, Sept. 26, 1916, a full report of the famous lecture appeared thus :-

'It was a literary least of brauty and wisdom The se who dwell in the belief that the flin la thinker " A suppressed soul who is eintent to voice the misty des in that come le m sitting crosslegged under a tree lasking at the pant of the nose until the body 15 her ip nel and the seas s hyp i stised into a sort of Volapia ias delicium will be well disillusionized, if t by war eme vig it is logician, seer, prophet, what you will .It would be improvible to separate the Pirts of tors closely knit discourse and print them as experpes without dining great wrong to the author the tunks in large space, universally, and treats the moving world of constitutions, single or in groups, as a mass The individuals he makes the pattern of the nation and all nations outside of India as being Just now scientized into power worship

"Humanity in its nation dism is non, he said, like a Riant giraffe which has shot its intelligence upward from us body to meakulable heights. But in so separating pure intellect from the moral man the

licart and buly are left starting

Mr Tagore pictured the material world of the twentieth century as a giant dragon, a great iron michine, symboliz d in the scientific destruction of millions of men in the Puropean war by this heady moneter trem-adous in its brain power, but with its.

body a shell that must eventually collapse

Such references are but meager grains of sand from the bank of the fl wing river of his oratory. of imagination, scarcily cognizant of the language he uses except to feel the rare beauty and rhythm of it. It is like reading Carlyle's 'French Revolution' to the

music of a symphonic orchestra

"India is the only country that never had a nationalism, according to Tagore . It was almost purely an individualistic civilisation. This left it open to sucjugation to the nationalized peoples who built for power Nations he characterized as scientific machines perfected in every part by democivitualising men and nonen and personalizing Politics and efficiency until the steam roller of civili sation was perfected and roared its way over manhood, womanhood, chil thoo i, where the people were devoted to thought and moral development instead

of the evolution of an iron nation ... There is fice in this tall, slender, dreamy-eyed Oriental At moments of in-piration his figure seems to bee high out of all proportion, and his nords fairly leap fro n his trembling hips But for the most

part he is gentle, e imposed and quiet

Tagore is not an entertainer He is here to say something and he has something to say, He will leade his impress on the thought of our country."

In Portland Ore Oregonian, in an account of the poet, preparatory to his reception there, he has been called an "International master". It is true that the first wild Luropean and American enthusiasts over 'Gitanjali' had flung about him certain semi supernatural trappings, calling. hitn a divine mystic, a saint, always rapt in meditation, and so forth. Gradually the poet became more and more stripped of

Means" (Path o Patheya) when the bomb conspiracy was first disclosed, are suffi cient evidences that he had steered clear of those d ingerous revolutionary whirlpools, at a time when the rudder and chart of the ship of national upheaval had practically been in his hands. It was absolutely im possible at all periods of his life, to lend countenance to any movement, in which the principles of morality and spirituality were either compromised or sacrificed

At San Francisco, on Oct 5, at Columbia Theatre, the poet read a short story entitled 'The vision' and a play re cently translated and unpublished King and the Queen' (Raja o Ram) While there, he was apprised of a cable from Berlin which told of the successful produc tion of his play 'Chitra" at the Munich Theatre for the first time Literary critics

in Munich accorded it high praise

Suddenly, the American public was alarmed by the news which circulated like wild fire from one paper to another that there was a plot by the Indian anarchists to slay Rabindranath It was that Prof Bishnu Singh who came from Stockton to invite the poet, was assrulted by the Hindus who probably took him for Rabindranath Two Hindus were at once placed under arrest and they said that they were employees of Ramchandra! The police became strictly vigilant and admit tance to the Columbia Theatre where the poet was to give readings from his writ ings was denied to s-veral hundred Hindus Of course, Ramchandra's party denied that there was any such plot among the In dians but the American newspapers natur ally made a great fuss over the whole affair and every day the news of the supposed plot to assasmate the poet came under such sensational headings poet flees to save his life' 'Hindu Nobel prize winner fugitive ' "Hindu savant safe after wild flight under body guard'etc The papers wrote that the poet feared for his life and under escort of police fled to Santa Barbara, cancelling his lecture and other engagements at San Francisco That all this fuss had not the slightest founda tion in fact was expressed by Rabindra' nath himself at Santa Barbara In Los An geles Calif Exammer, we find that he em phatically declared his disbelief that there was a plot among his own countrymen

to assissmate him 'He voiced greater terr of the effect of such a rumor upon the character of Hindus in California than of any possible attempt to harm himself" 'I have cancelled no engage He sud ments and I came to Santa Barbara by the train which had been arranged for me some days before by my manager"

From Sinta Barbara he moved on to San Diego where he was accorded a very warm reception In every big city, his coming was previously announced in all the papers and there were numerous readings from his works and lectures about him at various intellectual centres and clubs to prepare the public to receive him and his message He read the same paper on lationalism at Isis Theatre and then hurried on to Los Angeles In Los Angeles Lalif Times, we read that the "Trinity luditorium" where he read his lecture was packed to capacity" and he created a great impression

He spoke at Pasadena, and at San Diego, appeared again at Los Angeles Trimity Auditorium, where on Oct 14, before a 'tremendous crowd', the organisers having been compelled "to seat about 75 on the stage" itself, he read two of his yet unpublished works a play "The King and the Queen" and a novelette entitled

' The Blind Wife"

It must not be thought that there was no adverse criticism of his paper in Los Angeles As in San Francisco, so here too was a single dissentient voice, a single adverse criticism which was published in Los Angeles Calif Times, Oct 13, 1916 It is a very healthy sign that while the majority of townspeople everywhere were carried an 13 by the poet's oratory, there still could be isolated individuals here and there who could take an independent position and estimate critically the value of the poets message For the poet's vast and unparalleled success in USA should not be measured by the number of favorable comments in the newspapers alone, but also by the number, even if small, of adverse and hostile comments would prove that he was not taken as a mere entertainer but as a serious teacher, to whom the Americans could not listen indifferently.

The speaker expressed is thoughts in the set for gurative speech hold up is and ence spell bound by homeins ty and the depths of is thought. It is doubtful if the weaknesses and means stended of the weaknesses and means stended for depths of is thought. It is doubtful if the weaknesses and means stended for depths of the consistence of the constant of the composed of the constant of the composed of the constant of the constant

From Salt Lake he came to Chicago where he was the guestat the home of Mrs William Vaughn Moody who had been one of the few to recognise his greatness during his first visit to America and had been quite motherly in her relations with the poet So naturally the poet stayed at Chicago for a few days without hurrying away as soon as his lecture was finished The Chicago paper reporters had there fore some chance of tacking h m about various questions of the day and one of them got out of him his opinion about Rudvard Lipling which needless to say was not at all far ourable and could never be so for no two poets stand poles asunder to-day as he and Lipling do About Kipling he said The realism of Kipling's India is wholly a patched up thing of imagination His knowledge is second hand—from the bazzars and seriants never has entered into the real life of the Th sopinion was boomed in the papers as an interesting piece of news with such big head lines as — lagore scoffs at Kipling India s poet and seer takes rap hipling ignorant of India at Lipling asserts Sir l'agore etc I suppose all Indians will be equally glad to know that such an opinion about Kiplings wittings was opinly arow lby the post in America for we all share it 1 to coto with him

The poet a car, smoon as we have already seen were most often strong and unplea was I the E most often strong and unplea sank but all the same his unassuming manner attracted all reporters. In five or six papers we find invariably the state ment expressed with some amount of sur prise that the poet preferred to be alled Mr. Tagore rather than Six Tagore. The Chicago Ills Herald writes on 0 t 22 1916—D spite his Nobel Prize and recent knighting by the English king he is still plain. Mr. Tagore. Another paper

The Portland M L Press says - Mr lagore is he prefers to be called ' How ever some people in Bengal will find it believe the above state difficult to ments for, in their opinion their fancied change of the poets ittitude towards nationalism now is to be attributed main Is to the fact that a knighthood has been conferred upon him by the British These people do not care government fully read Rabindranath's writings they like to go by hearsay It is simply their impression not based on facts in the days of the Swadeshi movement in Bengal Rabindranath had been staunch nationalist in the Western sensethey do not care to see for themselves by reading his addresses given at that time on what lines he had actually thought the regeneration of India was possible and what according to him had been the basic principles of Ind an englishmen as distin guished from those of western civilisation For nationalism is a vague and general term what Rabindranath had meant by it before and what he meant by it afterwards must be thoroughly com prehended before an attempt at com parison of his views about it before and after can be undertal en Was he an ad vocate at any time of his life of the ag gressive form of nationalism as it has de reloped in the West whose another name is commercial smand militarism and which trades upon the greed and fear of men turning them as he says into conscience less automatons of selfishness and greed? Dd he not repeatedly expose the utter hollowness of this lind of national sm which is the form of the organized s Ha interest of a whole prople and which reck lessly barters a p ople's higher aspiration of life in exchange for profit and nower his sonnets softh Vanedya and his 1

dresses published in the Bangadarshai eg Irachia O Paschatra Sabhiata (†1 tern and Western Civilisations) Su ades Samay (Smadeshi Brahma Society) Bharatrarsher Itihas (Indian Histor) etc ' What he said then he has said no almost worl for word in his Nationalism only with far greater pow and clearness of vision Although it 18 digression still I may be permitted to that the president of the recent Ben Provincial Conference has also made si far comparisons of the poets views nationalism before and after and

pressed his regret and protest with regard to what he considered the poet's changed attitude of mind towards nationalism He seems to labour under the misappre hension that in the 'Cult of Nationalism' Rabindranath has actually proposed to do away with nations altogether and to form a 'universal brotherhood of man'-in other words, that Rabindranath has preached the petted and pious platitudes of whining sanctimonious preachers that all men should sink their differences and be one and brothers and love one another without quarrelling or fighting ever, and so on and so on That such a colorless cosmopolitanism is entirely out of his programme will be evident from the following quotation of his utterance taken from Ken anee Ills Courier, Oct 30, 1916 -

They (nations) must always exist as separate identities. The world would be unbeautiful and monotonous without variety. But no nation must predominate. Each one has a right to proper expression as a part of a great unit. Any system which does not take this into consideration must produce exist.

In an article which was published in Minneapolis Minn Tribune, the "He is a nationalsaid truly of the poet ist but also an internationalist "Of course it must be admitted that the international programme of the poet was naturally less pronounced in his writings during the Swadeshi movement, for, then, he was more concerned with the problems of his own country than with the problems of all humanity In Milwaukee Wisconsin, in a report entitled 'Tagore on Western Pro blems' we read that "India some day will be a republic, he predicted" Could he predict it without being a nationalist, or rather an Indian Nationalist, using the term in the Indian and not the occidental sense, which he repudiates? In fact any student of Rabindranath's writings will not ful to see that the president of the recent Bengal Provincial Conference has so closely followed Rabindraunth's lines of Indian nationalism and his practical programme for national regeneration that his sudden protest against Rabindranath has only furnished us with an actual instance of an aphorism of Rabindranath, viz -"The echo mocks her origin to prove she is the original"

So much for digression The lecture at Chicago took place on Oct 24, 1916, at Orchestra Hall All the Chicago papers accorded it unequivocal praise In one

paper, the Miln aukee Wis Journal, Oct 26, 1916, we hear that the poet "thrilled" the vast audience, which was composed of quite a miscellary of people of all classes and races—'men and women with white faces, yellow faces, brown faces" and that stated in the farthest row back was the huge figure of an Ethiopian" The poet left Chicago for Indianapolis on Oct 29 and was brought there under the auspices of Miss Ona B Talbot's Fine Arts Association. The first event of the fine arts series was to be the lecture by Rabindranath on a new subject—'The World of Personality'

In Indianapolis, an interesting interview was published in a paper in which the poet discussed the relative status of woman in the East and woman in the West The report runs thus

'The Christian missionary with his profound ignorance of Hindu social organism sees nothing but abject misery in the lot of the Hindu woman. The orthodox Hindu on the other hand, with his equally profound ignorance of the outside world looks upon the lot of the Hindu woman as nothing short of blissful But Tagore, with his practical knowledge of both the societies realizes that there is good and bad in both and that proper education will cure the ills and strengthen the good" Woman acts in says Tagore, as the centripetal force does anets But in Europe, this centripetal society in the planets force of woman's energy is proving fruitless to counterbalance the centrifugal force of the distracted No doubt when an Foglish lady sees the small rooms with crude furniture and old fashioned pictures in the Z nana she at once concludes that men have made slaves of the Hindu woman But she forgets that we all live together the same way We read Sp-neer, Ruskin and Uill, we edit magazines and write books but we squat on a mattress on the floor and we use an earthen oil lamp We buy jewels for our wives when we have the money, and we sleep inside a string tied mosquito net and on warm nights fan ourselves with a palm leaf fan We have no solas or highly uphol stered chairs vet we do not feel miserable for not having them. But at the same time we ar, quite capible of loving and being loved. The western people love formans entertainment and brance of life so much that many amongst them do not care to have wives or husbands and if married positively no children With them comfort takes preceden e of love whereas love and home are the supreme things in our life

In another fine interview with Mr Joyce Kilmar, who seems to be on a much higher level of intelligence and culture than ordinary newspaper reporters, the poet had occasion to talk of poets and poetry. This interview was published in the 'Bookmin' He said

'The proper function of the poet is neither to direct nor to interpret his fellows but to give expression to truth which has come to his life in full mass of music.'

All the great poets of the West in some aspect of their moods and the aghts show their affinty with the East just as the great Eastern poets have theirs with the West I'm to be great is to be co uprehensive 'To cite an insta ice Walt Whitman's prems though strongly savouring of America, are yet deeply imbard with Bastern ideas and feelings Are not Shelley s 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty and Wordsworths nature poems Lastern in their spirit?

The modern poets of the East are I arning from the poets of the West the value to literature of the passionate vitality which has its triumphant joy in the very strength and speed of its movement The poets of the West would do well to learn from the Bast the reverent delight in the vision of per fection in whose depth al movements find their

rest and meaning '

Finishing his Indianapolis programme, Rabindranath went to Milwaukee At the Pabst theatre, he November 4 spoke on 'Nationalism' and we read in Vilnaukee Ilis Sentinel November 5, 1916 the following report —

Ving beard giving his face the appearance of a prophet come into the modern world out of the biblical past the man who is regarded by many as the greatest living pict stood before a large audi ence of Milwaukeeans at the Pat st Theater Saturday night Tagore had for audiences one of the biggest lecture crowds that has been brought together in Milnaukee for several seasons Every seit in the main floor and the balcony of the l'abst theatre was

His next more was to Louisville where he spake on the same subject on Novem ber 6th at Macaulty's Theatre We have already reprinted in the April number of the M R, a report which appeared in Louisville Ky Herald with the head him "Orient and Occident Meet in Tagore's Wonderful Talk' Lour or five other papers of Louisville seem to have received the lecture with evidently divided feelings -they praised and dispraised it at the same time The Louisville Ky Times wrote that Louisvillians could not 'grow enthus, istic over the question of autonomy for the East Indian Empire ' ' Pro vincials or something quite like he called He were quite too us, and he was right provincial to go to the depths of the Pierran spring sounded by him last night

Leaving Louisville he went to Nash ville at the invitation of the Centennial Club and lectured under its auspices at the Vendome Thertre on November 9 The Vashville people were exceedingly appreciative of his message. We read in ishville Ten i Banner Nov 9, that he mrited the Centennial Club people to as semble in his prainte reception room at the Hotel Hermit ige

There, writes the reporter, "seated in the great poet told them very midst of then simply the story of his school for bors, in ledit, where the life effort of his present years is expressing itself It was a company of congenial selection and they listened with Leen and close interest as Sir Rab ndranath told in an intimate and colorful way of the school, which is operated rather 'through want of system than with any particular method he said anding His principles of education do not embrace set curriculum or plans of grading and ex-amination. The education of my boys germinates from a seed to a plant, rather, unconsciously, I may I cannot believe in a monastic discipline, and can see no reason for punishing a little child because he is a child and therefore must be both ignorant and untrained '

Those so fortunate as to be present will esteem

occasions that time has brought them

The poet arrived in Detroit, a famous Imerican town, on November 10 had to submit himself, here again, to the great American form of torture known as the interview and possibly he had such a warm time with his interviewers that he let them have freely a piece of his mind on their business He said

Your American interview is based purely on You are interested only in the spectacular CBITOSILY phases of a man a personality I often wonder why some newspapers send men to see me at all when they would s'ive time and trouble by simply putting a reporter down to a typewriter and letting him drea u out what I might say

On November 12, in the auditorium of the Board of Commerce Building and to "an audience that filled it to capacity and which Detroits exclusive society was well represented" Rabindraunth delivered his lecture on "Nationalism" The Detroit Mich Free Press writes thus about the lecture -

I PROPOLIND MISSIGE "with maculii e force he strif ped mo fern civilisation until it stand naked and protesque before the shocked mental rision

What an indicement of the pretensions of the British Covernment' What an arra goment of nations

and of powers! What a plea for ma ikind!

The Board of Commerce audience beard the mort profound analysis of life and of the mechanism of commerce, of organized society and of Government that any mo lern ears have heard. The Rousseaus, the Jeffersons, the harl Marxes the Bryces and the Wilsons seem superheial in the presence of the swartly analyst.

" He great corpulent bodies of modern commer cialis n the boilers and engines of motern nations and tle ; re tuberant prosperity of thewestern world all e son less structures built up of the gnamed bonce of the week whose ignorance is capitalized. Thus ran h message from the terrible tack liulibs, and that

tan his terrific indi tment

The Detroit Mich News, The Detr

Mich Tribine and the other leading papers of Detroit were full of applause and appreciation of the paper. The Detroit Mich-Free Press wrote:

"Sir Rabindranath Tagore's denunciation of nationalism is convincing. ". Yet while we admit that nationalism is not the greatest good, we can argue that it is a means to an end "

Tagore does not object to it, only he points out that the means sometimes gets the better of the end and the end is completely lost sight of. If nationalism could have developed into cosmic humanism, it would not have turned into a machine of greed and power, it would not have turned individuals into mere automatons. the abstraction of nationalism

Tagore contends against.

The Detroit Mich Journal calls in question the burden of l'agore's lecture and says:-"As an abstract theory the message has much that is attractive and engaging. As a suggestion for practical application it obviously is unsuited for mankind as we know it." But what is the meaning of "mankind as we know it"? There are men who are reaching after the ideal, others are grovelling in the dust. Who are fit to be taken as the true representatives of mankind? Are all ideals, theories, ethical principles, to be dismissed as the dreams of visionaries, simply because the majority of men do not or cannot at present follow them? What then would be the fate of the teachings of Buddha, Christ, and other elder brothers of the race?" "Mankind" is not merely what it is, it is also what it is becoming.

From Detroit he hurried on to Cleveland, where, as a newspaper humorously puts it: 'he gave a scolding to the Twentieth Century Club on Tuesday sevening at about 700 dollars per scold, read another lecture on the "World of Personality" and then started for New York, where he arrived on November 18, a month after his landing in Seattle. There was a great sensation about him in New York. and as many as fifteen or sixteen papers were writing about him, publishing interviews and all kinds of accounts of his life, every day in the leading editorials. He gave a private talk to a select party where he read "The Second Birth," a religious discourse. The New York City World published quite a long and interesting interview with the poet and there also we find the interviewer writes, "Mr Tagore, as he

prefers to be addressed." It must be said to the credit of the New York interviewers that almost all the interviews published in various New York papers are good. The Philadelphia Pa Inquirer published an account with the famous head-line "India will be free, Tagore poet says." "I feel certain," he said, "the time is coming when India will be self-governing." "We of India cannot achieve anything by imitating the we hope to be able to show the world that we have something to give,

not merely to receive."

In another interview, which was published in New York City Eve Post, November 20, 1916 (also, in New York City Mail November 21, 1916), we read the following head-lines · "Rabindranath admirable Tagore says world looks to us, East no less than Europe seeks our friendship. Noble thing not to exclude Asiatic students who wish to come here. Education the greatest and finest gift we have to bestow. says Bengali poet," etc. I believe that the poet showed much greater patriotism, in strongly and ardently enjoining on the United States not to exclude Indian students as had been proposed, than in declining the invitation of the Canadians to land in Canada. He said:

"Perhaps your treatment of Asiatics is one of the darkest sides of your national life. . . I have heard much lately of the bill that is to be presented to your l-gislature in Washington which would exclude our Indian students from the country I have seen many of these students throughout the country and they are alarmed and they have implored me to see persons of influence and in positions of power Why would you deprive these young Indian students of their education? Is it not a noble thing to help us? ... I have read the provisions of this bill which will be presented It will exclude these Indian students whose number is assuredly not large enough to do you harm. It is true that sometimes the remittances from their home country are delayed and they are in actual mant of cash and their they work their way as your students do. But surely you can endure so much of competition I have heard that some of the students have formed a revolutionary society in California and that therefore the British Government is opposed to their coming here. But you cannot punish a whole nation for that.

"When I was in Japan I spoke with some of the steamship peoples who have always been friendly to me They had refused passage to some students who had money to pay and could maintain themselves. When I asked them why they did this, they said that the British Government was exerting pressure upon them and California also and that they did not dare

to transport them

.... "I bear, too, that underhand influences are at work to urge the passage of the bill excluding ladian students from this country

"Here they are, between two great Powers. They are inserniteant creatures loucant.

then f you will you can destrive then of ther educat n But you will do no them a grave moral hort and that you cannot do a thout nour no yourselves I the k that to pass the bil will be a crome

And this is the man whom many of his countrymen including the president of the recent Bengal Provincial Conference thoughtlessly arraign for being a Lost Leider siging that just for a riband to stick in his cost the riband of knighthood he deserted the camp of nationalism. How absurd of them to insinuate that he seized the occusion to play to the gallery by de nouncing nationalism when Purope was groaning with agony in her battle felds and Western saviuts were supposed to have pointed out nationalism as the root of all evils and war With the single ex ception of Hon Mr Bertrand Russel we do not know of a s cond English nan of fame who has disparaged nationalism on similar grounds and Bertrand kussels in dictments are much later than Tagore's It has not therefore become a bon ton in I uropa or America to speak against nationalism and war-rather race hatred and national pride are running amuel in the west to-day and it is fearfully danger ous for any man to express views dis countenancing them in any way

famous lecture on Rabindrainth s Nationalism came off on November 21st in Carnegie II ill New York one of the The immense lugest lills in the city nudience says len lork Citi Eve World sit desoutly hushed The hall resounded from time to time with plaudits says Ven Lork City Tril une which chooses for its headline lagore bits British rule and quotes excerpts from the keture only where he happene I to critic se British rule in India The New York City Post too follows suit The applause with which his address was greeted indicated that there was a warm sympathy with his thought The len lock City Sun says that it was one of the biggest gatherings ever seen in Scores waited in I ne for Carneg e Hall tickets but had to go awar disappointed We have not however noticed a single alterse criticism among the len lork papers except perhaps one which smply doubted about the least thty of the po ts pr kramne of the futurity of autions

th November 23 Rab ndranath real his second lecture viz that on The World of Larsonal is at the Hudson Theatre 11

New York The Bridgeport Conn I irmer writes about it Many women had tears in their eyes while the poet was reading

In exquisitely beautiful language Tabore told his listeners things which are so much a part of him and which they have come to know in every boo of pros or poetry which he has written

We read in another paper that her Dr I rederied J Gaul I delivered an interesting address on I abindranath Tagore in a famous Unitarian church to a crowded audience and he said that the great poet was not seeling in the subject of his Toledo lecture the Cult of N itional sm to disparage patriotism but to show that certain forms of patriotism—may result in despotism as in the countries of Europe

On Nov 24 the poet give readings from his published works at the Hudson Theatre. The New Yorl Cti Mail writes that Mr Tagore requested however that his hear ers refrain from appliance until the close of his reading and this rather cramped their enthusiasm. Occasionally an emotional sister broke the rule but not with enough success to disturb the s remty of the occasion

A most appreciative and pretty long report of the lecture on the Cult of Nationalism appeared in New York City Eve Post Nov 20 written by Mr Malcolm W Davis There the poet steachings were likened to those of Socrates and Jesus Says the writer

After the last utilized of denuments of it was iffeult for a gathering of western on a fivour to get their breath in the full flood of his angry rebell on against ideals to which they had been bor they seen ed dated hinder the lash of his content pluous note they at they stirred uneasly in their seats with subdued ejac lations of astoushment. They laughed an ologetically at themsel as they beened to his hitter sareasm. It hally be seen them away with a poen picturing the down fall of western or heat on a lur hunsel which world a dark ession as the last?

On Vot 2 Ribn Iranath arrived in I hilidelphia from New York and on the same might be read some of his poetry at a private recital in a school for girls. He also spoke on Nationalism which wasvery much appreciated in all Philadelphia papers and hurried to Brooklyn on Nov... where he spoke on the same subject in the Opera House of the Academy of Music before a large and hence. The meeting presided over hy the Lev Dr Charles Util rison who had a Ribindranath

exceedingly high terms it the end of his talk The Brooklyn N I Eagle, Nov 28, 1916 has the headings in the report concerning the lecture—'Denounces Great British for its Treatment of India and its people Says, they are being stifled. The same paper observes

'His adroit thraseology at I seint llating epigrams however seldom went unappreciated and evokel applause every few moments. He was greeted almost reverentially by the audie ce the entire throng rising upon his entrance and upon his exit

The next move was to Paterson where on Nov 28, at the first Unitarian Church he lectured on "The Cult of Nationalism." The homising of Rabindranath in city after city naturally evoled some cynicism among a few critics who tried to explain it away in the papers as having been due to merely natural and human curiosity. In one paper, Syracuse N. I. Post Standard, Nov. 30, a critic writes

If some Englishman came to this country and denounced nestern civil sation as Tagore denounced it in a recent address we would boo him from the hall. This is not in denunciation of Tagore the man or his works. Without question, there is something to his philosophy. But few rational people will have much sympathy for those people who blindly worship the 'new philosopher because he wears a turban instead of a hat

Rabindranath arrived in the great city of Boston on Dec 1 All the leading Boston papers, for a few days after his arrival, began to publish interesting inter views with him and accounts of his life and activities, and he invariably spoke of his The Boston school at Shantiniketan Mass I ost, Dec 3 1916 published a long interview and remarked "He was knight ed by George V, but he wants to be called On Dec 6 at Tremont Tagore" Temple, he delivered his address on "Nationalism" Lefore a large audience Boston Mass Herald, Dec 6, 1916, thus writes about it -

The temple was stormed nearly an hour before opening time and scores of people fulled to get sents. The audience gave the famous Bengali poet one of the warmest welcomes ever accorded to a lecturer in Boston and he spoke for over SO minutes in his main address finally reciting by request three of his best known compositions. The audience warmed up in response as he proceeded and at the close there was a prolonged burst of cheering.

On Dec. 6, he went to New Haven and "was royally welcomed by the lale faculty", writes the New Haven Conn Register He lectured at night on Dec 6, at Mount Holvoke College before "a large

on "Thit enthusiastic andience Art?' The substance of the lecture was published in Springfield Mass Republican We read in New Haven Conn Courier that an elaborate programme had been prepar ed for the poet at lale He was intro Woolsley Hall by President Hadler who made a short and beautiful speech on the occasion presenting to the poet the Yale bi centennial medal with the 'We welcome you as one of the seekers of light and truth ' The poet then gave readings from his published poems and read also some manuscript works At the conclusion of his recital he was received at the Elizabethan club by Yale officials and prominent New Haven people It was long after midnight that the recep tion at the club concluded and he could At the club about six Indian resi dents presented him with a wreath of bridal roses He spoke on Shantiniketan School to the students and faculty of Smith College

He next spoke on 'What is Art?" and "The World of Personality' at Buffalo under the auspices of the Garret Club, and the Buffalo N I Courser and the Buffalo N I Acus give very appreciative reports

of both of his lectures

He came back again to New York on Dec 12 and we read in the New York City Times Dec 13, that "at least a thousand persons were unable to gain admission Amsterdam ns/. the yesterday afternoon for the last appear ance in New York of Sir Rabindranath Tagore" He left New York for San Francisco rather hurnedly, for he was evidently tired of being "transported from town to town' as he put it 'like a bale of cotton" His agent, Pond, was greatly disappointed, for the lectures were fetching quite a large amount of money, and if he could have persuaded the poet to stay till summer, the poet would have made quite a fortune for his school But all these considerations —the great demand of the American cities to hear him againthe expectations of many-he set aside when he felt that he must hurry back to his school and his home in Bengal, because he had finished delivering his message His work was done America heard the message of the East and that was enough The 'mustard seed' was sown and in time it would sprout up It could not die

But now that we know how profoundly

the Im riems were impressed by the poet a person they and his message may we not ask ourselves, whether we are suffi ciently alive to our own responsibilities is a people with regard to our attitude to wards the poet in I his te ichings and also with regard to our attitude towards our sches? It hundreds of intellectual centres in America discuss Rabin Iranath s poetry regularly ought there not to be at least one centre or association here in Bengal to stuly and discuss his works systemati cilly? If the Americans ruse funds to help Bolpur School shoull it not be the duty of educated Indians to do the same and take mor interest in its work? If the Americans are so cager to lear his talk and section in person is the Interiorn press tells us should not the various cities of India and Bengal be more enger to see him and hear him from time to time? It would be a matter of utter shame if In lia s great est son were more he nored and appreciated outs de India than in the land of his birth For surely if he has any message he has it first and foremost for us for his own people

I ITERATUS

Note by the Editor

In this series of articles on Rabindra nath Tagore's lecture tour in America which is now brought to a close the reader will find repeated references made by the American press to the poet's criticism of the Government of his country. These references give a rather one sided view of what the poet has said in The Cult of Nationalism on the British Government they are likely to produce the

impression that the lecturer indulged in indiscriminate attacks on that Government. But more than one passage may be quoted to show that the poet is not a hostile critic. We extract only one paragraph below.

I have not come here however to discuss the quest n na it affecta riy own country but the future cfall it an ty It is not alout the Brit she vern ment but the government by the Nation-the hat on which atle organised self i terest fa whole people where it is the least bun an and the least at r'tual Our only intin nte experierce of the Nat on is the Brt th hation and as far as the government, I withe hat on goes there are reasons to bel ere that st is one of the best. Then aga, we have to een a der that the West is necessary to the Past. We are compleme tary to each other because of our liferent o illooks, pon life which have given us different aspects of truth. Therefore if it be true that the spirt of the West has cone upon our felds in the guise of a storm it is all the san e scatter ng I ving seeds that are immortal And when in lad a we shall I cal le to ass minte nour life what is permanent n tle Western e vi sat on we slall be in the post on to ! ng about a reconc lat on of those two great Then wil come to an end the one side ! dom nance wi cl is gall ng What a more nel ate to recognise that the l story of Ind a does not belong to one particular race but it at lebs ory of a process of creat on to a beh various races of the world contr buted-tle Dray dans and the Aryans tle uncient Greeks and the Persians the Mahomedans of the West and those of the Central As a. Now that at last has come the turn of the English to br ng to it the tr bute of the r I fe we se ther bave the r g! t nor the power to exclude then from the r work of build g the dest ny of Ind a. Therefore what I say about the Nat on has more to do with the h story of Man ti an spec ally with that of in 1 a

It is perhaps necessary to say that the poet does not preach what is generally car catured as cosmopolitanism. He says

Neither the colourless vagueness of cos mopolitanism, nor the fierce self idolatry of nation worship is the goal of human history

'HARISCHANDRA AT THE DLAF AND DUMB SCHOOL

A T the recent prize distribution of the Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School the pupils give a mute representation of the classic story of Harischandra Deaf and dumb persons have to express their thoughts feelings and desires by means of signs and gestures. Hence they are naturally more skilled in expressing themselves in this way than persons who possess the power of speech. It was therefore to be

expected that the performance by deaf mute boys would be a success. And so it was Those who witnessed the representation expressed themselves highly pleased with it. Some of the tableaux were photographed. We reproduce a few of the photographs taken by the Subodh Studio which though they fall short the original tableaux may give the reader some idea of them.

must have a good memory as to what is said to him, and must be able to write down instructions without error, or omission. The Karnen (or Accountant) must have his account true as the sun; or even if the sun should happen to rise in the west, at least his account must not vary. The Tanapati (or ambassador) must be skilful in speech, in the decorum of princely assemblies, and the excellencies or peculiarities of other kings.

"(8) Narakala muraimai,—the result of propitious

times.

"(9) Vāhana muraimai,—decorum of vehicles. "(10) Narguna menmai, the excellence of good disposition."

Taylor, op. cit., vol. III, p. 15, No. 2108.

(145) VIDAKTA MUKHA MANDANAM,

by Sarangadhara.
"Treating interalia of Rajaniti; in Telugu character. It contains kingly morals and some rules for people how (sic) to obey. (leaf 1-72)."

Taylor, op. cit., vol. 11, p. 47, No. 653.

(146) DEVA RAYA SILA SASSANKAL.
"Contains 17 inscriptions of which the seventh treats of the Prathani or treasurer of Haribara 1aya, who was named Canda danda, fully repaired the injuries done by the Muhammadans at Vellore who had demolished some fanes there, and presented those repairs as an offering at the shrine of Chennakesava raya. (The date 1152 is equivalent to A.D. 1230, and corresponds with the period of first Muhammadan irruption)."

4 Taylor, op. cit., vol. III. p. 67. No. 2347.

(147) SVARODAVA. by Narap iti. On warfare.

List of Sanskrit MSS. discovered in Oudh during 1879. Prepared by Pandit Deviprasad p. 116. Printed at the N. W. P. and Oudh Government

(148) YUDDHAJAYOTSAVA. On military tactics. Ibid., p. 116.

(149) Khadga-lakshana. On sastra-lakshana.

Oppert. vol. 1, p. 467. MS. No. 5948.

(150) CHHURIKA-LAKSHANA. P. D. Maharaja of Travancore. On sastia lakshana.

Ibid., vol. I, p. 469, MS. No. 5976.

(151) DHANURVEDA. H. P. Sastri's Cat. Durbar. Libr., Nepal p. 190, No. 557.

(152) DHANDRVEDAPRAKARANAM.

Ibid., p. 191 No. (2) 2. (153) SAMGRAMA-VIDHI.

On the art of war. It gives a definition of Akshauhini and treats of the disposition of the army in war. But it deals destruction more with mantras than with weapons.

Ibid., p. 264, No. (2) 112. 154 SALIHOTRONNAYAS. On horses suitable for a king. Burnell's Tanjore Catalogue p. 74. (Concluded.)

THE LOVE-POEMS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS CHADOURNE. *

SINCE the Nobel Prize, and the great success of Gitanjali, the majority of the reading public in France do not seem to have given the works of Rabindranath Tagore the sustained attention which they deserve,-no doubt for want of translations. This Hindu,—in whom a curious fusion of the Oriental mind and European culture has taken place, presents however a fine example of universality to our disjointed age. As a philosopher, his studies on 'Nationalism' are of real interest; and the few echoes that have reached us in France of his lectures in America and Japan, have provided us with ample matter for reflection. One can perceive from these notes the judgment passed by Bastern thought on the nations and civilization of modern Europe.

As a poet, Rabindranath Tagore is known in France only by "Gitanjali" or "Song Offerings," of which M. André Gide has given us such an excellent translation. This book, however, shows us only one aspect of the poetic spirit of Tagore.-his religious or mystic side. However important it may be, this aspect is a partial one only. Several collections of poems, of which I know no French translations, enable us to complete the poet's characteristic features, which thus appear wider in range and more human also. I have in my hands, for example, a book whose English editions were all sold out during the war, and which Macmillan has just republished,-"The Gardener." poems are certainly much less known in France than "Gitanjali," and were mostly quite literal.

written much earlier. "Poems of love and life" (thus Tagore defines them)—our Western appreciation perhaps finds them more touching and more penetrating than the lyrical and mystical verses of the 'Song Offerings,'—so far-reaching and so harmoniously-flowing withal. Like 'Gitanjali,' 'The Gardener' is a translation from the Bengali, which we owe to the author bimself,—who warns us that it is not

Nothing of our European culture,—our poetry, philosophy or art,—is unknown to Rabindranath Tagore. If the taste of this Indian man of letters has nothing to gain in refinement from contact with us, his sensitiveness has become broadened and enriched through his gleanings from our European authors: Keats, Shelley, Heine, Verlaine, etc.,—to mention only the poets. Their delicately sensitive and sorrowful verse has, no doubt, troubled the serenity of this young Hindu, whose fine and grave features are depicted in a beautiful portrait forming the frontispiece of the book. It is not improbable either, that he may have plunged, cursorily at least, in the vast waves of Whitman's lyric verse. The question of so-called literary influences belongs to the province of commentators. but would it not be interesting to try and distinguish,—tentatively and from afar, all the elements which may have combined to form this poetic consciousness?

From childhood, his mind decked itself with the sparkling splendour of Oriental literature. Bred in the land of a thousand religions, he has seen the long procession of theogonic dreams pass by; he must have listened to the priests of many gods, and on the banks of the sacred meditated streams. His religious education and the obscure memories of his race have contributed to create the atmosphere in which even his more mundane poetry is steeped; and this mystic atmosphere diffuses love and life around the human drama. With the whole of wonderful India behind him. Tagore has welcomed whatever was precious in that which modern Europe had to offer. And this makes him a fine centre of cross-rays, if one comes to think of it.

It is precisely in these "lyrics of love and life" that one can most easily grasp in their complexity, all the subtle and intimate reflections of Tagore's poetic nature. It is in the great and simple themes of the lyric poetry of all time, rather than in philosophical or religious poems, that we can discern the outlines of this poetic figure,—placed between two worlds.

There is nothing of an anthology about 'The Gardener.' It is a collection of poems, with love for the principal theme, -poems which are short as a rule, but which follow one another and are linked together like the *motifs* and measures of a symphony. The lyric note of Tagore is essentially musical. This does not imply a formal and verbal harmony, which is nevertheless very real and perceptible, even in the translation. It is something more intimate and more profound: a sequence whose logic does not consist in the association of subjects and images, but which is regulated by a sort of inward impetus, a secret rhythm. These poems are neither rigidly-framed pictures, nor developments of ideas. They are songs; the echo of one reverberates in another; joy, melancholy, love and restlessness mingle and separate and alternate in accordance with the rhythm of a tumultuous heart, and the modulations of an exquisite refinement. It is a song of the flute! It is lyrical poetry, essentially lyric, untouched by anything which approaches rhetoric,that rhetoric so dear and so fatal to our French poets, even the greatest;—without any declamation, any forced emphasis, any straining after effect; something light and athereal, adorned with the one grace,

Nothing could be further removed from grandiloquence. Verbal artifice and pomp are things unknown to the verse of Tagore. The more delicately-shaded and refined it is inwardly, the more sober and simple it is in appearance, devoid of all redundance. The sonorousness of his diction is always subdued, just as the brilliance of his imagery is delicately veiled: like precious stones softened by muslin. It is in the very excess of these two qualities,-ease and simplicity,-that lies the greatest defect of Tagore's poetical works. Too much facility, fluidity and inconsistence in the development of the poems,—these are the weeds,—perhaps too common,—of this collection. Certain English critics have not spared him in this. connection. The snobbery of women of the world has done him no good either. All the same, the somewhat "orange-blossom" flavour of 'Stray Birds,' for example, should not make us forget the youthful freshness

and charming simplicity of 'The Gardener.'

Let us keep to that.

This simplicity is in harmony with the scenes in which the inward drama of the poet is acted,—the villages full of light and silence, the lanes scented with mangoblossoms, the trees bursting with birds, and the shady streams where the young girls come to draw water. Tagore is not a realist. He does not describe to us, either for art or pleasure, the charming scenes of this Indian countryside, where he probably spent a good part of his youth. But nature mingles incessantly with his desires, with his love, with the movements of his soul. For him she does not seem to be the old Maya with deceitful forms,—the changing tissue of our dreams. She is a veritable element of his life.

Trees, water, flowers, bees, the night, the wind,—all these form a living procession for the poet. They are the animated train of the lover and the beloved:

The night is dark. The stars are lost clouds.

The wind is sighing through the leaves.

I will let loose my hair. My blue cloak will cling round me like night. I will clasp your head to my 2 beyon; and there in the sweet loneliness murmur on your heart. I will shut my eyes and listen. I will not look in your face.

When your words are ended we will sit still and silent. Only the trees will whisper in the dark.

The shadow of the coming rain is on the sands, and the clouds hang low upon the blue lines of the trees like the heavy hair above your eyebrows.

Is it then true that the dewdrops fall from the eyes of night when I am seen, and the morning light is glad when it wraps my body round?

The greater number of Tagore's similes are drawn from nature, and this not from any poetic artifice, but because there is really an interpenetration between the poet's soul and the world-movement as a whole. Pantheism, pan-animism! What is the good of these big abstract words, and what do they explain? The poet enjoys the splendour of the world, sometimes with intoxication.—"I run as a musk-deer runs in the shadow of the forest, mad with his own perfume,"always with a sort of tenderness. There is in him the gentleness of the reverend Brahmins. It is a vast world, in which everything has its place, and its inestimable value! A ray of the sun,—the smile of a young girl, illumines the universe; a child's sadness darkens it: "A blade

of grass is as precious as the sunset in its glory and the stars of midnight." There is the joy of living and of mere inconsequence also:

Over the green and yellow rice-fields sweep the shadows of the autumn clouds followed by the swift-chasing sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey ; drunken with

light they foolishly hover and hum.

The ducks in the islands of the river clamour in joy for mere nothing. Let none go back home, brothers, this morning, let

none go to work.

Let us take the blue sky by storm and plunder

space as we run.

Laughter floats in the air like foam on the flood. Brothers, let us squander our morning in futile songs.

This feeling of universal life is often expressed in Tagore by a keenness of sensuous delight. There is no seeking after that "Nirvana" which haunts the so-called "Hindu" poems of Leconte de Lisle. In the flower-beds of 'The Gardener', there are no flowers with stupefying perfumes. Neither is Tagore merely contemplative. In certain poems of his, there something of the hymn-chants of Francis d'Assisi: an active and joyous sometimes by a mysticism, softened melancholy without bitterness. The poet's wealth is so immense, that he can give heyond measure, and scatter his love like a prodigal. He welcomes peace and joy with an equal tenderness; he knows inevitable destiny as well as the charm of renewal; he knows that "all our creations of beauty are veiled with a mist of tears."

Infinite wealth is not yours, my patient and dusky mother dust!

You toil to fill the mouths of your children, but

food is scarce.

The gift of gladness that you have for us is never

The toys that you make for your children are

You cannot satisfy all our hungry hopes, but should I desert you for that?

Your smile which is shadowed with pain is sweet to my eyes.

Your love which knows not fulfilment is dear to my heart.

From your breast you have fed us with life but not immortality, that is why your eyes are ever wakeful.

For ages you are working with colour and song, yet your heaven is not built, but only its sad sugges-

Over your creations of beauty there is the mist of tears.

I will pour my sougs into your mute heart, and my love into your love.

I will worship you with labour.

I have seen your tender face and I love your mournful dust, Mother Earth.

Love, beauty, knowledge, nothing is complete, nothing is ever finished. But let not this certainty give rise to any sadness. Let not this clear vision of the future prevent us from living in the present. On the contrary. Tagore has nothing in common with the ascetic who slowly retires more and more within his cell. Neither is he at one with the epicurean and his bitterness. No resignation; no harshness; only a serenity full of love:

Beauty is sweet to us, because she dances to the same fleeting tune with our lives.

Knowledge is precious to us, because we shall never have time to complete it.

All is done and finished in the eternal Heaven.

But earth's flowers of illusion are kept eternally fresh by death.

Brother, keep that in mind and rejoice.

This clear wisdom, the fruit of maturity, the tumult of youth has never gained mastery over it. In the poems of 'The Gardener', we find so many echoes of youth mingled with the calmer and graver tones of ripening years. Restlessness, the pulsing fever of the unknown:

"I am restless; I am athirst for far-

away things."

"Far-away things!" A search, albeit hopeless, for happiness; a pursuit of "the dancing image of desire". We find in this Hindu poet something again of the "Selinsucht" of Heine, and that ardour combined with a certain clearsightedness, which belonged to our dream-laden youth. At the same time, no romantic frenzy possesses him: his poetic feeling has no trace of over-emphasis, and his lyrical fervour always retains that equilibrium and sobriety which our literary ethnologists consider to be the special characteristics of the Latin races.

Balance, refinement, tenderness: these three words express fairly well the character of those love-poems which are most numerous and attractive in 'The Gardener'.

The love of which the poet sings, has nothing in it of what is commonly called "passion". It is just that sentiment from which poems may harmoniously spring. if it be true that there is no poetry of passion. Stendhal has said: "It is foolish to record the extremes of passion." No doubt that is why Musset's Pelican leaves us cold. If it is difficult for the romance-writer to handle the extremes of feelings, it is impossible for the poet to do

so without falling into declamation. The poet is seen at his best in that mixture of desire, tenderness and shyness, that giving-and-taking-back of oneself, that shimmering of delicate shades, that emotion tempered by smiles, which are the attributes of a kind of love, less common than "passion", and more favourable to poetry.

It is this very love which Tagore sings. The poet speaks in turn for the lover or the beloved. Certain poems alternate, like answering chants. This, together with the pastoral images, and the perfect pictures of the country, as well as the intimacy of the sentiments expressed,—make of the whole a mixture of antique simplicity and refinement, which is very modern, —quite a present-day eclogue.

A delicate notation of emotions and sentiments, around which the poet's imagination groups a whole host of images, musically amplified by rhythm and lyrical impulse,-thus one can dryly define some of the love-poems of 'The Gardener'. A quotation is better than a dissertation. Here is a short poem which describes the shyness of a young woman in love:

When I go alone at night to my love-tryst, birds do not sing, the wind does not stir, the houses on ; both sides of the street stand silent.

It is my own anklets that grow loud at every step

and I am ashamed.

When I sit on my balcony and listen for his footsteps, leaves do not rustle on the trees, and the water is still in the river like the sword on the knees of a sentry fallen asleep.

It is my own heart that beats wildly-I do not

know how to quiet it.

When my love comes and sits by my side, when my body trembles and my eyelids droop, the night darkens, the wind blows out the lamp, and the clouds draw veils over the stars.

It is the jewel at my own breast that shines and

gives light. I do not know how to hide it.

And here is the lover who hides his desire, and does not express his longing:

Your claim is more than that of others, that is why you are silent.

With playful carelessness you avoid my gifts.

I know, I know your art, You never will take what you would.

There is nothing shadowy and vague in this love—only the taste of present joy, minutely enjoyed. Without any soaring after the inaccessible, the poet takes delight in all the subtle flavours of the hour of love:

Hands cling to hands and eyes linger on eyes, thus begins the record of our hearts.

It is the moonlit night of March; the sweet smell

of henna is in the air; my flute lies on the earth neglected and your garland of flowers is unfinished.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

Your veil of the saffron colour makes my eyes drunk.

The jasmine wreath that you wove me thrills to my heart like praise.

It is a game of giving and withholding, revealing and screening again; some smiles and some little shyness, and some sweet useless struggles.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

No mystery beyond the present; no striving for the impossible; no shadow behind the charm; no groping in the depth of the dark.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

We do not stray out of all words into the ever silent; we do not raise our hands to the void for things beyond hope.

It is enough what we give and we get.

We have not crushed the joy to the utmost to wring from it the wine of pain.

This love between you and me is simple as a song,

Throughout these poems there runs a current of feeling which is ardent, though reticent. We infer it, or rather it penetrates us secretly like a perfume in the dark, or like distant music. The passion of lovers surges through the cadences of the poet with the warm breath of the autumn wind, the sound of water, the breathing of the fields at night:

It is evening, and the time for the flowers to close their petals.

Give me leave to sit by your side, and bid my lips to do the work that can be done in silence and in the dim light of stars.

Love thus appears to us through this Hindu poet like a sweet yet altogether serious game. Its fire is chastened by a thousand refinements. The lover knows with what care his illusion must be guarded, with what a sure and delicate touch it must be handled. What touching subtleness, yet how true is this:—

When I say I leave you for all time, accept it as true, and let a mist of tears for one moment deepen the dark rim of your eyes.

Then smile as archly as you like when I come again.

We end however by not coming back again, some day or other. The poet accepts the change,—as he has accepted Death,—with sweetness. Parting by mutual consent,—friendliness in saying goodbye,—yet beneath this apparent ease, what suggestions of bitterness overcome, and agony of struggles undergone. "To me there is nothing left but pain." And yet, there is something else that remains at last;—tenderness, and a desire that the last

hour should be beautiful, the last caress a light one:

Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.

Let it not be a death but completeness.

Let love melt into memory and pain into songs. Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of the wings over the nest.

Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the flower of the night.

Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say your last words in silence.

I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on

your way.

These translations do not suffice to throw light upon all the elements which give its true colour to the personality of Rabindranath Tagore, the poet. The poems of the Gardener are only a fragment of his works, though certainly one of the most harmonious and characteristic.

No facile exotic strain burdens these poems. Without plunging into abstractions, the poet offers us only what is essential; and that is why he is as near us as Keats, Heine or Verlaine. This Oriental lyric poetry (one is reminded sometimes of the Song of Songs)—light, delicate, passionate and full of colour,—is regulated and tempered by a perfect restraint. Its lustre is mellowed by a thousand soft shades. Nothing could be further from verbal pomp and sentimental exaggeration. In Tagore, one is always conscious of a mastery, which is not applied only to form

"Poems of love and life",—their contents correspond well with their definition. Tenderness, sensuousness, forgetfulness, melancholy, desire, restlessness,—all these chords are touched in them. But the melody which predominates in all the themes, resounds through us with a very pure and solemn echo,—once the book is closed.

Love is not distinct from life:—it is life's very condition. The essence of the luminous wisdom which surrounds all Tagore's works like a halo, is this love itself, this interpenetration of one being and all beings. It is also the very essence of his poetry: "My songs mingle with the heart of the world, with the music of the clouds and the forests." A mysterious association of all living things with the soul-stirrings of the poet: is it this which gives Tagore's poems that strange echo and that mysterious depth? How many verses of his are like a curtain slowly

raised on a distant perspective of light and shade! With him, the simplest words sometimes possess infinite resonances and mysterious harmonics. Beneath the transparent texture of the verses, shadows lengthen and reflections flit across. It is just this that enables one to recognize the magician's wand, the poet's genius. Their magic consists in the power of "giving life." They are "life-giving."

Perhaps imagination alone is not enough. The secret power of love is also necessary (in the widest sense of that muchused word); and I think of this verse of Tagore's with hardly any alteration: "Is it true, is it true that your love has travelled alone through ages and worlds in search of me?"

Translated by Indira Devi.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS

ENGLISH.

THE DENIED (A BOOK OF POEMS)—By Basudev, published by Richard, G. Badger, Boston, U. S. A.

A distinguished Indian Professor tells me that when he was in England last, he had occasion to talk with the Manager of the Macmillan Company and he came to learn, much to his surprise, that ever since Tagore's poetry had won extra-ordinary fame, books of verse began to pour in interminably from Bengal, each advertising itself as a supreme 'masterpiece' in Bengali literature. At first, these effusions were sent to Readers of Macmillan like Mr. G. K. Chesterton and others to be tested; but when it was found out, (and that without delay,) that the uniqueness and originality of these productions lay mostly in the originality and fulsomeness of their self-advertisement and in nothing else, they began to be despatched to that "land from whose bourne no traveller returns."

America seems to be a wonderful country. It is a country where counterfeits easily pass for coins and megalomaniacs of all kinds are given a cordial reception. Spiritualism, occultism, séances, palmistry, fatidical powers, magic, necromancy, mantras and Tantras, Sadhus and Swamis and what not—soon get a foothold in America. A new people—they have a feverish craze for the new. This craze misleads them often: they are inveigled into taking shadows for the substance. They become ready fautors of people who would be better inmates of Bedlam. So while Macmillan consigned the cartloads of Bengali 'masterpieces' to the wastepaper basket, Mr. Badger, an American publisher, has been thanking his stars because 'he has' been the happy discoverer of a rare genius, a rival of the world-renowned poet Rabindra Nath Tagore, and perhaps, in some respects, much superior to him. We should all hail Mr. Badger as another Columbus, in the field of literature!

But, unfortunately for Mr. Badger, no one in Bengal, here, knows Basudev Bhattacharyya, the litterateur. The Bditor of the 'Modern Review' is also the Editor of the 'Pravasi' a well-known Bengali monthly magazine of long standing. Mr. Badger might have enquired of him concerning the prodigy he had discovered and he would have been told that Basudev was absolutely an unknown man in Bengali literature and was never the "Editor of a number of periodicals in his native ladguage"—at least not of any periodical that we knew of. He is described by Mr. Badger as "one of the leaders of the young

Hindus both in this country as well as in India" and as leading the "rival school of Tagore." Young Hindus in this country will be given some food for amusement by this introduction and the dare-devils among them will be tempted to try their fortune in America, where such men like Basudev can thrive. Everyone wonders who this clever chap Basudev might be and what his antecedents had been before he set out on his bold adventure as a rival poet of Rabindranath Tagore.

Rabindranath Tagore.

The few lines "In Gratitude" by way of preface written by the author of the "Denied" and the Editor of the "Superman," modestly ascribe publication of his poems to the "requests" of the "sponsors of the Poets' Federation movement." So, a Joint-stock Company of poets has been started! The concluding sentence gives a true confession:—"I thank them with all the gratitude of one whose name shall ever be condemned as a pretender." Amen!

A few specimens of 'real metric verse,' in which Basudev is declared to be an adept, may be given below to furnish some examples of his passionate love of 'life' and 'supermanism':—

"To every beating of thy heart

"To every beating of thy heart To every glance of eyes alert, To two lips in dreams half-part, Always I drink—always!"

"Drink, my lord: To the drain my wine of death; Drink! Say no other word;

Move not her eyelids, not a feign of breath:

Drink! Drink my faithful lord:
Not a star doth shine through hovering mists
In the dreadful above!

With eyes only death—I watch her wrists She—my venomous love!"

Surely to be able to drink to "two lips in dreams half-part" shows an exuberance of life and love and the second extract of 'venomous love' smacks, indeed, of the superman. Basudev's 'superman' finds life not in self-assertion like Nietzsche, the prophet of the Superman, but in self-surrender, in being the "Denied." That is something curious, is it not?

So much for the puffs of the rival poet of Tagore. We do not know the condition of the bookmarket in America. But when we find that in America, a man like Basantkumar Roy shamelessly advertises himself as an intimate friend of Tagore (which, by the way, is false) and brings out his biography, not knowing anything about him and having the least power to understand his poetry, and

or less in a state of captivity. The strict regulated life of the shastras and the shard, the rule of the priest, the lack of opportunities for education, the constantly disturbed conditions of the country, the philosophical pessimism of the creeds and the cults, the belittling of life by centuries of monasticism and asceticism, all had for sometime combined to make life in India static rather than dynamic. Voices were from time to time raised against the gross forms of worship and ritual followed by the people, but they were not powerful enough to make an effective crusade against ignorance. The result is that the India of the last thousand years has been more decadent than progressive—often going backward, rather than forward."

We must remember that "not being populations, but sound, efficient, integrated populations, are potentially progressive," and that as the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Fisher, President of the Board of Education, said, "the capital of a country does not consist in cash or paper, but in the brains and bodies of the people who inhabit it."

On the subject of patriotism, the author remarks.

"No scheme of national education in India could be complete without including the active teaching of patriotism and nationalism as a regular subject of study. In this matter we should borrow a leaf out of the book of Europe. Every European country, and the United States also, makes it a point to cultivate the spirit of patriotism through its schools.In every living community inspired by national ideas and ambitions the national consciousness expresses itself through the school as perhaps through no other institution."

Mr. Lajpat Rai quotes from a book showing how patriotism is taught in French schools.

by giving direct instruction on the following points: (1) love of France, (2) the military spirit and the obligatory service, (3) the duty of cultivating physical courage, (4) the necessity of taxation for national welfare, (5) loyalty to republican principles and ideas of democracy and the like. On the question of Indian loyalty, Mr. Lajpat Rai observes as follows:

"Our loyalty must be rational, reasoned, and sincere. Let me make it clear that any attempt to enforce the teaching of loyalty to the established British Government in India as such, without point ng out the road to make it truly national and truly democratic, will end in fiasco."

We shall conclude our extracts with the following observations of the author on cosmopolitanism versus nationalism:

"Vague, undefined, indeterminate cosmopolitanism is often a disguise for gross selfishness and a life of sensuous inactivity. We cannot do better than caution the younger generations of Indians against the fallacies of the cult of vague cosmopolitanism. Sometime ago, when addressing a meeting of a Cosmopolitan Club attached to one of the famous Universities of America (Columbia), the present whiter took occasion to point out that while cosmopolitanism meant something noble when coming from the mouth of an Englishman or American, in the mouth of a Hindu or a Chinese (there were Hindus and Chinese in the gathering) it means only an attempt to escape the duties which patriotism lays on them. While I respect the former, I added, for their cosmopolitanism, I despise the latter for their lack of patriotism. For them it will be time to become cosmopolitan after they have cultivated patriotism and raised their respective countries to the level of other independent, self-conscious, self-respecting nations."

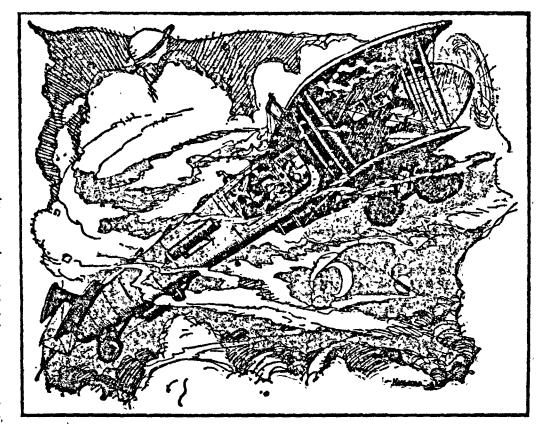
POLITICUS.

TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Mine be eyes of youth
That have seen the western sun
Through cold skies his long course run;
Seeking after Truth
They have watched the western noon
Reach and pass her highest moon.
But those deeper skies
Of the East, where, poets say,
Phæbe turns the night to day,
Are wrapt by distance far away
From my wond'ring eyes.

Thou hast lived full years,
Thou hast climbed up Wisdom's hill
And thy mind is calm and still.
Youth is full of fears,
Nor pain nor trouble brooking
Goes, like a lover, looking
For the golden day.
Yet, O Seer, declare it now,
Dost thou see the dawn's red glow
Turning into gold the snow
On hills far away?
X.

underta king The "Super-Terrestrial" is not vet an accomplished fact, but it seems to be well on the way. Major Schroeder, having recovered from the effects of his recent flight, is said to be interested in the construction of such a machine in which he hopes to reach an altitude of 50,000 feet. It is further reported that Louis Breguet, a French aeronautical engineer, has announced that an engine has been perfected capable o f ascending 100,000 feet or nearly nineteen miles, and that flight to that altitude is immediately in prospect. The main



THE "SUPER-TERRESTRIAL"

In hermetically sealed airplanes of this general description men are planning to rise into upper air strata where, with the assistance of winds already known to blow there, transportation may be possible at several hundred miles per hold.

feature of the new type of aircraft will be an enclosed fuse-lage or cabin to protect the aviator. It will be fitted out with oxygen tanks, heating apparatus, and air compressors which will feed the car buretors air at the same pressure as prevails at sea-level. In such a machine equipped with adjustible propellers capable of increasing their purchase on the rarefied atmospheres, an airman could push his way to levels now entirely beyond reach.

The situation presented to those who are planning the Super-Terrestrial and arranging to launch man on his greatest adventure in the air is this.

They know the conditions as they exist up to six or seven miles. It is there that nature plays the parts with which we are most familiar. There thunders roll, lightning flashes, clouds gather, and elements clash in never ending strife. It is from there that we get wintry storms, and where the humble drama of rain, snow, sleet and weather unfolds itself.

They know, too, that "atmosphere," as we know it, altho in constantly thinning quality, extends above the "weather strip" to a height of about twenty to thirty miles, but, beyond that, what?

It is here that real deficulties will begin, and the Super-Terrestrial will encounter its greatest obstacles. Here new danger will appear in the shape of drifting "ice clouds," which for imaginative purposes may be likened to icebergs; the void will assume a totally alien aspect; meteors and shooting stars will occasionally flash across the path, and the traveler will enter the boundary of "inflammable air", or pure hydrogen.

Passing through this the Super-Terrestrial will emerge into the stratum of helium which on earth is created from radium and encountered in practical qualities only in test tubes.

Then—but perhaps this is enough for the moment. Even the most voracious seeker of knowledge as to "what things are like up there" will have been satisfied long ere this, and the first voyage of the Super-Terrestrial need not be charted further.

Rabindra Nath Tagore.

La publication des œuvres du poete Rabindranath Tagore a souleve un grant enthousiasme et c'est avec un interet toujours nouveau que l'on relit les notes plus ou moins inedites qui circulent sur lui depuis quelques annees. Nous avons tous lu ce que le professeur Max Muller a ecrit de la famille Tagore qui est maintenant dans l'Inde a la tete de toute reforme soit en art, soit

en literature ou en philosophie.

Max Muller etait tres jeune et etudiait le sanscrit a Paris quand Dwarkanath Tagore vint en France, causant une veritable sensation dans certains millieux; il vivait a Paris, sur un pied princier, donnant des receptions a la cour et au grand monde, et ses appartements etaient tendus, dit-on, de chales precieux, qu'il distribuait, ensuite, a ses hotes. Max Muller fit sa connaissance, grace au professseur Burnouf, grand sanscritiste du College du France, et il se passionna bientot, pour cette grande famille d'artistes et de penseurs. Le fils de Dwarkanath etait un saint et un reformateur, d'un esprit extraordinairement modernise mais quand meme imbibe de la sagesse des anciens. C'etait un Sonnyassi ideal qui etait "du monde, sans etre dans le monde" et dont la vie brulait, doucement tranquille, prete a s'eteindre a la volonte divine. C'est de cette famille (dont presque tous les membres se sont distingues dans les arts) que nous vient Rabindranath, Rabi Babou, comme l'appellent encore familierement les Bengalaise. C'est le plus doue des trois generations de Tagore qu'a connues Mux Muller. Il n'est pas seulement poete, il est aussi musicien, romancier, auteur dramatique, mais par dessus tout penseur et educateur.

Ceux qui ont eu la bonne fortune d'entendre ou de lire la conference de Mrs. Mann a Cambridge sur la musique indienne ou, plus rares encore, ceux qui ont fait un sejour de plusieurs annees aux Indes, avec d'autres horizons que le the, le charbon le chanvre et autres matieres a speculation, auront pu apprecier les rythmes subtils, les delicatesses et les teintes de la musique hindoue, et surtout la perfection d'ensemble qu' offrent les chansons populaires, paroles et musique, de Tagore.

Dans ses traductions anglaises, il semble que le poete ait dedaigne de rendre la candence gracieuse qui fait le charme de ses poemes, ou bien l'anglais se pretet-il assez mal a une telle interpretation? Les vers repetes qui donnent tant d'intensite et tant d'emotion a l'idee la plus simple, la rime impeccable de la prosodie bengalaise, tout cela se peut rendre beaucoup mieux

en français

Dans Gitanjali (Offrandes Lyriques) qui lui ont valu le prix Nobel, dans le Gardener (Le Jardinier), il y a des idees si personnelles que l'on peut dire qu'elles sont presque neuves; mais au contraire des autres poetes etrangers, les œuvres de Tagore perdent de leur charme dans la secheresse de la prose et surtout dans la prose inharmonieuse anglaise : ce qu'il faut, c'est le vers francais, avec sa souplesse, ses nuances et la variete de ses rythmes. Ainsi cette litanie :

Tous les envols de ma vie, Dont je n'ai pas vu la fin, Je sais, mon Dieu, je sais bien, Qu'ils ne furent pas en vain.

Et la fleur a peine eclose, Qui tombe sur le chemin, Je sais, mon Dieu, je sais bien, Qu'elle no meurt pas en vain.

Et le fleuve qui s'egare Au fond du desert sans fin, Je sais, mon Dieu, je sais bien, Qu'il ne seche pas en vain, Pour tout ce qui, dans ma vie, Tarde et semble plus lointain, Je sais, mon Dieu, je sais bien, Que je n'attends pas en vain, Tout ce qui jamais n'arrive, Ces voix qui ne disent rien, Je sais, mon Dieu, je sais bien, Que cela n'est pas en vain. Car tous ces sons muets vibrent, Au cœur de tout luth divin, Je sais, mon Dieu, je sais bien, Qu'ils ne vibrent pas en vain.

Ou bien:

Tu es le nuage flottant Au soir, dans le ciel de mes reves...

Tes pieds ont pris les teintes roses Du desir de mon cœur ardent. Toi, la glaneuse de mes gloses, Mes chansons de soleil couchant.

Car je t'ai prise et je te tiens, Dans le filet de ma musique.

Quoi de plus poetique, de plus profond, de plus symbolique que ces lignes? "Lumiere! o Lumiere, ou es-tu? La nuit est sombre comme une pierre noire. Le vent se rue en criant dans l'espace... Allume la lampe d'amour avec ta vie!..."

Ou bien quoi de plus frais que ceci? Cueille donc cette fleur et prends-la sans delai. De peur qu'elle ne meure et tombe dans la boue. Je crains la fin du jour et l'offrande passee...

Rabindranath personnifie bien l'ame musicale de l'Inde entiere car le villageois, plutot illettre qu'ignorant, chante en labourant, et la fillette chante aussi en

emplissant sa cruche au puits.

Le jeune dieu Sri Krishna lui-meme, est represente, charmant les betes des sons de sa flute. Le Livre des Livres la Rhagavad Gita, s'appelle aussi Hymne Celeste. La Vie devrait etre un poeme, cette vie qui, aujourd'hui n'est qu'une vaste affaire; il est temps que l'Inde que l'on s'efforce, desesperement de moderniser, redonne a l'occident cette inspiration d'art vraiment pur, base sur la beaute spirituelle a qui elle a donne naissance.

"Le desert veut ardemment redevenir une prairie,"

comme disait le vent d'Egypte au voyageur,

Que la voix de l'Inde se fasse donc entendre encore et que sa vie soit un avatar de la Beaute. C'est ce que Tagore luimeme a su si bien exprimer dans une de ses Offrandes Lyriques (no. 35) qui se termine par ces mots:

"Ou le fleuve clair de la raison ne s'est pas egare dans le desert aride de l'habitude; ou l'esprit est entraine par toi vers la pensee et l'action toujours plus vastes, dans ce paradis de libertes, o mon pere, que

mon pays s'eveille..."

L' Humanite.

LAURA VULDA.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE: THE PROBLEMS OF NATIONALISM

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ANDRE VARAGNAC.

THOSE who may be European socialists and revolutionaries, and would disown the present form of society, try at times to detach themselves and judge it objectively from without, because their revolutionary beliefs them-selves place them outside. But how far does the mind succeed in making such an abstraction and in attaining such a perspective?

Unconsciously its own culture, its own language while thinking, its thousand spontaneous gestures, which are like intellectual responses. all these connect it more or less with its present surroundings. It is true, that the exile from home of many revolutionaries,—just as to-day the exile of the combatants in the Great War. has harshly cut them off and placed them beyond the pale. But, even then, how far?

Such a question as this never presents itself so conspicuously to the mind, as when reading an author, like Rabindranath Tagore, who has devoted himself to the same problem of passing judgment on modern society, but does not himself belong to our own country, and therefore addresses us from another intellectual hemisphere,—a hemisphere which our modern society, with its imperialism, would like to annihilate, because it does not figure in its own plans of exploitation of mines, or of intensive Kultur. Such an observer has alone, within his reach, the power to fathom at a glance the inner springs of modern Europe. His instinct of humanity, as he has lived in his own human surroundings, would reveal to him, better than it has done to us, the root causes which lately roused Europe to violence, to bloodshed, to murder, till it now lies prone upon the earth under the open sky.

This is the reason, why Rabindranath Tagore has been able to adjudge the West.

Those, who may be revolutionaries in Europe, recognise in him the great Hindu poet. We can all remember the vigorous blows, that he has often dealt in the cause of patriotism. We understand his lofty conceptions of humanity. The unfortunate absence of good translations of his works into French prevents us from recognising him as what he is,—a social thinker of the first order, a philosopher, a speculator in those political problems, which are agitating his own country and the modern world. In this review, we shall consider merely one of his writings. This work has been published (in a fine spirit of of the leading London publishers. The book fights against that very principle which we ourselves are fighting against,—the principle which European civilisation has spread throughout the world, and the Great Peace has multiplied into a number of small European States,—like a mould which turns out so many cakes,—"Nationalism."

What kind of Nationalism? Indian Nationalism? European Nationalism? No! It is the principle of Nationalism itself, that Rabindra-nath Tagore challenges. He analyses it, with a depth of intimacy and feeling, which only years of moral suffering and fruitless humiliation can produce. He is the first to denounce, among the patriots of his own country, the very same tendencies in India which he observes in European Society. He sees how the nations organise themselves, with greater and greater mechanical efficiency, in order to bring about material success. It is in this mechanical organisation, that he sees the origin of all Nationalism. For Nationalism is, to the peoples, what Capitalism is to individual labourers.

Coming to details, Rabindranath Tagore describes the slavery, which underlies Imperialism. He has felt in his own flesh, and in the flesh of his own countrymen, the blind mechanical crushing force of the Ruling Nation. It is like the ruthless, chain-like, caterpillar-wheels of a Tank, passing over the bodies of the wounded. A mere personal Despot is nothing of a tyrant in comparison with the anonymous, abiquitous and responseless tyranny of the administrative mechanism of a great European power in the

Before the advent of the English, India had known many ruling powers. But the conquests of past military revolutions passed over her surface, without affecting the autonomous life of the villagers. Now, however, the Western iron grip has clutched deep down into the very vitals of Indian Society. Everywhere there is at hand the mis-trustful official, ready to execute, like a machine, the arbitrary and often inhuman decisions of invisible Heads of Departments. The 'Motherland' of India herself gets that minimum trickling stream of education which is needed to irrigate the Administration. Industrial exploiting in a country (where once grew, and still lives, an ancient culture) has resulted in frightful chaos.

Anglo-Saxon impartiality) by Macmillans, one But the collective life of the multitude cannot

end in chaos. One by one, the unforeseen consequences of political materialism came up to the surface. We cannot reside among a people, in order to exploit their labour and their wealth. and at the same time conceal from them our true purpose and our intimate self. From the day when the English ruler settles down in a bungalow, he brings with him new ideas of intellectual liberty, of scientific curiosity, of forceful energy, which constitute the moral atmosphere of his own country. In vain does he try to hide them, or to limit the number of colleges and schools, or to suppress and censor newspapers, or to prescribe for Indians books which he carries about in his own portemanteau. The ideals of his European race are there, in his own despite. They are there in the sound of his voice, in the attractions of his ways, in the vital gestures and responses, which he himself is the last to notice.

Rabindranath Tagore thanks the West for having brought to his own country the notion of the equality of all men before the law, and the notion of liberty. These enrich the spirit of Asia with principles, that are indispensable for the moral and continuous evolution of society. But India has also imbibed some other Western ideas, whose aspects of violence she knows only too well. India has become Nationalist like Japan. She dreams about taking part in the industrial competition and in the race for armaments. Now, henceforth, she will answer Force by Force: Thus is ushered in the Reign of

To this call of the modern age,—which fascinates the masses, and the Young Indian nationalists,-Rabindranath Tagore replies as follows :-

"No, never! Our own vital problem is not that of Nationalism. Our own vital problem is within our own borders: it is that of Caste."

-What is the good of political freedom, if India has within herself her own 'pariahs' ?-

"The narrowness of outlook," he writes, "which allows the cruel yoke of inferiority of caste to be imposed on a considerabe part of humanity, will manifest itself in our political life by creating therein the tyranny of injustice."

India has not yet attained that stage of ethnological unity, wherein the energy of the whole nation may be given forth abroad, so that the nation can enter into the life of other nations, engaging in its own contacts and collisions with other masses of mankind, homogeneous and distinct.

Such was the fate of Europe at the end of the Middle Ages. India, alone, by itself, is a veritable continent. In India a variety of races kept strictly aloof, live side by side without jostling one another. This is what caste has accomplished.

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upon the caste system. Has it been recognised by historians, that caste has given the only peaceful solution of a problem which many civilised nations have answered by a decree of death? In all the cases where the Europeen races have conquered a country, the method of conquest has never varied. The conquered race has had its human dignity effaced, even where it has not been actually annihilated. We have only to remember the massacres, which have stained the history of the ancient nations, on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is not necessary to refer to more recent examples.

But the Aryans in India when they took half the continent from the Dravidian's, however, they also repudiated contact with the conquered. Or rather, their principal care was to safeguard from pollution the absolute integrity of their own moral life. They felt within themselves the up-surging of Vedic thought. They ordained a new society in full accord with this primary

Viewed in this light, nothing could appear more human, more liberal, than the solution of the problem by Caste. It had, however, one vicious factor. It was hostile to the most intimate of all processes of life, which is exchange. The wild manners of our own European races,-murder and rape,-what a paradox !- have done better service, in the long run, to human progress. A few centuries after the European conquest, a new Nation began its career. Instead of this, India has postponed indefinitely the solution of the question of her unity.

It is towards this solution of her own inner difficulty that Rabindranath Tagore would lead India forward once more. He points to the overthrow of the Caste System! This does not mean a clean slate altogether. One can only destroy the caste system by the creation of a new harmony, a new mutual confidence. This is the problem, antecedent to any political ambition for India from outside

But if India thus strives within, with her own internal difficulties, will she be left behind all other nations? No, on the contrary, Rabindranath Tagore tells us, that she will be the first to answer today the great question, which will come up tomorrow for all humanity to solve. She will shew the true solution to the rest of struggling mankind.

Step by step, mechanical advance has multiplied communications between nations. The Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries held the belief that all men had the same soul and the same mental outlook. The great truth; which will dawn upon us during the Twentieth Century, will be the revelation, in actual life, of an astonishing diversity in mankind. But, at the same time, there will arise the problem.

Let as not hastily look down with contempt of the union of all the heterogeneous races of the world, without which progress will cease

and retrogression begin.

If India, freeing herself from the caste system, were able to produce, out of the passion of her own soul, the law of harmony in human diversity, she might ward off from us the terrible experience, which surely awaits us, Europeans, if we do not solve this question of the harmony of diverse men and nations aright in our own sphere.

England, once upon a time, discovered the 'Parliament.' Russia to-day has discovered the 'Soviet.' Why should we not have confidence that India will bring her own discovery to humanity, when she awakens out of her mille-

nium of sleep?

Let us turn back then to India herself. Only, as we have seen, by the solution of her own inner difficulties, can she escape from the degradation of merely imitating the results of a civilisation in which she had no creative part. Herein lies the dominant preoccupation of Radindranath Tagore. He reminds the East, that, if the West has Science, the East has her own Mission, which she must also fulfil.

This comparison between the East and the West leads the writer to a very remarkable denunciation of the mechanically scientific view of life. He has developed this theme at length in his own philosophical works. In Nationalism

he merely broaches this great subject.

Let us remark here, that Rabindarnath Tagore condemns the present order of Society, (which he calls, scientifically mechanical) because of its egoism, its loyelessness, its lack of social enthusiasm. He believes this negative character is caused by the abstract and

impersonal modes of scientific thought, and by the influence of the mechanical idea itself upon our mentality. The mechanical instrument is a thing with a narrow practical concrete objective. As we fashion ourselves more and more after its image, does it not tend to efface man, as man, and in this way to take away the humanity from man? Such appears to be the conception of our author, when he describes modern society as mechanical.

Will Rabindranath Tagore permit us to point out to him, with all due respect, that these very characteristics, which he condemns, are the evils produced by the present capitalist conditions of society itself. The working people of the West often fight shy of mechanical perfection because the machine is really the cause of their subjection in the matter of wages. The masses, as slaves, work without love. The machine is ever over them: it encloses them round on every side. But we can image before our minds an emancipated industrial nation, laying hold of the machine with fervour and mingling with its movements the rhythm of human exertion. The enthusiasm of our European races for the joys of motoring, of aviation,—the eager passion of individual men and women for each little mechanical invention,-these are surely presages of a future, which will allow us to picture to our minds a Resurrection and an Advent,-the Advent of the Mechanical Age.

No! The West has not trodden a false path! But it seems that Rabindranath Tagore would have the East turn away from their track. This appears to us to be the great message, which he has thrust forth into the turmoil and confusion of our times. But let us not give up all originality on our side. Humanity must realise its infinite diversity. Life only finds itself One, in

its intensity and abundance.

some great noble or the emperor himself. In the Delhi palace, writes Bernier, "large halls are seen in many places called karkhanas or workshops for the artisans. In one hall embroiderers are busily employed, superintended by a master. In another, you see the goldsmiths; in a third, painters; in a fourth, varnishers in lacquer work; in a fifth, joiners, turners, tailors and shoemakers; in a sixth, manufacturers of silk, brocade and fine muslins." One is reminded of modern industrial conditions by Bernier's criticisms that the profits of the workshops mostly found their way into the pockets of the employers.

The average rate of wages for servants in towns was about three rupees a month which purchased

several times more than at present.

COMMERCE.

Commercially, India formed one of the most important countries in the world, but the control of Indian seas had by the 17th century passed from the Mahammadan into Portuguese hands. Portuguese atrocities diverted a large volume of trade to the north-western—Kandahar—route along which Steel and Cromther noticed about 15000 camel loads pass in 1615. It is impossible as yet to calculate with any degree of precision the volume of Indian exports of textiles or indigo or spices to the countries round the Indian ocean (north of the equator) and to the Medeterranean world, but that it was very large is obvious not only form the travellers' tales but also from the huge number of commercial letters still extant. The inland trade was also considerable, though, of course, far, far smaller than to-day.*

* The present writer hopes to discuss the whole

STANDARD OF LIFE.

On the basis of the foregoing conclusions and conjectures it is possible to form a rough idea of the standard of life among the various classes of the community. The mobles drew extravagant salaries and spent prodigally. The middle class avoided pomp and splendour but otherwise lived in comfort. It is difficult to make sure of the economic condition of the lower classes but, as we have seen, Mr. Moreland's picture is much too dark. "We cannot be sure," runs his final judgment, "whether they (the lower classes) had a little more or a little less to eat, but they probably had fewer clothes, and they were certainly worse off in regard to household utensils and to some of the minor conveniences and gratifications of life while they enjoyed practically nothing in the way of communal services and advantages. That is the picture itself: in the background is the shadow of famine, a word which has changed its meaning within the last century. In Akbar's time, and long afterwards, it meant complete if temporary economic chaos, marked by features which, repulsive as they are, must not be left out—destruction of homes, sale of children into slavery, hopeless wandering in search of food; and finally starvation, with cannibalism as the only possible alternative."

Conclusion.

This string of statements which lack positive evidence, serves very well as an illustration of our author's mental bias. Nevertheless, his work deserves commendation as the first serious attempt to grapple with some extremely difficult problems in Indian economic history.

subject of Indian commerce in the 17th century in a separate paper.

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* Pp. 279-80.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN THE 'PALAIS DE JUSTICE'

(Translated from the French of M Gaston Denys Perier)

"Messengers with news from other lands greet me and pass along the road."

-Gitanjali.

TWENTY-ONE years ago, in this very journal, the Hindu priest, Brahmachari Bodhabhikshu, wrote as follows: "Hindus are very reserved in nature: they open their hearts only to those who are in sympathy with them."

This avowal came back to our minds, not without some apprehension, on the evening of October 4, 1920. For around us, preparations were being made to receive perhaps a similar confession. Everything was in a bustle of confusion,

in anticipation of an extraordinary event.
Busy people, in spite of their usual indifference about such matters on ordinary occasions, were seen in dense numbers squeezing themselves against the railings of the 'Palais de Justice,' where the gathering was to be held.

From eight o'clock, a heaving sea of faces could be observed, extending along the marble passages leading to the Court Room. Not a seat in the court itself was vacant. Tables, window sills, even the steps of the platform, were all occupied by spectators. Junior members of the Bar were there, with the tired and solemn

looks of elderly justices of the peace. The sombre robes were all marked by the customary ermine. The eager, but silent, crowd was swelling more and more each 1 . . * 11 1 moment.

What figure were they expecting? Whom was the President going to ask to address the meeting, when he rose with his usual phrases and gestures to introduce the lecturer?

Curiosity made the assembly slightly impatient and betrayed the Western spirit only thinly cloaked and veiled for the p. mild

Then an aged man rose from his

seat.—There was a pause.

At the farthest end of the wooden semicircular barrier, within which the distances were strictly preserved, a dignified and stately figure stood up before the rows of barristers and judges. He let fall his eye-glasses, which remained loosely hanging and shining like a star on his ample mauve-coloured robe.

A face like that of Christ, bronzed, serene and superb, came into view. Now, there were no more rows of judges, no more individual men; there was one common humanity, all attentive. High over them was the commanding form of, the Poet, with his white beard, and his white, flowing hair

Rabindranath Tagore read his message in English. It was entitled "The Meeting of the East and the West."-"Le Rencontre de l' Orient et de l' Occident."

From the wide sleeves of his robe there emerged a hand full of expression and at times tightly closed, which rested on the railing. His movements were rare, but each one had a touch of character. His courtesy had a scrupulous care that made it almost religiously refined. At times the fingers of his hand would open and slowly describe an image in the air. Then again they would close and softly move over the desk-stand in front of the speaker. I have witnessed such solemn movements while listening to the dance music of Hindustan.

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The right hand alone was used for giving expression. The left hand held a number of loose leaves of manuscript, tied together at one corner by a string. This messenger from other shores had an admirable command over the language he uttered. He chanted at times some of his own Bengali songs. As we listened to him we seemed transported into the open air and sky of Nature herself,—to the very threshold of the Poet's own far off retreat at Bolpur:

Then again the voice of the speaker would be raised high, only to become soft once more with a cadence full of pathos, far different in its effect from the pathos of our dramatic artists in the 'Comedie Francaise.' There was nothing that could bear resemblance to our own melo-dramatic ways,-nothing also that was of the nature of the excited orations of Hyde Park. There were none of those pauses at expected places. At the close of each succession of long limpid sentences, there would start afresh another series. The voice of the Hindu sounded clear and distinct,-it spoke the Truth, Everyone could follow the words spoken, from the farthest end of the Hall to the platform

In a touching comparison, this Christ of India traced the course of the two civilisations,-the East and the West,-flowing side by side without ever meeting. For, oppression prevents communion. The Poet depicted the superficial vandalism which the English masters have inflicted upon the age-long untouched beauties of the Ganges. Discarding at this point all metaphorical expressions, which would only serve to glaze over the very evils they are meant to describe, he made use of direct and plain language, as he set forth the wrong done by the destructive methods of western Imperialism.

The Western exploiter of the East travelling in first class carriages, carrying with him his portmanteaus and his prejudices, holding fast to his false notions of superiority, which separate him from the people whom he wishes to gain over to his own ways, fondly imagines that he has obtained his object by officialism and by circulars. But the latter are not even read by the Eastern people; for they give orders, they do not speak to the heart.

Where there is no mutual confidence,

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how can one ever hope to attain the good will among men? The peoples of the world must first be sincere towards one another. This sincerity should be a potent influence from within. Nothing can be done by an organisation superimposed from without,—hypocrisy written all over its surface. Heart must speak to heart. The only creative work is that of Love.

This is the outline of the doctrine, which the Poet sage of Bengal is intent to spread everywhere, as the surest means to awaken the hitherto divided and oppressed world of humanity and to bind it into a union of brotherhood and freedom. No longer should conventional ideas of ruler and ruled regulate the ordinances of the children of mankind. It is by this very gift of the child-heart, which Nature offers to us in the first fresh hours of life, that the 'children' among men are able to recognise one another, coming unitedly near to their common source, their equal origin. This idea of the 'child-spirit' in man has been the perennial theme of song among the purest of our poets; but it required the brutal reversals of war to make the more practical races listen to it and accept it as a revelation.

It may be of service to point out, at this place, how the prophetic words of Rabindranath Tagore have already penetrated the minds of the English missionaries. It may be remembered how, a few years ago, the Poet, in his address to some

Japanese students said,—

"If I could show you my heart, you would find it green and young, perhaps younger than that of some of you who are standing here before me. And you would find also that I am childish enough to believe in things which the grown-up people of the modern age, with their superior wisdom, have become ashamed to own."

It would appear as though this conception of the Poet has been almost consciously copied by a highly intellectual missionary lady, Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, when she urged her colleagues in India to adopt this spirit of child-like humility.—

"What we must endeavour to do," she writes, "is to learn to know and to love,

in order to sympathise with every human being. We shall find each one astonishingly similar to ourselves, having the same wonderful and adorable ways of remembering and forgetting, of loving and hating, of joy and fear. And then, when you have done this, you will have learnt how to get rid of your own little self, to understand your own weaknesses and prejudices, to laugh unreservedly at them. Still more, you will remember over again your early childhood,—the old nurse and her talks; you will come to understand more easily the full human nature of a human being of another race."

This passage came to our mind, when Rabindranath Tagore related in his lecture the following story. Recalling the early days of his own youth, the Poet stepped aside for a moment from the elevated desk-stand and said in a subdued voice,—

"In those days, I came across a European, whom we had not known before. He was a young Swede, well versed in our literature and in our art. He had resolved to dovote his meagre savings to the undertaking of a voyage to India. He waited for a long time in England to get a passage. Having arrived in our country he mingled with the people. Ever fearful lest he should transgress against Indian customs, in any way, he was timid in seeking admission into families. While working and spending for the poor, his ardent desire urged him on to be useful to all. Completely indifferent about changes of climate and tropical diseases, his labour of love carried him from our midst by death all too soon. He died without leaving any visible trace of his zealous work behind him. He was buried among our dead, according to his own wish; his memory lives in me as that of a sensitive nature whose loss to us can never be replaced. Never have I come across such a one on that road, along which so many foreigners walk. He was a simple man speaking to his fellow men about things common to all mankind."

Hardly had the story of this young Swede, so devoutly and lovingly recalled, escaped from the lips of the lecturer, when, in a most moving peroration, Rabindra-



nath Tagore told his audience how the vast multitudes of Asia and Africa were waiting for such a service of good will and friendship. He exhorted Europe to pay regard to these multitudes to raise them to the joys of Western Science and progress. "Be afraid," he said to us, "to leave them to their weakness. The very strength of that weakness passively threatens to set up a barrier to civilisation and to compromise that Peace to which the Universe aspires."

The aged Poet then sat down at the extreme end of the semicircle, to listen for a while to a speech which in no way disturbed the harmony of our rapt meditation at the close of the lecture.

As we crossed the threshold, leaving the meeting place, where the East and West had exchanged thoughts of love together, we seemed to read on the porch the word written,—

'Shanti-niketan.'-'The Home of Peace.'

THE ARCH FROM EAST TO WEST

SOME time ago, it was my privilege to translate for the "Modern Review" an article sent to the Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, by Romain Rolland, the French writer on international subjects, whose influence is now at its height with the younger French thinkers. Along with the article, Romain Rolland wrote a letter of reverent appreciation, inviting the Poet to become one with them in a Brotherhood of the Free Spirit.

The title, which I chose for the translation of Romain Rolland's article, was taken from a passage in it, wherein he speaks of a 'Fairy Arch from the East to the West,'an Arch not altogether broken down amid the vicissitudes of human history. Poets, philosphers and thinkers had upbuilt it in the past. Of one of them, Empedocles, he wrote. The men of the sword had often pulled it down. But it had remained,half suspended in the air,—the 'Fairy Arch from the East to the West.' During the past months, while Rabindranath Tagore has been in Europe, I have been able to read some of the correspondence which has been sent to him from all sides, while he has been on his tour, and also to follow the impressions of that tour which have appeared in the continental journals. One of these impressions, called 'Rabindranath Tagore in the Palais de Justice,' will be found in another part of this issue of the

Modern Review. The words of Romain Rolland concerning the Fairy Arch between East and West,' have often come back to my mind. Amid the world tumult of destruction, which has been no less ruinous since the armistice than in the Great War itself, while links between continents and nations have been breaking on every hand, there have appeared, here at least, the signs and tokens of a re-binding and a building up. I propose, in these articles, to give to the Indian public some of these signs and tokens, and I shall do so largely from letters which have been received and the accounts which have been written.

The first is a description given by one who was present at an interview between M. Bergson, the French philosopher, and the Poet,—

"It was a noble meeting,—this meeting of the two great men, of the East and the West, of India and France. M. Bergson is small in stature and slight, while the Poet is tall and full built. At once I noticed that M. Bergson had a quick and acute mind, taking each point with the utmost vivacity and ease. The conversation the two thinkers had together was most fascinating and most instructive. Both men had to say such big thoughts, leading into wide fields of discussion. I was able to make notes of what M. Bergson said. I am sorry I did not get down equally well

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Public Works	3	5.5
Military	1.7	45.7
Famine Relief		1.0
		7.2.7.2
	121.1	124.3
Add Deficit for	the	
year	3.3	
Total	124.3	124.3

Т	he net figu	res ai	re:	
	REVENUE	3		
Principal Heads of Revenue		e	£58·1	millions.
Post and Telegraph			1.2	,,
Mint		•••	1.2	,,
Railways			11.2	,,
Irrigation	•••		1.5	,,
				"
			73.5	,,
Add Deficit			3.5	,,
	Total		77.7	,,
00.1	Expenditu	RE		
Military			£44.0	millions.
Civil Depts.			22.4	,,
Public Works			5.3	,,
Interest		•••	3.7	,,
Miscellaneous			.4	,,
Famine Relief			1.0	"
	Total		76:8	

Out of a total Revenue of seventythree millions, forty-four are consumed by military expenditure and half of it by the Civil Department.

In fairness to the bureaucrat it must be stated, about two millions are spent on education and a smaller amount on sanitation. Is not the nature of British Rule in India quite evident from this?

Let us now see what is the real inci-

dence of military expenditure. The budget shows £44 millions. Add to it the interest of six millions on the war gift of £100 millions. Thus out of less than 74 millions the military burden now amounts to £50 millions, more than twothirds or 66 p. c. One wonders whether any country in the world can show a more wasteful or unnatural record.

I am aware that in some European countries today, the incidence of military expenditure is no doubt large but it is only a passing phase due to the war. The large armies of occupation consume much of the money. But in India the figures quoted above pertain to the normal budget. It is doubtful whether the bureaucracy if left to itself will ever bring it down to even £40 millions. In all probability, the Esher report recommendations will raise it to £55 or 60 millions. Even if that catastrophe were not to happen, the vast bulk of the revenue will be devoured by the military for some years to come.

It is hardly necessary to remind reader that this vast waste is due to the policy of making India pay for Britain's Imperial needs in the Far East. The creation of a National militia followed by a drastic reduction of foreign officers will bring down expenditure by several millions, and unless that is done, India is bound to remain the permanent home of ignorance, disease and starvation. Progress, if there should be any, is bound to be extremely slow; and the poverty and ignorance of the masses will form an excellent hunting ground to the foreign exploiter.

M. SUBRAYA KAMATH.

THE ONE SONG To Dr. ROBINDRANATH TAGORE.

Every thing on earth has its song and lives by singing it all day long, the song of its life. The man and the cow he drives along and the road and the flowers by its side,

The clouds in the sky and the stones on the road and the mountains far away.

And all their songs are part of One Song, which gives its meaning to every one, And there is One Singer who sings in all things,

though men know him not, nor his Song.

They have given names to all things, without sense, for a thing's true Name is its song,

Which he only knows who has heard the One Song in the silent depth of his soul.

The man who has heard the One Song is changed

and his world is another world, For he knows his own song as a note in the Song, that fills the Universe.

The Singer God. Creation the Song:

God's true Name which none may pronounce.

J. J. VON DER LEEUW, Rotterdam.



by the district principal medical officers. Here is certainly a strong case made out for barrack reform."

"It is very necessary to improve the Sepoys' quarters. They should be constructed of pucca bricks and the floors also should be pucca. It is because the houses of the sepoy are not built of good materials, that they suffer more from plague, consumption and other epidemic diseases than the British soldiers...

'There are many other grievances and disabilites under which the Sepoys labour. A good many of them have already been indicated in the *Modern Review* for June, 1907. To make the Sepoy efficient, all his grievances should be redressed and disabilities removed.

"IV. ORGANIZATION OF THE NATIVE ARMY.
"No secret is made that the Native Indian

Army is organised on the principle of *Divide* et impera....... It is unworthy of a nation like the British, brave, civilized and Christian, to adopt the reprehensible policy of *Divide* et impera in any branch of Indian administration.

"V. THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

"The one and the most important thing needed by the British Indian Government is the reposing of confidence in the Indian people instead of distrusting them. If that is done, then all the departments will be reformed without any trouble. The Indian military question will be then the easiest thing on earth to solve." — The Modern Review, December, 1908, pp. 513-15.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN HOLLAND

ROM the many letters which have been received from the Poet since he left India for the West, it is clear that his stay in Holland touched him most deeply of all. In England, last summer, he had found disappointment and disillusionment, except among those who had been, from the first, among his literary friends. The attitude of the people in general, especially the upper classes, towards his own country and towards Ireland, had left upon him an impression of gloom. In France that gloom was lifted, and he felt himself at once at ease among those, who had no relation to India, such as that of ruler and ruled,—a relation which destroyed all hope of pure friendship. The French also, he found, had no racial pride separating them from Asia. Rather, they reverenced Asia, as the Mother of Civilisations. Thus, in France, the Poet's letters became brighter and happier than those he had written from England.

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But it was in Holland, as I have said, that Rabindranath Tagore was most deeply touched of all. I had intended to make extracts from letters, which I had received from those who were with him, giving descriptions of his visit; but, by great good fortune, we have had staying with us, quite recently, at Shantiniketan, Dr. J. J. Van der

Leeuw, and he has written out for me his own impressions of the Poet's reception. Dr. Van der Leeuw was the Poet's host in Rotterdam and accompanied him elsewhere, so that he is able to write with a first-hand knowledge of the facts. While staying with us in the Ashram, he gave us a strikingly vivid picture of the way in which the Dutch people, who belonged to the poorer classes, flocked everywhere to see the Poet, and how he had won all hearts.

Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw's description runs as follows:—

"When the wise Poet came to visit Holland, he did not find an audience strange to him and his works, but, on the contrary, thousands of enthusiastic admirers, full of joy at his coming, full of love for him and his works. In Holland, Tagore is considered as one of the representative men of the New Era; his works in English and in Dutch translations are widely read and appreciated. 'The spirit of Tagore' is even an expression used to denominate a certain attitude in life, which is becoming more and more universal, as time goes on.

"Thus it was a loving group of friends, whom Dr. Tagore found on his entering Holland, where he had been invited by the

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Theosophical Society and the Free Religious Community. Wherever he came he found homes open to receive him, people proud to call him their guest. I do not know of any European, who, in these later years, has been received as this great Poet, to whom such signal honour has been paid by the people of Holland.

"The love and admiration for him grew as his visit progressed. By his lectures, but even more by his personal charm, he strengthened the tie already existing. What struck us in him, was the spirit of beautiful wisdom and simple joy in life, which made his very

presence a blessing.

"During the fortnight of his stay, he lectured in the chief towns: Amsterdam, the Hague, Rotterdam; the universities of Leyden Utrecht and Amsterdam, and also at the school of Philosophy at Amersfoort. Everywhere the halls were packed, thousands had to go away without being able to find a place. From all over the country, people flocked to hear him, and to see him. In Utrecht, he was received by a welcome speech in Sanskrit, which by the way is taught at all the Dutch universities. But perhaps the greatest honour was paid to him, when he was invited, in Rotterdam, to deliver his lecture, not merely in the Church there, but from the pulpit itself. It was the first time that a non-Christian had thus been honoured: and it was meant to convey the message, that his importance as a religious teacher was universal enough to give him the right to stand on the pulpit of a Christian church.

"No one who was present, on that occasion, will ever be likely to forget him, as he stood amongst the flowers decorating the pulpit and gave his message on "The Meeting of the East and the West." One of the most moving moments was when the president of the committee of reception had thanked him for his stay amongst us (Rotterdam concluding his tour) and when he answered with a few words of farewell, which went straight to

the hearts of all present.

"The only consolation on his going was his promise to return to Holland as soon as he could.

"A sincere welcome will await him there,

now as always !"

Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw told me, in conversation, that his own Dutch people are somewhat phlegmatic in character and not easily moved; but when they have once

given their heart's affection, they never take it away again. He himself had felt the greatness of this event, that had happened in his own country - the visit of the Indian Poet. No one had ever come to Holland from India before, and won the hearts of his own Dutch people in such a manner. He explained to me, that the Dutch have a deep vein of spiritual religion running through their nature, and that it was as a religious Teacher that they received the Poet, who came to them from the East.

A letter written in French to the Poet may partly reveal the spirit, in which the younger generation of thoughtful men and women, on the continent of Europe, (who have just come through all the horrors of the Great War), are regarding the writer of 'Gitanjali'. I shall strictly eliminate anything, that might disclose the writer's identity, and shall thus make the letter anonymous. It is one of many hundreds of letters, from every part of the world, which I have had the privilege of seeing and reading. None are so poignant, in their spiritual longing for help in time of need, as those which have come from Europe. The hunger for spiritual truth is so The writer says,—

"From my early childhood, everything I heard about India attracted me irresistibly; and so I began to read the Belgian translation of your Gitanjali in a spirit of unique sympathy. I was then twenty years old,—full of zeal and love for liberty. Modern Christianity had only touched my heart superficially: it had not got the power to satisfy it fully.

"I was very deeply moved after reading your first songs. Ouite a new world, of which I had been dreaming for a long time, suddenly and actually revealed itself to me in them. You had touched the most intimate chords in my heart's music, and they had responded. A great happiness flooded my life, till it brimmed over. I used to speak about you and your religious ideas to my friends. These friends were a group of young poets and musicians with Christian convictions. they were steeped in dogmas and creeds, which satisfied them; and they were alarmed at my enthusiasm and my joy. Their antagonism to your 'panthelstic' philosophy, as they called it,-from which they undertook to save me,-ended by throwing me back into doubt. I had now estranged myself from you.

and I felt the full weight of my moral isolation.

"And yet, in the very depth of my being, I could hear the voice saying,—if I may apply your own words,—"I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my best friend. But I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room."

"The great war in Europe found me in this mood. Fate took me to England; and there, in solitude, I was reconciled to myself. I saw your books. I took up again 'Gitanjali'. I read it and read it over again, and also the 'Gardener', 'Crescent Moon', 'Chitra', 'Sadhana', 'Fruit-gathering'. In the month of May, there came upon me a complete transformation, a joy at times overpowering. A boundless gratitude and admiration filled my mind. 'Gitanjali' became now my constant companion. Every morning, I read a poem from it; and its profound meaning became more and more clear. Unconsciously I learnt to pray.

"During the winter of 1917, I read 'Personality.' Then it was, there dawned upon me the full light, the assurance of truth itself

in its fullness.

"That was Peace. You had uplifted my spirit to make me understand and love intensely all things. I had realised the existence of this infinite rhythm, which united my soul to the universal Spirit. I understood the secret of that harmony, which must unite me to all that exists and will exist, - the true love, which does not seek me, but Thee. I could understand that this love feels the soul of the allembracing world and seeks to place itself in unison with it. And then, - since it is the love of unity, of harmony, --it is the love of the One, the Infinite, which "floods my life and brings me such intensity of joy.""

I will conclude with one more extract from a letter, written in German, which again I shall quote without mentioning anything that might disclose the writer's identity. It

runs as follows :-

2020-11-23 15:24 GMT in the United States

"How glad I would have been, if I might have known personally one, whose works are now so inexpressibly dear to me! Indian philosophy had long been familiar to me, through my dear friend and teacher, Paul Deussen. I have longed always to go deep into the Upanishads and the Vedas. But I am sorry, that I do not know sufficient Sanskrit yet, to reach out to the originals.

"You have perceived so thoroughly the

tragic fate of the West, in her giving up her soul to the tyranny of the Machine. Yes, this reliance on the mechanical, rather than on the personal, has undoubtedly been our spiritual death. But is there now any deliverance left from the general break-down of the Civilisation of Western Europe? Is not the whole of mankind being drawn into that whirlpool which lies between Scylla and Charybdis? And, if so, is not the deliverance of a single individual only half a deliverance?

"You, in common with the best of mankind, believe that the Infinite Spirit will create a new force, in order again to unite mankind that has gone astray. You know, that a spiritual Inter-nationality will lead men back to the origin of Life,—to the Soul. And you know, also (for you have taught us), how little mere organisation can do to effect this, of how little worth outward institutions are, in comparison with persons who are in earnest. I wrote to you, revered Poet, that a movement of a deep inner kind, born out of necessity, is taking shape, and that it will work and work only for the rebirth Humanity. We require no programmes, no institutions, but only Humanity itself.

"You have brought forward a noble theme in your Ashram, at Shantiniketan, Bolpur, and it was a great joy to me to hear, that you were intending to invite comrades from the West to share your Eastern hospitality.

"Alas! How terribly the bridges that lead from one people to another have been shaken! How obstructive have been the barriers separating one race from its fellow! It has been my great longing to travel, at least once in my life, to India, and to breathe the spiritual atmosphere that pervades your circle. But, after this war, who knows whether at all, or when, that desire may be made possible?

"Revered Poet, my command of English is so little, that I have been obliged to write in German. If you honour me with an answer, will you please write in English or French, both of which I can understand to read. If it is possible for me to come to India, the greatest desire of my life will have been fulfilled! For, there, I shall drink of the Spirit of Wisdom from the fountain-head. With profound reverence I greet you."

These letters appear to me to reveal something of the deep reverence and affection, with which the Poet is held on the continent

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of Europe. They explain what Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw has written about his visit to Holland. There is no shadow, of that patronising spirit, which has darkened the minds of so many English people, owing to that supremely false relation, of one people ruling 'over' another people. As Mr. H. G. Wells has so wisely said, in the concluding volume of his "Outline of History," the time has surely come when this hateful phrase, 'subject' nation, should be blotted out altogether from the history of mankind. It poisons all friendship at the very source.

Rabindranath Tagore is proposing to come back from America to Europe in April, and to visit the different countries of Europe during the summer months of this present year. The most cordial invitations have poured in upon him from every side, and he is hoping that his new purpose to found at Shantiniketan, Bolpur, an International University,—a meeting place of East and West,—may be carried one step farther forward by his visit to the continent of Europe this summer.

C. F. ANDREWS.

CARTOONS OF THE DAY



The Concert at Geneva.

-From The Liberator.

4.5.



Is China a nation? No, not as we estimate nations. But is China becoming a nation, and how long will it take? These are the open questions. Any one who could answer them definitely could read the future of the Far East like a book. But no one can answer them definitely. In this suspense and uncertainty lies the momentous interest of the situation. When did nations begin to be, anyway? How long has France been a compact and homogeneous nation? Italy, Germany? What forces made them nations? And what is going to be the future of the national state outside of China? What is the future of internationalism? Our whole concept of a nation is of such recent origin that it is not surprising that it does not fit in any exact way into Chinese conditions. And possibly the days in which political nationality is most fully established are also the days of its beginning to decline. The last suggestion may be wild. But it suggests that the world as well as China is in flux, and that answers to the questions whether and when China is to be a nation, and what kind of a nation it is to be, cannot be found till we know also what is going to happen in Russia, and Europe generally.

Japanese Education—Old Style.

Basil Mathews gives in Outward Bound many interesting details regarding the life of Inazo Nitobe, under-secretary-general of the League of Nations and Director of its International Bureaux. His early education was of the ancient Japanese type.

That stern, winsome, curiously fascinating training of the Samurai—the high knightly code of Bushido—began with the boy Inazo Nitobe

at the very earliest moment possible. .

No greater school of chivalry has ever been known than that of Bushido. In it the boy Nitobe was trained. He was taught to fling a little spear, to fence with a child-sword, to grapple in the skilled wrestling of ju-jitzu, and to fence. He rode his horse, shot with his bow and arrow, and learned what he could of the art of war. He learned also to write beautifully the Japanese letters, to repeat the words of the Wisdom of Confucius and Mencius.

He learned not to let pain or pleasure show their traces on his face. He was taught the two sides of courage—to dare with valour and to bear with fortitude. Buddhist teaching had given the Samurai a disdain of life—a composure in face of peril—that was grafted on to the old military hardness. The Shinto teachers toned down the soldierly arrogance by a high doctrine of loyalty to the sovereign and of reverence for the father. And to all this Confucius added the aristocratic, conservative

wisdom of the austere, remote warrior-statesman.

But little Inazo Nitobe was trained to think too of "the tenderness of the warrior" (Bushi no nasake)—the mercy that "becomes the sceptred monarch better than his crown." And he was trained in all that dainty scrupulous, sensitive, etiquette of politeness—of true courtesy—which the West often, to its great, loss, scorns; but which to the Samurai was not merely a code of action but a moral and spiritual training. He went through what he himself finely calls "the spiritual discipline of which etiquette and ceremony are mere outward garments."

An Interview with Rabindranath Tagore.

L. T. Nicholls has published in the New York Evening Post an account of an interview with Rabindranath Tagore, from which we extract the following paragraphs:

"In all India there has been no place to which I could invite the whole world. We must have some place where we can invite all people.

The place to which the world is to be bidden, is the university which is developing out of his old boys' school, Shantiniketan, "Abode of Peace," is to be the clearing house for the culture of the East and West, the first adequate attempt to give to every other country what India has had so long, and to bring into India the thing which she needs to-day, namely science in its many Western kinds. For twenty years Tagore himself, with his private income, with his Nobel prize, and the proceeds of his many books has supported the school in Bolpur, a hundred miles away from Calcutta, in the province of Bengal. But now the world has got to help, for it is the world which is to be invited. Not only money is needed but the understanding and cooperation which will make possible, as time goes on, a steady interchange of professors and students and a vitalization of intellectual intercourse and sympathy between India and the rest of the world.

Tagore, told of this, and of the way Indian universities have so far been "imposed by an alien Government," not representative therefore, and lacking in all those things which Indians

have most wanted to know.

"These universities have been the creation of an alien Government," he said. "Whatever they thought fit for us, we have had. Perhaps they did not wish......but that is something I do not wish to discuss," he ended not abruptly as might have been expected, but with the smooth curve of voice which he might have given to the ending for a poem or a prayer.



"Those universities have been artificial, not bearing fruit," he went on. "Last year I founded the nucleus of an indigenous Indian university. I want to have great scholars, to do their own research work and live their own studious lives, and to have their scholars come around them. These scholars and their apostles will create the university. This process of creation should be perpetual. They must explore the realms of truth, and this studious life will be the creative force by when the university will be built up."

"I have one great scholar," he said, "who knows Hindu philosophy and our Scriptures, and one great Buddhist philosopher. I myself will lecture on literature. Some English friends of mine will come for European literature. land and France are probably to send us men. And for the music and art, which have been neglected before, some of the best Bengal artists have come and settled down to build up that part of the university, and the musicians are also getting their students around them. So will the growth go on, so will the growth be a living one through the personal relations which are the most valuable part of a univer-

sity life.
"What I have felt for years is that there is no place in India where foreigners can come and learn something of the philosophy and intellectual treasure; our modern universities have

merely proclaimed our poverty of mind."

Again he spoke of the need of scientific education in India and of the deep thirst which he and others-felt to have that need supplied to Indian youth, and again he spoke of the "alien Government" which had made this education impossible heretofore. "And my university will not have their sanction," he said. "But I do not mind," and he emphasized the last word

mildly, and calmly, and sweetly.

His first lecture, on November 10, in Brooklyn, will take up the general subject of the meeting of the East and West, how the meeting so far has been in a wrong spirit and in what way that spirit can be changed. His other lectures will deal with the ideals of ancient India as manifested through ancient, classical literature; with the poets of religion; with "some village mystics of Bengal," and the mystical religion they present through folksongs and popular music and sayings; and with ideals of education in general.

Also, he will read his own poems, and that will be, as always, a doubtful pleasure to him. The translations are his own, but even so "they do not satisfy," he says. His poems in the original have rhyme and metre as well as

rhythm, and are not free verse, as is so often supposed. Free verse he does not wholly like, which is odd, considering how much English free verse his own translation have inspired. And in translation even the rhythm, the one thing which can be taken over from one language to another, cannot be taken exactly.

"Rhythm is the most important thing, of course," he said, "and the rhythms of the two languages are too different. A poem is not only thoughts and ideas; it is an organic thing, indivisible. Translations do not satisfy."

It is not only the politics of this own country which he does not wish to discuss, but the political aspect of any question, whatever. It irks him and wearies him to have a world so con-stituted as is this; at least, if it must be so constituted it must, but to have to dwell on it, to comment, to be involved-these are the intolerable things. He shrugs, winces, almost pulls away from any definitely political or economic question. Only then does his utter calmness suffer.

"Not having studied these things," he begins, in real distress-"my own vocation being so different And also my language is not your language," he ends, brightening. "There is always some danger in being misunderstood. My want of language or something or other " and there is simply nothing to be said.

"The Most Important Work."

The Japanese painter Kanzan excelled in painting. "But for the purpose of distinguishing himself in a different line, Kanzan learned to make earthenware, and came to be a masterhand at the art." The Japan Magazine tells an anecdote about him which shows how proud he was of his occupation.

Kanzan, when he went to visit the prince, used to go in the soiled clothes which he wore when at work. Once the prince gave him a suit of black habutai. Kanzan in this suit was kneading the clay unconcernedly to earthenware, when a disciple noticed him, and said:

"That is full dress, sir. You ought to put it

on only on special occasions.-"

"To me this is the most important work-to make earthenware," answered Kanzan; "there will never be any more important occasion for me."

nath Chattopadhyay, Aurobindo Ghose, Rabindranath Tagore, and C. F. Andrews. That by Aurobindo Ghose, is the longest contribution, covering 27 pages out of the 68 forming the entire issue. It was written at Baroda in 1899. It retells in verse the story of Ruru and Pramadbarā (whom the poet renames Priyambadā).

In "White and Gold" Sir John Woodroffe gives word-pictures of the ancient Gosho and Nijo palaces in Japan, with artistic appreciations. He writes:—

It would truly seem as if in this relic of that great period, which gathered together and made fresh and perfect the beauties of Ashikaja art, there has been preserved for us of to-day the full blossom of the art of Japan in its application to man's home. In the country of which we speak the home is indeed a "house beautiful," to whomsoever it may belong. Its neat and cleanly simplicity and almost austere beauty, the excellence of the materials of which it is composed, and scrupulous honesty of the workmanship by which they are put together, exist, however, as it were in a glorified form, in the more elaborate, though withal simple, art of the Gosho Palace, and the dreamy and golden beauty of the Nijo, which remains for us of a more vulgar time a true and sumptuous exemplar of the *Domus Aurea*. Their carven wood, metal work, whiteness, and colour, not only minister to the pleasures of sense, but subtly suggest the secret of this ministration, and the means and methods by which we may compel it. If from the Gosho we learn of austere simplicity and restraint, the Nijo, on the other hand, teaches by its resplendent example the supremacy of colour, and faith in the power which, among things of sense, it and musical sound chiefly possess to cure the heart and mind of ill, giving to it life and joy and that "consolation of art" of which Theophile Gautier has spoken. But his phrase (as he said it) referred to something superficial. Art not only consoles but (what is greater) elates only when Beauty is known as a reflection in form of the perfection of God. The joy it produces is a fraction of unimpeded Bliss. In a more especial sense, the Nijo teaches the greatness of Gold, the presence of which permits the use of all other tones of colour, by means of the harmony it is powerful to bring about between their militant claims. The Japanese like the Byzantines, the masters of complex and sumptuous decorative art, loved and made manifold use of this colour, the symbol of luminous wisdom and of the sun, the Radiant Eye of Vishnu looking from out the joyous blueness of His Heaven.

Of the Nijo palace he says:—
The palace itself contains no furniture, being
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in this similiar to all the other houses of this people who seem by instinctive refinement to have reduced domestic wants, and the objects which satisfy them, as far as possible to the limits of natural necessity alone.

From what we know of our ancestors, poor and rich, it is more than probable that they were not devoid of artistic taste. But at present, as a people, we are wanting in the aesthetic sense. Most Indians are not even cleanly in their homes and surroundings. This is not entirely due to poverty. For we have seen houses of very wealthy people which are uncleanly and show utter absence of artistic taste.

In "Scenic effects in Indian Drama" Mr. C. Jinarajadasa criticises the scenery, the costumes of the actors, and their "make-up" in Indian theatres.

"The reforms necessary are, to make the scenery absolutely fit the period of the play [and they must be Indian].....With an India tull of typical Indian costumes it requires a grain of imagination to pick out a suitable costume for each character in Indian plays. Now the general idea seems to be to put the actors in knee-breeches and in coats heavily overlaid with glittering tinsel. Nowhere else is "make-up" ever intended to disguise the nationality of the actor. What reason is there for Indian actors, with brown skins, plastering their faces so as to make them as white as possible?......

I will mention, in conclusion, that it is possible to have an Indian drama with fully Indian scenery, and everything absolutely Indian. I have seen such a play myself, when I saw the great Rabindranath Tagore act in his own play, the "Post Office". The play was performed in the little theatre in his Calcutta house, and it was a revelation to all who saw the stage, scenery and acting of what Indian drama could really be. Everything was true to life. We shut our eyes now to the little things round us in our own villages and towns, and we do not see that the great drama of God is taking place in our very midst. Hence the false scenery and costumes on the stage. I should like also to mention that the linking up of drama with reality was one of the great characteristics of the play of Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyay, "Abou Hassan," performed in Madras about two years ago.

Rabindranath's School and Rabindranath and France.

The Collegian has the following in its "World of Culture" section:—



We learn from the Secretary of the Association Francaise des Amis de l'Orient (Paris) that they have collected about 350 volumes for presentation to the College de Santiniketan (Bengale). The books comprise classics, works on art and literature, pedagogies, etc. Our readers are aware that these "Friends of Asia" have their head-quarters at Musee Guimet, and have for their president Emile Senart, member of the Institut de France.

The prose works of Tagore were not known in French. Recently Payot and Cie of Paris have presented us with a copy of La Maison et le Monde. It is the translation of The Home and the World, which Bengali readers know to be Ghare Baire. The translator is F. Roger

Coranz who is well known to the reading public of France for his version of Walter Pater's Renaissance. Like Librairie Hachette, Librairie Felix Alcan, Librairie Larousse, etc., Librairie Payot is one of the leading publishing houses of Paris.

Tagore's novel is being appraised by French critics not only as a living picture of contemporary India, but also as the study of a conflict of emotions and ideals. And this study, penetrating and subtle as it is, never loses its naturalness and simplicity but on the other hand attains a level of excellence which is truly human. The alien elements in the story endow it, besides, with an incomparable charm.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

"The Asian Review."

As Japan is practically the only independent country in Asia, a Japanese survey of world-politics possesses great importance; for it can be fearless and free, though there may be some bias, conscious or unconscious. Hence the editorial notes in *The Asian Review* cannot but be read with interest by all its Asiatic readers. In its March-April issue, the editor observes, with regard to

Anglo-American Relations:

America's position to-day in world politics is supreme and uncontestable. No nation can ever ignore the fact that her support will be a decidedly determining factor in the settlement of all international questions. British statesmen know it. In order, therefore, to preserve their world empire they are putting forth their utmost efforts to secure the goodwill and help of the United States, because without them British world imperialism is doomed to perish for ever before the rising tide of democracy and the awakening of the masses all over the world. The governing classes of England are trying various devices to gain the friendship of America. One of them is the talk about the nonrenewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and in its stead the creation of an Anglo-American Alliance. A British politician recently said that there should be, if not a definite, yet an understood, alliance or federation of all the Anglo-Saxon people in the world.

(1) Settlement of the Irish problem to suit the Irish Americans who number about twenty

millions.

(2) The American people do not want to aid British militarism and support the reign of terror in Ireland, Persia, Egypt and India.

(3) The American public want Great Britain to pay the interest on the four billion dollars which she owes to America. The British Government has been trying to arrange to have the payment of this interest deferred for several years, but the opposition to this plan was so serious that Senators La Follette (Republican) and Walsh (Democrat) introduced a resolution that the American Executive should not make any definite financial arrangements with Great Britain without the consent of the Senate.

(4) America is determined to have the biggest merchant marine in the world and the present policy of the American Government is

to have a navy second to none.

(5) It is almost a certainty that President Harding will call for a World Conference sometime in April or May to have the Peace Treaty revised to suit America. This may not be very advantageous for Great Britain.

(6) American oil interests are strongly opposed to British control of the oil-fields of

Mesopotamia.

(7) There is great dissatisfaction in America

against Britain's cable control.

(8) Settlement of the Panama Canal toll question so that American ships can pass without paying any toll.

(9) American public and businessmen feel resentment at England's grasping the trade of Germany and Russia and also of South America.

(10) Over twenty millions of German American citizens are bitter against Great Britain. They are opposed to any kind of Anglo-American Alliance.

Unless these questions are solved satisfacto-

Counting Electrons.

Another scientific "conquest", described by *The Scientific American*, is the counting of electrons.

Medieval theologians have been ridiculed because they debated how many angels could stand on the point of a pin. Prof. R. A. Millikan of the University of Chicago gives science's answer to a modern problem that is more or less comparable with this one when he isolates and measures an electron; and he has recently been catching individual atoms and counting the number of electrons which each one has lost when an alpha particle from radium shoots through it. Science for some time has divided the "indivisible" atom into its constituent parts, and identified these as electrons, but Professor Millikan is the first to catch and exactly measure the charge carried by each one of these.

This charge is so small that the number of electrons contained in the electricity which courses through a 16-candle-power lamp filament, and for which we pay one hundred-thousandth of a cent, is so large that if three million people began to count them at the rate

of two a second, without stopping to eat, sleep, or die, it would take them twenty thousand years to finish the job.

An electron weighs, according to Professor Millikan, very nearly one billionth of a billionth of a billionth of a gram. Divide this by 500 and you get its weight in pounds. But Professor Millikan has these electrons well under control. He can count the exact number of them which he has caught in a minute oil-drop, with quite as much certainty as he can enumerate his

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fingers and toes.

Diagnosis by Wireless.

A third achievement, noted by the same journal, is diagnosis by wireless.

Palpitation and other troubles of the heart may be diagnosed even though the patient be far removed from medical facilities—say in middle of the Atlantic Ocean—by application of "wired wireless," the notable discovery of Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army.

TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[Translated from the German and sent from Berlin by Prof. Meghnad Saha, D. c.]

THE sixtieth birthday of Rabindranath Tagore, which he celebrates in Europe far from his Indian home, affords his German friends and admirers welcome occasion for expressing from the German side, thanks and sympathy for his genial attempt to create a new spiritual bond between the two chief parts of the world, Asia and Europe. More successfully

than any other man in Morning-land or Evening-land has he enabled us to see clearly the force which binds different peoples together, which resides within the human soul, when it is aware of its worth, its depth and its solidarity.

It has not fallen to the lot of any other living poet and thinker that so many people, simultaneously in the land of the Ganges, and in the distant lands of Europe from the south to the high north, have listened with rapt attention to the harmony of his thoughts, the melodious ring in his poems, and to the force of his sentiments. There has been continuously increasing response to the deep, prophetic and passionate words which he has announced in his "Sunset of the Century", and his "Nationalism"......

In Germany, even admidst the most difficult



"TAGORE WEEK" AT DARMSTADT.

During "Tagore Week" at Darmstadt thousands of people from various parts of Germany used to gather in the garden in front of the palace of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Poet used to deliver short discourses to them in English, which were interpreted to them in German by Count Keyserling. The photograph represents a morning scene in one of these days.

times when faith in the Spirit of humanity is put to the most severe test, the number of Rabindra-nath Tagore's friends is large, and they are inwardly impelled to give a perceptible expression to their feelings of silent thankfulness.

Acting on the report that Rabindranath Tagore stays in Europe during his sixtieth birthday and that he has expressed a desire to get acquainted with Germany, the undersigned have formed themselves into a committee, and have placed themselves in connection with the German learned men, writers, and publishers. Through this co-operation, they are in a position to make a good collection of German books written by contemporary German writers and published by German firms, and offer it as a present from the German nation for the library of Rabindranath Tagore at his home, Shantiniketan.

The present is an expression of the great respect in which the creator of this library is held in Germany,—a testimony to Germany's appreciation of India's cultural work, and to the part played by the present generation of Germany in the creation of the cultural world.

The names of the authors and publishers, on whose behalf we beg to reach you this gift

are contained in the enclosed list.

The books shall speak to all in India, the homeland of deep sense, who wish to instruct themselves about Germany and her share in human culture.

(Signed)

Count Bernstorff, Starnberg, Geh. rat. Prof. Dr. Rudolf Eucken, Jena, Geh. rat. Prof. Dr. Adolf Harnack, Berlin, Gerhardt Hauptmann, Berlin, Conrad Hausmann, Stuttgart, Hermann Hesse, Montagnole, Geh. rat. Prof. Dr. Hermann Jakobi, Bonn. Count Keyserling, Darmstadt, Prof. Dr. Heinrich Meyer-Benfey, Frau Helene Meyer-Franck, Hamburg, Dr. Richard Wilhelm, Tsingtau, Kurt Wolff, Munich. Stuttgart, 3rd May, 1921.

Translated from Hamburger Zeitung, Saturday Evening's Paper, May 21st, 1921.]

Was there not perhaps just a slight touch of a feeling of sensation in us when last night we were waiting in the hall of the University to

see the great Indian face to face?

If there was such a feeling in us—for we can not help being Europeans—it disappeared the very moment Tagore entered the hall. A mystic power drew us up from our seats to greet this man in silence. Seldom did the mystery of communion become so manifest.

(About outward appearance) We become conscious of what seems to us



RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN BERLIN. The Indian Poet and Philosopher leaving the University after one of his lectures.

something almost incomprehensible; that in this man's life there is no moment he does not feel the union with the infinite.

Thus he stood there and spoke to us out of the simplicity of his heart. And his very first words were characteristic: "The greatest event of our century has been the meeting of the East and West." (Follows a short outline of the lecture.)

This representative of an old noble family has become a prophet of spiritual Bolshevism under the sign of freedom attained through self-conquest and self-dedication. Thus from an ancient world a new channel has broken into our life, bringing about a new circulation in the idea of Christianity which with us had fallen into corruption.

Never did we poor disunited children of this century feel a greater longing for harmony than we do now. Pining in hell, visions of some



RABINDRANATH TAGOAE IN BERLIN. The Indian Poet returning after his lecture in the University.

[From Der Welt Spiegel.]

Paradise still to be gained haunt our dreams. A man came to us from another world. Never were we riper for his coming-nor worthier of it. The farewell to him yesterday showed it.

Hundreds of people were waiting outside the University to see Tagore once more. He came— and the hands were stretched up to him in silence.

Longing? No, fulfilment. One moment fulfilment. Thus new men come to know they are one great community.

This silent homage was the expression new mankind.

We shall never forget this high symbol.

When we come to believe that we are in possession of our God because we belong to particular sect it gives us such a complete sense of comfort, that God is needed no for quarrelling with others whose idea of God differs from ours in theoretical detail. Having been able to make provision for our God in some shadow-land of creed reserve all the space for ourselves in the world of reality, ridding it of the wonder making it as trivial as our own household furniture. Such unlimited vulgarity possible when we have no doubt in our minds that we believe in God while our life ignores the -RABINDRANA THE TABORE.

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NOTES

Rabindranath Tagore's Return.

We welcome our revered and beloved poet Rabindranath Tagore most cordially back to the Motherland, with the hope and prayer that God may in the fulness of time vouchsafe perfect fruition to his great idea of an international university, which is to promote world-culture, and human amity and solidarity.

Rabindranath Tagore's Reception in the Contitent of Europe.

The Vienna correspondent of the London observer wrote to that paper under date June 26, 1921.—

I cannot remember any living poet who has been received with such unanimous and profound reverence and praise by the Vienna public and the Press or who has made such a deep impression by his personal appearance as this great Bengali writer and thinker.

From the accounts published in the continental press, it would appear that not only in Austria, but in Sweden, Holland, Germany, France, etc., too, the reception given to the poet was of this unique character. No contemporary man of genius, statesman or sovereign has received such an ovation in all these countries of the West. This was certainly due, in great part at any rate, to the poet's genius, his lofty spirituality, and his breadth of outlook and understanding, overstepping the boundaries of race, clime and creed—in one word, to his personality. The poet himself, however, is not disposed to take it as a mere personal triumph. He would seem to take it rather in the light of the West turning wistfully to the East for light and hope, strength and solace in the hour of tribulation, uncertainty and despondency, caused by the bankruptcy of that phase of Western civilization which is typified in its nationalism, militarism, capitalism, industrialism, and racial arrogance.

Whether it is India or India's poet who has been honoured, the fact should not make us slothful and vain. It should

rather be a call to us to lead worthy lives. For it is not every oriental or every Indian who in his life and spirit is the embodiment of the spiritual heritage of the Orient in general or of India in particular.

Taxation in Ancient India.

Our modern bureaucrats, who talk glibly of taxation, are in the line of apostolic succession to the bureaucrats of ancient India, who seemed to be equally energetic in the matter of imposing taxes which others had to pay. And curiously enough, the people of those times were as afraid of a new tax as degenerate modern prototypes. In the Questions of King Milinda, (S. B. E. S. Vol. XXXV, ch. IV, 2, 8) we find the Bactrian king Menander propounding a dilemma for the solution of the venerable Nagasena. The King enquired how he was to reconcile the saying of the Arhat that all men are afraid of death with his other saying that he himself was beyond all fear. The venerable Nagasena replied as follows:

"Suppose, King, a King had four chief ministers, faithful, famous, trustworthy, placed in a high position of authority. And the King, on some emergency arising, were to issue to them an order touching all the people in his realm, saying "Let all now pay up a tax, and do you, as my four officers, carry out what is necessary in this emergency". Now tell me, King, would the tremor which comes from fear of taxation arise in the heart of those ministers?"

'No, sir, it would not?"

'But why not.'

They have been appointed by the King to high office. Taxation does not affect them, they are beyond taxation. It was the rest that the King referred to when he gave the order,—Let all pay tax.

Just so, O King, is it with the statement that all men tremble at punishment, all are afraid of death. In that way is it that the Arhat is removed from every

tear'.

Reflections on Recent Events in Chandpur and Chittagong.

On the eve of the inauguration of the Reforms, His Excellency Lord Ronaldshay tried to impress upon the public in various

32-10

University funds, "emphatic repudiations"

notwithstanding.

More cool than the above resolution was the following resolution which was passed at a subsequent meeting, when the Syndicate had before them a letter from the Bengal Government enquiring when replies to the Audit reports of 1917-18 and 1918-19 might be expected:—

"Resolved—That the attention of the Government of Bengal be drawn to the fact that, apart from the question whether audit reports should be published, as Act VII of I921 had come into operation on the 27th March, 1921, papers relating to matters which had taken place at a time when the Bengal Government had no concern with the University should not have been published without the consent of the University, especially as the comments of the University upon the reports had not been received."

Will some member of the Bengal Council now demand an independent enquiry into the financial administration of the University?

The Force of Public Opinion in Ancient India.

The Mahavagga was already in high repute in circa 350 B.C. In Mahavagga VI, 36, there is a story of a certain Malla of Kushinara, a friend of the venerable Ananda, the well-known disciple and companion of the Lord Buddha. His name was Roja, and he was not a believer in the doctrine of the Eightfold Path. When the Blessed One came to Kushinara, the Mallas came out to welcome him. Roja also came, and Ananda congratulated him on this. Thereupon Roja replied:

"It is not I, O Ananda, who am much moved by the Buddha, or the Dhamma, or the Samgha. But by the clansmen a compact was made to the effect that whosoever went not forth to welcome the Blessed One should pay a fine of five hundred pieces. So that it was through fear of being fined by my clansmen that even I went forth to welcome the Blessed One." (S. B. E. S., vol. XVII, pp. 135-36).

A man who had the moral courage to withstand the prevailing craze in favour of the new doctrine had yet to succumb to the force of public opinion to the extent of coming out to receive the promulgator of the doctrine.

33-16

The sequel shows that Ananda was deeply mortified at the Malla's reply, and told the Buddha that he was a very distinguished and well-known person, and great would be the efficacy of the adherence given by well-known persons like him to the doctrine and discipline, and requested the Lord to convert Roja. The Buddha thereupon preached the doctrine so effectively to Roja that he was forthwith converted.

Rabindranath Tagore at Berlin University

Reuter's telegram relating to Rabindranath Tagore's lecture at Berlin University, which was reproduced from London papers in India, may have created a wrong impression. What really happened may be narrated very briefly. The Rector of Berlin University telegraphed to the poet inviting him to deliver a lecture at 12 o'clock noon on the 2nd June. The University authorities issued tickets for the lecture. There was a great rush of people. Two hours before the lecture, the hall, corridor and staircase were packed. The street was crowded by thousands. The Rector received the poet, the crowd outside making way. For half an hour the poet could not reach the hall, which was on the first floor, on account of the crowd on the staircase. The Rector made repeated appeals to the crowd, but to no purpose. They could not go out on account of the people behind. The Rector then threatened that he would bring in the police. This was resented by the crowd. Dr. Hernack requested them to be quiet and they quietened down. A professor of medicine apdistinguished pealed to the crowd saying that it would bring shame on the Berlin University if the poet were not able to enter the hall. He said he could not ask the public to go away, as they were the guests and the professors and students were the hosts. He volunteered himself to go out and appealed to the students to walk out with him. With this, he raised his hand and walked out, and 500 or 600 students followed him. The poet promised to meet the students a second time. When



the lecture was over, some 14 or 15 thousand people were still standing in the street, and they cheered him wildly as he passed out. There was not the slightest discourtesy to the poet throughout. The temporary disorder and inconvenience were caused by the great rush of people eager to have a look at him and,

if possible, to hear him.

As an indication of the poet's popularity in Germany, it may be stated that in the course of three weeks the first edition of fifty thousand copies of the German translation of "Sadhana", which is a religious, not a political work, was sold out, while one lakh and fifty thousand copies of "The Home and the World" in German have been sold in the course of six months. "The Home and the World" is very popular in France also, where several editions of it have been sold out in a short time.

Proposed Deputation to British Guiana.

London, July 21.
In the House of Commons at question time,

Mr. Wood stated that the Government of India proposed, if a suitable "personnel" were available, to send a deputation to British Guiana in the autumn to consider the question of Indian immigration thither.—Reuter.

There is no superfluity of labour in India. Why not try first to man the industries here properly by improving the terms and conditions of work? In some areas, tea plantations are practically without labour. Why not calmly investigate and remove grievances? It is only a few regions of India which can be said to be densely populated. Why not promote emigration from the congested districts to the sparsely peopled tracts by proper means? Indians can never work abroad in foreign colonies with self-respect and economic advantage so long as they are not fully enfranchised citizens in their own country.

Japanese Commercial Mission to India.

Tokio, July 22.

A telegram says that a Japanese commercial Mission is leaving for India in September for a four months' visit to investigate the needs of the

in .

"THE POST OFFICE"

THE following review of the "Post Office" appeared in the "Preussiche Yahrbuch" in connexion with production of the play in the Volksbuhne (People's Theatre) of Berlin. The Poet, while in Berlin, was invited to come and see the play, which invitation he accepted. I had the privilege of accompanying him to the theatre and could observe how evening, immensely pleased he was with the production. He praised the acting very highly and said that he had seen this play produced in England and America but nowhere was it done so well as in Berlin. The "Preussiche Yahrbuch is a very high class journal dovoted to literature, philosophy and general criticism, edited by Prof. Hans Delbruck, Professor of History in the University of Berlin. In this connexion, I may perhaps be allowed to mention an incident which may be of interest to the readers of The Modern Review. During the late war I was in Germany, and during this whole time I was only once lucky to receive a copy of The Modern Review, in 1917, and this number, to my great joy, contained the article by the Poet on "The Spirit of Japan", and also the poem "The Sunset of the Century". I had the article translated by a friend of mine a German Professor—and we sent it to the Editor of the "Preussiche Yahrbuch" for publication with much misgiving as to whether it would be accepted, for there were many hard, unpalatable indictments against Western Civilisation and War in general in this article, and this was a patriotic journal, though very dignified and never of the chauvinistic type. It required no doubt great moral courage to publish this article during the war in such a journal, which was not pacifist or socialistic in its tone. But to our surprise the article was accepted most cordially, and appeared in the next month's issue and was given the place of honour. The "Sunset of the Century" appeared in a few daily papers.—A. M. B.

Our sincerest thanks are due to Director Kaysler of the "Volksbuhne", for having given us Tagore's "Post Office"—the most profound poetical work of

this writer. This Indian play is of great simplicity, free from all literary decoration.

What touches us so deeply in this play is the manner in which the world and mankind appear to the eyes of a dying child. For it is a fact, that many people see and value life truly, for the first time, on the approach of death. The men of this generation, who have survived the war, know this to be true. As the hand of death touched them, they felt suddenly transformed and saw their lives in a new light. Everyday-happenings of life appeared as sacred, discontentments of former days vanished away, and simple half-forgotten things were desired with a new longing. They realised for the first time, what they had once possessed. They felt anew the longed for divine spark in their former selves. The muchmaligned everyday existence, which seemed so hard to bear, began to take colour before their eyes, and in the presence of death was lit up with a magic light. Tagore's Amal also has this prophetic insight of those consecrated to death. He feels the spirit of God in everyday existence and thus becomes a vessel for the Divinity with its offering overflowing to every-body who comes near him. A child inexperienced, mortally ill, phantastic, without knowledge of "Reality", has the wonderful power to change the hearts of men. Madhav, his adoptive father, the commonplace unimaginative moneymaker, receives through him a sacred purpose in life. The Grand-father becomes a visionary Fakir, who lies out of love. The Watchman who otherwise drives terror into the hearts of everybody, becomes kind, informs the boy of the Post Office and promises him a letter from the King. Most touching is the conversion of the His work presses hard upon him. Milkman. Amal calls him without intending to buy some milk, he answers irritated, "Oh! what waste of time!" But as he presently hears with wonder how the sick child longs with all his heart to sell milk from door to door-a work that is so full of drudgery and without joy for him; as he is pressed to take Amal with him to his village to teach him selling curds,his work suddenly becomes light and full of meaning. He presents him with a cup of curds, and leaves him with the words,—"You have taught me how one can be happy while selling curds." Scenes like these illuminate clearly the position that Tagore takes in the spiritual life of India. For him the world is not merely a world of appearances; he does not believe in the illusory veil of Maya. In every event of this world, breathes the spirit of God We cannot find him only in soulless rigid asceticism, or in Nirvana. We must feel this presence in this visible worldin flowers, in animals and mountains. veil of Maya is itself the creation of God. To this new Indian seer-whose creed is the joyful acceptance of the world-even the most depressing every-day existence is filled with the spirit of God. His Amal teaches men to find this God in the commonplace events of life; and we all listen to him deeply moved, for it concerns us almost vitally to find

this living God.

Before this play of Tagore we all remain silent in speechless adoration, for we are touched to the heart. Not only do the characters of the play move round the sickly Amal in an inimitably wonderful dramatic unity, but even we feel the extraordinary transmuting power of this child of faith and begin suddenly anew to seek God in our daily life. Waves of deep spiritual emotions flood into our souls and move us deeply. Here we have in fact a drama of inner forces which we Westerners have almost lost. Even Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterdelineation disappears sometimes behind a drama of mere external actions. Take the instance of Richard III. This wonderful drama of masterly characterisations expresses itself only in external actions. Exciting moments strain our nerves to the utmost, external actions proceed to a crisis, culminating in a catastrophe. The play teems with external actions. The senses are too much occupied, while there is scarcely a soul-touching gentler moment that makes our heart-strings to vibrate. The drama of the inner forces reduces external actions to a minimum; it is no drama for the senses, it endeavours to show the interplay of human souls upon one another. The characters are not so much self-conscious active individuals, as beings who, in virtue of a sudden spiritual quality of their souls, influence their surroundings almost unconsciously. "Exert influence without action" as Laotse would say. The inspiration for a drama of this nature finds Tagore in the attitude of the Eastern mind towards life. To the Westerners the types of great men are always those who conquer the outer world, who are men of action, and who, by nature, are imbued with the fighting spirit. So the Westerners must of necessity evolve the drama of external actions. When in Europe anybody perceives a new truth he must perforce go out into the world to fight for it, to force everyone to accept it. In the East, on the other hand, when anybody is touched with the light of truth, he first retires into solitude for deep contemplation in order to realise the truth fully in his own inner self. A wide world lies between these two paths. To the Eastern nature the path of external activity and propaganda and fight is just as much foreign as to the Westerners the path of inner realisation and fulfilment. The East demands from her great men, that they first realise the Truth in their

own selves and perfect their lives according to that light, before they bring forth the truth to the people. Only then will the creation of a poet give forth life in inexhaustible fulness when he has first realised and perfected the Truth in his own life. Only then can arise such a drama of inner vitality and organic unity as we find and praise in Tagore. Our dramatists lose themselves in a formless chaos, whenever they touch a religious subject. As examples, I remind the reader of Schmidtbon's "Passions" or Hofmaunsthal's "Yedermann" written after the style of the English Morality Play "Everyman". These poets have not felt or realised in their own hearts their religious truths which they want to communicate to the audience. They have received these truths only from second and sources The wonderful simplicity and immediacy of Truth that flows out of a work tinged with the poet's own heart's blood and his innermost experiences is lacking in their productions, and their words do not penetrate into the hearts of the simple man. But, about Tagore, we know how his lyrics set to music by himself are sung by his whole people Only the deepest realisations of the Divinity in his own life enables the poet to produce a work that attains such utter simplicity and finds such universal response.

To some of the ultra-modern critics whose tastes have been vitiated by modern sex dramas, the character of Amal appeared too insipid and sex-less. But the audience of "The Post Office' in any case thought otherwise They followed the play with breathless interest. Never did I see in a theatre so many genuine tears shed. There was nothing hysterical about it, but the spontaneous expression of hearts deeply moved. Thus even through the imperfect medium of foreign interpretation, the poetic truth of the play moved the audience. Tagore's Amal found a very true interpretor in Lucie Manheims There was no attempt at making an effect. Tagore's conception of unadorned simplicity found expression

in her.

A tender note from the Eastern fields of cultures lingered in us. Not from the awe-inspiring world of Buddha or Laotse. No, but from the much humbler harp of an Indian poet, who in a moment of inner illumination confesses to his God, "I know my songs give thee great joy, and only as a singer I can approach thee."

Translated by Arabinda Mohan Bose.

TRUTH

THE TRUTH is a fine thing; it should be stuck to like adhesive plaster—but there is a right and a wrong way to tell it. There are folks who have an idea it is their duty, or that it is very brave, always to blurt out unpleasant truths. They seem to like to wound folks' feelings. Just because a man has a long

nose is no reason for getting him in front of a crowd and then saying, "Bill, you've got the longest nose I ever saw." It's the truth, doubtless, but it's not the kind George Washington made his reputation with.

-The American Boy.





Dr. Russ's Apparatus Containing a Solenoid which Moves when the Vision is Directed to it.

on a celluloid cylinder is suspended from an unspun silk fiber fourteen inches long. The upper end of the silk is attached to a cork placed in the end of a long glass tube and the lower end is fastened in a metal yoke near a small electro-magnet. The object is to bring the solenoid to rest after it has been set in motion.

The entire system is enclosed in a double glass jar, covered with metal leaf. The space between the jars is filled with water or paraffin lest the bodily heat of the experimenter should influence the result.

On each side of the vessel the metal coating is scraped from one small spot. There openings are faced by insulated metal plates connected with a Leyden jar, which places an electrical potential across the air space inside the double vessel. Another opening is made for the eye.

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If the experimenter looks at one end of the solenoid as soon as the plates are charged, it will turn away from him, says Dr. Russ. If he looks at the other end, that end will move away. No motion results if the eyes rest on the center. To enable the observer to more easily watch the effect a pointer hung from the solenoid moves over a dial graduated in degrees.

Dr. Russ believes there is a ray of force propelled from the eye in the act of vision, which produces a tiny electric charge on the swinging solenoid. Of the nature of this energy he is not certain, although, since no effect is obtained in the dark, he thinks that the "emanation" is a refraction or a concentration of some unknown ray in light.

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TAGORE IN ALPINELAND

EVEN in little Innsbruck, the heart of the Alps in Austrian Tyrol, Rabindranath Tagore is as famous as in great international cities like Vienna which was the first to recognize Hauptmann as a great author of

modern times or Berlin which is ever on the look out for new stars in the firmament of arts and letters. "Have you read the latest from that Indian poet?" Such are the words with which comrades greet one another in their evening gatherings in the "Goethestube"

and "Schillerstube" and other restaurants and club-houses of the city on the "Inn", which today around the figure of the peasant hero Andreas Hofer on "Berg Isel" is mourning the forcible occupation of Southern German Tyrol by Italy under the treaty of Versailles.

Rabindranath Tagore was sure of his success in the German-speaking lands, because ever since Goethe immortalized Kalidasa's Shakuntala for his compatriots the Germans have had a sentimental weakness for India's fine arts and belles lettres. Today, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Tagore's Crescent Moon, Gardener, and Home and the World are as popular among the men and women of every hill and plain in Tyrol as are the Waldgeschichten (The Forest Stories) of our own Adalbert Stifter and the nature poetry of Adolf Pichler.

II

In the Innsbruck papers our first acquaintance with Tagore was not very pleasant. We were informed that in the nationalist movements of India "similar to those of the Irish Sinnfeiners", (especially in regard to the latest phase, the non-co-operation activities) Tagore was playing a pro-British part. But in certain quarters on the other hand he was specially admired as the singer of liberty.

Perhaps it is the fate of all great creators that they should be sometimes misunderstood or, at any rate, interpreted by different persons in different and almost conflicting ways. Tagore is hated the most by militarists and imperialists because his teachings are considered to be poison to the spirit of optimistic activism. To such people Tagore is but "words, words, words." Thus, writes a contributor in a journal in North-Germany, "I read some passages of the beautiful volume of prose poems, The Fugitive, to a young person. The young person listened and lisped 'How beautiful! How charming! How delightful!' What meaning do you attach to these charming words? I enquired. The young person was at a loss. After an interval she replied: 'It matters nothing about the meaning, but it sour. " so lovely."

When Rabindranath Tagore reads to the people from his own poetry, then one feels sorry that one cannot understand Bengali. The poet is right when he in his words of introduction points out that the English translation in free verse reproduces very incompletely the metre and rhythm.

Nobody in the room understands Bengali. But everyone feels this is music. Up on the platform there stands a humanized "lion-ballad" and in the wind are moving little silver bells. That is Bengali, that is the sweet melodicus lyric of "Gitanjali", the song offerings, out of which Rabindranath Tagore with his golden organ strew a few blossoms before the Vienna public last summer. In Bengali one hears his rhythm ringing and the poetry expresses the simplicity, naivete and nearness to nature. It is a wonderful flying musical and gazellfooted language when we hear verses spoken by this great Bengali poet.

Let us now relate the story. Two birds, a bird of the woods and a bird of a cage speak to each other. The wood bird twitters: "Come to me into the open, expand your wings, it is so wonderful out in the far green forest!" The other bird begs his colleague to come and sit with him in that golden cage full of comfort, and wants to teach his friend his own songs. Each lures the other to his own world and the melancholic end is, that the cage-bird, the tame bird, refuses his freedom which he in any case

does not more understand.

Wonderful lyric indeed, as the literary critic of the New Vienna Journal describes Tagore's performances in Vienna. "But all the same, says he, one remembers the pine-tree of Heine which dreams of the palm in the sand of the desert and one thinks of things from Andersen, who calls many tunes from Tagore's Æolian harp his own, besides having other strong strings which the Indian favourite of the Gods does not possess. Also in Andersen the birds speak, the trees, the winds, nature itself steps into anthropomorphic action. With Tagore the All comes out in a beautiful sweet human face but full of naivete without the symbolic profundity of the Dane. for that, the story world and the life in nature of Andersen stands nearer to us than does the lyrical nature-philosophy of this Because we are not naive." Hindu.

Tagore reads the hearty love-song: "Tell me my lover, is all this true?", the roguish scene of the two sisters on the river with the refrain: "and this all while getting water," and then the most charming gift, a few pieces from out of the *Mother and Child*, Child-songs full of tenderness and humor. One finds wonder, a real wonder, in all this. But all the same, it appears to one as if some similar things have already been said, sung and felt in European literature. The Bengali baby

babbles, may be, for one nuance more cultivated; his mother replies, may be, in a more literary manner than does she in the Titzebutze of Dehmel. All this you do not imagine when Tagore twitters in Bengali. Undoubtedly it is silly to measure this great, in his way unique, poet of the East with a European. He is the great national poet of India and as such incomparable, perfect in himself.

In this sense, as the Neues Wiener Journal goes on, a thousand headed public did homage to him in the large concert hall, without noise and full of appreciation as if the platform had been an altar. No too wild applause, no sign of impatience nor fading interest—while the poet was reading Bengali—appeared in this correct and rightly understood distance which the Vienna public had placed between itself and the great Magus of the East.

Ш

The Vienna public seems thus to have been impressed by the music of the Bengali diction. As usual with anything coming from the East, European readers are used to treating Tagore's poetry as something quite alien to their spirit. And this attitude is most prominent in the long essay by Mrs. Maria Groener to the Alpenland of Innsbruck. The writer is well known for her regular philosophical contribution in the Sunday issue of this paper.

"Tagore and no end"—such is the remark we have read in newspapers unfavourable to Tagore on the occasion of his recent visit to Europe. Those voices, are they true or are they false? "A letter came to me," writes Frau Maria Groener, "a few days ago. 'Can you tell me'. asks my friend, 'how I could make Tagore my own? I cannot find the way to him.' And strange indeed, the same week another letter came which said: 'It appears to me always that Tagore's eyes have a sparkling of falsehood. Is he after all only a poser? May be he only wants to impose and for that he travels through Germany'."

"Take a portrait of Tagore," says Frau Maria Groener, "place it before you and cover the forehead and hair with one hand and with the other the nose, the mouth and the beard. The eyes alone are now left. And they are away from the silverbeard of age, from the wrinkled forehead of many years. If we see those eyes without all other things, then we notice what is 'false' in them.

They stand for our Western imagination 'falsely' in the face of an old man;—they are a child's eyes.

"Whoever then wants to find his way to Tagore and cannot, seeks in Tagore a man,

but Tagore is a child.

"This shou'd not be taken as a blemish nor as a short-coming, it is only a fact. Tagore is a real genuine man from the East—he comes from morning, from the land of the children and is a child.

"Just at the present moment when his book Sadhana is to be seen everywhere in German-speaking lands it is necessary that we should obtain the right attitude to him. The book can become to us a Bible and a blessing, or a labyrinth and a curse.

"It will be a blessing for us, when we take out of it how pure life should be, if it tells us whither mankind is tending. But it will lead to our ruin if we would begin to imitate the Hindus and take the same road as they are

taking."

Such is Frau Maria Groener's interpreta-

tion of Tagore's philosophy.

According to her the Hindus take the road of life with an intuitive sense of safety and undeniable confidence with which a child walks without knowing the dangers, thus very secure over narrow paths, over deep wild waters, free from dizziness and quite calm. If we would like to walk the same path, it would break or we would become dizzy and fall into the abyss.

Tagore comes and tells us of the pure life of the woods, of love without pain and conflicts, of science without opposition to religion. He feels like a child who pities the bird in the cage and would like to open its door, so that the bird could fly far away to his comrades who have freedom. But should we in ecstasy fly out into that freedom longingly and happy to have burst asunder the chains, we would only perish in misery because it is not our mission to burst the chains but to try with spiritual effort to overcome them.

How freedom is, to what harmony of life man ought to come, this we see among the Hindus.

About Christ it is written: He took a child, placed it among the apostles and said: "If you do not become like children, you can never enter heaven." This,—to become like children, does not mean to imitate the children,—back to nature. That would

be childish. Neither does it imply to ponder over children,—to avoid nature. That would be precocious. But it means—to feel like a child, not to enslave nature but to master it in spirit.

Now to reach that stage the Western world had and must go through all its pains, because only through pains does the child grow into the adult and the adult again is reborn to childlike senility. The Western world had and must go through the spirit-killing Judaizing of thought, through the sympathy-deadening Hellenizing of feeling, through the will-killing Roman enslavement of enterprise. Only through these stony and thorny ways has the West come to the full realization of itself, to the evaluation of its power and to the consecration of its entire capacity for self-sacrifice.

Readers of the Alpenland are then told that Tagore comes to Europe because he has a pain. He must come, because it must be told to us where we shall go to. But we in the West would not be led along the sinless way of Intuition. We prefer the sinful way with the consciousness of will. We want that will to see its image in the intellect and then renunciate itself. Man lives in this world and yet is not of it. Man knows and will be happy from the gift of knowledge.

Tagore, however, did not come to open our cage because he would not dare, and besides he is too great an admirer of our being different from the Easterns. During his travel in Europe a man came to him and said: "You Hindus cannot help us. We love you and see in you innocent children who have not yet fallen into sin, but our mission is to go through sin to purity. You can only show us our chains, and the happiness of life without them, you can not break those chains, because our mission is not to break down those walls which part man and man but to find a point of view from which we can overlook them. We alone can measure the depth of our Western soul and only we know how to attain the resurrection of our Western world."

To this 'Tagore is said to have replied quietly and modestly: "I am conscious that I do not know the depth of the Western soul, but I take with me back to India many gifts of love, with which the souls from your world in the West have presented me."

If Tagore would have come to impose

or to missionize, he would not have given this

reply, says Frau Maria Groener.

He came to tell us: "We in India admire you and beg you that you should love us. We are so happy in the innocence of our infancy. We look up to you as to men in struggle and beg you to let us tell you of the sunland of our souls, so that you may know what will await you after you have struggled through."

It is unfortunate that Tagore came to us so quite unexpected. Certainly we knew and know some of his works but few of us know what historical and ethical perspective Tagore and his forefathers had towards our Western world views and especially to Christendom. Not quite well known to us again are the care and pain which the leaders of the East had taken in order to make the Western way of feeling and thinking their very own. Whoever wants to understand quite right Tagore and his Sadhana must, as we read in this instructive review, know of this and of the conscious effort among the founders of modern India to assimilate Western Culture.

Tagore composes poems and songs which are so easy to understand and which so happily touch the heart that they wander as national songs over the entire country. He speaks to the people in the Adi-Brahmo Samaj so simply and musically and yet so enthusiastic and fiery that the room is too small to hold the audience and that people stand on the windows to listen to his utterances. He has established his own school at Bolpur in Bengal in which he is in closest touch with his pupils, and builds them up into men of love, action and self-determination.

And the same love for humanity, the desire to bring about one full, clear understanding between all human beings, as Frau Maria Groener tells us, has compelled Tagore to come to the West and has led him with the help of his pupils and friends to express his thoughts in English, part of which we see in the Sadhana.

But not only love for humanity but also sense of justice makes him do all this. After the Hindus by their self-determination succeeded in assimilating Western civilization, Tagore comes to the West to tell what Indian world view really is. And as a book of such acknowledgment and of love we must understand Sadhana. Then it will become for us a book of blessing and the words "Tagore and no end" will be full of happiness and

shouts for joy, when we with the right effect let him work upon us as our younger, childlike, but for that all the more to be greeted, spiritual hero and brother.

Perhaps not every remark in this estimate of Tagore's philosophy, appreciative as it is, is quite complimentary either to the poet or to the genius of Hindu culture. But it shows at any rate how seriously Central Europe is trying to understand modern India. And notwithstanding all the alleged distinction that the reviewer tries to make out between the East and the West the Tyrolese people are enjoying Tagore's *Chitra* on the stage at Innsbruck with as much gusto as they do the productions of their own dramatists.

IDA STIELER.

Innsbruck, Austria.

INDIA TO-DAY

By "SHANTI DEVI" of Moscow.

India to-day, all the multifarious movements that agitate the national life,—Social Reform, Nationalist, Labour, Agrarian, Government Refrom, etc.,—are taking place upon a background of economic change and re-adjustment that have affected every class of Indian society and left upon the entire population a feeling of restlessness and desire for change.

During the Great War, the chances for profiteering provided by the newly-stimulated industries were taken full advantage of by Indian industrialists and merchants, and the sudden slump of prosperity which came as the result of peace, left this class with As a sop new and unsatisfied ambitions. to them, the British Parliament granted a slight protective duty upon cotton-manufactures, and this duty while cotton-industry, to stimulate the Indian has become a thorn in the flesh of Lancashire manufacturer;, who are continually agitating for the removal of this restriction upon their thriving trade with India. Frequent appeals of British mill-owners to Parliament and to Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, bring always the same response: "It is not expedient, at this juncture, to increase the existing irritation against British rule by a repeal of the protective tariff on Indian cotton manufactures."

Another source of friction between British and Indian capitalists, was the arbitrary fixing of the value of the rupee by the Government in favor of English exchange, just at the time when the rising price of silver had caused the exchange value of the rupee to rise to unprecedented heights. This led to the cancellation of many contracts of English goods on the part of Indian merchants, who were unable to meet their obligations under the new exchange rate, and a great dislocation of trade resulted, together with mutual feelings of resentment and dislike on the part of British and Indian merchants. To speak to a Bombay merchant on the subject of the rupee-exchange is to witness a profounder sense of tragedy and impotent indignation against an arbitrary and tyran-Government than ever rose in his breast for either the Punjab or Khilasat wrongs. In words glowing with wrath, more righteous than holy, he will expatiate upon this collusion of Government and British Capital against Indian commercial interests, and forgetting his habitual caution, will declare that a government capable of so monstrous an injustice is no longer fit to survive.

It is to both these factors,—the protective duty that fosters home industry, and the unfavorable exchange rate of the rupee,—that trade with England has slackened. The marked falling-off in imports, as shown by the trade-returns of the past few months of the Indian Government, is due not to an excess of patriotism inspired by the Non-co-operation and Boycott movement, but to the materialism of higher economics. A still deeper, fundamental cause is to be

theus Unbound. In this sublime allegorical drama, unique in English literature, the hero Prometheus, the 'saviour and strength of suffering man,' is nailed to a steep rock and subjected to manifold tortures of body and mind by the tyrant Jupiter, but conquers over his enemy at the fated hour. Strange as it may seem, the scene of this Greek story is laid in 'A ravine of icy rocks in the Indian Caucasus,' which other evidence shows to mean the Karakoram mountains, the source of many springs and rivers of the Punjab. For in one place Prometheus exclaims:

"Ye icy springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost, Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept Shuddering through India," etc.

And a Voice from the springs says in reply:

"Never such a sound before To the Indian waves we bore."

During the period of his incarceration, his devoted wife Asia (what a characteristic name!•)

"Waits in that far Indian vale, The scene of her sad exile, rugged once And desolate and frozen, like this ravine," etc. After the final overthrow of Jupiter, symbolizing the victory of good over evil, Prometheus and Asia contemplate retiring to a beautiful retreat among the mountains to lead a holy and blissful life there. How reminiscent is the picture of some Asrama on Mount Kailas or near lake Manasarowar:

"Beyond Indus and its tribute rivers,...
And up the green ravine, across the vale,
Beside the windless and crystalline pool,
Where ever his, on unerasing waves,
The image of a temple, built above,
Distinct with column, arch, architrave,
And palm like capital,...
Beside that temple is the destined cave."

In the above sketch, only direct references to India in Shelley's poetry are included, no mention being made of the many striking resemblances between the poet's religious views and the Vedantic philosophy. Truly he is 'the most spiritual of English poets,' and his spiritual home is India.

P. K. Anant Narayan.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S BALAKA

By PRINCIPAL EDWARD J. THOMPSON, M.A.

ALAKA, his greatest book of lyrics, was written in 1914, at the height of his world wide recognition. Its title, which means A Flight of Cranes, is symbolical, for migratory birds have always stood for the soul, in its passage through these phenomenal skies to Eternity. The title has an especial fitness, for these lyrics are pilgrim-songs, eagerly looking beyond this plane of time and sense to other lives, whether reincarnate here or placed beyond our sun and stars. The poet is over fifty years of age, which to an Indian is old; and to him has come the same experience as to Dryden when over seventy, when thoughts crowded so thick and fast upon him that his only care was whether to versify them or 'to run them into the other harmony of prose.' His favourite imagery is of a river. In this there is nothing new;

but the river is now not always, or even usually, one which flows through these lands of his sojourn. Often it is an aerial river, the magnificent streaming of that space-flood on whose eddies the stars are floating lilies. In these lyrics, his intellectual greatness is revealed. His mind is like a stream, from whose depths thoughts and similes bubble incessantly. The effervessence of ideas is never checked for a moment, and especially notable is the flow of abstract ideas. The gracious life of grass and blossom is as dear as ever, and even more delightfully handled; but the poet is not the slave of his fancy, a sterner, or, at any rate, a stronger mood being in possession of his fleeting moments.

The lateness of many of his developments as Mr. Mahalanobis has pointed out to me is very noteworthy. From one point of view

the most precocious of poets, already volumionus while in his teens, from another he is the most slow and orderly in development. That is why a selection from the work of all his periods would show him as a greater poet than he seems either in the pitiless completeness of his Bengali text or the haphazard mutilation of his English one. In Balākā, not only has the more abstract side of his mind found expression at last, but in diction he has struck a balance, after his experiments, between the colloquial tongue and the rich Sanskrit vocabulary. This balance is as perfect as can be a marriage of poise and dignity, of lissom ease and power. The critics have Rabindranath's gracious permission, as once Tennyson's, to blas-'Let them rave!' As for this pheme. undignified chalita bhasa.

'.....let the Sufi flout!

Of this base metal shall be filed a key That shall unlock the door he howls without.'

In the opening poem, an invocation from the 'old poet' to the spirit of youth, of the new age, iconoclastic and rebellious, diction and thought are rollicking. The old are gray parrots, screening their foolish heads under their wings; the young flirt disrespectful tails, to a delighted poet's encouragement.

The form of $Bal\bar{a}ki$ is extraordinarily free. He can do what he likes with metre and rhythm, and he no longer cares for any rules except those that justify themselves by resultant beauty or force. Sometimes his metres stream and scatter over the page, like fountains making way down a Himalayan height. It is T. E. Brown at his delightful freest. There is practically nothing secondrate. The least important group of lyrics are altogether joy-bringing. There is the song of untimely Spring, of the impetuous flowers that, 'pushing before all with shrill, high laughter, blossomed and fell in heaps.' These, in love with death, 'O crazy ones, O heedless of cost-reckoning! Drunk with the sound of his footsteps from afar you spread your deaths over the dust of his path for that guest! Neither seeing nor hearing, you burst your bonds, you would not wait for vision of your eyes!'* Then there is the dancing lyrict which contrasts the two goddesses of his imagination, superbly sung by him so often. Here is great praise of Autumn, personified as Lakshmi, seen 'in the fulness of the fruitful gold-beautiful peace of the dewy season.' Hardly less is the praise of Urbasi, she who 'with both hands scatters the delirium of Spring, in blood-red palas-flowers and roses, and in the song of unsleeping youth.'

Another group of poems mirror his religious experience. These are deeper than those of Gitanjali; their flights are wider and more sustained. His human love, ever since the 'first, fine, careless rapture' of the pre-Mānasi period was finished, showed increasingly a tendency to merge into the divine love. Now we have reached a third stage, in which the human love is never more than a starting point, from which the divine love takes off. Thus, in the Boatman* lyric we know that the singular figure who ventures out in such a storm with only the burden of a white rose is a symbol. It is one of his fine Padma finer than ever; but storms, earthly waters will now carry to end unearthly voyagers and the flicker of ghostly sails. All his sublimity of imagery crowds the great Oarsmen poem. † His exhilaration rises, at this prospect of life upon life, all creation, rushing to apparent extinction. 'In their hundreds they rush to death, like the stars in their myriads to the light of dawn. The blood of heroes, the tears of mothers, will all this worth be lost in the dust of the Earth? Will not Heaven be bought with it?' It is true that he spoils this passage, with its superb rhetoric and its flashing imagination by adding the question, Will not the Treasurer of the Universe repay so vast a debt?' But, if he resembles Wordsworth in such occasional prosy interjections amid sublimest beauties, he resembles him also in the way his peaks of lofty thought are tinted with the sunrise of imagination. In these poems winds, from lands not quickened by the sun', cast their shadows on verse whose serenity they fail to ruffle.

The 'Oarsmen' poem is written in midthroe of the Great War, in 1916. To his horror-struck gaze an evil age was breaking

^{*} Lover's Gift, no. 52.

[†] Ibid, no. 54.

^{*} Fruit Gathering, no. 41.

⁺ Ibid, no. 84.

up amid anguish ineffable. He hated the arrogance of the strong. Yet it is characteristic of him that in this poem he insists that 'the cowardice of the weak,' and 'the rancour of the destitute' are equally culpable. He has never been one to console the shrinking and feeble-willed, by casting all blame upon the vigorous and bold.

Yet the profound peace of these poems is the most healing thing imaginable. in those which are songs of battle, this central core of rest remains untroubled. speaks of the glimpses which have come to him here: 'He to whom I shall sing that song on the banks of new light is all day with me, encircling my earth. the *siuli*-groves of Autumn He veiled with the fragrance of flowers. In Phalgun He puts on my head His garland of wooing. In a twist of the path suddenly He shows Himself, though but for a moment! In the twilight He sits alone on the lonely heath. Thus He orders His comings and goings. Thus making blow through the heart's forest His wind laden with pain, He goes, whispering and with murmurs.'* A thought on which he insists repeatedly is man's necessity to God. 'Thus, day after day, you buy your sunrise in my eyes', he says t In some of these poems his extreme theism shows, a theism so much more definite than ordinary Christian theism that it is the harder to reconcile with the pantheism which is the breath of Hinduism and which appears so abundantly in his work. But he is poet, not theologian, and this passionate individualism of his religion, the very heart of his poetic utterance, is his most characteristic contribution on this side. We may be sure this is what he feels and lives by, however passages in prose lectures may seem to contradict. In No. 22[‡] he expresses this by the boldest and strangest, yet most natural metaphor in the world: 'When the child leaves the womb it sees its mother. When Thy affection covers me, I lie hidden in its entrails, and then I know Thee not. When Thou dost with violence thrust me far from Thy shelter, in that separation I find consciousness, I see Thy face.

In no book is there richer reminiscence

of lives dimly living at the roots of what is too vague to be called memory. As he puts it, 'the dense crowd of what I have not seen surrounds what I have seen.' Or again,* 'there is a looker-on who sits behind my eyes'. a very free rendering of the Bengali, which says, 'In the corner of my heart, at the window of my eyes, thou art gazing in the dawnlight'

But the texture of Balākā is variegated. The Englishman thrills to find in its pages a tribute to Shakespeare, from this unlikeliest of admirers:

When you arose beyond the distant sea. And England drew you to her breast, then

O Universal Poet, for her own Believed you—held you hers, and hers alone! A space she kept you, kissing your bright brows.

Hid in the tangles of her forest-boughs, Screened with her skirts of fog, within the

Whither the elvish tribes for play resort, With dewy grass and full-blown wildwood flowers

Made bright! Not yet the island's silvan bowers

Had wakened to your praise, O Poet-Sun!
But, while the ages in calm sequence run.
You, at the signal of Eternity,
Leaving the horizon's lap, by slow degree
Have mounted to the noon's bright blazing
height,

Have taken, filling the world's heart with light,

Your seat i' the centre! At the ages' end, Lo, how beside the Indian sea ascend, Where fronded cocoa-palms sway to the breeze.

Your praises, crowning the full centuries!"

Here is an exquisite image and close observation: 'From a floating cloud suddenly on the river's flow there is the silent walking of a shadow.' One of the loveliest songs, 25, shows how richly he takes the passing of youth, this man whose youth had been so abounding and so blest with good things. The whole song is a jet of heauty, from his showering opulence:

Spring that in my courtyard used to make Such riot once, and buzzing laughter lift With heaped drift

^{*} Fruit Gathering, no. 44.

[†] Ibid, no. 77.

[‡] *Ibid*, no. 10.

^{*} Lover's Gift, no. 39.

Of pomegranate-flowers, Kānchan, pārul, rain of palās-showers; With new twigs stirred the woods awake, With rosy kisses* maddening all the sky;— Seeks me out today with soundless feet, Where I sit alone. Her steadfast gaze Goes out to where the fields and heavens

Beside my silent cottage, silently She looks and sees the greenness swoon and die

Into the azure haze.

36 is one of his very rare mountain poems, and the unfamiliar scenery heightens its striking freshness. Its opening is superb, and the stanzas which succeed bring out with frosty clearness a noble Himalayan picture. 'The Jhelum's curving stream, glittering in the evening glow, pales with the dark, like a curving scimitar hidden in its sheath. On the day's ebb the tides of night come, bringing their star flowers drifting on the black water. Below the dark mountains the ranks of deodars st nd. I feel as if Creation wished to speak in its dream, but cannot find clear utterance, only a confusion of wordless sounds murmuring and soughing in the darkness.' This is the Eponymous Balākā poem. He hears a flight of wild swans, winging their way through the skies, 'mad with the wine of tempest.' That rush of their wings, remembering his land's legends of these hills and the events that had taken place among them, he compares to the noise of an Apsari, a heavenly dancer, 'breaking the meditation of stillness,' as these beings had broken the sanctity of saints. mountains, plunged in blackness, 'The trembled, the deodar-forest trembled.' This flight of wild lives through the cold skies becomes to the poet the flight of his own and all men's spirits to an unguessed goal, and the message of their sounding wings in the emptiness is: 'It is not here, it is otherwhere, is otherwhere, in other place.

6, a most touching poem, adds yet another streak to the variety of this tulip. No poem is richer in superb images and single lines. 'The ebb and flow of light and darkness succeed each other in the

sea of the sky. On either side of the path walk the companies of flowers in their colours with soundless steps.' Balākā abounds in single lines too happy to be rendered out of their original. 11* ends with lines of unsurpassably stormy sound. O my Terrible One! Thy forgiveness was in the crashing thunder-flame, in the sunset's writing of ruin, in the tempest of blood-rain, in the sudden clash of collision. 16† gives impressive speech to his confidence of his poems' destiny. 'How many unheard words, leaving the homes of the past, whisper in the empty sky! They seek my words, on the shores where man-It should be added that no kind dwell.' poem has a more striking beginning. No less proud and fine is 17, in which he asserts the poet's claim to have part-created the beauty which he praises. 'O World! So long as I did not love thee, thy light did not find all its wealth. The vast sky with lamp in hand, was gazing at its path through space.'

But the greatest poems in Bal.kā attain their rank, not by beauty alone but by sustained power of abstract thought. and imagination. The Tajmahal poem, of which a truncation is given in the first poem of Lover's Gift, is one of these. Its first sixteen lines are represented by three in the English! The poem shows some signs of having been written out of resolve rather than impulse, and its ground-pattern is a magnificent rhetoric. But it far transcends these limitations. Its first paragraph has a bad conceit, 'O Tajmahal, thy white marble is a solitary tear-drop on the cheek of Time!' And later, we find another prosy metaphor: 'Who says that the door of Memory's cage was not opened?' These things are relics from his custom of earlier days; they can be forgotten. For the poem is rich with brooding sense of vanished time, and of the greatness of old days. The Musalman Empire always touches his imagination. and we find an atmosphere as eeric and glamorous as that of Hungry Stones. His admiration wins from him the greatest tribute he could give when he calls the Taj the 'Emperor poet's new Meghdutt.' An Englishman might wish that his own Empire could



^{*} The new leaves are red, are the rosy kisses. (Pālas and pomegranate both have red blossoms.)

^{† 42} in Lover's Gift.

³⁶ in Fruit Gathering.

^{+ 58} in Lover's Gift.

touch his mind with similar fire; but it never does. 'The jingling of thy beautiful ones' anklets, in a corner of the broken palace, dying away with the c cadas' cries makes the night-sky weep.' But my English travesties the text. The poem is filled with fine things, is one of the noblest of all his poems, a full tide of imagery. Its finish is splendid. The forms of Beauty remain, forlorn in their perfection; Life has left them, going its endless way; 'Today his* chariot has gone, at the call of Night, at the song of the stars, towards the lion-gate of dawn.'

He never wrote a richer or more decorative poem and its fame among his countrymen equals that of Urbasi. Yet the poem which follows is greater. The Stream of Being,+ as it may fitly be called, is the greatest poem in the book—a magnificent Psalm of Life. As this was the genesis of Balākā, I quote the poet's account of its composition "I was in Allahabad, at my nephew's house. I used to have a very quiet time there, in the evening sitting on the terrace. One day, I felt the restfulness of the scene, and everything around me. It was a dark evening, and suddenly there came on me the feeling, there is flowing, rushing all round me—that invisible rush of creation—the stars flecks of foam. I could feel the flow of that dark evening, with all the stars shining; and that current of eternity touched me very deeply. I felt in the heart of it. So I began to write. And when I start writing, one thing leads to the next. That was the beginning of Balākā—the sweep of this impalpable and invisible stream."

* Shahjehan's.

† The Fugitive, no. 1. The English gives next to nothing of the original.

As these words show, and as the poem shows still more clearly, he has launched his boat on its greatest tide, a movement of weighty reflection, of waves iridescent and bubbling with incessant fancy and imagination. The World-Energy pulses in these lines, which make their way in perfect ease and freedom, the metre responding swiftly to the changing thought within it. It is a magnificent picture of the streaming life process, from whose strength and force comes the calm and composure of each individual parts. It has no pattern save the consummate one which is dictated by its internal necessity. Yet even this stream is not without its flowers; for here is a Muse who knows no deserts. 'Blossoms fall continually in showers; jasmine, ch mpā, bakul, pīrul. fall in thy path from the platter of thy seasons. Nor does he forget earthly rivers. though he calls them by heavenly names. 'Thy dancing Mandakini, ever-welling, laves the world life, cleansing it with the bath of death. At length the sky has blossomed in crystal-bright azure.' Yet the unseen and the eternal governs his passion for the phenomenal and passing. 'No one knows that in his blood the waves of thy sea dance. the forest-restlessness trembles. This thought fills my mind today that I have come, from age to age dropping silently from form to form, from life to life. I have come, using up in gift after gift, in song after song, whatever my hand has gained in night and morning.' So we go our ways, this poet who on this plane of time and space has charmed and fed our minds so greatly and we who have met him for our little moment-go, drawn to the great stream from the tumult of the past what lies behind, to the bottomless dark, to the shoreless light!'

THE RAILWAY STRIKE

THE time has not yet arrived, when it will be possible to apportion with accuracy the blame, on either side, for the great disaster of the Railway Strike upon the East Indian Railway which is just over. What I propose to do in this

paper is to try to throw some light upon the struggle by quoting a few detached notes taken on the spot. I have not marked them with any dates, but that will not matter. They represent different aspects which seemed at the time to be important



RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN HUNGARY

TT is deeply interesting to trace how the fame of Rabindranath Tagore, as a world author, is increasing each year in different countries of the world. From many letters received, it is clear that the l'oet's dramatic and poetical works have lately taken a stronger hold of the imagination of the Latin races of the world than heretofore. Letters have reached India to that effect from such distant places as Chile, Argentina, San Domingo, Cuba, as well as the Latin countries of Europe. Side by side with this expansion of his influence in the Latin countries, there has come news from all sides which points to an enthusiastic and sustained study of his works in Central Europe. The following is the programme of a 'Rabindranath Tagore Night' in Buda-Pest, the capital of Hungary,-the Hungarian words are given first, and then the English translation :-

Zenemuveszeti Foiskola Kamaraterem In the hall of the High School of Music.

Vasárnap, február 26-án est 10 órakor Sunday, February 25, the night 8-30 P.M.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE EST

NIGHT
Az elóadást tartija : A költeményeket elóadja :
A lecture to be delivered Poems will be recited

A lecture to be delivered by **BAKTAY ERVIN**

by MIKES MAGDA

1ro Writer a Vigszinház tagja leading member of the Gaiety Theatre.

MUSOR:

Programme:

 Baktay Ervin: Rabindranath Tagore világnézete, kapcsolatban az ind vallásbölcselettel.

world-outlook, in connection with Indian religious wisdom.

- II: Mikes Magda: (Rabindranath-költem-ények) poems.
 - Pilgrim, where goest?
 - 2. Mindannyian királyok vagyunk... We are all Kings.
 - 3. Oh anyam, az ifju herceg... Oh my mother the Young Prince.

SZUNET

Interval

III. Baktay Ervin: Rabindranath Tagore költői, drámatic és élethölcseleti művei.

The poetical, dramatic and life-wisdom works of R. T.

- IV. Mikes Magda: (Rabindranath-költemények) poems
 - Az ifju suttogott...
 The Youth whispers.
 - Gondoljuk...We Think.
 - Tulszidasz....
 Tulsidasa.
 - 4. Az àlomtolvaj....
 The dream thief.
 - 5. Utolsó dalomban... In my last song.

A költemnyeket Baktay Ervin forditotta.

The Poems translated by E. B.

At the Hall of the Academy of Music On Sunday, February 26, at 8.30 p.m. Rabindranath Tagore Night.

A lecture will be delivered by Ervin Baktay, author, and poems will be recited by Magda Mikes, prima donna of the Gaiety Theatre.

Programme:

- Lecture by Ervin Baktay on "The World-Outlook of Rabindranath Tagore in relation to the religious philosophy of India."
- 2. Recitations by Magda Mikes from the "Poems of Rabindranath Tagore,"
 - 'Pilgrim, where goest thou?'
 - 'We are all Kings.'
 - 'Omy Mother, the young prince.'

Interval.

- 3. Lecture by Ervin Baktay on "The Poetical, Dramatic and Philosophical Works of Rabindranath Tagore."
- 4. Recitations from the "Poems of Rabindranath Tagore."
 - 1. 'The youth whispers...'
 - 2. 'We think...'
 - 3. 'Tulsidas.'
 - 4. 'The Sleep Stealer.'
 - 5. 'In my last song...'

The Poems have been translated by Ervin Baktay.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN INDIAN LITERATURE

By Professor M. WINTERNITZ.

N Bengal, during the eleventh century, ballads were often composed in honour of the Kings of the Pala-dynasty. For centuries epic and puranic stories worked up in a Bengali garb-one can hardly call them translations—have been the common property of the people of Bengal. These productions—especially the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, the Bhagavata-purana, Candi, taken from the Markandeya-purana and the touching story of Hariscandra and the Rsi Visvāmitra, from the same Purāna were sometimes read aloud, sometimes—and this was the more effectual method of spreading them—publicly recited by professional singers, the Mangalgāyaks, in a semi-dramatic manner. Such performances, if we may so call them, take place even to-day in the villages of Bengal. Eleven or twelve such Mangal-gayaks form a troupe, at the head of which stands the Gayan, as leader or soloist. The recitation takes place in some open court or in the open air. The Gāyan stands in the middle, often with a crown on his head and cymbals on his feet, while the others sit round him in a semicircle and form a choir. He sings the story with appropriate gesticulations and to the accompaniment of the cymbals. The performance is interrupted from time to time by moral or religious explanations, and it concludes with a song in which the chorus joins. Hundreds and thousands sit and listen to such a performance night after night, often for months together. The Kathaks, too, recount the stories of the epics and puranas in the language of the people. In doing so, they employ certain cliches, descriptions of the gods (Siva, Laksmi, Krsna, etc.), of a town, a battle-field, the morning, night, etc., often very poetical, which they learn by heart in order to fit them into their recitals. These cliches, although composed in an artistic prose, are nevertheless sung by the Kathaks. The fourteenth century translation of the Ramayana into Bengali by Krttivasa

(born 1346 A. D.) is one of the most popular books of Bengal. The oldest Bengali rendering of the story of the Mahābhārata by Sanjaya is said to belong to the same period. But the best known Bengāli translation of this epic is that of Kāsirām (circ. 1645). Between 1473 and 1480 the Bhāgavatapurāna was translated into Bengāli by Mālādhar Vasu.

In Bengal, moreover, religious poetry has been cultivated since the beginning of the fifteenth century. Candi Dās, a contemporary of Vidyāpati Thākur, composed nearly a thousand love-songs in which heavenly and earthly love are mingled in praise of the divine pair Krsna and Rādhā. Mukundarām Kavikankan, who finished his poem, Candimangal, in honour of Candi (Durgā) in 1589, is considered one of the greatest poets of Bengal. Although the scene of this poem is laid mainly in the heaven of Siva, the poet nevertheless gives a true description of the actual life of Bengal.

Caitanya, the enthusiastic worshipper of visions and ecstasies, with his belongs rather to the history of religion than to the history of literature, but his influence penetrated deeply into the intellectual life of Bengal. He was born in Navadvipa in the year 1486, and his real name was Bissambhar (Visvambhara) Misra. In 1509 he became a sannyasin and as such received the name of Caitanya Deva. He wandered far and wide and gained numerous followers. Even in his lifetime he was regarded by the people as an incarnation of the god Krsna, and to-day his image is still worshipped by the Vaisnavas of Bengal and Orissa. He would not himself permit any reverence to be paid to his person. Only sometimes, when he was in a state of ecstatic trance, he would "I am He". He died in Biographies of Caitanya form a conspicuous part of the literature of Bengal. The first sketch of his life was made by the blacksmith Govinda, who accompanied the master in his wanderings. He describes Caitanya as one filled with an ecstatic love of God, who would burst into tears when anyone cried "Krsna, Krsna". The Caitanya-bhāgavata of Vrndāvan Dās, (1507-1589), the Caitanya-caritāmrta of Krsna Dās (born 1517), etc., are partly imaginative productions, partly actual accounts of his life.

Great honour is paid in Bengal also to the saint and poet Rām Prasād (1718-1775) who wrote hymns to Durgā and other religious poems. There is not an old man, not a woman in Bengal, says Dr. Dines Chandra Sen, who has not been edified and comforted

by the songs of Ram Prasad.

During the nineteenth century English literature exercised a great influence upon the literature, especially the prose literature, of Bengal. Moreover dramatic poetry, which had been but poorly represented in the modern vernaculars of India, revived in Bengal with the beginning of the nineteenth century. Some poets, as did Krsna Kamala (1810-1888) in his Svapnavilāsa, strove to improve the old popular yātrās, while others composed dramas having a political tendency. The first Bengali drama is the Kulinakulasarvasva of Rāma Narāyana Tarkaratna, which was produced in the 1856, and which is directed against the Kulin brahmans, who make a business of matrimony. In 1860 Dina Bandhu Mitra wrote the Nil Darpan, in which he inveighs bitterly against the monopolizing control maintained by Englishmen over the indigoindustry.

The greatest share in the development of Bengālī prose belongs to Rāmmohan Roy (1774-1833), famous alike as a social and religious reformer and as a scholar and writer. Born and brought up in a respectable brahman family, Rammohan Roy was well acquainted from youth with the brahmanic religion and its holy books. After learning in his early years Persian and Arabic, he applied his linguistic knowledge to the study of the Quran and acquainted himself not only with the monotheism of Islam but with the mystic teachings of the Persian sufis. Later he studied Buddhism in Tibet and Christianity with Christian missionaries. In order to be able to read the Old and New Testaments in the original, he was at pains even to learn Hebrew and Greek. Finding no satisfaction in the polytheism of India, he set himself to no less a task than the study of all the

religions of the world in order to pick out from them the best they contained and evolve therefrom a pure form of belief. In the end, however, he came to believe that the whole sum of wisdom was to be found in the monism of the Upanisads. On the basis of his study on the one hand of the holy books of other religions and on the other of the time-honoured native Upanisads, some of which he edited and translated, he sought to reform the old brahmanic religion, and in doing so became the founder of the Brahma-samaj, the assembly those who believe in one God. He did not consider that he was founding a new sect or a new church, but that he was simply purging the old national religion of India of all that was false. Amongst its false elements he included the caste-system and the custom widow-burning, against which, as social reformer, he led an active campaign. When he visited Europe in 1830 he was greeted by Jeremy Bentham as an admired and beloved fellow-worker in the service of humanity. Rammohan Roy was also a writer of no mean ability. His paper on the worship of images among the Indians, which was published in 1790, was the first prose-work in Bengali. He wrote in 1815 an account of the Vedanta-philosophy, and he was the author of treatises both in English and Bengall on widow-burning and on other social reforms. But, besides being a distinguished prose-writer, he was also a poet, whose songs are still to be heard in Bengal.

He was followed as prose-writer and essayist on subjects connected with social reform by Akkhay Kumār Datta (1820-1886) and Iswar Chandra Vidyāsāgar (1820-1891). The first novel-writer of importance in Bengal was Bankim Chandra Chatterji (1838-1894), who took as his model Sir Walter Scott and has been called the Walter Scott

of India.

Romesh Chunder Dutt, well known as a learned writer and politician, was also the author of a number of novels. One of the most highly esteemed poets of the nineteenth century—by many, indeed, held to be the greatest modern poet of Bengal—is Michael Madhu Südan, a convert to Christianity.

A warm friend and follower of Rāmmohan Roy and a promoter of his noble work was Dwārkānāth Tagore, whose son Devendranāth Tagore (1818-1905) joined the Brāhma-Samāj and was its first organizer. He brought together a great number of passages

taken from the Upanishads, the code of Manu, the Mahabharata and other books, which might serve the Brahma-Samaj as a basis for its confession of faith. This confession of faith consists in a belief in Brahman as the only God, eternal and perfect, the creator of the world, through worship of whom alone salvation in this world and the next can be obtained,—a worship which consists in love of God and in doing works pleasing to Him. This belief, it will be seen, is based upon a thoroughly Indian blending of the monism of the Upanishads with the theism of the Bhagavad-gita, and is therefore—unlike the more radical branch of the Brahma-Samaj that arose under Keshub Chandra Sen—conservative and national. Although Devendranath Tagore did not regard the Upanishads as revealed, as orthodox brahmans do, yet he held that they were sacred books worthy of all veneration in which the source of all wisdom was to be sought.

Rabindranath Tagore, son of Devendranāth Tagore was born in 1861. In 1895 Romesh Chundra Dutt wrote in his literature of Bengal: "And lastly Rabindra Nath Tagore, youngest son of the venerable Debendra Nath Tagore, has distinguished himself in poetry, drama and fiction, and his matchless songs are sung in every cultured home in Bengal." The poet had long been famous in India when in 1912 an English translation of his little book, Gitānjali, appeared and drew attention to him in Europe also; and a year later, in the autumn of 1913, he was awarded the Nobel Prize. His poems, dramas, stories, novels and other prose works, translated into English and German, are spread over the whole face of

the earth.

To-day Rabindranath Tagore is to be reckoned amongst the greatest of those world-poets, the pure human element in whose works appeals to us so strongly that what seems most foreign in their experience identifies itself with our own. Yet he is very far from being a cosmopolitan poet. He is Indian to the core; his characters are Indian, the spirit of India breathes everywhere in his poetry, his tales contain genuine descriptions of Indian life, and we find the time-honoured wisdom of India both in his poems of a religious and mystic nature and in his lecture on the philosophy of religion. Speaking menerally we may say that it is his

father's view of life and the world, together with the spirit of the Brāhma-samāj, which meets us in these lectures and which receives such perfect expression in his poetry.

Passages from the Upanishads formed part of the divine service in the household of Rabindranath's father, and the philosophic views of the poet have their main foundation in the upanishads and their teaching as to the unity underlying all being and every cosmic process. He assures us again and again that we have our true being in God and the kosmos and that God, the soul and the world are in their essence identical. The highest aim of the soul is to attain to a consciousness of its oneness with Brahman. But this end is not to be reached by means of ordinary knowledge. The understanding cannot lead us to a consciousness of our unity with God. The human soul cannot comprehend God; it can only joyfully surrender itself to Him, lovingly embrace Him and so become completely one with Him. And as in the case of Kabir and other Indian poets who have written of this mystic love of God, so with Tagore the upanishadic doctrine of the All-one is blended with the theism and bhakti of the Bhagavadgita. In his poems the poet compares his soul to a vessel which God is continually filling with life, or to a flute into which God is continually breathing new melodies. Or he sings of how "the same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day, runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measure;" and how this same life shoots up through the dust with delight in a thousand blades of grass, and leaves and flowers. This feeling of union with the whole universe finds its most touching expression in many of his wonderful songs about children. Deep and yet tender is the answer of the mother to the little child's question: "Where have I come from? Where did you pick me up?"

"She answered half crying, half laughing and clasping the baby to her breast,......

You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

You were in the dolls of my childhood's games.....

In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother you have lived.....

Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs like a glow in the sky before the sunrise. Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the of the world's life, and at last you have stranded on my heart.

As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms; you, who belong to all have become mine......

In another of these poems the little child that has passed away comforts the mother saying that it would like to become a breath of air in order that it might caress her forehead, or a spring of water that it might kiss her over and over again, as she bathed.

"If you lie awake, thinking of your babe till late into the night, I shall sing to you from the stars, 'Sleep, mother, sleep.'

On the straying moonbeams I shall steal over your bed and lie upon your bosom while you sleep......"

But Rabindranāth Tagore, like his father and like Kabir a few centuries before, was a free-thinker who did not adopt blindly all the teachings of antiquity. The ancient seers of India taught that the highest good, final salvation, is to be found only by relinquishing the world; that the Sannyasin, 'he who alone renounces,' alone can reach God. Tagore renounced this idea in the most emphatic manner. He seeks God neither by abandoning the world, nor by means of Yoga, nor by means of ceremonies, but he seeks and finds him in his home and in his work.

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads. Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see; thy God is not before thee.

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust."

And not only is God with those who toil in the sweat of their brows, he is also to be found with the poorest and the lowliest.

"Here is thy footstool, and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

"When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost."

His love-songs and his poems about children, in which he reveals a power of insight into the thoughts and feelings of children and women such few world-poets have possessed, show that he is in close touch with the world, and takes a keen interest in all its activities. This is also shown by his novels and stories, in which he gives realistic des-

criptions of Indian life of to-day, sketches men and women from the life, and brings to light such inward struggles as only a poet can fully sympathize with who loves this world of the "great and small," as he says in his poem:

"Now comes all the world with mutual love, All the myriad many of this earth, Smiling, embracing into my single heart. Lovers enter, and here their love-looks meet; Children stand and gaze, and gazing smile; None on the earth remains, my heart holds all."

Already in the lyrical drama "Chitra", written in his younger days, he showed a clear understanding of the problem of women's life. He has here produced out of a more or less roughly sketched story of the Mahābhārata, a poetical work which in its lofty conception of marriage as "real community of life, having its foundation not in perishable beauty but in perfect truth, rises high above the ideal of marriage to be found in most Indian poets.

Tagore is indeed far removed from that contempt for women and for family life which we meet with so often in the old poetry of India, specially in the songs of the Buddhist monks. An emphatic repudiation of the ascetic ideal is to be found in a serious poem in which God himself appeals to one who wishes to become an ascetic against this hatred of life which asceticism implies; and again in a lively song which begins with the words, "No, my friends, I shall never be an ascetic, whatever you may say," and in the drama "Sanyasi, or the Ascetic", the ascetic exclaims in the last act:

"Let my vows of Sanyasi go. I break my staff and my alms-bowl. The stately ship, this world, which is crossing the sea of time,—let it take me up again, let me join once more the pilgrims. Oh the fool, who wanted to seek safety in swimming alone, and gave up the light of the sun and the stars, to pick his way with his glow-worm's lamp. I am free from the bodiless chain of the Nay. I am free among things, and forms and purposes. The finite is the true infinite, and love knows its truth."

But Rabindranath Tagore not only thus unites the old world wisdom of India with the advanced Spirit of modern times, he regards the great world-question of our day in a spirit far removed from the unconcern of the Indian yogin. He deals with the problem of war in his drama "The Sacrifice"

with the problem of religion in his drama "Malini". His keen interest in the problem of national independence is seen in his novel "The Home and the World," as also in his lectures, which have been collected and published under the title "Nationalism." In these lectures, moreover, and in his book "Creative Unity", which has recently (1922) appeared, he has given us his views on the relations between India and the West.

Tagore neither over-estimates nor underestimates western culture and its ideals. He says clearly and distinctly: "When we truly know the Europe which is great and good, we can effectively save ourselves from the Europe which is mean and grasping." He realises that Europe "has brought to the East, through the smoke of cannons and dust of markets.....the ideal of ethical freedom,.....liberty of conscience, liberty of thought and action, liberty in the ideals of art and literature." On the other hand he characterises the worship of power, the unbounded love of gain and reckless greed, which mark the West, as a deadly poison, against which he would have the East carefully guarded. He thoroughly appreciates national feeling and the desire to maintain national individuality; but he condemns all national presumption, all national hatreds; and places humanity above the nation.

Rabindranāth Tagore would be no true Indian if his poetry did not at times soar into regions of mystic thought, whither the ordinary mortal can scarce follow him. But even those who are entirely opposed to mysticism cannot but be filled with wonder at the moral sublimity which the mystic experience of God and the feeling of becoming one with the Godhead can call forth as our poet shows in following solemn vow:

"Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reasons in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart. And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act."

And everyone, whatever religious belief he may hold, will agree heartily, with the following noble prayer:

"This is my prayer to thee, my lord,—strike, strike, at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might. Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love."

We have come to the end of a long journey, from the hymns of the Vedas, which belong to a past at least three thousand years distant, to the poetry, full of deep thought and deep feeling of Rabindranath Tagore, of our own time. We have travelled over many a bare moor, many a desert patch. But it was never long before we came again upon fresh green fields and saw a new intellectual life bursting into bloom. And when we look back upon the long line of poets and thinkers, from the Vedic rsis, who sang their hymns to Agni and Indra, to Usas and Varuna, and the poet-philosophers of the Upanishads, down to Valmiki and the poets of the Mahabharata,—when we see how the greatest poets of Sanskrit literature—Asvaghosa, Bhasa, Kalidasa, Dandin, Bhavabhüti—were followed in the course of centuries by a Jayadeva and, after him, by such poets as Kabir and Tulsi Das, to whom succeeds in our own days a great man like Rabindranath Tagore, we need feel no fear for the future of India as an abode of the highest intellectual culture, which even for us has still much to offer.

[Note.—This is a translation of the final chapter of the third volume of the "History of Indian Literature" by Professor M. Winternitz. A translation of the whole work, Vols. i-iii, is in preparation and will be published by the University of Calcutta.]

Translated by Prof. M. Collins.



NOTES

W. W. Pearson.

most of those who had the privilege and the joy of knowing William Winstanley Pearson, his death through an accident on the railway in Italy must have come with the shock of personal sorrow. To all Indians, whether they knew him or not, his death is a great national loss. For there was never a more ardent and sincere lover of India. Even on his death-bed, when it is doubtful whether he was quite conscious, he was heard to mutter, "My one only love-India", with a faint flicker of a smile on his lips. The description of Mr. Pearson by the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian as "the best loved Englishman in India" is very apt. A man of sweeter nature, one simpler and more sincere, we have never met. At the same time, he was a true-hearted and enthusiastic lover of freedom and humanity. During the war the British home Government ordered Mr. Pearson's deportation from Peking as an "undesirable". "He was consequently, without trial or formulated charge, shipped to" England, "under guard and placed on parol in Manchester." Yet it is perfectly true that he "was a real factor in limiting the bitterness which grew up in India against the British connection." In Pearson's presence one forgot differences of race, language, religion and political status. He was a real harbinger of the day when man to man the world over will brothers be in spite of all present animosities.

His and Mr. Andrews's visits together to South Africa and Fiji for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians there are so well-known that they need only be referred. He toured Europe, America and Japan with Babu Rabindranath Tagore. Leaving aside the joy and inspiration which he found in the company of the Poet, he loved most to teach the young and minister to their wants in health and sickness. The proposal to erect a memorial hospital

in his name is quite appropriate.

It is most remarkable how he loved and

was loved by old and young alike.

Those who witnessed his playing of a part in Rabindranath's Achalayatan when it was first staged in Shantiniketan, will never forget his acting. He knew Bengali and has translated some of the Poet's

writings.

We have said above that to Indians his death is a national loss. It is equally so to Englishmen, though they know it not. They may well be proud that their country has produced such a man. The work of England's government, politicians and exploiters may make her hated, but the work of men like Pearson makes her loved; for the work of the latter is like God's benediction.

Tilak and Tagore.

The world knows Bal Gangadhar Tilak as an orthodox Hindu and as, above all, a politician. Rabindranath Tagore, on the other hand, is known to the world as a Hindu who is not at all orthodox, and a man who is not at all a politician. Yet the following paragraph from Rabindranath's pen in a Bengali weekly shows that the two could appreciate each other's worth:

"এই উপলক্ষ্যে একটি কথা আমার মনে পড় চে। তথন লোকমাস্ত টিলক বেঁচে ছিলেন। তিনি জার কোনো এক দুতের যোগে আমাকে পঞাশ হালার টাকা দিয়ে বলে' পাঠিয়েছিলেন আমাকে য়ুরোপে যেভে ছবে। সে সময় নন্কোঅপারেশন আরম্ভ হয় নি বটে কিন্তু পোলিটিক্যাল আন্দোলনের তুফান বইচে। আমি বলুলুম, রাষ্ট্রীক আন্দোলনের কালে যোগ দিয়ে আমি য়ুরোপে যেতে পার্ব না। তিনি বলে' পাঠালেন, আমি রাষ্ট্রীক চর্চোর থাকি এ জার অভিপ্রায়-বিকল্ধ। ভারতবর্ষের যে বাণী আমি প্রচার কর্তে পারি সেই বাণী বহন করাই আমার পক্ষে সত্য কালে—এবং সেই সত্য কালের ম্বারাই আমি ভারতের সত্য সেবা কর্তে পারি।—আমি জান্তুম জনসাধারণ টিলককে পোলিটিক্যাল নেতারূপেই বরণ করেছিল এবং সেই কাজেই জাঁকে টাকা দিয়েছিল। এইজক্ষ আমি জার পঞাশ হাজার টাকা গ্রহণ কর্তে পারি নি।

"তার পরে বোম্বাই সহরে তাঁর সঙ্গে আমার দেখা হয়েছিল। তিনি আমাকে পুনশ্চ বল্লেন, "রাষ্ট্রনীতিক ব্যাপার থেকে নিজেকে পৃথক্ রাখ্লে তবেই আপনি নিজের কাজ হতরাং দেশের কাজ কর্তে পারবেন—এর চেয়ে বড় আর কিছু আপনার কাছে প্রত্যাশাই করি নি।' অামি বৃষ্তে পার্লুম, টিলক বে গীতার ভাষ্য করেছিলেন সে কাজের অধিকার তার ছিল—সেই অধিকার মহৎ অধিকার।''

विक्रमी, २०११ व्यक्ति।

This may be freely translated as follows:—

"This reminds me of an incident. Lokamanya Tilak was then alive. By a messenger of his he sent me fifty thousand rupees asking me to go to Europe. It is true that at that time Non-co-operation had not begun, but political agitation was raging like a cyclone. I said I would not be able to go to Europe in connection with political agitation. He sent me word again that it was against his intention that I should be engrossed in politics, that my true work was to be the bearer of the message of India which I could preach, and that I could truly serve India only by that kind of true work. But I knew that the public had chosen Tilak as their political leader and had given him money for political work. For that reason I could not accept his fifty thousand rupees.

"I met him afterwards in Bombay City. He said to me again, 'If you keep yourself aloof from politics, then alone you can do your work and consequently the country's work;— I did not at all expect from you anything greater than this.' I understood then that the commentary on the Gita which Tilak had composed was work which rightfully belonged to him, and the right which was his was a great

right."

One cannot but be struck with Lokamanya Tilak's judgment and insight in choosing Rabindranath as the fittest man to be the bearer of India's message to the world. The reference to Tilak's right to write a commentary on the Gita will be understood from the fact that in a previous paragraph in his Bengali article the poet has explained what he understands by the Gita verse, "Sva-dharme nidhanam shreyah, para-dharmo bhayankarah," "it is better for a man to perish in doing one's own duty, but to do the duty which does not belong to one is a thing to be afraid of." Tilak had understood that the politics of the passing hour was not Rabindranath's Sva-dharma—it was to him para-dharma; and Rabindranath understood that com-Tilak's svamenting on the Gita was dharma—that is to say, a work which he was qualified and entitled to perform.

How to Make the Dominions Reasonable.

Various schemes and plans have been suggested to produce a 'reasonable' frame of mind in the self-governing Dominions towards Indians. The Indian Messenger has

"made the suggestion that the most effective redressing the Kenya way of not only grievance but of compelling the Dominionists to take up a more reasonable attitude in their dealings with Indians would be to make it perfectly clear both to them and to the Imperial Government in London that India will refuse to participate in Imperial defence until she feels that her partnership in the Empire is a reality and not a humiliating mockery. The weak point of this suggestion lies in the fact that the necessity for the services of the Indian army may not arise for a considerable time; in the meanwhile the Dominionists, obsessed as they are with colour prejudice, will go on with this policy of exclusion making the position of Indians in the Empire more and more intolerable."

Our contemporary proceeds to observe :-

Opposition we shall have to meet and overcome, then why not take the bull by the horns and attack the question of Imperial defence? There are strong reasons to suspect the strength of the Indian army is not exclusively determined by the defensive needs of India alone. Indian army constitutes a very important military reserve on which the Dominions, particularly those in Africa, count in times of emergency. As the African Dominions are the worst offenders against Indian sentiment, their dependence upon the Indian army is also, fortunately, the greatest. On many occasions soldiers from India, either of Indian nationality or maintained with Indian money, have gone to fight for their defence. This must not happen again. If they count upon Indian helplessness in this matter they must be disabused and if insistence on this point brings us in conflict with the Imperial Government, we must prepare ourselves for such conflict. The late war has thrown the balance of power out of gear. How it will readjust itself is still a matter of conjec-Indications are not wanting to show that it has shifted the centre of gravity of Imperial defence. The construction of the naval base at Singapore indicates which way the wind blows. The military counterpart of this naval move is sure to follow and we may take it that the Indian army will form the pivot of Imperial military defence in the East. If so, we must lay down the conditions on which we can allow the Dominions to benefit by our reserve of man power. If, on the other hand, the Dominionists.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S VISIT TO CHINA

By L. K. ELMHIRST, M.A. (CANTAB), B.SC. (CORNELL), DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT OF RURAL RECONSTRUCTION, VISVA-BHARATI.

• TT often seems unfortunate that the best minds of different races so seldom come into intimate touch. The soldier. bagman, the creedmonger and the diplomat travel abroad and meet only those whom they have come to rule, to convert or to exploit, whilst the searchers after truth or beauty or peace or knowledge are generally too poor to set out in person and build those bridges of understanding upon which alone friendship and inter-racial co-operation can be based. Men who are large only in pocket or power scour the globe in ever-increasing numbers without disinterested motive and on their return home delude the public with the half-truths of their own one-sided experience.

For once it has been possible for meetings between seekers after truth, beauty, peace and knowledge, belonging to different countries, to take place, and though it would be foolish at this time to prophesy the outcome, seed has been sown which is likely to produce a

significant harvest.

The meeting of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore and his three Indian companions with men of culture and ideal in China has been invariably regarded by our hosts as the recementing of old bonds, and to a European onlooker it has been full of interest. It is doubtful if any one in India to-day realises the veneration and respect with which China regards the source of that inspiration that has meant so much to her Buddhism, and since a thousand years is neither here nor there in the Chinese mind, the visitors of to-day are received as the immediate brothers and descendants of the Indian monks. scholars and sages of yesterday.

There are Parsi merchants in Hong-Kong, Sikh policemen in Shanghai, and Hankow and Sindhis in Peking; but there is neither an Indian army nor an Indian navy in China, neither Indian diplomats nor an Indian Legation in Peking. Locked away in the memory of the whole Chinese people, whether peasant or scholar, established in its temples, carved upon its rocks and embedded in the shrines of its own heart, seems to lie the vivid touch of an ancient friendship, of an ancient service rendered and of an ancient

inspiration which affected every aspect of their life. India lives in the mind of China to-day. "Indo-laidé," from India, is the remark one constantly heard as we passed through the streets, and the words are full of a meaning, which, however sentimental, however tinged with the associations of timeworn ceremony and convention is apparently very real.

"India has always been a kind of fairy land in our minds," said the old Civil Governor in Nanking, "and we had come to look on India as a kind of magic source, a distant Paradise out of which, great stream of artistic, devotional and religious inspiration flowed continuously to China until the thread of direct contact was broken so many years ago. We now know for certain that India still lives

and can still inspire."

Do not think, then, that when you have read Dr. Tagore's speeches, when you have seen the presents that have been showered upon him, when you have been informed, possibly by Reuter, of a certain opposition which, enlightened as to the facts on which it had been misinformed, made its apology and retired from the scene, do not think that you have heard half or nearly half the story.

There are men in China who are still convinced that civilisation must have a moral basis, and that mere material prosperity is prone to lead a nation to destruction if it lacks that moral balance which alone can give it poise and harmony. They have been struggling in the dark, mocked by those who could continually point to the advantages of an unharnessed materialism, finding entry from without at the hands of the West and who urge self-preservation by the adoption of their enemies' own weapons. To such men the voice of Tagore has come, not as that of sage, prophet, reformer, or even of poet, but as the voice of a friend.

Our progress, like that of the sower, has been marked by a sprinkling of the seed of friendship in all kinds of corners and in different types of soil. These cannot but bear fruit in the future.

As you know our visit has coincided with an event in the political field which,



though apparently insignificant to the minds of the West, is of vast psychological importance, in the East. Japan, through her victories in war, her alliances in peace time, and her rapid material advance, had come to be regarded and to regard herself as one of the Great Powers, as one of that group where Orient and Occident were not of account, but only navies, armies and diplomatic alliances. The earthquake and her recent rebuff from America have turned her eyes on to herself and her own critical situation surrounded by unfriendly glances on every side. In desperation she is looking round for friends and neighbours nearer home, in the East itself.

Meanwhile China is an unknown quantity. She has her own group of bureaucrats, has trained and has had trained for her an army of young men, who put their whole faith in "isms" of one kind or another that can in a moment be plastered thickly. across the face of her immense land, who believe in the panacea of scientific progress of communism, socialism, industrialism, or republicanism, as the case may be. But the people is an agricultural people and the general state of the country prevents China being fully exploited for the moment, either from outside by the diplomat and legation supported merchants and bankers, or from within by her own academic idealists of one kind or another.

Meanwhile from day to day the still small voice of Russia is heard like conscience, bruised and stifled, but not yet silenced, a voice which scorns diplomacy, which calls facts facts and does not trouble much to conceal them, especially when they concern the underground workings of imperialists, and national dividend hunters.

Into this field our poet has come, summoning Asia to use her moral judgment, to stand for the true human relationship of mutual reverence and respect, to go to the root of the life of the people and to create and rediscover in the realm of beauty and of truth and not to forget her own treasures of past experience in a world of profitmaking, of utilitarian ugliness and of material power.

His speeches have not yet been translated into Chinese and the message of his words has so far reached only a mere handful. But his very presence has had its effect;—his apparent delight in all that is beautiful around him, his interest in everything that

is living, in students and their life, in the girls and the problems of the women, in Chinese drama, music and painting, in the Renaissance movements of all kinds and in the revolutionary spirit that is everywhere abroad, in literature and poetry, in historial criticism as well as in modern experiments in education. "At last," say the Chinese, "here is a foreigner who has come to appreciate and not to mock or to exploit, a visitor to whom we are delighted to act as host and for whom no hospitality is good enough, the heir of a great civilisation and the representative of a great historical tradition."

No less significant perhaps has been the work of his three Indian companions. Their visit has been in some respects not unlike a Cook's tour.—they have travelled from one place to another seeing monuments and ancient temples and have collected the traditions of the Indian visitors of a 1000 years ago, as well as photographs and pictures of all kinds. But in their very appreciation of the best in the ancient relationship of China and India, as well as of Chinese history itself, and in their study of modern effort in drama, painting, archaeology and scholarship they have cemented friendships of all kinds and laid the foundations for future collaboration and for the exchange of ideas and ideals in every field of mutual service.

Short and rapid, then, though our journey has been, this visit has had the flavour of one of those poetic gestures of impatience which it has been the joy of our founder-president to fling in the face of the world, never caring much at the moment whether they were seen or noticed by the world at large.

The future of the world already lies in the hands of Asia. Russia, China and India will have to decide what that future is to be. The old ideal of exploiting imperialism is struggling for breath upon its death-bed. Disregarding the warning of the catastrophe of five years ago, it has set its face once more upon the same road to destruction. Are we, the nations of East and West, to be swept a second time into this magistrom of selfish aggrandisement and thereby to build our own tombs? Or, meeting in friendship, based on a mutual understanding and appreciation, can we rescue humanity and give to the world a new lease of life?

Токуо. June 8, 1924. be actually friendly and cordial in all their mutual relations. If the peace of the world is to be maintained, it will depend very greatly on the cultivation of this friendship between India and China whether the bonds of peace that, hold humanity together remain strong.

How the Chinese love and respect Indians will become also evident from the hospitality and careful attention which not only the poet Rabindranath Tagore but also his companions received in their country recently. From the private letters of Nandalal Bose and Kshitimohan Sen, passages from which will be found quoted in translation in our Indian Periodicals section in this issue, it appears that these gentlemen received a treatment which they are not likely to receive in any other country. This courteous and hospitable treatment accorded to India's cultural envoys was characteristic of the hoary civilization of China.

We have said that the Chinese love and respect Indians. But not all Indians. In Honkong there are Sikh policemen who are the servants of the British Government, whom the Chinese detest and despise; because when those who are slaves in their own country find themselves in a position to abuse their little powers, they become the worst and most odious tyrants.

Rabindranath Tagore in Japan.

Mr. Andrews' account of Rabindranath Tagore's last visit to Japan in Young India should be read by all Indians. Mr. Mitsuru Toyama is one of the most venerated men in Japan, because of his chivalrous character and courtesy. When he and the poet met,

these two venerable men stood still in silence for a moment. Then Mr. Toyama bowed several times, after the Japanese manner of profound salutation, while the poet after the Hindu fashion held his hands joined together and kept his eyes closed all the while in prayer.

It was the meeting of the Grand Old Man of Japan with one from India and solemn silence fell on the assembled multitude, as though they had been present at an act of worship. The two countries of the East seemed to be cemented together in the bond of love by that ceremony.

On the previous occasion in Japan, when giving a lecture, the Poet had spoken about the anti-Asiatic immigration measure and the people assembled had expected him to continue to speak on that subject, which is the burning topic of the day in Japan and indeed throughtout the whole of the Far East, But he took a far higher theme. He recalled the Japanese back to their own souls. The chairman in his opening words had said to him feelingly; "Your presence here to-day is a joy to us, because your teachings have made us pause and think.

They have entered into our souls. In days gone by, your India did this same invaluable service to Japan. Your India can do it again for us. Send us pnore of your philosophers and we shall remain

your infinite debtors."

The Poet replied to this in remarkable words: "Last time, when I came to Japan about eight years ago, I was nervous for your future. I was nervous at the wholesale external imitation and at the lack of spirituality. To-day there is an enormous difference. You have progressed in the way of the spirit, and this gives me exceeding joy. You have asked me for wise men to come from India to teach you; but you have your own wise men and you must not neglect them as you have done too often in the past, in your admiration of the West; nor should they hide their light. You must realise that your spiritual awakening, which is the only true happiness, cannot come from outside. It cannot come from the West or from any other quarter. It must come from your inner self, from within. The problem of life to-day is not the problem of amassing material wealth, but of true happiness,—the happiness that comes from within. This has been the bed-rock of the philosophy of the East. This has been your own philosophy also. Be not ashamed of the religion of the soul which Asia has held sacred all these centuries. Be not ashamed at your own spiritual ideals. The need for you now is self-emancipation. This is the need for every one on this earth,—to emancipate self from the gross dross of transient pleasures, which destroy the true happiness that springs from within."

The poet then spoke with great feeling about the poor.

"We must serve those who have served us. That is the law of human existence, which can never be violated with impunity. The poor have served us. It is our turn to serve them. My ambition in life is to repay them in whatever way I can; to illuminate their life with some beauty; to bring rays of happiness into their existence. If the best things of life remain only in the hands of the few fortunate, then civilisation is starved, and the age in which we live is doomed. This injustice towards the poor, from generation to generation, has now reached its climax. There is unrest everywhere. The whole world is divided into two camps, the rich and the poor, the satisfied and the dissatisfied, the toilers and the leisured classes. There is no peace in sight, so long as these inhuman, divisions continue.

continue.

"You have asked me to bring wise men to you. Wise men are not so plentiful. But I would like to bring to you in Japan, if only I could do so, the poor of India, my own Indian poor; and I would like you to bring to India your own poor of Japan. For if the poor in every land could get into touch with one another, the countries of the world would understand and sympathy would be possible. For it is through the poor and through the children that the kingdom of God can best be brought on earth."

Mr. Andrews concludes his account of the Poet's visit to Japan by saying:

This speech which was given at a gathering of some of the wealthiest people in Japan has created a very great impression of friendliness and goodwill towards India and has raised the thought of India

in the minds of the Japanese people at the critical time, when Japan has been stirred as never before

by her exclusion from America.

Last time when the Poet visited Japan, he was rejected. After a first outburst of welcome, later on, when he gave his message truly and sincerely, and spoke of the things of the spirit, the whole newpaper press turned round upon him and warned the Japanese people not to listen to him, because he was the "Poet of a defeated nation." It was then that he wrote the 'Song of the Defeated':—

"My master has bid me, while I stand at the road-side, sing the song of defeat; for that is the

bride whom He wooes in secret.

She has put on the dark veil, hiding her face from the crowd; but the jewel glows on her breast

in the dark.

She is forsaken of the day, and God's night is waiting for her with its lamps lighted and its

flowers wet with dew.

She is silent with eyes downcast; she has left her home behind her. From her home has come that wailing in the wind.

But the stars are singing the love-song of the

Eternal to a face sweet with shame and suffering.

The door has been opened in the lonely chamber. The call has sounded. And the heart of the darkness throbs because of the coming tryst."

a note appended to this account. Mr. M. K. Gandhi says :-

For a fuller account of the effects of the Poet's humanitarian and peace-giving mission, I cannot do better than refer the reader to the excellent Viswa-Bharati bulletins on the visit, issued by the editors of the Viswa-Bharati Magazine.

Egypt and the Sudan.

Britain has given Egypt independence of a sort, but would not allow it to have control over the Sudan. 'But Zaghlul Pasha would not be satisfied without it. With respect to this attitude of the great leader of Egypt, Nation and the Athenaeum writes:

Zaghlul Pasha's recent declarations with regard to the Sudan are profoundly disappointing. The proposed conversations between himself and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald offered the best possible opportunity for a friendly settlement of all outstanding disputes between Great Britain and Egypt. Now, however, he has declared that he cannot even enter into negotiations unless full Egyptian sovereignty over the Sudan is conceded in advance. Mr. MacDonald could do no less than reply that persistence in this demand must make an understanding impossible. It is true that our whole posistanding impossible. It is true that our whole posi-tion in Egypt was anomalous and that this may be said to affect our position in the Sudan under the Condominium of 1899. Nevertheless, we have acquired responsibilities towards the peoples of the Sudan which we cannot ignore, and our withdrawal might well entail disastrous consequences both to the Sudan and to Egypt itself.

This has always been the argument of Britishers when called upon to leave any acquired-no which they have

matter, by what means. The Nation conti nues :-

At the same time we shall do well to remember that the growth of anti-British sentiment in Egypt was fostered by our own blunders during and after the war, and if Zaghlul Pasha shows any sign of receding from his present impossible position, the way should be made easy for him. In frank discussion between the two Premiers it should be possible, as Mr. MacDonald said, to face the realities of the situation, and to reconcile British responsibilities with security for legitimate Egyptian interests.

A. G. G. writes in the same paper: Zaghlul Pasha's gesture on the subject of Egypt's claim to the sovereignty of the Sudan was the retort to Lord Parmoor's intimation that the Labour Government did not recognize that claim. It is an unfortunate fact for the Government that the irresponsible attitude of its supporters in the past had raised extravagant expectations among the Egyptian Nationalists as to what would happen when they came into power. Mr. MacDonald has been sufficiently emphatic in disposing of those expectations, and if Zaghlul Pasha is wise he will address himself to making Egyptian independence something better than the failure it has been so far, and discountenance the artificial clamour for dominion over the Sudan—a clamour to which the dominion over the Sudan—a clamour to which the Labour deputation that went out to Egypt a year or two ago gave disastrous encouragement. The Egyptians have no historic claim to the Sudantheir record there was one of almost unparalleled evil, it is notorious that the Egyptians themselves leather the government. loathe the country and would not administer it if they could, and the Sudanese, whose voice in the matter should be supreme, and who realize how their country has been redeemed under British administration, would not have the plagues of Egypt back in their midst at any cost. The only locus standi Egypt has in the matter is the control of the headwaters of the Nile, but if the difficulties with Abyssinia are overcome—and in this matter good relations with France are all-important—there are, I understand, illimitable resources for the requirements both of Egypt and the Sudan and the interests of Egypt in the Nile can be safeguarded without the sacrifice of the Sudanese. The only internal difficulty in the Sudan itself is the cult of Mahdism, which is still a considerable factor. But that fanatical movement has no Egyptian affiliations, and it only becomes a serious menace when, as a generation ago, it is the focus of social miseries and discontents.

These facts and views emanate from the British side. And as Britain is interested in holding the Sudan, they may not be quite correct. It is, therefore, necessary to consider what a third party has to say on the subject. Leopold Weiss, special correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung in the Near East, writes in that paper:—

Sudan promises to be the acutest issue. Egypt will assert her claim to this country; England, no matter what party is in power, will denounce that claim as chimerical. Although England struggles against the idea of eventually surrendering Sudan. and no one in that country seriously contemplates

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S VISVA-BHARATI MISSION

I. China

12th April, 1924:

Shanghai.

TIME N. Y. K. boat Atsuta Maru landed the party consisting of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Miss Green, Prof. L. K. Elmhirst, Prof. K. M. Sen, Prof. N. L. Bose and Dr. Kalidas Nag. The morning was bright and the pier was crowded with the representatives of the various communities who came to welcome the President of the mission, the Poet-representative of India. Mr. Tsemon Hsu, a talented Chinese poet and interpreter of Dr. Tagore, came on board the ship to take charge of the party. He was accompanied by Mr. S. Y Ch'u M. A., Dean of the National Institute of and other distinguished Self-Government, members of the Chinese community. Indian residents of Shanghai came to a man to honour their National Poet. They greeted him with repeated cries of Bande Mataram and overwhelmed him with garlands and flowers. Escaping somehow from the clutches of camera-men and newspaper reporters Dr. motored down to the Burlington Tagore Hotel.

In the afternoon Dr. Tagore and party were taken outside the city to visit an ancient Buddhist temple and to enjoy the sight of the spring blossoms of cherry and peach trees—mute yet profound messengers of the spirit of Eternal China to the first Poet-guest from India!

13th April:

Early afternoon the poet was welcomed by the Indian community in the Sikh temple of Shanghai. The ladies greeted him with the divine song of Mira Bai and an address was presented in Hindi recounting how every Indian man and woman feels proud of their poet for undertaking at this advanced age such a trying journey to preach the eternal message of India to China. They assured their whole-hearted support to the mission of Visva-Bharati and expressed their hope that through this mission the Poet would be the precursor of the spiritual unity of Asia and of universal peace. Dr. Tagore spoke in Bengali replying to the address and Prof. K. M. Sen translated his profound speech in elegant Hindi. The Poet reminded every Indian assembled in the Gurudvara what was the eternal message of all the Gurus of India: from Nanak, Kabir, down to this age. It was to liberate our souls from the bonds of the finite into the realm of the infinite, to embrace the whole universe with love and service. Let every Indian remember and practise this great truth so that every people that would come into relation with them would remember the name of India with gratitude.

After this ceremony Dr. Tagore and party went to the garden house of Mr. Carsun Chang, a renowned Chinese scholar and collaborator of the German philosopher Rudolf Eucken. The poet was formally presented to the assembly of Chinese ladies and gentlemen. Mr Hsu as the mouthpiece of young China welcomed Dr. Tagore with a neat poetic speech. He pictured how the Poet had come to visit China, while she was passing through a veritable crisis, how the prevailing spirit was that of scepticism or of materialism, but he hoped that the radiant personality, the profound philosophy and the irresistible poetry of the Great Messenger from India would dissipate all doubts, disarm scepticism and revitalise the spiritual thoughts of China.

Tagore replied with genial humour that he was nothing but an irresponsible poet, that he had been spoiling time over composing songs whilst he should have written his Chinese lectures! But poets are as capricious as the spring breeze. They come and go without a purpose yet, maybe, the world is not a loser owing to their purposelessness!

After this friendly exchange of greetings the Poet and party were greeted with the demonstration of Chinese paintings and of classical Chinese music played by a distinguished musician on an ancient Chinese harp.

In the morning the Poet and the party were invited to visit the splendid garden house of Mr. Hardoon, a rich and influential Jewish merchant of Shanghai. Tagore's educational activities have roused special interest in Mr. Hardoon who has become a life member of the Visva-Bharati.

14th April:

The Poet and the party were taken over to Hangehow and the opening days of the



Indian New Year were spent on the lovely lakes of Hangchow. Prof. Sen, Prof. Bose, and Dr. Nag made a thorough search of the Yin Ling grottos with the sculptures and



Shanghai Port

temples hallowed by the memory of the Indian saint (Bodhi-jnana?) who lived and died here preaching the divine doctrines of Lord Buddha to his Chinese brethren.

16th April:

In the afternoon a big public meeting was organised by the Educational Association of Hangchow. Here Dr. Tagore touched one of the deepest points relating to the unification of peoples. With great feeling and poetic fervour he referred to the career of the Indian saint who so completely identified himself with the Chinese people that he served them spiritually till his death. It is through such loving identification of spirit and self-sacrifice that India could win the heart of China in the past and the poet hoped, would do so in the future. His speech was punctuated with tremendous applause.

At the end of the public meeting, there was a tea party in which many distinguished educationists were present. Dr. Tagore, with his usual magnanimous language intro duced the members of his party individually. Prof. Sen made a short speech and Dr. Nag spoke on the cultural collaboration of India and China and its significance on the race problem of history.

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After dinner Dr. Tagore was honoured by the visit of the oldest living poet of this area, Mr. Chen-san-li, who was deeply moved to meet his Indian brother poet. It was a touching sight to see the hoary Chinese poet of 75 shaking the hands of Tagore with affectionate awe.

17th April:

The Japanese community of Shanghai honoured the Poet in a dinner in which the Japanese consul and many distinguished officers and guests were present. An address was presented to Dr. Tagore honouring him as the Poet-Laureate of Asia and the upholder of the spiritual dignity of the Orient. After dinner the Poet addressed a large gathering in the audatorium of the Japanese school. While thanking the Japanese people for the kind reception and remembering gratefully the splendid hospitality they showed to him when he visited Japan, he reminded them, with a candour that only poets are capable



Two Manchurian Ladies in China

of, how Japan lost her head during the war, and how obsessed by Chauvinism the Japanese totally misunderstood his lectures on "Nationalism". At the end Dr. Tagore expressed his deep appreciation of the solid virtues of the Japanese people and asked them to remember how all the peoples of the Orient looked up to Japan and consequently she had a great responsibility.

The orientation of the Japanese mind since the great war was amply proved by the tremendous ovation with which they greeted the

words of Tagore.

18th April:

The poet had the pleasant task of explaining his system of education to the charming girls of the Chinese Women's College. A few specimens of the masterly drawings of Prof. Nandalal Bose were presented to the teachers and students who appreciated them keenly.

In the National Institute of Self-government, on the invitation of its Dean, Mr. S. Y. Ch'u, Prof. Sen lectured on "Some Aspects of Indian Religion". Dr. Kalidas Nag also spoke on the "Unity and Continuity of History".

In the afternoon the poet had to address a monster meeting convened by 25 different societies and communities of China. Here for the first time Dr. Tagore gave pathetic utterance to his anxiety about China and the rest of the Orient infected by the poison of occidental materialism. Shorn of its intellectual character and economic advantage which appertains to the West, this terrible Demon is working havoc amidst the eastern peoples. exploiting them to death, and what is worse, degrading them by robbing them of their age-old instincts of purity and beauty; with the degradation of man comes the disfiguring of the lovely countries by means of vulgar skyscrapers and ugly smoking chimneys. It is a life and death problem to the Eastern nations and they must fight combined with all the spiritual strength that they have inherited with all the moral fervour that they can command.

20th April: Nanking.

In Nanking the Poet had a special interview with the military Governor Chi-shi-Yuan who is shaping the destiny of the three large provinces of South-Eastern China. In course of this interview Tagore conveyed to the Governor, the deepest interest and sympathy which India feels for China. He showed further how the basis of the civilisation of these two sister countries was Peace. He expressed his hope that in the future evolution of the history of China she would be the colleague and friend of India in the

great crusade against greed, brutality and murder which are threatening to ruin the world under the cover of scientific progress and modern culture. China should settle all her domestic differences by the magnanimous principle of mutual concession and then emerge strong and self-contained, competent to make her voice felt again on behalf of Pacifism and Progress.

The Governor accepted these profound words of the Poet as benedictions from India which once came as the spiritual monitor and partner of the inner life of China. He agreed with the Poet that peace is the only true foundation of civilisation. He lamented the dangerous legacy of the West in the form of diplomacy and violence. But he hoped that in near future China would settle all her differences and work peacefully with India for the permanent progress of mankind.

On his way back Tagore paid a visit to the Civil Governor, Han-tze-sue. He was agreeably surprised to find that this old Chinese veteran had been following his thoughts through the summaries of speeches given in the vernacular papers. The governor, liked especially Tagore's speech in Shanghai before the Chinese community. He even went so far as to say that the poet's wonderful messages may not be understood, most probably



The President of Lotus Convent, at Tsinanfu

misunderstood by the modern generation, but that a few like him who had the privilege to dive into the depths of Indian spiritual wisdom as enshrined in the Buddhist scriptures, would ever be thankful to Tagore for bringing that eternal message back to China in the day of her worst depression and de-

gradation.

In the afternoon Dr. Tagore made an impassioned appeal to the younger generation of China in the spacious hall of the Nanking University. The upper balcony was about to collapse owing to overcrowding; fortunately the disaster was averted, and the Poet, all unperturbed amidst that miraculously stopped catastrophe, called the dormant youth of China to arise and to join the Poet in his hymn to Everlasting Life and in his campaign against vulgarity, avarice and violence that threaten the civilisation of man.

22nd April:

Dr. Tagore and party arrived in Tsinanfu, the capital of the Shantung province. Prof. Sen, Prof. Bose and Dr. Nag went to visit the "Society for the Revival of Buddhism" organised by Justice Mai, a learned Buddhist. They also had the privilege to visit a Chinese nunnery of the Lotus sect.

In the afternoon the Poet addressed a huge open air meeting: he candidly said that he was almost sure that his message of idealism would not be accepted by the



Mr. Liang-Hsu-Ming, a Great Savant of of Peking versed in Buddhist Scriptures

majority. But it did not really matter if it was accepted or rejected. His function was to realise and to pronounce Truth. His con-



Miss Lin, Dr. Nag, Tagore, Prof. Sen and Prof. Bose in Peking

viction was firm that some day people would understand that real progress is not in the path of ugly materialism and deadly selfishness but in that of altruism and creation of beauty.

After this address the Poet was carried, amidst deep applause, to the Shantung Christian University. Here he gave the audience a history of the school of Santiniketan and also the story of its gradual development into Visva-Bharati. The speech was keenly appreciated by the teachers and professors of the University.

Peking,

23rd April:

In a special train arranged by the governor of Nanking, escorted and saluted by the guards of the Republic, Dr. Tagore arrived in Peking in the evening. The platform was crowded with visitors, friends and members of the reception committee. A few Parsee and



Miss Lin and Tagore within the Palace of the Forbidden City—Peking

Sindhi merchants, that were here, came to pay their homage to their Poet, and garlanded him, whilst the Chinese crowd shouted and burnt crackers. Dr. Tagore and party were accommodated in the Hotel de Pekin.

25th April:

The first formal reception was given to Dr. Tagore and party in the historic Imperial Garden, inside the hall where the former emperors used to receive foreign ambassadors. Nearly fifty distinguished men, ex-ministers, statesmen, philosophers, professors—in fact a sub-committee of the nation-builders of modern China— assembled there to do honour to the "Grand Old Man" of India: Mr. Hsung-shi-ling (once Prime Minister), Mr. Wang-ta-shi (once Minister of Foreign Affairs and ambassador to Japan), Mr. Fang-yuan-lien (once Minister of of Education, now President of the Normal University), Mr. Lin-chang-min (Minister of Justice), General Tsiang, Mr. Tsai-yuan-Pei (Chancellor of the Peking National University), Mrs. Hsiung-shi-ling (President of the Red-Cross Society and a great worker in the cause of female education), Miss Y. Yang (President of Women's Normal College), Dr. Hu Shih, Ph.D. (author of the History of Chinese Philosophy and the Intellectual

leader of young China), Mr. Liang-su-Ming (Philosopher, author of the Eastern and



A Gate within the Palace of the "Forbidden City"—
Peking. Beyond the gate is seen another natural gate formed by the coalition of two trees. It is believed that if a married couple pass through that Arborial Gate they become happy and prosperous

the Western Culture—their respective outlook on life), Mr. Carsun Chang (Collaborator of Eucken in the "Philosophy of Life in China and Europe"). Mr. P. C. Chang (Dean of the Tsin Hue College), Mr. Johnston (Private Tutor to the ex-Emperor and author of



Poet Tagore with the Great Learned man of China, Mr. Liang-Chi-Chao in the Sun-Po Library garden in the "Forbidden City"—Peking

several works on China), Mr. Wilhelm (Professor, Peking University) and many gathered distinguished personages under the Presidency of Mr. Liang-chi-chao, of the builders of the New Republic. welcoming Tagore Mr. Liang-chi-chao delivered a great speech recounting the glories of the past history in China and India collaborated. that the Chinese always looked upon India as an elder brother, and Tagore by offering his spiritual aid at this critical stage of Chinese history had really acted as an elder brother. China would remember this fact with gratitude. He wished that the noble mission of Tagore be fulfilled. Mr. Liang promised to deliver two lectures to prepare the



Kaifeng Bell, Built during the Chao Dynasty, 8th century B. C.

mind of the Chinese public by giving them an outline history of Sino-Indian relations. Dr. Tagore replied in a dignified speech which by its depth as well as by social qualities charmed the heart of his audience. He earnestly hoped that for the future China and India would join hands fraternally and work for the Peace and Unity amongst mankind.

26th April:

The Poet and his party were welcomed by the priests of Fa-yuan-ssu, one of the oldest temples of Peking. Here under the lilac trees Tagore addressed the priests and the members of the Young Men's Buddhist Association. The temple bell sounded its rich music and the Poet also in his wonderfully musical voice expatiated on the deathless doctrine of *maitri*—universal love, like a Buddhist saint of vore.



The ex-Emperor of China

In the evening Prof. Sen and Dr. Nag had a long talk with Dr. Hu Shih in his splendid library on the various thought-currents of



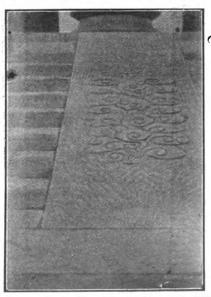
A Decorated Inclined Plane between the Staircases in the Temple of Heaven, Peking



modern China as well as on the possibility of the compilation of the history and philosophy of Buddhism through the collaboration of Indian and Chinese scholars.

27th April:

This morning the ex-Emperor with his empresses and retinue received Dr. Tagore and party in the historic palace of the "Forbidden City." Mr. Johnston, as the master of ceremonies, piloted the whole party. After the exchange of greetings, the Poet offered a few books of his with his autograph to the Emperor and a pair of auspicious Indian bangles to the two queens. They were received with great pleasure and the queens like two lovely apparitions disappeared behind the curtains. The Emperor did Dr. Tagore a unique honour by conducting him personally through that gorgeous maze of Imperial grandeur; massive gates, huge towers, gigantic court-yards shining with the reflected light of the unique glazed tites, the hall of audience,



A Staircase of the Temple of Heaven in Pekingi

the hall of ambassadors, the hall of Imperial archives, and last, though not the least, the Throne Room where only a very privileged few could enter. Then taking the Poet down the dream-like gardens, the Emperor showed the Taoist, Confucian and Buddhist temples attached to the Palace. In a quiet corner of the garden the imperial camera party was lying in ambush. A special photo was taken with the ex-Emperor and the Poet standing side by side. Then the court-poet was ushered

in and another photo-duet with the two renowned poets of India and China followed. Lastly the whole imperial party and the Indian
mission party were taken in a large group.
The Emperor and Empress entertained Dr.
Tagore and his troupe with Imperial tea and
light refreshment in his private appartments.
Thus after over two and a half hours of entertainment the ex-Emperor bade Dr. Tagore and
his party a warm farewell presenting a big
picture of the Buddha with the Imperial seal
on it, as a souvenir of the interview.



Miss Lin, Poet Tagore, Mr. Hsu—a Guide and Companion of Tagore in his tour through China

In the evening the Poet and his party were entertained in a "Banquet of Scholars", where some distinguished men of letters honoured the Poet-laureate of Asia. On this occasion Mr. Lin a renowned art-critic delivered a splendid discourse on the "Limitations of Chinese Poetry" and very tactfully provoked the Indian poet to speak as to how he had managed to revolutionise the rigid classicism of Indian poetry. Dr. Tagore spoke with wonderful inspiration, fascinating the audience, dwelling on the creative aspect of the

revolution in Bengali literature from the Vaisnava lyrics and the Baul song down to the compositions of the present age.

· 28th April:

This afternoon, in the vast temple of Agriculture Dr. Tagore addressed the biggest open



Poet Tagore addressing a meeting in the West Temple in Peking

air meeting in China. Nearly 10,000 souls were present and the Indian seer spoke with rare strength and inspiration on the *Ideals* forming the basis of Oriental life.

Prof. Nandalal Bose was invited by a renowned Chinese painter Mr. King who showed him round the modern Sino-Japanese exhibition in the Central Park. Interesting discussions followed. Prof. Sen and Dr. Nag accompanied Mr. Bose through the exhibition.

29th April:

In the morning Dr. Tagore, Prof. Bose, Prof. Sen and Dr. Nag were received by Baron Stäal Holstein, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Peking. The Baron very kindly showed, his precious collection of Tibetan and Chinese antiquities, paintings, bronzes



Miss Lin, Dr. Nag, Prof. Sen. Prof. Elmhirst and Poet Tagore



Prof. Sen and Dr. Nag with Baron Holstein, Professor of Sanskrit in Peking University

etc., as well as the manuscripts with which he was working. Many important details were discussed with regard to the programme of the exchange of professors and students between India and China, a programme initiated by Dr. Tagore on the generous support of Mr. Birla. The Baron supported the scheme



An Octogenarian Farmer near Lungmen Hill



IA Temple on the Way to Lungmen Hill

whole-heartedly and generously offered every help to the first visiting scholar from Visva-Bharati, Pandit V. S. Sastri. In the afternoon Dr. Tagore spoke to a group of renowned Chinese painters holding an exhibition. His appeal to establish closer relationship between the Chinese and the Indian schools of painting was warmly responded. To the organisers of the 'exhibition generously offered to the Kalabhavan of the Visva-Bharati a few pictures as a friendly gift, which were thankfully received.

Later on the Poet and his party were entertained in the residence of Mr. Johnston who kindly showed his splendid collection of books and other objects of art.

30th April:

Prof. Nandalal Bose, Prof. Sen and Dr. Nag were invited to a round table conference: some of the greatest living artists of Peking were present and the veteran painter Mr. Wang-chi-lin as their mouthpiece, conducted a three hours' discussion, in the course of which the Chinese and the Indian scholars



Images in a Grotto on the Lungmen Hill

exchanged their views on art. Mr. H. Mei, editor of the Morning Post (Peking) kindly acted as interpreter. Mr. Bose offered a few reprints and publication of the Calcutta Art Society for inspection which were much appreciated and the Chinese Society in return presented a few Chinese books on painting which were thankfully received.

The first week of May was spent by Dr. Tagore in the Tsin-Hue College, the centre of modern education in Peking and a stronghold

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of American influence. Here the Poet was besieged by earnest students who interrogated him from day to day, on diverse questions, e.g., on his attitude towards modern science, his theory on art, etc.



An Image of Buddha

Prof. Sen, Prof. Bose and Dr. Nag escorted by Prof. Chi Li of the Tientsin University, started to visit the ancient relics of Buddhism in the Honan province. On the



The Five Pinnacled Temple in Peking. Built by the Bengalees in the 15th Century

2nd May the party reached Loyang, the centre of Buddhist activities in the Han period. On the 3rd May they explored the famous rock-cut temples of Lung-men contemporaneous with the Gupta period of Indian history. On the 4th May the temple of Paimassu, the earliest centre of Buddhist activities in China was visited and a precious collection of rubbings and facsimiles were collected.



Missiling in the Kole of Chitra

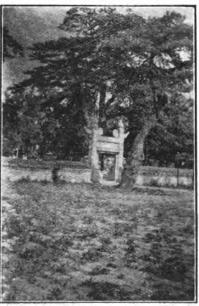


Prof. Kshitimohan Sen in Peking

On the 5th May the party came to Kaifeng, visited the ancient temple with its rich library containing the Ming dynasty Tripitakas. The superb glazed-tyled Pagoda and the biggest bronze image of Buddha in the University compound were also seen.

In the evening Dr. Nag was invited to speak on some problems of modern India and he lectured on "the Formative Factors in the History of 19th century India". Starting from the age of Ram Mohan Roy, he traced the history of the social, educational and religious movements that culminated in the works of Rabindranath and his Visva-Bharati.

On the 6th May the scholars examined



Temple of Agriculture, Peking

the remarkable Chow dynasty bronzes (8th century B. C.) discovered in this area a few months ago. Then followed a group discussion with other Chinese archeologists on the problems of Sino-Indian art evolution. Facsimiles of important bilingual (Chinese and Brahmi) inscriptions were presented to the party to be deciphered by Indian palæographists. The authorities of the Museum and of the University, entertained Dr. Tagore's party in a lunch and they had also an interview with the Military Governor of the Honan Province, Chang Tse Hung, who very kindly enquired about Dr. Tagore and his group of professors and expressed his desire to have a sketch from the hand of the Indian artist. Mr. Bose offered the Governor a beautiful work which was received great pleasure.

8th May:

The Poet and his party were back to Peking.

The elite of the capital of the republic

flocked to the momentous birth-day ceremony of the great Indian Poet. Mr. Liang Chi



Temple of Agriculture, Peking

Chao in his opening speech of congratulation presented the poet with a pair of splendid



A Chinese Soldier brandishing Ta-dah (Big Sword) in the Temple of Agriculture in Peking

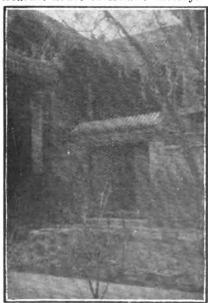
seals with the new Chinese name given to the Poet! Dr. Hu Shih followed by a warm speech on behalf of the younger generation of modern China. Dr. Tagore charmed the audience as much by his noble utterances as by his superb Bengali dress! Prof. Sen recited a Sanskrit benediction and Dr. Nag recited a Bengali poem from the masterpiece of Tagore's Balaka.

After the ceremony, the party was entertained by the representation of Tagore's Chitra by the members of the "Crescent Moon" Club of Peking. The Chinese staging was quite interesting and the interpretation of the main role of Chitra by Miss Phyllis Lin was much appreciated.

Between the 9th and 12th of May, Dr. Tagore delivered his four public lectures from the series which he specially prepared for the Chinese trip. The whole series would soon be published in Chinese translation by the Commercial Press, Shanghai. The English originals also would presently be made public.

After these days of strenuous activities, rather trying for his delicate health, the Poet retired to the Western Hills to recover strength for the return journey.

Prof. Sen, Prof. Bose and Dr. Nag were busy giving the finishing touch to their survey of Peking, the heart of modern China, visiting the important temples, mansions, art galleries, etc., which go to make Peking a veritable treasure-house of Asiatic history.



Temple of Date Palm, a Buddhist Temple in Peking

On the 19th May, Prof. Kshitimohan Sen was invited to speak in the Peking University

on "Hindu Heterodox Systems"—a subject in which he has specialised. Starting from the Rig and the Atharva Vedas, Prof. Sen surveyed the great development of Hindu heterodoxy in the middle ages with great saints like Kabir, Nanak, Dadu and others. The speech was highly appreciated. Dr. Hu Shih acted as interpreter.

On the 16th May Prof. Bose and Dr. Nag had the privilege of presenting before the Peking public, a systematic documentation of Indian art, with the help of the lantern slides supplied by the Indian Art Society of Calcutta. Starting from the earliest aniconic monuments of ancient India Dr. Nag traced the evolution of Indian art through its vicissitudes of growth and decadence till the dawning of



The Temple of Genera! Kwan, an old Chinese Patriot, now worshipped as a War-God; the Bronze lion before the Temple Gate is 8 feet high

the new era in painting inaugurated by Mr. Abanindranath Tagore and his talented disciples. Projections of representative pictures of Mr. A. N. Tagore, Mr. Nandalal Bose, Mr. Suren Ganguly, Mr. Asit Haldar, amongst others, were keenly appreciated. The famous art journal 'Rupam' edited by Mr. O. C. Gangoly and other publications of the Calcutta Society of Art were exhibited to the Chinese public on this occasion.

18th May:

The chancellor and the authorities of the Peking National University bade farewell to



Dr. Tagore and his party. On this occasion the poet pronounced some of his deepest thoughts roused by the actualities of Chinese life. Dr. Hu Shih made a deeply touching speech offering the final vote of thanks to the great Indian seer who came and conquered the heart of young China.

19th May:

• Dr. Hu Shih took Prof. Sen, Prof. Bose, Dr. Nag through the Sinological department and museum of the Peking University which proposed to exchange its publications with those of the Visva-Bharati.



Students—old and young—of Tei-nan Buddhist School: The students on the right, Mr. Yu. will shortly come to the Visva-Bharati to study Sanskrit

In the afternoon Dr. Tagore spoke in the International Institute in which every religion of China was represented. Dr. Gilbert Reid, the secretary, introduced Tagore as a great spiritual teacher of modern India, and Tagore gave his spiritual autobiography in his address "A Poet's Religion." Prof. Sen spoke later on about the spiritual discipline of Indian sages and Dr. Nag gave an exposition of the religious and philosophical position in the general evolution of Indian idealism.

Mr. Mai-lan-fong, the greatest living actor of modern China, entertained Dr. Tagore and party by a special representation of "Goddess of the Lo river."

20th May:

Dr. Tagore and party left Peking amidst

enthusiastic cheers and touching friendly farewell.

21st May:

Dr. Tagore and party, escorted by Mr. Westharp, (Director of the School of Foreign Languages, Shansi) arrived in Taiyuanfu, capital of Shansi.

22nd May:

Dr. Tagore had a long and profound conversation with the learned Governor of the



Mr. D. C. Yu, a prospective student of Sanskrit in Visva-Bharati

Shansi province, Yen-Shi-san. He is one of the very few true idealists of modern China struggling to build the new Republic on some solid moral foundation. Thanking the poet for his kind visit the governor asked several questions on the principles of government and the Indian seer replied with a keenness, a farsightedness and a grasp of the fundamentals that evoked deep admiration from the Confucian governor. It was a symbolical meetingbetween this Hindu seer and the Chinese administrator. Especial facilities were offered for an experimental farm in Shansi to be organised by Mr. L. K. Elmhirst, Director of the Rural Reconstruction Department of Visva-Bharati.

In the afternoon, Tagore addressed the huge audience of Taiynanfu on the moral basis of wealth and its responsibilities touching the very basis of modern Economics.



Mr. Talati-a Parsee Merchant, Dr. Nag, Mr. Yu and Prof. N. L. Bose-artist

Mr. Elmhirst then gave an impressive address describing the work of Rural Reconstruction in Sriniketan.

At night the governor entertained Dr. Tagore and party to a dinner in his palace.

25th May :

Dr. Tagore and party came to Hangkow and addressed an open air meeting in which he with prophetic fire spoke on *Dharma*, Eternal Verity as the indispensable basis of all human organisations. Deviations from Dharma may be temporarily successful, but the punishment is inevitable in the form of total destruction. He advised China to build on Dharma this bedrock of all civilisations.

At night Dr. Tagore and party sailed for Shanghai in the river boat "Kut-woo". Nearly 200 Sikh and other Indian residents came to bid the party farewell.

28th May:

. Dr. Tagore and party landed in Shanghai. In the evening Dr. Tagore spoke on his Philosophy of Education before a select audience in the house of the Italian friends Mr. and Mrs. Bena who had the honour of keeping Tagore as their guest.

Mr. Sowerby, editor of the China Journal of Science and Art, and a distinguished educationist, paid a warm tribute on the splendid contribution of Tagore in the cause of children's education.

29th May:

This is the last day of Dr. Tagore in China and the day of sailing for Japan. Naturally the day opened with a warm reception in the splendid Japanese College in the suburb of Shanghai. In his address to the Japanese youths Tagore appealed strongly to their timehonoured moral virtues of heroism that was beautiful and a sense of beauty not devoid of strength. His deep appreciation of Japanese culture and character roused great enthusiasm and most important questions were discussed in the lunch that followed in which many distinguished Japanese officers and professors several problems consulted Dr. Tagore on confronting modern Japan.

The Chinese Community bade farewell in the same house of Mr. Carsun Chang where he was first welcomed. In that connection, while thanking his Chinese friends Dr. Tagore made a brilliant retrospective survey of his tour through China.

Lastly the Moslem, the Parsee and the Sindhi communities of Shanghai organised special meetings to bid their Poet a happy return voyage and each community expressed its sympathy for the great work that Dr. Tagore is doing, by presenting a purse for his Visva-Bharati. Tagore made fitting reply to each of these friendly addresses and sailed for Japan in the Shanghai-Maru specially supplied by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha.

K.

There are only five throned mendicants who can be classed reasonably with the Buddhist monarch-Marcus Aurelius and Constantine in the West, Marcus Aureius and constantine in the News, Hosiao Yen and Kumarapala in the East, and Akhnaton in the South (Egypt). But Asoka, as a character, had a number of advantages. He was more tolerant than the Stoic king, more self-sacrificing self-forgetting than the Christian sovereign, much greater and more balanced than the Chinese emperor and more extensively and comprehensively philanthrophic more extensively and comprehensively philanthrophic than the Egyptian Pharach. As personalities, there is more in common between Asoka and Akhnaton than any other rulers, as a close similarity, not usually noticed because of the distance of time and space in history. Yet historically Akhnaton is the first great peace-loving king, "the first idealist and individual of history," the first royal sage to see the vision, however dim, of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Mr. L. A. Hogg, in his brilliant sketch in *The Venturer*, of September, 1917, says:

Akhnaton definitely refused to do battle, believing that a resort to arms was an offence to God. Whether fortune or misfortune, gain or loss, was to be his lot, he would hold to his principles. Like a greater than himself, he made his grave with the wicked, despised and rejected of men. The first experiment in political non-resistance was thus made from a throne."

When it is remembered that Akhnaton was also

a convert and had to go against tradition, the resemblance becomes strikingly clear.

In ancient history there seems to be no parallel to the achievements of Asoka, demonstrating universal

goodwill to all living beings, great and small, like that of his master the sage of the Sakyas.

Mr. H. G. Wells pays a glowing tribute to the Mauryan Emperor for a life which is an example to the world, yet unapproached by any ancient or modern king, in its ethical height and perfection of sympathy and marvellous agreement of theory and

The Buddhist king united statecraft and religion. He had the moral daring to apply to practical politics the principles of Buddha the Enlightened, and to pioneer experiments in order to actualize for the first time in history on a national scale the funda-mental ideals of Buddhism. Consciously and courageously he set himself to work out the mind of Gautama into the world of hard facts and unchanging realities. In the language of Mr. Wells;

"He was the first monarch to make an attempt to educate his people in a common view of the ends and way of life. He is the only military monarch on record who abandoned warfare after victory. For eight and twenty years he sanely worked for the real needs of men. Amidst the tens of thousands of names of monarchs that crowd the columns of history—their majesties and graciousnesses and serenities and royal highnesses and the like—the name of Asoka shines, and shines almost alone, a star" (The Outline of History, pp. 211-12).

Rabindranath Reviewed

Prabuddha Bharata publishes an article by Haripada Ghosal, Vidyabinode, M.A., M.R.A.S., in which he says:

After the momentous year of 1905 when Bengal convulsed with the tremendous waves of

nationalism in consequence of the Partition of Bengal the feeling and poetic heart of Rabindranath could not remain idle. Rabindranath's patriotic enthusiasm advanced step by step only to reach the highest flight of humanitarianism. His Pegasus soared high and flapped his wings in the lofty aerial region of idealism. The want of the concrete has ever been the great bane of Rabindranath's poetry, His particular than the concrete has every been the great bane of Rabindranath's poetry. ever been the great bane of Rabindranath's poetry, His patriotic lyrics are sometimes the very quintessence of poetry. The vision of India, great and free, inspired his poetic soul. But his mysterious disappearance from the heated and fiery arena of controversial politics was attributed to many reasons and was interpreted in different ways. The real fact was that he became conscious of utter self-torrettulness which was the result of his allforgetfulness which was the result of his all-absorbing patriotism, which overshadowed every other thing in him and dominated his whole being. When the love of country overstepped its proper limits, when it swallowed up his very existence in the super-abundance of patriotic fervour, when he found that the part was going to be the whole, and was beginning to assert its power beyond its legitimate bounds, he stood against it and, with a giant's strength, crushed it and became himself the master instead of its slave.

In the last phase of Rabindranath's poetry we see his ecstatic joy of losing individuality in the great universe. To him the highest state of man's enjoyment—the summum bonum of his life—is disinterested self-sacrifice. A man is not capable of nobility until the shackles of his self-interest fall until the expansion of his heart is brought about by complete self-surrender, and he oversteps the narrow pedestal of his own personal considerations, however enlightened they may be, and launches upon the fuller universe beyond, where personality is eliminated and individuality personality is eliminated and individuality is drowned in the wave of universality. That all the nations of the earth will forget their nat all the nations of the earth will forget their individuality, their geographical limitations their ethnological peculiarities, and their mutual hatred and malice, and be equal partners in a great world-federation, is now the great ideal of the poet. His superb and fine poetic ear hears the symphony of world-music, inaudible to the hard and cold practical man of the world, and he waits for that psychological moment when dissonant and jarring notes of narrow natiotism which sets one jarring notes of narrow patriotism which sets one nation against another, which blots out the natural connection between man and man, and which transforms the smiling plains and blooming fields into a hideous and terrible Golgotha as was witnessed a few years ago, are all things of the past.

The Late Mrs. Ramabai Ranade

The Social Service Quarterly gives us an article on the great Maharastra lady. It is from the pen of B. A. Engineer. Says Mr. Engineer:

Her death has removed from our midst a pro-

minent social reformer and social worker.

Ramabai while still very young, when she had barely completed her thirteen years, was given in marriage to the late Mr. Justice Ranade as a second wife. Her education proper then began. Her illustrious husband took upon himself the responsibility and task of educating his young wife,

-country but degenerate India more and more into a land of coolies.

In the ratio in which this exploitation becomes intense, the Indian political problem will, I fear, grow more difficult.

Mr. Singh gives reasons for his apprehen-

The opposition to Indian Home Rule, which proceeds from the classes from which the British officials in India are recruited, though formidable, is nothing compared with that which comes from the mill-owners in the industrial counties of England and Scotland, particularly Lancashire and contiguous counties, from the great banking, export and import and shipping houses with headquarters in the City of London and connections in India, and the British firms which have been able to secure contracts running into tens of millions sterling for stores needed by the Government departments and railways in India, manned, at the top, by Britons who naturally prefer to patronize their own people and to use British products. The very existence of these British financiers, industrialists, commercialists, and middlemen is menaced by the transfer of political power in India from Britons to Indians, and by the development of Indian industry, commerce, and banking through Indian agency and under Indian control. The more shrewd among them realize that their effort to retard Indian self-government will, sconer or later, fail, and some of them have seen the wisdom of abandoning commerce with India in favor of setting up industries in that country and have thus found a means of adding to their wealth at a much faster rate than would be possible through the investment of the same capital in Britain, where labor is much dearer and more unruly than is the case with Indian workers.

The writer explains the reasons British Industrialists in India are protectionist and why the Legislative Department of the Government of India are not opposed to giving protection to certain industries.

During my recent Indian tour I was surprised to see the rapidity with which mining licences were being acquired by British individuals and syndicates, and sites were being bought for building mills, factories, and workshops, and with which British firms were setting up chemical laboratories, iron and steel mills, cement works and the like. I found these British industrialists strongly protectionist, and have little doubt that but for the demands put for-ward by them the bill which has been framed to give Protection to certain classes of Indian steel would never have emerged from the Legislative Department of the Government of India until that Government had ceased to be preponderatingly British in personnel, as it is to-day. I have even less doubt that their representations in the Vern less doubt that their representatives in the Legislative Assembly will throw all their weight in favor of this measure.

Mr. St. Nihal Singh thinks that the remedies which Indians are thinking of applying to prevent the exploitation of India by the starting of factories in our country by British capitalists, are "quack remedies." Says he:

Even those Indians who are alive to the dangers

arising from the rapid increase in the number of Britons bent upon exploiting Indian resources in materials and men feel that they can check the menace by applying quack remedies, such as insisting upon the registration of companies in India, and the inclusion of a certain number of Indians upon a Board of Directors. They little realize that such means have been tested and found wanting. It is not impossible, on the contrary, that a time may come when the British industrialists in India may find it to their advantage to form an alliance with the Indian industrialists and thereby create a caste of monopolists which will sweep everything before it.

It would have been helpful if Mr. Singh had told his countrymen where, how and why these remedies have failed, because thereby they would have been effectively forewarned; and if Mr. Singh, who is a man of vast information, had told Indians where the true remedy lay, they would have been forearmed, too.

Mr. Singh concludes his article thus:

The policies pursued by the British in India have, however, bred in the Indian mind a deep antagonism toward Free Trade and a great fascination for Protection. Indians will look only on the brighter side of his indians will look only on the brighter side of life in protected countries—rapid or the machine to the handwheel has not arrested the synant of the arrange or the synant of the synant or the syna expansion of industrialism or the spread of the Protection fever.

The Government of India probably thinks that by seeming to bow to the Indian will in this matter—and at this time—it will gain a political advantage. It is, however, impossible to conceive that the Labor Government will give it leave to feed Indians on meat sufficiently highly spiced to satisfy their appetite for Protection. The taste which they will acquire will only make them feel that they cannot satisfactorily deal with their economic problem until they have first got the political problem out of the way.

last sentence quoted above perhaps suggests the direction in which the real remedy is to be found. As according to H. H. Wilson, Indian industries were crushed by England by the use of political power, so the industrial regeneration of India will be possible only by the regaining of political power.

Rabindranath Tagore's Visit to China.

Rabindranath Tagore's visit to China has led The Living Age of America to write thus :-

Rabindranath Tagore's visit to China suggests the possibility of a Pan-Asiatic awakening. Not a

politico-militaristic movement—the last thing in the world that the peaceful Bengali would desire,—but an aroused sense of intellectual kinship. Bertrand Russell's visit exercised a powerful effect upon certain classes in China, and John Dewey's influence, though it has been said not to be so great in direct consequences, may ultimately mean even more than Mr. Russell's; but both these men, though they came with open and sympathetic minds, were merely Westerners, and Westerners at an age when the mind, no matter how carefully trained,

is not so apt for new impressions.

Tagore, though no longer a young man himself, is Oriental. The civilization of China is foreign to him, but not so foreign as to an Englishman or an American, He can speak to Orientals as one of themselves, and at the Temple of Agriculture in

Peking this is what he said :-

You are glad that I have come to you as, in a sense representing Asia. I feel myself that Asia has been waiting long and is still waiting to find has been waiting long and is still waiting to find her voice. It was not always so. There was a time when Asia saved the world from barbarism; then came the night, I do not know how. And when we were aroused from our stupor by the knocking at our gate we were not prepared to receive Europe, who came to us in pride of strength and intellect. That is why Europe overcame Asia. We did Europe injustice when we did not meet her on equal terms

not meet her on equal terms.
"The result was the relation of superior to infe-The result was the relation of superior to inferior—of insult on the one side and humiliation on the other. We have been accepting things like beggars. We have been imagining that we have nothing of our own. We are still suffering from want of confidence in ourselves. We are not aware of our treasures. The West came not for us to give it our best, but to exploit us for the sake of material gain. It came into our homes robbing us of

rial gain. It came into our homes robbing us or our possessions.

"We must rise from our stupor and prove that we are not beggars. That is our responsibility. Search in your own homes for things that are of undying worth. Then you will be saved and will be able to save all humanity. The West is becoming demoralized through being the exploiter, through exploitation. We want to find our own birthright. Some of the East think that we should copy and imitate the West. I do not believe it. What the West has produced is for the West, being native to it. But we of the East cannot borrow

matter west has produced is for the west, being native to it. But we of the East cannot borrow the Western mind or the Western temperament.

"We must fight with our faith in the moral and spiritual power of man. We of the East have never reverenced generals or lie-dealing diplomats, but spiritual leaders. Through them we shall be saved or not cell. Physical power is not the or not at all. Physical power is not the strongest in the end. Power crushes itself. Machine guns and airplanes crush living men under them and the West is sinking to its dust. We are not going to follow the West in competition, in brutality, in selfishness."

The Buddhist Temple of Boro-Budur in Java.

The same journal informs its readers :-

The Dutch Government has undertaken the restoration and preservation of the ancient Buddhist temple of Boro-Budur in Java. The temple is sup-

posed to have been erected in the eighth or ninth century A.D., when Buddhist kings ruled in Java. It appears to have been used, however, for only about two centuries, and the process of decay must have begun some time in the tenth, when Moham-medan rule was established in the island. In the sixteenth century there was no interest in monuments of the past, and Boro-Budur was allowed to decay. By 1710 even the natives of the island had forgotten about it, and it lay neglected until 1814, when English officials, during their brief occupation caused architectural plans to be made. In 1907 the Dutch Government ordered a complete photographic survey, and the recent work of restoration has been in charge of Colonel Th. van Erp of the

Engineering Corps.

Boro-Budur is built on a hillside, in a tier of four terraces, each bordered by balustrades which, four terraces, each bordered by balustrades which, like the inner walls, are decorated with some thirteen hundred panels in high relief illustrating texts of the Buddhist sacred books. Many of the stones have fallen out, and some have been destroyed, though during the excavation of the surrounding land it was found that many of the lost stones were lying buried near by. Seven months were occupied in sorting the thousands of sculptured pieces most of which have been fitted back into their original positions. Happily however there has original positions. Happily, however, there has been no effort to replace lost sculptures with

modern imitations.

German Education and Exploitation

During the British occupation of India there was at first little or no demand for British goods. So a taste for British manufactures had to be created by English education and the conversion of Indians to That this was one of the Christianity. motives for western education and Christian Proselytism in India was shown years ago in several articles in this Review. This method has been adopted by the Americans in China by using the Boxer indemnity to educate (and Americanize) the Chinese. The Germans are going to try the same method in that vast country; -in proof whereof read the following:

The German press is making much of the inauguration last May at Shanghai of a German-Chinese university. The institution embraces provisionally an engineering and a medical school, and has accommodations for 400 students. It will receive matriculants from the graduates of all the German secondary schools in China, and its standards and courses will entitle its graduates to the same rank as graduates of universities in Germany. German language and literature are obligatory major subjects. The mechanical equipment of the engineering school is said to be unexcelled, but the medical department is not yet satisfactorily equipped. –The Living Age.

have the patience required to enable her to do her duty properly as wife and mother, and this tends to affect the peace of the family and the up-bringing of their children. Besides this the effect of women and men coming into close contact without the influence of healthy social restraint cannot but have the effect of loosening the bonds of sexual morality, especially in a country like India where women are not generally accustomed to the free intercourse between the sexes. The danger to sexual morality is somewhat increased by women workers being placed in a position subordinate to men supervisors and officers. In those industries where the employees do not belong to the city or province but are immigrants from other distant provinces as on tea estates and in the jute mills of Calcutta there are a larger number of cases of women workers and men workers living together in irregular relation. Again the workers in factories gennerally come from distant places and naturally men nerally come from distant places and naturally men being in a better position to leave their homes in villages the factory population as well as the popul-ation in cities always show a smaller proprotion of women to men. In Calcutta for 68 men there are only 32 women. There is also the factor of over-crowding in cities compelling more than one family to live in one room. These factors also have their effect upon the sexual relation between the men and women working in industries and women working in industries.

The tendency of the industrial employment of women to loosen the moral bond has to be counteracted. According to Mr. Joshi,

The remedies against this tendency lie, firstly in the education of the women workers and secondly in the so improving the condition of work and life as to cultivate in them the spirit of independence. As far as possible, the work of supervision over women workers must be entrusted to women only. Even then women overseers must have some education. The present women overseers or as they are called in Bombay, Naikinis, have no education at all and they themselves subject the women workers working under them to petty tyrannies. The appointment of lady welfare supervisor by the Tata Sons Ltd., in their mills in Bombay is a step in the right direction. The appointment of women inspectors of factories and mines will also have a salutary effect. Moreover the overcrowding in cities and the disproportion between the male and female population must be removed. Besides when men and women continue to work together for a long time the first evil effects of free intercourse between the two sexes to which they are in the beginning unaccustomed gradually disappear by their being accustomed to the new environments and being better able to resist the natural reaction of the sex feeling.

As regards the general question of the solution of the problems originating in the industrial employment of women, Mr. Joshi

It is clear that if the position of the women working in industries is to be improved the effort must, for some time, come from the educated women belonging to higher classes. But at present most of the work which some organisations are doing, is confined to the starting of *Creches*, provision for midwives and such other things. The work which they are doing is very valuable and more of such work is badly needed. But these organisations are conducted by women who belong to or are connected with the capitalist class and it is too much to expect them to interest themselves in the education and the organisation of industrial women workers. There are some honourable exceptions to this general proposition. The work which Ben Anasuya Sarabhai has done in Ahmedabad for organising not only women workers but even. men workers will always remain an object of admiration. But this must be admitted as a general rule that this work will have to be undertaken by the educated women of the lower middle class who alone may have the necessary independence the undertaken the necessary independence who atone may have the necessary independence to undertake this work which is not likely to be popular among the higher classes. The sooner the industrial women workers are educated and organised, the better it will be not only for them alone but for the working classes, and I may even add, for the country as a whole.

Dr. Tagore's Visit to China

We read in The Treasure Chest:—

The following story is told of the great-hearted Bishop Hartzell of Africa:—He was at one time travelling through a part of the country which no travelling through a part of the country which no white man had ever visited, and where he was greeted with nothing but threatening looks. His servants, who were devoted to him, tried to pacify the hostile tribesmen by saying, "This man loves us. He is one of us. He would never hurt us." "How can he be one of us when his face is white?" asked one of the tribesmen suspiciously. "Oh! yes, his face is white, but his heart is very, very black!" returned a quick-witted servant. This high compliment could have been paid only to one to whom the idea of human oneness was more than a beautiful dream. He must have begun, all unconbeautiful dream. He must have begun, all unconsciously, to live human brotherhood in such a way

that even his servants recognized it.

With the same spirit has Dr. Tagore journeyed on a unique ministry of friendship to China. As his audiences in one city after another listened to him, they forgot that he was Indian and they were Chinese. They remembered only that they had the same moral idealisms, the same spiritual hungers. And they felt an instant and instinctive response to his challenge to keep, at all costs, their ancient spiritual culture. Through commerce of the best minds of these two great lands a unity will be experienced which is never achieved on the material plane. It is a unity which recognizes and prizes individuality in itself and other nations as a means by which life is enriched, but which finds its true self in losing its separate, or exclusive, self.

"This" or "That".

Mr. M. H. Syed writes in The Vedic Magazine :-

In Sanskrit philosophy 'this' always refers to the outer world and 'that' to the Supreme Self.

In calmer moments one should ask oneself which of the two is of most worth. In the course of our evolution, we have to experience both this and that. There are some who have had enough experience is not so—that the delivery of a vote takes up a very short time at considerable intervals? that a man must have some leisure, and may very well expend it, if he please, in studying politics? that a change of thought is very good for the weary brain? that the alteration of employment is a positive and most valuable relaxation? you are quite right; outside interests are healthy, and prevent private affairs from becoming morbidly engrossing. The study of large problems checks the natural tendency to be absorbed in narrower questions. A man is stronger, healthier, nobler, when, in working hard in trade or in profession for his home, he does not forget he is a citizen of a mighty Nation. I can think of few things more likely to do women real good than anything which would urge them to extend their interests beyond this narrow circle of their homes. Why, men complain that women are bigoted, narrow-minded, prejudiced, impracticable. Wider interests would

do much to remedy these defects. If you want your wife to be your toy, or your drudge, you do perhaps wisely in shutting up her ideas within the four walls of your house, but if you want one who will stand at your side through life, in evil report as well as in good, a strong, large-hearted woman, fit to be your comfort in trouble, your councillor in difficulty, your support in danger, worthy to be mother of your children, the wise guardian and trainer of your sons and your daughters, then seek to widen women's intellects, and to enlarge their hearts, by sharing with them your grander plans of life, your deeper thoughts, your keener hopes. Do not keep your brains and intellects for the strife of politics and the conflicts for success, and give to your homes and to your wives nothing but your condescending carelessness and your thoughtless

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

Rabindranath Tagore and Institution Building.

In 'the course of a speech delivered on the 3rd June last at Osaka, Japan, Rabindranath said, as reported in the Osaka Asahi:—

"There are men strong of arm and with strength of purpose who build institutions, stone over stone, brick upon brick, every day, and they finish their building before the eyes of the public, but I do not belong to them. I am like a seed-sower who just scatters a few seeds on the soil and then does not have the time to see if they germinate, and I may go away with misgivings in my heart that such seeds will never come into their fulfilment. But still this is my mission, and when I have come in your midst, I have come with this purpose. I cannot help you in building up some solid organisation—something which will be visible and tangible to you, but I shall walk among you, and very many of you will not know that I have done anything which is of any practical value, because it is not obvious."

This is a correct characterisation of one aspect of the poet's personality, but it does not exhaust it. He also possesses a genius of a practical order, as Mr. C. F. Andrews says in the *Manchester Guardian*, "whose greatest poems were to be found embodied in the brick and stone and mud and thatch of an actively progressive institution and settlement at Bolpur, which was to revolutionise many of the social and educational ideas of the modern world" Mr. Andrews continues: 5

Rabindranath's early manhood was spent away from Calcutta, at his father's estate on the banks of

the Ganges among the village people. He managed the affairs of the estate, and I have heard from no less an authority than Sir P. C. Roy, who is a practical man of science that the poet was a very capable manager indeed. It was during those twenty years of estate management that his novels and short stories were written. They contain marvellously accurate pictures of the life and character of his own people. Among his fellow-countrymen, these prose works hold a place in public esteem not at all inferior to that of his poems.

Of Rabindranath's school at Bolpur, the Manchester Guardian article says:—

"After many tentative efforts the way seemed clear, and he founded at Bolpur, to the north of Calcutta, a school out of a handful of beys, to whom he was teacher, play-mate, and father in one. For many years his efforts met with very little encouragement indeed. All the time, however, he was gaining ever fresh confidence that his work was at length based upon a sure foundation. The vast stores of his intellect and imagination were poured lavishly forth in the service of his pupils. His school became the laboratory of all his new social experiments. His own boys became his teachers. A method was gradually elaborated which has had remarkable affinities with all that is most vital in the new educational ideas of the West. For many years I have taken part in this work and studied at first hand the poet's ideal. Nowhere in the world have I seen happier children than those whom he has taught in his own school at Bolpur.

But this was not to be the end of his practical

undertakings.

When the war was over, he travelled about the world, and visited England and Europe once more, this time inviting those who could rise above national and racial barriers to join him in realising



his ideal of an international fellowship of study and research at Bolpur where East and West could meet. The response has already been remarkable. While the school still remains in a central place amid the academic and social life of Bolpur and the voices of the young children are never absent, an international settlement has been established side by side with the school, where those who come from the countries of the West meet in brotherhood with those whose traditions are of the East. Asia and Europe are one in that home of world-culture.

Of the practical constructive work in agriculture and village reconstruction, carried on at Sriniketan, Surul, near Bolpur, regular readers of Welfare and this Review have some idea.

Where Statesmen Come From.

Lindsay Rogers writes thus in the New Republic regarding the composition of the British Parliament :-

The major groups of Conservative and Liberal members of the present House of Commons have been classified by Mr. Harold J. Laski in a recent issue of the Manchester Guardian:

Finance		19	Doctors	3
Coal		8	Land	20
Lawyers	•••	85	Teachers	5
Army		20	Merchants	54
Navy		8	Engineering and steel	24
Textiles		21	Journalists	16
Brewing	••	5	Transport	17
Rentiers		68		

One-fourth of the members of the Conservative party hold hereditary titles or are intimately related to members of the House of Lords. Of the rentiers listed in the table, fifty-eight are Conser-· vatives; the army and navy seem to continue their traditional Conservative bias. Only eleven members traditional Conservative bias. Only eleven members of the Liberal party are closely associated with the aristocracy, and, as Mr. Laski says. "Liberalism therefore attracts pre-eminently the middle classes of the community." In the House of Lords, there are 272 company directors (a neerage has a distinct value in a stock prospectus). There are 242 peers who represent landowning interests, and, according to an estimate made last year by the Labor Research Department, 227 peers own 7,362,009 acres of land. Sixty-nine insurance companies have acres of land. Sixty-nine insurance companies have 106 peers as their representatives; forty-two banks have sixty-six members; six peers are newspaperowners, and twelve are brewers, hardly a sufficient number to justify reference to the upper chamber as the "Beerage."

Capital and industry are thus strongly intrenched in Parliament and the Labour party offers a striking contrast. Its membership made up as follows:

5
3
3
11
7
14
- 5
12
1
1
- 3
2

The trade unions are represented by 136 members (an increase of fifty from the last Parliament). but the party also contains quite a mixture of intellectuals and professional men. Seven are rentiers, but only one is directly connected with the aristocracy. The miners, who number one-fifth of the members of the Trade Union Congress, return one-third of the total Trade Union membership in the Hause of Company. ship in the House of Commons.

The writer then gives some figures relating to the American congress. The following is an analysis of the membership of the present House of Representatives:-

Lawyers		262	Journalists		13
Bankers		9	Ministers	•••	1
Army	• • • •	1	Actors	•••	1
Farmers	•••	10	Doctors	• • •	•
Trade union	offici-		Dentists	•••	3
als		2	Manufacturers	•••	9
Merchants		44	Real Estate	• • • •	3
Publishers		1	Engineer	• • • •	1
Teachers		13	_		

Members of the Senate are grouped thus: 58 Journalists Lawyers Well drillers $\frac{1}{3}$ Doctors Business-men ... Bankers . . . Advertising Stock breeders Teachers 8 Farmers Dentists Engineers

Congress is thus dominated by lawyers, and modest lawyers at that, for the ones with lucrative corporate connections rarely seek membership in the national legislature.

It would be interesting and instructive to have a similar analysis of the membership of India's central and provincial legislatures.

The Historical Novel.

Cambridge University Press has published dissertation o "The Historical Novel" by H. Butterfield, in reviewing which in *The* Nation and the Athenaeum, the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher says:

The historical novelist is not bound down to tell the literal truth. So long as he presents us with a generally faithful picture of the age in which his story is set, we have no great reason for quarrel.

Review on a new era in the Irish Free State, telling us among other things that-

Martial law has been withdrawn from all parts of the country. The military have handed over the maintenance of law and order to the civil authority.

That authority has had the wisdom and courage to disband the militarised police force which constituted the backbone of the British regime. In its stead has been substituted the Civic Goard, which, as its name implies, consists of civilians without lethal weapons of any kind, whose uniform, much less methods, are in no way suggestive of civilians without lethal weapons of any kind, whose uniform. ive of military force.

The courage shown by the Government in

sending out unarmed men to maintain law and order in places where only recently war had been raging produced a great moral effect upon the people. The few attacks which have been made upon the Civic Guards have served to win them the sympathy and even the active support of the population, they, unafraid of grave personal danger,

are trying to serve.

The measures employed by General Eoin O'Duffy
the head of the Civic Guard, and General W. R. E Murphy, the head of the Dublin Metropolitan police, have proved so singularly effective that armed crime is becoming rarer and rarer. These officers, and Mr; Kevin O'Higgins, the Minister for Justice their immediate superior, are young men in the early thirties. They knew nothing about police work when they were appointed to their present posts; yet they have established a record which experienced administrators might well envy.

Ancient Orissa

The Bengal Nagpur Railway Magazine for October has given a short history of Orissa, in course of which it is stated:

In the 2nd Century B. C. Asoka raided and conquered it, recognising, apart from the value of its jungle tracts, which throughout centuries have borne a reputation second to none for the breeding of war elephants: the remarkable standard of civilization and prosperity attained by the Kalingas, which surpassed by far that of the neighbouring States. The inhabitants were travellers and many of them sailors who reached the distant shores of Malaya. Their trade was to a large extent based upon the cloth produced locally in very large quantities and exported far afield. Diamonds were also found in quantities sufficient to draw attention to the ri liness of the deposits.

The conquest by Asoka was marked by extra-ordinary ferocity and bloodshed, which was subse-quently deplored by the victor who by way of atonement caused edicts to be inscribed upon rocks at Dhauli near Puri and Jaganda (Jaugada?) near Garjum. These edicts record that during the campaign, 150,000 captives were taken, 100,000 were slain and many times this amount perished. The figures give one a fair idea as to the population of that time.

The Future

In Current Thought C. F. Andrews states :--

All that I know is that the inevitable trend of

human history, as its tide is moving forward to-day, is towards unification. The scientific discoveries of the modern world are pointing to unification. The irresistible urge within man is towards unification. All the higher spiritual forces have their goal in unification. Every deed of love and sacri-tice, of brotherhood and fellowship, leads to uni-

When mankind has achieved its goal, it may be that other forms of colour and beauty will reveal themselves, by which the Many will be realised anew, before becoming merged again in the One. But all that is beyond our present range of knowbut all that is beyond our present lange of know-ledge. For us, as we enter into our own great heritage of the future, the way is clear. We should give to our thoughts and ideas, our hopes and aims, no less wide a range than that of Humanity itself. There is ultimately one Race for us all,—the Human Race. There is ultimately one Brotherhood for us all,—the Brotherhood of Man.

Tagore as a Revolutionary

In the same monthly is printed a paper read by Rabindranath Tagore at the theatre in Peking in which the poet stated in sense he was a revolutionary. Said he :-

Revolution must come, and men must risk revilement and misunderstanding, especially from those who want to be comfortable, who believe that the soul is antiquated, and who put their faith in materialism and convention. These will be taken by surprise, these stunted children who belong truly to the dead past and not to modern times, the past that had its age in distant antiquity when physical flesh and size predominated, and not the mind of man.

Purely physical dominance is mechanical, and modern machines are merely exaggerating our bodies, lengthening and multiplying our limbs. The modern child delights in such enormous bodily bulk representing an inordinate material power, saying, "Let me have the big toy and no sentiment which can disturb it." He does not realise that we are returning to that ante-diluvian age which revelled in its production of gigantic physical frames, leaving no room for the freedom of the inner spirit.

All great human movements in the world are related to some great ideal. Some of you say that such a doctrine of the spirit has been in its death-throes for over a century, and is now moribund, that we have nothing to rely upon but external forces and material foundations. But I say, on my part, that your doctrine was obsolete long ago. It was exploded in the Spring-time when mere size was swept off the face of the world, and was replaced by man, brought naked into the heart of creation, man with his helpless body, but with his in-

domitable mind and spirit.

The impertinence of material things is extremely old. The revelation of spirit in man is modern: am on its side, for I am modern. I have explained how I was born into a family which rebelled, which had faith in its loyalty to an inner ideal. If you want to reject me, you are free to do so. But I have my right, as a revolutionary, to carry the flag of freedom of spirit into the shrine of your idols.

—material power and accumulation.

