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*

THE MODERN REVIEW

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 2 | AUGUST, 1924. | WHOLE NO. 212

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

THE MODERN REVIEW

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 4 | OCTOBER, 1924. | WHOLE NO. 214

THE SCHOOLMASTER

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

IF fifty years ago some prophet had come and told me that I was to be invited to a meeting of the teachers of Japan to discuss my ideas of education, it would have startled even the imagination of a poet. For, I suppose, some of you at least know that, since I was thirteen, I have hardly ever been inside an educational institution until latterly when I have my reputation as a poet and am invited to lecture.

Thus, when I felt it my duty to start a school for the children, I had hardly any experience of education. This was possibly an advantage for me. Not being tied down by cut and dried doctrines of education, I had to find my own experience through experiment and failure. I was made intensely conscious when I was young of what was wrong in education. It drove me away from school, and it was that which made me decide, when quite old, to found an institution where some of these mistakes should not be made, mistakes from which I had suffered as a boy.

When, at about the age of five, I was forced to attend school, my whole heart rose in rebellion against an arrangement where there was no tinge of colour, no play of life, where the lessons had no context with their surroundings, and where I was banished from that paradise, to which I had been born, where Nature dwells full of beauty, —and this for no crime but that of being born ignorant. I was banished into a cage where education was provided from outside as birds are fed. My whole heart felt the indignity of treatment, even though I was so young.

Our system of education refuses to admit that children are children. Children are punished because they fail to behave like grown-up people and have the impertinence to be noisily childish. Their educators do not know, or they refuse to acknowledge that this childishness is Nature's own provision and that the child through its restless mind and movements should always come into touch with new facts and stumble upon new information. Thus the child becomes the battle-ground for a fight between the schoolmaster and mother Nature herself.

The schoolmaster is of opinion that the best means of educating a child is by concentration of mind, but Mother Nature knows that the best way is by dispersion of mind. When we were children, we came to gather facts by such scattering of mental energy, through unexpected surprises. The surprise gave us that shock which was 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.

THE MODERN REVIEW

VOL. XIII. No. 6 — JUNE, 1913 — WHOLE No. 78

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,

Muhammadan devotees, have adopted the prayer of Guru Nanak as their rule of faith. The Meos, of the Alwar region, are Muhammadan in name but retain their village gods and employ Brahmans as well as the Kazi. Some of the Kanbis of Gujarat were converted to Islam, and took the name of Matia, or believer, but, except that they bury their dead, their customs have remained Hindu.

The great trading classes of Khojas, Momnas and Memans, the first two of which are mostly Shiahs and the third Sunnis, have, as is well known, retained much of Hindu law and custom.

Some of the wilder tribes also, as the Tadvis and Nirdhis of Khandesh, have a mixed regard for the faith of Islam and certain Hindu deities

Countless instances may be observed of Hindus and Musalmans acting together in full accord without any check arising from differences of religious opinion.

Some of the Mughal Emperors, as is well known, had Hindu as well as Musalman Queens. Intermarriages between Rajputs and Musalmans were so common that we have the name Rangarh to express the original issue of such marriages. The Kasbatis, as mentioned above, sometimes take Hindu wives, and the Molesalams, who are partly Hindu, may intermarry with Musalmans; and a recent Jam of Navanagar had a Musalman wife, and his son by her was declared and accepted as his successor.

Hindus held high office, both civil and military, under the Mughal Emperors, and recently the Muhammadan State of Hyderabad had Hindu Prime Ministers, and the Hindu State of Jaipur a Musalman Prime Minister. Baroda has had a Muhammadan Prime Minister and Chief Justice. Those great marauders, the Pindaris, were some of them Hindus and some Musalmans. In the Mutiny both communities took part, and Hindus fought in support of a Muhammadan dynasty, and Musalmans for a representative of the Peshva.

The writer quotes instances of the two communities coming together in public meeting and of their joining hands to do honors to great Indians whether Hindu or Mahomedan.

There are societies of a philanthropic character which have both Hindu and Muhammadan members; the Seva Sadan has an Islamic branch; the Servants of India include some Musulmans; and some of the co-operative societies bring both communities together—so much so, it is said, that in one village the necessity of united action put an end to the frequently-recurring Muharram strife. There was a joint Hindu and Muhammadan Committee of the Indian South African League. There is an Indian Union Society in London to promote common interests.

There are joint clubs where Hindus and Muhammadans meet: the Orient in Bombay, the Lumsden in Amritsar, and I believe one such has recently been opened in Calcutta. There is also a joint ladies' club in Lahore. Not long ago the Punjab Association Club entertained the Punjab Muslim Club. I have myself dined at the Orient Club with a Hindu guest on one side of me and a Musalman on the other. What are called Cosmopolitan dinners are sometimes given, especially after social conferences; and recently at an Indian student's dinner at Cambridge a Musalman proposed the health of the Hindus and a Hindu that of the Muslims.

Hindus returned a Muhammadan representative to the Viceroy's Council for several years. The *Indian Patriot* a Hindu paper, recommended a Muhammadan as the first member of the Executive Council. In the Councils members support and oppose one another independently of religious tenets. So also of at least the Bombay Municipal Corporation; and a Musalman President of that body has been proposed by a Parsi and seconded by a Hindu.

In Lahore there is a "League of Help" with a Hindu Hon. Secretary and a Muhammadan Hon. Treasurer.

In Haidarabad (Nizam's) there was a meeting of women of all creeds, who assembled to give expression (in six different languages) to their sorrow at the death of Mr. Gokhale. The Muhammadan ladies, the report says, vied with the Hindus in eloquence on the subject. There was also a children's meeting in the same place, at which Hindu and Muhammadan boys acted together in a play written by a Hindu. And a poem by a young Muhammadan was recited on the same occasion.

Turning to some more expressly religious points of contact between Hindus and Musalmans the writer says:

Chaitanya, the great Bengal teacher of the sixteenth century, had some Musalmans among his followers; also that H H the Aga Khan has some Hindu followers—the Jhivans certainly, if not others. Again, Ramakrishna Paramahansa, the supreme modern saint of the Hindus, got himself initiated by an Islamic saint into one of the deepest phases of Muhammadanism; and the present Guru of the great Sringari monastery in Mysore has very friendly relations with the Muhammadans, receiving addresses from them and presenting them with shawls and other marks of honour. Musalmans also visit the Belur matha near Howrah on the occasion of the Paramahansa's birthday; and Bhai Baldev Narayan named as his masters Jamaluddin as well as Keshub Chandra Sen and Ramkrishna Hindus also take part in the lighter side of some Muhammadan festivals, as the Muharram and the Shab-i-barat, and offer vows at Musalman shrines, as at Penkonda and Trichinopoly, and there exists somewhere in the Panch Mahals (at Champaner, if I remember right) a Muhammadan shrine actually on the top of a Hindu temple, with access to it only through the temple.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore on the Spirit of the Hindu Stage.

Writing in a recent number of the *Drama*, Sir Rabindranath Tagore gives in a cursory way a succinct description of the Hindu theatre, and incidentally claims superiority for the Hindu stage, with its lack of elaborate scenery. The Hindu stage is imaginative, the Western realistic. Sir Rabindranath speaks of how in Bharata's work on the drama—*Natya-shastra*—there is a description of the stage, but no mention of scenery. And the author of *Gitanjali* says that "this absence of

concrete scenery cannot have been much of a loss." He continues:

In spite of Wagner and his idea of the combined arts, it may be argued that any one of the arts is only to be seen in her full glory when she is sole mistress; it hurts her dignity and degrades her if she is called upon to share her household with a rival,—the more so, if that rival happen to be the favourite of the moment. If we have to sing an epic, the tune needs to become a chant, and to give up all hopes of rising to melodic heights. The true poem furnishes its own music from within itself and rejects with disdain all outside help.....

It may seem that dramatic art must needs be less independent than other forms; that the drama is created with the direct object in view of attaining its fulfillment by means of outside help, and therefore awaits the acting, scenery, music, and other accessories of the stage.

I cannot agree with this opinion. Like the true wife, who wants none other than her husband, the true poem, dramatic otherwise, wants none other than the understanding mind. We all act to ourselves as we read a play, and the play which cannot be sufficiently interpreted by such invisible acting, has never yet gained the laurel for its author.

So far as acting goes, it would be more correct to say that it has forlornly to wait the coming of the charms. But the drama, which cramps and curtails itself to fit in with the actor's skill, becomes, like the henpecked husband, an object of scorn. The attitude of the drama should be: "If I can be acted, well and good; if not, so much the worse for the acting".....

It is superfluous to state, for instance, that the actor is dependent on the words of the drama; he must smile or weep, and make his audience smile or weep, with the words of joy or scorn which the author puts into his mouth. But why pictures,—pictures which hang about the actor, and are not, even in part, his own personal creation?

To my mind, it shows only faint-heartedness on the actor's part to seek their help. The relief from responsibility which he gains by their illusion is one which is begged of the painter. Besides, it pays the spectators the very poor compliment of ascribing to them an utter poverty of imagination.

Sir Rabindranath deplores the innovation of the elaborate paraphernalia of Western stage-craft in India; and he thus urges his countrymen to free the Indian theatre of this unnecessary incubus:

The theaters which we have set up in India to-day, in imitation of the West, are too elaborate to be brought to the door of all. In them the creative richness of the poet and the player is overshadowed by the mechanical wealth of the capitalist. If the Hindu spectator has not been too far infected with the greed for realism; if the Hindu artist has any respect for his own craft and skill; the best thing they can do for themselves is to regain their freedom by making a clean sweep of the costly rubbish that has accumulated and is clogging the stage of the present day.

Japan's Position in the World.

The Japan Magazine writes:

JAPAN AND THE WORLD.

In a recent article in the 'Taiyo' its distinguished editor, Dr. Ukita, outlines his opinions as to Japan's position in the world, and inclines to the conviction that her mission is of the future rather than of the past, a theory strangely inconsistent with a nation of ancestor-worshippers. Still, to him the theory seems perfectly logical, since a race with so matchless an ancestry may hope to attain to still greater things. Dr. Ukita holds that geographically and racially Japan has no rivals in her march toward supremacy in the Far East. While her neighbors are still dreaming under the glamor of their past, Japan has added western civilization and its methods to her own and is leaving the rest of the Orient far behind, having already taken first rank among the family of nations. While Japan is quite convinced of her superiority to other oriental races and of her capacity to teach and lead them, she is not so sure that western nations yet admit her claims. As Japan represents an amalgamation of all that is best in Hindu and Chinese civilization, the people of India and China naturally looked upon her with suspicion when she began to assume a western aspect as well: she was running with the hare as well as with the hounds, so to speak. But Japan has persisted in her policy, reorganizing her internal administration, improving her diplomatic relations and winning two great wars, until now she commands the attention of the world.

ORIENTAL CONSERVATISM.

One of Japan's most difficult tasks is to get the other oriental nations to break through their crust of conservatism and follow her. Since her rapid development has greatly arrested western aggrandisement in the East, she is naturally mistrusted also by occidentals, and even some orientals fear that her hegemony of the Orient may expose them to the fate of Korea. This suspicion of Japan entertained by India, China and western nations renders her position as yet somewhat unstable. Though Japan regards herself as the inferior of no race and nation on earth, western nations are prone to esteem her as no higher than other oriental nations, while they think her racial genius as well as her religion and civilization too divergent for assimilation with the West. Curiously enough, in spite of her devotion to modern science, Japan still worships tribal gods and deifies her ruler in a manner so anomalous as to puzzle Europe. The religious rites practised in Japan find no counterpart in the West this side of the sacrifices to the gods of Greece in the time of Socrates or in the Roman apotheosis of the Cæsars. That a modern nation should still cling to the religious conceptions of ancient Greece and Rome, must leave Japan a mystery to western Powers. Neither Britons nor Americans have any great love for Japan, and naturally treat Japanese subjects with discrimination, while Germany fosters the idea of the "Yellow peril," which she originated. The aversion of foreigners to Japan, cannot, in the opinion of Dr. Ukita, be removed by stories of Japan's brilliant past and theories of her still greater future. Japan must rely on herself and forge her destiny in spite of criticism and opposition.

India and Japan

The following address was given by Sir Rabindranath Tagore to a large and enthusiastic audience on the evening of June 1st at the Public Hall at Tennoji, Osaka. The moment he began to speak the audience was carried away by the beautiful and sonorous melody of his voice. The address elicited repeated cheers and acclamations. The report is taken from the *Osaka Asahi Shimbun* of June 3, 1916.

It has come to me as a delightful surprise to be received with such overwhelming warmth of welcome as has fallen to my lot since my arrival in your country. I had a dismal idea that poetry could have very little expectation from young nations who have to compete with others having a longer start and a more hardened conscience, who have to make up for their lost time for having come late in the arena of the modern age, the age of commercial scramblings and political piracies. Surely Natural Selection has a vigorous contempt for all poets, who are born neither with the protective convenience of a tough skin nor with the canine teeth of formidable ferocity. The traditional harps of the poets are an encumbrance in the race of life, and Struggle for Existence runs its course triumphantly trampling upon rhymes and rhythms under its ruthless feet.

Therefore it was a great relief to me to be treated in a manner that convinced me that your hearts still have room for the green of the earth and the blue of the sky—and your cherry blossoms will still have their chance in their competition with shrill machines and brand new inventions of iron age of the corrugated iron sheds, gramophones and cinematograph shows.

From my young days, my thoughts have constanty twined to Japan. And since, in later years, I have witnessed the wonderful rise to eminence in Asia of your great nation, it has been one of my special desires to visit Japan, where the east and the west found their meeting place and carried on their courtship far enough to give assurance of a wedding. It was my desire to know where and how Japan's Past found its affinity in its Present, and where lies the secret of her power which has the flexibility of a tempered steel blade which bends but does not break and whose strokes are all the more sure for being adaptable to new circumstances.

When my thoughts went back to Japan in earlier days, it was to remember those times when the Buddhist monks, starting from my country, crossed over the high mountains, traversed the great upland plains, and passed over the mighty rivers of China, till they reached the sea. They encountered difficulties, not only of climate and geography, but also of language and custom. Yet they went forward, strong in their belief in man's fellowship;and they proved the truth of their belief in living deeds. In their case, therefore, while the outward difficulties were so great, the inward path was made straight before them by the enthusiasm of their faith and the devotion to those truths of life, which they had discovered and explored. When those who had learnt the message from them reached at last the shores of Japan, their ideals found a home among your people.

I could not help contrasting the almost insurmountable difficulties, which these earliest pilgrims from our shores must have encountered, with the ease and comfort in which I have just been able to accomplish my journey. What must have taken many years in those earlier days can now be completed in less than a month. Yet this modern civilisation with all its mechanical appliances for making life comfortable and progress rapid on the outside, has become itself a barrier in its turn with regard to the inner spirit of man, because it has made our life so intricate that it has lost its transparency of simplicity. Our things are more in evidence than ourselves. Our engagements are too numerous, our amusements are too frequent. The surface scum of life has become thick and muddy. All the odds and and ends, the vast waste materials of civilisation floating about it, have created a growing barrier, not only shutting out our deeper nature but smothering it to a great extent. Exhibition of man's nature has taken its place on the surface, where his richness is in his materials, his strength in his organisation, his heroism in his ambitious undertakings, his mind in his science. Man's heart is squandering its strength in its craving for the dram drinking of sensationalism,—pitifully asking for its continual doses of fresh news and fresh noise,—loosing its healthy taste for food in its insatiable thirst for stimulants. It is the stupendous unreality of this modern civilisation, always changing its shapes and shifting its course, furiously riding upon the dust storm of unmeaning restlessness, scattering about it in the wind shreds of things torn and mangled, decaying and dead,—all this is making the real man invisible to himself or to others. In the days of heroic simplicity, it was easy to come near to the real man, but in the modern times it is the phantasm of the giant time itself, which is everywhere and the man is lost beyond recognition, and while the means of communication are multiplying fast the communication itself is diminishing in its reality.

The whirlwind of modern civilisation has caught Japan as it has caught the rest of the world, and a stranger like myself cannot help feeling on landing in your country that what I see before me is the temple of modern age where before the brazen images an immense amount of sacrifice is offered and an interminable round of ritualism is performed. But this is not Japan. Its features are the same as they are in London, in Paris, in Berlin, or the manufacturing centres of America. Also the men you meet here for the first time have the same signs of the push and the pull of the rotating machine wheels of the present age. They jostle you, they drag you on with the rush of the crowd, they rapidly take note of your exteriors and offer their exteriors to be taken in snapshots. They have the curiosity for the superficial details, but not love for the real person. They are satisfied with the unessentials, because these can be gathered easily and got rid of as soon, these can be handled and soiled and swept away in the dust bin with as little loss of time as possible. For everything must make room for the next ephemera, the shock of the sensations has to be carried on and the men who have no time to lose must be amused in a hurry. They try to break chips off the permanent for making playthings for the temporary. At the first sight what you see most in this land is the professional, and not the human.

These are the drawbacks of the present time. And the obstacles that I shall have to surmount in order to come near to the heart of your country are far more difficult than those which our ancestors had to deal with in their communication with you. For

it was only the barrier of nature, which stood in their way. But now man has to be reached through the barrier of time, and not space, and this is the most difficult task to perform. But I must not lose heart. I must seek and find what is true in this land, —true to the soul of the people,—what is Japan, what is unique, and not merely mask of the time which is monotonously the same in all latitudes and longitudes. I earnestly hope that I shall not have to be satisfied with bird's eye views and flashlight impressions, with snapshot pictures of all that hides you from view, and I shall claim my privilege as a poet, whose only gift of sympathy and love, to be allowed entrance into a corner of your living heart, and to carry away your love with me to the land which can justly feel proud of herself for being able to send to you as her gift in the past, not machines, not munitions of war, but her best that she could offer to all unity.

NOTES

Home Rule for India.

The greatest issue before the Indian public is Home Rule. Even in countries where universal and compulsory education is the rule and where the expression of opinion is free, the ideal of the most advanced thinkers is generally considered the national ideal. In India, it has been often urged as an objection against the acceptance of any political demand as the demand of the public that the voiceless millions have not expressed themselves in favour of it. But have they expressed themselves against it? Just as the leading men of other countries are the spokesmen of their fellow-countrymen, so are the leaders of India the spokesmen of the Indian people. By the leaders of India we mean the intellectual leaders. There are some prominent Indians who say and write what pleases the bureaucrats. They are not our leaders. They are gramophones playing to the bureaucracy.

As to our fitness for self-rule, our answer is that we are sufficiently fit to be able to make any experiment in that direction reasonably successful. No nation has yet proved itself perfectly fit for self-rule; every nation has made grave blunders. We have answered in our last February number the main objections urged against Indian Home Rule. Our reply need not be repeated now.

There are two kinds of fitness: the fitness to have and exercise a right, and the fitness to win it. The first kind of fitness can be proved by facts and arguments. This we have done. The second kind can be proved only by the logic of achievement, that is, by winning Home Rule. Let us prepare ourselves to prove our fitness in this way, too; let us win self-rule by constitutional means. But we should bear in mind that constitutional agitation is not all plain-sailing. It involves sacrifice and suffering, as history shows.

Every intelligent man, literate or illiterate, naturally accepts the ideal of Home Rule when it is properly explained to him. There can be no other ideal for any intelligent and self-respecting person. Every one who is at all capable of even rudimentary political thinking must have a vague feeling that it is *the* thing. The task before our leaders is to convert this vague feeling into reasoned conviction. In other words, a Home Rule propaganda is required.

Mrs. Annie Besant has started such a propaganda in the Madras Presidency and in England. In the Deccan a Home Rule League has been established, which is making its views and arguments known through the *Mahratta* and by other means. Of course, as the Home Rule ideal means self-rule for India within the British Empire, the methods adopted everywhere are strictly constitutional.

During Christmas week last year, some publicists and others expressed the opinion that the Congress organisation, such as it is, would suffice for a self-rule propaganda, and that, therefore, a separate Home Rule League would not be necessary. Seven months have passed since then, without any congress committee making any appreciable effort in the direction required. The case, therefore, for the establishment of a Pan-Indian Home Rule League seems unanswerable.

In addition to a vigorous, active and strictly constitutional self-rule propa-

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.

would erect a great temple for the four guardian kings. His petition was granted and he fulfilled his vow by building the great temple near Osaka, where it still stands. He no doubt had additional motives in erecting this great structure, as history shows; for it seems that he desired thus to guard the empire against foreign invasion, and Professor Kuroita has suggested. At that time the Prince was supporting the king of Kudara in Korea against the king of Shiragi in the same Peninsula; and there was a rumour that the king of Shiragi was about to set out for the invasion of Japan. The enemy was expected to seek a landing at Osaka. The Shitenno-moji was supposed to guard the gateway to Japan; and in later times this example was followed by setting up temples to the four guardian kings at places where an enemy might be expected to land. Thus we have a temple to these four guardian deities at Chikuzen in Kyushu, the southern gateway of the empire, and one at Dewa on the north-eastern end of the main island. In those days the people evidently trusted more in spiritual than in brute force, though there is evidence that they never neglected "to keep their powder dry." The images of the Shitenno were also set up in various temples as the guardians of these sacred places; and their figures were painted on the doors of pagodas and portable shrines to ward off evil. This is why one sees so many statues of the Shitenno at Buddhist temple gateways.

The oldest examples of such statuary are to be found at the Horyuji temple in Yamato. They are little more than 4 feet high and are the best examples of ancient wood carving in Japan. In these one beholds the exact technique of the ancient Buddhist sculptors, especially in the folds of the clothing. According to the inscriptions on them they were carved by Yakushi Tokudo and Yamaguchino-atai, artists who lived in the reign of the Emperor Kotoku, 645-654 A.D. These statues are listed as state treasures of the empire.

In the Sangatsu-do are also preserved some excellent statues of the Shitenno, made of dried lacquer. History tells us that in the 13th year of the Emperor Shomu, about 741 A.D., there was a special religious ceremony ordered for the reading of the *Konko-myo-saisho-o-kyo*, a popular sacred work of the day, the purpose being to secure the welfare of the nation. This sutra is mostly concerned with the Shitenno, and so the images alluded to were ordered to be made for the occasion. They are typical examples of the best carved lacquer work of the 8th century. In the Kaidan-in near the same temple there are other notable examples of Shitenno statues in terra-cotta, belonging to the 8th century. One each stands at the corners of a clay dais on which the Emperor and the Imperial Princes stood to receive the Buddhist commandments. These terra-cottas are good examples of the Buddhist art of the 8th century.

When Sir Aurel Stein was travelling in Chinese Turkestan he found some figures of the Shitenno at Turhuang; they were painted on temple banners. Other travellers have found them in frescoes at Turfan. Representations of the Shitenno are also found among the Gandhara sculptures, one of which is in the British Museum.—*The Japan Magazine.*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN AMERICA

THE city next visited by Rabindranath was Salt Lake where he read his lecture on the "Cult of Nationalism" under the auspices of the university of Utah in the Assembly Hall on the temple grounds before an immense audience. The following is the report of the lecture in *Salt Lake Utah Telegram*, Oct. 15, 1916:—

"Is Sir Rabindranath Tagore the 'prophet to come out of the East' which the immortal Tolstoy mentioned but a short time before his death? This is a question which has been disturbing the minds of many students of religion since Tagore first gained world-wide fame.....That the audience was drinking in every word of the renowned man of the East was evident... As he made his approach to the speaking platform a hush fell over the audience as with strained eyes they observed the long flowing beard, like that pictured of the wise men of the East in the scripture, and listened for his every word. Some few smiled at his remarks, but they were possibly five out of two thousand who attended. Tagore, although totally strange in his ideals to the western world, made his [illegible] well understood and probably offered his [illegible]

The same paper published a funny story of two interviewers. They had been hanging about the corridors of the hotel where the poet was staying, baffled because of his strong refusal to allow any newspaper men to see him, yet grimly determined to find a way to his presence somehow or other. Each time they tried to gain admittance, Mr. Pearson fumed at the door. At last they tried a new ruse; they changed their voices and names and the interview was granted. Not suspecting that they were the same persons, Mr. Tagore said to them: "I do not mind telling you gentlemen, who, I perceive, are about to intercede for the two reporters who have been awaiting and annoying me from downstairs, that they shall not come up here."

All the Salt-Lake papers were equally enthusiastic over his lecture. The *Salt* [illegible] writes:

"The speaker expressed his thoughts in terse, figurative speech, holding his audience spell-bound by its 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, a 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 iguorant 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 *in toto* 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 [illegible]

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, in his sonnets of the 'Naivedya', and his addresses published in the 'Bangadarshan', e.g., *Prachya O Paschatya Sabhyata* (Eastern and Western Civilisations), *Swadeshi Samaj* (Swadeshi Society), *Brahman, Bharatvarsher Itihas* (Indian History), etc.? What he said then, he has said now, almost word for word, in his 'Cult of Nationalism', only with far greater power and clearness of vision. Although it is a digression, still I may be permitted to say that the president of the recent Bengal Provincial Conference has

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.

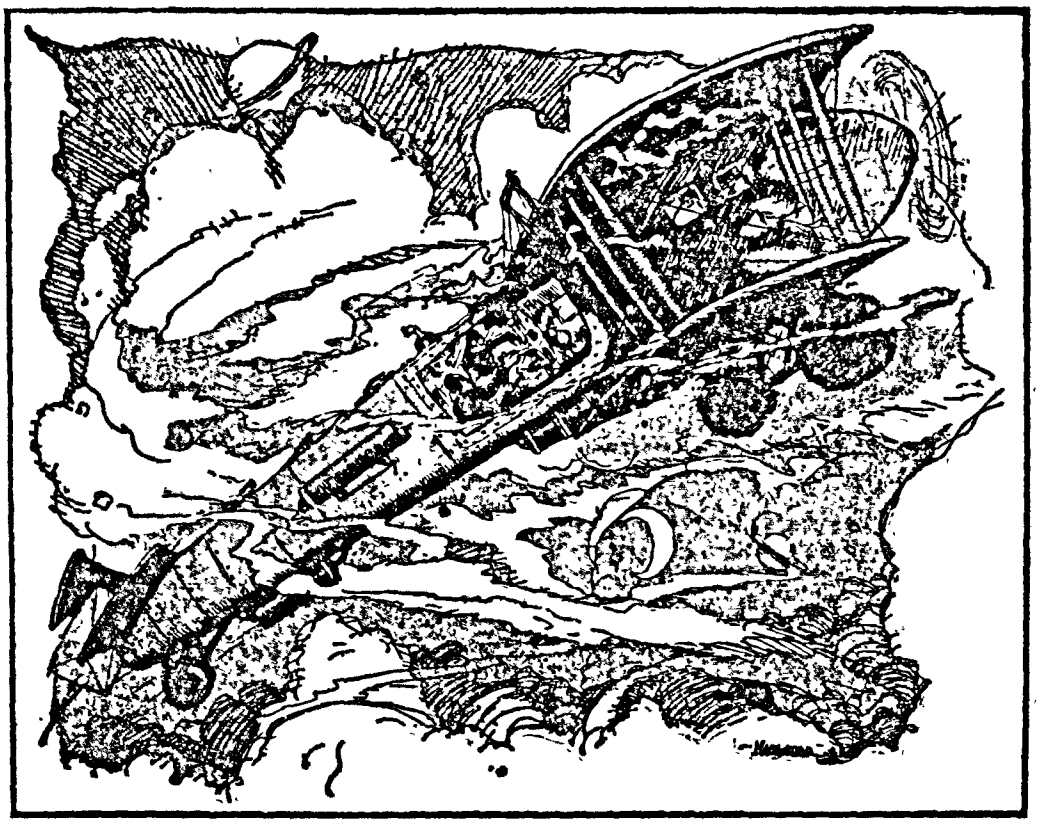
TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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."

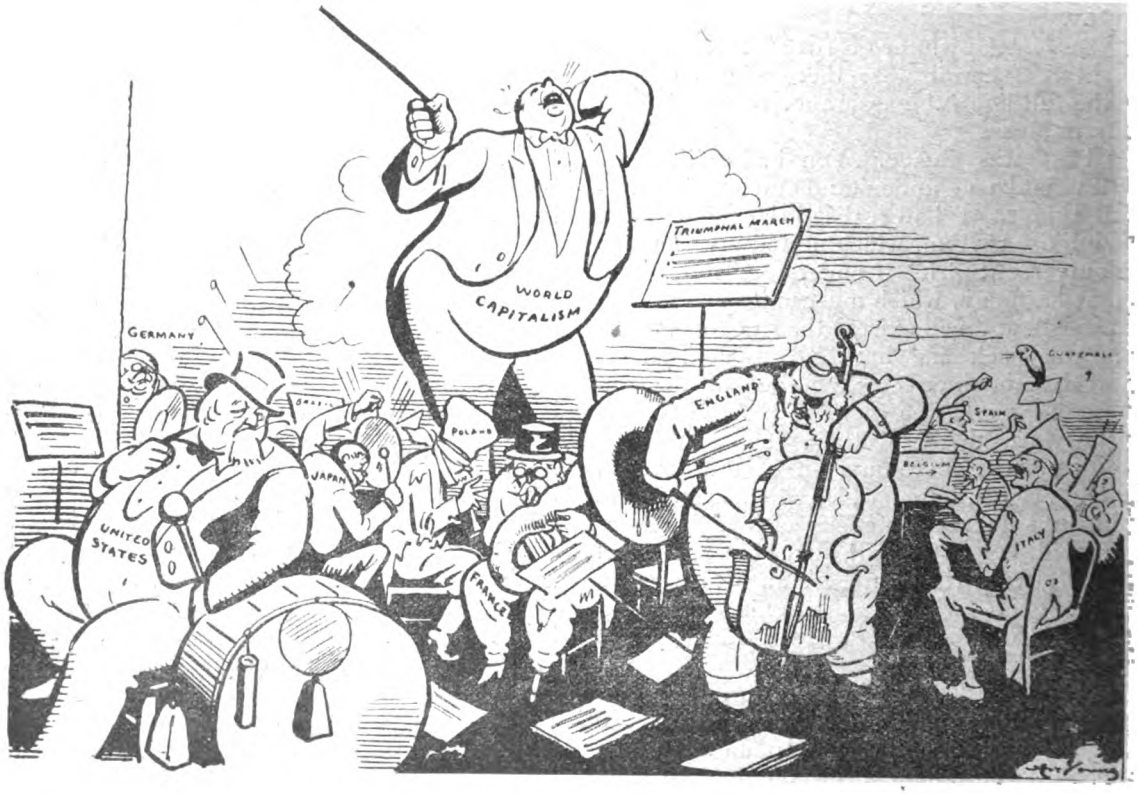
These letters appear to me to reveal something of the deep reverence and affection, with which the Poet is held on the continent

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 :

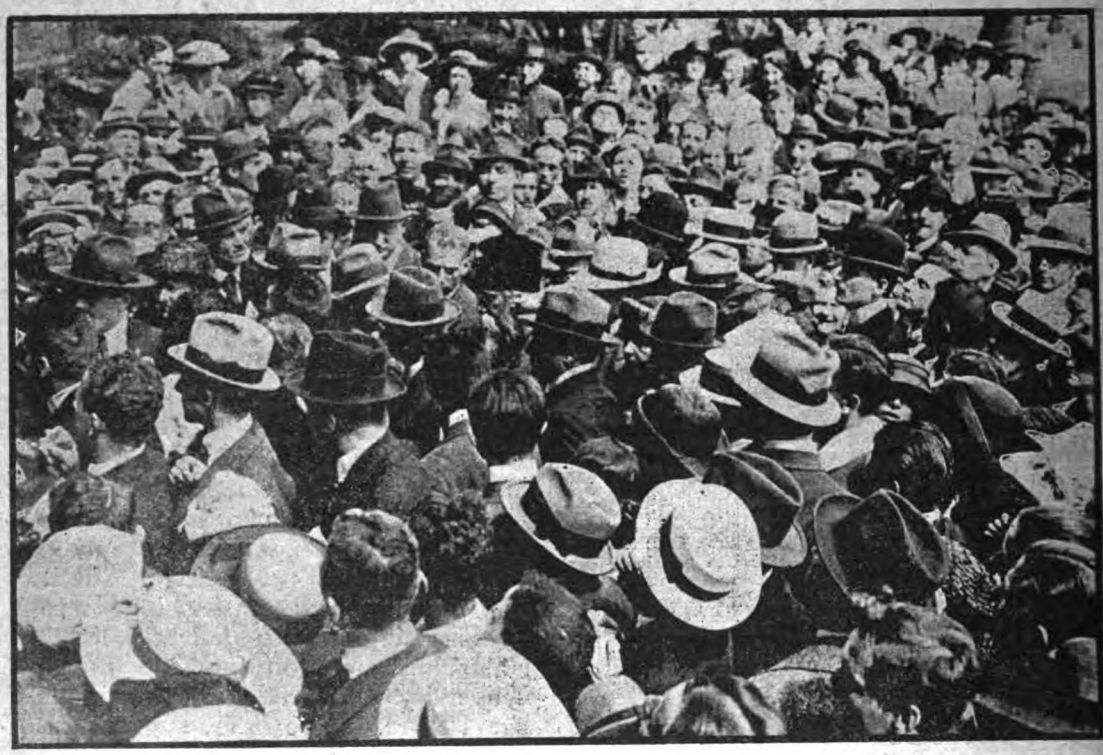
"It is not I, O Ananda, who am much moved by the Buddha, or the Dhamma, or the Samgha. But by the clansmen a compact was made to the effect that whosoever went not forth to welcome the Blessed One should pay a fine of five hundred pieces. So that it was through fear of being fined by my clansmen that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

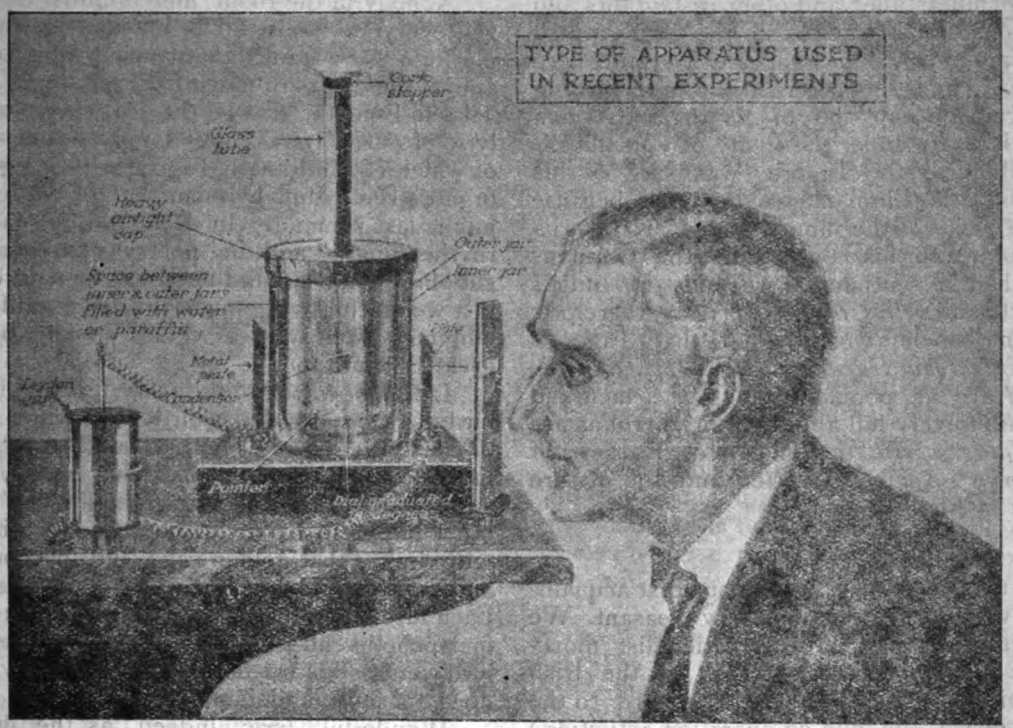
A tender note from the Eastern fields of cultures lingered in us. Not from the awe-inspiring world of Buddha or Laotse. No, but from the much humbler harp of an Indian poet, who in a moment of inner illumination confesses to his God, "I know my songs give thee great joy, and only as a singer I can approach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

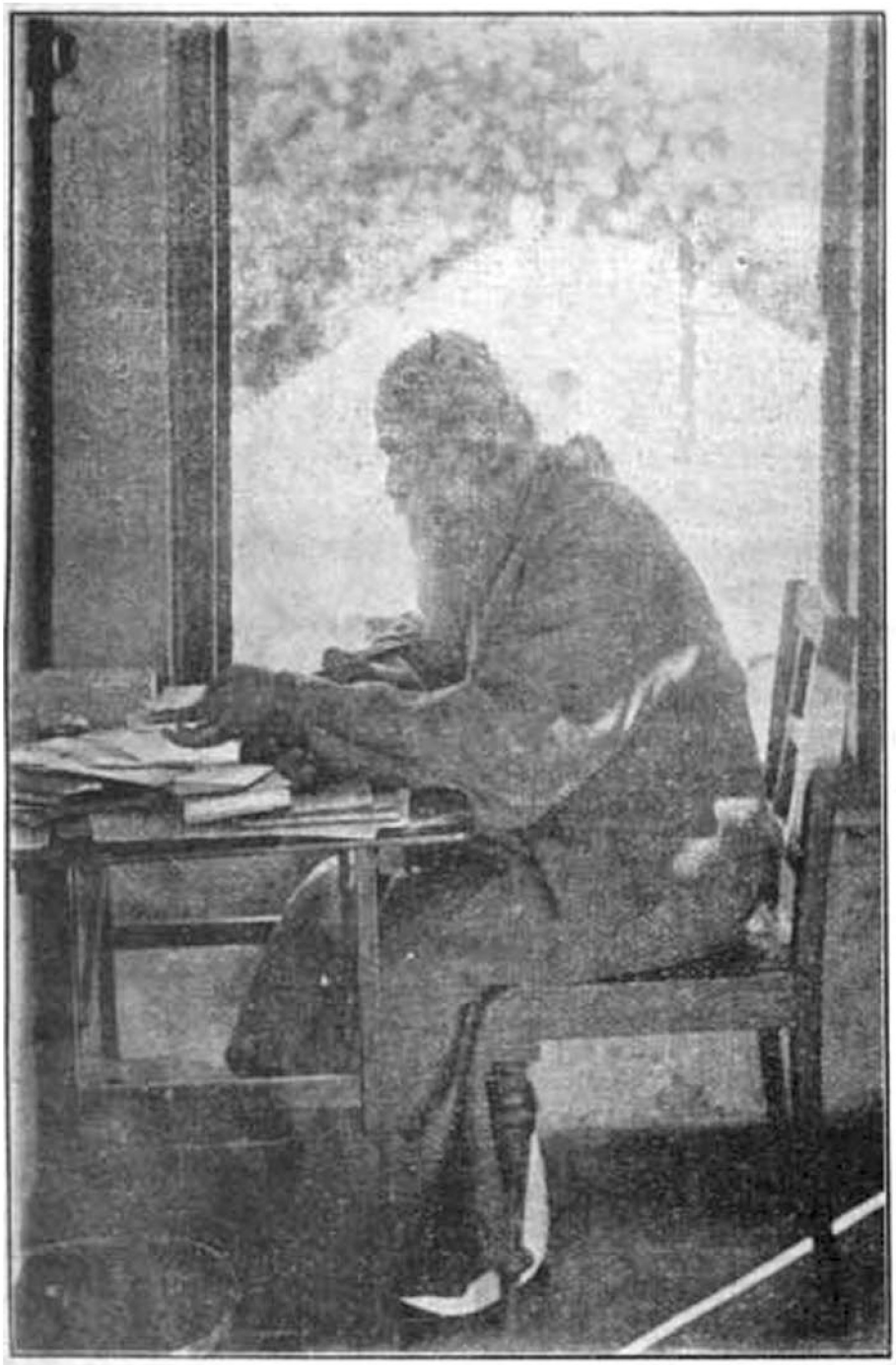
SHANTINIKETAN TWELVE YEARS AFTER—THE EVOLUTION OF A UNIVERSITY

I

TWELVE years ago some public interest was aroused in Calcutta, specially among students, by the publication of two illustrated articles in the now defunct Bengali magazine *Suprabhat* (Sravan and Bhadra 1316 B. S.) from the pen of Jitendralal Bannerjee, giving an account of the work of Rabindranath in Shantiniketan. These were reviewed in the columns of *Karmayogin* by Aurobindo Ghose, who wrote in very appreciative terms of the graphic descriptive power of the writer. Up to that time very little had appeared in the magazines about Shantiniketan Asram and the poet's work there, except an illustrated description of the place in the "Empress" and the poet's own exposition of its ideals in his articles on Satishchandra Roy and Mohitchandra Sen in the pages of the *Bangadarshan* (N. S.). But Jiten Babu's account of the actual working of the school and the system of education followed there was somewhat fuller and so it was that Aurobindo Ghose wanted to be further enlightened about the educational activities of the "great original mind under the shade of mango groves at Bolpur."

Shantiniketan

College students at that time, we became at



The Poet at Work at *Uttarayan*

once interested, all the more intimately because of the light thrown thereon by a teacher of ours, who had so recently interviewed the poet in his retreat at Shantiniketan and had written in touching terms of the saintly life that the latter was leading in the Ashram founded by his father. With the description given by our professor, assisted by the following passages from the writings of the poet, we tried to picture the Ashram for ourselves.

"Around Shantiniketen Ashram stretch undulating fields unobstructed to the horizon—fields which have never known the scratch of a ploughshare. Here and there are to be found bushes formed by shrubs of wild datepalms, dwarf jambolans and other stunted trees, growing through ant-hills. Not far off the streak of water of the *bund*, at the outskirt of the neighbouring village of Bhubandanga, flashes like a sword, and the line of age-old palm trees on its southern bank look like standing columns of some dilapidated palace of demons. Here and there are to be seen the courses cut by the rain-water through the red gravel and in the deep ravine-like furrows, littered with pebbles, are to be found many miniature caves and grottos. Over this lonely moorland, a red path stretches towards the villages beyond the horizon, along which the villagers go a-marketing to the Bolpur *hat* on Thursdays and Sundays. The Santhal women carry bundles of the straw of their fields on their heads, and bullock-carts under the weight of their loads groan slowly through the silence of the noontide, raising clouds of dust. On the highest point of this desolate treeless region, a row of straight and tall *sal* trees, the cast-iron dome of a temple and a corner of the roof of a "two-storied house catch the eye of the traveller from a distance—it is here, nestling among *amalaki* and mango groves, at the foot of *madhuka* and *sal* trees, that Shantiniketan Ashram is situated."

While our imagination was at work filling in the details of this picture, the first manuscript of the Reminiscences of the poet (long before its publication in the *Prabasi*) fell into my hands and therein I caught a glimpse of the boy Rabindranath when he visited the Ashram for the first time in company with his father. "It was evening," I read, "when we reached Bolpur. As I got into the palanquin I closed my eyes. I wanted to preserve the whole of the wonderful vision to be unfolded before my waking eyes in the

The Sal Avenue and the Dormitories

morning light. The freshness of the experience would be spoilt, I feared, by incomplete glimpses caught in the vagueness of the dusk."

It was with a mind full of these impressions that I started one day for Bolpur in the month of April 1910 and reached there after night-fall. It was a moonlight night, but, much as I would have liked to follow the plan of the boy Rabindranath, I could not help keeping my eyes open to my surroundings, which the moonlight only partially revealed. I trudged on foot behind the man who was carrying my luggage. After passing the local bazar, the road ran through an arid-looking plain, dotted here and there with shrubs and palm trees. Memories of lonely places infested with robbers and murderers came pouring into my mind from its store of nursery tales, as I walked along this unknown path through an unfamiliar region in company with a stranger.

After what seemed to me to be a long, long trudge, a few village lights were seen twinkling through a cluster of trees. Very eagerly I inquired whether that was Shantiniketan. No, it was Bhubandanga. The name was familiar to me through written descriptions and I felt that I had nearly covered the distance. But it was some time more before the tall trees surrounding the Ashram came into sight, with its numerous lamps twinkling from the thatched buildings on all sides.

My friends at the Ashram welcomed me and tried to make me at home, but I could not get over my disappointment at not being able to pay my respects to the poet that very night, as he was then engaged in his prayers. After taking my meal, as I was sauntering about the grounds before going to bed, a message came for me to say that the poet had heard of my arrival and had sent for me. I hastened towards his quarters and met him on the way on the gravel walk under the *sal* trees which had all this time loomed so large in my imagination.

The moon, near its full, was in the mid-heavens and its silvery light lay like a mantle over the trees and silent meadows, when the poet, clad in spotless white, stood

Open-air Classes under the Trees.

before me. Every corner of my mind seemed to be illuminated with the radiant glow of his luminous personality and as I took the dust of his feet, and as he blessed me, laying his hand on my head, with the words "May this Ashram be favourable to you and may you also be in tune with this Ashram," I felt that this was really a blessed and unforgettable moment in my life.

A white moon-light filling the sky, unobstructed from horizon to horizon, and the poet blessing a new arrival at his Ashram under his favourite *sal* avenue—these were the only visions that filled my dreams when I retired to rest that night.

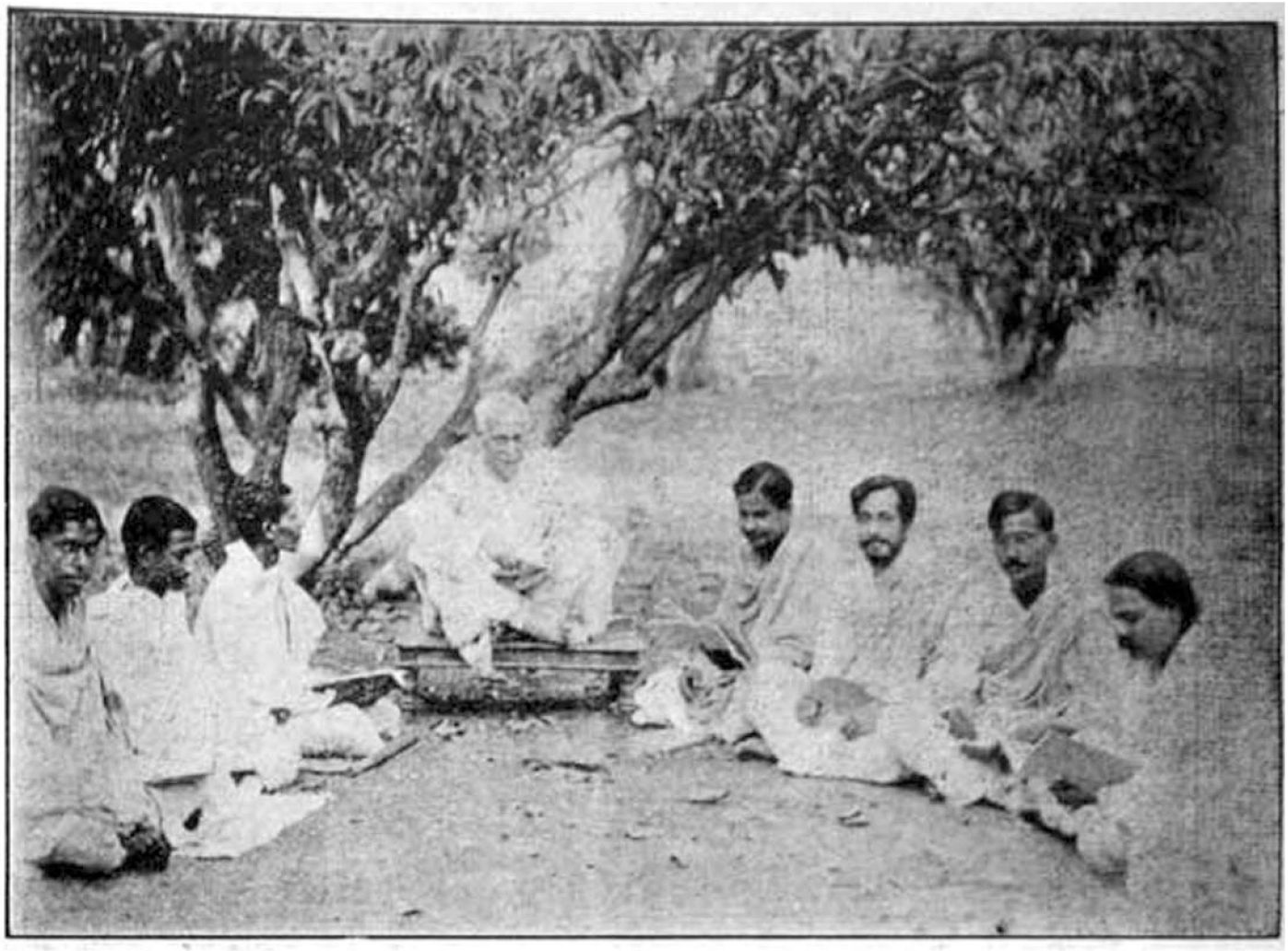
The next morning I revelled in a full view of the Ashram itself and its surrounding regions. I had passed the night in one of the students' dormitories and was roused by a gong at break of dawn along with the boys. They dispersed to their morning duties, while I proceeded to have a look around.

The high-road from the station was lying to the east. The sun had risen above the horizon but was not actually visible to me by reason of the intervening mounds along the railway cutting. On the south the horizon was bounded by clusters of trees in the dim distance. A few palm trees were standing, as I had already read in the poet's description, on the banks of the *bund* near the village through which I had come in the night. The west and the north were fully open to the horizon, with only a stray palm tree or two standing here and there.

The Ashram itself appeared to be a circle of high land extending over a considerable area. At the centre, stood a two-storied edifice, into the porch of which the main road turned through a gateway on the south, over which were inscribed some texts from the scriptures. There was a back entrance also from the north, over the gate of which was written

ब्रह्मकृपा हि केवलम्.

In the north-eastern corner of the Ashram I found the temple of which



Prof. Levi with a Group of Vishwabharati Teachers as his Students.

I had heard and read before. It was a structure of cast-iron framework, filled in with tinted glass, its series of arch-ways standing open to the light of the sky and to the view of the open undulating ground stretching right up to the horizon on the north, the west and the south. The temple garden was adorned with marble flowerpots mounted on short pedestals with suitable scriptural inscriptions. The floor of the temple and the flight of steps leading up to it were of marble and the cast-iron dome on the east was visible to the villagers round about, and by them the temple was known as *kāch*-bungalow, the crystal house.

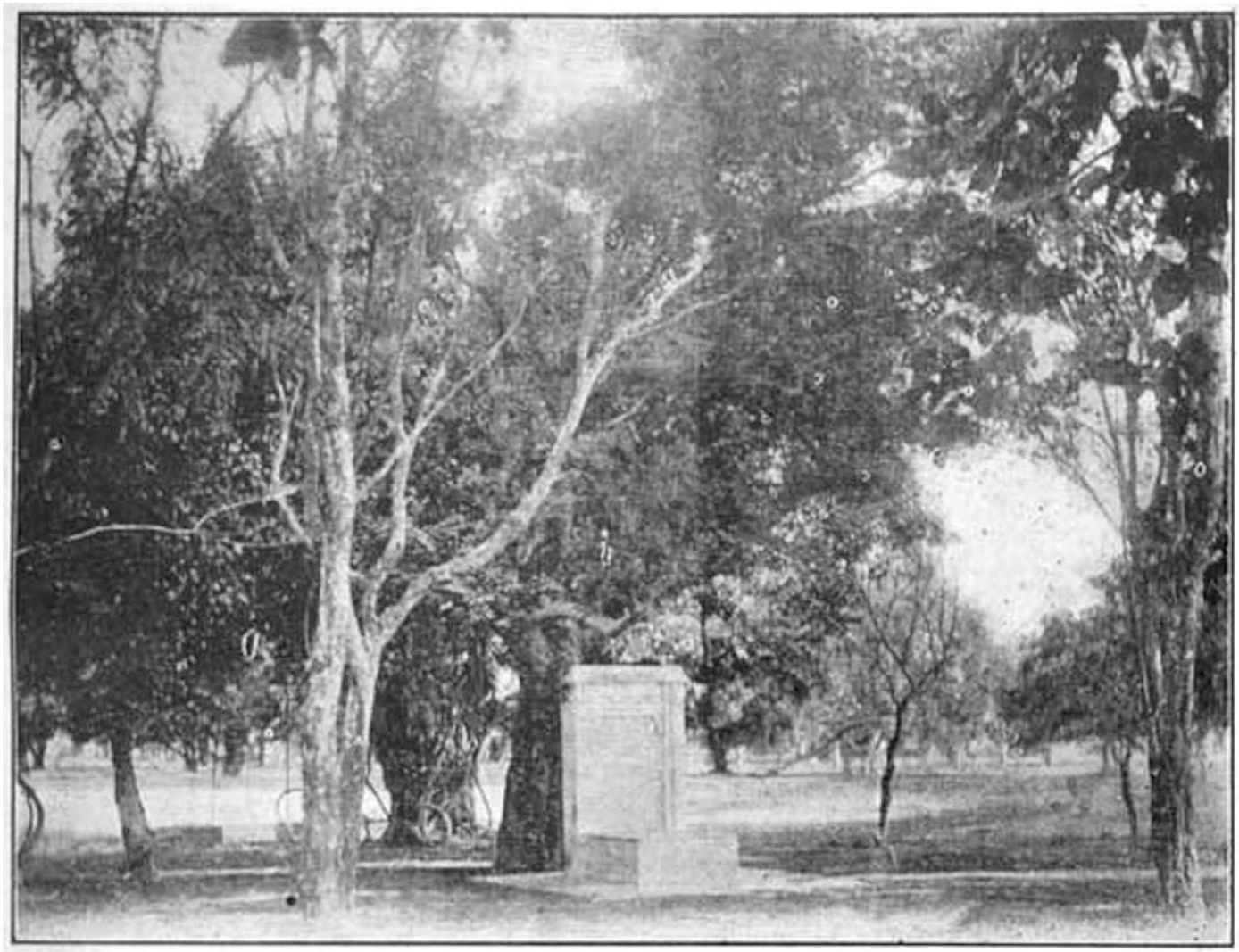
There is a hill-like mound to the south-east of this temple formed by the excavated earth from a tank which was being dug by its side. This is what the poet refers to in his Reminiscences as the hillock which his father asked him to decorate with the many-coloured pebbles, the trophies of his boyish adventures.

The famous pair of *chhatim* trees (Sanskrit *Saptaparna*) under which the Maharshi used to sit in meditation, are at the north-west corner of the Ashram. A marble prayer-seat marked the place, on the back of which was inscribed a favourite saying of the Maharshi—তিনি আমার প্রাণের আরাম, মনের আনন্দ, আত্মার শান্তি. On a branch of the tree itself was inscribed—কর তাঁর নাম গান.

It may not be out of place here to say a few words about the rise and progress of the Ashram, as these *chhatim* trees were the nucleus round which it grew.

II

The village of Raipur, which has since become better known in connection with our latter-day political history, lies not far from this spot. The Sinhas of Raipur were particularly intimate with Maharshi. Sriknatha Sinha, of whom the poet tells in his Reminiscences, was a constant companion of the Maharshi in his later years. It was



The Saptaparna Tree and Maharshi's Favourite Seat of Prayer.

on the way to Raipur that the Maharshi rested a while under the shade of these two trees. The bare desolation of the surrounding moorland somehow greatly attracted him and this became a favourite spot for his lonely meditation. A band of dacoits used to infest the neighbourhood, lying in wait under these *chhatim* trees to rob and murder wayfarers. One day, the story goes, while the Maharshi was sitting in meditation there, the ring-leader of these dacoits came up for plunder, but was so affected at the sight of him seated in prayer, that he not only turned back for the time, but surrendered himself to the Maharshi for good, taking up service under him.

This was the spot where the Maharshi attained the peace which was the object of his quest, and so here he founded Santiniketan, the abode of peace. He covered the barren tract of land with good soil brought from other places and laid out a garden and an orchard. The avenues of flowering trees, the groves of mangoes and other fruit trees were skirted round with lines of deodar, *amlaki* and other noble trees. At first a one-storied house was built as a retreat for himself. To this a second storey was added later, and eventually, in 1887, Maharshi dedicated the Ashram to the public by a trust deed on non-sectarian lines. On the one hand while it is laid down in the trust that no idols, animals, birds, portraits or other symbols are to be worshipped as God, on the other, it is also expressly laid down that no religion, or object of worship of any sect, is to be traduced or insulted. Fish, flesh and wine,—these are also strictly prohibited within the Ashrama under the trust deed.

It is interesting to learn that though there is a provision for a Brahma Vidyalaya in the trust deed, no school was opened in the place till 1901, when the poet first conceived the idea of imparting education here on the lines of the forest retreats of ancient India, but adapted to modern needs. When the poet approached his father with

his proposal, it met with his hearty approval, being indeed the fulfilment of the unrealised wish of his heart.

The opening of the school itself synchronizes with the dawning of what may be called a full historical consciousness in the mind of the poet. This was the beginning of what has been termed the Swadeshi Age of his life. It was at this time that he took up the editorship of the *Bangadarshan* (new series) which played such an important part in bringing about the renascence of life in Bengal, which burgeoned into the Swadeshi movement of 1905. The evolution of the poet's patriotism took him from one attempted solution to another till at last it led him to found a School where the *Sadhana* of ancient India might be carried on. The poet's lack of practical experience landed him into every kind of difficulty, till the late Brahma-bandhab Upadhyaya with his friend and disciple Sj. Rewachand (now founder and director of The Boys' Own Home, Calcutta) who had a long experience of educational work in Sindh, came to his rescue and undertook to be the first teachers at the school.

Pandit Vidhusekhara Sastri

The School is situated on the southern side of the Ashram and when I visited the place for the first time there were only a few thatched buildings, all inside the boundary, with a brick-built library house situated in the south-west corner. The only houses outside the boundary were a group of cottages for teachers (then occupied by Sj. Jagadananda Ray) and on the south of the Ashrama and at some distance to the south-east the *Nichu-Bangla*, the residence of the sage Dwijendranath Tagore, whose presence had become a part of the Ashram life for nearly a quarter of a century.

As I saw it then, the boys used to wake up at or before dawn and after performing their ablutions they had prayers and songs together. This last was preceded by an interval for separate prayer, when the boys were at liberty to worship according to their denominational beliefs. The classes began at 7 o'clock in the morning and went on till 10 o'clock. Then came the time for mid-day meal and rest. Work started again at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and lasted till 5 p.m.

The classes were held, not inside walls, but out in the open under the shade of trees, or in the verandahs during rain, each boy sitting on his own little carpet. The groups taught together were small, ensuring individual attention and the classes for different subjects were not composed of the same set of boys but constituted on the basis of proficiency. Thus a boy might take his mathematics with a higher group and his English or Sanskrit with a lower group. All instruction was imparted through the vernacular and English was taught as a second language by the direct method. The poet was the pioneer in Bengal in introducing the

Mr. Jagadananda Ray, a Teacher at the School

direct method in teaching languages and for this he composed primary books in English and Sanskrit to be used in his school. The afternoon was spent by the boys in sports or walks.

Evening was again the time for prayer, and with the ringing of the temple bell the boys chanted verses from the Upanishads in unison. Before this they had sat apart for fifteen minutes concentrating their mind in silent meditation. One could not but be impressed by the sight of these little *munis* sitting scattered about the place in the stillness of evening, like so many stars in the sky. After that, they passed the time in telling stories to the younger children, or in conversation with the teachers, or in songs under the guidance of their teacher Dinendranath Tagore. After supper they retired, but not before a party of singers had gone round the Ashram chanting their favourite hymns. The day which began with a song was thus brought to a fitting close with song, and this will bring home to the reader the large place that music holds in the system of education followed there.

But the larger, though silent, influence which seemed to me to give tone to the atmosphere of the Ashram, unconsciously shaping the aims and ideals of the students, was to be found in the temple of the One Infinite God, the *Chhatim-tala* symbolising the saintly life of the Maharshi, and the personality of the poet himself. These are materials which may well crystallize into shape as a true University. The medieval universities of Europe also, such as those of Oxford and Cambridge, unlike the charter-created ones of modern times, grew up round chapels and the monasteries of monks. And even at the time of that visit of mine in 1910, the poet was looking forward to the day when the seed of a University might be sown in his beloved Ashram.

The late Ajit Kumar Chakravarty, sometime a Teacher at the School

The evenings I had the rare privilege of spending with the poet under the *sal* trees, listening to his inspiring talks, and the loving kindness of the students whom I taught during my short stay there, have taken an abiding place in my mind and when I left the place on that occasion only one month after, even the high expectations that had been raised in my mind were not altogether unrealised.

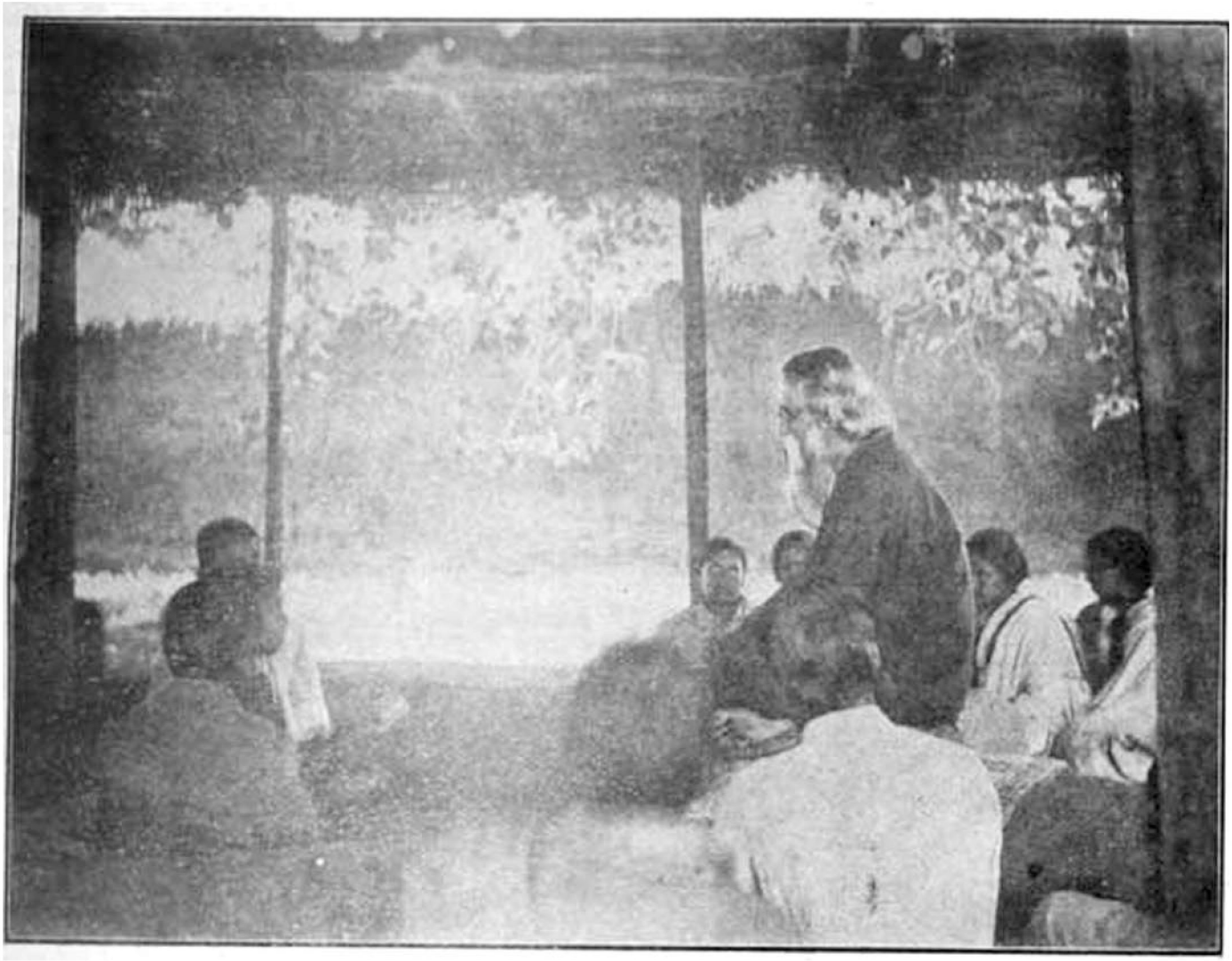
The late Brahma-bandhab Upadhyay—an old teacher of Shantiniketan

III

Such was Shantiniketan in 1910. Since then I have visited this place twice. My second visit to the place took place in 1913, with the party that went from Calcutta by special train to congratulate the Poet on the award of the Nobel Prize to him. The demonstration was got up on lines which did not appeal to me, but I was then a Professor in Ripon College and the late Ramendra Sundar Trivedi insisted that I should go on its behalf lest it should be said that Ripon College had not joined in the function. Then, however, I did not notice any appreciable change.

The change really struck me during my last visit after the Poet's return from Europe and America in 1921. I had heard that things were moving rapidly; that Messrs. Andrews and Pearson had come to join hands with the Poet; that Mahatma Gandhi had been and stayed there, casting the magic spell of his influence on teachers and pupils alike; that pilgrim-souls, from East and West alike, had been wending their footsteps to this peaceful retreat of our poet, who had come to be looked on also as a prophet; that Rabindranath had founded the Viswabharati and students and teachers were trooping thither from all parts of the world;—yet I was hardly prepared for all the material changes which thrust themselves on my attention.

New dormitories had sprung up beyond the former limits of the Ashram, the whole place was lit by electricity generated on the premises; a printing machine was at work, where some of the poet's works as well as the school-magazine and other books were being printed; the library had extended beyond expectation and a rich collection of books on Indology, including works in German and French, marked it as the most remarkable of its kind in India; a *Kala-bhavan* had grown up in the two-storied house at the south-eastern corner of the Ashram under the superintendence of the well-known artists Sj. Nandalal Bose, Surendranath Kar and Asit Kumar



The Poet as a School Master

Haldar. Many residential houses had grown up in the surrounding regions ;– the Poet's own residence, known as *Uttarayan* (lit. North End) at a little distance from the north-east corner of the Ashram, the *Bansikunja*, (lit. Bamboo Grove) usually occupied by Mr. Andrews, a guest-house to the south, and the row of residential cottages for teachers and professors along the edge of the *band*. The fallow lands to the east had been brought under the plough, the road had been lined with trees and there were other subtle changes which had greatly altered the arid aspect of the region.

Since my last visit, Dr. and Madame Sylvain Levi has come, stayed in the Ashram and gone back. Rabindranath has formally inaugurated his International University and registered it as a public body. Savants from West and East have been coming, in response to India's call through the mouth of her poet-prophet, for mutual understanding and good fellowship and exchange of cultures. Dr. Stella Kramrisch, and M. Benoit have been there for some time. Now Dr. Winternitz and Mlle. Andree Karpellez have also recently arrived and we are looking forward to the day when Romain Rolland will be in our midst.

The place of a devotee's meditation – then an Ashram with a temple of God –then an educational retreat organised by the genius of a Poet, which has broadened and developed into a seat of international learning and culture, unique of its kind, perhaps a forerunner of the great World-State yet to be—this has been the process of evolution through which the seed-ideal of the original founder is in the course of being realised, amidst the turmoil of political and social strife that is raging all around the world today.

ASWINIKUMAR GHOSE.

INDIAN PERIODICALS

The National Value of Art.

In *Sharma'a* for October Sri Aurobindo Ghose's masterly paper on the National Value of Art is continued. Says he :—

The work of purifying conduct through outward form and habitual and seemly regulation of expression, manner and action is the lowest of the many services which the artistic sense has done to humanity, and yet how wide is the field it covers and how important and indispensable have its workings been to the progress of civilisation! A still more important and indispensable activity of the sense of beauty is the powerful help it has given to the formation of morality. We do not ordinarily recognise how largely our sense of virtue is a sense of the beautiful in conduct and our sense of sin a sense of ugliness and deformity in conduct. It may easily be recognised in the lower and more physical workings, as for instance in the shuddering recoil from cruelty, blood, torture as things intolerably hideous to sight and imagination or in the aesthetic disgust at sensual excesses and the strong sense, awakened by this disgust, of the charm of purity and the beauty of virginity. This latter feeling was extremely active in the imagination of the Greeks and other nations not noted for a high standard

The Poet Taking a Class at Shantiniketan

in conduct and it was purely aesthetic in its roots. Pity again is largely a vital instinct in the ordinary man associated with *jugupsa*, the loathing for the hideousness of its opposite, *ghrina* disgust at the foolishness and brutality of cruelty, baseness and selfishness, as well as at the ugliness of their actions, so that a common word for cruel in the

Prof. and Mrs. Levi at Shantiniketan

Sanskrit language is *nighrina*, the man without disgust or loathing, and the word *ghrina* approximates in use to *kripa*, the lower or vital kind of pity. But even on a higher plane, the sense of virtue is very largely aesthetic and even when it emerges from the aesthetic stage, must always call the sense of the beautiful to its support if it is to be safe from the revolt against it of one of the most deep-seated of human instincts. We can see the largeness of this element if we study the ideas of the Greeks, who never got beyond the aesthetic stage of morality. There were four gradations in Greek ethical thought, the *euexpa*, that which is seemly or outwardly decorous; the *dikaion*, that which is in accordance with dike or nomos, the law, custom and standard of humanity, based on the sense of fitness and on the codified or uncodified mass of precedents in which that sense has been expressed in general conduct—in other words,—the just or lawful; thirdly, the *agathon* the good, based partly on the seemly and partly on the just and lawful, and reaching towards the purely beautiful; then final and supreme, the *kalon*,—that which is purely beautiful, the supreme standard.

The Greek view of life was imperfect even from the standpoint of beauty. God as beauty is not only Beauty, He is also Love, and without perfect love there cannot be perfect beauty and without perfect beauty there cannot be perfect delight.

The aesthetic motive in conduct limits and must be exceeded in order that humanity may rise. Therefore it was that the Greek mould had to be broken and humanity even revolted for a time against beauty. The *agathon*, the good, had to be released for a time from the bondage of *kalon*, the aesthetic sense of beauty, just as it is now struggling to deliver itself from the bondage of the *euprepes* and the *dikaion*, mere decorousness, mere custom, mere social law and rule. The excess of this antiaesthetic tendency is visible in Puritanism and the baser forms of asceticism. The progress of ethics in Europe has been largely a struggle between the Greek sense of aesthetic beauty and the Christian sense of a higher good marred on the one side by formalism, and the other by an unlovely asceticism. The association of the latter with virtue has largely driven the sense of beauty to the side of vice. The good must not be subordinated to the aesthetic sense, but it must be beautiful and delightful, or to that extent it ceases to be good. The object of existence is not the practice of virtue for its own sake but *ananda*, delight and progress consists not in rejecting beauty and delight, but in rising from the lower to the higher, the less complete to the more complete beauty and delight.

The writer then passes on to consider the third activity of the aesthetic faculty.

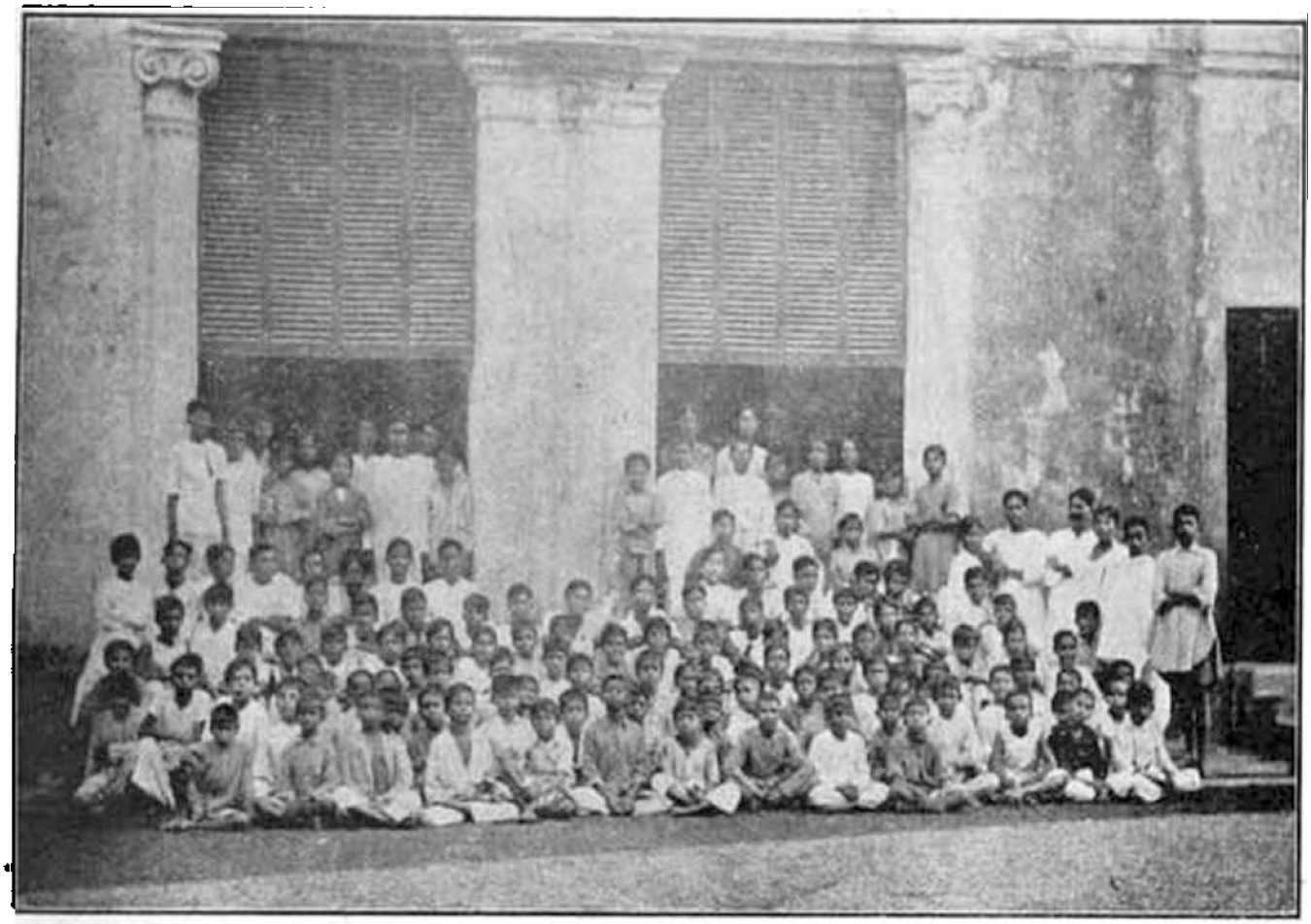
The third activity of aesthetic faculty, higher than the two already described, the highest activity of the artistic sense before it rises to the plane of the intellect, is the direct purifying of the emotions. *Chitta-suddhi* the purification of the heart, is the appointed road by which man arrives at his higher fulfilment, and if it can be shown that poetry and art are powerful agents towards that end, their supreme importance is established. They are that, and more than that. It is only one of the great uses of these things which men now-a-days are inclined to regard as mere ornaments of life and therefore of secondary importance.

He then reaches the kernel of the subject.

We now come to the kernel of the subject, the place of art in the evolution of the race and

its value in the education and actual life of a nation. The first question is whether the sense of the beautiful has any effect on the life of a nation. It is obvious, from what we have already written, that the manners, the social culture and the restraint in action and expression which are so large a part of national prestige and dignity and make a nation admired like the French, loved like the Irish or respected like the higher class English, is based essentially on the sense of form and beauty, of what is correct, symmetrical, well-adjusted, fair to the eye and pleasing to the imagination. The absence of these qualities is a source of national weakness. The rudeness, coarseness and vulgar violence of the ordinary Englishman, the overbearing brusqueness and selfishness of the Prussian have greatly hampered those powerful nations in their dealings with foreigners, dependencies and even their own friends, allies, colonies. We all know what a large share the manner and ordinary conduct of the average and of the vulgar Anglo-Indian has had in bringing about the revolt of the Indian, accustomed through ages to courtesy, dignity and the amenities of an equal intercourse, against the mastery of an obviously coarse and selfish community. Now the sense of form and beauty, the correct, symmetrical, well-adjusted, fair and pleasing is an artistic sense and can best be fostered in a nation by artistic culture of the perceptions and sensibilities. It is noteworthy that the two great nations who are most hampered by the defect of these qualities in action are also the least imaginative, poetic and artistic in Europe. It is the South German who contributes the art, poetry and music of Germany, the Celt and Norman who produce great poets and a few great artists in England without altering the characteristics to the dominant Saxon. Music is even more powerful in this direction than art and by the perfect expression of harmony insensibly steeps the man in it. And it is noticeable that England has hardly produced a single musician worth the name. Plato in his Republic has dwelt with extraordinary emphasis on the importance of music in education; as is the music to which a people is accustomed, so, he says in effect, is the character of that people. The importance of painting and sculpture is hardly less. The mind is profoundly influenced by what it sees and, if the eye is trained from the days of childhood to the contemplation and understanding of beauty, harmony and just arrangement in line and colour,

The late Satishchandra Roy (in the centre) and the late Ajitkumar Chakravarty (to his right), both teachers at the Shantiniketan School.
The late Satyendranath Datta the poet (to the left)



A Group of Students of Shantiniketan

the tastes, habits and character will be insensibly trained to follow a similar law of beauty, harmony and just arrangement in the life of the adult man. This was the great importance of the universal proficiency in the arts and crafts or the appreciation of them which was prevalent in ancient Greece, in certain European ages, in Japan and in the better days of our own history. Art-galleries cannot be brought into every home, but, if all the appointments of our life and furniture of our homes are things of taste and beauty, it is inevitable that the habits, thoughts and feelings of the people should be raised, ennobled, harmonised, made more sweet and dignified.

The author adds :—

A similar result is produced on the emotions by the study of beautiful or noble art. We have spoken of the purification of the heart, the *chittasuddhi*, which Aristotle assigned as the essential office of poetry, and have pointed out that it is done in poetry by the detatched and disinterested enjoyment of the eight *rasas* or forms of emotional aestheticism which make up life, unalloyed by the disturbance of the lower self-regarding passions. Painting and sculpture work in the same direction by different means. Art sometimes uses the same means as poetry but cannot do it to the same extent because it has not the movement of poetry, it is fixed, still, it expresses only a given moment, a given point in space and cannot move freely through time and region. But it is precisely this stillness, this calm, this fixity which gives its separate value to art. Poetry raises the emotions and gives each its separate delight. Art stills the emotions and teaches them the delight of a restrained and limited satisfaction.

Another value of art is then dwelt upon :

The value of art in the training of intellectual faculty is also an important partof its utility. We have already indicated the double character of intellectual activity, divided between the imaginative, creative and sympathetic or comprehensive intellectual centres on the one side,—and the critical, analytic and penetrative on the other. The latter are best trained by science, criticism and observation, the former by art, poetry, music, literature and the sympathetic study of man and his creations. These make the mind quick to grasp at a glance, subtle to distinguish shades, deep to reject shallow self-sufficiency, mobile, delicate, swift, intuitive. Art assists in this training by raising images in the mind which it has to understand not by analysis, but by self-identification with other minds ; it is a powerful stimulator of sympathetic insight. Art is subtle and delicate, and it makes the mind also in its movements subtle and delicate. It is suggestive, and the intellect habituated to the appreciation of

A Group Mainly of Ex-Students of Shantiniketan

art is quick to catch suggestions mastering not only, as the scientific mind does, that which is positive and on the surface, but that which leads to ever fresh widening and subtilising of knowledge and opens a door into the deeper secrets of inner nature where the positive instruments of science cannot take the depth or measure. This supreme intellectual value of art has never been sufficiently recognised. Men have made language, poetry, history, philosophy, agents for the training of this side of intellectuality, necessary parts of a liberal education, but the immense educative force of music, painting and sculpture has never been recognised. They have been thought to be bye-paths of the human mind, beautiful and interesting, but not necessary, therefore intended for the few. Yet the universal impulse to enjoy the beauty and attractiveness of sound, to look at and live among pictures, colours, forms ought to have warned mankind of the superficiality and ignorance of such a view of these eternal and important occupations of human mind. The impulse denied proper training and self-purification, has spent itself on the trivial, gaudy, sensuous, cheap or vulgar instead of helping man upward by its powerful aid in the evocation of what is best and highest in intellect as well as in character, emotion and the æsthetic enjoyment and regulation of life and manners. It is difficult to appreciate the waste and detriment, involved in the low and debased level of enjoyment to which the artistic impulses are condemned in the majority of mankind.

The noblest use of art is described next.

But beyond and above this intellectual utility of art, there is a higher use, the noblest of all, its service to the growth of spirituality in the race. European critics have dwelt on the close connection of the highest developments of art with religion, and it is undoubtedly true that in Greece, in Italy, in India, the greatest efflorescence of a national art has been associated with the employment of the artistic genius to illustrate or adorn the thoughts and fancies of the temples and instruments of the national religion. This was not because art is necessarily associated with the outward forms of religion, but because it was in the religion that men's spiritual aspirations centred themselves. Spirituality is a wider thing than formal religion and it is in the service of spirituality that art reaches its highest self-expression. Spirituality is a single word expressive of three lines of human aspiration towards divine knowledge, divine love and joy,

Rabindranath receiving Prof. and Madame Levi

divine strength, and that will be the highest and most perfect art which, while satisfying the physical requirements of the aesthetic sense, the laws of formal beauty, the emotional demand of humanity, the portrayal of life and outward reality, as the best European Art satisfies these requirements, reaches beyond them and expresses inner spiritual truth, the deeper not obvious reality of things, the joy of God in the world and its beauty and desirableness and the manifestation of divine force and energy in phenomenal creation.——This is what Indian Art alone attempted thoroughly and in the effort it often dispensed, either deliberately or from impatience, with the lower, yet not negligible perfections, which the more material European demanded. Therefore, art has flowed in two separate streams in Europe and Asia, so diverse that it is only now that the European aesthetic sense has so far trained itself as to begin to appreciate the artistic conventions, aims and traditions of Asia. Asia's future development will unite these two streams in one deep and grandiose flood of artistic self-expression,—perfecting the aesthetic evolution of humanity.

"But if art is to reach towards the highest, the Indian tendency must dominate.

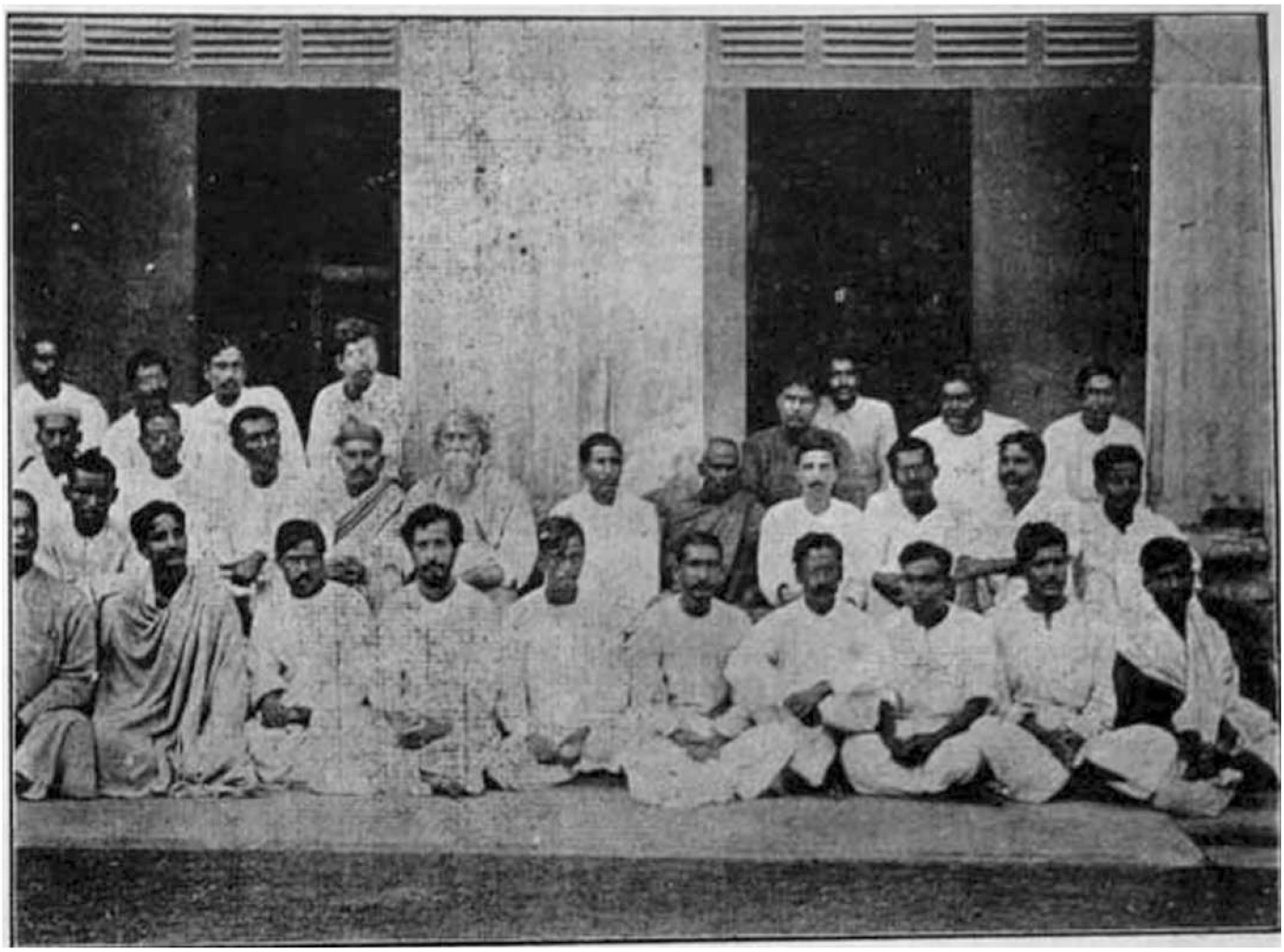
The paper from which we have quoted some passages above should be read in its entirety. But even these extracts will make apparent the enormous value of art to human evolution. Its value as a factor in education has also been suggested.

It is obvious that no nation can afford to neglect an element of such high importance to the culture of its people or the training of some of the higher intellectual, moral and aesthetic faculties in the young. The system of education which, instead of keeping Artistic training apart as a privilege for a few specialists, frankly introduces it as a part of culture no less necessary than literature or science, will have taken a great step forward in the perfection of national education and the general diffusion of a broad-based human culture. It is not necessary that every man should be an artist. It is necessary that every man should have his artistic faculty developed, his taste trained, his sense of beauty and insight into form and colour and that which is expressed in form and colour, made habitually active, correct and sensitive. It is necessary that those who create, whether in great things or small, whether in the unusual masterpieces of art and genius or in the small common things of use that surround a man's daily life, should be habituated to produce and the nation habituated to expect the beautiful in preference to the ugly, the noble in preference to the vulgar, the fine in preference to the crude, the harmonious in preference to the gaudy. A nation surrounded daily by the beautiful, noble, fine and harmonious becomes that which it is habituated to contemplate and realises the fullness of the expanding spirit in itself.

In India, the revival of a truly national art is already an accomplished fact and the masterpieces of the school can already challenge comparison with the best work of other countries.

As to the demands of Indian Art, Sri Aurobindo Ghose writes:

Indian Art demands of the artist the power of



A Group of Teachers at Shantiniketan—the Poet Sitting in their Midst

communion with the soul of things, the sense of spiritual taking precedence of the sense of material beauty, and fidelity to the deeper vision within of the lover of Art, it demands the power to see the spirit in things, the openness of mind to follow a developing tradition, and the sattvic passivity, discharged of prejudgments, which opens luminously to the secret intention of the picture and is patient to wait until it attains a perfect and profound divination.

—

Burmese Women Lead

Stri Dharma notes :—

It has fallen to the good lot of the Burmese women to be the first women in Asia to exercise the Legislative Council franchise, and thus to be the first to have a direct influence over legislation. The elections for the new Burma Legislative Council were held in the middle of November and it was edifying to read in the Rangoon papers the manifestoes of candidates for election addressed to "Brothers and Sisters," and to come across the terms "men and women" in their arguments. News has not yet come to hand as to how the Indian and Burmese women shouldered their new responsibility, but one feels assured that such good, practical, business women will soon find out the great value of the vote and use its pressure to bring about desired economic and educational changes in their loved land. Burma deserves to lead the way, for she has long given to her daughters social equality and liberty.

—

Women Municipal Councillors.

The same journal records :—

Madras City leads in India in the matter of being the first City with a Woman Member of its Corporation, Mrs M. C. Devadoss. Saidapet is about three miles from Madras, so large a suburb that it has a Municipal Council of its own, and it is with great pleasure and pride that we announce that two members of the Saidapet Branch of the Women's Indian Association have been nominated as Councillors of the Saidapet Municipality by the Collector of Chinglepat District.

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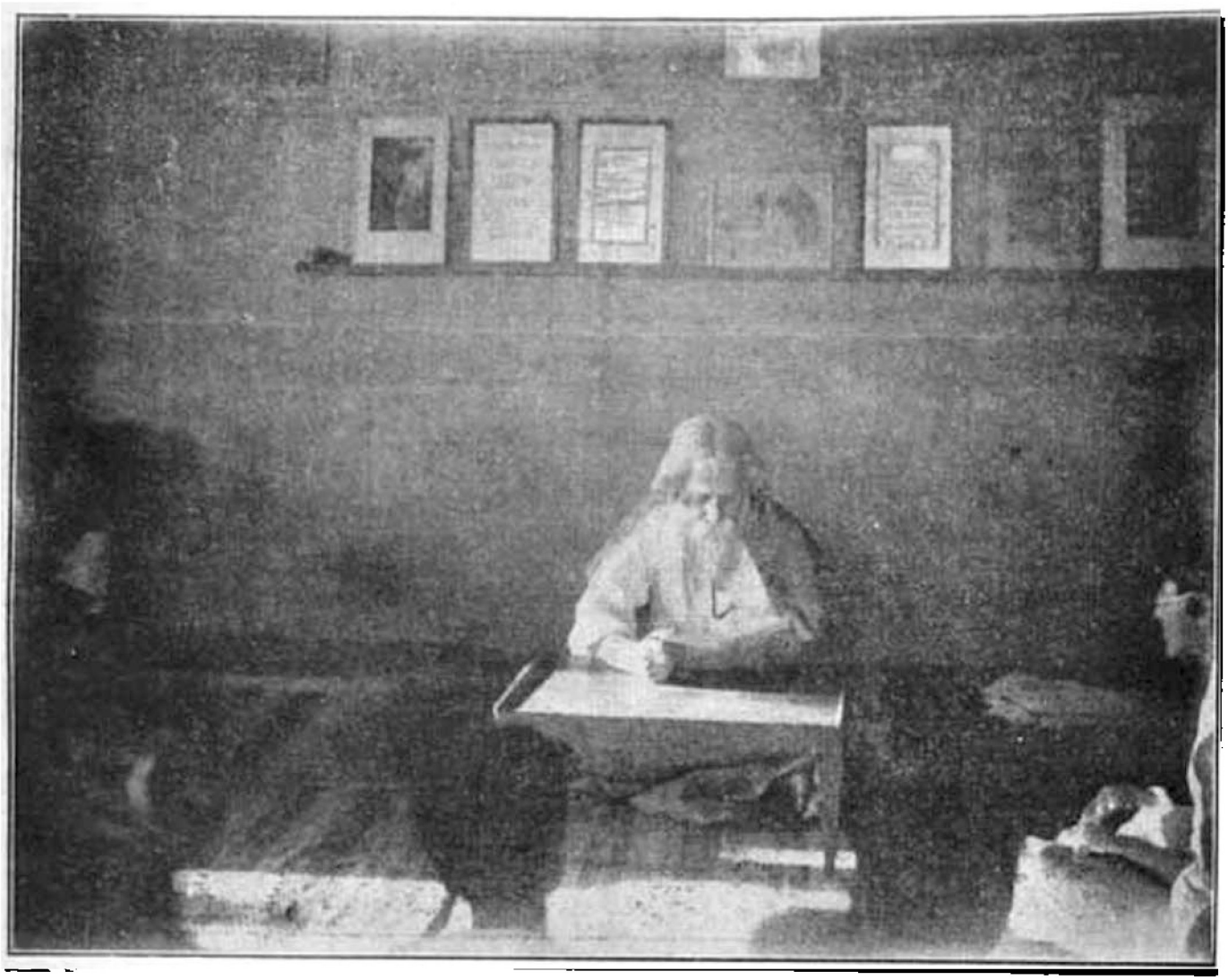


Rabindranath R ending out to a Class at *Uttarayan*

Commercial Victimisation of Children.

We endorse every word of the following observations of *Shri Bharata* :

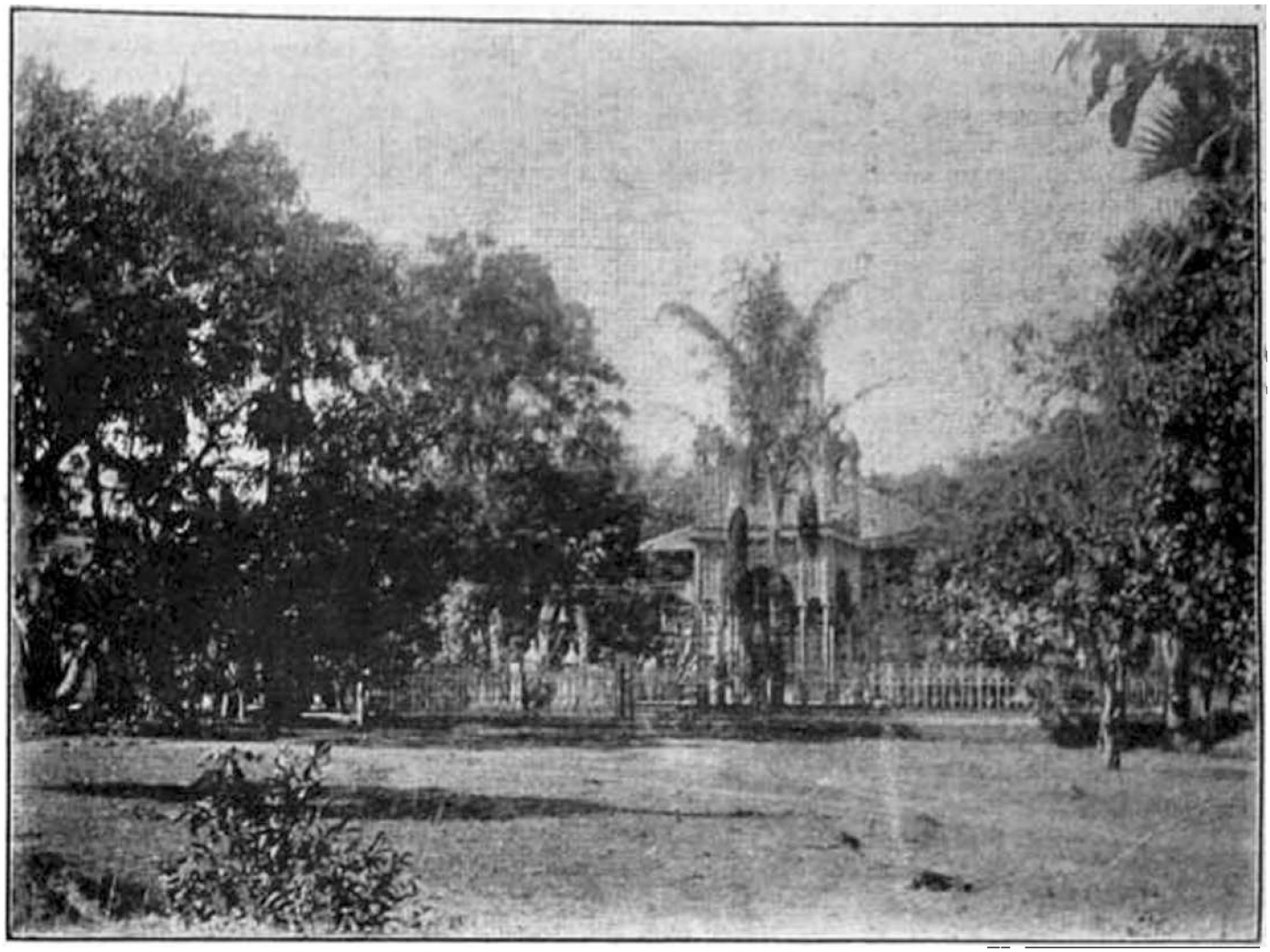
There are over 8,000 children employed today in the Indian coal mines, and though the Government has accepted a provision in the Mines Act Amendment Bill to prohibit the employment of children under thirteen years old in mines, a most reactionary letter has been sent to all the leading newspapers from the Indian Mining Federation calling for the deletion of this clause and also claiming that the withdrawal of children and women would wreck the key industries of the country. Better then to do without this industrial development if it exists only through the exploitation and ruin of the health, mentality and morals of women and children! Better to go back to the simple agricultural life of the age-long India if this contention were true!. But other experts maintain that within five years modern equipment could be installed in the mines which would adequately carry on the industry without either decreasing the wages of the miners or increasing the cost of coal. The Federation Conservatives base their scare-cry on the ground that conditions of labour are different in India from other countries. Yes, we agree, but they are *harder* for women here. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall" will be the slogan of awakened women with respect to the rescue of women and children from conditions of labour and life which are not tolerated in any other country. We call on the Government to stick to its prohibition and not be budged an inch from its stand by selfish panic-mongers.

—

Child Widowhood in Andhra-desha.

The same journal writes :

A correspondent commenting on certain statistics of the recent Madras Census writes : "In Andhra districts the number of child widows has been steadily increasing. Among the Kalingis, for every 1000 children under 10 years of age about 68·4 are married. There is an increase of 50 p.c. in the number of infant marriages and girl widows. These figures speak volumes for the failure of the work of social reformers in Andhra-desha, a country which is clamouring for political



The Mandir (Temple) of Shantiniketan

rights in the face of such a scandalous state of things! How can the God of Justice grant Home Rule to those who rule their homes so unjustly as to sentence six out of every ten little girls of the tenderest years to the possibility of child-widowhood?

"A Clash of Ideals"

Under the above heading "A Workman" compares and contrasts the ideals of Tagore and Gandhi in *Everymans Review*. He does not appear to possess a sufficient and correct knowledge of the life, labour and works of Tagore. However, here are some of his observations:

Tagore also prescribes the medicine of universal love for the ills of to-day. But he does not dream of tearing up the complex structure of the twentieth century society. He seeks to filter through its ramifications somewhat of a better understanding of its components by each other, nation and nation and class and class ceasing to struggle with each other and beginning to struggle together towards common welfare. While Gandhi's appeal is to the masses, Tagore's is possibly only to the elite.

So that, while, ultimately, Tagore's is the saner and more practicable ideal, Gandhi's is more likely to be put to the test of proof earlier. The formulations of society, even when a little shaken, will produce far greater results than even a regular upheaval among a few scholars, eminent though these may be as learning goes in the countries of the world. Russia is in the throes of the experiment advocated by Gandhi. More countries will probably follow. Meanwhile Tagore will still be elaborating his ideas in his lecture tours.

The Indian Fiscal Commission and Protection

Prof. Brij Narain writes in *The Indian Review*:

The Majority Report recognises that "the industrial development of India has not been commensurate with the size of the country or its

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S PLAYS

[M. Louis Gillet is a well-known French critic, and it is interesting and instructive for the many Indian admirers of our national poet to know what the western critics think of his plays and poems. M. Gillet's appreciation of Tagore's plays is thoughtful and thought-provoking, and the fact that he is not a blind admirer of the poet adds zest to his eulogy. This French critic is unable to understand and appreciate the wonderful blending of ethics and aesthetics in Tagore's art which gives a poetic character to his philosophy and a philosophic character to his poetry, because in Europe, and especially in France, these are generally divorced. This fact, besides the Germanophobia, which has become unfortunately a national mental disease in France, has blinded M. Gillet's critical acumen and made him unable to appreciate the real significance of Tagore's world mission. But in spite of this defect of the article it has a value to Indian lovers of Tagore's poetry.—*Mukund M. Desai.*]

IN the midst of his travels in the course of his long apostolate in Europe and America, the Bengalee poet, Rabindranath Tagore, did not cease to display the marks of his multiple activity. Within two years he published two volumes of addresses, poems, a new novel, and a fine selection of the letters of youth (Glimpses of Bengal). His far-off appearance and the long white robe with his dreamy face take hold of the imagination. He is a wandering symbol of the awakening in Asia. We are promised on our stage couple of his plays. The occasion seemed to me to be suitable to re-read his plays. In France the poet and the story-teller are well-known through good translations; but the dramatist, on the contrary, is still unedited in French. However it is in this form that a poet has the chance of making himself approachable and it is through this that one can comprehend most easily Tagore's genius and the history of his ideas.

One cannot expect here a history of the Indian theatre, for which one can consult the classical work of M. Sylvain Levi. This theatre threw a bright lustre upon the fifth and the sixth centuries, the period which is considered to be the period of Kalidasa, the famous author of Sakuntala. Its brilliant revival was witnessed towards the middle of the last century when India, shaking off her long lethargy, felt the first glimpses of her national aspirations. Wherever there are oppressed races and tongues, the stage is the nursery of nationalism. It is a vantage-point whence it is possible to rouse the national conscience. The first form which the new dramatic school took in India was that of the problem-play. The play called Nil-Darpana by Dina-Bandhu Mitra had in Bengal a success which reminds one of the success of Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is the picture of the cultivators' village destroyed by the establishment of an English factory. The conditions of women, the problems of widows and polygamy offered a vast field for social satire. We must bear in mind that in the country-sides the old stories of Ramayana and Mahabharata, the love legends of Krishna and Radha are still as popular as they were ten centuries ago, and are subjects of as vivid representations as the Oberammergau Passion Play.

Tagore's plays are not an isolated fact. When he made his *début* as a writer, towards 1880, in Bengal there was a dramatic activity in which he tried to take part. In fact he made one or two experiments which have not been preserved; we learn from his Reminiscences that they were comedies interspersed with songs or rather a succession of cantatas, a kind of oratorios. The tragic muse was long hampered by its rival and it was compelled to await its turn.

Therefore Tagore's plays are the outcome of the poet's vacant moments, but the poet is never very far off and appears every now and then in the work of the dramatist. Moreover this confusion of the drama and the lyric is little incommoding on the Indian Stage. It seems even quite natural there and in this way Rabindranath's plays take a national shape. Besides the social and the problem plays, he resumes his connection with the classical tradition, that is to say, with this superior kind of *rupakas* where poetry constitutes the chief element of the drama. The particular conventions of the type of plays, the oriental formalism, the spirit of good breeding and refinement which form the etiquette of the old Indian societies, made it a rule for the poet to avoid all kinds of violent conflicts, to eschew the paintings of brutal passions, tragical catastrophes and shedding of blood. As in all places where the poet

wrote only for the court, there was in reality only one species of poetry—the pastoral; the people figure to themselves a theatre condemned to merely *Amintas* and *Pastor fido*. Forests in which princes lose their way in the pursuit of a deer, beautiful maidens tending the flowers of the hermitage, the spectacle of a growing love, the lamentations of the innocent girl, seduced and deserted, the vengeance of an irritable magician who throws a baleful spell upon the lovers, the young bride's journey who loses her ring which is to help her to be recognised, such are the incidents which fill the seven acts of the long idyll of Sakuntala. The entire interest lies in a succession of images which constantly renew the impression of elegance and plastic beauty. Who does not remember the verses in which Goethe expressed this sensuous magic?

Thus we see that Tagore did not introduce new elements on the Indian stage. I suspect that he fell under the influence of M. Maeterlinck's famous short plays. But it is quite clear that his first ambition was to revive the classical drama. Every now and then in his writings we come across the name of Kalidasa. The East is unchanging, through a period of twelve or fifteen centuries the same theatre is kept up.

One must not therefore fancy plays constructed on European models, with that scaffolding of intrigue and articulation which form an essential part of our dramatic art. The action preserves with them more than with us the dreamy nature. Our realism is unknown to them. Generally in the Eastern art there is an aesthetic of convention, dignity and restraint like the partly frozen smile which is spread over the limbs and face of the imperturbable images of Buddha. So likewise is the character of their dances which consists in low oscillations of the body and delicate bending of the wrists and hands, so different from the bustle and capers of our dancing. Their art is static, monumental. Thirty years ago M. Sylvain Levi, describing the Indian actors, wrote: "Their acting lies more in declamation than in action; at the most pathetic moment they remain unmoved." Buddha's mother, leaning against a tree in a graceful attitude and giving birth to her son, issuing from her right side like a flower budding on a flexible stem, this method of expressing things by anaesthetizing them and producing by a narcotic effect an impression of serenity is an illustration which well depicts the type of illusion sought by the Indian drama.

The scenery appears to be reduced to the minimum. Scenic indications are even very rare in Tagore's plays. In India there are in some big towns regular theatres where scenical mechanisms are used. But evidently Tagore's plays are written, like those of former times, to be acted in the open air, in the court-yards overlooked by one or two stories of galleries such as are still presented by certain Spanish *posadas*. In similar court-yards Shakespeare and Calderon were acted. The conditions are thus almost similar to those that existed in Europe four or five centuries ago. Female parts are played by boys. The costumes are magnificent but the decoration and furniture are reduced to simplest expression. Poetry alone undertakes painting.

"The gold of the evening is melting in the heart of the blue sea. The forest, on the hill-side, is drinking the last cup of day-light. On the left, the village huts are seen through the trees with their evening lamps lighted, like a veiled mother watching by her sleeping children. Nature, thou art my slave. Thou hast spread thy many-coloured carpet in the great hall where I sit alone like a king and watch thee dance with thy starry necklace twinkling on thy breast."

It follows naturally that there cannot be in such a drama any question of adventures or common characters. Nothing is more foreign to the European mind than the caste-system prevalent in India from time immemorial. Tagore, so broad-minded in certain aspects, seems to look upon it as a necessity which perhaps has had its day but whose services in the past must be acknowledged. Both as a story-teller and as a novelist he does not hesitate to give the humblest pictures of life. But as a dramatist or at least as a poet he is decidedly an aristocrat. This humanitarian apostle hardly puts upon the stage any one but gods, heroes and kings. There are some things more strong than social ideas, for example, the aesthetic law. The dignity of language is at stake. One cannot make the merchant speak the language of gods. Thus this preacher and prophet with his sonorous name and magian beauty pointing to a star comes to us from the land of legends from that Asiatic steppe, which like a nurse on her knees lulled humanity to sleep by telling stories that always commenced with the eternal words—"Once upon a time there was a king and queen."

The first of these plays, Chitra, written by the author when he was about thirty, is also the one which resembles most closely the Indian classical models. The subject is taken from the Mahabharata. It is a poem full of glowing thoughts on women and love. The author who was then recently married turns his happiness into objects of his dreams. Chitra is led by her father, who had no

son, as a boy and is instructed in arms, the chase and the heroic life. One day in the forest she meets a man sleeping on a bed of dried leaves. He leaps up suddenly "like a sudden tongue of fire from a heap of ashes." Then for the first time in her life she felt herself a woman. She prays the God of Love (Madana) to grant her the boon of beauty. "Give me but one brief day of perfect beauty and I will answer for the days that follow." The God of Love grants her a year. She secures the love of Arjuna. But is it her real self that Arjuna is folding in his arms or rather is he only fond of a foreign case? Will he never recognise her real self whose love was awakened by his kisses and who feels elevated to be mistaken for one who is more beautiful? It is difficult to express more acutely a problem of the casuistry and metaphysics of love; that melancholia at the commencement of love when passion throws the lovers into each other's arms, insatiable to be known and to be united and the powerlessness of the bodies to embrace the souls. What is love based upon this illusion of pleasure or rather this great deceit of nature which envelopes for the moment all persons in a charm fascinating and impersonal like the spring? How can one frustrate this universal snare and in that feast which nature provided for herself and her ends in order to be able to say, "It is I and it is myself who am loved and not a phantom created by passion"? Such is the subject of Chitra's lamentations. At last she resumes her arms and man's costumes and reappears before Arjuna.

"My lord, has the cup been drained to the last drop? Have you exhausted love's fragrance? The flower season is over. The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman. What you cherished was only a disguise. By the boon of gods I obtained for a year the most radiant form that a mortal ever wore, and wearied my hero's heart with the burden of that deceit. I am Chitra, the daughter of the kingly house of Manipur. If you deign to keep me by your side in the path of danger and daring, if you allow me to share the great duties of your life, then you will know my true self. If your babe, whom I am nourishing in my womb, be born a son, I shall myself teach him to be a second Arjuna, and send him to you when the time comes, and then at last you will truly know me. To-day I can only offer you Chitra, the daughter of a king."

The significance of this ascetic play is mainly a lesson on the seriousness of life and human dignity. It is the idea of the action which succeeds the honeymoon. It is an appeal, often repeated by the poet, for the collaboration of women in whom he always sees the great spiritual power, the genius or, as he prefers to name it, the Sakti of the motherland. And I doubt not that Chitra, the tender-hearted huntress who entreated the gods to make her beautiful so that she may please and who, however, suffers for being only an object of pleasure, is one of the purest heroines of a theatre which created Sakuntala, that Griselda on the banks of the Ganges, and Vasantasena, the first and most touching of loving courtesans.

I am not aware of the order in which the next two or three plays were written. The poet's biographies do not throw any light on this matter. India has never attached importance to chronology. She has preserved only her dreams in the course of her long life. I, however, have reason to think that two chief plays, the most original and famous, belong to the period of his maturity that which followed the period of the effusion of the Lyrical Offerings and preceded the meditations of Sadhana. They bear the gray line of maturity. In them the author seems to be absorbed by the thought of destiny.

We know that at one time in his life the village post-office was placed in a part of the building belonging to his farm where he was staying. He saw its flag from his window, almost every day he used to speak with the postmaster, and here he wrote the story of the Post-Master. It is the story of a home-sick English officer who does not understand the tender-hearted nature of his Hindu servant girl and this has no connection whatsoever with the play of the same name. But what a fitting subject of dreams is the post-office for this aerial creature who surrenders himself to fancies and who spreads the silent news quicker than birds! Everything that serves among men as a link and a sign, the bell, the light-house, the message is a theme for poetry. Who does not recall the hours spent in childhood in guessing the sound of bell or in wondering how the words travel upon the long telegraph wires? How their mysterious murmurings affected the attentive silence of the country-side. More was not needed to supply the motive for Tagore's charming plays. It is also a child's dream. Tagore is the tenderest of the poets of childhood. And perhaps he has written nothing more simple and human than this short play, The Post-Office.

The boy Amal is very ill. One does not know what is wrong with him. His health makes his foster father, Madhav, very anxious. The physician prescribes the diet and rest. He quotes the scriptures and shakes his head very gravely. Above all, the patient must not be fatigued or excited. There must be no draughts in the room. The child should be confined to his room and everything should

be carefully closed, let the patient neither get warm nor feel cold. And the little prisoner, left alone throughout the day while Madhav is at work, dreams.

No. He is not alone. He places himself before the window and looks at the passers-by. This window is all that he knows of the world and it is enough for him to imagine the vast universe. He calls the passers-by and makes them tell stories and the whole of life as a child conceives it, marches past the narrow framework of the window. There is the Curd-seller, the Watchman, the fussy Headman, the kindhearted tramp who knows so many nice stories and Sudha, the little flower-girl who hurries off promising him flowers. And every time the child imagines how fine must be that life of which he is so ignorant, how jolly it would be to gather flowers with Sudha, to go with the Dairyman to milk the cows on the hills, and to go to see the world across the brow of the mountain. This caged child fashioning the romance of life out of the odds and ends of his sensations, desires and dreams, recalls the sublime platonic allegory of the cave. But one thing especially makes him a dreamer, it is the fine new post-office building with its king's flag. Does the king write sometimes? Would he write to me? How am I to know if there is a letter for me? Is there a finer post than that of the king's post-man? While talking with his friend the *tramp*, the sick boy learns these fine things. From that time the boy waits and waits feverishly for the king's letter. His condition becomes worse and he is confined to his bed. The Doctor is afraid that he has caught cold on account of those fearful draughts and he gets the window closed. But the dying boy thinks only of his letters. And at last the expected messenger arrives. He announces that the King sends his own State Physician and he will come himself. The State Physician comes and orders the window to be opened and the lamp to be blown out so that the star-light may stream in, and he gently takes the boy's hand and putting his finger on the lip says, "Hush, he sleeps."

It is very difficult to express the exact meaning of this short poem. Perhaps we must not seek too exact a symbol in each character. It is less a question of intellectual terms, quite clear to the understanding than an emotional residue like the sweet sensation floating in the mind after a dream. We may guess the significance of this cure, this deliverance, this freedom which unchains the imprisoned boy. We catch a glimpse of the meaning of this message, this mysterious order which reaches the sick boy. It is the call of vocation, of mercy; it is the voice which, soon or late, makes a man understand suddenly that everything is illusion excepting love and there is nothing real but the life beyond Infinite. This mysticism is no doubt very foreign to our *boulevard* theatres. The poet's genius lies in making us feel it unconsciously by means of close but familiar images like the author of the *Aveugles* and *l'Intruse*. But Tagore's short mystery play leaves the spectator with the beneficent impression of tenderness and peace.

These topics of darkness and king which are treated so magnificently at the end of The Post Office form the main theme of The King of the Dark Chamber. The motives are the same but they are reset and scored. To give the story in brief it is one of those eternal myths found in all languages, the story of Psyche. But who is this King who never shows himself to his subjects, this unnamed King whose face is known to none, who never shows himself in broad daylight to any living being, whose existence is accepted as a matter of faith and whose wife herself, Queen Sudarshana, meets him only in profound darkness? Some deny him and others acknowledge him without his caring to come out of the mystery and to reveal himself. An usurper poses as the king. The King is not affected and makes no attempt to confound him, only he promises the Queen that on the night of the full-moon festival he will be in the palace garden and she must try to recognise him. The foolish woman, as it is expected, guesses wrongly and flings herself into the arms of the tinsel king. She has to go through long adventures and bitter humiliations before her mistake is proved to her. Her pride must be broken and curiosity and vexation have to be changed into simple acceptation, complete submission and self-forgetfulness must take the place of self-love, and there must be complete self-surrender to the will of the master before revelation is made. Heart is revealed to heart and love recognises love.

I am afraid, so dry a summary describes very imperfectly the charm of such a story. Analysis deprives it of its chief beauty, the fascination of a series of beautiful images, inexpressible meanings which give rise to various interpretations like the changing forms of the clouds at sunset. One hesitates between several symbols and this hesitation augments the richness of the poem. Sometimes one is tempted to find in it an individual drama, the drama of the soul seduced by appearances, distracted and led astray by things and which can find itself only by looking deep within itself, in that deep region where truth speaks and where one hears the voice of the master within. At other times this King of the Dark Chamber, who shows himself only in darkness and silence and declines to come out to confound his blasphemers, resembles patient God who rests satisfied with appearing in the universal order and bears calmly the trespasses of his creatures. At other times besides this

religious interpretation one cannot help reading another. This hidden king who is let alone and who does not show himself and who can bear to be doubted and who does not condescend to protest against false powers and the idols of the day and even when the queen is led astray by them is quite confident that his day will come and that the rightful sovereign will come into his own, this prince mysterious and dark as the night who waits silently for the return of the faithful, is he not India's Genius, in face of her temporary masters and oppressors? One thinks unconsciously of some of his letters of youth (Glimpses of Bengal) recently published.

"How these people despise us!.....I seem to have by my side India, our oppressed mother lying there with her head in the dust inconsolable for her lost glory. What a grotesque misery in this meeting of *memsahibs* in their black dress with the noise of their babbling in English and their peals of laughter. What a treasure of truth for us in our hoary India of former days; what poverty and falsehood is there in the empty ceremonial of an English dinner!"

This letter is dated 1893. Who knows whether in it is not to be found the germ of the play we are discussing, the contrast between the false king surrounded by his officials and flatterers and the invisible king who rules in the recess of the hearts? At least is not this one of the interpretations which we are permitted to form from the glimpses of the vague clearness of the poem or would it diminish its value to recognise in it the old national ideal, the fight between the Maya and the truth, between light and darkness, between the deceitful fascination and the divine truth, that opposition between the world of appearances and the world of sentiments, that philosophy of penumbra of which India made a gift to Schopenhauer's thought and whose magic is incorporated in the immortal nocturne of Tristan, "*O sink hernieder, Nacht der Liebe.*"

I intentionally recall to memory the marvellous melody or rather it comes to the mind of itself as a muffled accompaniment to the perusal of the poem. Perhaps it is useless to press further the interpretation of these wholly lyrical plays. They carry out their purpose if they leave floating in the mind a musical emotion. Their pre-eminence lies in their wonderful poetic elasticity. But this dreamy temperament is only one aspect of Tagore's genius.

"India is two-faced," he writes in one of his letters, "at times she is a housewife and a mother of family and at times she is a vagrant infatuated with asceticism. The first is a stay-at-home who never quits her hearth and the second has no home at all. I feel within me both these tempers. I feel the need of journeying which impels me to see the wide world and at the same time long for a well-sheltered small nook. Like the birds I need a small nest for my dwelling and the wide sky for my flight."

In fact we know that gradually in the later part of his life the lyrical poet in Tagore gives way more and more to the prophet and the apostle. He is enamoured with his mission. The great events in Asia during the last fifteen years, the very active part she is taking in the world's affairs, must both inspire and serve the writer. Since 1912 he secured world fame by Nobel Prize and his tours in Japan, America and Europe preaching his new dispensation. Tagore's influence is making more and more the voice of India heard in the affairs of the world.

To this period belongs the plays collected five or six years ago under the title of Sacrifice and Other Plays. They are entirely in a different manner from the previous plays; shorter and more rapid, more venomous and violent. The author now sees in the stage only an instrument of propaganda. He uses it to spread his doctrine, just as he may deliver a discourse or an address. The style has generally a hieratic solemnity and at times a great beauty of imagery. Only these short, spirited improvisations, these dramatic sketches, these edifying *moralities*, written hastily to defend a doctrine, entirely lose the poetic charm which forms the principal merit of the early *nagtecies* of the author. The latter almost owe their whole charm to their vagueness to a quality in them of something (*je ne sais quoi*) unconscious and indefinable, to their pearly lustre, and crystallisation of dream. Much is lost in exchanging this for the glory of the demonstrations of a doctrine. Art is injured by being reduced to prove; nothing remains to it then but the value of a thesis. In these later plays, Tagore almost appears, the due proportions being observed, like Hugo of *Mangeront-ils?* or like a sort of petty Voltaire of the *Guèbres* or *l'Orphelin de la Chine* waging war against fanaticism and superstition, declaring war against the Brahmins and turning big drama into a weapon of war.

But the Hindu stage with its absence of elasticity, its ignorant psychology and childish construction is still much less capable than ours to bear the weight of ideas and of stating the conflict in an interesting manner. Tagore's characters in his best plays are hardly living persons; in his philosophic dramas, they are no more than pure puerile abstractions, puppets entrusted with repeating a lesson. The personal life and probability are sacrificed to the development of a kind of dialectical debate which ought to end in the victory of a humanitarian formula.

Thus we see in the play called *Sanyasi* the ascetic's pride disappearing when he meets by chance a pariah girl; in *Mukti*, the crime of the high-priest, Khemankar, who does not hesitate

to kill in order to maintain ancient rites and stop the progress of a new religion; in *Sacrifice*, the revolt of the Brahmin Raghupati against king Govinda who had the temerity to forbid the sacrifice of bleeding victims in his kingdom. This last play is dedicated "to those heroes who bravely stood for peace when human sacrifice was claimed for the goddess of war." It is a pacifist pleading. It was written during the war as an encouragement to those men who did not join the colours and who refused to take part in the universal conflict.

Of course a Hindu can be excused for remaining ignorant of the causes of the war and for not sharing interests which he does not understand. We can hardly blame Tagore for wishing to remain out of the conflict. Will the day ever dawn when wars by the development of human reason will become as impossible and barbarous as human sacrifices have become for the civilized man? Will men be able to discover some day a means of establishing more peaceful relations as spiritual religions have taken the place of primitive cults and as men have ceased to believe that God can be pleased by the offerings of cruel sacrifices? Would war be a monstrous Goddess whom one has only to deny to make her disappear? This problem, and it is the entire problem of evil, is too vast to be treated within the space of two acts.

Tagore himself noticed that these kinds of problems are ill-decided on the stage. In his last play, The Cycle of Spring, he gives up preaching and he returns to dreaming, to pure poetry. For the poet's old age happens to be the signal of a new efflorescence and the return of adolescence. This allegory of Tagore growing old on the illusion of age, on renovating life, on the link of seasons in which the last days of winter are mingled with the renovating flowers, is one of the most graceful inventions: it is almost a circle, a perpetual song. The old master found in it the rapid flow of his juvenile lyricism.

This is what we learn from these poetic plays about their author's life. Tagore would be wise if he confined himself to poetry. The only mission of the poets is to create beauty and to sing of it to men. They lose their time and perhaps something besides if they presume to teach men. It is always a dangerous game to play the prophet. What can this Bengalee know what is required by a society to which he does not belong? How is one to believe that he alone possesses the word of truth? For a short time he was the object of a violent infatuation. Few months ago he was received in Germany as a kind of Messiah. On all bookstalls the translations of his books were displayed for sale and his portrait greeted the visitor at *L'Ecole de Sagesse*, in that wonderful religious sanctum with confusedly Buddhistic tendencies directed by Count Keyserling, at Darmstadt. It is quite easy to perceive in this the phenomenon of discouragement. Repulsed on the West, the German mind turned once more to the East,—Russia, Asia. She inhaled with delight this thought of the vanquished. What can be the result of the dreams of the vanquished? One cannot disregard the spite of a powerful nation which fallen from its power cherishes with a sombre pride the universal catastrophe and seeks to drag the world into the abyss. One cannot see without apprehension the formation of this coalition of bitterness and the development of this mass of nihilism interested in the fall of Europe.

But we know too well what Europe stands for to surrender ourselves to thoughts of despair on her account. We will not give up our claims as victors. We neither feel hatred nor contempt for Asia. We know what the world owes to her; but we have nothing to blush for the dignity and duties which devolve upon us by destiny. Tagore with his feminine and seducing genius received from the Gods the charming gift of beauty. Why should we take this charmer seriously as a philosopher? There are times when the poet must be crowned with the laurel and then exiled from the state; it is when they attempt to enfeeble the minds by trying to prevail upon them to abdicate.

Translated from Louis Gillet's article in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1, 1922.

MUKUND M. DESAI.

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

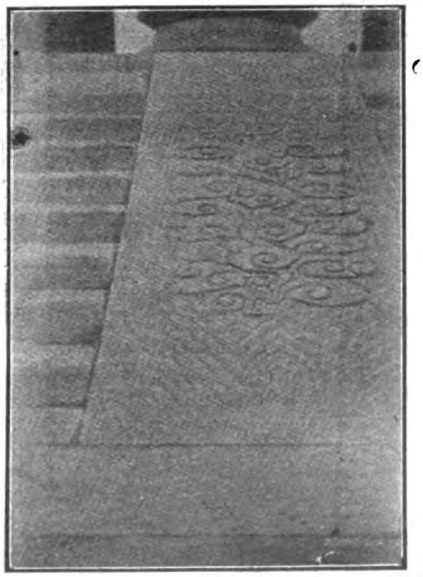
In the evening Prof. Sen and Dr. Nag had a long talk with Dr. Hu Shih in his splendid library on the various thought-currents of

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.

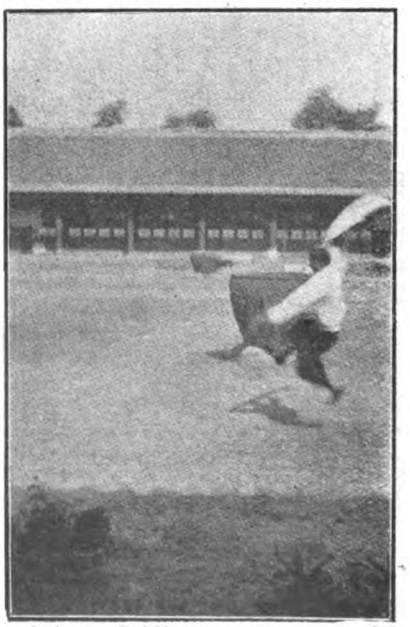
8th May:

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

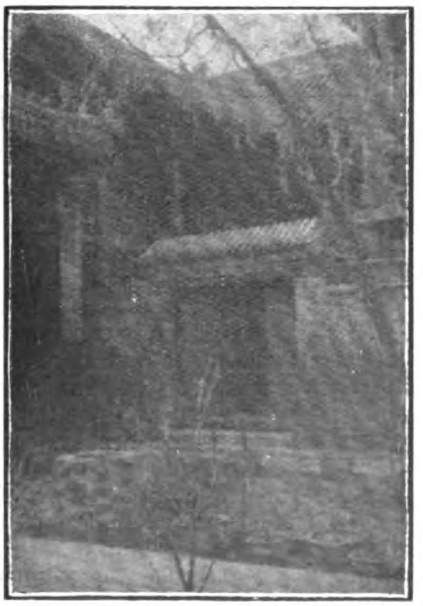
of modern China. Dr. Tagore charmed the audience as much by his noble utterances as by his superb Bengali dress! Prof. Sen recited a Sanskrit benediction and Dr. Nag recited a Bengali poem from the masterpiece of Tagore's Balaka.

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.