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 from 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 room."

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. That 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 to him.

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 mere boy. Before his wife died he had 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 to his life. At the same time, he never 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 zoological 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. But 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 pass off dishes of fowl as 'kid curry'.* But 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 to others. 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 of punishment, in the hereafter. If he was asked, what concern he had in bringing about 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' he used to 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.

Jagamohan laughed at him: "You monkey! Just you try to lay hands on my gods, and you will instantly discover how powerful they 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 going 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 selfish sanity of prudence in human nature. He was certain that the savour of good living would tempt Satish into his golden trap, away

* 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.

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-forsaken 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. But a short time ago her mother had died. Her 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 or 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 Bengal 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, 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

* Way of addressing a daughter, or one situated as a daughter.

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 meal. 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 her. 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 like an angry cat. Jagamohan insisted: "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 up-country 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, dishevelled, and said: "Dada,† what 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 acknowledge 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 you."

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 occasion."

Noni bent her eyes to the ground, hesitating.

"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 was 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 feet.

Nonibala, the sinner.

(To be continued)

CHANCE AND PLAN

CHANCE 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 jump 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 strangling 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-

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 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

* According to the Hindu *Shastras* the present age, the Kali Yuga, is the Dark Age when Dharma (civilisation) will be at its lowest ebb.

† 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.

4

Off I started to hunt up Lilananda Swami. River after river I crossed, and trudged 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

* 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.

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 freedom 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."

"Whatever you may say," I persisted, "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

* The highest prize at the Calcutta University.

† Ungainly, ugly.

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 self-same 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-and-pain ridden, hunger-and-thirst driven, much-suffering 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, high-toned 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.

Damini† 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 commanded.

"Why, what will you do with them?"

"They were my father's gift to me. I 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 tolerance 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 ultra-suavity 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 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."

* Hindu widows in Bengal are supposed to dress in simple white, (sometimes plain brown silk, without border, or ornamentation.

* 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
at the turning,
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
between thee and my sight,—
Only, 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

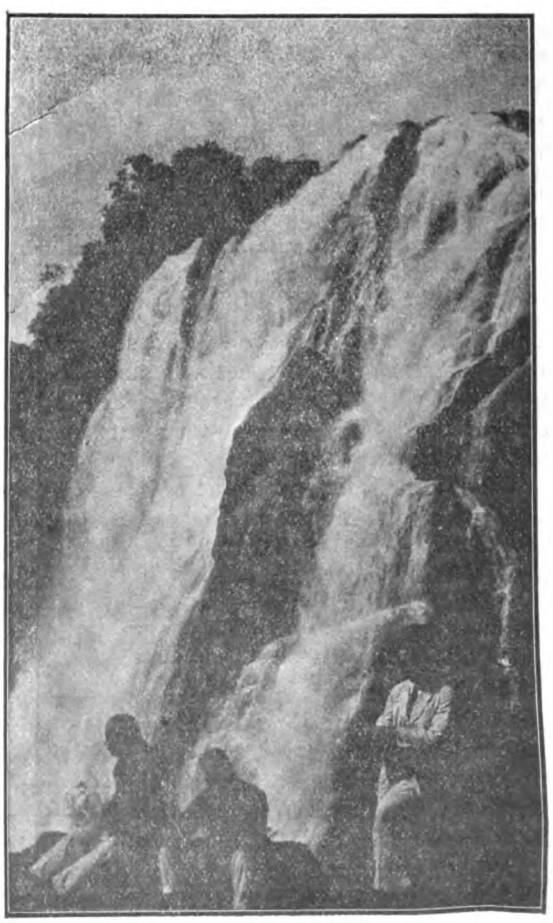
By St. Nihal Singh.

FROM 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.

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.

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 Damini'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 dream-stuff 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 ephemeral doings immediately afound 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 running 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. For 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 I could not help suggesting: "Let's offer some to Satish as well."

"That would only annoy him," said Damini.

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 middle-man. 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 fervour.

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.

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 behind and stood there hesitating, without our being aware of it at the moment. Not that Damini was saying anything very particular, but there were tears in her eyes,— all her words, in fact, were then welling up from some tear-flooded 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 eyes 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 stirring. Satish, who seemed to have 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 you 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 you?"

"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!"

Damini covered her face with her 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.

4

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 : "Damini, 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 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.

6

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

* 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.

wife had brought her motherless younger sister to live with them. She was a very pretty girl and, when Nabin's brother had last been home, he was so taken with her that their marriage was 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 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

* A formal recognition of the presence of an elder.

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, 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.

AN 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

THERE was once an Indigo factory 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 *sannyasin*. "Who is your wife, who your son?" were questions he asked, without understanding their meaning. Not being a *sannyasin* 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.

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 became 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 well-meaning 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 Damini 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. . . .

2

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 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 I 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 leather-dealers' children. And after Satish's death, the whole property was to be applied for the benefit of that community. Piety was the one thing Uncle Jagamohan could not tolerate. He looked on it as more defiling even than worldliness; and probably these 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. "Let's 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 a bottomless abyss. The reason and the emotion, you see, were alike mine. Man cannot rely on himself alone. I dare not return to town until I have found my support."

"What then do you suggest?" I asked.

"You two go on to the Calcutta house. I would wander alone for a

* 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.

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. There 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-o-the-wisp. When I realised how its heat was consuming him, the old arguments of Uncle Jagamohan'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 effort exhausting 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 say 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 endeavours. 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. These she pursued and went on and on, over the undulating surface, till they stopped at a pool on the further side of a sand-drift. 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. At 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 weeping. When she saw me, her tears 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 said. " 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 you. Srivilas, my boy, next time you take birth, take good care to be born in the world of topsy-turvydom."

4

The 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 these talks.

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 anxious 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. Your 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. That was now blown out. The river was lashed into foaming waves, and a flood of rain burst forth from the clouds. The splashing of the waves down below and the dashing of the torrents from above played the cymbals in this chaotic revel of the gods. Nothing could be seen of the deafening movements which resounded within the depths of the darkness, and made the sky, like a blind child, break into shivers of fright. Out of the 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.

On 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 Satish cry 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!—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 Damini 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. Anyhow, 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 considerations?"

"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 harp-string 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. "It 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. You 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. We 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, Harimohan,—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-Roychand, it was not difficult for me to secure a professorship. 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. But 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 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

* The annual festival in Upper India to celebrate the deified hero Ram's victory over the Rakshas king Ravan of Lanka or Ceylon.

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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.

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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.

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 twenty-five years. It's just been finished. A

* One of the names of the God Shiva, meaning 'The Terrible.'

† The Free Current.

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 washed 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.

BIBHUTI. 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, Mukta-dhārā. 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

RANAJIT. 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. He said, "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 Shiu-tarai 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?

RANAJIT. 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 Imperātor."

BOYS. 'Salve Im—'

SCHOOLMASTER. '—perātor!'

BOYS. '—perātor!'

SCHOOLMASTER. 'Salve Imperātor Imperātorum!'

BOYS. 'Salve Imperātor—'

SCHOOLMASTER. —'Imperātorum!'

BOYS. 'Imperātorum!'

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 our boundaries. I shall be false to my 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 use them.—And yet Your Majesty should 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!

ABHIJIT. 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.

ABHIJIT. 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?

ABHIJIT. 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?

ABHIJIT. By the grace of Bhairava, I shall bear it.

BATU. When everybody becomes your enemy? When your own people renounce you?

ABHIJIT. I must bear it!

BATU. Then there's no fear!

ABHIJIT. 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.

ABHIJIT. 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.

ABHIJIT. 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 waterfall 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 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!

* 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.

* 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 ?

1ST 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.

1ST S. CITIZEN. Is there any specimen of his work ?

1ST U. CITIZEN. Yes ! That embankment across Mukta-dhārā.

(*Shiu-tarai people laugh 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 Chandapāl 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.

DHANANJAY. 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? Shiu-tarai 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 !"

UDDHAB. 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.

ABHIJIT. 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 ! [*He goes.*

Enter Citizens of Uttarakut.

1ST CITIZEN. It was a lie ! He's not in the prison house ! They have hidden 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 sta t

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 forth Truth,
Whose right arm smites the unrighteous,
Whose guidance leads mortals across death,
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. This 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 lamp-seller. They 've got an all night festival in the Capital, and lamps will be needed.—Who are you?

1ST TRAVELLER. I'm Hubba. I 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 !

HUBBA. 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.

HUBBA. What do you say ? We, inhabitants of Tin Mohāna 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* you understand !

HUBBA. H'm ! Yes ! The simple 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 ?

RECRUITER. The subject is 'The 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 ! I'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, He 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* impatienee, and make it still more turbulent by *your* impatience.

RANAJIT. Who is there ? Is it Dhananjay ?

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 of 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 Muktadhārā, 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 of that message becomes the sole aim of his life, which is to open out paths for the adventurous spirit of Man. Just 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 the 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. He achieves this through a supreme act of renunciation.]

VAISHNAVA LYRICS DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE

1

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 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, Jnānadāsa goeth to seek.

2

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 tamāla 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.

3

The night is dark ; clouds thunder overhead.
How will he come to me,

PICTURE

[*Translated from Rabindranath Tagore's "Balāka"*]

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
It paints and decks her youth :
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 !

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.
Ah 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.

BHARATAVARSHA

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

BY MRS. NORAH RICHARDS.

Persons of the Play

DR. PURANA
DR. STEAM
DR. WHISTLE
DR. WHITEHALL
DR. DELHI
DR. SHORTIS
DR. MONTAGU FORD
} *Physicians.*

A SICK MAN
His WIFE
BHARATA, *their son.*
A BOY.
A SERVANT.

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.* BHARATA *is sitting below and a little to the left of* PURANA.

* *Right and left are to be understood as from the point of view of the audience.*

NOTE 1. On the Incidence of Taxation for 1922 (Budget).

	Crores.
1921—Additional Central Taxation amounted to—	
Customs	8
Taxes on Income	8.5
1922—Additional Central Taxation amounted to Customs	9.64
Addition in March 1921 due to increase in Customs duties	.5
Taxes on Income	2.25
1922—Additional Provincial Taxation amounted to—	1.2
	80 lakhs in Bombay, 40 lakhs in Bengal.
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 247 millions), we get Rs. 1-3-4 as the additional taxation per head in these two years.

	Rs.	As.	Ps.
The Incidence for 1920 is	5	0	11
The additional taxation per head in 1921 and 1922 amounts to	1	3	4
The Incidence for 1922 is, therefore,	6	4	3
Similarly the Incidence for 1922 will be	6	7	7
if we include the net profits from Commercial undertakings.			

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 substantial 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 :—

1871 ...	Rs.	1	13	9	1911 ...	Rs.	2	11	3
1881 ...	Rs.	2	2	3	1913 ...	Rs.	2	14	5
1901 ...	Rs.	2	6	6	1922 ...	Rs.	6	1	8

I'VE LOVED THIS WORLD'S FACE

Translated from Rabindranath Tagore's Bengali Poem.

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.
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 eye
No more the light of day will drink,
In the abysmal void my voice will drop and sink,
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.

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

(*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 guests unknown.

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.

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THE PROBLEM

By RABINDRANATH 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 pro vidence 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 Examiner'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*, how-ever fervid, can help to appease 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 I as absolute liberty only where he is *absolutely alone, having 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 Crusoe lost this absolute liberty when he found his man I riday—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 if 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 lax or lacking, but rather the *reverse* The joy of

Freedom is gained only when these relations 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 fulfilled in his solitary state, but can only realise the truth of his humanity in his relations 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 obstructed So that, the true freedom is the positive freedom of fulness of relation

Whether in the domestic or in the political world, storms occur when any of the natural relations are broken or disturbed by envy or greed, leading to mutual encroachment 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 in 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 welfare and thus causing us sorrow To pay no attention to such obstructions, and yet to talk of striving for freedom, is unmeaning

In Europe, again, we have seen new political conditions brought about by revolutions At the bottom of these were differences between rulers and ruled, who, however, belonged only to different classes, not to different races Whenever the divergence 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 differences between the rights and privileges of capitalists and wage earners The capitalists scenting danger, have begun to take thought for the amelioration of the lot of their workers,—better housing, more education, 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 In 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 intolerable 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 torments of the absence of true relations In 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 overcoming which by the realisation of the Truth of our relation with the All, can we gain our salvation

As I began by saying, the same questions are not set to all the examinees in the examination 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 Either 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, therefore, 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 encroachment 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 yawning holes around 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 Father 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 Insomnia

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 co ordinated 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 *hartal*, then such lumbering entity cannot expect to enjoy the efficiency of the Body politic from over the seas

To see the jaunty Stranger, with stylish shoes and elegant umbrella pursuing his prosperous career, makes us feel that by emulating his outfit we shall attain to his sleekness as well But it is futile to try and 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 converting comedy into tragedy 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 deluding of oneself and self delusion is a thing which man begins to have 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 gaol, 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 Durga—we 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 the fruit Whatever may be the other 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 such 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 plume 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 cause, for their joint lives will not form one Being

A friend of mine used to live in the N W Frontier 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 sneering reply The Bania girl was a Hindu, so was the contemptuous speaker but, for all their common acceptance of *elastic* bonds, there was clearly no living tie between them That was why the blow suffered by one found no response in the other Oneness of Nations means 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 cheating 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 left

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

The recrudescence of Hindu Moslem outbreaks, after the collapse of the propped-up truce of the Khilafat, is an instructive example of this, proving that a defect at the root cannot be cured at the branch To 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 quarrel 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 If the 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 wax 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 futile fretting and fuming, to the repair of the cracks at the bottom, there is yet hope of saving ourselves If Providence is inclined to make game of us, there may be a lull in the storm for a while, but I am afraid a deaf ear will be turned to any prayer, even of the holy Hindu, 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 free-swaying 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, buying a new one, getting in or coming out,—may be, jumping off in a jiffy 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 vouchsafed unto us the supreme gift of Reason (Dhiyo yo nah prachodayat) 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 If 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 to control That is why it makes our legs give way, 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 Swaraj; for there we acknow-

ledge 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 manhood? 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 colour 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 injunctions

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 yet 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 unutterably 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 open-eyed, 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 co-operation 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 That is 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 That is 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 *outs* must always remain out, for with it the one endeavour always is to prevent the outsider, whether *mlecch a* or *pariah*, 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 separatism becoming ingrained in the mentality of these two communities, who, between themselves, have been destined by Providence to occupy the chief position in India The Moslem is *mlecha* to the Hindu, the Hindu in turn is *kafir* to the Musalman Neither will have anything to do with the other by way of acknowledging or permitting kinship 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 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 has the weather changed, than the fluttering wings have given place to pecking beaks And 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 A difference of social strength has also arisen between them The Islamic system has brought about a compact solidarity amongst its followers, while the Hindu system has operated 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 aggressor 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 European war, when the whole English 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 universal 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 generosity towards their dusky fellow participants in the carnival of carnage But no sooner was the war over, than came the demoniac doings of Jallianwalla Bagh, to be followed by the order of the boot from Kenya for all Indians This may make us angry, but it should also make us remember that to be treated as an equal one has to attain equality

That is why our Mahatmaji made his stupendous effort to rouse the power of the masses He knew that so long as this gulf between powerful and weak remained unbridged, 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 horses and all the

king's men would have hied to invite us to confer on a settlement But Æsop 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 anxious to checkmate first, and then think of our moves to gain *Swaraj* 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 speaking, 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 behind, 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 Almighty and the Omniscient 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, and so wrought havoc with their intellect, and because 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 Munji's report he states that, eight hundred years ago, a Hindu king of Malabar, on the advice of his ministers, offered special inducements 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 embrace Islam The reason appears to have been that this extremely religious king, together with his extremely religious ministers, dreaded 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 behests 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 kingship 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 keep 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 That empty throne, that awful void forsaken by God's providence, leaves a vacancy to be filled from time to time by the Pathan, the Moghul, the Englishman We ascribe our punishment to them, but they are but the tools of Providence,—the brickbats, not the ghostly thrower whom we, ourselves, have conjured up by shutting our eyes to the light of reason, converting day into night And 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 asunder, 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 exorcised, 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 ourmutual relations

Ya ekah avarnah sa no budhya subhaya samyunaktu.

May He, who is beyond distinctions of colour or caste, unite us by good understanding

Translated by
SURENDRANATH TAGORE

ON THE EVE OF A GREAT STRUGGLE

DURING 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 else On board the ship, I had abundant leisure 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 The sea 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 inane and insipid, that a

* Shankerlal Banker and Anasuya Bapu had been the organisers of labour in Ahmedabad under Mahatma 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 Citizens standing on the roadside, looking towards the Car, which however is not visible to the audience*]

1ST CITIZEN Father Time's Car festival has come round, but his Car is at a standstill It 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 all 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! But never before has it lain thus in the dust

3RD CITIZEN. If the Car doesn't move, and the rope lies limp, it will prove a halter round the neck of the whole kingdom

2ND CITIZEN Lord! How fearsome it looks, as if about to writhe and rear its head like a snake!

3RD CITIZEN Oh, look! look! It actually seems to be moving!

1ST CITIZEN If we can t make it go, and it takes its own course, there ll be trouble, I can tell you!

3RD 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?

1ST CITIZEN There s the Priest sitting and chanting his *mantras*

2ND CITIZEN His chanting won t make the Car go on In the old days the Priest had to give the first pull Does he think his *mantras* will now do the work instead?

1ST CITIZEN 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 worth 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*?

3RD CITIZEN Good gracious! The rope seems to be throbbing,—as if it was the artery of the ages

1ST CITIZEN 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 auspicious 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?

2ND CITIZEN What! D you think the world 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

1ST CITIZEN Well, old man, why not try a 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 CITIZEN 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 pull, 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 some extraordinary man to turn up

3RD CITIZEN My goodness! Was that the rope wriggling? Do be careful what you fellows say!

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 pull?

[*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

2ND SOLDIER We are Kshatriyas, my dear fellow, not cattle like the Sudras Our business is to ride the Car, not to drag it

3RD SOLDIER Or, perhaps, to break the Car 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 prevent 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 It's a case of the *Treta yuga* story over again

1ST SOLDIER Wasn't it in the *Treta yuga* that the monkeys set Lanka on fire?

1ST CITIZEN No, no, not that one

2ND SOLDIER 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 SOLDIER There's no fear of that now Even the Brahmins have given up all discipline, why talk about Sudras?

1ST CITIZEN Some of our Sudras, here, have taken to reading the scriptures in secret, "Are we not men?" they fling out, if they are discovered 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 not letting his Car stir If once it starts, it will grind earth, moon and sun underneath its wheels Just fancy!—the Sudra throwing out his chest and proclaiming he's a man! What next, I wonder?

1ST SOLDIER To day the Sudra reads scripture, to morrow the Brahmin takes to the plough and then follows red rain!

2ND SOLDIER Then come along, let's go over to the Sudra quarters and get busy with our arms We'll soon show them who are the better men!

3RD SOLDIER Some one has gone and told the King that in this *Kali Yuga* 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

1ST 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 SOLDIER Well, let the Bania remain behind We are ranged on either side of the King, so the pæans are all sung to us

3RD SOLDIER 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 SOLDIER The flashes jump off their diamonds, like so many crickets, right into our eyes

3RD SOLDIER Look at those huge gold chains round their necks,—regular fetters! Who on earth are they?

1ST CITIZEN They are Dhanapati, the Merchant's men They have got Father Time tied up hand and foot with those gold chains of theirs That's why his Car can't move

1ST SOLDIER (*To the retainers*) What 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?

2ND 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! D'you know that it's our voice which resounds to day through out earth, water and sky

1ST SOLDIER Your voice? When our hundred mouthed weapon thunders—

2ND RETAINER It's *our* behest which that 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 SOLDIER What! How do you mean?

1ST CITIZEN 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

1ST 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?

2ND RETAINER I do When they reached his cave 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?

2ND 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

1ST RETAINER And then?

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 ground!

3RD RETAINER 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!

3RD 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 halts or runs 'Tis the full belly makes the world go round!

[*Enter Minister & Dhanapati*]

DHANAPATI Well, Sir Minister, why am I summoned?

MINISTER Whenever the Kingdom s in any kind of want, aren t you the first to be called upon to remove it?

DHANAPATI If it's a question of supply, I m always ready—but what about the present trouble?

MINISTER You must have heard that the Car has failed to respond to any other pull?

DHANAPATI I have indeed, but, Sir Minister, this is a matter which has all along been in charge of—

MINISTER 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 m asked to do any hauling

MINISTER Look here, Master Merchant, this moving of the Car is a test for all of us The turning of its wheels will show who really leads the world When the Priest was leader, and then the King was leader, the Car used to bound forward at their very touch, like a lion roused from sleep Now they don't get the least response 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, I ll join them But it would never do to expose myself, before all these people, to the discredit—

MINISTER Ask them to hurry up then, Master Merchant The whole kingdom 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 none 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

(*To his men*) Now, my men, let s have hearty cheers for *Siddhi* *

RETAINERS *Jai Sidhi! Jai Siddhi!*

DHANAPATI *Siddhi*, our Goddess!

RETAINERS *Jai Siddhi*, our Goddess!

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 ho! *Jai Siddhi*, all together! *Jai Siddhi*, pull away, my hearties!

No It s no use The rope gets stiffer and stiffer at every tug

ALL Fie! Fie! Shame! Shame!

1ST SOLDIER Saved! Our honour's saved!

DHANAPATI I salute you, Father Time You are truly on our side for that you have kept still 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?

MINISTER Now that we've played our last move, I'm worried to think that there's nothing left to try.

DHANAPATI. 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 Dhanapati and and his retainers— Enter Spy*]

SPY Sir Minister, there's a great turmoil on at the Sudra quarters

MINISTER What's the trouble?

SPY A crowd of them are marching up "We'll move Father Time's Car!" say they

ALL What! Who's going to let them touch the ropes?

SPY Who's going to prevent them, rather!

SOLDIERS No fear! We'll stand guard

SPY How many are you after all? You may blunt your swords cutting them down, but there'll be so many left that you won't even get standing room near the car

(*To the Minister*) You seem all of a tremble, Sir

MINISTER It's not anything they may do to us that I dread

SPY Then?

MINISTER I am afraid they'll succeed!

SOLDIERS What are you saying, Sir Minister? *They* pull the Car of Time! Shall the stone 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 earthquake?—only the same thing happening underground A change of Cycle is but the coming into light of that which was hidden

SOLDIERS What would you have us do? Command us! We fear nothing on earth

MINISTER This love of parading fearlessness creates our most fearful problems No barrier 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 unconscious Power to know where it is we are nowhere!

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 form's 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 mangled bodies This time Father Time refused to accept our sacrifice

MINISTER So I could see There were scores 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 shrieks 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

PRIEST Indeed! And how came you to know this, pray?

SUDRA 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!

SUDRA LEADER No, for taking charge of the pulling

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?

PRIEST The times are awry, I admit But, after all's said and done, aren't we Brahmins still?

SUDRA LEADER. (*To the Minister*) Then, Honourable Sir, is it you who claim to move the world?

MINISTER What is the world, but you yourselves? 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?

SUDRA LEADER Whatever may be your number, can you remain at all, apart from us?—that's the point

MINISTER That's so, that's so

SUDRA LEADER You nourish your bodies on 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

MINISTER (*To the Soldiers*) Do keep quiet! (*To the Sudra Leader*) 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

SUDRA LEADER Come along, brothers, set to work with a will. Whether we live or die for it, we'll get a move 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

SUDRA LEADER We are only steeds, what do 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 flutters? That's the signal given by Father Time himself Come on, haul away

PRIEST Ah, they've touched it, they've actually touched it! What desecration!

CITIZENS Oh! Oh! What abomination!

PRIESTS Close your eyes, my children, close your eyes If your gaze falls on Father Time when he bursts on them in the full blaze of his wrath, you'll be reduced to ashes

A SOLDIER. What's that?—the rumble of wheels?—or does the very sky groan in despair?

PRIEST It cannot be!

A CITIZEN Yes, indeed, it seems to move

SOLDIERS There! Dust rises! A crime, a most horrible crime! The Car moves! O sin, thrice accursed sin!

SUDRAS Victory! Victory! Victory to Father Time!

PRIEST Ah, woe is me! It has actually 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,

SOLDIERS Then let us throw away our 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*?

MINISTER Then only will Father Time be 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

SOLDIER 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 I'll go with you too I may be of use as your counsellor

MINISTER You'll never check them It's your turn, I see, to go under, this time

SOLDIERS So be it Too long has base born blood polluted the wheels of Father Time's Car Let it now be cleansed with ours

PRIEST Oh look, do look Sir Minister The Car leaves the King's highway and runs down into the fields The Lord knows what unfortunate village it may charge into!

SOLDIERS What are Dhanapati's men shouting 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 rescue!

MINISTER. Save yourselves first, my good fellows, and then talk of rescuing others I rather think it's your Armoury that the Car makes for There'll be nothing left of it, if that be so Look there!

SOLDIERS What's 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 [*Exit*]

SOLDIERS (*To one another*) What shall we do? (*To the Priest*) Reverend Sir, what is your idea?

PRIEST What have you decided, my braves?

SOLDIERS 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

1ST 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

3RD 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 seen* 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 understand 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 Poet*]

2ND SOLDIER —Can you tell us, Poet, why the Car festival has turned out all topsy turvy this time?

POET Of course I can

1ST 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

PRIEST Are your Sudras, then, so wise as to understand the ropes and respect their bondage?

POET They are not They'll soon forget the spirit that makes things move and pin their faith on the vehicle and themselves You 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?

POET 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*

PRIEST And what strength have they to do the pulling?

POET Not strength 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

2ND SOLDIER And what are you going to do, Poet?

POET 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 Pulling out of tune is the root of all the trouble in the world

SOLDIERS And what are *we* to do?

PRIEST And what am *I* to do?

POET Do nothing in a hurry, I beg you Watch and think and work, preparing yourselves for your Call

[CURTAIN]

—FROM *The Visva bharati Quarterly*

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THE FOURFOLD WAY OF INDIA

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

AN artist carefully selects his lines and 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 their 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 the less 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. In 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 lighted 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 kind, however, for it stretched up towards self-emancipation,—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 chase.

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 he 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 *vanaprasthya*, the retreat for the loosening of bonds; and finally, *pravrajya*, 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 totter, 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 self-centred 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 into 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 tnat

"*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 ear, 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 exaggeration. The whole thing is sheer imitation and mostly sham. It has no 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 an outside thing which we must bolster up by 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 gather 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 boisterous movements of the inexpert swimmer.

Moreover, I cannot at all admit that there can be anything in man's higher life which is 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

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

I

JUST as I entered, 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 Gallery, 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.

II

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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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 needed 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

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 hurls itself against obstructions, 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, and snatching the helpless creature from the mother heart of Nature, shuts it in his prison-house, 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 different course altogether. For the flower the 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 market value.

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 Nature has given the mother is absolutely 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 love for this institution which they 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 that only 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 leaves 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 spiritually—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 of sympathy and understanding and 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 the child in himself is absolutely unfit for 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 this—that 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 bank-notes 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 COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS AND INDIA

By TARAKANATH DAS. M. A., PH. D., AUTHOR OF "INDIA IN WORLD POLITICS", ETC.

SELF-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. The 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 James 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.

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.

* सर्व्वधर्म्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं व्रज।—गीता।

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.

DELHI. 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 when 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.

Conclusion as to Developed Stage.

Thus we have about the 6th to 4th centuries B. C. the stage when republics and similar bodies 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 aristocracy 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, in spite 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 imitation 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 sea.

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 programme. 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.

The Serampore missionaries, Carey, 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 Mohun'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 his son Satyendranath, 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 treasure.

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. They 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, music 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. A friend of mine has described to me the scene that 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, unbound-

ed 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 eyes 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, l[illegible] 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.

[illegible]ot wonderful therefore that Bengal [illegible]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.

ıave 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 ıd musician as Rabindranath would have ı air about it of unreality. It is true, as ɜ shall now go on to see, that both his ɜrsonality and his art have qualities which ıly belong to the highest order of genius; ıt Rabindranath is no isolated and inplicate phenomenon of nature, standing ɔart from his own age and country as a nd of accident in human history. No ɔet with a universal message was ever ıis; and Rabindranath is not an exceɒn 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 ɜerature, were borne on by the same tide,—ſichæl, Toru, Hem Chandra, Bankim, avin Chandra,—but Rabindranath has ɜached the topmost wave of all. He is ıe national poet of Bengal in the sense ıat Shakespeare was the national poet of ngland in the days of Queen Elizabeth. his fact is a remarkable one in the present ɜntury. Indeed, of all the poets living in ıe 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 sponıneity, a width of humanity, to his work, ſhich is altogether refreshing in our someſhat artificial age.

I think I shall bring before you most ividly the second part of my subject, the ɔersonality of the poet, if I describe as imply and as clearly as I can one unforetable day in London when my friend told ıe 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-

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 palm-leaves. 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-kissing 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. Whe he wrote, however, the poems pul lished later under the name of 'Sandhy Sangit' (Evening Songs) he broke awa from the archaic and conventiona 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 sour of his deepest inspiration. This ever afte wards remained intimately endeared t him: its influence is marked in the Gitanja translations, which are now becomin familiar to English readers.

His school life, he told me, was a failure and he learnt most of his knowledge throug association with the older members o the Tagore family and by his own eage interest in all that had to do with poetr and art. He was also passionately fond o music and acting. But the whole of thi period of boyhood and youth was extremel subjective and this mood is represented i 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 shal quote his own very words, for the phenome non was one of the most remarkable i literary history. He told me the story a follows:—

It was morning I was watching the sunrise Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn, an everything I saw became luminous. The whole scen was one perfect music, one marvellous rhythm. Th houses in the street, the men moving, the children play ing, all seemed parts of one luminous whole,—inexpre sibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eigh days. Every one, even those who bored me, seemed t lose their outer barrier of personality; and I was ful of gladness, full of love, for every person and every tiniest thing. Then I went to the Himalayas, an looked for it there, and I lost it.....That morning in Fre School Street was one of the first things which gave m the inner vision, and I have tried to explain it in m poems. I have felt, ever since, that this was my goal i life: to express the fullness of life, in its beauty, a perfection.— if only the veil were withdrawn."

I copied this account down word for 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 o

life," In Rabindranath's own prose work Jivan-smriti the same incident is also recorded. You will like to compare this passage with the word-picture he gave me in London. They corroborate and explain one another.

"Where the 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 every one; and if Rabindranath had 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. This 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 held high:
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 ever-widening 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 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."

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 in Gitanjali,——

"Light, ah where is the light? Kindle it with burning 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. Then came the third overwhelmiug 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. The 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 spiritual experience. "As I crossed the 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 of all their gaudy ornaments and clothe them in the simplest dress." That 'simplest dress' has now been 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 and great. The sovereignty of the poet, 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.

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 I 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

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.

THERE is also a rich field for the utilisation of our existing resources in attempting small industries. The small industries comprehend two types of organisation—(1) the workshop, (2) the cottage industry. By the side 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 the artisan keeps a small workshop 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 of the population live upon agriculture and one-third upon industry, this 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 workmen each. They give occupation to 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. Pandits 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 learning 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 research and criticism. Scholars like Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Shastri in Bengal and Dr. Bhandarkar in the Deccan 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, ever-distinguished leader of the Irish 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 fellow-singers 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 Tagore which he was 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 ear-gate, was that of direct statement of subjective experience akin to that of Maeterlinck 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 "joy-ride," 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 consciousness 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 to 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 much-needed poetical Restoration.

UDAIPUR—THE FAIRY CITY OF INDIA

By Lynfield.

INDIA is a land of infinite variety, and on every hand are to be seen examples of magnificent construction, strong and apparently impregnable fortresses, 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 mountain-circled 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 anger 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,

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 post-graduate 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. If 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.

Sir 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 truly 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 failures. No serious student of History, whether Indian or European, denies 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 immense 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 become so approximately equal as to cause the inherent advantages of Home Rule to turn the scale. Two things, however, seem fairly clear, if our general principle is admitted. First, that so long as the necessity for foreign rule continues, any experiment that may be tried in the way of elective governing bodies, must be merely experiments and must leave the ultimate decision of all questions in the hands of the paramount power. Next, that ripeness 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 maintain external and internal security even nearly as well as it is now maintained 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 due 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 gifts."

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-maru, 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 voyage, except for one day in the Bay of Bengal, where the ship had to pass through a cyclone 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 considerable amount of his literary work done on board. He told his interviewers that his habits 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 best.

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. Shunei 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,

Press dinner to Sir Rabindranath 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 Plato received inspiration from India. Schopenhauer and Swedenborg were affected by Indian thought. Japan received the Indian civilization through Korea and China. We must repay our debts to India. We ought to receive Tagore with our whole heart.

"The Yomiuri" says that Sir Rabindranath Tagore, who landed in Japan 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 India 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, SPEAKING IN BENGALI, GIVES WARNING TO JAPAN.

A public welcome for Sir Rabindranath Tagore took place at the Kaneiji, in Uyeno Park, on the 13th inst., when over two hundred prominent men were present, including Count Okuma, Dr. Takata, Minister of Education, Mr. Kono, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Dr. Baron Yamakawa of the Imperial University and Dr. Okada, Mayor of Tokio. The host of the day, says *The Far East*, was Chief Abbot Hioki, head of the Soto sect. The temple was appropriate for the occasion, situated as it is in the thick wood of the ancient 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 inasmuch as the poet himself was not quite at home in the borrowed language, he preferred to speak in his native tongue in the presence of his Japanese friends.

This Bengali speech was translated by Prof. Kanaru into Japanese, and was to the effect that the poet was disappointed on his arrival at Kobe, for everything that greeted his eye was pure imitation 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 meet him, burning fra-

The audience hearing sir Rabindranath at Osaka, Japan

grant interest, while his hands were joined together when speaking to the Indian visitor. There were two antagonistic currents in the country, new Japan and old Japan, and it was his ardent desire that Japan would cherish what was her own.

Count Okuma then delivered a speech, and much amusement was aroused by the veteran mistaking the Bengali address for English. The Prime Minister said that he could hardly understand English, yet wished to express the sense of his gratitude to the sage of India for his timely visit and for giving very sound 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. Dr. Takakusu 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 Japanese" writes to a paper published in Japan :

To think that among the Orientals whom the Europeans are inclined more or less to despise in matters relating to the mind there should be one who has raised himself to a world-wide fame never dreamt of by the Orientals, is no doubt at once flattering and elating to the Japanese, and a large part of the enthusiasm with which Tagore is received on his present visit to us, I am inclined to attribute to this. The Japanese who thought that things 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 Tagore.

I hear from my book-store keeper that with the name of Tagore surprising the ears of the Japanese a few years ago, there has been an increasing demand for Sanscrit grammars.

The Gratitude of Asia to Japan.

Sir Rabindranath 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 outbursts of applause, and the great poet held

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN JAPAN.

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 mausoleum 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 I 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 shame, 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 giant 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 climate of Asia that produces mental inactivity and atrophies the faculties which impel men to 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-sacrifice 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 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 responsibilities of modern civilisation.

Japan's Teaching.

What has Japan to teach us? Let the Poet reply.

Thus 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 simulate 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 rise 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 are 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 radically wrong in the administration of Bengal when the Government is unable to stamp out these crimes.

Of course there is, and towards that wrongness the *Pioneer*, and other Anglo-Indian newspapers have contributed 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 unflinchingly 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 self-hood, 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 one-self—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 widest 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 politics 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.

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 the man expressing himself. The poet, then, expresses himself because he must. He creates beauty, quite independently of all formulas on Art, and says to the world if he says anything: "Take it or leave it." And the world mostly leaves it, afraid for "the little house of cards it calls Society, the refuge of the Eternal No."

AMAL CHANDRA HOME.

TAGORE IN JAPAN

I 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 conflict 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 *Athenæum* 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 he might run away in haste. He confesses his first impression of Japan seen from the balcony 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 sea 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, turned a 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 self-satisfaction 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 fountainhead of humanity, and advocated that Japan should have a firm faith in the moral law of existence clear of the path of suicide 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 Cana-

da, 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 remarked, 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 creation.
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 train 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 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 Ernest, 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. I 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 everywhere and created a very deep impression on thoughtful minds. They won for

poet certain admirers whom even the 'Gitanjali' 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 Balfour and others Of course, the 'Gitanjali' 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 thinking minds of England and America

It is a commonplace mistake here, in India, to think that Rabindranath's 'Gitanjali' created such a sensational and arecord impression in England and elsewhere, either by reason of its novelty and strangeness, 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 phrased Simply the novelty of sentiments, or the delicate beauty the rhythmical atmosphere of the poems would not have given such a shock of surprise The charm of novelty is short lived, the charm of words still less The power of 'Gitanjali' was owing to two chief reasons (1) As 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 glimpses and records haltingly," says a reviewer Wordsworth, Tennyson, Patmore, Whitman, Traharne, Herbert, Vaughan, F Thompson, Yeats, A E and a host of other poets were brought forward by these English reviewers to show that Rabindranath had deeper affinities of spirit with them than with any mediæval 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 consequently greater power. The second reason was at first dimly and vaguely apprehended Mr Abercrombie was one who apprehended it, possibly Mr. Yeats was another They found certain qualities in the poems of the Gitanjali 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 a complex character The epoch, if the poems of the Gitanjali marked any, was not merely a literary epoch but an epoch of renaissance, of national upheaval

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 susceptibilities, he was voicing the inarticulate yearnings surging deep in the heart of a whole people, a whole civilisation 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 There 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 therefore to consist in this that this time Rabindranath went as the bearer of a distinct message of India and Indian civilisation 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, however, that this phase of Rabindranath has been a new development, it was there, only less pronounced when he had visited America before The 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 bold in his choice of illustra-

tions 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 wonderful 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 civilisation could long sustain itself by "cannibalism" of any sort, 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 community 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 high 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 B. 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 soft 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 Joullin, 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 Padc 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 imitation 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 Keats wrote his ode

'It seems to me that Hindu music concerns itself more with human experience as interpreted by reli gion than with experience in an every-day sense For us music has abov- all a transcendental signifi cance. It disengages the spiritual from the happen ings 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 poli ties 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, estab lishing 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 inter view, he discussed farm methods The reporter of it writes

'He talks in a thoroughly practical manner that dissipates the idea 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 ities 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 co operative 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 cul ture and refinement his broad sympathies 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 sym pathy, 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 mention ed in another place He read particularly everywhere his brilliant address on 'The cult of Nationalism" which, this time, conveyed his entire message to America It was in substance the same as his former lecture at Rochester on Race-conflict and its solution But it was more 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 poet's message

I shall quote from an article contributed by Prof A R Seymour Ph D in the December number of the *Hindusthani Stu dent*, in which both a brief synopsis of the address as well as the professor's thoughts and comments about it have been admir ably set forth Thus writes the profes sor —

What he saw from his distance was nation pitiless ly destroying nation in a fury of greed All the splen did achievements of science and invention all the wealth and power of wonderfully organized and developed countries were madly 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 selfishness and sacrilegiously invoking the blessings of heaven upon their gigantic egotism

'A nation" he says is an organized gregarious ness of gluttony , that is it is a political and com mercial machine, inhuman without soul This na tionalism has got hold of the people It extracts the human ity 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 preying

of one nation upon another for material wealth Its civilization is carnivorous and cannibalistic, feeding upon the blood of the weaker nations Its one idea is to thwart all greatness outside its own boundaries Never before were there such terrible jealousies, such betrayals of trust, and all this is called patriotism whose creed is politics"

Better than this, it seems to this poet, incomparably 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 simple, patient, strong in faith, the spiritual citadel of troubled times

It is not, therefore, as the representative of a defeated 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 soul, her children can still glory in her spiritual sublimity . It is realization of this truth that has 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 unchanged 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 The 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 convenience, but truth does not forget us Prosperity can not save itself without moral foundation Until man can see the gaping chasm between his full storehouse and his humanity, until he can feel the unity of mankind, the kind of barbarism which you call civilization 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 world But the nations of the West have driven their tentacles deep into their soil, and the government, 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 cannon and machine taught her to be a nation And now English and American complain that Japan is becoming too aggressive Why should they complain? Why should they not rather rejoice in her 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 easy victims, I say that it is time for the East to rise and deliver the message that I bring to you"

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 man

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 stifle 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 University-towns, this lecture made a tremendous impression Rabindranath carried city after city by storm, he read the lecture before bankers and millionaires and those "who came to scoff remained to pray" So crowded 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'S WONDERFUL 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 audience 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 dissector carving out our foolish boasts and our smug comfortabilities into their essentials and finding, for the most part little or nothing

It was done without a trace of pose It was done in the most natural way in the world unconsciously almost and inevitably beyond a word Thus we are no doubt naked And if we are not ashamed, it is our own fault Why? 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 Rabindranath was speaking for the most part of Anglo Indians or of English as yet foreign to India—that he has not found them living up to their own ideals

The Poet who is a Philosopher is not frequently met The Poet who is a man of politics and affairs 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 His indignation burns His wrath scars His 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 outside world very near to us and more valuable, by far, than it is near

E A J

The Morning Oregon thus gives a report of the same lecture delivered under the auspices of the Drama League at Portland

'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 indicated by the breathless silence that followed the regal chant of his poem of peace with which Rabindranath Tagore closed his lecture—a silence that continued it seemed for minutes before the spell was broken in the burst of applause that followed the retiring master

A nation is a thing in which society is organized for a mechanical purpose A 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 nation 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 Sannyasi, for instance, but considering the sum total of social progress, the achievements of India for 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 East 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 non-nations have therefore become painfully acute and it is to be hoped and fervently prayed for that Nationalism should 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 recuperation of the soul I have not felt like a human being I have felt like a bale 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 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 HOWEL EVANS,
AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS," "THE CINEMA GIRL," &c.

[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 V.

FRIENDS AND RIVALS.

"YES, that's mine, and that and that. I don't know whether they'll all go 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 the crowded 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 Jove! it was worth half a crown to see you lift that! Here you are. Why bless my soul, it's 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 Eternal Peace have stated that neither the hope of Nirvana 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 Sarojini's song the value and beauty of life and phenomena to her depend upon their relation to the spiritual substratum on which the phenomenal side of life is based

Fuller knowledge and reflection will no doubt remedy these defects in any case they do not diminish our 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 excellent compendium of the same

The poets studied are Lascelles Abercrombie Rupert Brooke W H Davies W de la Mare W W Gibson Ralph Hodgson F M Heuffer Rose Macaulay John Masefield Harold Monro Sarojini Naidu John Presland Margaret L Woods James Stephens, and An Irish Group

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN AMERICA

MANY readers of the Modern Review are anxious for a detailed account of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's work in America What I propose to do in this article therefore is to reprint as many extracts as possible from various American papers describing their impression of the poet's lectures and personality his talks and readings as he passed from one American city to another

Interesting and amusing accounts of the poet some of them faithful and others fanciful and wild and all of them characteristically American with sensational 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 Angeles Calif Herald* Some Sokul was reported to have said about Rabindranath's school at Shantiniketan that it was a school for all classes and a movement for uplift and that students were sent from that school throughout India to spread the philosophy and teachings of Tagore But every Bengali knows that the students of Bolpur school are quite tiny boys who cannot possibly enter into the poet's philosophy and teachings Of course it must not be supposed that all the papers published 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 prominent papers of America noticed the arrival of Rabindranath on Sept 18 1916, in Seattle 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 six feet tall the head of a Greek God over which flows a mass of soft iron gray locks a full high brow soft dark eyes a White beard and a figure straight as an Indian's of the plains Sir Rabindranath is one of the most notable individuals to-day in the world

Professional interviewers who are busy bodies all over the world published that the object of his visit to America was to raise funds to carry on his school for boys in India In America one cannot get rid of these people who live on flapdoodle and who will therefore come with all sorts of questions and wring out almost all the views of the man about important and unimportant matters becoming more enthusiastic as the topic becomes more hopelessly trite and insignificant It is a sort of craze there and so all papers send out interviewers vying with one another as regards the amount of useless information each is successfully able to squeeze out of the big man who becomes for the time being the object of universal interest We hear that Mr Pearson the private secretary of the poet, had great difficulties to keep out the swarm of interviewers who would buzz

about day and night, disturbing the poet's peace and solitude. This is another 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 nath, in his prophet's role, denouncing all the fetishes and shibboleths of modern civilisation in his famous lectures, no less denounced this side of American life, this mad craze for sensationalism, which kills 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 humanity today. Although *a few of them* played 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 social and literary circles, were invited. The report runs thus —

"A large T shaped table was arranged in the dining room and was decorated at intervals with large blue bowls 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 butterflies. Mrs Winfield P Smith, president of the club, presided as Chairman and introduced Dr 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 feast 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 women is in accordance with our form of hospitality. I think it most auspicious that my first welcome on this shore should have been in this charming way. East and West are not so far apart and it is such occasions as this that hurry forward the time we are all looking for, the day 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 big popular demand". The price of admission was one dollar. In *Seattle Wash. Post Intell*, Sept. 26, 1916, a full report of the famous lecture appeared thus :—

"It was a literary feast of beauty and wisdom.... Those who dwell in the belief that the Hindu thinker is a suppressed soul who is content to voice the misty dreams that come *from sitting cross-legged under a tree* looking at the point of the nose until the body is atrophied and the senses hypnotised into a sort of voluptuous delirium will be well disillusionized, if they hear this virile logician, seer, prophet, what you will. *It would be impossible to separate the* parts of this closely knit discourse and print them as excerpts without doing great wrong to the author. He thinks in large space, universally, and treats the moving world of institutions, 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 *nationalism is now*, he said, like a giant giraffe which has shot its intelligence upward from its body to incalculable heights. But in so separating pure intellect from the moral man the heart and body are left starving.

"Mr Tagore pictured the material world of the twentieth century as a giant dragon, a great iron machine, symbolized in the scientific destruction of millions of men in the European war by this heady monster tremendous 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 flowing river of his oratory. You are carried along with him into the broad field of imagination, scarcely 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 subjugation to the nationalized peoples who built for power. Nations he characterized as scientific machines perfected in every part by dehumanizing men and women and personalizing politics and efficiency until the steam roller of civilisation was perfected and roared its way over manhood, womanhood, childhood, where the people were devoted to thought and moral development instead of the evolution of an iron nation.

"There is fire in this tall, slender, dreamy-eyed oriental. At moments of inspiration his figure seems to rise high out of all proportion, and his words fairly leap from his trembling lips. But for the most part he is gentle, composed and quiet.

"Tagore is not an entertainer. He is here to say something and he has something to say. He will leave 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 European and American enthusiasts over 'Gitanjali' had flung about him certain semi supernatural trappings, calling him 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 sufficient evidences that he had steered clear of those dangerous 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 impossible 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 the Columbia Theatre, the poet read a short story entitled 'The Vision' and a play recently translated and unpublished The King and the Queen' (Raja o Rani) While there, he was apprised of a cable from Berlin which told of the successful production 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 alleged that Prof Bishnu Singh who came from Stockton to invite the poet, was assaulted 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 admittance to the Columbia Theatre where the poet was to give readings from his writings was denied to several hundred Hindus Of course, Ramchandra's party denied that there was any such plot among the Indians but the American newspapers naturally made a great fuss over the whole affair and every day the news of the supposed plot to assassinate the poet came under such sensational headings "Hindu 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 foundation in fact was expressed by Rabindranath himself at Santa Barbara In *Los Angeles Calif Examiner*, we find that he emphatically declared his disbelief that there was a plot among his own countrymen to assassinate him 'He voiced greater fears of the effect of such a rumor upon the character of Hindus in California than of any possible attempt to harm himself" He said 'I have cancelled no engagements and I came to Santa Barbara by the train which had been arranged for me some days before by my manager"

From Santa 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 Nationalism at Isis Theatre and then hurried on to Los Angeles In *Los Angeles Calif Times*, we read that the "Trinity Auditorium" 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 Trinity 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 away 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 poet's message For the poet's vast and unparalleled success in U S A 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 which 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 his thoughts in these figurative speech holding his audience spell bound by his intensity and the depths of his thought It is doubtful if the weaknesses and inconsistencies of occidental civilisation were ever more vividly pictured than by this picturesque student of India Mr Tagore drew a distinction between a people composed of individuals and a nation an organisation of power The charge is made Mr Tagore said that the ideals of the east are static and he answered the charge by saying that the ideals are the aspiration to do—a renouncement of self and life more free more pure and simple and free from greed an aspiration which goes beyond death Against these ideals he said have been turned the machines of greed commercial and political which oppressed the peoples whose only crime is that they have not organised

From Salt Lake he came to Chicago where he was the guest at 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 therefore some chance of tackling him about various questions of the day and one of them got out of him his opinion about Rudyard Kipling which needless to say was not at all favourable and could never be so for no two poets stand poles asunder to-day as he and Kipling 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 bazaars and servants He never has entered into the real life of the people This opinion was boomed in the papers as an interesting piece of news with such big head lines as —Tagore scoffs at Kipling India's poet and seer takes rap at Kipling Kipling ignorant of India asserts Sir Tagore etc I suppose all Indians will be equally glad to know that such an opinion about Kipling's writings was openly avowed by the poet in America for we all share it ... with him

The poet's opinions as we have already seen were ... most often strong and unpleasant but all the same his unassuming manner attracted all reporters In five or six papers we find invariably the statement expressed with some amount of surprise that the poet preferred to be called Mr Tagore rather than Sir Tagore The *Chicago Ills Herald* writes on Oct 22 1916— Despite 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 Tagore as he prefers to be called ' However some people in Bengal will find it difficult to believe the above statements for, in their opinion their fancied change of the poet's attitude towards nationalism now is to be attributed mainly to the fact that a knighthood has been conferred upon him by the British government These people do not carefully read Rabindranath's writings they like to go by hearsay It is simply their impression not based on facts that in the days of the Swadeshi movement in Bengal Rabindranath had been a staunch nationalist in the Western sense—they 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 Indian civilisation as distinguished 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 comprehended before an attempt at comparison of his views about it before and after can be undertaken Was he an advocate at any time of his life of the aggressive form of nationalism as it has developed in the West whose another name is commercialism and militarism and which trades upon the greed and fear of men turning them as he says into conscienceless automatons of selfishness and greed ? Did he not repeatedly expose the utter hollowness of this kind of nationalism which is the form of the organized self interest of a whole people and which recklessly barters a people's higher aspirations of life in exchange for profit and power ... his sonnets ... of ... Naivedya and his addresses published in the Bangadarshan e g *Prachya O Paschatya Sabhyata* (Eastern and Western Civilisations) *Swadeshi Samaj* (Swadeshi Society) *Brahma Bharatvarsher Itihas* (Indian History) etc ? What he said then he has said now almost word for word in his Cult Nationalism only with far greater power and clearness of vision Although it is digression still I may be permitted to say that the president of the recent Bengal Provincial Conference has also made similar comparisons of the poet's 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 misapprehension 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 *Kewanee 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 evil'

In an article which was published in *Minneapolis Minn Tribune*, the writer said truly of the poet "He is a nationalist 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 Problems' 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 fail to see that the president of the recent Bengal Provincial Conference has so closely followed Rabindranath'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 Milwaukee Wis Journal*, Oct 26, 1916, we hear that the poet "thrilled" the vast audience, which was composed of quite a miscellany of people of all classes and races—'men and women with white faces, yellow faces, brown faces" and that seated 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 society says Tagore, as the centripetal force does in the planets But in Europe, this centripetal force of woman's energy is proving fruitless to counterbalance the centrifugal force of the distracted society No doubt when an English lady sees the small rooms with crude furniture and old fashioned pictures in the Zenana 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 Spencer, Ruskin and Mill, we edit magazines and write books but we squat on a mattress on the floor and we use an earthen oil lamp for study 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 sofas or highly upholstered chairs yet we do not feel miserable for not having them But at the same time we are quite capable of loving and being loved The western *people love* [illegible] *entertainments and luxuries 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 precedence 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 'Bookman' 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 thoughts show their affinity with the East just as the great Eastern poets have theirs with the West For to be great is to be comprehensive 'To cite an instance Walt Whitman's poems though strongly savouring of America, are yet deeply imbued with Eastern ideas and feelings Are not Shelley's 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty' and Wordsworth's nature poems Eastern in their spirit?

The modern poets of the East are learning 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 East the reverent delight in the vision of perfection in whose depth all movements find their rest and meaning'

Finishing his Indianapolis programme, Rabindranath went to Milwaukee on November 4 At the Pabst theatre, he spoke on 'Nationalism' and we read in *Milwaukee Wis Sentinel* November 5, 1916 the following report —

'A long 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 poet stood before a large audience of Milwaukeeans at the Pabst Theater Saturday night Tagore had for audiences one of the biggest lecture crowds that has been brought together in Milwaukee for several seasons Every seat in the main floor and the balcony of the Pabst theatre was filled

His next move was to Louisville where he spoke on the same subject on November 6th at Macauley'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 line "Orient and Occident Meet in Tagore's Wonderful Talk' Four 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 enthusiastic over the question of autonomy for the East Indian Empire' 'Provincials or something quite like he called us, and he was right We were quite too provincial to go to the depths of the Pierian spring sounded by him last night'

Leaving Louisville he went to Nashville at the invitation of the Centennial Club and lectured under its auspices at the Vendome Theatre on November 8 The Nashville people were exceedingly appreciative of his message We read in *Nashville Tenn Banner* Nov 9, that he invited the Centennial Club people to assemble in his private reception room at the Hotel Hermitage

'There, writes the reporter, "seated in the midst of them the great poet told them very simply the story of his school for boys, in India, where the life effort of his present years is expressing itself It was a company of congenial selection and they listened with keen and close interest as Sir Rabindranath 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 smiling His principles of education do not embrace set curriculum or plans of grading and examination 'The education of my boys germinates from a seed to a plant, rather, unconsciously, I may say 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 it in years to come, as one of the most privileged occasions that time has brought them'

The poet arrived in Detroit, a famous American town, on November 10 He 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 curiosity You are interested only in the spectacular phases of a man's personality I often wonder why some newspapers send men to see me at all when they would save time and trouble by simply putting a reporter down to a typewriter and letting him draw 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 in which Detroit's exclusive society was well represented" Rabindranath delivered his lecture on "Nationalism" The *Detroit Mich Free Press* writes thus about the lecture —

A PROFOUND MESSAGE "with masculine force he stripped modern civilisation until it stood naked and grotesque before the shocked mental vision

What an indictment of the pretensions of the British Government' What an arraignment of nations and of powers' What a plea for mankind'

The Board of Commerce audience heard the most profound analysis of life and of the mechanism of commerce, of organized society and of Government that any modern ears have heard The Rousseaus, the Jeffersons, the Karl Marxes the Bryces and the Wilsons seem superficial in the presence of the swarthy analyst.

'The great corpulent bodies of modern commercialism the boilers and engines of modern nations and the exuberant prosperity of the western world all soulless structures built up of the gnawed bones of the weak whose ignorance is capitalized Thus ran the message from the terrible seer Rabindranath, and thus ran his terrific indictment

The Detroit Mich News, The Detr

Mich Tribune 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. It is the abstraction of nationalism that Tagore contends against.

The Detroit Mich Journal calls in question the burden of Tagore'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 evening 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 West .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 admirable head-lines · "Rabindranath *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 , 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 legislature 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 want of cash and then 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 hear, too, that underhand influences are at work to urge the passage of the bill excluding Indian students from this country

"Here they are, between two great Powers They are insignificant creatures You can ..

then if you will you can deprive them of their education But you will do them a grave moral hurt and that you cannot do without injuring yourselves I think that to pass the bill will be a crime

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 Leader saying that just for a riband to stick in his coat the riband of knighthood he deserted the camp of nationalism How absurd of them to insinuate that he seized the occasion to play to the gallery by denouncing nationalism when Europe was groaning with agony in her battle fields and Western saints were supposed to have pointed out nationalism as the root of all evils and war With the single exception of Hon Mr Bertrand Russel we do not know of a second Englishman of fame who has disparaged nationalism on similar grounds and Bertrand Russel's indictments are much later than Tagore's It has not therefore become a *bon ton* in Europe or America to speak against nationalism and war—rather race hatred and national pride are running amuck in the west to-day and it is fearfully dangerous for any man to express views discountenancing them in any way

Rabindranath's famous lecture on Nationalism came off on November 21st in Carnegie Hall New York one of the biggest halls in the city The immense audience says New York City *Evening World* sat devoutly hushed The hall resounded from time to time with plaudits says New York City *Tribune* which chooses for its headline Tagore hits British rule and quotes excerpts from the lecture only where he happened to criticise British rule in India *The New York City Post* too follows suit and says The applause with which his address was greeted indicated that there was a warm sympathy with his thought *The New York City Sun* says that it was one of the biggest gatherings ever seen in Carnegie Hall Scores waited in line for tickets but had to go away disappointed We have not however noticed a single adverse criticism among the New York papers except perhaps one which simply doubted about the feasibility of the poet's programme of the futurity of nations

On November 23 Rabindranath read his second lecture viz that on The World of Personality at the Hudson Theatre in New York *The Bridgeport Conn Farmer* writes about it Many women had tears in their eyes while the poet was reading In exquisitely beautiful language Tagore told his listeners things which are so much a part of him and which they have come to know in every book of prose or poetry which he has written

We read in another paper that Rev Dr Frederick J Gauld delivered an interesting address on Rabindranath Tagore in a famous Unitarian church to a crowded audience and he said that the great poet was not seeking in the subject of his Toledo lecture the Cult of Nationalism 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 gave readings from his published works at the Hudson Theatre *The New York City Mail* writes that Mr Tagore requested however that his hearers refrain from applause 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 serenity of the occasion

A most appreciative and pretty long report of the lecture on the Cult of Nationalism appeared in *New York City Evening Post* Nov 20 written by Mr Malcolm W Davis There the poet's teachings were likened to those of Socrates and Jesus Says the writer

> After a long outburst of denunciation it was difficult for a gathering of western men and women to get their breath In the full flood of his angry rebellion against ideals to which they had been born they seemed dazed Under the lash of his contemptuous invective they stirred uneasily in their seats with subdued ejaculations of astonishment They laughed apologetically at themselves as they listened to his bitter sarcasm Finally he sent them away with a poem picturing the downfall of western civilisation a lurid sunset while a world in darkness waits the calm dawn in the East"

On Nov 2 Rabindranath arrived in Philadelphia from New York and on the same night he read some of his poetry at a private recital in a school for girls He also spoke on Nationalism which was very much appreciated in all Philadelphia papers and hurried to Brooklyn on Nov 3 where he spoke on the same subject in the Opera House of the Academy of Music before a large audience The meeting presided over by the Rev Dr Charles L Allerton who hailed Rabindranath

exceedingly high terms at the end of his talk *The Brooklyn N Y Eagle*, Nov 28, 1916 has the headings in the report concerning the lecture —'Denounces Great Britain for its Treatment of India and its people Says, they are being stifled The same paper observes

'His adroit phraseology and scintillating epigrams however seldom went unappreciated and evoked applause every few moments He was greeted almost reverentially by the audience 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 honising of Rabindranath in city after city naturally evoked 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 Y Post Standard*, Nov 30, a critic writes

If some Englishman came to this country and denounced western civilisation 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 interviews with him and accounts of his life and activities, and he invariably spoke of his school at Shantiniketan *The Boston Mass Post*, Dec 3 1916 published a long interview and remarked "He was knighted by George V, but he wants to be called Mr Tagore" On Dec 6 at Tremont Temple, he delivered his address on "Nationalism" before a large audience *The Boston Mass Herald*, Dec 6, 1916, thus writes about it —

The temple was stormed nearly an hour before opening time and scores of people failed to get seats The audience gave the famous Bengali poet one of the warmest welcomes ever accorded to a lecturer in Boston and he spoke for over 80 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 Yale faculty", writes the New *Haven Conn Register* He lectured at night on Dec 6, at Mount Holyoke College before "a large enthusiastic audience on "What is 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 prepared for the poet at Yale He was introduced in Woolsley Hall by President Hadley who made a short and beautiful speech on the occasion presenting to the poet the Yale bicentennial medal with the words '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 reception at the club concluded and he could retire At the club about six Indian residents 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 Y Courier* and the *Buffalo N Y News* 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 to the New Amsterdam Theatre yesterday afternoon for the last appearance in New York of Sir Rabindranath Tagore" He left New York for San Francisco rather hurriedly, 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 again—the 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 Americans were impressed by the poet's personality and his message may we not ask ourselves, whether we are sufficiently alive to our own responsibilities as a people with regard to our attitude towards the poet and his teachings and also with regard to our attitude towards ourselves? If hundreds of intellectual centres in America discuss Rabindranath's poetry regularly ought there not to be at least one centre or association here in Bengal to study and discuss his works systematically? If the Americans raise funds to help Bolpur School should it not be the duty of educated Indians to do the same and take more interest in its work? If the Americans are so eager to hear his talk and see him in person as the American press tells us should not the various cities of India and Bengal be more eager to see him and hear him from time to time? It would be a matter of utter shame if India's greatest son were more honored and appreciated outside 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.

LITERATUS.

Note by the Editor

In this series of articles on Rabindranath 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 question as it affects my own country but the future of all humanity. It is not about the British Government but the government by the Nation—the Nation which is the organised self interest of a whole people where it is the least human and the least spiritual. Our only intimate experience of the Nation is the British Nation and as far as the government by the Nation goes there are reasons to believe that it is one of the best. Then again we have to consider that the West is necessary to the East. We are complementary to each other because of our different outlooks upon life which have given us different aspects of truth. Therefore if it be true that the spirit of the West has come upon our fields in the guise of a storm it is all the same scattering living seeds that are immortal. And when in India we shall learn to assimilate in our life what is permanent in the Western civilisation we shall be in the position to bring about a reconciliation of those two great worlds. Then will come to an end the one sided dominance which is galling. What is more we have to recognise that the history of India does not belong to one particular race but it is the history of a process of creation to which various races of the world contributed—the Dravidians and the Aryans the ancient Greeks and the Persians the Mahomedans of the West and those of the Central Asia. Now that at last has come the turn of the English to bring to it the tribute of their life we neither have the right nor the power to exclude them from their work of building the destiny of India. Therefore what I say about the Nation has more to do with the history of Man than specially with that of India.

It is perhaps necessary to say that the poet does not preach what is generally caricatured as cosmopolitanism. He says:

Neither the colourless vagueness of cosmopolitanism, nor the fierce self idolatry of nation worship is the goal of human history.

'HARISCHANDRA' AT THE DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL

AT the recent prize distribution of the Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School the pupils gave 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 this 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 of 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 Tanāpati (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 Sārangadhāra.

"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. II, p. 47, No. 653.

(146) DEVA RAYA SILA SASSANKAL.

"Contains 17 inscriptions of which the seventh treats of the Prathani or treasurer of Haribara raya, 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)."

Taylor, op. cit., vol. III. p. 67. No. 2347.

(147) SVARODAYA.
by Narapati.
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 Press.

(148) YUDDHAJAYOTSAVA.
On military tactics.
Ibid., p. 116.

(149) KHADGA-LAKSHANA.
On sastra-lakshana.
Oppert. vol. I, p. 467. MS. No. 5948.

(150) CHHURIKA-LAKSHANA.
P. D. Maharaja of Travancore.
On sastra lakshana.
Ibid., vol. I, p. 469, MS. No. 5976.

(151) DHANURVEDA.
H. P. Sastri's Cat. Durbar.
Libr., Nepal p. 190, No. 557.

(152) DHANURVEDAPRAKARANAM.
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 Eastern 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." These poems are certainly much less known in France than "Gitanjali," and were mostly

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 himself,—who warns us that it is not quite literal.

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 meditated on the banks of the sacred 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 æthereal, adorned with the one grace,—ease.

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 mango-blossoms, 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 bosom ; 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 is something of the hymn-chants of Francis d'Assisi : an active and joyous mysticism, softened sometimes by a melancholy without bitterness. The poet's wealth is so immense, that he can give beyond 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 perfect.

The toys that you make for your children are fragile.

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 suggestion.

Over your creations of beauty there is the mist of tears.

I will pour my songs 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 "*Sehnsucht*" 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 much-used 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 Editor 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 language"—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.

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 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 book-market 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 pointing 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 writer 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.

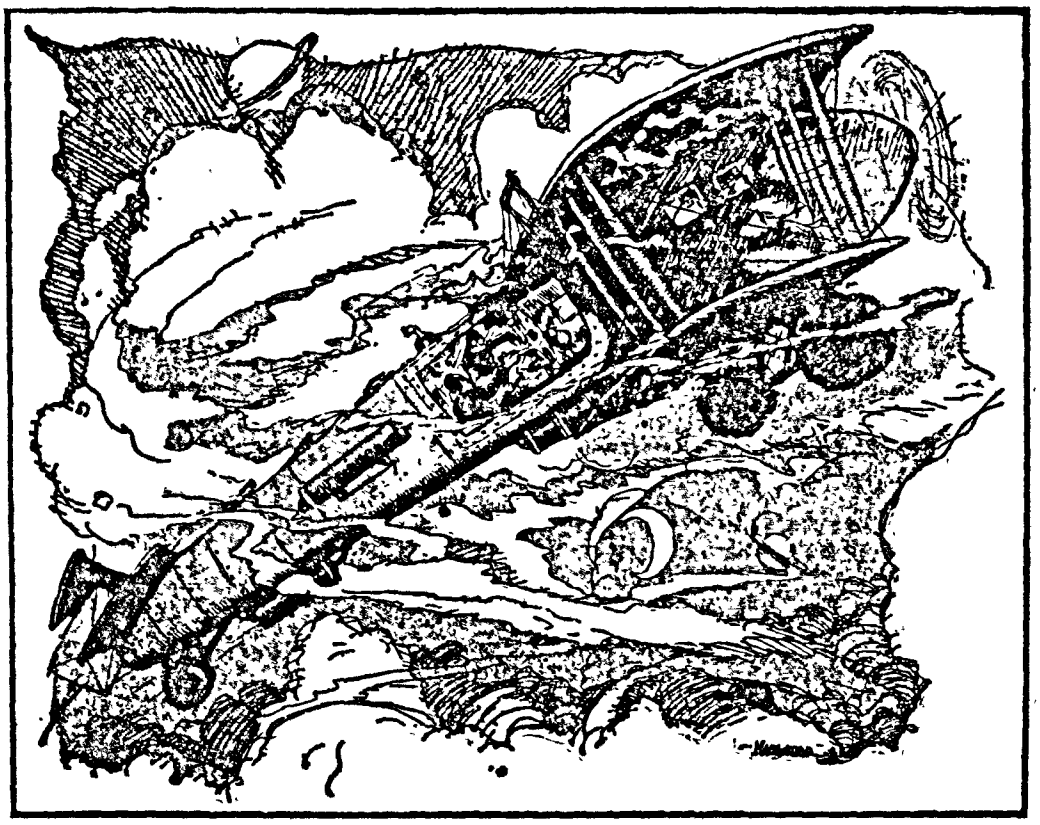
TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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,
Phœbe 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.

undertaking The "Super-Terrestrial" is not yet 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 of ascending 100,000 feet or nearly nineteen miles, and that flight to that altitude is immediately in prospect. The main feature of the new type of aircraft will be an enclosed fuselage or cabin to protect the aviator. It will be fitted out with oxygen tanks, heating apparatus, and air compressors which will feed the carburetors 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 "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 hour.

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 defficulties 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 enconntered 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 prete-t-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 francais.

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 ne 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 *Bhagavad 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 themselves place them outside. But how far does the mind succeed in making such an abstraction and in attainiug 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 Anglo-Saxon impartiality) by Macmillans, one 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 abroad 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 Rabindranath 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 East.

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.

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 Terror.

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.

Let as not hastily look down with contempt upon the caste system. Has it been fully 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 need.

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 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 millenium 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 lovelessness, 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 soceity 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 Mede-terranean 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 subject of Indian commerce in the 17th century in a separate paper.

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 nobles 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.

* 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 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 occasion.

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.

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 itself.

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,

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

Public Works ...	·3	5·5
Military ...	1·7	45·7
Famine Relief ...		1·0
	121·1	124·3
Add Deficit for the year	3·2	
Total ...	124·3	124·3

The net figures are :

REVENUE

Principal Heads of Revenue ...	£58·1	millions.
Post and Telegraph ...	1·2	,,
Mint	1·5	,,
Railways	11·2	,,
Irrigation	1·5	,,
		,,
	73·5	,,
Add Deficit	3·2	,,
Total ...	77·7	,,

EXPENDITURE

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 seventy-three 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 incidence 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 two-thirds 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 the 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.

Rotterdam. J. J. VON DER LEEUW,

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

FROM 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.

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

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 great. 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. Quite 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. But they were steeped in dogmas and creeds, which satisfied them ; and they were alarmed at my enthusiasm and my joy. Their antagonism to your 'pantheistic' 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 all-embracing 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 :—

"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 of 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."

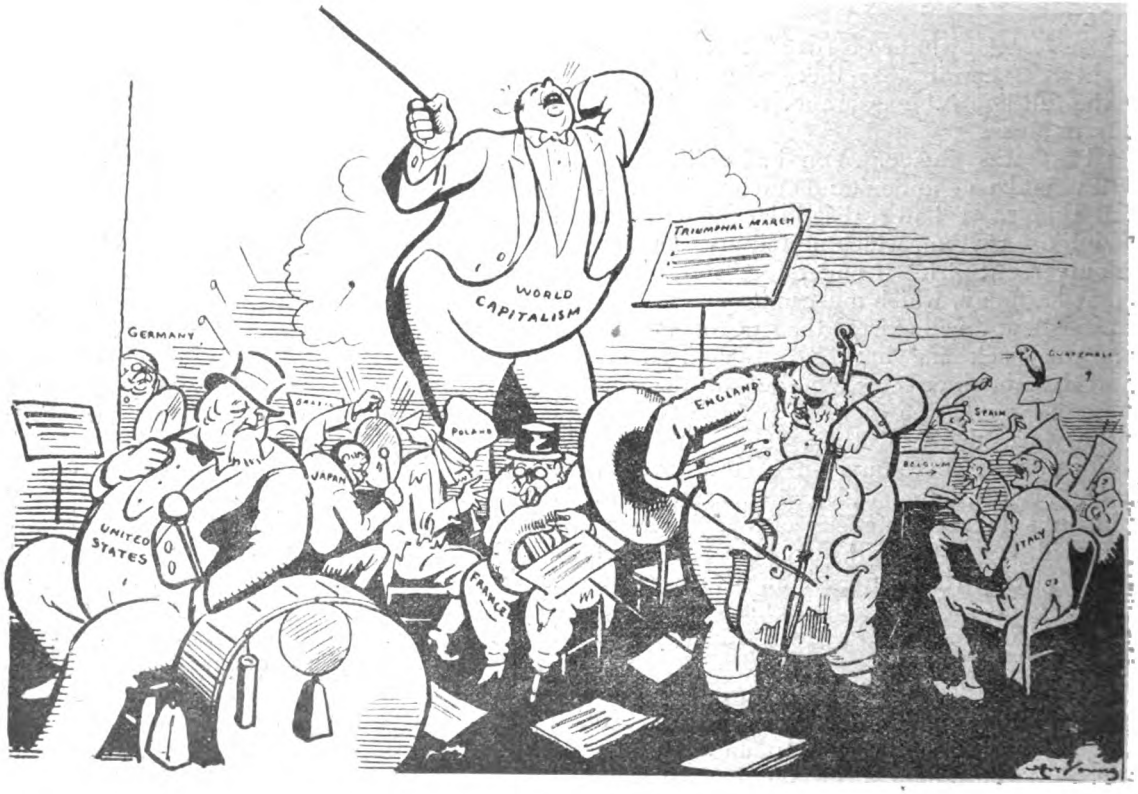
These letters appear to me to reveal something of the deep reverence and affection, with which the Poet is held on the continent

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*.

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. Holland 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 university 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 constituted 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 make 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."

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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 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 full 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, pedagogics, 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 non-renewal 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 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. Sc.]

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.

"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.

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

times when faith in the Spirit of humanity is put to the most severe test, the number of Rabindranath 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.

TAGORE.

[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 Tagore in Berlin: K. Semmler
Der indische Dichter verläßt nach der Vorlesung die Universität.

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 longer 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 we feel free reserve all the space for ourselves in the world of reality, ridding it of the wonder of the infi making it as trivial as our own household furniture. Such unlimited vulgarity only becomes possible when we have no doubt in our minds that we believe in God while our life ignores Him.

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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 their 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 fear'.

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

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 1921 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 :

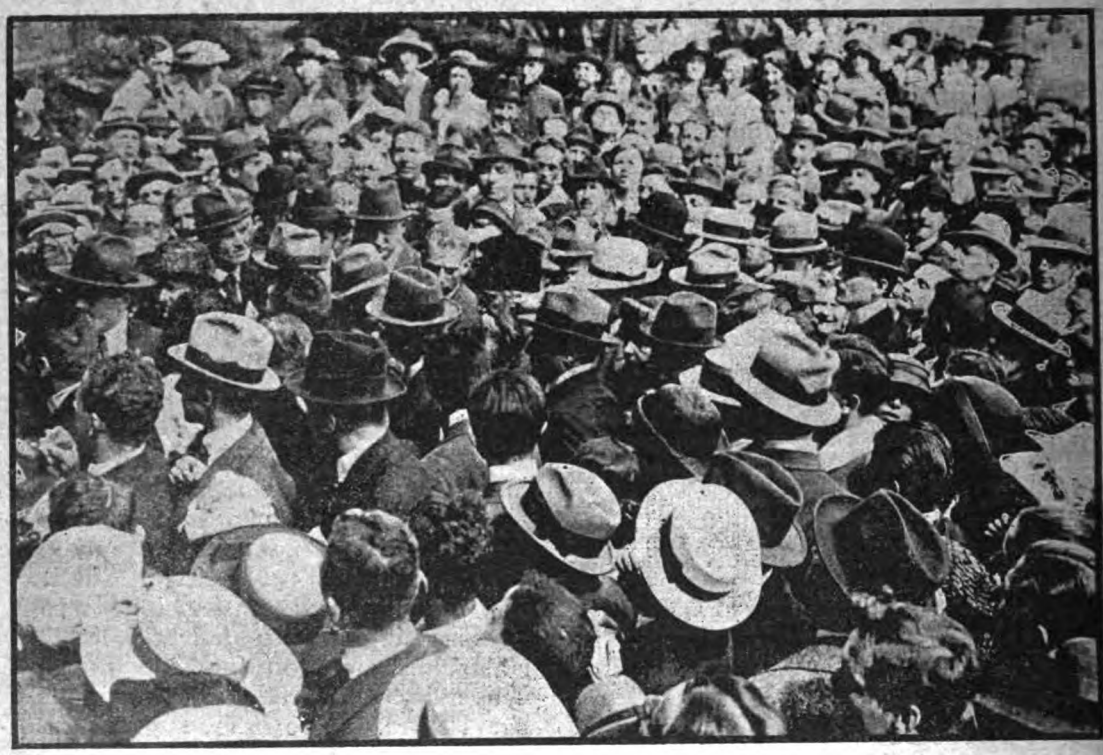
"It is not I, O Ananda, who am much moved by the Buddha, or the Dhamma, or the Samgha. But by the clansmen a compact was made to the effect that whosoever went not forth to welcome the Blessed One should pay a fine of five hundred pieces. So that it was through fear of being fined by my clansmen that 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.

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 distinguished professor of medicine appealed 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



Rabindranath Tagore at the Berlin University.

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

"THE POST OFFICE"

THE following review of the "Post Office" appeared in the "Preussiche Yahrbuch" in connexion with the 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 that evening, and could observe how 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 much-maligned 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 everybody 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 Grandfather 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 Milkman. His work presses hard upon him. As 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 world—in flowers, in animals and mountains. For the 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 character-delineation 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 secondhand 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.

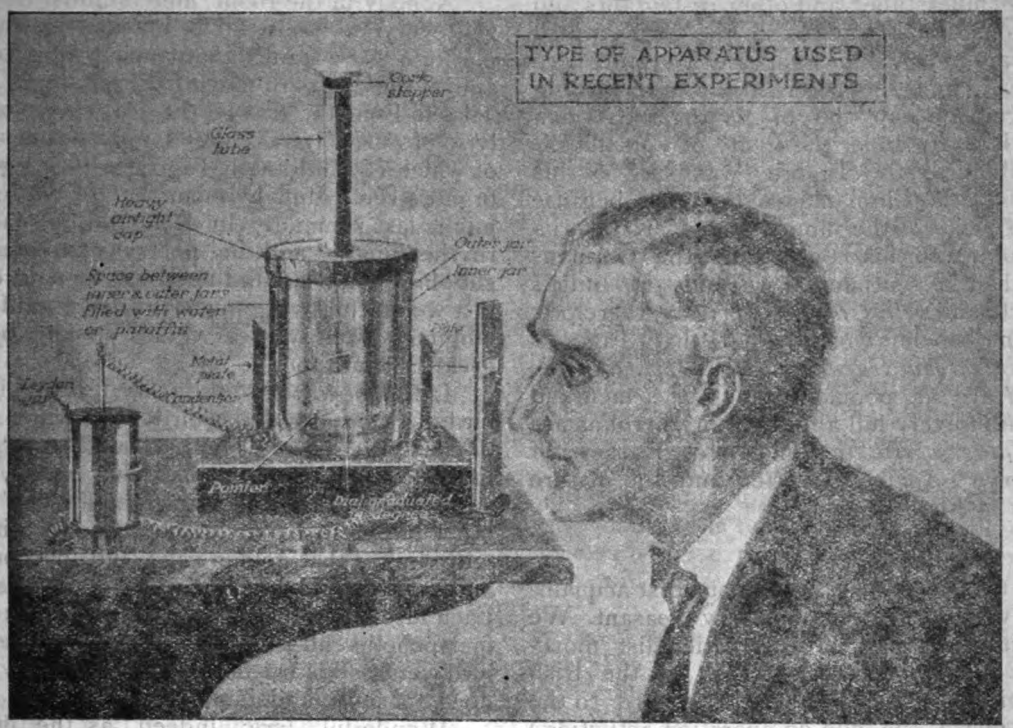
A tender note from the Eastern fields of cultures lingered in us. Not from the awe-inspiring world of Buddha or Laotse. No, but from the much humbler harp of an Indian poet, who in a moment of inner illumination confesses to his God, "I know my songs give thee great joy, and only as a singer I can approach 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.

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.

TAGORE IN ALPINELAND

I

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 sounds 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. Just for that, the story world and the life in nature of Andersen stands nearer to us than does the lyrical nature-philosophy of this Hindu. Because we are not naive."

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 *Titæbutæ* 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.

III

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 interpretation 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, child-like, 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.

IN 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 new and unsatisfied ambitions. As a sop to them, the British Parliament granted a slight protective duty upon cotton-manufactures, and this duty while serving to stimulate the Indian cotton-industry, has become a thorn in the flesh of Lancashire manufacturers, 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 tyrannical Government than ever rose in his breast for either the Punjab or Khilafat 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.

BALAKA, 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 blaspheme. 'Let them rave!' As for this undignified *chalita bhāsā*,

'.....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 *Balāki* 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 second-rate. 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 lyric† 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 Padmā storms, finer than ever; but these earthly waters will now carry to the 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 mid-throe 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. Even in those which are songs of battle, this central core of rest remains untroubled. He 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. In the *siuli*-groves of Autumn He walks, 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.† 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 dawn-light'

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 she.
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 court
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 beauty, 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 meet ;
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. 'The mountains, plunged in blackness, 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 mankind dwell.' It should be added that no 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 *Balākā* 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 eerie 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, pārul*, 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

IT 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 Poet'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 ½9 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

by **BAKTAY ERVIN** by **MIKES MAGDA**
író a Vigszinház tagja
Writer leading member of the Gaiety Theatre.

MUSOR:

Programme :

I. **Baktay Ervin :** Rabindranath Tagore világnézete, kapcsolatban az ind vallásbölcselettel.
world-outlook, in connection with Indian religious wisdom.

II. **Mikes Magda :** (Rabindranath-költemények) poems.
1. Utas, hová mégy ?
Pilgrim, where goest ?
2. Mindannyian királyok vagyunk...
We are all Kings.
3. Oh anyám, az ifju herceg...
Oh my mother the Young Prince.

SZUNET
Interval

III. **Baktay Ervin :** Rabindranath Tagore költói, drámatic és élethölcseleti müvei.
The poetical, dramatic and life-wisdom works of R. T.

IV. **Mikes Magda :** (Rabindranath-költemények) poems
1. Az ifju suttogott...
The Youth whispers.
2. Gondoljuk...
We Think.
3. Tulszidasz....
Tulsidasa.
4. Az álomtolvaj....
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 :

1. 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.'
'O my 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.

IN Bengal, during the eleventh century, ballads were often composed in honour of the Kings of the Pāla-dynasty. For centuries epic and purānic 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 Rāmāyana, the Mahābhārata, the Bhāgavata-purāna, the Candi, taken from the Mārkandeya-purāna 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-gāyaks form a troupe, at the head of which stands the Gāyan, 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 semi-circle 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 purānas in the language of the people. In doing so, they employ certain *clichès*, 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 *clichès*, although composed in an artistic prose, are nevertheless sung by the Kathaks. The fourteenth century translation of the Rāmāyana into Bengāli by Krttivāsa (born 1346 A. D.) is one of the most popular books of Bengal. The oldest Bengāli 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 Bhāgavata-purāna 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 Kavikañkan, who finished his poem, Candī-mangal, 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 Krsna, with his visions and ecstasies, 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 Navadvīpa 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 say: "I am He". He died in 1534. 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 Rām Prasād.

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 Bengālī drama is the Kulīnakulasarvasva of Rāma Narāyana Tarkaratna, which was produced in the year 1856, and which is directed against the Kulīn brahmans, who make a business of matrimony. In 1860 Dīna Bandhu Mitra wrote the Nīl Darpan, in which he inveighs bitterly against the monopolizing control maintained by Englishmen over the indigo-industry.

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 Qurān and acquainted himself not only with the monotheism of Islām but with the mystic teachings of the Persian sufīs. 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 Brāhma-samāj, the assembly of 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 of 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 Bengālī. He wrote in 1815 an account of the Vedānta-philosophy, and he was the author of treatises both in English and Bengālī 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 Sūdan, 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 Mahābhārata and other books, which might serve the Brāhma-Samāj 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 Bhāgavad-gītā, and is therefore—unlike the more radical branch of the Brāhma-Samāj that arose under Keshub Chandra Sen—conservative and national. Although Devendranāth 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.

Rabindranāth 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 Rabindranāth 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 generally 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 Rabindranāth'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 Bhagavadgitā. 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 descriptions 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 Rabindranāth 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 under-estimates 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 Rabindranāth 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 Vālmiki and the poets of the Mahābhārata,—when we see how the greatest poets of Sanskrit literature—Asvaghosa, Bhasa, Kalidasa, Dandin, Bhavabhūti—were followed in the course of centuries by a Jayadeva and, after him, by such poets as Kabīr and Tulsī Dās, to whom succeeds in our own days a great man like Rabindranāth 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.

Upon most of those who had the privilege and the joy of knowing Mr. 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 পড়্‌চে। তখন লোকমান্য টিলক বেঁচে ছিলেন। তিনি তাঁর কোনো এক দূতের যোগে আমাকে পঞ্চাশ হাজার টাকা দিয়ে বলে' পাঠিয়েছিলেন আমাকে য়ুরোপে যেতে হবে। সে সময় ননকোঅপারেশন আরম্ভ হয় নি বটে কিন্তু পোলিটিক্যাল আন্দোলনের তুফান বইচে। আমি বল্‌লুম, রাষ্ট্রীক আন্দোলনের কাজে যোগ দিয়ে আমি য়ুরোপে যেতে পার্‌ব না। তিনি বলে' পাঠালেন, আমি রাষ্ট্রীক চর্চ্চায় থাকি এ তাঁর অভিপ্রায়-বিরুদ্ধ। ভারতবর্ষের যে বাণী আমি প্রচার কর্‌তে পারি সেই বাণী বহন করাই আমার পক্ষে সত্য কাজ—এবং সেই সত্য কাজের দ্বারাই আমি ভারতের সত্য সেবা কর্‌তে পারি।—আমি জান্‌তুম জনসাধারণ টিলককে পোলিটিক্যাল নেতারূপেই বরণ করেছিল এবং সেই কাজেই তাঁকে টাকা দিয়েছিল। এইজন্য আমি তাঁর পঞ্চাশ 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 স্বতরাং দেশের কাজ কর্‌তে পার্‌বেন—এর চেয়ে বড় আর কিছু আপনার কাছে প্রত্যাশাই করি

নি।" আমি বুঝতে পারলুম, টিলক যে গীতার ভাষ্য করেছিলেন সে কাজের অধিকার তাঁর ছিল—সেই অধিকার মহৎ অধিকার।"

বিজলী, ২০শে আশ্বিন।

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 commenting on the Gita was Tilak's sva-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 way of not only redressing the Kenya 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. The 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 conjecture. 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.

IT often seems unfortunate that the best minds of different races so seldom come into intimate touch. The soldier, the 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 time-worn 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, she 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 profit-making, 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 maelstrom 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?

TOKYO.
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 more 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.

"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 this 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 newspaper 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."

In 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, *The 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 position 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 country which they have acquired—no matter, by what means. *The Nation* continues :—

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 Labour deputation that went out to Egypt a year or two ago gave disastrous encouragement. The Egyptians have no historic claim to the Sudan, their record there was one of almost unparalleled evil, it is notorious that the Egyptians themselves 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.

THE 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 Self-Government, and other distinguished members of the Chinese community. The 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. Tagore motored down to the Burlington 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 Hangchow 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 introduced 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.

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 misunderstood by the modern generation, but that a few like him who had the privilege to dive into the depths of Indian spiritual

The President of Lotus Convent, at Tsinanfu

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 degradation.

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 conviction 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.

Miss Lin, Dr. Nag, Tagore, Prof. Sen and Prof. Bose in Peking

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 other distinguished personages gathered under the Presidency of Mr. Liang-chi-chao, one of the builders of the New Republic. In welcoming Tagore Mr. Liang-chi-chao delivered a great speech recounting the glories of the past history in which China and India collaborated. He said 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 yore.

The ex-Emperor of China

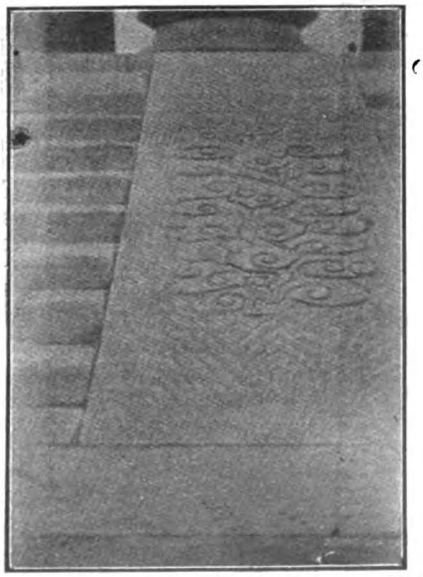
In the evening Prof. Sen and Dr. Nag had a long talk with Dr. Hu Shih in his splendid library on the various thought-currents of

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 tiles, the hall of audience,



A Staircase of the Temple of Heaven in Peking

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

A 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

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 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.

The Five Pinnacled Temple in Peking. Built by the Bengalees in the 15th Century

Miss Ling in the Role 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 archæologists 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 with great pleasure.

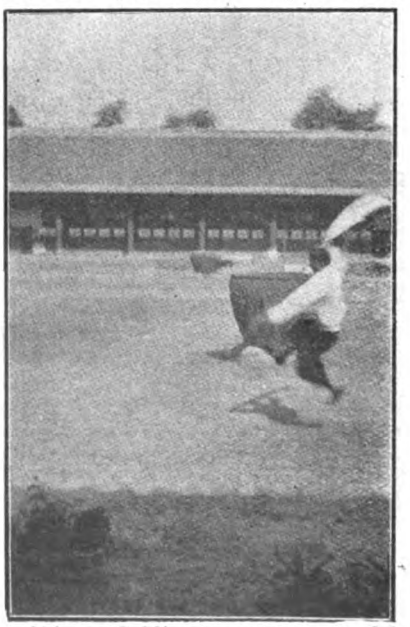
8th May:

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

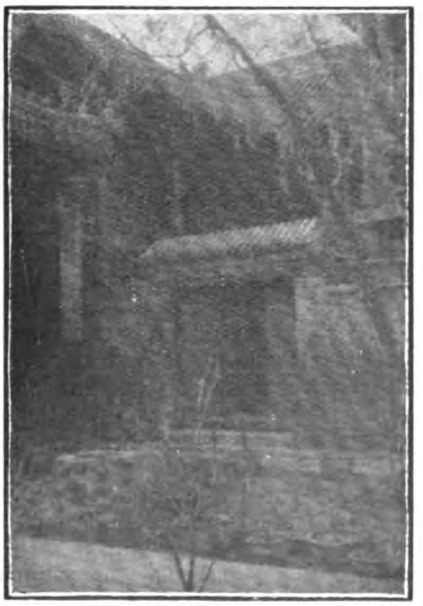
of modern China. Dr. Tagore charmed the audience as much by his noble utterances as by his superb Bengali dress! Prof. Sen recited a Sanskrit benediction and Dr. Nag recited a Bengali poem from the masterpiece of Tagore's Balaka.

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 13th 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 General 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 far-sightedness and a grasp of the fundamentals that evoked deep admiration from the Confucian governor. It was a symbolical meeting—between 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 time-honoured 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 consulted Dr. Tagore on several problems 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, 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 than the Egyptian Pharaoh. 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 practice.

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 fundamental 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 was 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 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-forgetfulness 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 is drowned in the wave of universality. That 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 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 prominent 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 apprehension.

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, sooner 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 why 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 forward 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 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 life in protected countries—rapid industrial growth and the consequential accession of wealth. They will not see that side by side with it terrible abuses have multiplied—gnawing poverty, slums and political corruption. Such British friends as have sought to draw their attention to these evils have been condemned as self-seekers. Even Mahatma Gandhi's effort to turn back from the machine to the handwheel has not arrested the 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.

The 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 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.

"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 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 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 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 supposed 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 Mohammedan 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, 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 been no effort to replace lost sculptures with modern imitations,

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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 Christianity. That this was one of the 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.*

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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 being in a better position to leave their homes in villages the factory population as well as the population 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 overcrowding 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.

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 holds :—

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 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 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 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 love.

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 :—

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 boys, 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.

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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 Conservatives; the army and navy seem to continue their 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 peerage 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 106 peers as their representatives; forty-two banks have sixty-six members; six peers are newspaper-owners, 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 is made up as follows:

Mines	46	Printing	5
Engineering and shipbuilding	10	Public Service	3
General labor	7	Coöperative	3
Transport	10	Merchants	11
Railways	6	Rentiers	7
Textiles	4	Journalists	14
Metal workers	4	Lawyers	5
Other trade unions	31	Teachers	12
Agriculture	2	Bankers	1
Clergy	2	Army	1
Farmers	1	Doctors	3
Accountants	1	Boot and shoe	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 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	6
Trade union officials	2	Dentists	3
Merchants	44	Manufacturers	9
Publishers	1	Real Estate	3
Teachers	13	Engineer	1

Members of the Senate are grouped thus:—

Lawyers	58	Journalists	3
Well drillers	1	Doctors	3
Bankers	3	Business-men	6
Advertising	1	Stock breeders	2
Farmers	8	Teachers	3
Dentists	1	Engineers	1

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.

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The Historical Novel.

Cambridge University Press has published a 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 Guard, 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 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 richness of the deposits.

The conquest by Asoka was marked by extraordinary ferocity and bloodshed, which was subsequently deplored by the victor who by way of atonement caused edicts to be inscribed upon rocks at Dhauli near Puri and Jaganda (Jaugada?) near Ganjam. 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 sacrifice, of brotherhood and fellowship, leads to unification.

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 knowledge. 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 what 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 deaththroes 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 indomitable mind and spirit.

The impertinence of material things is extremely old. The revelation of spirit in man is modern : I 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.