

## MY MOTHERLAND

*By the Same Author*

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM

THE SECRET OF ASIA

SRI KRISHNA

INDIA IN CHAINS

THE SPIRIT AND STRUGGLE OF ISLAM

# MY MOTHERLAND

BY

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

There are few Indians in whom the flame of patriotism burns so purely as it does in the heart of Professor Vaswani. To him patriotism does not mean national aggrandisement, but national service. His ideal for "My Motherland," though stated with deep emotion, is kept free from sentimentality and made practical, by his realisation of the fact that India is but one national unit in the great human family. To some, *swaraj* means power not only to rule oneself but to rule others; Professor Vaswani defines *swaraj* as *self-knowledge*. He would fain put understanding into voices that to-day speak the word "nationalism," with too hollow and narrow a tone. These essays will, the publishers hope, help to a better appreciation of all that is involved in the national awakening, and so help Indians to put deeper purpose and effectiveness into the inspiring words—"My Motherland."

# MY MOTHERLAND

ARISE! AND WORSHIP HER!

*At the skirts of a village I stand,  
Peopling its solitudes with my sorrows  
And the prayer for my native land.  
The wind is strong, the river is rough ;  
But stronger, rougher is the storm in my  
heart.*

*The birds sing out their song ;  
The stars burn their mighty message of  
old ;  
But my heart is wild with sorrow for my  
native land.*

*I have not wished to worship the world ;  
From the city's wealth and power have I  
turned*



**ARISE! AND WORSHIP HER! 3**

3

*For yet with us are some, made in a mighty  
mould  
—Prophets, poets, patriots, servants of the  
Truth which slays;  
And in the world's enormous emptiness of  
greed and gain  
The wealth of ancient wisdom yet remains.*

Yes ;—India still has sages left  
Who summon to the Mount of Calm a  
fever-smitten world.  
And 'tis my faith her Dead are not dead ;  
They speak from beyond the veil ;  
And a new civilization sings in India's  
heart.  
Arise ! sons and daughters of an ancient  
race !  
Arise ! and worship Her,—Your Mother  
Who yet has a morning face !

## MY MOTHERLAND

There is to-day a tremendous impact of the West upon the East; the process of change, of transformation, of 'culture-mixing' is active in India; and I have often paused to ask: Where is my Motherland?

Has the city-life an answer to the question?

In our great and growing cities politics is the passion of men. There is, in the cities, a reverence for the *big*, a worship of the *Kolossal* which has been the ruin of civilizations again and again. Young men have demagogic ambitions to be *popular* and *great*; but to be great has not often meant to be *good*, and the path of popularity is not the path of service.

From big cities I have turned, again and again, to little towns and villages. Civilization cannot dispense with cities; but these cities, with their greed of gold, their colossal ambitions and organisations, their

excitements and capitalist activities, have sometimes appeared to me to be as huge hospitals full of fever-beds; the cities are asylums of maimed manhood. For aught I know, the People are in the cottages of our little towns and villages. Hotels have not displaced the homes there, and families have not yet broken under the Juggernath car of 'civilization' there. It is, unfortunately, too true that even there the economic situation has taken a bad turn. I have met peasants in villages, and they have often said they do not have enough to eat; official optimism notwithstanding, the peasant is not satisfied. But he has simplicity; he has a sense of good fellowship, and some natural appreciation of the poetry of life. What a sight to see in the villages of Sind the Hindus and Moslems sit together in goodly fellowship, singing songs of the Faith that is Love! It is, doubtless, necessary, to reorganise the life of our villages in the coming days; it is necessary to make the life of villages more modern, more alive to the interests and ideals of the age; it is necessary to spread



education and form libraries and associations in the villages. But let nothing be done to disturb their communal spirit; their simplicity, their unconscious love of nature, their love of old songs and stories and ancient traditions of the race. These villagers are illiterate, but they are not ignorant; I have heard them recite stories and sing songs which have suggested thoughts too deep for some of the systems and philosophies of to-day. What splendid material there is in these poor, simple sons of the soil for the building up of the nation—if we could but train their minds and emotions along right lines! Who will take up the task and the burden?

Where is my Motherland? I carried with me the question into colleges and clubs; but many of our professors are pedants, and our clubs are, oftener than not, centres of fashion and folly; whoever thought a thing clearly out there?

Sometimes, when climbing up a mountain or walking through a forest or sailing in a boat over the Ganga or the Sindhu—sailing over the Arabian Sea—sometimes in the

hour of the dawn or the beauty of the dark night, when the life-pulse beats quietly and you feel like those referred to in ancient legends as 'the cold daughters born of the sea'—sometimes the truth has flashed upon me that the glory of the Motherland is in the realm within. What heroes has she not given the world, age after age! What thinkers and artists and singers and prophets of the Ideal! What a wonderful moral idealism is still treasured in the hearts of India's women—and India's masses! Do you know what India's history and Indian's tradition and India's earth and skies speak to me? *Swarajya*. But they misunderstand the message of the Motherland who say that *swarajya* means national isolation or national arrogance. Such isolation or arrogance is a sin against the Spirit of Humanity; it has not helped Europe; it will not help India. It is not selfishness but *self-reliance* which is the right meaning of *swarajya*. And if this attitude of *self-reliance* were developed among us, we would be less arrogant, less boastful of the

past, more receptive of the higher influences of modern life and thought, more forward in our outlook upon life's problems. Is it possible for a self-reliant generation to say: Our ancestors were mighty, but we have fallen on evil times? No: the times are not evil; and if they are, you can turn them into good. Your deeds are your destiny. 'I am my own ancestor' is the wise saying of an ancient scripture of Indian wisdom; and on our efforts to respond to this truth hang the issues of a progressive national life.

*The strength of the Motherland is in the heart of the self-reliant.* They understand that it is not a Little England we want our India to be; such an India will be emasculated; such an India can make no contribution to the common stock of the race. Unto each nation its task, unto each its crown. India, true to her own genius and loyal to the law of her own life, is the India that must stand out with the face of freedom in a civilization dying in agony. What the Master said of spiritual life is equally true of

the national life: 'The Kingdom is within you.' The story of India's struggle for freedom has been painful because we have not found India's own personality; we have tried to fetch foreign fires, when the problem needs the light of India's own genius, traditions and history. India's needs, crying piteously for satisfaction, are too overwhelming for the politician who is not also a *humanist*, a mystic, a believer in the Ideal. What we need is a Programme of service to help the great masses crying for better life. There is feebleness, there is a feeling of helplessness in our life to-day; what power can be equal to the task if not the power that may spring from the heart of a people faithful to the spirit of its own history? That is the power of a delicate mind, a simple heart, a faith rich in its synthesis of life and humanity—the power shown by the kings of thought and poet-seers and *bhaktas* and ambassadors of the Eternal Ideal who have blessed India through the ages. The world needs that power to develop free institutions and nourish civilization.

In my wanderings in many lands for many years, there have been not a few incidents the memory of which sends still some thrill of an uplifting experience. One such incident occurred when I listened in an Indian bazar to the song of a beggar girl; her clothes were tattered; her instrument was simple—a little reed; but out of it she drew note after note of a song which has made for me the memory itself of that girl a melody and a song. She sang in a language I could not well understand; but I supposed it was the story of a sorrowing woman eager to bear all and suffer all if only she would achieve her quest of the lost lover. And, in a quiet mood, later, I translated to myself the message of that song, thus :—

With love and longing in my heart I  
wander on the quest ;  
Nought of the earth's stores or riches or  
renown I seek ;  
Bless me, stars ! that I be broken into  
fragments ;  
Each fragment fragrant with His Name.

With this love in your heart, with the self-reliance of an open generous mind, with a longing to be broken into fragments, each fragment fragrant with His Name, you will claim your Mother where many have missed Her—in India's herbs and meadows and waving corn. her trees and flowers and stars, her ancient forests and streams and seas,—in India's sweat-moistened peasants and labourers—in the golden hearts of her women and the golden dreams of her children, in the yearnings of the young and the silent sufferings of simple men unknown to fame,—yea, in the very sins and failings of this ancient land. For to love is to be loyal to the bitter end; and the self-reliant are not those who cannot bear the sight of painful evils, but who realise their unity with the nation through all its aberrations.

In humility, then, claim your Mother; stand by Her, bear witness to Her Ideals in your conduct and aspirations, your manners, your dress, your social life, your thought and thinking, your culture, your allegiance to invincible humanity, your

daily worship of the everlasting values. The Unseen Helpers—for, I believe, the *next* world is the *nearest*,—will then come to help you in your efforts to make India great again, and you too will be of those who see, though as through a glass darkly, the Mother blessing the people with a heart crying out in yearning:—  
‘Where are ye, my children? Where will ye bide? When will ye come Home?’

## I BELONG TO INDIA

I have been asked to tell what I think should be the purpose of a National School. What constitutes a school? Emphasis is often put upon *building* or *furniture*. The school, as I think of it, is not a *place* but the *atmosphere* the teachers and students move in. Fellowship of teachers and students,—that is what makes the school. So it was in ancient India. The centre of the school—the *asrama* was the *guru* whereby was meant not a pedagogue but a teacher who carried with himself a purifying atmosphere. So it was, too, in ancient Greece. Socrates' school was not confined to a building, nor Plato's nor Aristotle's, nor the school of Him who in ancient Palestine worked his wonders with hardly twelve as his disciples. School is fellowship; school is life.

Education through life—that is, as I understand it, the emphasis of the Nation-



al School. And the inspiration of life—such the teaching of a National School—is India. The current system teaches you all subjects—*except* India. I addressed the other day a mass meeting in a little town. The next morning a gentleman came to me. He said:—"My girl heard you last evening. She returned, went up to her mother and said:—Mother! I belong to India!" I confessed I had asked, that evening, every boy and every girl and every grown-up man to meditate on this one truth:—"I belong to India!" I ask you all to be filled with the inspiration of this idea. A National School must move in an Indian atmosphere, and every student of such a school should understand what a privilege it is to be able to feel:—"I belong to India."

(For what is India? Supremacy of the soul—that is India. Not commerce, not war, not diplomacy but *soul*! The greatest conflict of these days in East and West is between sanctity of the soul and the interests of the body. It is conflict between idealism and materialism. The economic

imperialism of the West is a materialistic creation, and the present conflict of Asia with Europe will be sustained to success only if it retains its *idealistic* character.)

Let every student, every young man, stand on India's side in the conflict. We are out to break the bonds of our slavery. This slavery is not a thing 'extern;' it is a thing of mind, the soul. It is when the soul is cowed down, that a nation is conquered. It is high time for us in India to-day to say:--We shall not surrender ourselves, our Indian ideals, our Indian culture, our Indian civilization, our Indian soul-hood to the domination of the West. It is easy to damn Dyer for the Punjab tragedy. To me the unutterable shame of that dark period is that there was not one Indian in the Punjab who refused to obey the inhuman crawling order, not one to stand up and vindicate the dignity of the soul by saying:—"This crawling order is a denial of my humanity, and, come what may, I shall not obey it." This is our shame, that many of India's children even to-day sell the Mother! The message of national

education, to my mind, is:—*Keep alive your Souls.*

There is a beautiful little saying—not found in the Bible—attributed to Christ,—“Ask great things and the small shall be added to you.” The great things are of the soul. To these India has borne witness through the ages; to these you must be loyal in the conflict of these days. Fight the evils, but fight them with *moral* weapons. If I were asked to indicate in two words the message of a National School, I would say: *Express India.* The people have suffered long from passivity and imitation. I ask you, my young friends, to affirm yourselves in the spirit of India. In this message Hinduism and Islam and the modern prophets of freedom meet. Be men,—that, to my mind, is the central teaching of Islam. Be creative,—that is the teaching of some of the greatest among modern thinkers and poets. And India's sages and teachers have taught the truth that to be men, to be creative, you must realize in life the value of the soul. I ask you students! to be loyal to the

Indian Ideal. Whether you spin or study or go upon your village work, whether you sing swaraj-songs or pray to Ishwara for the coming of the day of freedom, never forget that your duty is to affirm the Indian Ideal,—to express the characteristic spiritual quality of the Indian soul. Don't make your nationalism exclusive don't be irreverent of humanity in your task of nation-building; don't have hate in your young hearts for men of other religions, other races. The purpose of National Schools, as I think of them, is to make India an international nation.

## WILL YE WORSHIP THE IDEAL ?

Why this unrest to-day ? There is conflict between the Nation and the State. The Nation is the Indian people ; the State is the *Sircar*. In a well regulated State, it is the will of the Nation which controls the administration. In India the State does not obey the Nation. Hence the Punjab tragedy ; hence the economic policy which subordinates Indian to imperial interests ; hence England's disregard of Muslim claims in the Khilafat question ; hence the current system of education which does injustice to Indian culture and the Indian ideals of life.

The conflict will continue until we purify both the State and the Nation. The present situation is due to the sins at once of the State and the Nation. The State has been autocratic and vicious ; we have *allowed* it to be so. People get the Government they accept. We have long accepted

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the present position. At last we have feebly protested against it. We have not yet driven out fear and selfishness; we have been cowed down by fear. Once we *realize* what we are, once we *know* ourselves, the fear will go and we shall express the manhood, the divinity in us. The National movement should be a movement of knowledge and purification.

In such a movement, you students! you young men!...have your part to play. I believe profoundly that the young are the builders of to-morrow. Japan owes much to the efforts and ideals of her young men. One of them was Togo; he and his comrades studied at western universities and returned with new knowledge to Japan and used their knowledge for the service of their country. Togo became one of the builders of Japan. In China, too, it was the young who led recently the movement of home industries. In Korea, again, it was the young, including several girls, who struggled bravely for Korean freedom. You of India have a part to play in India's struggle for freedom.

But on one condition—that you be true to the Idealism of the East. I call that man an idealist who worships the Ideal. I call him a materialist—no matter what his political party or religious label—who places pleasure, interest, ‘success’ or any outer thing above the Ideal. The living Infinite Ideal that binds the races, builds patiently—many think slowly—the life of humanity,—the Ideal has claims upon us as nothing else. India has worshipped the Ideal from the beginning of her days. Her great men in all ages have realized unity with the living Ideal named the *Atman*. The current system of education in the country is defective, for it has not the inspiration of Indian Idealism. Indian universities, said the Governor of a Province, are “power-houses of freedom.” No; Indian universities move in a stifling atmosphere. They have not built many *free minds*. They will not until they move in an atmosphere of Indian culture and Indian ideals. India has a personality, a self that must be studied if our nationhood is to grow in the right direction and

our students are to develop the spirit of nation-service. It was an Indian who said about the Indian universities;—"Colleges turn out cowards." The remark is too sweeping; but it cannot be denied that courage to rebuke the wrong and fight for the right is not a virtue emphasised by the current system. The emphasis is put upon 'obedience,' 'loyalty,' 'empire-idea,' rather than upon 'courage,' 'patriotism,' 'Indian Idealism.' Not without reason does the country call aloud to-day for National Education.

Will the experiments in National Education succeed? Not if they trample upon one truth—that India's greatness lies in loyalty to her Idealism. Never did India as a nation hate others; in her heart there is room for the many races and religions which have come from other lands. India has borne witness to the Infinite Ideal. The new experiment in National Education will succeed only in the measure that its inspiration is something more than the 'national,' viz., the love of the Ideal. For we want *swaraj*, we want freedom, not



that we may use it for unholy profit or pride but that we may have the opportunities denied us to-day to realize our true selves. We want *swaraj* for the service of humanity. Therefore, I ask you, friends ! to carry love, not hate, in your programmes of national education and nation-service. Therefore I ask you, students ! to worship humanity in your spinning and your studies and all your work. Therefore I ask you, young men ! to strive for *swaraj* in love. For India lives because, I believe, she has loved the Living Ideal, loved the Infinite God. India will live if her children are not tempted to turn from Her—the Mother—to counsels of hate and strife. For pride and passion perish ; but the God-like does not die.

## THE YOUNGER GENERATION

In speaking to students of National Schools I would point out first that we, not the Government alone, stand impeached at the bar of history for the present situation in India. It is customary to blame the *Sircar*; it is often forgotten that we have not done our duty to India. Pride of power has been the one great sin of the *sircar*; *our* sin has been fear, weakness, a feeling of helplessness—in one word, passivity. The Englishman drunk with pride of power and finding us passive, submissive, developed an attitude of contempt to the Indian people. The Jallianwala massacre was an expression of the Englishman's contempt for the Indian. The best challenge to this contempt is not abuse, not hate, not strife but self-reliance. We stand aloof from Government until its attitude is changed and our strength has

grown. Every one in a National School must hold India's honour very dear to him. The one thought which should grow upon them all is that India's honour must never be bartered. Every one of them is a guardian of India's *izat*. Don't sell the Mother's honour, come what may. I see it sold in the schools where national songs are prohibited and national heroes dishonoured. I see it sold in all places where injustice is done to women and the so-called 'inferior' classes,—where the Englishman behaves insolently to his Indian subordinate and where the latter tamely submits to the treatment. I see it sold in courts where political prisoners are sent to jail after a mock-trial. I see it sold where young men refuse to protest against wrongs for fear of losing their 'jobs.' An Irish boy, 18 years of age, was hanged the other day for loving his country. To his mother came the priest and said:—"I never saw death faced more courageously." What did the mother do? With calm faith and dry eyes, she said to the people:—"Go and pray for

the soul of my son who died for Ireland." That Irish boy and his mother placed Ireland's honour above everything else. Every student is called upon to sustain India's honour.

I have noticed with regret that some undesirable tendencies are growing within the national movement in various places. I find that if a man does not call himself a Non-cooperator, he is subjected to uncharitable comments. This is not the spirit in which to sustain India's honour. I beg of all to remember that there is something higher than politics; that is, brotherhood, humanity, love. I would ask all to practise truth in the spirit of love. We cannot guard India's honour without love of Humanity. The struggle for *swaraj* is in the name of Humanity.

In a mediæval book there is a beautiful little story about Shri Krishna. He is gone to Mathura. "The gopies" at Gokul, twelve in number, feel anxious. Radha is the most anxious. "Where is Krishna?", she asks. Nobody can tell. She asks a friend to go to Mathura and inquire and bring

her soon the news of her Lord. The friend finds Krishna. He receives her well. She says to him:—"I bring thee, Lord! a message from Gokul: When wilt thou return?" Krishna says:—"I know not the day and the hour, but return I shall,—and perhaps in the rainy season. And when I come back, I shall knock at the doors of every one of the *gopis*; tell them to keep the oil burning in the lamps; for I know not the day and the hour of my return."

And the Lord returned to Gokul and according to His promise knocked at the *gopis*' doors. But they were asleep—all excepting one, and no oil was burning in the lamps—except in one. He came. He turned away from their dwellings; He entered the house of Radha, of her who kept awake and had the oil in her lamp. And when the other *gopis* awoke in the morning they learnt the bitter truth—He came, He knocked, He passed on.

I have been asked if *swaraj* will be ours by October 1st or December 31st. Let me say frankly that there is neither clock nor calendar in my vision of *swaraj*.

I know not the day and the hour when we shall win *swaraj*; it may be soon; it may be late; that depends upon our co-operation with the worldforces, upon our integrity, our character, our sacrifice, our determination to go along the way of Ishwara's will. The day and the hour I know not; but one thing I feel; that our Lord is coming back to us. I hope, I pray, that He may return to us soon, return and lead the India that He loves to new conquests of the spirit. And when He returns, shall He find us asleep, drunk with the wine of national *ahankar* and pride? Those who are eager to see India re-arise must have no hate for any one in their hearts. There are no strangers to him who has glimpsed the growing wonder of the world. And they who would join the Brotherhood of the Builders of *Swaraj*, their hands and hearts must be clean; for the *swaraj* we are out to build is not a narrow slum but a spacious house with windows opened in many directions to let in the light and fresh air of Humanity. India's Lord, I

believe, is coming back to her, therefore I plead with all to keep awake. For none knoweth the hour of His coming. I ask all to keep the oil of humanity in their lamps of the heart, so that when He comes He may find India ready to receive Him and eager to be blessed. And when He blesses Her, she will achieve her quest of freedom.

## ON THE ROAD OF ALLAH

Many young men have been sent to jail. Nothing uncommon has happened! Other sins may be forgiven in this country, but not the sin of patriotism. Love for India and the service of freedom are unforgivable sins! And many have been jailed, and their youth touched with suffering, because they have tried to serve, according to their lights, the country they love. They arrested a young Muslim graduate on the day sacred to me as the day of the coming of Christ; and the more I saw of him in jail and the court, the greater grew my love and regard for him. "How did you spend the day?" I asked him the very first day I was permitted to see him in jail. "I spent the day studying the Koran," he said, his eyes aglow with a beautiful faith. "Don't forget to pray," I said to him when taking leave of him.



“No,” he said, “in Allah is my strength.” “My brother came to me,” he said to me the other day, “my brother saw me in jail and burst into tears. On seeing him weeping, I too wept; he implored me then to give an apology and be free; I said to him if he talked of ‘apology,’ I would refuse to regard him as my brother!” What a strong, sincere soul in that young body in jail!

He offered no bail; he produced no witness; he engaged no counsel to defend him. No seat of justice to him that little building where the courteous magistrate sat. The great Hungarian patriot said:—“If suffering be necessary, suffer with dignity.” And the young Muslim believed intensely that a servant of Islam and India must suffer with dignity. His statement did not examine the conventional legal aspects of the prosecution. Morality is higher than legality. This was his Confession of Faith; it expressed the Spirit of the New Movement—*“If it be the will of God that I am sentenced to imprisonment for having preached non-violent non-cooperation, I shall not complain.”*

*I find consolation in the thought that God has accepted this humble servant in the service of faith and freedom. For they also serve who suffer in the strength or meekness; and the path to the prison-house is also a road of Allah the Compassionate."*

A little before he was taken to the jail he asked me to assure his countrymen that he accepted rigorous imprisonment as the Will of God for the service of India! "I am innocent in intent and action," he said. Yet he is in jail to-day! (He was judged not by a living man but by a piece of machinery that cannot understand the New Spirit moving over the face of India.)

At a time when they talk of the 'Reforms' as having opened a 'new era' in India and when the Viceroy emphasises the need of justice in India, the Sind bureaucracy sends young men to jail for 'sedition!' What is sedition? Some years ago, swadeshism was damned as 'seditious'; Sir Andrew Fraser regarded even the cry, 'Bande Mataram,' as seditious; the Home Rulé agitation was condemned as sedition by some Anglo-Indian papers; some, in-

deed, regard the whole National Movement in India as 'seditious,' and many to-day look upon non-co-operation as 'sedition'! That representatives of Western civilization in this country should be so anxious to repress movements of Self-reliance and Freedom is a fact unintelligible to my mind except on two possible theories. One is the theory of race-superiority. What is good for Englishmen is bad for Indians! 'Orientals do not understand!' The other is the theory that power has a corrupting influence on those who wield it.

But we must not complain. Sometime ago, Wilson rebuked Europe saying it was suffering from a 'rejection of the principle of democracy.' And true it is that imperialism cannot join hands with democracy; and the bureaucracy which guards imperialism in India is bound to fight with the forces of freedom. It is not for us to be in a complaining mood. It is for us to stand strong so that the policy of repression may fall upon us as a wave upon the rock. It is no brutal strength I think of; it is *the strength of idealism* which must

come into our politics and become the driving force of our national life; *moral strength* alone can stand up to the imperialism of to-day.

In a letter received by me, some days ago, an educated young Sindhi writes:— "Repression unchecked in Sind! Many arrests! We, too, must get ready now. If they don't arrest me, I should be surprised; if they do, the public will call them names! I am ready at any moment for the Call." The editor of a vernacular paper has been sentenced to three years' rigorous imprisonment, and what did he say in open court? "I am," he said, "a prisoner of war," and in his message to the Sindhis he spoke of that day as 'the fortunate day,' 'the auspicious day;' he was going to jail for the 'performance of duty!' "It is impossible," he added, to have *swaraj* without undergoing hardships." If this spirit of meek suffering spreads, we well may hope for a better future. I believe profoundly that the meek will build *swaraj*.

It is in practical application that the

idea of justice professed by Government has failed us again and again. From my point of view, indeed, *the true idealist is practical and the man sincerely practical is an idealist*; there is idealism in his action. In repression, I see a desire to show strength. *Such strength is weakness.* For power which tramples upon justice is weakness,—*the weakness of violence.*

There are good Europeans who justify the policy of Government. I can account for this only in one way,—they know nothing of the humiliation and sufferings experienced by a subject-nation. Dyer shot down between 300 and 400 Indians; and he enjoys a pension of £ 900 a year and his European admirers presented him a purse,—I believe,—of about £ 30,000! But innocent Indians are rotting in jail—for loving their country! There was a time when British officials were credited with three great virtues,—tolerance, sympathy, justice; and even in 1914 when the War broke out the National Congress resolved that “India would stand by the Empire in all cases and at all hazards.” To-day, the Congress

is boycotting the visit of the Prince of Wales,—for no fault of his Royal Highness! Why? The unrest is deepening every day. Why? The gulf between the State and the Nation, Government and People, is widening day by day. Why? Government is only too anxious to brandish the big stick; Government has faith in *force*.

Hundreds of our young men are in jail to-day for political opinions. Writing on the Tilak Day, can I forget that some of the best among those who have worked for India have had their patriotism penalised at one time or another? Tilak the Scholar, Tilak the Patriot was sent to jail,—more than once. Annie Besant was interned. Lala Lajpat Rai was deported. Bepin Chandra Pal was not allowed to enter the Punjab. They were no rebels. But they loved India! How many young men in Bengal were sent to jail for the politics of national freedom? And some of them,—how were they sent to jail? A Bengali professor was interned,—without being convicted of any crime! He was

interned in a distant jail,—without the knowledge of his mother. She took long to know of her son's plight. She petitioned for a proper inquiry into her son's case. She was informed that her son was in solitary cell and had become insane! Two ladies were arrested in a village by police. They were sent to jail. The press exposed the police *zulum*. Government confessed the mistake and ordered the release. But the ladies were still detained in prison,—for a fortnight! A telegram ordering their release had been mislaid! And after their release, no policeman was punished! Only recently the police fired upon an unarmed crowd in Matiari, a village in Sind; one man died; about a dozen were wounded; a white-washing official version ran round the press; a non-official version was held back by the telegraph authorities in Sind as 'objectionable.' The story of Jallianwalla is known to all. Where, I ask, where in any civilized European country will such things be permitted, to-day? Deportations, internments, and imprisonment of innocent men! Flog-

ging and whipping and shooting of innocent men ! This the story of India for years as of no other country in Europe which I have seen and known. The reason is not far to seek. *They are free : India is in bondage.*

. British Imperialism is in conflict with the Spirit of Man in Asia. In Persia, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, in India—its dominant motive has been economic control of the East ; and here in this country we are trying by peaceful *swadeshi* to resist its 'peaceful penetration.' In Egypt and India and now in Muslim lands,—as in Ireland,—the Empire is in conflict with the principle of nationality.

In Sind, as in other places, there is deep unrest ; and every act of injustice and repression makes it deeper and deeper, as the days go by. But violence is not our way ; I hope it will not be India's in the difficult days before us. And it is my daily prayer that the People may refrain from it during all the stages of this Struggle which, if sustained with courage and self-control, will raise our country from the tomb.



Political pessimism, I know, is growing,—as a result of repression. But I yet retain enough faith in human nature to think that the country will not accept a creed of violence; it will not, I am sure, help the Nation. There can be no *swaraj* if there be race-hatred. One of the Western thinkers speaks of the ‘sacred egoism’ of nations. But true patriotism, I believe, is not egoistic; inflammatory nationalism is as uncongenial to me as inflated imperialism; and race-hate is as stupid as reliance on physical force. It is the Flag of Man, the God-in-man, I worship; British Imperialism is in conflict with the Spirit of Man in Asia; and what the situation demands is not ‘improvements here and there but *change of heart*. The Problem of India is not that of *reforms*, but of Re-form,—of *re-forming* the entire Administration; it is the problem of purging the Administration of the instinct for domination. And Free India alone is the hope of the Future.

On a Christmas eve, a political worker since arrested came to me and spoke of the

rumours of his arrest—I said to him “A *sipahi* of the Mother should be ever ready to be arrested.”

Repression will, as I have said more than once, be more and more rigorous as the national movement grows from more to more. Repression may even develop into coercion. Difficult days are before us; and two things we need to face the developing situation:—*dharma* and *courage*. What is the essence of India's *dharma*? *Ahimsa*. This means non-violence in thought, word, deed. Some of my friends, abuse the *sircar* and the *sirkarwallas*. Don't abuse, I say; don't have any thought of hate or strife in your hearts. It is *natural* for a *sircar* that will not reform itself to launch a policy of *repression*; we must meet repression not with violent words or violent thoughts or violent deeds but with our moral strength, our sufferings, our faith in freedom. And we must not lose our *courage*. Let us say boldly:—we want India's freedom. Let no repression send *fear* into our hearts. Let us national workers, one by one,—if such be:

suffer in the hope of a great future, in the faith that India is immortal. We can recover outer things; we can have again in our midst those who may be sent to jail; we cannot easily recover the moral courage which we may lose through fear of repression. With these two, *dharma* and *courage*—we can meet the power of the mighty sircar.

The movement of Non-co-operation is a protest against the rule by force. It was a great-hearted Englishman who said at Glasgow, sometime ago:—"It was time those should speak out believed it was better the Empire should cease rather than it should continue by force." They blunder badly who, like the writer in the *Times of India*, confound the New Movement with a Movement of Anarchy. Non-co-operation is really a protest of India's soul against Rule by Force. As Mahatma Gandhi explained to Sir Valentine in the course of a private talk:—"India has at last recovered her own soul through a fiery ordeal." Yes, India is recovering her soul. Government is stretching forth the arm of

repression ; Government is sowing the seed of deeper unrest. Individual workers and leaders may be clapped in jail or gagged to silence but the awakened Soul of India will go marching on.

## STAND UP! PARANTAPA!

The life of Shri Krishna is a series of pictures ; and there are two pictures which are of special appeal to young India. There is the picture of Krishna the Singer playing upon His flute. There is the picture of Krishna the Leader speaking to Arjuna on the Kuru-Field. The message of the Singer is:—Love. The message of the Leader is:—Stand up! Parantapa! The same Love which played upon the *murli* in Gokul speaks on the battle-field ; but the note is different. Krishna the Singer becomes a Preacher of Aryan Freedom, a preacher of the battle-spirit. In the Indian movement to-day, I catch the vibrations of that simple luminous word:—Stand up! Parantapa! In these words sings a vital message. Stand up! That is the cry passing to-day from town to town. Stand up! you are meant to be

of the Family of Free Men ; you must not be in bondage. Stand up ! It is the call of Dharma. It is Krishna's call.

There are but two parties to-day ; how shall I name them ? Not 'moderates' and 'extremists' but '*opportunists*' and '*idealists*'. The opportunist says :—Make the most of the situation, man ! The Idealist says :—Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and *all* things shall be added unto you. I do not believe in the 'Reforms ;' they give us very little ; the bureaucratic character of the Administration remains ; Mr. Curtis in his book on 'Dyarchy' confesses that the Provincial Governments are departments of the Central Government ; and the Central Government, even the 'Reformists' will admit, is irresponsible.

Prof. Rushbrook Williams in his book on "Moral and Material Progress" (1919) asked Congressmen to prevent the danger of being drifted into extremism, to take full advantage of the 'new opportunities' and to have "enthusiastic co-operation" with Government. The majority of the

people are in no mood for "enthusiastic co-operation." The "new opportunities are almost nil so far as the essentials of the administration are concerned. There is some change in the bureaucrat's expression and conduct, but none, I am afraid, in the heart. The bureaucrat is an opportunist. The administration has been opportunist and, therefore, a failure. It has worshipped efficiency and proved to be inefficient. Opportunism is not the sin alone of the administration but also of many among the People. There are opportunists among extremists as there are idealists among moderates. I plead for idealism in politics; I ask you to worship the Ideal. That means trouble, suffering, sacrifice,—therefore, I give you the Lord's message:—Stand up! Parantapa!

Wait, says the opportunist; things will improve gradually; Wait! How long will you wait, I ask? Japan was a backward Nation 40 or 50 years ago! Japan to-day is great. India is yet a servile state! Wait! How long? We have waited all these years and the result? The devita-

lising process has gone on, generation after generation. Stand up! says Shri Krishna.

Stand up against the evils in the country. They are mainly three. (1) There is India's economic bondage; Famine, poverty, disease, decay of villages,—such is the picture of India. Once India was great in commerce; India to-day is the poorest country. Sir Verney Lovett admitted that in the matter of industrial development there was no systematic investigation of the problems peculiar to India and there was no attempt on the part of the Government or the people to make India economically self-supporting. It is difficult to make a nation economically self-supporting without state-action; and the State in India subordinates Indian interests to British imperialism. The swadeshi movement is an effort of the people to make India self-supporting, as far as possible. (2) There is India's *political* bondage. The 'Reforms' have not changed the heart of Government. Repression continues; and young men



have been sent to jail for the sin of loving their country according to their lights. Personal liberty is at the mercy of an irresponsible executive; and, according to the strange law of sedition in this country, disaffection is defined as 'want of affection,' is a sin against Government. The quality of *affection* is not strained; and I wonder how many there are even among those who 'co-operate' with Government who have any 'affection' for it. Affection for a wooden system! The thing is unbelievable, impossible. (3) There is India's *moral* bondage. Generation of tutelage have made the moral fibre of the people weak. There is fear in their hearts; they fear *power* and they trample upon the Ideal, upon their instincts of self-respect, upon India's honour, upon their very 'Religion' only to please the party in power. There is contempt for Indian ideals. The schools and colleges controlled by Government do not inspire students with love of freedom and Indian Culture; in the days of the Punjab horrors, students submitted to flogging under

martial law; not one of them had the strength to make a moral protest. Therefore I bring you the message of Sri Krishna:—Stand up!

Not for violence! Violence will not be effective. Violence is against my theory of life. When the moral vision has grown upon the world, the nations will, I believe, repudiate the 'patriotism' of violence. Apart from ethics, I regard violence as a great illusion; it does not really settle national disputes; and if it sets up national governments, it also pulls them down. In the long run, to take up the sword is to perish by the sword. Europe has believed in the Cult of War; with what result? Europe has wandered from violence to violence; Europe has not yet solved the problem of Freedom. Stand up,—not for violence but for self-organisation. *Organise your life.* That is the message, as I understand it, of the Indian Movement. Non-Co-operation is Self-Organisation. Organise your social and economic life. Organise your Education. Organise your civil life. Organise your

political life. Organise it without Government aid. And organise it on a broad human basis,—with hate towards no ‘stranger’ but with love for Humanity. Self-Organisation will develop the spirit of reliance which has been ruthlessly trampled upon by our *dependence* on Government. Self-Organisation is the secret of swaraj.

## BUILDING THE BRIDGE

What is swaraj? The question has been asked me by little boys, by young men, by women, by old men. *Swaraj is self-knowledge*. India slept long; India is begun to awake. When she fully awakes, knows herself, her true form, her great mission to the Nations, she will attain to *Swaraj*. India has not yet awakened fully. There is need of a Village Movement. The message of the nation must be carried to every village. Some of you young men can help in the spread of the message. But you must *know* before you *speak*. You must study facts. You must understand what India was in the past, what India is to-day. You must understand why India once so great is fallen so low. You must know something of Indian culture. You must know how *swadeshi* movement can help

the struggle for freedom ; you must understand that the very heart of the imperialism which we are out to break is economic exploitation. Once you protect yourselves *economically*, you make the Empire-cult powerless. England then would not be interested in denying India the status of a Dominion. Home industries will help the masses ; they will also save India from the grip of British imperialism. India then would not be 'worth keeping' as a servile state.

With knowledge will grow in you *faith* in India's future. There is *fear* in the hearts of India's men and women to-day ; India is being steadily devitalised under the present system. People in villages and small towns have a dread of the official. Policemen can overawe the head of a village. The poor peasant is compelled to give a portion of his hard earnings for the pleasure of bureaucrats on official tours. Every department is honey-combed with corruption. The people have not the courage to say :—"No we shan't give the bribe, come what may !" They

find the official has large powers; they are afraid harm may be done to them if they do not satisfy him; there is fear in their hearts. This fear must go. Youngmen! when you go to villages, carry to the people there this message. Tell them to have faith in India; faith will drive out fear. "Mother and Motherland,"—said Sri Ramchandra, "are the two things most sacred." Yes,—India to me is sacred, a *punya bhumi*. India the Mother of sages will yet be,—such my belief,—the world's *guru*, spiritual preceptor of the Nations. Therefore I ask you to have Faith in India and her Future. Therefore I ask you to drive out Fear. I hold that a man has *knowledge* in the measure he has power of *faith*; it is that power that builds. The current system of education teaches you several things for securing 'jobs' or 'honors' or the 'power' to gain personal ends. You say this education gives you 'knowledge.' But the knowledge which makes you selfish, makes you indifferent to the sufferings of your countrymen, makes you afraid of the

official whom you cannot respect, makes you anxious to please the men in power at the cost of disloyalty to the Ideal,—this 'knowledge' is hardly a thing to be proud of. It is not knowledge. Real knowledge and faith in the Ideal go together. Knowledge and faith are inseparable in my creed of life. Know Indiā and believe in Her. Don't abuse, as do many, who think they help the National Cause by abusing those who will not confess the creed of non-co-operation. Don't have hate in your hearts; in a way, hate and fear go together. To the worshipper of the Ideal there is no fear; he *knows* and he *believes*. In a deeper sense, indeed, the *faith* I plead for, *is knowledge* and *knowledge is faith*. For to *know* in this sense is to see the Ideal and to have faith is to worship the Ideal, to serve it.

You have read the ancient story of Hanuman. He is represented as having faith in Rama. The popular belief regards Hanuman as ignorant. He certainly knew nothing of books. But book-reading is not essential to knowledge. Hanuman

saw the Ideal in Rama; and Hanuman was anxious to serve the Ideal. Hanuman *knew* Rama as very few did; and he was *devoted* to Rama. His faith *was* knowledge. And when the sea had to be crossed, his heart knew no fear. He achieved the impossible. He built the Bridge with the power of *faith*. Stone after stone was thrown into the waters by Hanuman and his comrades, but every stone was thrown with the *mantra* of faith :—  
“Rama! Rama!” And the Bridge was built and Rama led his army to fight Ravan in Lanka. In the work before us, there are difficulties that often appal you; you say :—“how can this be? how can we achieve? how can we cross the sea?” I say to you friends! let no fear steal in your hearts. As you study, as you work, have faith in your hearts. We, too, shall build the Bridge; And we shall win *swaraj*; we shall achieve the impossible.



## SWARAJ AND CIVILIZATION

May I tell you what I mean by *swaraj*? I interpret *swaraj* to mean democracy based not on greed and violence but upon idealism, *dharma*, a vision of life,—upon *ahimsa*, a *swaraj* such as may be a symbol of the Indian Ideal of Civilization.

That ideal, I would express in two little words:—Simple life. The power of the simple life means self-denial; self-control; it means social and national health. India has expressed her soul through men and women strong in the power of self-control and self-denial.

It is the power, modern civilization needs. You call it civilization; I call it *bhogachar*. It is a civilization which rejoices in a life of sensations, excitements, pleasure. Driving through Paris at 12 o'clock in the night I saw men and women rejoicing in drink and excitements, rejoic-

ing in *bhog*. At Berlin towards the close of a Religious Conference they held a banquet and divines from different parts of Europe and America filled glasses with wines. One of them asked me to drink! I requested to be excused. A lady sat by my side. She pressed me to join others in drinking. I requested to be excused. They knew I was an Indian; they did not know that I was a teetotaller. It pained me to think that Indians had lost the right of being regarded what they once were,—total abstainers. In England the evil of drink was almost as great as in any of the European countries I visited. Recently at a dinner supplied by the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, 18 people consumed 19 bottles.

The only sickness is *poisoning*; and this is due to violation of the laws of simple life. Much of it is due to bad environment; but much is due also to 'over-eating' and pleasure-hunting. Liquor, over-eating, dissipation are forms of pleasure-hunting; and with the advance of what is called 'civilization,' more and more Indians have become

‘Anglicised’ and fond of sense-excitements. Sir Thomas Munro wrote to Canning, a century ago: “I always dread the down-right Englishman who will insist on making Anglo-Saxons of the Hindus.” ‘Anglo-Saxonism’ in India means the cult of pleasure and pride. I want to impress upon you, young men! the thought that the great heritage of knowledge comes to the simple man, not the proud; and that freedom, true freedom, is not possible without simple life.

Ahimsa, Swadeshi, *brahmacharya* are the three elements of Simple Life. The Ahimsa I speak of is not a mere negative virtue; it is something positive. It means not simply refraining from doing harm to another; it means the *will-to-good*. It pains me to hear of lovelessness, dissociation, strife in public life. The basis of unity must be not opportunism but the *will-to-good*. I have read India’s history again and again and always history’s answer to my question concerning India has been that she fell in the day there was the Hindu-Muslim conflict and neglect of the poor. There would not

have been that shameful neglect if there had been in our hearts the *will-to-good* towards the poor. And if India is to re-arise, she will do so not in the strength of the sword but in the humanity of love,—love for all, including the ‘stranger.’

Simple life also means *swadeshi*. It means the discarding of luxuries and fashions which the West has introduced, doing harm to itself and the East. The West has become mammon-worshipper; the West has trampled upon the teachings of its master. See that you do not make India a little Europe, an imitation-England. I want India to be free not that her people may indulge in the game of greed and gain but that India may serve Humanity. Let India be *swadeshi*; she will help her children; she will also compel England to return to simple life. The complex industrialism of England will collapse when Indian markets are filled with *swadeshi* things, and both India and England grow in simple life.

Then there is *brahmacharya*. It means the power of self-denial and self-control. It is a power all can develop,—married and

unmarried. It is the power which I believe will lead India to victory in the struggle of the coming days. The civilization of Europe, as I said, is *bhogachara*. I ask you to build yours on *brahmacharya*—on ideals of *ahimsa*, *swadeshi* and *self-denial*. For India needs a spiritual Army to sustain the national struggle to victory. The spirit of India is calling aloud for men,—pure, simple, straightforward men,—to save an ancient nation with the power of the soul. How many of you young men! will give up ease and comforts and work for Her,—India, your mother? How many of you will raise Her banner aloft and suffer for faith in Freedom?

## THE MESSAGE OF THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT

In our struggle for Freedom, as I have often urged, our motive-power must not be violence. Violence is weakness. Build *swaraj* on violence ; it will not last long ; it will be overthrown by violence. They that take the sword will perish by the sword. And even if you succeed in maintaining *swaraj* by means of violence, you only achieve external 'success' ; you do not help India to utter her distinctive message to the Nations. For aught I can see, you only transform India into an imitation-Europe. A catastrophic revolution of bloodshed will, probably, throw India back for half a century ; it may, possibly, so change her character as to make her unfit for the mission I believe she is meant for by the spirit of history,—the mission of *humanising* Civilization. A violent revolu-

tion means misery and degradation for many. The sooner young men realise this the better, I think, for Freedom's future in this country. It is not a test of physical power, it is a test of *morals* we are faced with, in the present struggle with Government. Victory will I believe, be with the party that is proved to be *morally* superior.

The basis of economic boycott, too, should, I plead, be moral. My theory of life has no sympathy with conflicts between classes, nations and races. In excluding British cloth from Indian markets, we should have in view the good of India and of humanity. I believe the 'boycott', supplemented by a revival of home industries, will do good at once to India and England. Complex industrialism is a cause of social disorders; it also leads to wars. A student of international politics knows that there is, to-day, competition between England, America, Japan and France for power and economic domination in the East. There is little hope of a world-peace as long as these 'big' nations covet the East for exploitation.

As it is, the industrial West dominates the East. Dean Inge was simply quoting history when he said :—"There was a time when we went to war to compel the Chinese to trade with us, and when we ruined a flourishing Indian trade by competition of Lancashire cotton." Boycott and home industries can meet this industrial invasion of the West. India can win in this struggle against economic imperialism,—if India *wills*. It is true we do not enjoy fiscal independence. It is true we do not control the Customs. But we can, if we *will*, keep out foreign cloth from our markets and build up home industries. If *swaraj* succeeds, British interest in Indian trade must greatly suffer; and a big obstacle to *swaraj* will disappear. Britain then would no longer find a 'fine market' in India; and India would not grow raw products for exports only to take them back from Britain as manufactured articles at high prices! "All who have had the opportunity of observing the Asiatic at work", wrote Dean Inge some time ago, "seem to agree that *economically he is greatly superior to*



*the European.*" State-action does not help us. We need to *get together and organise*. It is the moral lesson of '*Mutual Aid*' we must learn. If, under the impulse of the new nationalism, we *combine* not with a view to profiteer (that would harm the *consumer*, and ultimately, the *swadeshi* movement) but with a view to restore a socio-economic order for the well-being of India's masses, we shall help the Nation and, also, I believe, the movement of Civilization. For civilization is stifled, to-day, under the burden of luxuries,—unnecessary articles which add to the 'complexity' of life.

The fundamental message of the *swadeshi* movement, as I understand it, is:—*simplify, simplify*. Simple life is essential to health and happiness. Simple life has suffered under the shock of Western industrialism. The 'boycott' and home industries will make India's life simpler and contribute to the happiness of the masses. They will also check the greed and exploitation of the West. Lancashire and Manchester industries will collapse; but industrialism will be

checked. In its pursuit of money, England has almost forgotten the truth that *man is more than a wealthproducing machine*. In an article on modern Economics in a Hindi magazine, Mahatma Gandhi wrote:—"Competition does not help in bringing out all the potential capabilities of a man : it rather leads society towards destruction ; the principles of modern economics are unsound to society ; the aim of true economics must be to teach people to be *just and moral* in all their dealings, and under all their dealings, and under all circumstances." And a leading Anglo-Indian paper commented on this in the following words:—"It would appear that Mr. Gandhi is confusing *economics* with *ethics*"! The divorce of economics from ethics which is a malady of modern industrialism. The fundamental thing in the swadeshi economics should be regulation of economic relations by *moral laws*. Economics, like science, should be *humanised*. This, to my mind, is the vital meaning of the *swadeshi* movement. And if, by boycotting foreign cloth, India can induce England to

return to simple life, she will not only help herself but also save Britain from some of those influences which, in the name of industrialism, are poisoning the very springs of civilization. The Swadeshi Movement, if it be not infected with the 'exploitation' spirit, should enable India to recuperate,—should help her to get back some of her lost spiritual wealth. The Swadeshi Movement, I trust, may prove to be a moral challenge to British imperialism, may vindicate the moral power of India and conquer the complex industrialism of the West.

## ADAPTATION

The main problem in India, as it seems to me, is the problem of re-organising national life.

The Environment, the Production and the People are the three factors to be taken note of in any attempt to face the problem of re-organisation or re-construction. Politics will primarily be concerned with the first, economics with the second, and Education with the third of these factors. The Indian problem, therefore, is at once political, economic, educational; it is a socio-economic problem, and if it is to be solved it must ask at once of government and people one thing, Adaptation.

The bureaucracy must go. Government must reckon with the fact that Indians, like other civilized peoples, think in terms of freedom, and it must come to terms with the people. Adaptation to life is a mark

of life; and administrators, politicians, publicists must all *adapt* themselves to the new life into which India has been born during the last few years.

Adaptation is also the duty of the people. To think that you have everything, that your nation needs nothing from others, is not patriotism but partisanship, egoism; and if India is to be a great nation, its people must not shrink from the dynamic task of *new adaptation*. Static satisfaction in its past never helped a nation. We must purify ourselves. Japan did not start on its genuine activity till it moved forward to assimilate the new meaning of the present. Life is adaptation because life is assimilation, fellowship with the present no less than with the past and future. And the task of re-construction in India demands that the Environment, the Production and the people be adapted to the essential truth of the new age.

That truth is Freedom; and they miss the meaning of national agitation who think that its aim is simply to secure for

Indians high posts in the administration; its aim is to build up an environment of freedom for this country. Freedom of the press, of person, and of speech are essential to India's life if she is not to fall back in the race for Progress.

Production—increased production—is another factor in re-construction; it is a factor which has played a great part, and will play a greater part still, in the coming days when the world passes 'from war to work.' We must produce sufficient swadeshi cloth to meet the demand. India must clothe herself. Our national plan of economic development is—run out. And in industry and agriculture, our system should be such as may give opportunities of honest decent life to every Indian.

The life of the people—civic life, rural life—is another factor in re-construction; and here, too, adaptation is necessary. The movement city-ward seems inevitable; it cannot be checked; but it may be regulated by forces which help the life of the Nation. As it is, death-rate in cities is

appalling ; alcoholism, and public hygiene are problems which must be faced in the modern spirit which realises the national value of good physique and health. And back of these is the problem of *education*. For, if it is necessary to raise the freedom-standard and life-standard of India, it is yet more necessary to raise the thought-standard of students—the Nation's potential builders.

It is foolish to think that the Indian mind is meant only for metaphysical flights to the Absolute, of mystical communion with One above the man. Long before Greece and Rome were born, long before any modern nation of Europe was born, India built up a wonderful civilization and made wonderful discoveries—not intuitionally but scientifically—in physics, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, and medicine; Dr. Bose is convinced that the Indian mind is still able to do original scientific work. Only it needs opportunities; it needs wider contact with the modern environment; it needs fellowship with that eternal life of freedom which has

been the inspiration of Western Nations and which we see new-born in the agony of India, to-day.



## COURAGE AND SELF-CONTROL

An Ancient Scripture expresses a great truth of life when it says:—"A man becomes what he thinks upon." What is true of an individual is true of social groups, and communities and the Nation. They become like what they think upon. And it is well they think upon Lok. Tilak. It is well for the people of India to meditate upon his life. For here in India, the people have lived for long years in an atmosphere of fear. A prominent feature of Lok. Tilak's life was:—*Fearlessness*. He fought the battles of Swarajya for 40 years with singular *courage and strength of will*; he was never afraid of the bureaucracy. Prosecuted, persecuted, maligned, misrepresented, harassed in a thousand ways by a power-intoxicated bureaucracy, imprisoned thrice, the third time when he was

advanced in age, he never shrank, never quailed in fear, never apologised to the official class, only too anxious to demoralise the national movement by snatching apologies from people's representatives in weak moments of physical prostration or mental and moral depression. Lok. Tilak lost many a battle with the bureaucracy ; but he never compromised his self-respect or courage.

What though the field be lost ?

All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what else is not to be overcome.

Lok. Tilak was the Hero whose courage never flinched. The Indian of to-day is different from the Indian of the earlier generation ; he is different even from the Indian of 1914. There is in India to-day, a better understanding of bureaucratic professions and bureaucratic performances ; the Khilafat movement has linked the masses of India with the Party of the Nation ; and there is, to-day, a widespread desire for *swaraj*. But mere *desire*

will not build *swaraj*; what is needed at this hour is the *will* to be loyal to the *swaraj*-ideal and the *courage* to act up to the conviction. The Country has rich endowments; but it has not yet *realised its manhood*. This realisation will come with *courage* and *self-control*,—*courage* that will not be afraid of the bureaucracy, *self-control* that will not surrender itself to counsels of violence or passion. Lok. Tilak's life is an example to us all in *courage* and *self-control*. If the Indians of to-day will but carry in their minds these two thoughts of the departed Leader—*courage* and *self-control*—they will build a great future for Aryavārtha. Halls and Libraries and Schools and Asrams and Institutes may spring up in different parts as memorials to him; the greatest memorial to him in India will be the minds and hearts of young men resolved to walk in the light of his Example and build *swaraj* with the power of *courage* and *self-control*.

## THE POWER TO ACHIEVE

Public life in India is still assailed by opportunism and shiftiness. But we must not be pessimistic; life moves by trial; and a vital people profits by the past. The great masses still have the simplicity, the strength, the old-world idealism which modern life needs. In these 'masses' and in the younger generation eager to know and sing the Secret of Bharata, dwells the nation; in them lie my hopes for tomorrow; and the great meetings held in different places have indicated that the 'masses' and the young are awakening to the new national impulse; I speak not from hearsay; I speak of what I know; not a few of them have asked me with eager eyes:—"When is swaraj coming"? Boys and girls dream of the coming Nation. And at some of the mass meetings I have found and greeted the God of my Native-

land. The people are sound to the core; but they need Servants of the Ideal in different parts to educate and direct the new-born national sentiment. The problem of the coming days is the problem of finding Servants of the People.

Many at this hour seem to think that all a man needs to help the country is to oppose the official. It is true India is, as perhaps no other place in the world, an official-ridden Country; several of those officials represent neither the culture of the West nor the manners of the East; it is no wonder they look down on the people from their seats of power, regarding themselves as half-gods in their 'authority' clothes. Nor do I forget the crimes and iniquities of economic Imperialism in India. But no country was carried forward long by spending its strength either in fault-finding or in picking up favours and titles at official doors. There is a beautiful text in one of the Upanishads:—"A man becometh what he thinketh upon." Don't think so much of the official; don't spend your strength either in

the effort to adjust yourself to him ; and—may I not add ?—don't throw out thoughts of hate against him for betraying his noblest traditions of freedom in this country. Hate is a passion which weakens ; it does not build ; let him that is arrogant be arrogant still ; the official who is selfish and stupid sits as a burden on the back of his Empire ; he can, in the long run, do little harm to a people strong in its sense of self-respect and its passion for progress. I would have you realise the truth that the destinies of India are committed to the young, not to this official or that ; and nothing, I believe, will help in building up public life so much as *faith in yourselves*.

This faith will bring with it a new appreciation of the values of character in public life. We have had several Conferences, political and social ; have we even once called a poor man to the President's chair ? ' We cannot afford to vote for a poor man,' said a young man once. Why not, I ask, if that poor man be rich in character and record of service ? If we mean to build it not on official favours, not

on the ambitions of platform speakers, not on the money of capitalists or landlords, not on resources of the idle-rich, but in the great *principles of character*. They who would be our Helpers must convince us that they do not worship their own ambitions and selfishness but that in their hearts has been kindled the great light of love for the people.

In this direction must our public life move if India is to be helped in the coming days. Politics must be not a game, but courageous pursuit of the social good. The profound need of to-day is to approach our problems with *faith in our future and love for the people*. The man who carries in his heart this faith and this love will be ready to strengthen and sustain Hindu-Muslim unity, and to help peasants, labourers, clerks and teachers, unable to bear the severe strain of the new economic situation.

It is the leadership in service, not honours, which India appreciates the most. For this leadership the poor man is not disqualified, if he has ability and

character,—nor the rich man qualified, if he is poor in spirit. By such leadership will be built the New India which some of us see in a radiant dream. Such leadership means more than I can tell to-day ; it means sweet reasonableness ; it means a *calm* mind ; it means self-control ; above all, it means *tapasya*, the power to bear much, to suffer much. There is no love without *tapasya* ; and the life of every one who would lead us to great things in the coming days must be one of *tapasya*. I believe profoundly that with *tapasya* come rich blessings to a people ; the *power to achieve* comes, not from the impulse to *possess* and *accumulate*, but from the impulse to suffer and sacrifice. There is an ancient story of a tall tree. To that spot came, one day, a mighty Prince ; he had by him a poor, simple peasant who looked at the spot and sighed. The Prince asked :—‘ Why do you sigh thus ? ’ And the peasant said :—‘ Sir, I see that the spot is lovely ; and I remember that it once belonged to us—the Peasants ; and so I sigh.’ The Prince got mightily offended ; he had



with him a wooden pole ; he stuck it in the ground and said :—‘ When this wooden pole gives forth branches, you may expect this place to come back to you peasant. —not till then !’ And the peasant did *tapasya* ; and the story has it, the pole became green, and blossomed, and spread its branches ; it became a tall tree. And is not this story a Parable ?

## WILL INDIA RE-ARISE ?

Judge as the world may, of men and things by outer glamour, by external achievements, they who glimpse even a little of the beauty of that Law which builds and binds the world,—they know that in the measure of *aspiration* is the measure of that service which is blessed. The Kingdom of Heaven is the kingdom of the little ones of poor in spirit who serve the God-in-Man ; and, according as you endeavour to build such a kingdom of Service, will your work be fruitful.

No town, no village in ancient India was complete until it had around it a Ring called the *Mangal Vithi*, the path of blessings. Your Society and other Societies working for social uplift make such a Ring round this city, such a Path of Blessings. For to serve is to bless the city, the society, the Nation ; and the service, such as

you do every day enriches the life of the Nation.

Surveying your work recorded in your Report, I thought I might throw out to you a few suggestions which some of you may take up and develop along the lines most congenial to you. And first, let me suggest that the right way to serve the poor is to go to them, not in the spirit of *inspectors* or *patrons* but that of *helpers and friends*. It will not do to approach them as superior persons; to patronise is not to serve; I would suggest, next, that your society should have a board of health consisting of some doctors in the city; you could report diseases to the Board, and members of the Board would examine, free of charge, water, milk, sputum of patients, prescribe medicines for them and in other ways help the Society's work.

I would suggest, further, that you co-operate as volunteer workers with existing institutions of medical relief in the city. You can help charitable institutions by working as volunteers.

There is need of volunteer workers also

in mofussil towns, in several small villages where many succumb to malaria and other fevers, year after year, for lack of timely help; several of these deaths are preventible, and your society will earn a great *punya* by sending out volunteer workers to these places during particular periods of the year.

In several of the great centres of civilisation in Europe, they have what are called infant Hospitals; to these Hospitals are admitted only the little ones, the infants; a nation in truth is built by its little ones; in more senses than one, the Child is the father of Man; and a Nation must needs decay where infant mortality is high. It will not, at present, be possible for you, I am afraid, to build an Infants' Hospital; but you can, you should, I think, put forth efforts to build an Infants' Dispensary, instead of a General Dispensary. Take care of the little ones, and the City will take care of itself.

May I ask you, next, never to forget how beautiful, how sanctifying it is to serve in little things? It is natural for you to

think of the ways and means for expansion of your society ; but it will be well for you to shun the glamour of what the world calls 'great things.' Avoid the temptation of being big ; if it be not thought presumptuous, I would suggest for your daily work the motto, 'service in little things.'

For, believe me, the world is moved in the long run, not by machinery, but by spirit: not by huge organisations ; but by the power of aspiration. It is the Religion of Service in little things which is India's need. I wonder if you read the beautiful River-Hymn of the Rig-Veda ; in it the worshipper is represented as holding in his hands a little water and praying : 'Oh ! Gunga, Yamuna, Godavari, Saraswati, Narmada, Sindhu and Cauvery, come ye, and enter into this little water of my offering.' The Sapta Sindhu, 'the Seven Rivers of Hindusthan,—it is poetically felt by the worshipper,—enter into the little water of his offering to the Lord. And in the little service of your offering to the Nation, the Lord will enter to enrich it with His blessings.

May I not, ask you, to take with you to those you serve something of the essential message of the Indian ideal.

In a volume of stories written by an eminent interpreter of Russian, life—and I believe Russian Literature has a value for modern Indians—we have a beautiful story which tells of two Russian soldiers escorting a man who does not give out his name but who talks, again and again, of the Land of Freedom ; he has not gone far, when he sits down to rest, and the two soldiers have to rest with him ; further off is the muddy road ; this must be crossed before the destination is reached ; but the man who is nameless is content to rest and talk of the Land of Freedom. Then it is one of the two soldiers speaks strong words of sober wisdom :—"Come on !" he says, "it is time to go, to advance ; we have rested long enough." And I fain would speak these words to you, friends, on this occasion. For you blunder greatly if you think the Path of Service is strewn with Roses ; believe me the Path is rough, and stony ; and again and again, you must,

walk the muddy road, if you would be true servants of Society. We in India have rested long ; it is time to go, to advance, to walk the muddy road, to offer our little service to this Ancient Land. Such the message, I would ask you to spread to all you meet ; they need it, the message of hope and healing. In the strength of this message, do your daily work and pour music and color and sunshine and joy into the hearths and homes of the people ; tell them it is time to go, to advance, to go along the muddy road, to press forward in faith to the goal ; tell them to believe in India's future. For though the clouds threaten at this hour, the blue skies will yet appear and the sun will shine again, and this ancient gifted Nation, this India of our faith and prayers will re-arise to vindicate herself before the world.

## IDEALISTS AND ENERGISTS

“The *muni* does service with a vision of the Beautiful in his heart.” Here is a text from the literature of medieval India. Last time I considered with you the question :—What is greatness? To-night I wish to consider the question—what is service? Greatness is what young men think of; they also talk of *seva* (service); the word is in the air; the platform and the press talk of nation-service. Who is the true servant? “The muni does service,”—we read in the text, Muni means, radically, the silent man; it corresponds to the original meaning of the word *mystic* which is :—the ‘silent one’—‘The silent one does service’—a strange teaching you say! Is it true? There are men who make much noise; men who say :—‘we gave so much in charity; we did so much for the people.’



You, sometimes, think *they* are among the servants of the Nation; you are mistaken. *The great servants work in silence.* When the ship moves off, you think the big surface-waves make it go; you do not see the under-currents; and you seldom see the silent servants of the Nation.

You may think it is an easy thing to sit in silence; you are mistaken. Make the experiment; try to sit in a corner there; mark how many thoughts crowd in upon you; inattention here is attention elsewhere. Silence here is communion elsewhere. I once advised a high-placed European official to practise silence every day for half an hour. He tried it, he said to me, for 15 minutes, then he was 'tired'! The silent man does service with a "vision of beauty in his heart." To be silent is not to be lazy. There is no real silence without communion with the Ideal, the Beautiful. The *power* to serve, the *shakti* comes with a *darshan*, a vision of an Ideal. Plato in his great dialogue "*The Phaedrus*"—speaks of the vision of 'true forms,'—'the vision of the world of Ideas,' and true service is done

by the man who makes no noise, but is in touch with the forms, 'ideas' the *rupa* of the Beautiful.

Let us commune with the Beautiful if we would be servants of India, servants of the Universe. Have we tried to see the *rupa* of the Beautiful one in nature? Then we would practise *ahimsa*. Then we would not harm bird and beast. Then we would have sympathy with nature. Hindu worship, as you may know, is incomplete without an offering of flowers; and I believe our daily service to the Universe is disturbed by the injury we inflict on bird or beast. Some of the great heroes of natural history have entertained a tender feeling for Nature. You have heard, of the eminent French naturalist who died a few years ago,—Henri Fabre. He was sought by the French minister of education and introduced to the Emperor of France; he became a tutor to the Emperor's son; he got tired of the court life; he did not want the world's honours; he left his appointment; he went to a little village to study in

silence spiders, wasps and birds; he has recorded his wonderful discoveries in eleven volumes; and through them all runs the thread of one beautiful thought:—"Love the little ones of Nature." Can't we love the "little ones?" Can't we see the Beautiful One,—in village-folk, in peasants and labourers, in the poor ones, the neglected ones of the earth? We talk of nation-service; do we have fellowship with the cottager, the poor villager, the depressed labourer, the neglected child? Let us love the little ones, if we would serve the Motherland.

'Nation-service':—have we paused to consider what is the *rupa*, the form of India? What vision of India do we carry in our hearts? Is it the vision of an aggressive, militant nation? If India is to achieve her quest, you and I must be true to the Indian Ideal. That Ideal modern democracies have missed; hence the narrow nation-cults of to-day. India has worshipped the Infinite Living Ideal. India has believed that hatred ceases not by hatred but by love. Shall we keep